

"Jessie Wythe and her two cousins. There is to be a picnic at Grove's woods on Monday, and you will enjoy taking such a pretty crowd, I am sure."

"Monday?" There was a note of dismay in the young man's voice. "We were counting on getting at the wheat Monday morning, mother. Can't you put the girls off?"

"No, I can't," was the quick answer. "I've asked them, and they expect to come. The wheat can wait for another day, while you make it pleasant for my girl friends. I've put off many a thing for you."

"So you have," the stony young face softened into tenderness. "Mother has got us there, hasn't she, Miss Ellis? The wheat shall wait, and I'll go for—what girl is it, mother?"

"Jessie, Jessie Wythe, Twenty-third Street, Dick. I never saw such a forgetful fellow. You've brought her out three times this summer, Jessie Wythe and her cousins. Remember, I expect them too."

"All right," answered Dick cheerily. "I'll start off for them right away."

An hour later the spring wagon, which still did duty over the rough roads around Melson Farm, stopped at the door of the Wythe's solid comfortable old mansion, and Dick, who, immersed in the new Agricultural Bulletin he had found waiting for him at the postoffice, had driven six or seven blocks out of his way, sprang up the steps, and announced he had come for his mother's guests.

"Miss Jessie and her cousins."

"Yes, sah, yes," the trim little yellow maid answered. "Miss Jessie, she be down directly. She say if you'll jest wait about ten minutes. Her cousin, Miss Billy, is in the parlor now."

And Dick turned into the wide old-fashioned room where a roguish little brown-eyed maid was just settling a flower-wreathed hat to the proper tilt before the long mirror between the windows.

"It was such a bargain I had to take it, Jess," she was saying. "Only six dollars, and such roses. Did you ever see anything lovelier?"

"No-er," answered Dick, mused into stammering truth by the picture mirrored before him.

"Oh, oh!" the little lady wheeled around in laughing dismay. "I thought it was Jess. I've just bought this hat and wanted her to see it. You are Dick Melson, I am sure. She is expecting you. I am so glad to meet you. I am her cousin, Betty Wade. And Miss Betty put out a frank, friendly little hand for the visitor's healthy clasp. "You see, I've heard so much about you and Ted—isn't that your brother's name?—and the lovely old farm and your mother's creamed chicken and jelly cake. Jess just raved about the good times she has out there. I feel as if I knew you all, even to the cows and chickens. And dad says that your mother was his first sweetheart, and turned his head so completely that he flunked all his first term exams and was sent out west to school. He was only seventeen," laughed Miss Betty, "and grandpa wouldn't stand for any nonsense. Father didn't in those days. They are different now. Why, I had beau when I was six—"

"Six?" echoed Dick, who had dropped into a comfortable place on the big sofa beside this charming little chatterer. "Sixteen you mean surely?"

"No, indeed, six. I couldn't go to dancing school without them. Nice little boys in knickerbockers that carried my slippers and brought me sticky sugar plums in their jacket pockets."

"And you've been keeping up the business ever since?" said Dick with the smile that lit up his grave face so attractively.

"Oh, no, not ever since," answered his companion demurely. "There were five years in the convent, you know. Lovely years, I must say, but without a beau in sight. Sounds sort of trying to girls outside, but it isn't really as bad as they think. We had jolly times at St. Mary's. If it hadn't been for dear old dad needing some one to keep house for him I might have stayed forever."

"Forever?" echoed her listener not quite grasping the finality of this decision.

"Yes, forever," nodded Miss Betty. "A nun, of course."

"Good Lord," fairly gasped Dick. "You! a nun?"

"I really don't know that they would have taken me," said the young lady, shattering another "Romish" bugaboo with the doubtful words. "But they might. Mother Benedicta, the most beautiful and adorable woman you ever saw, a perfectly angelic saint, said she was a madcap girl herself."

"Still, as both she and Father Felix agreed, my duty was plainly with dad; so it's settled." And Miss Betty's resigned sigh dimpled into a most bewitching smile. "And I must say since I have been home I've had the time of my life."

"And we'll break your record if we can at Melson Farm. Give us a week, can't you?" continued Dick, his handsome face aglow. "We'll have dances and drives and picnics and everything else that will make things jolly for you. I've a mare that you can have at your call, and a new catboat on the river," and the waiting wheat and all other agricultural interests went glimmering out of the speaker's horizon flooded now with the radiant possibilities of a visit from a "cousin" like this. "You can count on me day and night to give you a rattling good time."

"Oh, I'm sure you would," dimpled Miss Betty, "but—but I am not invited, you see."

"Not invited, not invited! Why haven't I just come for you—for Jessie and her cousins?"

"Not for me," the speaker shook her flower-wreathed hat decidedly. "For Jennie and Polly Wythe, who are upstairs dressing to go with you now."

"Thunderation," burst with unaccustomed force from Mr. Melson's lips. "But you will come, too. You must. There is plenty of room for all. Mother will be delighted."

"Oh, will she?" Miss Betty lifted a pair of dancing eyes roguishly. "I am not so sure of that."

"And why not?" asked Dick, conscious of such a tempestuous disappointment as had never darkened his calm career.

Again the mirthful eyes met his own. "Don't ask me," murmured Miss Betty. "But she has never invited me and never will."

"I'll see about that," said Dick, his eyes flashing resolutely.

"Oh! no don't—don't. For I wouldn't go anyway. But, but—the spark in the brown eyes died into a roguish gleam as the "invited cousins" and Jessie came hurrying down the stairs.

"You can come and see me you know—"

"I can't think what has come over Dick," said Mother Melson some three months later to her younger son. "He hasn't been himself since—since—let me see—last August, when I had Jessie Wythe and her two cousins for a week-end visit. Do you suppose he is in love, Ted?"

"Looks rather that way," answered Ted briefly.

"Thank the Lord," was the relieved reply. "Though he has kept mum about it, sure. Which girl is it?"

"I haven't asked him," said Ted evasively.

"Two such dumb heads I never saw," broke out the good woman indignantly. "I'll find out if you can't."

"I wouldn't if I were you, mother, counselled Ted slowly. "It sort of rubs it in to talk to a fellow as hard hit as Dick—when the girl turned him down."

"Turned him down!" echoed Dick's mother hotly. "You don't mean to tell me, Ted Melson, that Jessie Wythe or her cousins or any other girl I have had out here would turn my son down?"

"No," replied Ted gravely, though there was a faint twinkle in his eye. "I don't suppose they would. But this is a girl you haven't had out here, mother. Dick has been wild over Betty Wade ever since he met her at Jessie Wythe's last summer."

"Betty Wade!" echoed his mother in dismay. That rank Romanist that I have kept out of my house."

"Yes," said Ted. "But—but you couldn't keep Dick out of her house you see, so the game didn't work."

"But you needn't worry. There's another side of the question. Dick has hit the Rock of Rome with a thud. Betty won't marry your son because he is a Protestant."

And though it sobered the little flower-wreathed fairy that had bewitched Dick into womanly gravity and sweetness, Betty held her ground until—until the storm that swept the Old World reached the New—storming the depths and shaking the heights, arousing all true and free men to a sense of new duty.

And Dick, leaving Ted to till the fields and thresh the grain, to feed the arriving hosts, went across the sea followed by tears and prayers of which he did not guess.

And Over There in the Shadow of Death the Light shone for him—the Light he had been too true and honest to mock with lip service even for Love's sake.

There was a dark, dark time when John Wade took out his daughter to weep with a sorrowing mother as that mother felt with widowed grief. But the darkness passed and Dick came back—with one empty sleeve, it is true, but with a heart whose love was unchanged, a soul wakened to fuller, deeper life.

And Mother Melson rocks upon her sun-lit porch in a new content. "There do be matches made in Heaven," she agreed with the sweet-faced young matron who was her confidant of yore, "though I was sure sot agin it once. Dick and Betty's one of them, sure. Such out and out Christians I never seen, though they do be Romanists."

READING GUILD DOING GOOD WORK IN ENGLAND

London, August 18.—"The Conversion of England by Books" is the motto under which the Catholic Reading Guild carries on its apostolate. With Cardinal Bourne as its President, and such well known Catholics as Mr. Edward Eyre, Vincent Wareing, the publisher, on its committee, this Guild from its central office and reading room off Holborn, close to where the Knights of Columbus had their club during the War, acts as a kind of spiritual nerve centre, reaching out through its fifty branches.

The number of readers who make use of the reading room and library runs into the thousands, many of them non-Catholics; others being Catholics who first made their acquaintance with Catholicism through the medium of the book room, which the Guild calls its "Propaganda Shop."

Although the work of the Catholic Reading Guild is carried on very quietly and unostentatiously, its influence is none the less far-reaching. Boasting only one paid official, the library of the Guild, with its 15,000 or more volumes, is open every day and all day for the benefit not only of enquiring non-Catholics, but also to Catholic students who may wish to consult the more scholarly works that are to be found on the shelves, alongside the simple legends and stories for children.

Nor are the activities of the Guild confined merely to those who come to read in the library. There is also a lending department which sends books through the mail, while through the 50 provincial branches an increasingly large number of readers is being served with literature.

The reading room is situated at 17 Red Lion Passage, Holborn, London.

IS YOUR BOY AT SCHOOL

If your boy thinks that he would rather go to work than return to school, read him the figures recently compiled by Mr. H. E. Miles, a New York engineer, formerly president of the Wisconsin Board of Vocational Education. Mr. Miles believes that a boy who has a high school training will beat out the boy who stops at the eighth grade, and that the boy who works his way through college has the best chance of attaining real success. He then states that of 33,000,000 men and women whose academic career stopped with the completion of the elementary grades, only 808 "became distinguished." Of 2,000,000 who completed a High School course, 1,245 "became noted," while out of 1,000,000 college graduates, 5,768 "reached distinction." That is, with an elementary schooling only, the chances of success are one in about 41,250, but with a High School certificate, about one in 1,608, while for the college graduate the chance is one in 173. No one, of course, will accept these figures as absolute, but they do indicate with accuracy the certain truth that for a young man beginning to make his way in life, a sound education is an asset of incalculable value.

Whether or not the Catholic fathers and mothers of today have lost that high esteem of education which characterized the Catholics of forty or fifty years ago is a question for debate. But that many Catholic parents of today are far too easy in yielding to Jimmy's pleadings to be allowed "to get a job" is by no means debatable.

When the army training schools were installed in our colleges during the War, it was melancholy to note in how many instances the Jewish and non-Catholic boy could come forward with full high-school credits, while Catholic boys were forced to apply their wits for the devising of schemes to make up for credits not attained. Education is not the whole of life, but it is a great part of it as the world goes today. Without his bachelor's degree a boy is barred from the best professional schools, and in none of them is he eligible unless he can present at least two years of college work. It is clear, then, that unless we send our boys and girls to High School and college, Catholics will soon be without representation in the professions. Even in the business world the training represented by the college degree is always valuable, and in some departments is now required.

It is a fatal kindness to allow a boy to terminate his education at the moment in which he tires of it. The part that makes him tired is probably the part he needs most. You can no more sharpen a boy's wits on the fads and frills of studies than you can edge an axe on a cake of butter. Wise and loving parents will endeavor to turn the boy's thoughts as soon as possible to the prospect of High School and college, thereby avoiding the difficult process of afterwards forcing him into the paths of higher learning. Many a man today blesses the memory of a father whose only legacy to him was a college education. But let Catholics remember that the only place for a Catholic student is a Catholic school. Better far, lack of all "distinction" than distinction

that is won at the expense of debased morals and a weakened faith.—America.

WOMEN'S-MINISTRY AGITATES ANGLICANS

London, Eng.—The ministry of women in the churches, which has been passed upon in a somewhat modified degree by the National Assembly of the Church of England, seems to be likely to give rise to a sharp controversy. The High Churchmen and the Anglo-Catholics are, on the whole, opposed to it, though perhaps here and there some radical among the clergy may be found in support.

The pivot of the whole controversy appears to be that if women are to have a ministry, what shall be its limits? Now the Anglicans, or some of them at all events, have a habit when a liturgical or ecclesiastical matter is under discussion, of going back to distinctly Catholic sources to prove their point. It is assumed to a very large extent that the Anglicans and the Catholics in communion with the Holy See are all the same.

But in the present instance the advocates of admitting women to the ministry have hit upon two things; one is that in an ancient memorial to a Lady Abbess of pre-Reformation days that Lady Abbess

is represented as wearing a cope; the other instance is that certain orders of Canonesses in the Catholic Church wear the rochet or surplice as part of their religious costume. From this it appears to have been deduced that the Catholic Church does admit of ministry of women.

As an Anglican writer on this topic of the ministry of women says, "These things do not trouble Roman Catholics. For them the present practice of the Church as voiced by the Roman authority rules what is actually done today." But that looks perilously like regulating the ministry of women in the Church of England by the customs of the Catholic Church, and the Anglicans have not reached that stage—at least not yet.

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National Railways At the Fair

Unique and Instructive Exhibit Depicting Extent of Government-Owned System

If there is any single exhibit at this year's Canadian National Exhibition that will prove to be a Mecca to visitors, it is that of the Canadian National-Grand Trunk Railways. Both from the standpoint of interest that it will excite and the wide knowledge it will disseminate, the exhibit is of outstanding importance.

The exhibit occupies two of the large circular rooms in the Railway Building. As the display in each room is fundamentally different, each has, of course, its own particular feature.

Canada's National Way

The large circular room at the northwest angle of the building is devoted to one particular purpose: the conveying to visitors a conception of the extent and importance of Canada's "Great National Highway," with its 22,375 miles of steel rails, and an aerial demonstration of the vastness of the country and the rich resources peculiar to each of the nine Provinces of the Dominion. The provision made for attaining this two-fold object is both unique and elaborate.

Skirting in circular form about two-thirds of the room is a painting nearly a hundred feet in width by nearly twenty feet in height. On the left, or eastern side, as the visitor enters, is depicted a section of the Pacific coast extending from south of Portland, Ore., to north of Prince Rupert, while its view inland extends well into the prairie country. Within this area are shown the location of the principal cities, rivers, lakes and that vast range of mountains stretching eastward some 400 miles. There is also shown in heavy red lines the various routes of the Canadian National Railways System operating in that part of the country.

At the other, or western, end of the picture is depicted the Atlantic coast from south of New York to Labrador. Hudson's Bay, with its various feeding streams, stands out in bold relief. So, in a modified way, do the Great Lakes and the St. Lawrence and other important rivers of the area covered by the picture. Standing out in bold relief, in red, are the gridiron of railways owned and operated in Eastern and Middle Canada by the Canadian National Railways—the largest single system in the world, and the only system whose lines run wholly through the Dominion from coast to coast. The location of the principal cities is also shown.

Appropriately grouped in the centre of the picture between the scenes depicting the Pacific and Atlantic Coasts are large paintings representing each of the nine Provinces. A forest of giant trees depicts the lumbering resources of British Columbia. A vast herd of sheep grazing upon the prairie is emblematical of Alberta. Standing sheaves of wheat, with fields, and elevators in the background, represents Saskatchewan. The Fort Garry Hotel, standing near the remaining section of old Fort Garry, indicates the growth of Mani-

to. A magnificent painting of Niagara Falls is indicative of the resources of Ontario in hydro-electric power. A striking picture of the Citadel of Quebec, with the river at its feet bosomed with yessels, represents the Province of Quebec. A river, flanked by rich verdure and carrying logs down stream to mills, represents the lumber industry of New Brunswick. A harbor scene, with vessels moored at a dock, represents the maritime resources of Nova Scotia; while a rich pastoral scene aptly depicts Prince Edward Island, the "Garden of the Gulf."

Directly in the centre of the picture is a bright, blank aluminum-surfaced sheet on which movie pictures of Canada from coast to coast are thrown as a lecturer carries visitors across the vast Dominion.

On the northern wall of the same room are two other important large and interesting pictures. One of these, in natural colors, and about 20 by 10 feet in size, shows Mount Robson, the highest in the Rockies, reaching as it does an altitude of 13,069 feet. With Robson occupying the centre of the picture and flanked on either side by subordinate mountains and the foot of its glacier washed by a deep blue lake, the scene is not one to be forgotten. The other picture has a map of the world as its centre, while around it, sailing upon a blue sea, are the steamers of the Canadian Merchant Marine, the Government-owned service of over 60 vessels operated by the Canadian National Railways.

The exhibit in the second circular room is designed to represent the industrial and operating end of the Canadian National Railways. A new feature in this room is a section designed to depict the operation of the elevator system of Port Arthur and Fort William. In the foreground is a model of the Canadian National Railways elevator, the original of which has a capacity of ten million bushels—the largest in the world. At this elevator a vessel is in the act of being loaded, while, in order to increase the realism of the scene, trains and steamers, by a mechanical device, are kept in motion. Another section has elaborate displays, in huge glass jars, of a full range of Canadian fruits, while hanging in the background are transparent scenes of various phases of Canadian life. Across the room from this display is a large section devoted to exhibits of Canadian wild animals of practically all kinds, while in the background is a picture of heroic size of the famous Algonquin Provincial Park and game reserve. On the western wall, covering 40 by 18 feet of space, is a typical map of Canada from coast to coast, and showing not only the main and branch lines of the Canadian National System, but the principal cities and towns. The letters showing the principal towns are automatically brought into bold relief by an ingenious electric device.