

strength and consolation that they would find in the presence of "Whence is it, Lord, that we are so happy?"

Let us stop and think for a moment. Could anyone believe in the power of a God, who gives back with a lavish prodigality ten fold all we give to Him, could resist the pleadings of these two sincere young hearts? No! A thousand times no! Two years passed by, and God's hour arrived.

It was evening in early fall. The city was hot, and windows and doors were wide open. On the door steps of many homes were gathered groups enjoying the cool of the evening. The great portals of a Catholic Church swung wide apart. As the church doors were almost flush with the pavement, the passers by could look in, and over the heads of the immense crowd they could see the white altar glittering with tapers, and beautiful with flowers. A preacher was standing before it; his ringing voice, full of music and strength, echoed through the aisles and out into the street. This is what he was saying:

"Yes, my beloved brethren, what doth it profit a man to gain the whole world, and lose his own soul? To lose one's soul! What does that mean?"

A tall handsome man of middle age, whose six feet and more of height, enabled him to see over the heads of the people, was passing that moment. The words still more, he stopped, and entered the church to listen. His distinguished appearance and the evident signs that he was not a Catholic, caused the crowd to give way a little. Before he realized it, he was standing in the last pew of the church listening to the glowing words of Father Walworth, the Paulist who was preaching a mission. Burning its way to the core of his heart, the fiery, fearless, earnest language of the speaker took at the soul of the listener. He felt its value when he remembered all it had cost. He realized how empty life had become, and as for the future—what was it to be? He stood and listened, and as he stood it seemed as if the audience drifted away and the voice was addressing him. He heard the terrible words melt into the tenderness of the Good Shepherd: "Come to Me all you that labor and are heavy burdened." He stood there as if in a trance. He did not notice that the sermon was over; and it was only when people pushed by to gain the street, and the church grew empty, that he realized God's grace had come to him as it did to St. Paul, striking him to the ground. He entered a pew in the darkened church and sat there thinking. Suddenly he rose, passed up the silent aisle, and at the altar rail met the preacher who saw at once that he was face to face with a rescued soul!

"I wish to speak to you, Father," he said. "I have just listened to your sermon."

Father Walworth, who was a polished gentleman, as well as an ardent missionary, led him to the rectory, and from that hour dated his conversion. He came again and again, and when the mission ended, one more ransomed soul knelt at the altar, a child of Holy Church. Amid his happiness the father's heart turned lovingly to the convent—far away where the two cloistered hearts of his darling daughters were daily sacrificing their lives in love to the Master for his conversion. Need it be said that the letter which told the blisful news to the two sisters was moistened with their tears?

Twenty happy years of devout Catholicity were given to the convent. When his last illness came, and the end was near, his religious daughters were sent to his bedside. One beloved child held the crucifix to his lips, while her veiled head was bowed to hide the tears that nature forced from her loving heart. The other read in a low, broken voice the Catholic Church's majestic prayers for the dying. The sacraments had been received, and the last absolution given by the great Archbishop Ryan. They had only to wait for the end.

In the silent night the last sigh of his great soul went forth, and they placed it on the altar stone of their hearts, as their last sacrifice. They had no more to give!

And now, the fair, younger daughter of this convent has recently finished her life's work, and lies in the little convent cemetery. She spread the good odor of sacrifice and heroic virtue all through the sphere of her influence. "She made religion beautiful that all men might be attracted to it!" Loved, honored, revered and deeply lamented, she passed away to that beautiful heaven where her beloved parent, no doubt, welcomed her coming. She has gone to her chosen bridegroom. Happy in the sweet embrace of Him she loved so truly, and who crowned her life of sacrifice with blessings, she watches for the older sister who in her patient loneliness, can only stand and wait at the door of God's holy will.

Responsibility walks hand in hand with capacity and power.—J. G. Holland.

Live in peace, avoiding disquiet, anxiety or discouragement. Have you not God with you, the good God ever vigilant, ever fatherly, ever loving, without whose permission nothing can come to you, and who is always present to defend, protect and care for you.

REIMS AND ITS CATHEDRAL

From The Contemporary Review, November, 1914

Reims Cathedral in flames! The modern Huns have wantonly bombed the greatest masterpiece of French art! One of the noblest buildings in the world is a mass of blackened ruins! Such was the news announcing a great evil and an irreparable catastrophe printed in large, mournful letters throughout the world on September 9th of this unfortunate year. Humankind staggered and remained awe-stricken, the aesthetes shed burning tears at the barbarous, asinine, and heaven defying destruction. If that cruel news was rushing to an average lover of the beautiful, how much more cruel was it to a cultured Frenchman, conscious of the great historical importance of Reims and its most noble and most glorious Cathedral, built by the devotion of his religious forefathers and by the patriotism of far-seeing founders of French monarchy.

"You, in England," says, eloquently, a French enthusiast, "at all times have loved the noblest of our cathedrals, yet I do not think that even you can realize all it means to us Frenchmen, all we love beyond the common loss. It was the cradle of our kings, the high altar of our race, a sanctuary and a shrine, dear from every memory, sacred in every thought, loved as our flesh and blood, a link with our remotest past, the ever speaking witness of the permanence through change of the ideals, aspirations, dreams of our country; the very face and presentment of our land, whose smile, high in courage, tender in kindness, in all human gentleness, most lovingly shone down on us from the kindred lips and eyes of knights and kings, and saints and angels carved by our forefathers seven hundred years ago in the semblance of the man and woman concerned in the story. It is not a loss of beauty alone, though in all our wide possession of beauty the medieval poem of stone rose supreme; it is the loss of the master testimony to the nobility of our race."

That the French scholar did not exaggerate the historical consequence and the peerless beauty of Reims Cathedral is convincingly proved by history and aesthetics.

The history of Reims is not only one of the most important, but also one of the most interesting monographs of cities that is to be found in France. It presents no isolated existence; it is not united only with the life of a province, but, having its own syncretized life and history, is connected intimately with the annals of the monarchy, for it was a seat of the power that made the kings. By giving spiritual sanction, it dominated royalty through the superiority of the divine over temporal might. Its cathedral was a trying place of all kings whose reign was beginning, in the same manner as St. Denis was the asylum of all those whose reign had come to an end. In order to have a clear notion of its origin it is not necessary to go with Coquery to Noah, and with Flodoard and Anquetin to a son of Japhet; it suffices to remain in the province of reality, to begin at the Roman invasion, and to open commentaries of Caesar, who says that that part of France, to day mercilessly devastated by the heartless Germans, was occupied by the Remi, who were the nearest to the Celts and all the Belgæ. The Successions were the neighbours of the Remi. The name of the capital of the Remi was in Caesar's time Durocorum Remorum, subsequently changed into Remi, and then Reims.

A conscientious student of history cannot doubt that the church of Reims, as well as her sisters the churches of Soissons, Paris, Amiens, Beauvais, Arles, Marseilles, Vienne, Toulouse, Limoges, Chalons, and Treves, has a right to claim the great honour of having been founded by the disciples of the Prince of the Apostles. It was St. Peter himself who ordained St. Sixtus to the archbishopric of Reims, giving him as coadjutors St. Sinclet, whom St. Sixtus made bishop of Soissons; and St. Amant, who became bishop of Chalons. Among the long row of archbishops of Reims one should remember Tilpin, better known as Archbishop Turpin, whose name is associated with all poems of chivalry, and from whom descend directly Boiardo, Ariosto, and Pulci; Hugues de Vermandois, kinsman of Charlemagne, uncle of Guy de Vermandois, first Count de Soissons; Fouques, who in 894 crowned Charles the Simple; Jean and Robert de Courtenay, princes of the blood; Henry the Great, brother of a king of France; Guillaume de Trie, uncle of King Philippe de Valois; Humbert Dauphin of Viennois; two princes of Lorraine, Jean and Charles. However, the most illustrious and historically important was St. Remi, Remigius in Latin, for it was through him that France became a Christian State. St. Remi is the glory and patron saint of Reims, as well as of the Church of France, the great and revered St. Remi! It is with him that really begins not only the history of Reims, but that of France as well—his name being closely united with the wild and intrepid Clovis or Louis. The baptism of the king was into being the spiritual and temporal powers of France, in which were united bishop and monarch, the principle and the symbol of our political and religious existence. St.

Remi was not only an edifying and zealous apostle, he was also a man of genius. It was he who submitted the Remi to the government of Clovis, whose political value he understood, respected his military merit, and was able to bend the proud head of the wild Sicambre to be washed with baptismal water, meanwhile admonishing him frankly: *Mitis depono colla, Sicamber: adora quod incendisti, incendit quod adorasti*. There happened then what usually happens with conquerors, that the vanquished ones re-seized through the spiritual power what was taken from them by brute force: Clovis conquers sword. The baptism of Clovis at Reims on December 24th or 25th, 496, was without any doubt the true inauguration of the monarchy in France.

The authors of *Gallia Christiana* record that after the victory at Tolbiac over Siagris, Clovis had fixed his capital at Soissons, and that he loved to have St. Remi near him, that he married his niece to St. Remi's relation, Arnould by name, and made the latter Count of Reims; that he granted the Archbishop a large stretch of territory in which he established and endowed many churches as at Tournai, Cambrai, Tournay, Arras, and Laon. St. Remi administered his diocese for seventy-four years, having been elected to it at the early age of twenty-two. According to the old chronicles he was great in his looks, venerable in his deportment, fearful through his severity, and amiable through his benevolence. But although the austerity of his brow seemed to threaten the serenity of his heart, he was consequently whilst towards devotees and debauchees his countenance seemed to be that of St. Peter; on the other hand he was St. Paul towards the wicked. He neglected rest, repulsed ease, called forth labour, sustained patiently disdain and deeply cherished honour; he was poor in money, rich in conscience, humble and modest towards his merits, severe and grave towards vice. He burned with the fire of divine charity and ministered to his church as a bright torch of excellent virtues.

The glory and importance of Reims was entirely due to St. Remi, who, having anointed Clovis as first Christian King of France, secured for that city the permanent right to a ceremony which was an indispensable sanction of power. Reims consequently became a second capital of France. That the *sacred* of the Kings of France was of great political weight is proved by the fact that the reigns dated the beginning of their reigns from the day on which they were anointed with sacred oil preserved in a vessel called the *Sainte Ampoule*, the same which, according to a poetical charming legend, was brought by a dove, representing the Holy Ghost, to St. Remi for the baptism of Clovis, the conqueror of the Alemanni. It was through the influence and power of Adalbero, Archbishop of Reims, who anointed Hugues Capet, that the succession of the Capet dynasty was secured. The *sacred* really assumed its form and character only under the third dynasty when it became a constant attribution of Reims. From 1179, when Philippe-Auguste was solemnly crowned, Reims became the place of coronation for the Kings of France. Joan of Arc brought the Dauphin hither in order to strengthen his right to the crown. The only sovereigns in the long line, down to 1825, not crowned at Reims, were Louis le Gros, Henry IV., Napoleon I., and Louis XVIII.

The sheet of historical reminiscences of Reims would not be complete without mentioning that St. Thomas of Canterbury visited the second capital of France, where he consecrated a chapel dedicated to St. Nicolas, and that John of Salisbury, who followed the Archbishop-martyr to Reims, has left a few letters concerning various historical circumstances of the town. Froissart tells us in his quaint and picturesque manner, that Edward of England besieged Reims in 1360, but that he and his knights were bored with looking for six or seven weeks at the high walls, wide moats, and crenelated towers, defended by Sieur de Châtillon, and left the stronghold without having stormed it. Time has brought a great change, indeed, in the attitude of the two greatest nations, for to-day the English display their indomitable valour in defending what is most sacred to every Frenchman. Unfortunately, even their great gallantry could not prevent the destruction of the most wonderful work of human activity, the Cathedral of Reims.

The brief history of that world-famous building is as follows: The Cathedral of Notre Dame de Reims replaced two churches, one built by St. Nicaise about 400, and the other by Romuald, architect to King Louis le Debonnaire, circa 814. The Canon Cert says that the present Cathedral was begun in 1240 by H. Libergiers and carried on in 1270 by Robert de Coucy, whilst other writers have it that it was commenced in 1212; it was vaulted and portals were finished by Gaucher of Reims and by Bernard of Soissons, whilst the unrivalled choir is due to the great artistic gift of Jean Leleup, who worked at it for twelve years. But it was not finished until the fourteenth century. Such is the apparently meagre history of the work of that great building, but what a stupendous result!

The town lies in the lowest part of a wide hollow plain, and as one comes towards it, this enormous structure, looming up fully two-thirds of its height above the general level of

the houses, looks like a great cloud hanging above the city—something that belongs to the heavens rather than to the earth. As one's eyes embrace the whole facade or linger upon the brilliant effects which its many combinations develop, one cannot but admire the creative vigour which could marshal and group the elements of sculpture and of architecture without mixture and so as to co-operate without losing their distinctness. A series of sculptural and architectural courses, interposed in an ascending and diminishing range, carries one from the gates of the church to the lofty towers that are unsurpassed in their effect of openness, which is artistically alternated and contrasted with the closeness of the lower storeys. The pyramidal arrangement is attended to, throughout, with great effectiveness and taste. The exterior of Reims Cathedral could be likened to a large book of doctrine, in which the artist engraved upon the stones the evangelical moral, the eternal verities, the promise of a future life, the struggle of earth and heaven, the triumph of the Church of His Church. In presence of Reims Cathedral, of its well-balanced proportions, of harmonious lines and of the mastery whole, one realises better than when one beholds any other building that melody and harmony are two of God's angels, who remained on the earth, when it lost the paradise of innocence; that those heavenly envoys bind pantheism in one eternal composition; that they sing about God's thoughts that live mysteriously in the Universe and welcome through their hymns the angel-infant born in the tiny habitation of our hearts. That infinite melody has down for centuries throughout the world, since the first day was created; its waves are thousands of years, its notes are the stars in the firmament and nations on the earth; that harmony binds those endless years, heavenly stars and human history, birth and death, the bygone past and coming future; it links in one whole darkness and light, suffering and joy, heart-breaking grief and exalting hopes. That harmony reached Plato from the stars, but for him it was only a dream foretelling felicity; he heard it in one moment of happy ecstasy; the Christian world alone heard aright that holy harmony that heals spiritual wounds and consoles spiritual heresy and constitutes dream and life, death and resurrection. The Almighty Composer wrote the notes of that harmony-melody before He created the stars, before He played on the rays of His splendour; that reign of melody is to be found in the heart of man, which, in turn, he bestows on his work, and that is why a really beautiful structure, composed of harmonious lines, may consistently be compared with a beautiful musical composition, the pulse of both music and architecture being mathematically related; they both count, measure, and bind. Music flowing in tune is born and passes away in time; a building rises and spreads out in space; music builds out of tunes God's temple; architecture plays psalms and hymns on the stones as on chords and produces rhythms, harmonies and melodies. Consequently when I say that Reims Cathedral is like a most wonderful symphonic poem, the simile is not commonplace but aesthetic, for as in symphony Berlioz transformed the lowest musical element, the rhythm, and changed untuned voices of nature into purest tunes, so did Robert de Coucy, Bernard of Soissons, and Jean Leleup, as master architects of Reims Cathedral, transform hard stones into geometrical figures and made of them a harmonious whole; their art also was born in the depth of their hearts and they produced a great masterpiece without listening to the noise of vulgar reality; they shut themselves away from the outer world, created their own space and lived in it; their work is a hieroglyph of heart, a symbol of presentment that lives, moves, acts, half understood in the human soul, and embodies itself in melodies and architectural forms. Reims Cathedral is a masterpiece of art because apart from its raw material it borrows nothing from Nature, which is used only as a means for the manifestation of spiritual power. Nature has for it only a negative meaning, for the great artist-architects have taken all its essence from the most mysterious depths of the human heart, they have brought to their hand the spiritual depths of the human ego. For those reasons that masterly building is the fairest child of a great epoch of human activity.

On entering the Cathedral one is struck by the uncommon height, length, and width of the aisle that expands; one is awed by the glimpses which one gets from richly coloured clerestory and bluish triforium. As one advances under the vault of the nave, the vastness of the fabric, modulated into simplicity, dignity, and strength, comes upon one like the deep, slow, thunder-tones of mighty melody. The attitude of both the nave and the aisles is unusually great, and they are separated from one another by circular columns. The nave-aisles have no chapels, but between their windows are clustered columns. However, the most striking feature of the interior is the view towards the great front windows of the cathedral. It is of unsurpassed magnificence and glory. The nave terminates in one stately arched window formed of many windows. The top of the great arch is occupied by a vast wheel filled with glass of scarlet and green, which in brilliancy and purity is without exception the most wonderful one had seen or one can imagine. The incomparable richness of the varied influences that unite in that picture, the forms of arch and circle joined in a complication that never became confused, the hues in that thick crystal, admitting no glare and dimming no ray, turn the stream of the setting sun into glory of rainbow, blend in endless diversity of combination, whose harmonic tones spread through the air like a music audible to the soul alone. At such sight one wonders how those barbarians—according to modern notions—of the Middle Ages felt the contrast of light and shade, and were able to create these mysterious undulations! How true it is that art is an expression of a soul, that a temple is not a mass of stones, or a combination of forms; but first and foremost a religion which speaks to us in a most eloquent manner. If one adds that Reims Cathedral possesses an organ, built in 1481 by Oudin Hestre, this is considered a masterpiece of its kind, then one realises how highly our ancestors and their fathers, how refined were their taste, for in this Cathedral that was the principal source of their pleasure, they have united the most beautiful forms, the most glorious colours, figures radiating with supreme beauty, and music composed by gifted composers, executed on a perfect instrument. If, again, one adds to all these stately religious ceremonies, clergy resplendent in silk, silver, and gold, censers and crosses and sacred vessels glittering with precious stones, then one conceives how high was the mode of living, how refined were the sensations, how developed was the spiritual part of being in those times which we qualify thoughtlessly as barbarous, priding ourselves on our civilization.

That this enthusiastic and laudatory description of the Cathedral of Reims is not prompted by national partiality is proved by an English aesthete-architect, who said "nothing can exceed the simple beauty and perfection of arrangement of the plan as well as the general harmony of all the parts," and that "the mode in which the church expands, and the general conception of the eastern part, are surpassed by no building of the Middle Ages; there, is perhaps, no facade either in ancient or modern times that exceeds it in beauty of proportion and detail."

One feels a thrill of delight whilst contemplating that great work of art, for one beholds in it the ideal element, raised high above reality, above nature, above the paltriness of our sublimity existence; that thrill coming from an ideal, supersensual world originates in the human soul that has a presentiment that its life is not ended in this world, that its being is raised above death. The human soul is longing for harmony between the heavens and the earth, between thought and reality; man struggles during his life in order to harmonize heart with mind, past with present, sentiment with cold majesty of duty; consequently, the human soul is happy and joyful when it beholds that that harmony is to be found in a work of art. In Reims Cathedral man sees himself in the splendour of his greatest nobleness, undimmed by terrestrial miseries. The lines of a Gothic arch seize heart and eye, and carry the beholder beyond the stars by arousing in him the sense of infinity, of everlasting life, and of final justice. In life, throughout the world, one hears moans of pain, shouts of despair; one beholds the domination of fiendish facts and accidents that crush the human soul and like merciless Fate. The sight of a beautiful Gothic Cathedral, and especially that of Reims, raises one from the valley of miseries, of tears, of disappointments, of griefs, and of sufferings through the medium of its celestial harmony.

May this essay, whilst glorifying the supreme beauty of Reims Cathedral, reveal once more what the Christian sentiment of our forefathers has produced of the great and the sublime. Generation after generation worked over that masterly structure, rose higher and higher for the glory of faith, for the glory of a nation, which gave an eloquent testimony to the fact that they knew how to live and die for a thought that became a throb of their heart, the life of their spirit on earth.

As to our attitude towards the modern Vandals, Edmond Rostand settles the question in the following manner in his sonnet, called *La Cathédrale*:

"Il n'ont fait que la rendre un peu plus immortelle, L'œuvre ne pérît pas, que mutilé un gredin, Demande à Phidias et demande à Rodin, Si, devant ses morceaux, on ne dit plus: 'C'est Elle!'"

Le Symbole du Beau consacré par l'insulte! Rendons grâce aux pointeurs du stupide canon, Penseurs de leur adresse allemande il résulte Une Honte pour eux, pour nous un Parthénon!"

—Soissons

The cruel neglect which renders the lives of thousands of little children physical and mental martyrdom is chiefly attributed to alcoholism on the part of the parent or parents.

ZAPATA, CARRANZA AND VILLA

Now we have "but the painter" and our ships are bringing back the troops and seamen who were sent to Vera Cruz to resent an insult to the national flag. Our dead have been brought home and our country has paid them honor, but the man whom it was sought to punish and humiliate for the slight of our flag has stepped away unscathed. In his stead, in the place of temporary power in Mexico, there are two exponents of the most repulsive type—Villa, a name as terrifying to the babes and women of Mexico as that of Attila to those of Europe generally in the far off past, or that of Tamerlane to Asia in the nearer one, Zapata, the second one, is it possible more of the ogre in his brutality than Villa. The fabled quest of Jason for the Golden Fleece was not more of a "wild goose chase" than in quest after a chimera—an acceptable by-catch of the ostracized Porfirio Diaz. The silence which hangs like a pall over the American secular press regarding the awful crimes committed by the armies of those three "generals" while the devils proved home against the human swine who followed their blood-stained banners is lamentable in the extreme. The Record, which is usually just and discriminating in its criticism of public policy, has taken little or no notice of the horrid facts of the "Constitutionalist" revolt, but is evidently glad that its bandit leaders have for the moment ceased fighting among themselves. It remarked (December 2):

"It was a great thing for Mexico when it got rid of Huerta, whose usurpation was based upon murder, and a still greater thing when the Constitutionalist leaders came together and agreed upon a peaceful programme. If they have since fallen out, they are only repeating the history of the Balkan States, of the United States, of the unified Italy and of many other countries. The point to remember is that it is not our place to try to make Mexican history by force."

But despite that point, we did just that very thing in "eliminating" General Huerta—who was a real one—and accepting the ex-robbers and murderers Villa and Zapata as "Constitutionalist generals." Philadelphia Standard and Times.

J. J. M. Landy

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