TWO

A DAY'S FISHING

It was Easter Sunday and the clocks were striking six when two men met each other in the street. "Hullo ! Good morning to you !

You are up early." "Yes : I am going out fishing, as you see by my rod. My bait and hidden away in here," s knapsack. "But you? ackle are tapping his knapsack. What brings you out at this time of the morning i

'I am going to Mass." What ! To Mass ? You ?'

The truth is that my "Yes ; I.

wife made me follow the retreat that has just been preached in our church. For peace sake I gave in, but the preacher—he is the right sort, if you like. You should have heard the way he stirred us all up. Death, judgment—hell for those who have not repented. I tell you, his sermon made one think a bit. Then I went to see him. Not to go to confession Oh, dear no ! I had no intention of doing that, you may be sure. I only just went in to talk to him."

And what did he say ?'

"He asked me about myself. He evidently knew-well, the sort of life I'd led.' And he was nice about it all ?"

"So nice, that after we'd been talking for a bit, he said to me : 'You thought you'd be afraid of going to confession ? I thought so. you realize that the thing is done? All you have to do now is to kneel down and tell Almighty God you are sorry for the things you have been telling me.

river !"

dered.

sigh.

crossed his arms.

these places.'

face grew grave.

one had not to go to confession.'

there was something on my mind.

He and his Easter duties-!

wish I had never met that fellow

veniently near and he slipped into

its shadow, and stood there looking

a memory of bygone days that for

years had never come to him, of

things he had long forgotten, yet

which now, at sight of the old church.

He walked on, forgetful of the

'And did you kneel down ?" "Certainly I did ; and he said the words that wipe the sins away. Now

you see me, a new man, beginning again with a clean sheet." The fisherman had almost dropped

his rod and basket in his amazement, as he stared, wide eyed at his friend. 'Well," he ejaculated, "I must say I admire you

"It would be more to the purpose of unseen things. "What can be the matter with me if you imitated me. You wouldn't regret it, I assure you. If you only this morning ?" he thought to him-self. "I feel depressed, as though how I feel! For twenty-six years I've been living like a heathen, like a dog. It was about time for me to become a Christian again.

He stretched out his hand as he moved to go on his way. Well, I must go, for Mass will be

beginning in a moment. Good-bye for the present, and good sport !' The fisherman stood watching him as he strode away down the street.

He had known the man for years, but there was something buoyant in his walk this morning that he had never naticed before. What an extraordinary thing ? !

he murmured to himself. trying to shake off the impression his friend had made upon him : "After all, it is only one more caught in the web of clericalism. For myself, I prefer liberty."

And slipping his rod on to his shoulder he started off quickly in the direction of the station.

at the scene before him. It aroused A few minutes later the train was moving through suburban ways out towards the open country. It was a glorious morning. The sun was sprang into life again. "Until I was fifteen I, too, used to already shining and the greenery of spring-time showed on every side. The fisherman sat with his eyes on the moving panorama, looking on the brightness of the April world without, yet with a shadow that he hardly understood overclouding his The thought of his friend mind haunted him, and he could not help dwelling on what he had heard.

"He's done it. Well, I suppose our friendship will be at an end now. What a fool ! Actually to go to confession ! Of course, if he really be-

The banks seemed to be flying past he did not understand the feelings the windows, when the grinding of brakes and a sudden slackening of that crowded over him. A desire for something, he knew not what; a feeling of remorse, of regret; an speed caused the carriages to rock uneasily for a moment. What had entreaty that he could not put into happened? For an instant the words. "My God." It was not an exclama fisherman's heart ceased beating ; then, as the train slowed down still tion. For the first time in years it was a prayer he believed again, in more and more and stopped beside a

"What a fool I am ! What a fool one makes of oneself thinking about such things-old worn out such things-old, worn out super-Again the altar-bell sounded ; this stitions ! It's only a station-my station, so I have arrived safely at time it rang thrice, and men and

women alike-yes, men, almost all who were in the church-went formy journey's end after all." The road from the station to the ward to the altar. river ran towards a pretty little

town. The country air was keen enough to sharpen the traveller's The fisherman watched them in speechless wonder. The day of his own First Communion came back to appetite, for he had eaten nothing him. He had knelt by his mother's since the previous night. "I will have some breakfast at the side, and even still he could recall

his happiness. Then his friend's inn." he thought to himself, looking down the road that led to the town. words of that very morning came There were people on it, both before him and behind—peasants in their "Why don't you imitate back to him : me? I am happier than I can say, it is not really anday suits, and their wives in gay parel, with floating head.gear. "Going to Mass," commented the Sunday suits, and their wives in gay apparel, with floating head gear.

fisherman to himself; and as the -free.' He remembered this, but he also sound of the church bells floated softly to him, making itself heard remembered his own prejudices, strong and bitter, and there was above the songs of the birds in the hedgerows : "Church bells," he murconflict within him that he could not "Why not do what is mured : "Eastertide bells. Ah, well. overcome. right ?" an inward voice kept asking let those who wish to go to church 'Pluck up your courage and be follow their inclinations, and I will follow mine. They hear their Mass nan !'

He bent forward and looked at the in the church ; I hear mine by the confessional. A woman was just coming out, and there was no one to Then the remembrance of his follow her. After a moment of wait-ing, the priest opened his door and friend came back to him, and his stepped out. As he did so, his eyes "He is making his Easter duty now, away at home, and these people here they are doing it too. I had no fell on the fisherman and he stayed the hand that was taking off his

idea so many people still kept up the stole. old custom. After all, there would "Are you waiting for confession ? be nothing to find fault with in it if he asked. The fisherman tried to say that he

was not waiting, but his voice made no sound and before he had time to make another effort the priest had country round him, his thoughts full sat down again and drawn open the slide. was another agonizing There

moment of hesitation. "I must go in," he muttered to himself. "He is waiting. I must

As he drew near the town the tell him I am not going to conpeople on the road became more fession. He plunged into the semi-dark. numerous, and as he reached the cross roads he found himself surness. The curtain fell behind him. He was on his knees, and before him rounded by church goers, and, with a feeling that was half remorse, half a feeling that was half remorse, half curiosity, he let himself be carried along with the stream.

'Father give me your blessing, for Supposing I went in," he thought "just for a moment, to see what is the grace of God has overcome the

devil. Five minutes later he was kneeling The crowd pressed together at the in the church again. The dreaded doorway and then fell apart in the ordeal was over. He had been to nave, and the stranger found himself confession. There was no word to alone, and uncertain what to do. express how he felt. Light, happy 'Where ought I to go?" he won relieved, a little of all, but oh ! so "I don't know the ways of very much more ! Twenty-two years A confessional was standing con-

all wiped out and forgiven in five short minutes "Why on earth didn't I think of it sooner ?" The thought flashed through his mind ; and then he gave

himself up to prayer, to thanks and adoration. The priest at the altar-rail was still giving Holy Communion, but now the crowd who had pressed

go to Mass," he said to himself with ward was thinning, and the last penitent joined their ranks. "It was only at my mother's Twenty-two years ! Was it to be death, when I had no one to go with, wondered at that, as he left his place, that I gave it up. If she can see me here today, she will be glad I know." ere today, she will be glad I know." his eyes were dim. Twenty-two He pulled a chair towards him and years, and now once again the Son of laid down his rod and fishing tackle, God had come into his heart ! and then, standing upright again, he

An hour later, a man was fishing on the riverbank, half hidden in the Now that I am here, I may as well reeds and bushes that edged the stay. It is only giving up half an hour of my day, and I shall feel less stream, the sky blue above his head,

THE CATHOLIC RECORD

JIM By Mary Hayden Harkins

The Avenue that afternoon in the orilliant autumn sunshine was like a many colored kaleidoscope, with its ever shifting currents of well dressed humanity, its endless lines of splen did motor cars, its gorgeous windows with their display of the table. world accumulated treasures of the But through the gay throng Kathie Ward threaded her way with unsee

ing eyes. She was a lithe, graceful girl in the early twenties, with eyes of Irish blue, a sunny tint in her brown hair and a peculiar sweetness in her pale, set face. As she passed the public gardens her gaze for a moment wandered to the flowers, brilliant patches of white, scarlet and yellow-then she turned her glance away, lost once more in her own sad thoughts. she murmured to herself, Yes," 'I know I'm not good enough for Jim, but I want him just the same. I wonder if any one else ever loved some one as I love him—and lost him ?" The pain in her throat sank deeper and settled with agonizing keenness around her heart.

Suddenly, the girl quitted the fashionable district, and turning into a side street soon faced the kind of throng that makes a cosmopolitan city-a mingling of many types and ces. Before a brick dwelling she finally paused and, obeying the sign door, walked in. Her breath on the came at quick, uneven intervals as she ascended a steep flight of stairs. Involuntarily she heaved a sigh of relief when the chapel was reached and she sank on her knees at the altar-rail. Her bowed head rested upon her thin hands, and the tears stole down and ran across her long fingers. Her brief expressionless prayer was ended, she rose and went

out quietly. At the foot of the stairs she lingered a minute, watching the candles that burned brightly before St. Anthony's statue. Kathie went over to the turn and hesitatingly pressed the bell. Its peal echoed loudly through the silent house of prayer. She listened to her own heart beats until she heard the flapping tread of sandaled feet across bare floors and a voice greeting her.

Sister, will you pray for a young man who was injured at his work? asked the girl, timidly. "We will." The wooden slide

turned, and there on the concave reverse lay a printed slip. " Here is a

little prayer to say for him." "Thank you Sister." The girl opened the bag that swung on her arm and dropped the slip into it. As she did so, her eye fell on one lonely dollar there. She hesitated - she needed it-then it lay upon the turn. Suddenly, she became conscious of the nun's voice inquiring : Has he been prepared for death

Is he seriously injured ?' "Yes, Sister, he is dying." The girl's eyes filled, and she made her way towards the door. She had said it herself : Jim was dying !

Out on the street the elevated roared past her, and its whirling, grinding song seemed the echo of her own words-dying-dying-dying! Suppose Ma will be drunk again

to night," she thought bitterly as she hastened along. Kathie Ward had never envied any

This world had given her little but she had asked for less. The in solent display of wealth made by the fashionable women whom she served each day aroused no feeling of dis-content or resentment. Madame's

shop was a busy place, although dis tinctly exclusive. Even when it was not busy, Madame's tongue and temper made it interesting. Yet

Soon her mother came in. She had a soothing power. was a large, hollow-eyed woman and much the worse for drink to-night. gratefully. 'Thanks, Father," the girl replied Heavily she sank into a chair in front Kathie cast one more glance at the still form on the bed. of the table, and in silence Kathie turned and passed out into the night --with its unheard shricks, its stifled placed her supper before her. The

girl then went over and sat by the window, resting her head on her hands-thinking. In a few minutes sighs and its eternal stars Her mother had regained conscious ness: she would live—an invalid for the remainder of her days. To the woman rose unsteadily from the Kathie this was not unbearable; "Don't go out again to-night,

simply meant that never again could nother," the girl coaxed, and her she go back to the old life. But Jim was dead, and Kathie's stricken heart tone was very kind.

Grumbling the woman made her way toward an inner room. Kathie leared the dishes from the table, and when her work was finished again took up her position at the window. The spring evening was warm and mild and the girl longed to be out of doors. Soon sounds of heavy breathing came from the inner room. The girl rose, quietly lighted the lampand placed it in the bracket above the table.

At the door of the sleeper's room Kathie paused and listened. How long will she sleep? Past closing time for the shop at the corner !" the girl hoped fervently. Then she tiped softly out.

I'll just go as far as the Immacu late and say the Rosary and come right back," she murmured. How often she and Jim had dropped in to say the beads together ! It eased the pain in her heart to think that she was going to do something to help him now. She wondered how he was to-night. But she must wait antil morning would bring news of him !

Sovereign Pontiffs, in their zeal for the spread of the true faith in that vast Empire, have often appealed to As Kathie stepped into the lower hall, on her way back, she heard a us in their General Intentions to thud and then the sound of dull pray for the conversion of hundreds hurrying feet. With an instinctive fear she rushed up the first flight. of millions of Chinese sunken in

superstition for centuries. It may The people on the second floor, aroused by the noise, had thrown be that God has listened to all the open their door and a stream of light prayers that have been offered for played on the narrow landing. The these Intentions, for, since the treaty dark hean at her feet Kathie recogof Pekin opened up China to the out nized at once as her mother's form side world in 1842, our missionarie 'I think she's hurt!" exclaimed the have been gathering millions of souls girl, fearfully, stooping over her. "Devil a hurt on her miss," the into the Catholic fold.

present time there are in China about man replied. He was a big, brawny 1,800,000 converts, all exemplary and giant who worked down on the devoted heart and soul to our holy wharf. His wife, a small, black-eyed Faith. One may be tempted to say, woman, clasped her hands and however, what a small return this is, Thanks be to ejaculated piously : less than 2,000,000, after God it wasn't the lamp she was sacrifices, even of blood-for China carrying! Sure, I heard her come in has had her martyrs-and how in significant is Catholic influence in an

Never saw any one hurt when Empire of 400,000,000 souls! they fall with the drink in," the man continued, ignoring his wife's stacles placed in her path by paganexclamations.

Kathie shuddered and feared. There was a queer look—pale and livid surely in that country. Thanks to the encouragement given by the There Holy See and to the generous help had never before seen in that she her mother's face, and the eyes that rendered by the Society for the Prop rolled upwards and closed again were agation of the Faith, the Holy glazed and expressionless. Childhood, and other agencies, the work of Chinese evangelization is

some water, Maggie," the man commanded. "I'll give you a lift to get her up stairs."

Yet all attempts to force con-sciousness upon the woman were eight hundred native priests. There are, besides, many Sisterhoods laborwithout effect. 'Help me, will you please, to get ing in Chinese schools and hospitals

her upstairs. But I think she's hurt and winning spiritual victories which this time." said Kathie tremulously. are known to God alone. A pleasing Come here, Tim," the wife called, feature of the work at the present

as she walked the floor of Kathie's time is the gradual increase in the kitchen a few minutes later. "The number of the native clergy. wrong with the woman. Indeed 'tis the ambulance you ought to be after studying for the priesthood in the junior seminaries and nearly looking for." 'You think so ?" Kathie had come hundred in the senior seminaries.

from the inner room, and faced the Letters from China inform us that longsboreman and his little wife. "I guess the wife is right," the tant factor in missionary this element is becoming an impor

man said uneasily. "I'll get the it is not strong enough yet to assume larger responsibilities, and ambulance, if you say."

ambulance, if you say." "Oh, I suppose so, but I don't know what to do." The girl wrung edly have to depend mainly on Euroher hands — they were cold and pean and American recruits for many NOVEMBER 8, 1917

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Then she

was bursting with dumb despair

Then with a sudden fierce tender

ness she realized that he was still hers in death. Faith came to stay

her, and slowly the tumult of her

Patiently the girl lifted again her life burden and turned her face towards the dawn — awaiting the

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fuon

only a little while ago !"

ism and rival missionary effort, the Despite the man's reassuring words | Church is making her way slowly but

Beat her face a bit, miss. Get well-organized and active. It is in the hands of fifty Vicars Apostolic, controlling fourteen hundred Euro-

lieves, if he has the Faith--Vainly he tried to think of other

things, to fix his mind upon his day's sport, but it was useless. He could not forget the meeting with his friend, and his parting words rang over and over again in his ears : "It would be more to the purpose if you imitated me. You wouldn't regret it, I assure you.

And then the remembrance of his friend's evident happiness forced itself upon him, till he had to press his hands to his eyes as though to shut out some painful sight.

"Imitate him indeed I" he muttered; "not likely ! I can't see myself kneeling before a priest and confessing my sins. Not I, indeed ! For women it's all right-or for men when they are dying."

Now he turned to the window. trying to fix his mind on the growing beauty of the landscape. "Yet one can't deny that there is a

God. The country out there never made itself; and if there is a God there must be a religion, and if the religion is His-well, I suppose one ought to practice it.'

Then impatiently he changed his train of thought.

Why, if I go on like this I'll soon be a devote myself. I'm no better than a magnetic needle, always pointing in the same direction. But no : the needle of a compass has not got liberty as I have. I am free, and will never give up my freedom.'

The train was going at full speed now, dashing along between two high banks on which the flowers only showed as a blur of color, and the carriages creaked and rocked as they sped along.

if there was an accident Fancy, Supposing I were killed ; what would see on the other side ?" He shuddered even as he questioned "What, I wonder. Nothhimself. ing? No. no. that's impossible! There must be something. For me it would probably be-hell !'

Quickly he reckoned up the pass ing of time : "Twenty two years of ungodliness !"

of a heathen. The priest, a man still in the prime

of life, had just begun Mass, and all the people in the church were saying their prayers. "They believe," thought the onlooker. "They are lucky ; they have the Faith." His eyes were on the altar, but his

After all it is Easter Sunday.

thoughts were still busied with his neighbors. "After all they have reason on their side. At least they are logical. They are thinking of their souls; they are preparing themselves for eternity—and I? their

When I have had my breakfast and done my day's fishing, shall I have less reason for fearing death than I have now ?"

There was a movement in the church. Chairs were pulled forward and turned, and the people sat down to listen to what the priest had to

ay. He reminded his hearers that Jesus, risen again, can never die; that unbelievers and freemasons were as powerless to destroy the Church as Pilate and the Jews had

'The Church is certainly living still; and his priest, these people, all this around me proves it ! For twenty centuries she has been liv-ing ! A fine lease of life, that !"

The fisherman's attention strayed away from the preacher. 'Then, why is it that the newspapers are always saying it is dead ? Ah, they are liars ! After all, the other is logical, only confession always stands in the way.

He noticed, even whilst Mass was going of, that people continued passing in and out of the confessional near which he stood. "It is like a mouse-trap," he thought to himself. "The clerical snare into which the unwary put their heads."

Then the bell recalled his atten. tion to the altar, and as all about him fell on their knees for the Elevation he, almost unconsciously, did It was years since he had likewise. knelt in adoration, in humility, and

the water rippling at his feet. It fishing, but for enjoying life. The birds were singing, and nature Was

rampant with the joys of spring. But bright and beautiful as the peace and beauty in the fisher. man's soul. As he watched the float on his cast bobbing idly on the water, his thoughts flew back again and again to scenes and acts of the last few hours.

"I have found a fisherman far cleverer than myself," he murmured. "He has induced me to swallow His divine bait. I shall certainly never forget this day's fishing, and for all eternity I shall thank God for it."-Alice Dease.

THE SOURCE OF CONSOLATION

A priest was recently approached by a Protestant woman, who asked for some religious keepsake for her son, leaving that day to join the colors. She could have given him any number of tokens, she said, but preferred something which would have a religious significance The crucifix satisfied her, and it delight-ed the son. It proved to him a real minder of God, and it was a consolation to the mother's heart to know that her son would thus be given thought of God. Yet in that reminder and consolation the mother and son were sinning greatly against

the Church to which they belonged. Protestantism associates reverence of the crucifix with the worship of idols, and condemns the Catholic Church for countenancing such a practice. To a Catholic the above is only another instance of the heart craving to satisfy its own yearning for God, disregarding for the time being the unnatural, artificial pro-

hibitions of Protestantism, the dreary spirit of which is emphasized by many similar incidents during these troubled times. — Catholic Transcript.

Kathie accepted all things in sto was an ideal day, not perhaps for silence and was always the consoler of the girl who was battling to please Madame

But to-night, for the first time in But bright and beautiful as was her life, rebellious upheaval surged the day, it was nothing compared to through her heart. "Drunk-morning, noon and night," she muttered; I'm sick of it!"

Kathie could just recall her father, decent man, and her mother-a different mother then-and certain pleasant holidays - never-forgotten memories! But that was all so long ago! Nearer, torturing memories were of herself-hungry, shivering, with head bent with shame-which sprang from some innate source she knew not whence-clinging to the unsteady hand that guided her along and turning her childish face away from the pitying glances cast upon

her. There were worse women in the world than her mother, Kathie knew. but the knowledge did not make the

rue less better in her portion. But Jim's coming had brightened all this sadness and colored the grav till it gleamed like gold. Kathi knew what people had said-that

Jim was a fool to be looking at her, even if she had a pretty face, for he had a great head and would be a big man some day. The girl choked back the sobs. Now a light in her

life was going out. Jim must die. A hope flickered; perhaps he of ray would live. Weren't the Poor Clares praying for him? No," Kathie murmured : " he will

die, and other people no good to themselves or the world, will live!" Kathie drew a long, hard breath. "Jim is so good! Now, there is mother—if she died instead of Jim "Down t

The dreadful meaning of the words she had spoken frightened her. Nervously, she raised her hand to her brow and blessed herself hastily. At last, the girl halted before

enement house, ascended one flight of stairs and then another, paused before a door, unlocked it and before a door, unlocked entered. Kathie began at once the preparations for the evening meal.

clammy-and her heart seemed to years to come. Unhappily, have stopped beating.

Kathie hung over the narrow hosnital hed, and felt that she must shriek with the despair which was flooding her soul. "Oh, if Ma would only speak!" she thought. "If she for the conversion of China. France will have problems of its own to face only make her confession! in the future, and the Far East will If she dies, I've killed her-murdered her!" It was only a few hours before that Kathie had wished that Jim have to look to other countries for her apostles.

It would seem that God is making might live and had wondered why provision to meet the needs of the her mother did not die. Now, she Church in China. The Catholic shivered under the weight of her Foreign Mission Society of America guilt and remorse. founded only six years ago, is on the

'O God," she whispered, " spare eve of sending missionaries to China; my mother! Don't take her in her its founder is now in that country sins. Dear God, I didn't mean it! I preparing the way for the entry of his priests. One of the most promisdon't want my mother to die. I take it back if I did. Hear me, dear God ing signs of the times is the activity let Jim die-I give him up.' Something of the silent torture the displayed during these Ireland in favor of the Chinese

girl was enduring was written on her white face and revealed in her troubled eyes. The brusque, burly ial was presented to the Bishop troubled eyes. The brusque, burly ial was presented to the Bishops doctor perceived this, and kindly held gathered at Maynooth, in which it was stated that the time had come out a little hope that her mother for Ireland to take a "large organized

might regain consciousness. Oh, if she could only speak-then could get a priest," said Kathie, and in which permission was asked

to raise funds for the endowment of wistfully. a college for the training of mission The priest is down at the other end of the ward now. Why don't ary priests for China. The project you speak to him?" the doctor sug. was approved by the Irish Bishops and commended to the generous support of the Catholics of Ireland. gested.

Thank you, sir," the girl answered. Then she made her way down a narrow aisle between two long lines of white beds.

the Bishops and promoters of the Before the kind eyes of the old project that His Holiness learned priest Kathie did not shrink or falter. Sententiously she told her story. Us listened to the end, "Where is

"Down this way," Kathie led him missionaries. Meanwhile the promoters of " the to her mother's bed. There the Irish mission to China " have not been idle. Although only one year priest stood for some minutes, then he raised his hands and his lips has elapsed since the project was made public, the sum of \$160,000 has moved in prayer. Turning to the girl, who with tears standing in her been collected in Ireland, and much

eyes was waiting for him to speak, he said gently "I'll watch her, child. I'm in here

often—sometimes a couple of times a day." The soft cadence in his voice at least half a million dollars, an

It

583 Richmond St. Phone 3970 present War is drying up many missionary sources in Europe, espe cially in France, a land which from ain 7215 the beginning has been sending it heroic sons and daughters to work

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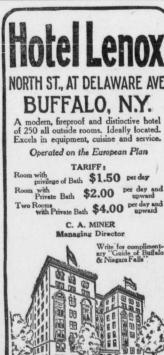
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