lover, and it is certain that Billy's seven years of sentority and his — usually—confident slightly "blase" air of experience, held a powerful attrac-

But to-night the tables were turned. There was something very soothing and restiul about Eddie Bingham's immacu-late linen, his nicely creased trousers, and his coat that so cleverly disguised and his coat that so clevery anguised his sloping shoulders. The ready-made coats that Billy was obliged to wear in-sisted on wrinkling at the neck; there was no disguising "his" shoulders. Oue knew, instinctively, that Eddie Bing-ham could be relied upon, so far as outham could be relied upon, so lar as out-side appearances went. For the sake of this security, Isabel feit that she could almost overlook his prominent eyes, his timid chin, and his lukewarm laugh. Besides—Isabel's thoughts kept time to the music-Eddie's salary wa larger than Billy's ; Eddie didn't amother and a semi-dependent sister or two, with their incumbrances, who looked upon him as their prop and stay. The material advantage was decidedly with Eddie. It was possible that she had been unreasonably prejudiced; Eddie wasn't to blame for the unequaled

So she warmed toward him : she bent upon him the favor of unusual smiles and interest; his drooping hopes revived and he outdid himself in his attentions

She observed Billy gliding across the floor with Marie Elizabeth, and she ex-perienced a faint twinge of jealousy. Isabel had not yet qualified as a prize waitzer and Billy was far too fine a dancer to receive a snubbing. Besides, what mattered it to the other girls what he wore? Theirs was not the responsi-bility—he was the acknowledged prop-

erty of Isabel.

The sudden realization of this aspect of the situation came with a passing glance, half-amused, half-pitiful, from Marie Elizabeth. Isabel was shaken with a n w e otion, maddening in its complexity, sickening in its intensity. How dare they pity her! It was no one's affair but her own. It made no difference. Her heart smote her for her disloyal thoughts; her pride flamed up for his protection, and, at the same time, she took half of his abasement on her shoulders and felt herself ashamed there-

This was the most terrible of all. She no longer was able to resent his offense: she shared it. It was as if she had helped him commit some crime and was bound to brazen it out before the world. And the laws of fate, his humiliations must be here, and that, even as they smirched her pride, she would cling the closer. Tears of self-pity came to her eyes ; she

All evening she had been prickly toward him, now she changed her tactics.
Billy had never seen his sweetheart in such a mood. When anyone was near, her manner was angelic in its sweetness. but when they were alone, his descrip-tive word, "devilish," was only just.

At last Billy's temper grewruffled and his gray eyes dark with anger; he de-livered himself of some terse remarks; and amenities between them ceased. They left early, Billy glowing suitenly over a thick cigar and Isabel with a

white and de ermined face.

The presence of Eddie Bingham in the car with them relieved the situation a little. Nei her desired him to know that they had quarreled, and he made splendid medium of conversation. After a while Isabel's tense nerves relaxed she was conscious of a growing tender ness toward Billy, like a mother's toward an erring child. She would be good to him to-night; to-morrow would be time enough to reckon with berseif. When she would make the first concession and they need not part in anger.

The car stopped, and an old, bent The car stopped, and an old, bent woman, draped voluminously with a shawl, her gray hair topped by a rusty, beaded bonnet, entered. There was no empty seat, and Billy rose with the promptness of a Jack-in-the-box, and surrendered his. Isabel moved a little away from the forms of the charge in th away from the figure in the shawl. It Isabel. had none of the sweet dignity of old age, and to the girl's fastidious nose was waited the faint, unpleasant odor that comes from insanitary surroundings and stuffy rooms. She thought, petulantly, that if Billy had only waited a minute some one else might have given up his

The car bumped along; Billy hung onto a strap and conversation lan-guished. Eddie Bingham, having expressed one by one the opinions and ideas that he kept for public use, s arted to use them over again. Presently the woman peered out of the window, rose hesitatingly and signaled the conductor.

As she did to, Billy saw what the others did not; that tears were creeping down her seamed, unlovely face.

He stood irresolute for a minute, then

leaned tyward isabel.

"Say, 'Bel, I'm going to get off and see what's the matter with that woman. I think she's in trouble. Eddie'll see that you get home all right, won't you,

The excitement dies out the excitement dies out the eyes and they grew steady.

"That's up to you of course, Isabel,"

"Good night, Ed., see

he said quietly. "Good night, Ed., see you later." He was gone. Two bright crimson spots glowed high on Isabel's cheeks. This was the end! That he should dare to leave her in the face of her ultimstum,! That he should turn her over to Eddie Bingham with as little ceremony as if she were a sack of flour. To "Eddie Bingham!"

There was a faint, half-nervous giggle from the person considered. "O'Farrell certainty does make some awful breaks," he observed.

Isabel sat turned to stone.

Mr. Bingham twisted his slender, bookkeeper's hands together. "Now, such a notion would never enter my head. I wouldn't think it was the proper thing to leave the lady I was with and inquire into somebody else's troubles."

A sudden, great weariness settled over Isabel. "No, I don't suppose you would," she said in a colorless voice.

"I don't do things that way." Eddie's word, were fat with self-satisfaction.

words were fat with self-satisfaction.
"Not that I've got any objections to
present arrangements." He gave a present arrangements." He gave a meaning smirk. "But O'Farrell's a queer one. Always trying to get somebody out of a scrspe. That's why he gets into so many himself. Just hand him a hard luck story and he's ready to

min a hard luck story and he's ready to dig. That's why he's always broke. Now, me, I'm different. I look after myself and I expect others to do the same. I don't ask favors and don't grant 'em."

"Yes?" said Isabel. It was impossible, of course, to choke this maundering thing at her side. How ugly his straight, stiff hair was beside the soft, brown waves of Billy's!

Mr. Bingham had struck a subject upon which he was eloquent—more eloquent than be knew.

"I say a man's got enough to do if he looks after himself. You know Ordway, the senior C. O. D. bookkeeper? 'Well, if it hadn't been for O'Farrell, he'd have lost his job long ago. He's been down three times in the last six months—well, in no condition to work. And O Farrell's took him down in the freight elevator and out the alley entrance and put him

and out the alley entrance and put him on a car and sent him home." Mr. Bingham's better judgment should

Mr. Bingham's better judgment should have warned him, but he ended sneeringly: I suppose it's natural for O Farrell to have a fellow feeling."

Isabel turned with a jerk.

"Billy doesn't drink," she said.
Bingham perceived his blunder.

"Oh, I didn't mean that! Er—er—of course not. I only meant that he, he always seems to have so much sympathy—"

Isabel rose, rigid. "We have reached my street. No, you needn't get off the car, only have to go a block. But I prefer to go alone." She was filled with a large indifference to the attention she was attracting. He followed her to the door, protesting. "It doesn't make any difference, I don't "It doesn't make any difference, I don't care what Billy told you." She turned to the conductor. "Keep him here. Please keep him here. If he follows me, I'll—I'll hit him!"

And as the car sped on, she had a glimpse of Eddie Bingham, expostulat-ing and amazed, being held back by one

willing pugilistic arm.

It was such a hollow victory. Every poisoned word that little reptile had uttered was true. The vein of hard common-sense that was in her told her so. And sobbing, she was consumed with derce regret that she was unable to do oodily injury to Eddie Bingham. She let herself in with her latch key

and stole quietly to bed. Billy could not get to his home for hours. But the fact that he lived at one end of the city and she at the other never made any difference to him; he waited for her when she worked late : he saw that she went wherever he could take her.
She was awakened by a peal from the

telephone which an obliging roomer had allowed to be placed in the dining-room —providing Isabel's mother would attend to it for him. A faint pink lightening of dawn was on the horizon. Sitting her night dress, she took down the re-ceiver and her "Hello" was answered

by Billy's voice.

"Say, kiddie, I just got home. Wanted

to know if you were all right."
"You just got home?"
There was a laugh from the other end. There was a laugh from the other end. "I thought you'd change your mind about speaking to me! No, wait a minute; that wasn't why I called you up. I wanted to know if you were O. K. The cars were slow—it took me a long time. It's a mighty good job I lett you, 'Bei. That poor old thing was hunting some friends—and they'd moved. It's straight that they were heading for the There. that she was heading for the river. She'd been put out—sicked out! By her son-in-law, too. Say, a man like that ought to be—"
"What did you do with her?" asked

Billy's tones grew apologetic, "Well, Billy's tones grew approperic, "well, I brought her home with me. There wasn't anything else to do. The old lady—the mother—was fixing her up with a cup of hot tea when I rushed over here to telephone. "Old lady" had caused more than one altercation be-tween them, Isabel insisting that it was disrespectful. Billy maintaining that it was a term of the highest fluid re-

Isabel laughed hysterically. Where, among Billy's various responsibilities, was there room for another? What could one do with a man like him? But queerly enough, her heart was filled

with passionate thanksgiving that life was long and she was young.

"But what are you going to do with her then, Billy?"

"Oh, something will probably turn up.

Maybe we can get after that scamp of a son in-law. But at the worst we can keep her here. We won't turn her out, that's sure. Never mind her. It's you

I'm thinking of."
"Oh, Billy O'Farrell, scion of a child-

Madison street—the old lady went four blocks each way. I was expecting you to brace me about it all evening. I got nervous waiting for you to open up. It was a case of either wear the calico or not show up at all."

There was an elequent pause; then I sabel:

LIFE TO-DAY IN CATHOLIC FRANCE

The activity with which the Church of France, disestablished, disendowed and despoiled, is pursuing the necessary work of reorganization is a spectacle which has already gained recognition in unexpected quarters. It cannot be forgotten that the Separation Law robbed the Church of almost everything robbed the Church of almost everything except the mere occupancy of the churches— an occupancy which the Government, after its experience of the process of taking the inventories, feared to terminate. It was, under the Act, but a tenancy at will, but clergy and people refused to go out until turned out by force, and the Government dared out government dared out give the word. Of all clee the out by force, and the Government dared not give the word. Of all else the Church was despoiled, and was thus flung entirely for support upon a people whom a century of the Concordat had rendered unused to contributing directly to the support of religion, whilst their ears had been filled with unceasing denunciations of its teaching ceasing denunciations of its teaching and its ministers. Thus, all was to make, and in circumstances of acute difficulty.

The difficulty still persists, as may be

The difficulty still persists, as may be seen from events which have found record during the last few days. Country churches are being left to fall into decay by their new proprietors as a preliminary to their being closed as dangerous to the public; a Bishop is being haled up before the courts to answer for money which the state had prevented him from ever touching with a finger; and a hundred schools belonging to religious orders, which had been left open from sheer inability to supply their place, have just been closed by the Government. In addition to this the future of Catholic education is this the future of Catholic education is tion of further measures for the haras-sing of the Catholic school and for pre-venting parents from defending their children where no Catholic school is available, against the abuses of neutrality com mitted by the teachers and the educa this, there is increasing evidence that the Church, priests and people alike, far from losing heart, are working with a will to repair the heavy losses that have been sustained under the Separation Law. All was to make, for the old ecclesiastical organization of the fabriques, etc., has been swept away, and the new one of the "associations cultuelles" was condemned by the Holy See, and rejected by the Catholics of France. A new organization for the support and defence of religion had, therefore, to be found and established.

THE WIDE CAST OF THE NET How successfully and with what earn

estness that difficult task is being accomplished we have almost daily witness, which is none the less real that it made little mention in the English press. The new organization is taking a form not unlike that of the Catholic Exception in England. In 1908, in his a form not unlike that of the Catholic Federation in England. In 1908, in his discourse on the Beatification of Jeanne d'Arc, the Holy Father made a striking appeal to French Catholics to band together for religious action and the detence of retigion. Since then parochial and diocesan associations for that purpose have sprung up all over the land. Men of all parties are rallying together round their bishops and parish priests on the platform of religion, effective equality and social work, a platform equality and social work, a platform from which party politics alone are excluded. Of course, such associations are, in the first place, for practical Catholics. But they are not closed to those who, whilst not making their those who, whilst not making their Psques," are still in favor of justice to religion and its adherents. On this point the Archbishop of Bourges nas spoken out clearly in a letter recently addressed to the Catholic committees of his diocese. "The Cathelic parcehial committees ought to obtain adherents in as great a number as possible. A list of efficers does not constitute an army; soldiers are wanted.
All the Catholics of a parish are invited to give in their adherence. By Catholics we mean not only those who regularly attend Mass on Sundays, frequent the church and fulfil their Easter duties, those also who hold to length about have sympathy for its ministers—all those, in a word, who are with us in heart and spirit. We wish to be clearly understood. We do not, indeed, place upon the same level those who faithfully fulfil their duties and those whose Christian like it is not to see the contract of the con tian life is not free from negligence; our desire is that all who are baptised should show in practice that they are mindful of their engagements, and docile to the commandments of God and of the Church. But for the work of reorganization, which has to be undertaken, we appeal to all men of good will, even to those whom weakness, timidity and perhaps intimi-dation have for the moment estranged from us. All these men of good will should group themselves round the priest, all such forces should unite to obtain respect for the religious idea, and form a barrier against oppression of all and every sort."

A NUCLEUS SOLID AND SOUND

Rome's call was that the Catholics of that you get home all right, won't you, Ed?"

What!" Isabel's eyes blazed.

"You'll do nothing of the sort. What do you know about her?"

"Nothing. But she been crying."
He spoke impatiently. "Ed. I'll betickled to death to take you home. Why, for all we know she might be going to kill herself! This ain't a sweet locality this time of night, either. I've got to go and see."

"She'il probably thank you for 'tending to your own affairs." Isabel set her teeth together hard. All her wrongs of the evening rushed over her, destroying her sense of proportion. "If you go, I'll never speak to you again!"

The exottement died out of Billy's eyes and they grew steady.

"That's put you go and see."

"That's nure. Sever limbs her. I've you in this king of."

"Oh, Billy O'Farrell, scion of a child-like race that never has stopped to count the country uniantur sub uno vexillo Chiristi Jesu. That call has been repeated by Bishops and clergy, and the response has been more than encouraging. There is stackness and backward-ness to be combated, but even that is being got over by persuasion and other devices, such as that of the parochial committees left insolation. They are devices, such as that of the parochial never fail her as a pillow.

Billy was speaking, his voice more deeply apologetic: "And say, little girl, about that (word miffled) shirt. The old lady had mine laid out on the bed when the sister's little Bill danbed it with shoeblacking. I hope to die if there was another my size, this side of the country uniantur sub uno vexillo Chiristi Jesu. That call has been repeated by Bishops and clergy, and the response has been more than encouraging. There is stackness and backward-ness to be combated, but even that is being got over by persuasion and other devices, such as that of the parochial dinners with the Bishop in the chair instituted by Monsignor Touchet, Bishop of Orleans. In many dioceases the response is being mate with the sisteris left in isolation. They are the parochial committees left in isolation. They are the Rome's call was that the Catholics of the country uniantur sub uno vexillo Christi Jesu. That call has been repeated by Bishops and clergy, and the response has been more than encouraging. There is slackness and backwardness to be combated, but even that is being got over by persuasion and other devices, such as that of the parochial dinners with the Bishop in the chair instituted by Monsignor Touchet, Bishop of Orleans. In many dioceses the repassed along the streets with city councilors in their midst, and the tri-

tion will rise, strong enough to bear the "I—I don't know what you're talking about. My—my voice shakes because I'm cold. Yes, I'll go right to b—bed. Shirt? Why, I—I didn't see anything wrong with your shirt—Billy, dear."

Shirt? Why, I—I didn't see anything wrong with your shirt—Billy, dear."

has been recovered by a people perse-cuted for religion, that has only been achieved by organization, as the Bishop of Quimper pointed out a few days ago. The lesson lies thick upon the pages of history; and the way in which the Catholics of France are forming themselves into parochial and diocesan associations and attending diocesan con-gresses like that of Tours and Aix, is a sign that they are at last taking that

esson to heart.

Nor is that the only sign of the new Nor is that the olly sign of the new spirit which is at work amongst them. The clergy are boldly going out into the open and seeking election upon the municipalities. At the election in May, forty-two were returned, includ-ing a Bishop, a prelate, and nine canons and of these eight have been elected as mayors and one as denuty-mayor. This mayors and one as deputy-mayor. This is evidence that, in spite of years of unservice, even in those who have been so long held at a distance by laws and tra-dition from certain spheres of public work. It is but another illustration of the way in which priests are getting into touch with the people, and with the expansion of the federal movement amongst their parishioners it affords corroborative evidence of the success attending their efforts. Altogether, what we have recorded makes an encouraging picture. Mere organization is not flual success, but it is at any rate in these days the "sine qua non" of its achievements.—Sydney Catholic Press.

A WONDERFUL STORY OF A WONDERFUL FAMILY

On the second day of October, 1756 a child was born in the town of Sins-bury, Conn., who was to be the pro-genitor of a family the history of which is one of the most remarkable in the annals of the Catholic Church. This child bore the name of Daniel Barber. Growing to manhood a Congregationalist "of the strict Paritan order," he later became an Episcopalian and entered the ministry, continuing there-in, he tells us, "for nearly thirty years clear of the least doubt or suspicion concerning the correctness and valid-ity of our ordinations." He had married Chloe Case, daughter of Judge Owen of simsbury, Conn., and with her and their children he moved to Vermont about the year 1878, but finally settled in Ciaremont, N. H., where he had charge of a parish. At the age of sixty-four, and, as he himself writes, "at the expense of all worldly expectations," he became a Catholic, as also his wife and dependent of the compared to daughter, his youngest sister, Mrs. Nosh Tyler, her husband, and their seven children. The four daughters became Sisters of Charity; and one son became the Bishop of Hartford.

CONVERSION OF VIRGIL BARBER But this is not the entire story. Mr. Daniel Barber had a son, Virgil, who had also become an Episcopalian minister and was living in Utica, N. Y., where he was not only a pastor, but was the principal of a flourishing academy. He, too, and earlier than his father as it would appear, became a Catholic, with his wife, four daughters, and one son. Then, in accordance with a supreme inspiration acting upon both souls, and with the Church's entire persouls, and with the Church's entire per-mission, this husband and wife, united by strong ties of unusual loving devotion the one to the other, separated; the husband became a Jesuit priest, and his wife a Visitation nun. Later, the only son became a Jesuit; three daughters became Ursuline nuns; and the youngest child, Josephine, became a Visitation nun like her mother. Where shall we find paralleled in the Church's history such a story as

unusual sacrifices, do we realize how great they were. Thereby, too, we be-gin to form some idea of the claim to heroic sanctity which we may make for Virgil Barber and his wife Jerusha, — Sister Augustine as she was known in Their grandchildren, had they had any, might easily now be alive among us. The bridegroom was about twenty-five years old; the bride about nineteen. Their youngest child, Sister M. Joseph ine, to whose graphic account we owe much of our information, writes of her

My mother has often told me that he was so perfectly devoted to her and his children that he found no happiness out children that he found no happiness out of his family; insomuch that he was oftentimes impatient when his little circle was encroached upon, or his domestic joys interrupted by the visits of friends; and she was frequently obliged to expostulate with him on the subject. In trouble, sickness, etc., no

his ills was prayer. And he, as she says, "more docile than a child," would kneel and recite with her whatever her kneel and recite with her whatever her piety and affection prompted her to address to the Giver of all Consolation, in his behalf. She was obliged to share in all his thoughts, plans and projects. She was, in everything, his chief adviser and assister. He would neither read, hear, or see anything without her. In fact, his happiness seemed dependent on her participation.

on her participation.

When Mr. Barber began to consider the claims of the Catholic Church, we

find the following statements regarding this from Sister Josephine's pen: Night after night my parents used to Night after night my parents used to sit up together, discussing points of dootrine and reading works of contro-versy. Indeed, my father would never willingly read without her, and she has told me oftentimes, when she became so overpowered with sleep as actually to doze, such was the habit of attention she had acquired as to know what my father had read. In such what my father had read. In such cases, if she failed to comment on some striking passage he had expected her to notice he would stop and say: "There now! You are not paying any attention!" Whereupon she would repeat the words he had just read, while she would restrict the strict of the strict o the words he had just read, while she was listening in her sleep. * * * * * In my mother's notebook I found the following: "December 24, 1816. — Josephine baptized by the Rev. Mr. Fenwick at his house, Jav Street, No. 15, New York City. Feb. 9, 1817. Mr. B. and myself made our First Communion at eight o'clock in St. Peter's Chapel, Barclay Street. February 23'd. Rev. Mr. Feuwick here; we opened to him our wish to devote ourselves to religion."

been written: but they veil a story of heroic martyrdom of the affections and of an heroic strength of will. They were not long in taking their

decision. Yet, between its first sug-gestion and final accomplishment, some months must necessarily intervene; and these were to my parents months of agony. "A thousand times," said my mother, "would I willingly have had a dagger punged into my breast, and have found it a relief! for not only did my heart ache with the sentiment of grief, but it ached physically—the very flesh ached, just as your head aches. Put your hand here; you can not feel it beat; it is not in its natural place; it is sunk in back." Aud truly enough, I could not feel the slightest pulsation; but, on applying the hand to a spot be-tween the shoulders, found the palpita-

Sister Alphonso Jenkins, I think, and also the physician, in her last sickness, being informed of this, examined and found it was true.

A MOTHER'S SACRIFICE

Sister Josephine asked her mother how she had been able to accomplish such a sacrifice, and she received this memorable reply: I did not do it. It was not I: I could not have done it,

God did it for me. He took me up and carried me through. As to Mr. Barber, Sister Josephine relates that even after he had started for his novitiate in Rome he was in such suffering that two of his fellow passengers spoke of him as so overwhelmed with grief that they feared he would die before he reached his journey's end; and one said of him; "I never pitied a man so in all my life.'

Yet the brave souls overmounted all their trials, and finally joy and tranquil

peace were their portion. Sister Augustine said of her children:
I felt the confidence that Almighty
God would take care of you all; not
because you were mine, but because
you were not mine or any human being's,

FIVE RELIGIOUS VOCATIONS

And God truly did care for them al five the religious vocation came. And Virgil Barber and his wife Jerushs,—
Sister Augustine as she was known in
her convent life. These two persons
were married September 20, 1807, a
little more than one hundred years ago. Sister Ursuline to Sister Joseph

Let me tell you my souvenirs of your angelic Sister Mary, our Mother M. she spared no pains in advancing her pupils. Above all, she sought to inslurate a spirit of piety, and that with such warmth from her own heart, inflamed with the love of God, that I, for one case carrier that her sweet lesson

can certify that her sweet lesson were never forgotten. Abigail, the second daughter, lived to celebrate her golden jubitee of religi-ous profession. She died March 2,

an abundant recompense.
Susan, the third daughter, Sister M. St. Joseph, took the white veil on St. Joseph's day, 1831, and died January 24 1837.

She always remained the model of the other religious, both before and after her profession. She was remarkable by her fervor and her generosity in the practise of all the virtues becoming religious, and especially that of holy obedience. She died as the saints die, on January 24, 1837.

The only son, the Rev. Samuel Barber, S. J., was born on St. Joseph's day, 1814, and died on February 23, 1864. The Catholic Mirror said of him: Of a clean and cultivated intellect, of a pure and devout heart and of a zeal always active and fervent, he possessed

a pure and devout heart he possesses always active and fervent, he possesses in no ordinary degree "the wisdo in no ordinary degree "the wisdom which the lips of the priest should keep," and "the holiness that becometh the house of God."

CONFIDENCE IN PRAYER

And the mother of these saintly souls

And the mother of these saintly souls—what shall we say of her?

She was a woman of superhuman energy. She put her whole soul in what she was doing; often forgot herself, but never forgot prayer. In her case, prayer might truly have been called the life of the soul. She did nothing without prayer, and as she strictly fulfilled the precept of our Saviour—to pray always. When made directress. pray always. When made directress, she would often say to those near her: "Go, pray, that I may attend to this business properly." The school (in Georgetown, D. C.) continued to pros-per under Sister Mary Austin's care, and in 1828 it bore the reputation of being one of the best in the land.

She died in 1858 on New Year's Day, in the Visitation Convent of Mobile, Alabama. Her youngest child, her little Josephine, a Visitation nun like berself, was with her in that last long illness patiently and brightly borne. Sister Josephine heard this beautiful testimony given to the patience of her beloved mother.

Once or twice I expressed to Mother Gonzaga O'Driscoll my regret at the trouble my mother's long protracted illness gave. "No trouble whatever," said she. "It is a great honor to us to have her die in our community." The sainther die in our community. The samply infirmarian appeared to become more tender and attached; watching her as a mother would watch her child. I frequently heard her speak to the Sisters in praise of her patient, relating to them what she had said and done—and with evident pride and pleasure. Once, when they aid gone at the "quarter bell" to see her, and finding her too ill infirmary to speak in whispers, I heard Sister Aloysia extolling her to them; telling them of her patience, etc. "Sister P. was patient," said she "Sisters N— and N— were patient; but I

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have never seen patients.

Sister Augustine."

Words of greater comfort never reached my ears. Wishing afterwards to know what value I might attach to them, I asked Sister A. (without telling her why) how long she had been infirmarian. He answer was: "All my life. I took care of the sick in the world, and in religion have nearly always had in religion have nearly always had charge of them, in Georgetown as we as here in Mobile."—Sacred Heart R

The man who spends his time gamb-ling at the card table seldom turns his hand over at anything else.

No musician can shape a melody as joyous as the laughter of a child happy in the morning sunlight.

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THIS WASHER MUST PAY FOR ITSELF.

MAN tried to sell me a horse once. He said it was a fine horse and had nothing the mat-ter with t. I wanted a fine horse, but, I didn't mow a nything about horses much. And I didn't know the man very well

So I told him I wanted to

So I told him I wanted to
the horse for a month.
He said "All right." but
pay me first, and I'll give
you back your money if
the horse isn't all right."
Well, I didn't like that.
I was afraid the horse
was 'n' "all right" and that
I might have to whistle for
my money if I once parted
with it. So I didn't buy the
horse, although I wanted
it badly. Now, this set me
thinking.
You see I make Washing Machines—the "1900
Gravity" Washer.

thinking.
You see I make Washing Machines—the "1900
Gravity" Washenyself, lots of people may think about my Washing Machine as I thought about the thinking of the people may think about my Washing Machine as I thought about the thinking.
Machines by mail. I have sold over half a million that way. So, thought I, it is only fair enough to let people try my Washing Machines by mail. I have sold over half a million that way. So, thought I, it is only fair enough to let people try my Washing Machines for a month, before they pay for them, just as I wanted to try the horse.
Now, I knew what our "1900 Gravity" Washer will do. I know it will wash the clothes, without wearing or tearing them, in less than half the time they can be washed by hand or by any other machine.
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It just drives soapy water clear through the Bores of the clothes like a force pump might.
So, said I to myself, I will do with my "1000 Gravity" Washer does the way all other machines do.
It just drives soapy water olear through the Bores of the clothes like a force pump might.
So, said I to myself, I will do with my "1000 Gravity" Washer what I wanted to mooth's free least me. "100 Gravity" Washer on a month's free least, and if you don't want the machine after you're used it a mooth, I'll take it beder and pay the freight too. Surely that is fair mouth, in at its whole cost in a few monthis free least, and if you don't want the machine after you're used it a month, I'll take it beder and pay the freight too. Surely that is fair mouth, in at the mouth's I'll rial, I'll lety you pay for it out of what it saves you. It it saves you 60 cents a weak, send me 60 cents a week over that in wash woman's wages. If y

Address me personally: ... F. Morris, Manager 1900 Washer Co., 357 Yonge , Toronto, Canada.

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