

# The Catholic Record.

"Christianus mthl nomen est Catholicus vero Cognomen."—(Christian is my Name, but Catholic my Surname).—St. Paclan. 4th Century.

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### "LES PERES EUDISTES"

A LITTLE BIT OF OLD FRANCE PLANTED IN THE HEART OF THE NEW WORLD.

Suppose, to night, I tell you, by way of a change, something about a little bit of old France—planted here in the heart of the new world. Will you care to listen, dear reader, to the story, with its touches of romance, of braving zeal, and of the heroic, which valued life as worthless, when it was a question of giving all for a cause—in those sixteenth and seventeenth centuries—as illustrated in the great life work of one of whom I am going to tell you something—Jean Eude, founder of the order to which he has given his name.

It is about fifteen years since the Eudist Fathers came to this country from France, and established their first house at Church Point, Digby, N. S., where they opened a college for boys, and five years later received a call from Archbishop O'Brien to Halifax where they erected the Grand Seminary of the Diocese, with the Rev. Paul Le Courcio, D. D., the superior.

They have since established various missions throughout Canada, principally along the shores of the St. Lawrence, the largest of which is Chincoutin, in the diocese of Rimouski, the residence of the Provincial of the order in Canada, Rev. Father Blanche. "Les Peres Eudistes," as they are called in France, was one of the first of the religious orders to be attacked by the Combes government for the reason, doubtless, that as educational institutions they are widely known throughout the country, and more especially for the part they took in the management of seminaries—a work in which the congregation had been engaged since the establishment of the first Eudist seminary in 1817, by its founder, the Venerable Jean Eude, who was one of the glories of the Church in the seventeenth century.

Father Eude was at the outset of his religious career, a member of the congregation of Oratorians, but later left the Oratory to which he was not bound by any vow, in order to give himself more completely to the task of establishing seminaries throughout France, in which he engaged himself by the desire of Cardinal Richelieu and of Monsiegnor Cospean, Bishop of Lisieux, and was one of the diocesan works most urged by the assembly of French clergy at the council held in France in 1625—who saw the great need there to have colleges which would send out a strong, vigorous race of priests, fit to combat with the evils of the times, and raise up to its former strength the spirit of discipline among the clergy.

With this great end in view, Father Eude founded his congregation, under the titles of "Jesus et Marie," and opened his first seminary at Caen—confiscated afterwards during the revolution, and turned into the Hotel de Ville (city hall) which it remains to the present day; pointed out to tourists as the most beautiful of the old town, and under Father Eude's guiding spirit, seminaries and colleges sprang up all over France, and at the close of this holy man's life his order were the directors of more than twenty-five ecclesiastical colleges, while schools and colleges for the training of youth were established in many of the principal cities of France.

Like the Holy Heart of Jesus, and hence the noble title of founder of the liturgical worship of the Sacred Hearts of Jesus and Mary, which Leo XIII. gave him when declaring the heroic nature of his virtues, on January 6, 1903.

The present Superior General is Father LeBore, who drew the attention and won the respect not only of the Catholic party, but of those who were his opponents, by his courageous battle with the government for right justice, on the occasion of the expulsion of his order from France. Nor content with closing his several colleges and seminaries throughout the country, the government imposed a fine on the superior for continuing to keep together the community at Paris, consisting of a few aged priests.

This venerable priest of seventy years came boldly before the tribunal and pleaded his cause with dignity, and quiet, forceful argument, calmly telling his judges he would go to prison rather than submit to the injustice of a law which demanded him to turn drift wood into a sea of blood.

Two years ago the venerable Superior General paid a visit to America, travel-

ling through Canada and the United States to the various houses, colleges and missions of the order which have greatly increased in this country since their expulsion from France.

Like their ancestors of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, those pioneer priests who came from France and planted Christianity in Canada, they have come to us again in this twentieth century, with zeal as earnest as those of old, and like them, ready to face danger and hardship wherever they may be called to raise the cross and bring the Christian message. To day we find the Eudist Father carrying that message across the great ice fields of the Labrador; again we hear of him offering the Holy Sacrifice in the humble church he has set up amid the wilderness of South Dakota.

The seminary at Halifax is the only ecclesiastical college of the Eudists in Canada. Situated in one of the principal suburbs of our city, a handsome structure standing in some distance from the highway, flanked on either side by the Monastery of the Good Shepherd and the Catholic Orphanage. All three buildings are of red brick and have spacious grounds in the rear, that of the Eudist Fathers being every inch under cultivation; and one who paid a visit to the seminary one day during the past summer, and saw that beautiful garden teeming with vegetation, and glowing with the vivid hues of many flowers, all so cunningly interspersed by the consummate skill of the French gardener, who is an artist, par excellence, felt that here, indeed, the vegetable kingdom held undoubted sway where one admired beds of great glossy cabbages, hedge like rows of peas, held up with stately precision by tiny wire cording; and tall scarlet runners trained to form an arched tunnel whose shade a Father was reading his breviary. Potatoes a mass of white blossoms framed in a border of green sod, velvet in its smoothness. At the foot of a high fence nestled a broad path of strawberry plant, from beneath whose dark foliage, a few weels past, peeped the red fruit—large, luscious, tempting. Great yellow squash and marigolds lay ripening in the sun. There did not appear to be a vegetable missing from the kingdom. But never before had one seen them raising their heads so proud an equality with the brilliant geraniums blooming on either side of the board walks, which, cut out in the form of a cross, intersect the grounds at right angles. A bright parterre in the centre glowed with the hues of numberless flowers—red begonias, pelargoniums, and beautiful double fuchsias, were here in profusion. Before had the visitor seen so fair an exemplification of art and beauty—one the compliment of the other—as illustrated this lovely summer day, A. D. 1905, with the August sun shining down upon, and vivifying the whole.

"Oh, yes, we did it all ourselves—the two lay brothers and I," the superior answered, his dark face lighting up with amusement and pleasure, while he indicated by a gesture his assistants, the two old men in blue overalls who were weeding, at a distance. In a green paddock beyond the garden a Jersey cow stood, knee-deep in clover. It was a truly pastoral scene—a little bit of France transplanted over here in the new world. The Rev. Father did not need to take one into the little observatory to see the grape vine with its wealth of, as yet unripe fruit; nor did one need further proof in the roll of the rev. gentleman's R's to tell one that he was a native of that fairest of provinces across the sea. One seemed to be really standing upon the very soil of that garden of France—La belle Normandie.

Very beautiful indeed it looked that summer afternoon, beautiful from the atmosphere of tranquillity which enfolded it. Presently there floated upon the still air the sound of singing. It came, floating out, through the open windows of the Good Shepherd Monastery, over the high fence, and reached us in the garden. It was a hymn sung by the inmates of the Monastery—"the children"—as the white-robed nuns call them—who were, to rescue whom, they have given their lives—like that First Shepherd, who went over mountain side and torrent, and rested not, until he had found the sheep that was lost, and brought it back again into the fold.—"Joan," in the Halifax Herald.

**CATHOLIC AND ORANGE LOYALTY**  
Archbishop Healy of Tuam made a very clear and striking differentiation, the other day, between the quiet, matter-of-fact loyalty of Irish Catholics to King Edward VII., and the much-protested loyalty of Irish Orangemen to the same Sovereign. He said:

"We in the west of Ireland here have always been genuine loyalists, in spite of much foolish talk, but the Orangemen of Belfast are not genuine loyalists, at all; they only prate about loyalty to the King, but when their loyalty is tested, it is a humbug. Our forefathers were loyal to Charles the First—perhaps more than he deserved—because he was the King; they were loyal in their day to James the Second—unworthy as he was—because he was the King; whilst the ancestors of these blatant loyalists sold their King, a King of their own blood, and drove his children into exile. We are loyal to King Edward, because he is the King; we owe him an absolute and unconditional loyalty, as the King de jure and de facto. But what of them? They have no absolute loyalty, no genuine, unconditional loyalty. We are loyal to the King because he is the King; they are loyal to the King because he is a Pro-

testant King; and if, in the exercise of that freedom of conscience of which they talk so much, the King became a Catholic, they would do what they threatened to do before—kick his crown into the Bayne, and bring in a usurper."

### A CONVERT OF THE REAL PRESENCE.

"I was reared a strict Protestant," says a convert, in the Missionary. "One Sunday afternoon when I was fourteen years old, away back in the forest, I was passing the little shanty church in which the Catholics at that time worshipped. I had never been in a Catholic church nor even knew a Catholic. But as I heard the music and singing I was moved to look in. That is all I did; I merely opened the door a little bit, and looked in. At that very moment the priest was giving Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. All was absolutely strange to me—the vested priest, the glitter of lights, the tinkling bell, the bowed and hushed congregation. I did not enter but closed the door softly and went home. But a powerful influence had entered my soul, and I was drawn to the church the next Sunday afternoon. My first little visit had filled me with thoughts of God. I went there every Sunday, having after much pleading obtained leave from my parents to do so.

"But it happened just then that we started for California, across the plains and mountains, my father having caught the Donner party that was snowed in near Lake Tahoe, in the Sierra mountains. Many died of starvation and exposure, and such seemed to be the lot that awaited us all. Meanwhile I had come to the conviction that the Catholic religion was God's only true Church. And in our wretched cabin at Donner Lake, amid the dreadful storms of winter, I vowed to God that if I ever came through alive I would become a Catholic. And so I did. Providence sent us help, and when I reached California, little girl as I was, I sought the first opportunity to be instructed and received into the Church. I am a convert of the Real Presence."

### FAITH IN FRANCE.

OPENING OF THE LOURDES SEASON—PROTESTANT TESTIMONY TO THE REALITY OF CATHOLIC BELIEF.

A writer in one of the London daily papers describes vividly the departure from Paris of the pilgrims for Lourdes. The article which we reprint almost entirely is a remarkable tribute and admission from a Protestant's pen as to the reality of faith in Catholic France. The article begins with the departure of a succession of trains for Lourdes packed with invalids in all stages of disease marks the opening of the pilgrim season. I paid my annual visit yesterday to the railway terminus whence the trains started—witness, of course, the same touching scenes as in former years.

It is a noteworthy fact, however, that, despite the alleged growth of irreligion in France, this year's pilgrim train will prove the most important of the last decade. Twenty-five trains bound for Lourdes have already left Paris and other French cities or towns, and more will follow during the present month. The Paris trains conveyed about 1,500 sick persons to the miracle-working grotto and over 20,000 able-bodied pilgrims. The melancholy "white train," conveying the most seriously ill, and the most stricken, only not to say hopelessly stricken, of the last decade, the metropolitan train, it steamed slowly out of sight a couple of hours or so after midnight with its cargo of afflicted humanity, whilst on the platform people remained waiting in silence till the sound of hymns or prayers proffered from the train grew fainter, and fainter and finally died away.

A PATHETIC scene in the spacious hall of the Invalids' Terminus was transacted into an ambulance for the occasion. The aspect of the place was painfully suggestive of a hospital ward, and yet picturesque. Amongst the passengers were to be seen persons in the last stage of consumption, for whom medical science could do no more—wan-faced, spectral creatures, almost unrecognizable. Greatly encouraged by their last gasp, priests attending to their wants, they clasped their trembling hands, murmuring a prayer or invoking a saint in the firm persuasion that they were under divine protection. Some of the patients were suffering from cancer and had been given over to their faith in Our Lady of Lourdes, to whose shrine they were going, buoyed up by a fervent belief in the miraculous virtue of the waters of the sacred grotto. It was indeed a curious and pathetic sight strangely out of keeping with the spirit of these modern days, to watch the attendants belonging to religious orders or not, going about from one stretcher to another, from one improvised couch to another, or, in some cases, to the Virgin while on the long, weary journey, and place entire faith in divine interposition on their behalf.

### PAINFUL PARTINGS.

Leave-takings between the sick and their relatives, whose means do not always allow of their accompanying them, are unexpressibly saddening. A mother, after hurriedly turning aside her head to wipe away traces of tears, smiles bravely as she clasps her son's emaciated hands in hers and says: "You will come back cured, dear boy; I am sure of it. We will be here to meet you on your return. We will pray for you." And after these consoling parting words, when the "lagni brabus white train" is out of sight, the smile, so courageously kept up to the last, fades from her face and the poor, little heart-broken woman sits down on a bench, weeping and sobbing passionately. She is rewarded for her effort at self control by the knowledge that her son leaves her comforted and hopeful though she probably is aware this is a last adieu. Similar scenes go on all round one during the half-hour preceding the departure of the "white train" conveying spectral forms to the land of hope to the beneficent Lady of Lourdes. As the ponderous locomotive glides slowly to move, a chorus of "Ave Maria Stella" comes from the heavily laden train, and then silence supervenes, in the midst of which railway servants put things in order again for the ordinary traffic of the following day, while mournful little groups leave the terminus for their homes, their minds and hearts assuredly heavy with anxiety about the fate of the loved ones they have seen to Lourdes in the hope of a miraculous cure.

"KEEP HOLY THE LORD'S DAY."  
The Apostles were wont to assemble the faithful on Sundays, and the "Lord's Day" for we read that it was commanded that collections be taken up on the first day of the week; and we read also that St. John was in spirit on the Lord's day. Tradition bears witness to the fact that Sunday was placed, instead of Saturday, to the worship of God, and thus is Sunday given up to God. Christians in all parts of the world unite on this day in worship to the Almighty, and pay Him the homage due. The faithful throughout the world give to God this day, and since this day has been blessed by the Son, and is the mark of the reign of the religion of love, it is, indeed, most acceptable to our Heavenly Father, and He blesses those who observe it. It represents the perfection of life, for inasmuch as we have fallen away from God, under the old dispensation, and had become useless in the sight of God, now restored to grace and our rights to heaven, we have entered upon a new reign, have become perfect followers in the perfect ways of life, and will, if we persevere, reach the eternal mansions of heaven there to reign with God forever.

Now, as to the obligation of observing the Lord's day. Here we must not anticipate and treat of the manner of fulfilling the obligation, but merely examine concerning the origin of it. The natural law, which God has written on the heart of every man, tells us that it is right that we give honor to God and also shows us the fitness of having days on which to give that honor. We all know that nature grows tired and requires rest at regular intervals. We are able to do just about so much work and then we feel that we ought to rest, in order that our powers may recruit, and thus refreshed and re-invigorated, we may be able to resume those labors again with increased success. What is right we are bound to do, according to natural law, and thus arises the obligation of giving honor to God and a different intervals, and since God blessed the Sabbath day by resting on it, it naturally followed that man, too, would select that day as his day of bodily rest, but while his interior nature was resting, raise his superior one, the soul, to God, and adore Him for His majesty and thank Him for the blessings of creation and sustenance and He observed by all good men during the early ages of the world.

Nature being weak, however, and having fallen away from the line of duty, God reminded man of the obligation of giving honor to His creator in the words, "Remember thou keep holy the Sabbath day." Thus there arose especially the obligation of sanctifying this day. God has spoken, yes, has written out this law on the tablets of stone and given them to Moses to claim to His people. God had provided for His observance, and hence during the other six days of the week He rained down manna from heaven for the children of Israel, but on the seventh day He sent none. He would have His day kept strictly, and hence on the sixth He sent manna enough for that day and the following one. That God wished this day to be observed strictly we have only to read the punishments mentioned by the Old Testament that were to be inflicted on those who would violate it. They who simply gathered sticks on this day were to be stoned to death. The Sabbath for the Jews was a sign between themselves and God. "I gave them," says the Lord, "My Sabbath to be a sign between Me and them and that they might know that I am the Lord who sanctified them." (Levit. x, 15). It was a sign of the deliverance of the Jews from Pharaoh, from that awful yoke which bound them in pain and suffering to the very dust of the earth. This we see clearly shown in the words of holy writ where God addresses the Hebrews, "Remember that thou also didst serve in Egypt and the Lord thy God brought thee out from thence, with a strong hand and an outstretched arm; therefore have I commanded thee that thou shouldst observe the Sabbath day. Well might they have given to God for all His mercies and all His favors, the fullness of their hearts, the homage of their mind and souls on this great day.—Bishop Colton in Catholic Union and Times.

### THE CHURCH IN AMERICA AS IT IS.

"The conditions of the Catholic Church in America is most favorable," said Cardinal Gibbons to a query from an interviewer. "We have to contend with various forms of Protestantism, but I do not think that the animosity of these sects is half as acute as in Australia, where, I believe, sectarianism has largely crept into the world of politics. I might go so far as to say that in this country, as far as my experience goes, we are received and treated very fairly by the non-Catholic laity, who are decidedly disposed to be just. Some of them, of course, have imbibed anti-Catholic prejudices in their youth, but as a rule the American spirit is disposed to examine every side of a question and is, moreover, always open to conviction. The same is even true of many Protestant ministers. "At the present moment the Catholic population of the United States of America numbers about 14,000,000, which is about four times the entire population of Australia. If we add to these figures the Catholic population of the Philippines and Porto Rico, the American Catholic population under American Government would exceed 20,000,000. In the hierarchy of the United States the Bishops number about 100, and these include 1 Cardinal, 13 Archbishops, and 86 Bishops, and every year we are adding new sees in the country, and I am happy to say that conversions are occurring in every direction."

"Does your Eminence think that America will ever be a Catholic country?" the Cardinal was asked. "I cannot give an expression of opinion as to that, seeing the big discrepancy existing between the 80,000,000 of people in the United States and the 14,000,000 of Catholics, but it is permitted to me to cherish such a hope. I cannot ignore the fact that there is here and there considerable leakage—there are losses—but in my opinion that there is more than offset by the number of conversions.—The Missionary.

### ST. PETER CLAVER, S. J.

There have always been theoretical lovers of mankind, who have thought and written for the public weal; and perhaps aided those in need who came to their notice.

But it was Christianity which was to set the seal upon lives devoted to the sympathy or affection, but the desired, the friendless, whom the world counts not. The page of history records nothing more glorious than the lives of these followers of the Divine Shepherd who, from the morning watch even until the night hours, sat those unceasing for and alone, because they see the priceless souls their Mas-ter long for. They walk in the path first trod by the Good Shepherd, leaving all things to burn into the dark by lost lambs, whom they would fain gather in their arms in the peaceful twilight—to carry back to the security of the fold.

Such was St. Peter Claver, S. J., whom the Church commemorated on Sept. 3, and the courageous ideal of his life we can best learn from his own noble words which interpret his entire mission: "Do thou seek nothing in the world save that which Jesus Christ Himself has sought—to sanctify souls to suffer, nay, to die for their salvation."

Soon after ordination in the Society of Jesus, with the permission of his superiors he was sent to the West Indies. These were not the days of opposition to slavery, but this Jesuit priest saw in it a betrayal of his Saviour's commandment of love and his heart became filled with sorrow and compassion at the sight of the cruel oppression of the strong over the weak, which had existed from the very dawn of history. He gave up his life to the enslaved and he is an ennobling figure to the imagination as we see him at the harbor waiting for the approaching vessel containing its human cargo—perhaps as the risen sun was just shining over the waters or as the evening hour was near rich with its promise of stars. And when it arrived, nothing would he do but go among the children of the poor, speaking to them as to his dearest children begging them, since they could not save their bodies, to save that which was of far greater value—their immortal souls. Not to fear those who could only kill the body but to fear Him alone Who could cast both soul and body in to hell, was the burden of his continued exhortation. "The slave of slaves" he called himself, and such indeed he was serving to save that which was of far greater value—their immortal souls. Not to fear those who could only kill the body but to fear Him alone Who could cast both soul and body in to hell, was the burden of his continued exhortation. "The slave of slaves" he called himself, and such indeed he was serving to save that which was of far greater value—their immortal souls.

So passed the life of this messenger of hope, always gentle and loving, an example to all generations of utter devotedness and generous self giving; never ceasing to labor in the fields where the harvest is always so few, Great Saint and Jesuit! thinking of thy wonderful mission which opened the gates of light to so many who sat in darkness we hear the echo of the

words: "How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, and preaches peace; of him that saith with forth good, that preaches salvation."—Christine Sevier in Catholic Citizen.

### FAITH, HOPE, AND CHARITY.

Man, on account of the gift of reason, on account of his understanding, is said to be only a little less than the angels. This great endowment raises him above every other creature on earth. This faculty is one of immense power and it may be and frequently is the source of immense pride.

Man wishes to increase the circle of his knowledge, and hence is loathe to confess himself baffled and unable to comprehend. Hence, when he must admit that there is much beyond the scope of his understanding, he has to accept many things on faith and to own a superior. Faith may be called the worship of the understanding. When we accept and believe all that God teaches us in humble submission to His word we exercise the virtue of faith.

If men refuse to practice this virtue or to make this sacrifice all others are insufficient to satisfy our Creator, as "without faith it is impossible to please God." The simplicity and character of our faith is pointed out in the words of our Lord: "Unless you become as little children you shall not enter into the kingdom of God."

We also worship God by the virtue of hope. By it we make the promises of God and God Himself the object of our desires. "Where thy treasure is there is thy heart also." If we set our hearts too much upon the things of this world and place them before God and do not make God the ultimate object of our desires it is useless for us to say that we really worship God. God must be above all and in us all. He must not only be the object of the understanding and of the desires, but also of the affections. The virtue of charity requires this. God wants our affections: "My son, give Me thy heart." "If I deliver my body to be burned and have not charity it profiteth me nothing." Nothing else will supply the place of this worship of the affections. You may be lavish of your time and of your money and of your labor in the cause of religion, but all will be in vain if you do not add to them the gift and the worship of your heart. Faith, hope and charity must be united. The worship of the understanding and of the desires, but desires must be joined together as in a golden chain to make a service acceptable to God.

If we are to let our light shine before others there must be some external indication of our good actions. Since we are composed of both body and soul, it is but reasonable that both body and soul should pay homage to God. There never has been and we cannot imagine a religion without some external manifestation of worship. However, since man is a social being, there must be some kind of social or united worship given to God by the society of men.

There are two texts of Scripture that confront us. The one is: "The Lord thy God shall thou adore, and Him only shalt thou serve." The other is: "Cursed is he who does the work of the Lord negligently." How many really give ungrudgingly to God that worship and that obedience which belongs to Him?

Possibly the complaint which God made against the Jews through the prophet Jeremiah (Jeremiah 11, 20) might be applied to many of us: "Of old time thou hast broken my yoke, thou hast burst my bonds and thou saidst, I will not serve."

Some men in their conceit "care for none of these things." They family and for children, and treat the subject in a more or less patronage and condescension. Such persons are in a miserable spiritual condition. All of us should realize that our first duty is to worship God Who created us.

Some mean to be religious, and are so after a fashion. They will make some sacrifices for religion and profess to care much for it, but they put religion in some "safe" place. In minding they ignore the command: "Seek first the kingdom of God and His justice and all these things will be added unto you." Religion with them is a convenience and not a duty. The very idea of God implies that His service must necessarily come first—and be first in the hearts and minds of all intelligent creatures. When we run in the race for heaven we must "so run as to obtain." The incorruptible crown is worth our endeavors.—Catholic Universe.

### On Death.

St. Cyprian taught that we ought not to mourn for the death of those persons whom God has called to Heaven. He declared that our conduct should agree with our belief that they are in bliss. Besides, we are under obligation to accept the will of God. "We ought," so he said, "to show the power of our faith, by bearing the departure of our dearest friends without emotion, and, when it shall please God to call us to Himself, we should gladly receive the summons and follow Him with cheerfulness and without delay."

No, one, he concluded, can fear death, but he who is loath to go to Christ, nor can any one be loth to go to Christ but he who has reason to fear that he will not be admitted into Christ's Kingdom.—Catholic Columbian.

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