

The Catholic Record.

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

VOLUME XVI.

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NO. 840.

A NON-CATHOLIC CONVENT.

An Interesting Sketch of the Hull House Philanthropes.

BY MARY JOSEPHINE ONAHAN.

Hull House is one of the interesting spots of Chicago. It is a sort of a non-Catholic convent, but a convent with out a cloister and where men folk are admitted to a partial brotherhood. The word partial is used not to signify that the brotherhood in the spiritual sense is by any means limited, but merely to show that though the men are co-workers with the women, they do not reside at Hull House, but come there only for their classes and their meals.

It is a strange sight, that long polished table in the large, old-fashioned dining room (for Hull House is staunch and old-fashioned in everything—except, indeed, in its spirit, which is wonderfully modern) around which are gathered young men and women, of all nationalities and almost all creeds, bound together by one principle, to do good to their neighbors. That principle is written in their faces; that principle is exemplified in their lives.

Perhaps the presence of Eliza Allen Starr there one night last month (Miss Starr's niece is one of the charter members of the house) made one still more apt to think of Hull House as a convent. Miss Starr lectured on the ethics of St. Francis, and was listened to by a rapt audience of not less than five hundred. She painted in her own vivid way that little town of Assisi and the life of the gentle saint who has made it famous, pointed out that the question agitating society to day could be disposed of without riot or strike by the ethics of St. Francis.

It was significant of much, this Catholic speaker and Catholic subject in a non-Catholic institution. It bespeaks the interest of Catholics in other ways of goodness than their own.

The history of Hull House was given a year or two ago in the *North American Review* by the gentle, the earnest, the noble woman whose inspiration it was and who still presides over it, — Miss Jane Adams. One needs but to look at that *spirituelle* face, almost wan in its intensity, still young and yet weighed with so many cares not her own, to realize that Hull House, inasmuch as it expresses her spirit, must be doing a great and beautiful work.

Old houses, like old people, have their histories. Years ago when Halsted street was more of a wilderness than it is at present, when in spite of its numerous shanties there was a flickering hope that it might some day be a respectable neighborhood, by some strange mischance of fate turned out one of the aristocratic neighbors, a Mr. Hull built there a stately residence, a large, square, brick structure, now of a wholly uncertain hue, with a dignified porch, and finished on the inside in the most solid manner. The stair-case is of solid oak carved and twisted, the doorways wide and high and ornamented with really beautiful carvings.

After old Mr. Hull died the house went through many vicissitudes though it still belongs to the Hull estate. For some time it was occupied by the Little Sisters of the Poor and old ladies and gentlemen galore hobbled in and out 'neath these sculptured lintels, ministered to by the gentle, ever ready Little Sisters; but the house becoming too small to hold all the old people, the Sisters moved away into larger quarters and the old house for many years was vacant. Then it was turned into an old clothes shop, a livery office and various other ignoble things, when five years ago it was espied, rescued, captured by two young women on philanthropy bent and straightway it became what it now is, a social settlement. The remaining heir of the Hull estate was called upon and when the plan of work was unfolded donated the use of the house and adjoining grounds for a certain number of years on condition that it should always bear the name of Hull—a condition that was gladly acceded to.

It is estimated that two thousand people come to Hull House each week, either as members of clubs or organizations, or as part of an audience. One hundred of these come as teachers, lecturers, or directors of clubs. There are college extension and university extension courses, classes and lectures of all sorts, a working people's chorus and choral society, men's women's and children's clubs. In fact it would be hard to think of any interest which is not represented in Hull House.

Dealing largely with working people it has naturally been brought into relation with the labor movement and it is generally understood that Hull House is "on the side of unions."

Several of the women's unions have held their regular meetings at the house, two have been organized there, and in four instances men and women on a strike against reduction in wages met there while the strike lasted. In one case a strike was successfully arbitrated by the house. When through the efforts of unions a factory inspection law was passed in Springfield in 1893, one of the residents of Hull House was appointed factory inspector in the State of Illinois. The head of the house is one of the ablest and most

energetic members of the Civic Federation in its well-known and much advertised crusade to reform some of the flagrant abuses of Chicago.

We hear much in these days of cooperative housekeeping. The Coffee house is a step in that direction, for not only does it serve most excellent meals, at low prices, but it sends out meals, kept warm in an ingenious manner, to the factories and families of the neighborhood that desire them. Doubtless one of the most important works of Hull House has been in this very line, the showing of the poorer people how to cook their food and how to utilize the cheaper kinds of meat and cereals so as to make them most appetizing and nutritious. A three course meal, and it pleases you, can be had at the coffee house for fifteen cents, and any one who has sampled that cuisine can vouch that it is as good as is to be had in the whole town.

It will be gratifying to our temperance friends to learn that no intoxicating drinks are sold either in the coffee house, or in any of the clubs that are under its wing. Hull House not only discourages the saloon, but it does what we are often slow to do, it offers something in its place—a bright, cheery place where men may get all the comradeship they want and go home sober as well.

The Jane club is a working girls' club, a home in the brightest and cheeriest sense of the word and with nothing of the woe-begone and maudlin air that sometimes attaches to the term when applied to public institutions. There between forty and fifty self-supporting women live; they have cosy rooms, a general dining room and a pretty parlor where are some excellent copies of old masters, but statuesque, indeed Hull House attributes much of its success to its presentation of the lost art.

The young women make their own rules, which are few and simple, and the *esprit de corps* being strong, they are seldom infringed.

The Free Dispensary, Kindergarten and Creche are conducted, as are all institutions of like character, also are the branch of the Public Library, located at Hull House, and the Gymnasium. One of the most unique and invigorating features is the children's playground, once occupied by the most tumbledown and deplorable hovels in the town, now, thanks to Miss Adams, a wide, open, sun-drenched space where children by the thousands congregate, swinging, teeter-tottering, romping and merry-making to their hearts content.

It is one of the best of the many good features of the Hull House, this playground for the little ones. It is by no means extravagantly fitted up; there are neither tennis courts nor summer houses, nor, not even a tree nor a flower (with such a scurrying of young feet even a blade of grass would perish, which seems a pity, for no one can estimate the influence of any live growing thing upon the child heart and mind.) Nothing but a few rude twigs, the ground well sanded and sky above, but a boon inestimable to those myriads of small denizens that swarm like sparrows in our city skies.

It will be seen, therefore, that though Hull House has some points of similarity with our Catholic convents, it allows itself much wider scope. Nevertheless the points of similarity are so numerous as to immediately impress one. Though the ladies wear no religious garb, they address each other as "Sister"; though they have no religious exercises of any sort—at least none are evidently to the casual guest—they are certainly animated by the true religious spirit—they are seeking to uplift and to brighten humanity.

It seems a pity, indeed, that they should in this undertaking be using mostly human means, but human means are good. How many of us neglect even them!

It seems a pity that the Church, the Church whose Madonna occupies the place of honor on their walls, for she not only commissioned its execution but preserved it for generations to come, that that Church, with all her tremendous leverage for good, should remain a thing apart, not known, not understood by them. Nevertheless, the Lord has many sheepfolds and more ways of caring for them than one mayhap can understand. We can only hope and more confidently believe that the day is fast coming when there shall be one fold and one Shepherd, as prophesied by that gentle Saviour who vine-pled Galilee. Hull House seems to be one of the happy omens of that unity and brotherhood that we all hope are coming in the future.

A Tribute to the Jesuits.

At the Episcopal missionary council held in Hartford, Conn., last week, one of the missionaries from Alaska unconsciously paid a tribute to the zeal and energy of the Jesuits. He told his fellow-Episcopals that one of the greatest obstacles the missionaries have to contend with is the work of the Jesuits. They have a larger working force, he said, and are encroaching upon the Protestant missionary field. It may be remarked that the success of the Jesuit missionaries in Alaska, as indicated by this Episcopalian, is paralleled all over the world wherever these noble sons of the Church have

penetrated. Their work is the more effective because they preach the gospel of truth.

"A MORAL NIAGARA."

An Apt Illustration of the Catholic Truth Society's Annual Meeting.

Ottawa Evening Journal, Nov. 12, 1894. "Capital" was the word at the annual meeting of the Catholic Truth Society held in Ottawa University yesterday afternoon. From the Archbishop, who was present, down to the humblest member, the opinion of the past year's work was the same. There was a fair attendance. The ladies were well represented.

The chair was occupied by the President, Mr. J. A. J. McKenna, and on the platform were Archbishop Duhamel, Father McGuckin, Secretary, W. C. DesBrisay and the Treasurer, Dr. MacCabe. In the audience was a well-known local doctor who takes a leading part in matters controversial, but on the anti-Catholic side.

The meeting opened with an address by Mr. J. A. J. McKenna, the President. Mr. McKenna expressed the hope that Catholics would continue to support the Truth Society. He likened the power of the Catholic laity to a moral Niagara, stating that the mission of the Truth Society was to afford a channel by which some of the power of this Niagara might be utilized to spread Catholic truth.

While Catholics knew they had the faith in its fullness, had the whole and entire truth, had the Church builded by God, not by men, the Church that had civilized and humanized mankind, they too often forgot the obligations that go with this privilege. The obligations of the clergy did not excuse the laity from their share of the work of spreading the truth. The achievements of the Truth Society should encourage and attract the support of the laity.

SUBSTANTIAL PROGRESS.

Mr. W. C. DesBrisay read the annual report. It opened by congratulating the members on the substantial progress shown and volume of work done during the past year. Pleasure was expressed in calling attention to the work of distributing Catholic literature, one of the main objects of the society. During the year the society purchased from the Catholic Truth Society of England, 621 bound volumes, 5,444 pamphlets and 558 leaflets and a wide, open, sun-drenched space where children by the thousands congregate, swinging, teeter-tottering, romping and merry-making to their hearts content.

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cate part of our work and our efforts have been attended with satisfactory results.

The financial statement presented by Dr. MacCabe showed receipts totaling \$142.17 and an expenditure of \$30.34, leaving a balance of \$111.83.

Archbishop Duhamel thanked the officers of the society for the work during the year and expressed his happiness and consolation at seeing the Catholic laity understand their duty to help the clergy. He asked all present to join the society and to encourage others to join that they might work towards the perfect union of mankind on the basis of the truth as taught by the Catholic Church, that all men might be of one heart and one soul, recognizing one Father, God, in heaven and one mother, the Church, on earth.

The election of officers resulted as follows: Pres., Jos. Pope; 1st vice pres., Father Whelan; 2nd vice pres., Wm. Kearns; secy., W. C. DesBrisay; treas., Dr. MacCabe; committee, Father Constantineau, Father McCarthy, Father Cole, J. A. J. McKenna, W. L. Scott, F. B. Hayes, E. L. Sanders, John Gorman, J. P. Dunn and D. Burk; auditors, Wm. Findlay, Michael Kavanagh.

MIRACLES AT LOURDES.

Pilgrims This Year Fewer and Cures More Numerous.

This year's national pilgrimage to Lourdes, but lately over, says the *Westminster Gazette*, was, according to official report, attended by some 25,000 persons, or about 5,000 fewer than the average of the last five or six years. We are assured, it is true, that this falling off in numbers was no wise due to a falling off in faith, but merely to the weather. This, however, was powerless to check the course of the miracles among those who took their seats in the red, white, blue, green and yellow trains which started from the Gare d'Orleans amid the fervent chanting of the "Ave Maria Stella." In fact, proportionately speaking, there have been more miracles at Lourdes this year than usual.

After treating of the Sarah Astor case, already given in detail in the *Catholic Times*, the *Gazette* continues: Another interesting case was that of Mlle. Ernestine Boyand, a young woman of twenty, belonging to the village of Monard (Oise), who for eighteen months had been suffering from a white tumor at the knee, accompanied by anchylosis. She was twice bathed in the piscina, and after her second immersion her tumor had disappeared and she was able to walk without the assistance of the crutch, which she had hitherto employed. She is now, we are assured, as well as active as any other person of her age.

In the case of Mlle. Elise Guerin, of St. Pierre de Maille, in the Department of the Vienne, who had been ill for three years, Dr. Perivier, of Pleurcourt, had been treating her for abdominal tuberculosis. She was in such a low condition on her departure for Lourdes that her a precautionary measure, and on her arrival she had to be carried to the grotto on a stretcher. Nevertheless, one brief bath in the piscina sufficed to cure her. She emerged from the water strong and active, refusing all help, dressing herself with the greatest ease, and afterward following the procession to the basilica with a lithe and buoyant step.

"I AM HEALED." Another notable miracle was Mlle. Broussin, the precise nature of whose illness is not stated in the reports I have before me. However, I understand Dr. Boissarie (M. Zola's Bonamy) to say that this lady had been bedridden for four years and had undergone a frightful operation to give stability to her back (fixer le rein). She is a woman of thirty-eight, and resides at Arcaehon, where she had been attending Dr. Deschamps. Coming to Lourdes she was lying on a stretcher when the Blessed Sacrament passed by. The sight of the Host borne in triumphant procession appears to have thrilled her like Marie in M. Zola's novel, she shouted: "I am healed!" and rose from her bed and walked.

"What did you feel when you rose?" Dr. Boissarie afterwards asked her at the verification office. "Did you experience a shock?" "No," she replied. "Then what was it that impelled you to walk?" "A sudden flash of confidence. It all at once seemed to me that I should walk, and I did so."

OTHER NOTABLE CASES. The sight of the Blessed Sacrament and the confidence it inspired also sufficed to heal Mlle. Camilla Meslard, residing in the Rue du Cloître de la Cathedrale at Orleans, who suffered from congenital neuralgia, with even the hips and could scarcely walk, even with the assistance of a stick. She threw her stick away, however, on beholding the Host, and followed the procession with a firm, erect gait. Very similar was the cure of Sister Etenette of the Order of St. Joseph, who came to Lourdes suffering from both chronic peritonitis and a tumor in the left side. For ten months she had been unable to rise without help, and could only walk when on one side she

had a person's arm to lean upon, and on the other a staff to support her. While at Lourdes she was placed in a little vehicle in order that she might witness the 4 o'clock procession; and at the moment when the Host passed before her she experienced a sudden pang, her tumor dissolved, and she rose and accompanied the procession amid the frantic applause of the multitude.

Other notable cures were those of Mme. Veuve Brun, of Compiègne, a woman of fifty, cured of arthritis of the knee of twelve years' standing, and Mlle. Bertie Bourlier, of Bordeaux, who was suffering from a severe form of neurotic anemia, and for six months had taken no other nourishment than one glass of milk per diem. She was plunged into the piscina in a state of insensibility, suddenly gave a shriek, and upon being removed from the water eagerly asked for food.

All these cases of cure, and many others more or less similar, were certified by Dr. Boissarie at the verification office, where the seances were attended by over eighty medical men, several among them being Germans and Englishmen. According to the local newspapers, the number of English visitors to the grotto has this year been quite phenomenal, and numerous instances of conversion.

OUR DEAD.

When we go back to the first years of our life the flight is but of a moment. The young cannot think a time like this will come to them. Facts press the truth on the minds of those growing old. The flight of time is so swift that we forget it.

We had, years ago, like the youth of our time, joys and sorrows. The joys we forget, our sorrows remain to chasten us. Indeed our sorrows and tears are sweeter in our memory than the mirth which produced laughter. Why? There is no need to ask the question. The very joys of bygone years make the heart soften and sigh, while the tears creep into our eyes. Where are the companions of those bygone years? Gone—most of them, gone before God and we hope at rest—They will be if our prayers can make them.

Our memory goes back to almost infant days and the score is fifty and more against us. We heard others count the years by the twenty—it was an age in our youth we could only dream of. It is now the glance of a moment, the twenties are gone and now we count by the thirties and forties. We do not think of it until some child raises its astonished eyes and the look of that face brings us to our senses. Then floods in upon us not the joys but the sorrows. We will have them. It must be that there is little love in joy. We cherish what we love and our sorrows are our loves, else why so cherish them? We love to think of those who went from the world. We began as a child, and all along those years gone by we have marked the death of our friends. We wondered at first what it meant. We listened to our parents and friends, but could not understand the words which were spoken.

We saw our little playmate climb on the coffin and cry out to its friend, then gaze in wonder—no answer came. He could not understand it. Tears came faster and faster from our eyes—ah! we had been taught the lesson. We loved with the little child the body that had been laid in the coffin. Long before this we had seen the black that was worn and the hat that was craped and had learned our lesson. We had knelt at the bedside and answered the prayers that were said while the tears almost choked our utterance. We had seen the darkened room and the coffin placed in the midst of it. We had looked on the pale face within it. We then thought of the little cross words that had been said. We would have given worlds if we had not said them.

We had knelt beside our dead. We could scarcely see the crucifix on the stand before us. We had seen the blessed lights twinkle on each side of it. We had sprinkled our dead with the green twig we dipped in the holy water near us. We had gone to confession and had given them Holy Communion at the Requiem that was sung for them. Love them—yes; though years have gone by yet tears will come with the memory of them. Who loves not their dead? Our parents taught us to love them and told us God required it.

We had heard, hear now, the church bell tolling for the dead we love. Ah! so often has it tolled since those years gone by. It is tolling now, it tolled yesterday—it will toll to-morrow. The tick of the clock tells of the march of time as we run to the grave. Our greatest loves lived not many years with us. They were ripened with the sheaves that were golden in the harvest.

A father and mother, sisters and brothers, most all of them are gone from us. Ourself and another are all that remain, but we talk of our dead as though living with us.

As the years roll by we wait the time of each death and say the requiem for them. Some of them are gone to

the handful of dust so many are the years since they have left us. No matter; though these years have rolled on we will never forget them.

They are photographed on our hearts by the kind words they said, by the kind deeds they have done and how can we forget them?

As we go into the church, when we kneel to pray, and when we go up to the altar our dead are with us.

When we were little and young a kind pastor and our parents taught us to say "God be good to them." The older we grow the more is our charity extended towards them. Kind reader, if one thought I have penned will make your heart more kind to the dead than I say God be thanked for it.

S. S. M.

THE AMERICAN NEGRO: HIS HOPE AND OUR DUTY.

The Rev. J. R. Slattery, in his admirable address before the recent Congress of Colored Catholics in Baltimore, gave advice and suggestion which the colored people, irrespective of religion, can profitably consider.

"There is," he said, "a great deal of quiet push in the negro race;" and in proof of this assertion, he notes the tremendous progress of the race since the Civil War. They number to-day 8,000,000. One million and a quarter attend Public schools; 25,000 are in various colleges. Religiously, between four and five millions are divided among the various Protestant sects; 200,000 are Catholics, and 8,000 are in Catholic schools. Time and silence have worked for the negroes. They have not been an aggressive people.

By reason of the spirit of personal irresponsibility, developed in them by slavery, and dying slowly out in the air of freedom, the colored people need in a special way, what all people need in a general way—to cultivate home life and domestic purity; a common purse among the wage-earners of the family; strict honesty in all dealings; and virtues of temperance and total abstinence.

Over and above all this, the colored people need religion. "Not," said Father Slattery, "a religion which puts holiness and sanctification in the whirl and excitement of a camp meeting or a revival; but by a religion which strengthens them to be pure, to be honest, to love home, to be sober."

Catholicity is that religion, but it avails little for Catholics to assert this truth, if they do not act upon it in the half of their negro brother with the charity and consideration which carry conviction to his heart.

It is true that, as yet, the number of priests and religious who can devote themselves exclusively to the colored missions is small. But, as with the larger work of bringing the Church in her truth and beauty before the American non-Catholic body as a whole, every Catholic, white and colored, should constitute himself a missionary. He may be able to work only in the way possible even to the most timid and humble, by the example of a virtuous life; he may be privileged to conjoin to that the special missionary gifts of appeal and persuasion, or the influence of material beneficence. In any event, the honor of the Faith is in his keeping, and he will not be guiltless if it suffer by his bad example, his indifference, his culpable social pride or his parsimony.—Boston Pilot.

Miss Guiney's Difficulties.

Miss Louise Imogene Guiney, the well-known Catholic poet, whose successful contest for the place of post-mistress at Auburn, Mass., about eight months ago attracted the attention of her readers throughout the country, has not found her official path one of roses. Her enemies have boycotted the office, as far as the sale of stamps is concerned. As the office is a third-class one the salary depends upon the sales made, and in consequence of the boycott Miss Guiney has suffered a reduction of \$100 a year. The fact that Miss Guiney is a Catholic has given rise to the suspicion that the boycott has an A. P. A. foundation, but Miss Guiney has no proof of this. Whatever the cause of the trouble Miss Guiney's friends and admirers do not intend that she shall suffer by it and orders for stamps are reaching her from different parts of the country, so that by the time her next report is sent in the deficit will have been more than made good.

His Epitaph.

The Pope has already written his own epitaph. It is this: "HERE LIES LEO XIII., POPE. HE IS DUST." A Tertiary Pontiff, who has literally been a glory to Christendom and a guide to a distracted world, could hardly have given a better example of Franciscan simplicity and humbleness.—Catholic News.

A cheerful temper, staid with innocence, will make beauty attractive, knowledge enlighten, and wit good-natured. It will lighten sickness, poverty and affliction, convert ignorance into an amiable simplicity, and render deformity itself agreeable.—Addison.

There are few gifts more precious to a soul than to make its sins fewer. It is in our power to do this almost daily, and sometimes often in a day.—Faber.

MBER 17, 1894.

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