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Catholic Record.

VOLUME XXXI.

LONDON, ONTARIO, SATURDAY JUNE 26, 1909.

The Catholic Record all kinds of work if the fabric is to be THE ADVENTURES OF LA SALLE.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JUNE 26, 1909.

TO THE SACRED HEART.

Oh, tender, gentle Heart of Christ Oh patient Heart of Love, Raise Thou my erring human heart From earth to Thee above, Make my heart strong with Thy meek

Oh humble Heart of God, Strong with the strength to tread the

Thy bleeding Feet have trod. Grant that my heart may ever burn With tenderness for Thee, A pure, bright lamp of love and trust In Life's dark Sanctuary, Forever burn with steadfast flame Till in Eternity It's light shall mingle and be lost In Thine, eternally.

"CHILD OF DESTINY."

"Child of Destiny," by Dr. Wm. J. Fischer, is written with the author's usual grace and style. There is a quaint, old-time flavor about the narration, through which is woven the thread of a sombre love story, that did not run smoothly. The sad story of Arthur, who began life with noble ideals and said before, as quietly as if nobody had saw them fade away through the in- ever said it, that is originality." dulgence of a wicked passion, is very well told. One finds it difficult to realize that one of so fine a character could true things. It is for this reason that have been guilty of so heinous a crime. Let us not fail to state that there are pleasant, cheerful scenes too, and all ends happily. The callous, elderly critic might say that things turn out too much for the best, that life might "e'en be too sunshiny," for certainly Gracia was an exceptionally favored girl, but the public for whom Dr. Fischer writes is not a critical public, but one that is not averse from improbabilities. In so brief a notice as this ing from or analyzing the story; nor is this necessary, for we are sure our art. Their very simplicity hides their it is a pleasant, healthily pious, emin- acquaintance with them very slowly. ently readable book. It is, moreover, well printed and tastefully bound.

CHARACTER VS. REPUTATION.

There is a difference between character and reputation. Character is that quality or sum of qualities which distinguishes one person from all others; reputation is the estimation in which a person is held. As some one has ex- larly interesting. Wisdom will not die pressed it, character is what we really are, reputation what others think we are. Every one should strive to form a good character for himself and his rep- grow weary, and to the oft recurring utation will take care of itself. As a query "cui bono" there comes no anmatter of fact, reputation is rarely commensurate with virtue. A good reputation is often got without merit and is lost without deserving. It may be lost by a single unfounded accusation, while character is enduring. It can be injured only by the wrong-doing of the person inquiry, not of derison.

DON'T.

"He that saves when he is young may spend when he is old."

Yes, but he may never be old. The penny whistle to the little boy is as dear and as real to him as the greater thing of later years. Don't live too much in the future. Thrift is excellent. Yes, but any virtue over-trained becomes a vice.

Don't try to read everything. You would not be successful. It has been roughly estimated that twenty-five thousand new books are produced annually, the perusal of which, and of the millions now in existence, would occupy more time than you could well spare. There is really very little reason to be ashamed of ignorance. The wisest and most deeply read sage knows almost nothing-a little more than we do. "Knowledge is proud that he has learned so much. Wisdom is humble that he knows no more.'

FREEDOM FROM WORRY.

They tell us that children keep their spontaneity and freshness of spirit because they live only one day at a time;

with you" is the truest of true sayings. Pays the price of the careless flutter of existence by following after and picking up the ravelled stitches, for there are just so many stitches to be kept up in Spelding.—Ratthley Ariout.

The day on which we learned nothing is lost. Think and speak of what thou lovest, and dwell little on what is distasteful to thee.—Bishop just so many stitches to be kept up in Spalding.

preserved whole and firm. Where then is the happy medium? How can one upon whom we have no right to cast our burdens? Is it not very much like reading aloud, when we come to think of it. We pronounce but one word at a time, but we have learned by long experience to glance ahead and involuntarily grasp the words and meanings that lend interpretation to the single sentence we voice for others. We have all met the "buzzers"-those terribly busy people, who like to parade their busy-ness-who are usually defective in foresight and unconsciously seek to make up for it by being "driven to death." It is an enviable possession to have three hands; a right hand, a left hand, and a little-behind-hand,

ORIGINALITY.

"The great merit, it seems to me," wrote Mr. Lowell to Professor Norton, "of the old painters was that they did not try to be original. 'To say a thing,' says Goethe, 'that everybody else has

In other words originality consists, not in saying new things, but in saying the great writers have no surprises for us. They lift into the light of clear expression things that have lain silent at the bottom of our natures-things profoundly felt but never spoken. In like manner, originality in form and style is not a matter of novelty, but of deeper feeling and surer touch. A piece of work which, like a popular song, has a rhythm or manner which catches the senses, may have a lusty life, but is certain to have a brief one. There is nothwe are compelled to refrain from quot- ing "catching" or striking, in the superficial sense, in the greater works of readers will obtain it for themselves, as superiority, and the world makes

It is easy to doubt and to criticise It is also easy to be too sure and too selfconfident. For those of us who have seen the old ways grow into the new and now see the new developing into something still different for the days when we are gone, the comparison is particuwith us. Our task can safely be entrusted to others. Still we think till our heads ache and read till our eyes

Some of us have been called heretics Perhaps we have not been able to keep pace with the band-waggon; but as we sit on the fence and watch it disappear

THE WEST.

disappointed. The brain as well as the brawn of the country gravitates in that direction, and hence that rapid development of the resources of nature in the Western wilderness which amazes Europeans and almost makes us wonder at ourselves. Energies which are cramped by the routine of city life and fettered by the class distinctions which exist in densely populated districts, find full scope there. The star of empire that westward takes its way is followed like the star of Bethlehem, by the wise men of the age; and it is by bringing their knowledge to bear upon the capabilities of a region where the Creator has stored all the material elements of wealth and progress, that the wilderness is made to "blossom as the rose." The pen of history cannot keep pace with our pioneers. Civilization sweeps over the waste places of the land with the rush of a prairie fire; and towns and cities are springing up faster than the map makers can jot them down

the level of what he despises, so the opposite habits of admiration and enthusiastic reverence for excellence impart to ourselves a portion of the qualities we admire.—Matthew Arnold.

It is well known that while nearly all is the happy medium? How can one keep fresh-spirited and yet be sure that the early settlers of this country looked upon the Indians only as dangerous upon the next, or devolve upon others upon whom we have no right to cast our like yet. The carrow with the property of the carrow with the property of the carrow with redman was their brother. There were not many white men of that kind. Robert de la Salle was among the number, a friend of the Indians and the first white man to follow the Mississippi to the man to follow the Mississippi to its mouth and named the country through which it flowed, and which was drained by its tributaries, Louisiana, in honor of Louis XIV., King of France.

The life of La Salle is one of those stories that are more wonderful than any romance. Born of a distinguished any romance. Born of a distinguished French family in Rouen, the ancient capital of Normandy, and highly educated and accomplished, he spent twenty years in the American wilderness. He travelled over thousands of proper and prepring and river miles of forest and prairie, and river and lake, on foot or in a frail canoe. He penetrated to regions where no white man's foot had ever trodden before, and he went without fear among ferocious cannibal tribes, who might easily have massacred him and his party if they had wished to. But they did not wish to. They had no desire to injure one who always treated them with kind-ness and who gave them priceless treasures-knives and hatchets, and kettles

and beads—in return for food and furs and everything they did for him. La Salle never took the life of an Indian, except in self-defence, after everything else had failed, and it very seldom happened that he could not gain the friendship of the savages. There was something in his manner, we are told, that won their hearts at made them believe him when he said:

made them believe him when he said:
"I come to you as a friend and a brother. You can do me good, and I can do you good. Let us smoke the pipe of friendship and shake hands. The Great Spirit will be pleased to see us, His children, love one another and help each other."

So the Indians helped him, instead of hindering. Often they brought him

hindering. Often they brought him food when his own men could find none. They guided him across marshes and helped him to ford rivers. They carried his supplies along the forest trails, and he left stores among them unguarded, and found them perfectly safe when he returned. In fact, says one writer, "the Chevalier de la Salle so mpressed the hearts of the Indians that they did not know how to treat us well

The Mississippi, which was discovered by the Spanish explorer De Soto, was rediscovered by Father Marquette, a Jesuit missionary, and when the news reached Quebec, La Salle who had come out to Canada to seek his fortune, conceived the idea of exploring the and building a chain of forts to all important points upon it and the Great Lakes, for the English were fighting with the French for the possession of America, and the French knew that if they wanted to hold the newly discovered country they must be prepared to defend it. Governor Frontenac was delighted with the plan and asked La Salle to go to France and lay it before the King. The King too, approved and authorized La Salle to go on with the enterprise. It was a tremendous under-taking, and the difficulties and discouragements were so great that one of the forts, built on the site of Peoria, Ill., was named by the explorer Creve Coeur in the distance, our attitude is one of (Fort Heartbreak). But if his heart was broken his courage was not, and he kept on until in 1682 he reached the mouth of the great river. He then went back up the stream to Quebec, and went back up the stream to Quebec, and from there sailed again to France for Whoever may visit the border settlements of the West, expecting to find there a smaller proportional share of cultivated intellect than in the crowded centres of civilization, will be strikingly the little fleet of four vessels had sailed things began to go wrong, for the com-mander, Captain Beaujeau, did not want to take orders from La Salle. They could not find the mouth of the river, and when La Salle had gone ashore with a party of colonists Beaujeau deliberate-ly wrecked one of the supply ships and sailed off to France in another.

The colony was thus left in a desperate situation. They had scarcely any supplies. They were cut off from all communication with France, and did not even know where they were. To make matters worse, La Salle was taken ill and lay helpless for two months. On his recovery he determined to make his way back to Canada, a distance of two

thousand miles, and from there to send to France for aid for his colony.

The party was very sad. The whole colony met at midnight in the chapel they had built, and La Salle, we are told, made an address "full of eloquenc had built, and La Salle, we are with that engaging way so natural to him." Every one was in tears. They feared they would never meet again,

Icared they would never meet again, and they never did.

The explorer took with him twenty men when he set out on that long and melancholy journey, among them being Father Douay one of the Jesuit missionaries who always accompanied him. One day some of his men failed to come hack to camp at the appointed time. on their charts.

It is a good thing to believe, it is a good thing to admire. By continually selfash enjoyment, leaving responsibility selfash enjoyment, leaving responsibility to others? Not at all; inconsequent, uncalculating people may keep light-uncalculating people may keep l preserved his life through twenty years of danger." Then a strange melan-choly fell upon him, and going a little

"Thus died," writes Father Douay, our wise commander. He who for venty years had softened the fierce emper of countless savage tribes was assacred by the hands of his own lomestics, whom he had loaded with aresses. He died in the prime of life, no the midst of his enterprises, without paying seen their success."—N. Y. Tri-

THE REAL PRESENCE.

ACTS ESTABLISHING THE LITERAL MEAN-ING OF THE WORDS "THIS IS MY BODY —THIS IS MY BLOOD."

True to its promise to set forth the details of Catholic belief, the Catholic Encyclopedia has painstakingly considered every phase of Catholic worship. The two most important theological tricles in Volume V. are "Eucharist" and "Extreme Unction." Dealing with question of the Real Presence in the

Eucharist. - The Church's Magna arta, however, are the words of insti-tion. This is My Body—this is My bod,' whose literal meaning she has ity of the literal sense of these rds, and negatively, by refuting the urative interpretations. As regards e first, the very existence of four diston narratives of the Last Supper, vided usually into the Petrine (Matt. vi., 26 sqq.; Mark xiv., 22 sqq,) and e double Pauline accounts (Luke xxii., sq.; 1. Cor. x., 24 sq.), favors the lit-d interpretation. In spite of their iking unanimity as regards essentials, Petrine account is simpler and earer, wheras the Pauline is richer in lditional details and more involved in citation of the words that refer to echalice. It is but natural and justiable to expect that, when four different arrators in different countries and at afferent times relate the words of instiition to different circles of readers, the currence of an unusual figure of speech, , for instance, that bread is a sign of hrist's body, would, somewhere or ther, betray itself, either in the differace of word setting or in the unequirocal expression of the meaning really intended or at least in the addition of ome such remark as: 'He spoke, how-ver, of the sign of His body.' But no-where do we discover the slightest where do we discover the slightest ground for a figurative interpretation. If then, the natural literal interpretation were false, the Scriptural record alone would have to be considered.

done would have to be considered as the cause of a pernicious error of faith and of the grievous crime of rendering Divine homage to bread (artolatria) a supposition little in harmony with the character of the four sacred writers or with the inspiration of the sacred text. Moreover, we must not omit the very Moreover, we must not omit the very important circumstance that one of the four narrators has interpreted his own account literally. This is St. Paul (1. Cor. xi. 27 sq.) who in the most vigorous language, brands the unworthy recipient as 'guilty of the body and of the blood of the Lord.' There can be no question of a grievous offence against Christ Himself unless we suppose that the true body and the true blood of Christ are really present in the Eucharist. Further, if we attend only to the Christ are really present in the Eucharist. Further, if we attend only to the words themselves, their natural sense is so forceful and clear that even Luther wrote to the Christians of Strasburg in 1524: 'I am caught, I cannot escape, the tex' is too forcible.' (DeWette, 11. 577.) The necessity of the natural sense is not based upon the absurd assumption that Christ could not in gensense is not based upon the absurd assumption that Christ could not in general have resorted to the use of figurs, but upon the evident requirements of the case, which demand that he did not, in a matter of such paramount importance have recourse to meaningimportance have recourse to meaningless and deceptive metaphors. For fig-ures enhance the clearness of speech only when the figurative meaning is obvious, either from the nature of the obvious, either from the nature of the case (e. g., from a reference to a statue of Lincoln, by saying: 'This is Lincoln' or from the usages of common parlance (e. g., in the case of this synedoche. This glass is wine.') Now, neither from the nature of the case nor in company prelance is bread an ant or in common parlance is bread an apt or possible symbol of the human body. Were one to say of a piece of bread; 'This is Napoleon' he would not be using a figure, but uttering nonsense. There is but one means of rendering a symbol improperly so called clear and intelligible, namely, by conventionally settling beforehand what it is to signify, as, for instance, if one were to say: 'Let us imagine these two pieces of bread before us to be Socrates Plato,' Christ, however, instead of informing His Apostles that He intended to use such a figure, told them rather the contrary in the discourse containthe contrary in the discourse containing the promise, 'the bread that I will give is My flesh for the life of the world.' (John vi., 52) Such language of course, could be used only by a Godman; so that belief in the Real Presence necessarily presupposes belief in the true Divinity of Christ.

the true Divinity of Christ.

"The foregoing rules would of themselves establish the natural meaning with certainty, even if the words of institution, 'This is My body—this is My blood,' stood alone. But in the orginal text corpus (body) and sanguis (blood) are followed by significant appositional additions, the body being designated as given for you and the blood shed for you (many): hence the body given to the (many); hence the body given to the Apostles was the selfsame body that was crucified on Good Friday, and the chalice drunk by them, the selfsame blood that was shed on the Cross for our sins. Therefore the above-mentioned appositional phrases directly exclude every possibility of a figurative interpretation.

"We reach the same conclusion from

hearers and the Institutor. Those who heard the words of intitution were not learned rationalists possessed of the critical equipment that would enable them, as philologists and logicians, to analyze as philologists and togethals, to analyze an obscure and mysterious phraseology, they were simple, uneducated fishermen, from the ordinary ranks of the people, who with childlike naivete hung upon the words of their Master and with deep faith accept whatever He proposed to them.
This childlike disposition had to be reckoned with by Christ, particularly on the eve of His Passion and death, when he made His last will and testament and

It must be remembered, also, that Christ as omniscient God-man must have foreseen the shameful error into which He would have led His Apostles and His Church by adopting an un-heard-of metaphor; for the Church down cion. This is My Body—this is My Body—this is My Body whose literal meaning she has interruptedly adhered to from the cliest times. The Real Presence is inceed positively by showing the necessity of the literal sense of these city of the literal sense city of the literal sen intended to institute the Eucharist as a most holy sacrament, to be solemnly celebrated in the Church even to the celebrated in the Content and the constituent parts of a sacrament had to be stated with such clearness of terminology as to exclude categorically every error in liturgy and worship. As may be gathered from the words of consecration of the Chalice, Christ established tion of the Chalice, Christ established the New Testament in His blood, just as the Old Testament had been established in the typical blood of animals (cf. Ex. xxiv., 8; Heb. ix., 11 sqq.)

"With the true instinct of justice, jurists prescribe that in all debatable points the words of a will must be taken in their natural literal sense; for they are led by the correct conviction that every testator of sound mind in dram. every testator of sound mind, in drawing up his last will and testament, is deeply concerned to have it done in language at once clear and unencumber-ed by meaningless metaphors. Now, Christ according to the literal purport of His testament, has left us as a precious legacy not mere bread and wine

"THE POWER OF LOVE."

The following excerpt from the late Father Vaughan's lecture on "The Power of Love" merits reproduction. It describes a scene on a southern battle

field during the civil war:
"Men in blue and gray who looked with hate into one another's eyes and tried to shoot away the life of a brother, tried to shoot away the life of a brother, have crept close together to die in the trembling twilight. Men and horses lie heaped in confusion. Men with their limbs torn from their body, men with their throats cut, and men with their scalps lying bare and their heads "Water, my God! water!" and in all God's world there is not a soul to answer. See, there come two women, stealing over the battlefield, creeping along under the beams of the moon. Is it some mother, come out to look for her son in the midst of death? Is it some woman who seeks the man to whom she death and of darkness! How tenderly they stood o'er each dying soldier. For them there is no North or South, no blue or gray, no nationality, no creed, no denomination. In every soldier's upno denomination. In every soldier's up-turned face they see the face of Christ. How tenderly they moisten the parched lips, how they cool the fevered brow, how they close the gaping wound, how they murmur words of consolation in the dying ear, how they take a last message to bring back to the mother and the wife and the loved ones far awar! Even there—even in the death away! Even there—even in the death and the blood and the carnage of battle —the power of love rules supreme. And stamped forever on that flag—the Stars and Stripes—stamped forever is that lesson of love, that as it leads on in the vanguard of civilization it may teach to the world America's story: the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man—the glorious, the splendid lesson of love."

A Pleasant Memory. I remember a certain hospital where I spent a blissful fortnight once when a miversity student. It was in charge of nniversity student. It was in enarge of Roman Catholic Sisters of St. Francis, and the gentle Sister who attended me was of a great family (as the world reckons such things,) spoke more languages than I knew then, had travelled guages than I knew theil, had riverted over all Europe and discussed Dante's "Divine Comedy" dust-pan in hand, by my bed. I shall remember Sister Ambrosia and her colleague, the ever-smiling, ever-buoyant Sister Florentie, as long as I remember anything. It was a real grief to be "discharged cured," since it meant leaving that atmosphere of peace and sunshine.—Pres-byter Ignotus in the Living Church,

Beyond all doubt, Jesus in heaven not only does not refuse St. Joseph those marks of familiarity and reverence which He gave on earth as a son to a father, but He adds to them an increase. So do we not owe to St. Joseph special from the grass. He died an hour later, with words of pardon for his murderers upon his lips.

"We reach the same conclusion from do we not owe to St. Joseph special arrived from the New York hospital he found the woman conscious.

1601

First and Last Communion. Yes, I remember well, the time the

place, Of First Communion—date of rarest

grace, Sweetest of childhood's happy days! For then, As when He walked amongst the sons of

men, Christ in His arms raised up His little with soothing gesture, fatherly and

mild,
And pressed him to His_bosom. With
the same
Unutterable tenderness He came
Into our hearts full often since that day.
How many more such visits shall He

pay Before He comes to summon us away? How many such between us and the Of that dark ocean He will waft us o'er As our Viaticum? Ah! None can

Save only One Who keeps the secret well.
To Him I leave the manner, time and

place Of that dread change, so He but give

the grace
Of Last Communion. When and how
and where, I know not, care not; but for this I

Dying may I my Last Communion make In peace with Him Who died, too, for my sake. And may that loving Lord my parting

spirit take.

-By Rev. Matthew Russell, S. J.

CATHOLIC NOTES.

Nearly one hundred and fifty Bishops, says Rome, took part in the canonisation in St. Peter's last Thursday, among them being Mgr. William O'Connell, Archbishop of Boston, Mgr. Chisholm, Bishop of Aberdeen, Mgr. Seton, Archbishop of Heliopolis, Mgr. Foley, Bishop of Kildare and Leighlin, Mgr. Conaty, Bishop of Los Angeles, Mgr. Kennedy, Bishop of Adrianople and Rector of the American College.

Commenting on the fact that in and around Taunton, Mass., there are Portuguese Catholic churches, the Gazette of that city says: It is also worthy of note that the Portuguese who have settled here have formed, as a class, a hardworking, earnest, intelligent and valuable element in the community, indusworking, earness, interfect at value able element in the community, industrious in their work and living uρ to the best principles of Christian manhood and womanhood.

Two thousand policemen marched into St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York City, St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York City, Sunday afternoon, May 30, to listen to a sermon by Father John C. Chidwick, their chaplain, and to honor the memory of police heroes who have died while performing their duty. About twenty-five widows of men who gave up their lives in the service of the city sat in the front news and behind them, in the the front pews, and behind them, in the two long and wide middle aisles, were massed the policemen.

It was a priest, the Rev. Gabriel Richard, of the Sulpician Order, who intro-duced the first printing press into Mich-igan: just one hundred years ago. The centenary of this event was celebrated last Tuesday in Detroit to which Father Richard had a piece of mechanism brought from the east, after a long and tedious journey, that has since that time undergone great and labor-saving improvements.

sation among many. Although the water rose until it nearly hid the figure from view, the image was unharmed when the waters receded, and the devout insist that a more than human agency interfered to prevent the destruction of

All records were broken in point of attendance at the celebration of patrons feast at "Our Lady of Consolation" Church at Carey, Ohio, recently during the annual pilgrimage day. Over five thousand pilgrims from all parts of the country were present. In the morning Mrs. Catharine Mulherne, of Warren, suffering with hip disease, prayed be-fore the famous Virgin Mary statue and was completely cured, she says. She handed her crutches to Father Mizer and walked for the first time in ten years.

A tablet in honor of Pearl Mary Teresa Craigie ("John Oliver Hobbes" was dedicated in Brinkerhoff Theatre of Bernard College, New York City, the other day. Joseph H. Choate presented the tablet to the College, recalling the fact that three years ago he had intro-duced the novelist herself to the College, when she was on a lecture tour through her native land. Rev. John J. Wynne, S. J., made an address on Mrs. Craigie's genius and personal charm. Greater women than she in our day have died with less keen and affectionate remembrance, because that charm of hers was so great.

Father Corbett, of St Raphael's Church, New York, apparently saved the life of Mrs. Harriet Dillon a few nights ago after she had swallowed oxalic acid in an attempt to end her life. Mrs. Dillon is a widow with two children. She took the acid because she was despondent. Her daughter, Lilian, hearing her groaning, ran around the corner to the church and got Father Corbett. The priest mixed two eggs in a glass of milk and gave them to Mrs. Dillon. The antidote had an immedi-