

John, as usual, and Terry, we had a little surprise packet, in the mill-owner appreciating the seriousness of the circumstances may be perhaps a little more than anticipated. They were not a movement, they tried to get them to move, in an assurance of their cards. Fair to last thing they do the ace of clubs

in himself it may be his own country, encouragement, as chief, indeed, in loyal, to race over, with years conditions wholly to long inexpressible freedom of the town, the life they do not leave. There had suggested, as in the factory, was admitted with indignation which was not to be a fact, yet not to be other. Beside children was before, absorption in stay. To such as appealed with a he, young, hopeful he was, was as-

Gosselin, Moise Beauchamp may be adherents outside it, is by him- case, as he had gratefully, he had credit even had he in this, simply be- he was too modest to say, in any sense the moment which already definite shape? In an instrument at- ing but wholly unim- great cause was, in view of his position, account for no small

er, to the three men found after a while daughters had been prosper favorably to his hopes and wishes. In those namely of Gosselin, it was the eldest of his first spoke of his, for so it already eager, home-inds of more than a real and genuine error discovered that Jeanne Gosselin and hamper, worked one on sister Madeleine, who with her own enthu- they had spoken of the as, as a release from a bitter and hateful others first, later to in this way were pre- what Pierre might

med Hudon, fervently, possible. See you, mon me, at Laprarie, n, one time, and tells of the paroisse of St. my land is city land, ve, ten times in taxes, re. I say: I cannot, you must sell. How tell me big price. But when he come there is so much for the left. Then I say: I go on the States; more country for poor I am. And that said bitterly, "he sell my hundred times what he

ersion of the old story, cher man had in such residence in Middle-erre which Pierre erest, and burning in-uch things should be times and mortgages surely, but fraud and less, irremediable, were cause inexorable and

Gosselin, quietly, "I me. And to Pierre ally, it will take a her, to convince some of big wages, as they costs more to live, but that. They are free, as free of many things; of me them but not of rhaps," he concluded was for him quite along on Dieu will convince

will," said Beauchamp. "But me, I think he has to do as well, eh? So work," he went on, clapping on the shoulder, too, and the girls, and; all of us. Oh yes, right, don't you worry. Dieu pleases," put in Amable, here says, it's free of convince that I free" tion that will surprise

know him, as a saint, if an eccentric one. A active member of the Saint Vincent de Paul Society, he spent his scanty leisure, and no small portion of his wages, in doing good to those in need; how much God and His angels only kept account, though Father Gagnon guessed and Dr. Terry. These two, both Irishmen, were the best of friends; nothingarian," were the best of friends; arguing incessantly with much fervor and gestulation, on politics, religion, any subject that came handy, and would each have died for the other.

It was O'Rafferty who, in a crowd of operatives, put the case bluntly but not ineffectually, about the time of Peter Meadowgate's talk with John Hammond. "Sure," said he, "you're all fools, the loe of yer schweatin' here in stultify shirts and factories, when there's farms galore only waitin' for yez to take them up."

"How are we to get there, Paddy?" asked a voice, derisively, followed by laughter. O'Rafferty stuck to his guns. "Get there, is it?" he retorted, "sure with the big wages yez do be after arain' whole the lasht."

"What d'ye mean, last?" demanded the same voice, more sharply this time. There was, or seemed to be the crowd, a suggestion of ulterior possibilities in O'Rafferty's words, and his interlocutor's question. In truth, suspicion was in the air; the union and the Cotton Company were in a state of armed truce, which might break into open war at any moment. What, some of the men wondered, did O'Rafferty know? Was he in the private councils of the mill-owners?

But the watchman was in no humor to gratify their curiosity, of which and of its causes, he was by no means unaware. "What do I mane, is it?" was all he would condescend to say in reply. "Wait me man, and ye'll see," and not another word would he be induced to say, whether by jeers, questions, or thinly veiled threats, thinking, perhaps, that he had said too much already. He confessed as much to Peter Meadowgate. "Twas me tongue sarr," he explained, "made a fool of me, as usual. Will ye forgive me?"

"Don't let that worry you," was the kindly answer. "It will stick in their minds, maybe, and keep 'em busy guessing. It's true, too," he added, gravely, knowing that the man could be trusted implicitly, "but you needn't tell them so. They'll find it out, soon enough."

"I'm dumb your honor," Michael vowed, adding mentally, and there'll be hell to pay, I'm thinkin' for some of these books that wanted to kill me to-day, but how I widdent tell un what I didn't know—then, I know it—now, but I guess they won't—not from Michael O'Rafferty, anyway." A conclusion which, to judge from the twinkle in his kindly hazel eyes, seemed to him, eminently satisfactory.

Moreover he kept his word, this time, as the manager had felt assured he would. But the hint he had given kept the others busy guessing, and served in lieu of a release from a bitter and hateful others first, later to in this way were pre- what Pierre might

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OR

**SALERATUS IS THE BEST**

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At Portsmouth the Siren made little delay, but two days later, when she lay at anchor in the Mersey O'Kelly took advantage of a few free hours to go and execute McCarthy's message. In the dimly lighted church, kneeling outside the confessional to which he had so long been a stranger and waiting his turn among the group of penitents, he repeated once again the message that had traveled so far, hidden away in his heart; and then at last, too, knelt in the sacred tribunal.

The priest heard Dermot O'Kelly's story so far as it concerned himself, but when he had told of McCarthy's death and the message that had been entrusted to him, he hesitated, paused and finally was silent. After a moment he continued speaking, and there was a mixture of regret and amazement in his tones. "I can't remember what he said, Father," he stammered, "it has gone from me completely. Every night he repeated it to myself all that he told me in his own words, and even yesterday, a few moments ago, when I was preparing for confession, I said it to myself again. But now—I have forgotten it."

"There is no need to distress yourself," said the priest, quietly. "You have done your part in coming to me here to-day. This sudden, unaccountable lapse of memory is clearly God's own ordering. It is evidently His will that the dead man's confession should never be repeated. As we surely believe that He has received and forgiven it."

He went on speaking more now of his penitent than of the dead man, and his words sank deep into Dermot's heart, softened as it was by all that had occurred.

During the days that followed Dermot spent long hours before the altar in quiet prayer, for he was considerably down and out. McCarthy's prayer, perhaps McCarthy's prayers may have helped him in his decision; for when the Siren steamed out to sea again the record officer trod the deck with a single gold band on his sleeve, and not long afterwards Dermot O'Kelly sought and gained admittance to the Jesuit novitiate.

**BAD BOOKS.**

Bad books and the innumerable evils which they are the source and cause was the subject of a recent eloquent discourse and warning to his people by Most Rev. J. J. Grimes, Bishop of Christchurch, New Zealand. "The pen is mightier than the sword," but it is to be feared that to a great extent it is mightier for wrong than for right, mightier against than for religion, truth and justice.

This Bishop Grimes emphasized and lamented. The power of the press, he said, is put to base purposes. It too often becomes the instrument of lying, disorder and iniquity! Is it not deplorable to see society flooded with licentious and obscene productions consecrated to the idealizing of the gross passions and doctrines of the degenerate? Who can behold, unmoved, the crowd of shameless writers who seem to have no other mission in life than to sully, whilst attacking, all that is pure and noble and holy? Foes of every idea of order, duty and justice, they prostitute their talent or their pen to the service, nay, to the very justifying of the unclean vice, which they would fain make attractive, by the expounding of guilty theories, or the depicting of morals more guilty and no dangerous still. Writers of little or no talent often make capital out of the evil passions and corrupt inclinations of fallen nature to draw readers by the bait of immorality.

The effect of all this upon society everywhere Bishop Grimes does not exaggerate, though he pictures it in strong language. Cast your eyes around the world or merely around the country wherein you live. See to what a sad state society has reached at the present day. What has brought about the alarming change? What is it that fills so many hearts and homes with grief and shame, by the cowardly suicides, the cold blooded murders, the corruption in high places, the reckless speculations, the base ruses, so destructive to society at large?

What has begotten those two great evils which like canker worms, are gnawing at the very vitals of family and society, the dissolution of the marriage tie, and the cruel, unnatural tampering with life in its very bud? Why is there so widespread unbelief nowadays? What has robbed so many noble souls of all hope of Heaven? What has driven them to seek their whole and sole happiness here below? Whence springs that unquenchable thirst for low pastimes and pleasures? Go to the anti-Christian immoral press, the lewd literature scattered broadcast over the land. There you will trace the source, the fountain-head of the streams of evil threatening to sap the very foundation of all order, social or civil!

Thus Bishop Grimes well points out the evil. The remedy, of course, is good

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literature—good books—of which there is plenty as well as of the bad. How best to get them amongst the people and get the people to read them is the problem.—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

"MERELY NUMBERS."

FAILURE OF SECOND ATTEMPT TO OBTAIN NAMES OF EIGHT CATHOLIC PRIESTS WHO HAVE "GONE OVER TO THE EPISCOPAL CHURCH."

During the month of March several of the secular papers of the country, such as the Literary Digest, of New York, reprinted from the Southern Churchman a tabulated statement purporting to give the number of "converts" to Episcopalianism from the clergy of the various Protestant sects and from the Catholic Church. The statement was compiled by the Rev. W. C. Richardson, of Philadelphia for the purpose, doubtless, of offsetting the effect produced upon the public by the large number of Episcopalian ministers of standing who had been received into the Catholic Church during the past year. The statistics of the reverend gentleman informed us that eight members of the clergy of the Catholic Church had become members of the Episcopal Church. An intimate acquaintance with the character of the average "ex-priest" type made me anxious to know these eight men might be whose "conversion" was thus gloried in as an Episcopalian triumph. The following correspondence ensued: "International Catholic Truth Society, 407 Bergen street, Brooklyn, N. Y. April 2, 1909.

"Mr. William C. Richardson, care of the Southern Churchman, Richmond, Va.

"Dear Sir:—Our attention has been called to a tabulated statement recently printed in the Southern Churchman over your signature, purporting to give the number of clergymen who, during the year 1908, had come over to the Episcopal Church.

"May I ask if you will kindly give the names and addresses of the Roman Catholic clergymen, whose number is placed at eight, who joined the Episcopal Church during the said year? It is evident that the value of such statistics as you have been pleased to collect depends largely upon the moral, intellectual and spiritual character of the 'converts.' It is a pleasure for Catholic writers to publish openly the names of converts to their Church, because, as a rule, they are men and women of integrity and knowledge, and consequently their coming back to the Mother Church of Christianity is a tribute to her faith and holiness.

"In the name of truth we ask that the names of these eight 'converts' to the Episcopal Church from the Catholic priesthood be disclosed to the public. If it is found that these men were recognized as priests of sterling moral worth and men of intellectual refinement on a par with the Episcopal gentlemen who have recently joined the Catholic Church, your report will be of great value to all of us and will be particularly useful to the members of the Protestant Episcopal Church.

Yours very truly, WILLIAM F. MCGINNIS, President I. C. T. S."

The compiler of the statistics replied as follows:

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THE OFFICE OF THE CENSOR.

The Churchman relates with commendation the re-establishing of censorship over the moving picture exhibitions. Until recently these were unregulated in New York City and shocking conditions were brought to the Mayor's notice with the result that Mr. McClellan felt obliged to revoke licenses by the wholesale last December. When it is remembered that over seven hundred thousand children attend these moving picture exhibitions weekly, it is clearly seen how necessary some regulation is. The exhibitions themselves have demanded from the civic bodies of the city, a censorial representation, whose word and advice would be strictly enforced. This board of representation has been formed with five members whose censorship will have effect not only in New York, but through the manufactures of films throughout the whole country.

This is very well. But there are other channels of vice, equally censurable which should not be overlooked. Literature is perhaps the most constant and widespread purveyor of immorality. Yet how its censorship is avoided. If the Church exercises that divine right of faith and moral guardianship given her by Jesus Christ in suppressing what the most learned body of men in the world deem morally unfit, the world and Churchman raise a howl to the skies, of tyranny. No matter how base, how vile, how irredeemably insidious the literature she bans may be there are those who immediately take up the cudgels to repel what they are pleased to term her "unwarranted incursion on the liberty of the press." This is true even of some self-styled conservatives of faith and morals.

Certainly if the Churchman can commend a censorship of the moving picture exhibitions, with equal grace could it praise the censoring of books which come before the young quite if not more readily than the moving pictures. For every child corrupted by moving pictures, we think it no exaggeration to say that thousands are corrupted by books. Why then should we not have a censorship of books?

Certainly it cannot be said that a literary censorial board would not have enough to do. For the emanation of porcine literature from New York publishing houses is to-day deluging the country. Perhaps, deep below in the editorial heart of Silas McBece there is buried the latest Index Expurgatorius.—Providence Visitor.

It is better to endure the hatred of the wicked, than to lose one's soul through a connection fatal to virtue.—St. Anselm.

**MCCARTHY'S MESSAGE.**

"Beg pardon, sir."

The steward of the steamer Siren accosted the first officer, Mr. Kelley, as he stood by the bulwarks looking out over the wide expanse of waters that lie to the east of the Chinese coast.

"You'll excuse my mentioning it," he went on, "but it is about the poor fellow who is dying down below. He's an Irishman, like yourself, sir, and he's took a fancy to see you. I thought maybe you'd be good enough to step that way."

All right, Johnson, replied Dermot O'Kelly, "of course I'll go, if it pleases him. But is he really dying? Is there no hope? Don't you think that he may pull round after all?"

Johnson shook his head.

He's too far gone for any pulling round in this world, sir. Indeed, I doubt he'll see another night. He's quite conscious just now, though," he added, not liking to ask the first officer to go at once, yet anxious that his shipmate's last request should not go unanswered.

O'Kelly was not slow to take the hint, and turning, he made his way down to where the dying sailor lay.

"Johnson says that you were asking for me, McCarthy," he said, bending over the sick man, and taking the wasted hand that lay upon the rough coverlet.

"If there is anything that I can do for you, any message that I can take, you know I'll gladly do it,"

"There is a message, sure enough," replied McCarthy weakly, looking up with wide-open eyes to the officer's face. "You're an Irishman yourself, sir, and you know, or rather may God keep you from knowing, what it is to be dying without a priest. You are the only Catholic aboard, sir, or I wouldn't trouble to ask it. But I'm in the way if I thought you'd let me make my confession to you, and when you land in the old country, and you go to the priest on your own account, maybe you'd tell my sins too, and he'd pray to God for the forgiveness of them for me."

The unexpected demand fell like a thunderbolt on the listener. Every word cut him deeper. "When you go on your own account?" How long was it since he had entered a church "on his own account?"

The Siren was a merchant vessel, and most of her trade was with the ports of China. During the long weeks of her outward and homeward journeys of the crew was, of course, debarred from religious services of any kind; for the Protestant tenets of the greater number of those under his command, and upon the Catholic religion, to which O'Kelly and McCarthy nominally belonged.

At some of the ports in China there were Catholic missionaries to be found, and if the Siren happened to be in port on Sundays, McCarthy had sometimes managed to attend Mass. To frequent the sacraments, had, however, been out

of his power, for the priests whom he had come across had, without exception, been unable to speak or understand the English language.

If Dermot O'Kelly wished to practice his religion, the same obstacles would have stood in his way, for he could speak neither French nor Portuguese, and the clergy in the towns which could boast of a resident priest, belonged to one or other of these nationalities. Had he been so inclined, he could, of course, have practiced his religion, when at home; but if month after month a man has nothing to bring his religious duties to his mind, has no opportunity or possibility of hearing Mass or sermon, or even of speaking to another Catholic, it is not for those at home who have churches at their very door to judge him if he gradually becomes a Catholic only in name. So it had been with Dermot O'Kelly. He had drifted away so gradually, that until now he hardly realized how far he had gone from God.

"When you go on your own account?" How could he tell the dying man, who spoke so simply and so certainly of his religion, the state of mind, or rather the indifference into which he had fallen? But there was no resisting the pleading of those falling tones.

The officer fell on his knees by the rude bunk and buried his face in his hands.

"God help me, McCarthy!" he said, in suppressed tones. "Who am I that you should confess your sins to me? You're a better man than I am."

A dusky red rose to his very forehead, and his voice grew thick and husky.

"I've neglected my religion," he went on, "I've forgotten my prayers, I've not been to the sacraments for years. Why, I hardly call myself a Catholic, and yet you ask me this—"

"There never was one of the name but was a Catholic," murmured the dying man, only half understanding the officer's passionate words, "its coming—death's coming, and I have sins on my soul. Will you hear me, Mr. O'Kelly? I'm a dying man, sir."

"If you wish it, if you care—"

Pat McCarthy waited for no further permission. Joining his two hands slowly together, he began the recital of his sins. He had been to confession before embarking on his last voyage, but that was some months ago. He had been thinking over the past, preparing for this, and now he spoke to the officer just as he would to a priest of God.

His voice was growing weaker. It was hardly more than a whisper when he had concluded. "Pray," he gasped at length. "Pray; I can't."

"God forgive me, I've forgotten!" groaned Dermot O'Kelly.

"Anything! Any prayer at all!"

Haltingly O'Kelly repeated the "Our Father" and the "Hail Mary."

"A prayer for the dying!" He guessed, more than heard the request.

The sailor's shirt was open at the throat, and against the tanned skin the crimson of a badge of the Sacred Heart showed out. He groped blindly for it, and O'Kelly put it gently in his grasp.

"Thy kingdom come," he read aloud.

A look of peace spread over the worn features.

"Thy kingdom come," repeated O'Kelly, and the words brought back another invocation to his mind. "Sacred Heart of Jesus, have mercy on us!"

The quivering lids closed gently on the tired eyes, and the dying man lay peaceful and still.

What were Dermot O'Kelly's thoughts as he knelt in the silence of that gloomy cabin. His past life came back to him, with its lost opportunities, its carelessness and neglect, and he prayed as he had not prayed since his childhood, that he might be spared to carry McCarthy's message to the tribunal of penance and to make his own peace with God. At length he rose from his knees, leaving the sailor sleeping a sleep from which he was never destined to awake.

Before night, as the steward Johnson had predicted, McCarthy passed quietly away. From the prayer-book that was found among the dead man's few possessions, Dermot O'Kelly, at his own request, read the prayers for the burial of the dead, when, with his badge upon his breast, they lowered all that was left of Pat McCarthy to its last resting place in the Chinese waters.

There was some wonder among the messmates at the part that the first officers took in the ceremony, for they knew better than the sailor had done that, despite his name and early training, Mr. O'Kelly had virtually abandoned the Catholic religion.

"I thought you'd out all those things," said his neighbor to him, "he undoubtedly yet decidedly made the sign of the cross before beginning dinner."

"So I had, I am ashamed to say," replied the Irishman in a tone that was audible to all at the table, "but I thank God that it has been given me to see the error of my ways."

He spoke boldly, but inwardly he dreaded the inquiries and the chaffing that his words would probably bring upon him. It may have been that death having come so near to them had made his comrades take a more serious view of life than usual, for to his great relief his words were allowed to pass unnoticed.

Outwardly O'Kelly was little changed, but inwardly he was a very different man, when three months later the coast of England came in view, from what he had been when it faded from his sight nearly a year ago. Night after night since the day that Pat McCarthy had died he would be heard praying in the unwilling ears of his officer, the young man had repeated to himself the words of the last message, thinking thereby to insure his remembrance of that which he dared not put on paper.

chief assistant, the most prominent, most indomitable, most powerful of the Irishmen, Michael O'Rafferty, for many years at the mill-factory; trusted by his neighbors; looked upon, by the mill-owners and the few who really

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**THIS WASHER MUST PAY for Itself**

A MAN tried to sell me a horse once. He said it was a fine horse, and had nothing the matter with it. I wanted a fine horse. But I didn't know anything about horses much. And, I didn't know the man very well, either.

So I told him I wanted to try the horse for a month. He said, "All right, but pay me first, and I'll give back your money if the horse isn't all right."

Well, I didn't like that. I was afraid the horse wasn't "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.

And, as I said to myself, lots of people may think about my Washing Machines as I thought about the horse, and about the man who owned it.

But I'd never know, because they wouldn't write and tell me. You see, I sell all my Washing Machines by mail. (I've sold 20,000 that way already.)

So, thought I, it's 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 know what our "1900 Gravity" Washer will do. I know it will wash clothes, without wearing them, in less than half the time they can be washed by hand, or by any other machine.

When I say half the time I mean half—not a little quicker, but twice as quickly.

I know it will wash a tub full of very dirty clothes in six minutes. I know no other machine ever invented can do that, in less than 12 minutes, without wearing out the clothes.

I'm in the Washing Machine business for Keeps. That's why I know these things so surely. Because I have to know them, and there isn't a Washing Machine made that I haven't seen and studied.

Our "1900 Gravity" Washer does the work so easily that a child can run it almost as well as a strong woman. And it doesn't wear the clothes, nor fray the edges, nor break buttons, the way all other washing machines do.

It just divides soapy water clear through the threads of the clothes like a Force Pump might.

If people only knew how much hard work the "1900 Gravity" Washer saves every week, for 10 years, and how much longer their clothes would wear, they would fall over each other trying to buy it.

So I said to myself, I'll just do this. I'll let the man who I wanted to try the horse to do with the horse. Only, I won't wait for people to ask me. I'll offer to do it first, and I'll make good—the offer every time. That's how I sold 20,000 Washers.

I will send any reliable person a "1900 Gravity" Washer on a full month's free trial! I'll pay the freight out of my own pocket. And if you don't want the machine after you've used it a month I'll take it back and pay the freight that way too. Surely that's fair enough, isn't it?

Doesn't it prove that the "1900 Gravity" Washer must be all that I say it is? How could I make anything out of such a deal as that if I hadn't the finest thing that ever happened for Washing Clothes—the quietest, easiest and handsomest Washer on Earth. It will save its whole cost in a few months, in Wear and Tear on clothes alone. And then it will save 50 cents to 75 cents a week over that in Washers' wages. If you keep the machine, after a month's trial, I'll let you pay for it out of what it saves you. It saves you 60 cents a week, send me 90 cents a week till paid for. I'll take that cheerfully, and I'll wait for my money until the machine itself earns the balance.

Now, don't be suspicious. I'm making you a simple, straightforward offer. You don't risk anything, anyhow. I'm willing to do all the risk myself! Drop me a line to day and let me send you a book about the "1900 Gravity" Washer that washes clothes in 6 minutes. Or I'll send the machine on to you, if you say so, and take all the risk myself. Address me this way:—C. R. V. Wash, Manager "1900" Washer Company, 357 Yonge Street, Toronto, Ont. Don't delay. Write me a post-card NOW, while you think of it.