

any one. They could say what they liked. There it stood with its bolts and bars cold on my poor heart, waiting for him to come and take the curse off it. . . and he never came—he never came!" She threw her arms across the table and buried her working features from the stranger's gaze.

He waited until her sobs ceased before he spoke.

"There was no curse on the door," he told her gently, "except the sad curse that pride and temper always bring, and that your own suffering lifted long ago. And tonight his forgiveness came to you through the unhappy portal. He was coming back to you—let this comfort you, but death overtook him on the way."

"It does comfort me," she said, erect again, but drooping her head sorrowfully. "You are very kind, sir."

"He often talked of you," the visitor went on to say, "of your early days together when you were so happy. No one was sweeter or kinder, he told me, than you were then, and he loved to recall how good you were to the poor, the sick, and the forsaken. You were never cross to any one but him, he used to remark, with that queer, whimsical smile of his; you remember?" And he was fond of dwelling.

"Did she remember?" As well ask did she remember the clock ticking on the wall, the sun that struck through her kitchen window every morning, the rug on which her eyes were bent. Did she remember that odd twisted smile of his, his gentle, deferring ways, the dear familiar look of love in his kind blue eyes?"

"In a moment the present fell away from her as a cloak discarded, and she was walking with Jim Reagan through those early summer perfect days, before disension had stepped in to mar their loveliness. It was Spring, nowhere so radiant as in this rolling land of fertile fields and flowing streams, and in the hearts of these two just beginning their life together. What a May day that was in the orchard when the apple trees were in full bloom, making a rosy glory against the deepened sky! They were walking, she and Jim, hand in hand down the lane, and she stopped, catching her breath in sheer rapture.

"Look, Jim, at the apple blossoms!" she had exclaimed, clasping his arm. "Aren't they beautiful?" Then, her voice sinking a little in the fullness of happiness: "Isn't the world a wonderful place?"

"And we are going to make our life wonderful, aren't we dearest?" her young husband had whispered tenderly.

Oh, the apple blossoms! How sweet they were, and how softly they brushed against her cheeks which Jim in his fondness likened to them! . . . How long was it that they walked through the fragrant orchard and down by the little stream at its foot, where the rippling waters threw back broken reflections of their happy faces and gurgled dreamily over the white pebbles in its bed? A long time, maybe; for here, miraculously, it was Summer. Again she felt the peace of the long Summer days, the sweet security of the evening with her husband by her side. And here she was on her way to the harvest field where the reapers were working under the hot afternoon sun. She had always loved the harvest field, the happiest memories of her childhood were connected with it, and these received their crown today, she thought proudly, as her handsome husband came toward her through the golden sheaves.

In his whimsical way, and out of the refinement of his more sophisticated rearing, he had coined for her odd and characteristic names. She was seldom Margaret to him; but "My prevenient Peg,"—"Queen Meg of the Fairies," with a pointed dig at her height; "Margie," or sometimes it was "Brownie." To day a brown straw hat shaded her face, there were brown flecks in the white lawn dress she wore and a brown velvet ribbon bound her waist.

"You're a real Brownie today," he had observed, brushing her cheek with a spear of wheat as he threw himself on the ground at her side. She had waited for him under a majestic oak, and in its shade a cooler breeze touched them kindly. The sunlight sifted downward through the leaves in curious arabesques, and the reapers' voices, softened by the distance, blended in with the innumerable familiar small sounds of the drowsy Summer fields. On the silence rose and fell the occasional piercing sweet call of the meadow lark. It was so peaceful. . . so peaceful. . . Suddenly an unwary woodpecker knocked loudly on an oak door far above. Jim Reagan laughed softly.

"He can't come in, can he, Brownie? Not into our Paradise," and reaching for her hand he held it caressingly to his lips. She leaned over him with a smile. . .

Strange that it should be Autumn when she began to wander unthinkingly as she had wandered Jim that day. She should have answered him, she reasoned, with an odd sense of self-reproach, and have prolonged the sweetness of that all-perfect moment; for now the Fall was here and the fairness of these Summer days only a memory. Still, it was a royal Autumn, with a plentiful harvest gathered into the wide barns. The fall roses nodded their varicolored heads at the corner of the house and the Virginia creeper crimsoned over the smoke-house door, while decayed by the mild weather her own rosebush by the

kitchen put forth a few late lovely buds. Along the grass-ridged road that led to the woods beyond the far meadow the sunnocks lifted its flaming torch, and its more lissome rival, the bittersweet twined itself around the stake-and-rider fence, finding here and there a young tree for its clinging from the top of which the red berries gleamed gaily on prodigal, graceful branches.

In the mellow sunlight of a bland October day they were coming home through these dear familiar ways, made doubly dear to the young wife by the companionship of one who loved them as she did. The peaceful landscape rested under the golden haze which folded itself about the low hills like a bridal veil.

"How many years," she wondered in dreamy content, "shall we walk together like this—how many?" And as she spoke something of a dread portent shook her soul with an answering question.

"Forever and a day," Jim had replied lightly; "forever and a day!" Yet winter came quickly with frosty breath, bringing, however, an access of inner cheer to heart and hearth. This was the perfection of peace, her husband assured her, a man's own pride, shut away from the storm stress of the night. She had smiled across at him happily, and as they heard the wind rise they had spoken regretfully of those who might be out in the night, or those who were homeless, or less fortunate than they. The wind blew shrilly, and shook the shutters, and roared down the chimney with a hollow call. . . The figure of her husband across the hearth became strangely indistinct, and under her drooping eyes formed the red, and green, and black circles of the rug at her feet.

" . . . he told me," she heard a quiet strange voice saying as from afar off, "how dearly he cherished the memory of those happy days."

She stirred uneasily in her chair. Oh God, it was only a dream then, only a dream! But how real it had seemed! Could it be possible that it was forty years ago?

"We were happy, Jim, weren't we?" folding her hands together softly. Thank the good God—"she was almost inaudible—for those days and for my lost Jim's forgiveness. Thank . . . God . . . thank . . ."

The quiet voice of the stranger had ceased. At these low-breathed words a glow as from within lit up his grave features, and the kind eyes, luminous with tenderness, rested on the pathetic bent figure with a look that was like a benediction.

The cheerful glow of the fire had faded into grey ashes. In the dim chimney the lampwick guttered and ended drearily. The cat arose and with a sleepy yawn, curled himself up more snugly at his mistress' feet, pre-empting also a warm corner of her dress. Slowly and with an unexpectedly musical sound the clock began to strike: One—two—three—four—five—six—seven—eight—nine—

The man listened, looking up at the broad, flowered face, showing pallid and disconcerted in the gathering gloom. On the heels of the last stroke there was a curious jarring metallic rumble, then—silence.

Directly the glow had faded upon the stranger, and he was out on the road again, a lonely wayfarer under the threatening wintry skies.

He had brought comfort to a sorrowing soul.

GENERAL INTENTION FOR JANUARY

RECOMMENDED AND BLESSED BY HIS HOLINESS POPE BENEDICT XV.

THE SOULS OF OUR DEAD SOLDIERS

The General Intention for the present month not only recalls one of the consoling dogmas of our faith, the existence of Purgatory, but also reminds us of a duty that perhaps we are liable to forget, that of praying for our dead who gave up their lives during the recent War. Their bodies lie beneath the ground somewhere in Europe, but their souls still live, atoning possibly for sins committed during life and paying the debt they owe to God before they can be admitted to their place in heaven.

The Venerable Bede relates a story which shows the efficacy of Masses and prayers for men slain in battle. A young soldier named Imma, he tells us, had been made prisoner and put in irons. He had a brother who was a priest and abbot, who, having heard that Imma had been killed in battle, went to seek for his body. Finding one very like it, he brought it to the monastery and buried it, and for the release of his soul took care to say many Masses. Now it happened that Imma had not been slain, but had been taken prisoner and was in chains. And yet, however fast he was bound, his chains at a certain hour each day were always found to have fallen off. The keeper, whose prisoner he was, wondering at this, asked him if he had about him any charm. Imma replied that he knew nothing about charms, but that he had a brother a priest, "I know," said the young soldier, "that he thinks me dead and says Masses for me, and were I in the next world my soul through his intercession would be free from its pains." Now it happened that it was at the moment when the Masses were said that he was released from his chains and returned to his brother. He found that he had conjectured

rightly. Many on hearing his story of what had happened were strengthened in faith and in devotion to pray and give alms to have Masses offered for dead soldiers, for they understood that the saving Sacrifice had virtue for the everlasting redemption of soul and body.

It is a happy coincidence that one of the classic arguments employed by Catholic theologians to prove the existence of Purgatory and the need of prayers for the dead is drawn from the example of men who fell in battle. Jewish soldiers slain while fighting for God's cause had been guilty of taking and concealing idols of the enemy and had fallen with this sin on their souls. Evidently fighting for God's cause had not been sufficient to justify their sinfulness, and they were expiating it in Purgatory when their leader Judas Maccabaeus sent twelve thousand drachms of silver to Jerusalem for sacrifice to be offered for their souls, realizing, as the Sacred Records inform us, that it was a holy and wholesome thought to pray for the souls of his dead soldiers that they might be loosed from their sins. St. Augustine commenting on this incident says, "In the Book of the Maccabees we read that the sacrifice was offered for the dead, but even if this were found nowhere in the sacred Scriptures, we have from the great authority of the Universal Church which clearly adheres to the custom when, in the prayers offered by the priest at the altar of God, commemoration is made for the dead." Tradition and the principles of theology uphold this ancient practice, and we know that the Council of Trent asserted that the sacrifice of the Mass is not only one of praise and thanksgiving, or the bare commemoration of the sacrifice offered on the Cross, but that it is also propitiatory and ought to be offered for the dead as well as for the living.

How many sorrowing parents and relatives should this doctrine console, had they the strong faith prevalent in the early centuries. Prayers and Masses are just as efficacious now as they were then. The Catholic Church prays for the dead and commands them to God every time a Mass is offered, believing that the Precious Blood, "which was shed for the remission of sins," is available not only for the welfare of the living but also as suffrage for the dead. The dead are not cut off from the Church, otherwise the memory of them would not be made at the altar. "The Church reigns with Christ in her living and her dead, for Christ died that He might be Lord both."

There is the fact of expiation after death always staring us in the face. "It is clear as the light," St. Gregory tells us, "that the souls of the just who are perfect are received into heaven as soon as they leave the prison of the flesh," but, we may ask, what of the thousands of poor the hundreds of thousands of poor the hundreds of thousands of poor the late struggle? Were they to die with light and grace that they entered at once into eternal rest? Nay rather, how many of them are still lingering in Purgatory, atoning for sin as yet unatoned for and enduring chastisement until the last farthing of their debt is paid? We may put the question in another way and ask, Were the circumstances of their going out of this world sufficient to justify us in thinking no more of them or of their eternal destiny?

In our optimism so often manifested during the bloody days of the War, patriotism was seized upon and discussed as if it were the only essential virtue that men should practise. Patriotism, and military heroism, and the rest of it, do not necessarily predicate holiness of life. Something more is required from soldiers to earn Heaven than to fight and die for the integrity of even the greatest commonwealth the world has ever seen. Empires come and go with the centuries, they rise and fall in the course of ages, but while they are useful to their day for the welfare of human society, they are not such stable things that men should risk eternity for their preservation. "Happy they who die for fatherland" is a pagan aphorism which writers in recent years have tried to raise to the dignity of a dogma, but we Catholics know that a distinction should be made. Justice and charity oblige us to defend the country that protects us by its laws and renders easy our task of serving the Lord of all; but, in final count, and in view of the interests that are at stake, we also know that the only land worth fighting for and dying for is the land beyond the grave. For us pilgrims of the valley Heaven is our final home and consequently the only real one, the loss or gain of which means so much, and the quest of which involves such perils, that we must deplore the blindness of those who at the fateful hour of death practically ignore the goal and allow their aspirations to rise no higher than fostering of glory of some transitory empire.

Shedding the blood of our fellow-men in defence of this or that country may earn us monuments of bronze or granite, but after all it is a poor preparation for entry into the land beyond. At the hour of death men's minds should be concentrated on the dread plunge they are soon to make; the horrors of the battlefield are not conducive to such a salutary thought, and our poor men who passed through the ordeal of War and spent their lives in it, have to every claim to our prayerful sympathy. Undoubtedly the mercy of God is infinite; He did not abandon those who at the call of legitimate

authority—which is an echo of His own—risked their lives and all their lives stood for. We feel assured that many soldiers in their dying hours felt the sweet influence of His presence and received the strength to ask the supreme pardon; but how many others were there who did not ask that grace or feel contrition of the past at a moment when its efficacy would have counted in the eternal order of things.

For these reasons the Holy Father invites us to think of those who died in Europe during the past five years. Friends and relatives of dead soldiers will need no such invitation; their loved ones are not forgotten in their prayers. But it may be that the rest of the world is unmindful and thinks little of the hundreds of thousands who were hurled so quickly and so tragically before their Maker. The present intention comes as a gentle warning that we have a duty to perform in this regard, and we feel sure that the members of our Canadian League will not neglect the souls of those who can no longer merit and consequently can no longer help themselves. They did their duty as they understood it; as Catholics we should not delay in doing ours.

E. J. DEVINE, S. J.

A NEW YEAR'S THOUGHT

Here's a bright new year for me, Every page of it unrolled; Here's a book in which shall be Records of the way I've toiled. Here are pages I must fill, Scribble down the good and bad; They will show if well or ill I have used the chance I've had.

Just before I leave the old To adventure in the new I resolve with faith to hold To the work I have to do. Day by day I will be fair, Strong and steadfast in the fight; All that shall be written there I, alone, have power to write.

Nothing good or nothing bad Has the new year stored for me; Never any year has had Favorites it came to see. 'Twill be true if I am fine, And with splendor it will glow; But the chance it brings is mine; I alone must make it so.

Let me then resolve to be Faithful to the trust I find; Good in others I must see, Honest I must be and kind. And at last when this year ends, I shall find that every test Brought me happiness and friends, If I've always done my best.

—EDGAR A. GUEST

THE REAL REMEDY

When we speak of a remedy in connection with social conditions we suppose that something is wrong with the social organism. And he would indeed be a blind optimist who would in these days contend that all's well with the world. We need not go beyond the boundaries of our own country to discover symptoms of disease. Or are the numerous strikes normal phenomena of the nation's life? Or is it a healthy sign when employers and employees cannot come to an agreement in a matter that intimately concerns the welfare of the whole people? What about the sores of conspiracy against the government that have been laid bare? Or of a Congress, for that, which after months and months of deliberation could not come together on a formula of peace even after the War was over? Was it perhaps a logical necessity that, as we had been the last to join in the War, we should be the last to conclude peace?

Now where will you find a remedy for Uncle Sam's rheumatism? For evidently he does not walk with his wonted brisk step. The healing must come from within if we are not satisfied with palliatives and crutches. Legislative bodies, police forces, courts of justice are all right in their place, but they never can be the sources of a nation's life. A State, like the head of a family, is then best off when it has to make the smallest use of its ruling and coercive power, i. e., when the bulk of its citizens do the right thing spontaneously. This, however, supposes that they are animated with a spirit that is aglow with a passion for the common welfare.

Now this spirit, we say, is begotten of religion, and therefore religion is the old remedy which we would prescribe for the ailments of the social organism. Religion, first of all, sheds a light on the meaning of this life. Every man has deep in his heart an unsatiable thirst for happiness. If this life offers the only opportunity to quench that thirst, then indeed the chances are very unequal, with the consequence of many being naturally dissatisfied with their lot. But when religion sheds its consoling ray into a human heart there is no lot so humble but has its redeeming features. This does not mean, of course, that religion has a tendency to curb the legitimate earthly aspirations of man, but it means that genuine contentment is not a matter of large possessions but of a heart imbued with faith and hope and love. To such a heart the preaching of confiscation of wealth has no appeal.

Religion in the second place, would diminish the number of the poor. Poor people, to be sure, there would always be, but they would not suffer because charity would be abundant. But under actual conditions many are poor, not because

they lack bodily strength or energy or mental power, but because they are unnaturally kept down by the capitalist system. Capital, to reiterate our position on this score, is not wrong, but the abuse of capital which consists in its necessary going ahead, over the necks of men, to its own aggrandizement—this is wrong, and this is what we call capitalism. Now religion would check avarice, would eliminate unscrupulous profits, would leave some room for the other man to fix his abode, build his home and find his comfort. Selfish exploitation would be replaced by friendly co-operation.

Why, some of our readers say, this is precisely the teaching of Socialism. Well an industrial system based on religion would have all the good features of Socialism, plus the power to carry it out in practice. Were all men imbued with religion they would consider the well or woe of their neighbor as their own; and from this fundamental doctrine of Christianity, considered in its social aspect, there were bound to spring, by the innate force of religion, such mutual regard as would insure to each individual the full share of earthly happiness of which he were capable and deserving.

Of course, this would suppose such a hold of religion on mankind as we can scarcely hope to be ever realized. Perfect religion perfectly embodied in the human race would make a paradise of earth. But if we cannot expect the full realization of the possible effects of religion, it remains nevertheless true that whatever progress religion makes among men will have a corresponding growth of justice, temperance, fortitude, charity and all the other virtues that make for social well-being. Let the great mass be tolerably religious and the police and courts can manage the rest; but if the multitude have no other god than material prosperity, no coercive power of the State will be able to guarantee the well-being of the community.

For this reason thoughtful men in this country have come to the conclusion that the religious training of youth cannot be neglected with impunity. From the standpoint of the individual religion is, of course, absolutely essential. For each one has a soul to save. But even from the standpoint of human society it is being more and more realized that its salvation cannot be achieved without religion. In Milwaukee, for instance, Catholics and non-Catholics have joined hands to raise a fund of five million dollars to further Christian education. Out of the nine colleges that are to have a share in the common fund two are Catholic.

May the same appreciation of the signs of the times impair American citizens elsewhere to foster religious education with both purse and patronage. For, after all, if an improvement is to come it must chiefly come from the training of youth. Old pagans of worship of mammon are not easily converted, while the unspoiled soul, which, according to a saying of the Tertullian is "naturally Christian," by its kinship to God, readily takes to the divine wisdom and yields to the divine power revealed in Christianity.—S. in The Guardian.

TO ASSIST SOLDIERS AND SAILORS

THE KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS ESTABLISH RETURNED SOLDIERS' COMMITTEE

Practical assistance for ex-soldiers and sailors in London, Ont., and vicinity, in the many difficulties encountered in the change from military to civilian life, is the aim of the returned Soldiers' Committee of London Council, Knights of Columbus, who have permanent office at the Catholic Club for the carrying on of the work.

All returned men are well acquainted with the Knights of Columbus, through the Catholic Army Huts at the front, in England, and in Canada, and the local Returned Soldiers' Committee has been formed with a view to broadening the field of the activities of the Knights of Columbus for Canada's fighting men.

The Information and Service office opened here is only one branch of the Committee's work. Here the returned fighter may find advice and assistance in his military and semi-military problems, questions of employment, and matters generally relative to his re-settlement in civilian life. The signing and certifying of documents by a Justice of the Peace will also be carried on, and letters will be written for the soldier or sailor, when he wishes to communicate with any Government department with which he has business. The work is under the charge of Mr. E. V. Hession, who is at his desk from 9 o'clock till 5 daily. All the Services of the Information and Service Office are absolutely free of charge.

The local hospitals will also come under the activities of the returned Soldiers' Committee, and will be visited by that institution. It is also hoped that it may be possible to give entertainments for the various local military homes and hospitals during the coming winter.

Recreational work among discharged men generally is also being discussed by the Committee, and it is possible that general work may be done along this line.

The organization of the Knights of Columbus Reconstruction and Employment Service is certainly the most extensive of its kind in the Dominion, there being nearly a hun-

dred Returned Soldiers' Committees from coast to coast.

The work is absolutely undenominational, and as in the case of the Knights of Columbus Catholic Army Huts, all races and creeds are equally welcome to all that the Knights can do for them. Every Returned man is a candidate for the services of the K. of C. Returned Soldiers' Committee, which is willing, ready and able to help him.

N. B.—Unclaimed kits will be sent to the owners if baggage checks are forwarded to the Secretary of the K. of C. Catholic Army Hut.

LIVES OF THE SAINTS

When we read the Lives of the Saints, it is often easy to embody the spirit of a particular Saint in some form of landscape. With St. John of the Cross, for example, we are climbing a barren but lofty mountain peak sun-scorched and snow-covered. St. Francis transports us at once to the soft green hills of Umbria: to the background of a picture by Perugino. If we would visit St. Benedict, we will find him in a wood that clothes a mountain slope, where the foliage is thick overhead, where there is a refreshing coolness, and where the silence is broken only by the humming of bees, by a soft breeze in the treetops and by the gentle murmur of a distant torrent. With certain of the mystical saints, we are in a luxuriant jungle of tropical climes, where bloom strange flowers of rich perfume, of brilliant hue, and of fantastic form. To find St. Bernard we must journey to a cave in the rocks, or to the walled gardens of Popes and kings. Other saints again take us into country lanes where violets and other wild flowers blossom: where the dew yet lingers, and where the lark sings in the blue sky. So altogether fascinating are the lives of the Saints that we cannot understand why all Catholics are not enamored of them.—Catholic Columbian.

OUR HOPE

This hope is also laid up in our bosom, that we shall meet again those who are dear to us and are here no longer. Kind, beautiful eyes, that in a distant past kindled into a rare light at our approach and filled with tears at our going forth, closed now these many years and withdrawn beyond the veil of death, will light again with the joy of meeting, nevermore to know the need of tears. How they loved and believed in us! To think that God will make us so worthy of their love that for eternity it will never find cause to weep, to falter, to doubt!—Rev. James J. Daly, S. J.

Marlatt's Specific
Removes
Gall Stones
in
24 Hours
THE
Never-Failing Remedy for
Appendicitis
Indigestion, Stomach Disorders, Appendicitis and Kidney Stones are often caused by Gall Stones, and instead of people until those gall attacks of Gall Stone Colic appear. Not one in ten Gall Stone Sufferers knows what is the trouble. Marlatt's Specific will cure without pain or operation.
On sale at all Druggists, from Coast to Coast, or write direct to
J. W. MARLATT & CO.
551 ONTARIO ST., TORONTO, ONT.

A New Novel By
Isabel C. Clarke

THE ELSTONES

Looked down upon, almost hated by, Lady Elstone, Magali Arnold, the heroine, nevertheless soon has the noblewoman's sons madly in love with her.

Magali is a distinctly new type in fiction and is one of the finest characters Miss Clarke has given us.

"This brilliant writer has been acclaimed the greatest Catholic novelist of the present time."

8vo, cloth, net, \$1.75
Sent postage paid on receipt of \$1.65

The Catholic Record
LONDON, CANADA

A New Story, just ready, by the foremost living Catholic novelist

ISABEL C. CLARKE

The Deep Heart

"The Deep Heart" tells a delightful, restful story, invested with real charm of character-analysis, and an almost pathetic affection for skies and life Italian. It is a love story, pure and simple, of the choice made by Avril Warring between Justin Mellor and Peter Clifton, and of Mellor's re-education, which will appeal, as indeed will the whole volume, to the true Catholic heart.

8vo, net, \$1.75; postpaid \$1.90

The Catholic Record
LONDON, CANADA

ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.

ALAMAC HOTEL
OCEAN FRONT LANE HEART OF ATLANTIC CITY
AMERICAN EUROPEAN PLAN
Hot and Cold Sea Water Baths
Grill Orchestra Dancing Garage
—MACK LATZ CO.—

CATHOLIC Home Annual

1920

Every Catholic Home Should Have It

Contains a complete list of the Fast and Feast Days, Movable Feasts, Holy Days of Obligation. A sketch of the lives of many Saints; also a Saint for every day of the year, and the Gospel for each Sunday.

Blessed Joan of Arc, Saint-Elect by Right Rev. Msgr. John Walsh.

The Judgment of Solomon, by Mary T. Waggaman.

The Feasts of Our Holy Mother Church, by Rev. Edward F. Garesche, S. J.

In the Hills, by Isabel J. Roberts.

The Rosary, by Rev. Thomas M. Schvertner, O. P.

The Port of Peace, by Will W. Whalen.

Subiaco, the Cradle of the Benedictine Order, by Rev. Michael Ott, O. S. B.

The Saint Smiles, by Jerome Harter Bosman.

The Catholic Heritage.

PRICE 25c.

POSTAGE PAID

Catholic Record
London, Canada

Book Bargains

15c. Postpaid

Halt! Who Goes There? Wilfred Meynell. Every reader of "Aunt Sarah and the War" will want to read this book. Paper Cover.

60c. Each Postpaid

Bosny Convey. By Mrs. James Sadler. Hawthornean. By Mrs. Clara M. Thompson. Stray-Cutter's Daughter. The by Lady Fullerton. Merchant of Antwerp. The by Hendrick Conscience.

Lady Amabel and the Shepherd Boy. By Elizabeth M. Stewart. A Menagerie. By Katharine Tynan. Lightness of touch, agreeable and amusing people, a pretty plot are all here, as always, in a new novel by Katharine Tynan.

Memories of Robert Hugh Benson. By Blanche Warren Cornish, Shane Leslie, and other of his friends. A beautiful tribute to Father Benson by his friends. The book contains a number of anecdotes and notes.

"Dear Jane." By Isabel Cecilia Williams. A simple tale very pleasantly told. It is refreshing in its simple pathos and expression and true feeling. All who enjoy a clean, wholesome and stirring tale ought to read "Dear Jane."

The Honor of the House. By Mrs. Hugh Fraser and J. I. Stahlmann. In the ancient and grim Palazzo Rodericquella with its wonderful Roman gardens, is laid the scene of a story of treachery and loyalty, duplicity and upright fortitude, cruelty and wonderful devotion that is thoroughly Italian in the beliefs and depths of human nature that it discloses.

ORDER NOW
Our Stock is Limited

The Catholic Record
LONDON, CANADA

RAW FURS

Best Market Price Paid for Raccoon, Skunk, Mink, Weasel and Fox.

ROSS' LIMITED
LONDON, ONT.

ABSORBINE
will reduce inflamed, swollen Joints, Sprains, Bruises, Soft Bunches; Heals Bells, Poll Evil, Quittor, Fistula and infected sores quickly as it is a positive antiseptic and germicide. Pleasant to use; does not blister or remove the hair, and you can work the horse, \$2.50 per bottle.
Bottle 75c. free.

ABSORBINE, JR., the antiseptic liniment for mankind, relieves Painful Swollen Veins, Wounds, Bruises, sprain pain and inflammation. Price \$1.25 per bottle at dealers or delivered. Will tell you more if you write. Liberal Trial Bottle free for 10c in stamps.
W. F. YOUNG, Inc., 299 Lyman Road, Montreal, Can.
Absorbine and Absorbine, Jr., are made in Canada.