

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

CONSOLATING THOUGHTS

Dearest Lord! make me remember, when the world is cold and dreary and I know not where to turn for comfort, that there is always one spot bright and cheerful—The Sanctuary. When I am in desolation of spirit, when all who are dear to me have passed away like summer flowers and none are left to love me and care for me, whisper to my troubled soul that there is one Friend Who dies not—One Whose love never changes—Jesus on the altar. When sorrows thicken and crush me with their burden, when I look in vain for comfort, let Thy dear words come from the tabernacle: "Come to Me all you who labor and are heavily burdened and I will refresh you." Thy friendship, dearest Lord, henceforth, shall be the dearest treasure I possess. It shall compensate for the treachery and ingratitude of men. It shall be my consolation when the wildflowers are growing over the best loved ones, and when all who hold a dear place in my heart are withered and gone! With Thy friendship the world shall never be dreary, and life never without charm. Would that I could feel—when I am crushed and humbled, when the hope I have lived for has withered, when sorrows and trials that I dare not reveal to any make my soul sink well nigh unto death, when I look in vain for some one to understand me, one who will enter into my miseries, make me then remember that there is One on the Altar Who knows every fire of my heart, every sorrow, every pain special to my peculiar nature, and who deeply sympathizes with me. Compassionate Jesus! my heart craves for sympathy, and to suffer seems nothing to the bitterness of suffering alone.

LETTER-WRITING

There is no art so important in the conduct of our modern life, after the art of conversation, as the art of letter-writing. A young man who shows a good education and careful training in his letters will stand on the first row of the ladder of success. If, in addition to this, he can acquire early in life the power of expressing himself easily and gracefully, he can get what he wants in eight cases out of ten. Very few people indeed can resist a cleverly written letter.

In the old times when there was no civil service and congress made their appointments to West Point at their own sweet will, an applicant's fate was often decided by his letters. There is a story told of Thaddeus Stevens, a famous statesman of thirty years ago, that he once rejected an applicant for admission to the military school. This applicant met him one day in a corridor of the capitol and remonstrated violently. "Your favoritism is marked," Mr. Stevens, he said; "you have blasted my career from mere party prejudice."

The legislator retorted, "I would not give an appointment to any ignoramus who spells 'until with two 'lls' and 'ill with one.' And the disappointed aspirant went home to look into his dictionary. Such trifles as this make the sum of life. A man's letter is to most educated people an index of the man himself. His card is looked on in the same light in polite society. But a man's letter is more important than his visiting-card, though the character of the latter can not be altogether neglected.

It is better to be too exquisite in your carelessness about your letters than in the slightest degree careless. The art of letter-writing comes from knowledge and constant practice.

Your letters, now, ought to be careful works of art. Intelligent members I say intelligent—care is the basis of all perfection; and perfection in small things means success in great. In our world the specialist, the man who does at least one thing as well as he can, is sure to succeed; and so overworked and the advances to success must be a specialist and know how to do at least one thing better than his fellow-men.—Catholic Citizen.

BUSINESS PHILOSOPHY

Do the routine things just as carefully each day as if you were trying a new and wonderful experiment. The only way to do a thing well is to do all the things before it well, so you will have a good foundation. Don't wait for January 1 to turn over a new leaf. Any other day, as far as resolutions are concerned, will do just as well. When the boss is away is the time to convince yourself that you are really worthy of the salary you are getting.

Be true to yourself, no matter what your job is. If you aren't worthy of your job, develop up to it. If your job isn't worthy of you, quit. You were responsible for getting it in the first place. The easier the job the higher the pay doesn't mean that you'll get a raise for shirking as much of your work as possible. When you buy a pound of butter you are angry if you get only thirteen ounces. Do you only earn \$18 of your \$20 salary?

Don't try to give suggestions for the improvement of business until you have made improvements in your own work. A neat appearance, which is always necessary, doesn't mean that you have to lead the fashions.

If you can't get the position you want don't stop doing something else which may lead up to it. The job that is easy to get is generally not worth having.

If you don't like your job and have to keep it, be a good enough bluffer not to let on about it until you have something else. It's a pretty poor specimen who will admit that he has to hold a job he doesn't like.

DISSIPATED ENERGY

Scientists estimate that there is energy enough in less than fifty acres of sunshine to run all the machinery in the world, if it could be concentrated upon the earth forever without setting anything on fire; although these rays focused by a burning-glass would melt solid granite, or even change a diamond into vapor. There are plenty of men who have ability enough; the rays of the faculties, taken separately, are all right, but they are powerless to collect them, to bring them all to bear upon a single spot. Versatile men, universal geniuses, are usually weak, because they have no power to concentrate their talents upon one point, and this makes all the difference between success and failure.

Chiselled upon the tomb of a disappointed, heart-broken king, Joseph II. of Austria, in the Royal Cemetery at Vienna, a traveller tells us, is this epitaph: "Here lies a monarch who, with the best of intentions, never carried out a single plan."

Sir James Mackintosh was a man of remarkable ability. He excelled in every one who knew him the greatest expectations. Many watched his career with much interest expecting that he would dazzle the world. But there was no purpose in his life. He had intermittent attacks of enthusiasm for doing great things, but his zeal all evaporated before he could decide what to do. This fatal defect in his character kept him balancing between conflicting motives; and his whole life was almost thrown away. He lacked power to choose one object and persevere with a single aim, sacrificing every interfering inclination. He vacillated for weeks trying to determine whether to use "usefulness" or "utility" in a composition.

THE TROUBLE SEEKER

There is always a cloud on his face, because he is constantly expecting that something unfavorable is going to happen. There is going to be a slump in business, or he is going to have a loss, or somebody is stealing from him or trying to undermine him; or he is worried about his health, or fears his children will be sick or go wrong or be killed.

In other words, although he has achieved quite a remarkable success, yet he has never really had a happy day in his life. All his life this man has been chasing rainbows—thinking if he could only get a little further on, a little higher up, if he could only achieve this or that, he would be happy; but he is just as far from it as when a boy.

I believe this condition has all come from the habit of unhappiness which he formed during his hard boyhood, and which he has never been able to overcome. He has learned to look for trouble, to expect it, and he gets it.

I have been his guest many a time. He has a beautiful home, a very charming wife, a most delightful family; but there is always the same cloud on his face, the same expression of anxiety, of unhappiness, of foreboding. He always looks as though he expected trouble right away.

A little properly directed training in his boyhood would have changed his whole career, and he would have been a happy, joyous, harmonious man, instead of being discordant and unhappy.

There is everything in starting right. What is put in the first of life is put into the whole of life.—Success.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

CONRAD'S CAPTIVITY

Norway has a village in which there is a figure of a stork carved on the church and over many of the houses. This is the beautiful story they tell of the place:

In that village there once lived a little lad named Conrad, and his widowed mother. Every summer a stork came and built its nest near the house. Little Conrad and his mother were very kind to the stork. They fed it and petted it, so that it got to know them, and would come whenever Conrad whistled to feed out of his hand. Every spring they watched for it, and when it came it seemed as glad to see them as they were to welcome it.

Spring and summer followed each other till Conrad had grown to be a young man. Then he said he would go to sea, and make money enough to come back and keep his mother in her old age. So he went to be a sailor, and set out for a distant land. All went well for many weeks, but one day, when they were near the coast of Africa, a number of cruel pirates swarmed around and took possession of the ship, and put the sailors in chains, and afterwards sold them as slaves.

Weeks went by. The widow began to be afraid about her boy, it was so long since they had heard of him. Ships had come and gone, and brought no tidings of him. At last they gave up all hope of seeing him again, and mourned him as drowned, and all the village pitied the lonely mother in her grief. As for her, the only thing that seemed to interest her at all was the stork as it came each year. For Conrad's sake she wel-

comed it, and fed it until the autumn came and it flew away to the sunny south.

Now it happened that one day, as poor Conrad toiled away at his dreary work in a lonely place, a stork came flying close to him, wheeling about him in great delight. In a moment the scene flashed upon him of his home, and his mother, and their yearly visitor. Scarcely knowing what he did, he whistled as he used to do to call the bird long ago. To his delight the stork came close to him, as if to be fed. Conrad lifted up his heart to God, and with tears gave thanks that so dear an old friend should have found him there. Day after day he saved what he could from his wretched meal, for the joy of calling the bird to feed at his hand.

But Conrad's heart grew sad again as the time came for the bird to fly away to the north. Was it going to his mother's cottage? Was the nest that he remembered so well there still? Was there any to welcome the bird now, and any to feed it? Then it occurred to him—

"Why, this bird may help me to get away from this wretched place!" He managed to write on a scrap of paper a line or two, telling where he was, and tied it firmly around the bird's leg.

The spring came again to Norway, and with it the stork. The old widow's eyes lit up as it came, reminding her of her lost boy, and tenderly she welcomed it and fed it. It took the food from her hand she caught sight of this strange letter tied to its leg. As she curiously read it, she thought of her boy when she found that it was from her son!

Forth with the tidings she ran to the pastor of the little parish to tell him of the news. It quickly spread through the village. They must send and redeem Conrad, was what everybody said. The next Sunday morning the people brought their money to the church, and each gave what he could for the king to lay the case before him, and to get a ship sent from him that the pirates dare not touch.

It took a long time in those days to send to Africa, and there to recover Conrad from his slavery. But before the stork had flown, the bells of the village church had rung, and all the people rejoiced with great joy, for the widow's son was redeemed, and was safe home again in his mother's cottage.

THE MADONNA OF THE LITTLE CHIMNEY SWEEPS

I had been praying in the Church of Notre Dame du Piliere. Just as I was about to leave, I observed a little sweep advancing timidly. My first impulse was to think that he had entered the sacred edifice in a spirit of curiosity; but as I watched him kneel slowly to the altar, and begin to pray with great devotion, my wonder changed to admiration. He was surely in earnest, the poor boy! Motionless, his large eyes shining clear and beautiful from the grime of his face, his red lips moving incessantly, showing at times a glimpse of the strong white teeth between them, made a picture of sincerity and devotion which greatly impressed me.

I waited till he had finished; and then, timing my egress with his, I contrived that we should meet in the vestibule—which we did. "You seem to love the Blessed Virgin, my little fellow?" I remarked. "Oh, yes!" he said, quite naturally, "especially that Blessed Virgin."

"And why that one in particular?" "Why, don't you know, Monsieur? Because she is the patroness of all the chimney sweeps."

"Indeed?" I said. "Yes, I might have known that the black statue would appeal to you little fellow." I smiled as I spoke; and there was something so attractive about him, that I did not like to part with him. At once, and without the least embarrassment, he accepted my invitation to dine; and we repaired to a quiet restaurant in the neighborhood.

The boy ate and drank with both relish and good manners, talking all the while—partly in response to my questions—of his native country; and though his voice was cheery, and not yet released its moly on his heart. "In my country also," he said, "everybody goes to Mass."

This was in reply to my inquiry as to whether he always went to Mass on Sundays. "Everybody?" I echoed, perhaps a little incredulously. "Oh, yes, Monsieur! If they do not their names are published in the Journal."

This utilization of the modern press was new to me, and could take place, I decided, only in a country where the people were truly Catholic, and the declaration implied. But what I wanted most was to hear the story of the Madonna and the little chimney sweeps. He told it to me naively and cheerfully, the poor little exile.

"In my country also," he continued, "we have a black Virgin." But she was not born so, Monsieur. Listen how it happened. My grandfather often told me about it when I was little. Long ago, Monsieur, there was another little chimney sweep. The poor thing had no mother—she was dead—and he was very lonely. That is always the way when the mother is dead—you know that, Monsieur."

I nodded. Yes, I had long known it. "Well, one day when he had seen some children kissing and embracing their mothers, it made him feel sadder than ever before, and he thought: 'Why have I no mamma like the

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others? And as he was thinking thus he went toward the church. That is the way people always do, Monsieur, when they are sad, you know."

Again I nodded. Would to God, I reflected, that it were true! "He walked slowly up the altar of the Blessed Virgin, where she stood so white and mother like that! He thought; and then knelt before the statue. While he prayed, with his eyes on the face of the Holy Mother, she seemed to smile upon him, and to look upon him with such compassion that he felt like putting his arms around her. After a few moments this desire grew upon him so strongly that he drew a chair to the front of the altar, and climbing up on it, he embraced the Madonna three or four times.

"He was sure that no one had seen him, the poor little fellow! But the sacristan had been at the other end of the church, and hastened forward to scold him for what he had done. And when the little fellow looked at the statue again, after taking away the chair, which the sacristan said ought to be broken over his head for his impudence—he must have been a cross old man, Monsieur, though my grandmother never said so—the Holy Virgin was all covered with black soot—the dear Blessed Virgin, who had been as white as snow until the little chimney sweep embraced her!"

"The sacristan brought water—first cold and then hot—and together they tried to wash off the black from the beautiful white marble; but it would not get clean. Do what they could, the black still remained; and what was stranger of all the spots, which had been only here and there, spread, with the rubbing, all over the statue, till it looked like black marble instead of white.

"It was a miracle, of course. The Blessed Virgin, finding herself emulsified like that by the poor child who had no mother, and knowing that, white and beautiful as she was, she would not seem to him so natural as if she were more like himself, she resolved to remain black, and nothing could restore her to her original color.

"The sacristan was furious; but the Cure, a very good, kind man, bade him stop his rubbing, and said that if the Blessed Virgin did not wish to be made white again, nothing in the world would make her so. "The next Sunday the Cure explained to the people how it had happened, telling them at the same time how one could be black and yet beautiful. It seems it is even written in the Scriptures, and ever since she has been called the Madonna of the Little Chimney Sweeps."

ABOUT THE TRACTARIAN MOVEMENT

In the famous Oxford Movement of the early 'sixties, which had as one of its most momentous results, the giving of Newman, G. W. Ward and Hope-Scott to the Catholic Church, there were, writes the Truth publication, really two parties among the Oxford men who composed the so-called Tractarians. One of these parties did not, however, come to the surface till after the publication of Tract 90, the most famous of all the "Tracts for the Times."

These two parties were in their tendency anti-Roman and pro-Roman respectively. Both agreed that the Church of England was organically the same body as the pre-Reformation Church; but they differed—as to mention one point—as to the amount of harm done by the Reformation. The anti-Roman men regarded that event as having been, on the whole, a blessing, though they deplored the unnecessary vigor with which the Church of England had "washed her face."

The Caroline period (of Charles I. and II.) was regarded as the golden age of real and reformed English Catholicism, and as a sufficiently exact following of the pure Catholicism of the earlier Councils and the Fathers. The Church had fallen a sleep (says the publicist) during the Hanoverian regime, and was now being attacked by "Liberalism," on the one side and by Romanism on the other. The Caroline theology was to be revived.

In the first volume of the "Tracts for the Times," we find it proclaimed "that nothing but those neglected doctrines, faithfully preached, would express the extension of Popery, for which the ever-multiplying divisions of the religious world are too clearly preparing the way." In fact, there

could be no greater error than to imagine that the first Tractarians looked upon Rome as the objective of the movement. Many of them, including Newman (see Apologia pp. 124-5), sincerely believed the Papacy to be anti-Christ; the Roman Church might be a sister, but she was certainly a fallen one.

It was not (they held) the Papacy, but the re-Catholicized, re-invigorated Canterbury that would one day prove the rallying-point of the divided Church. Not only (says Father Valentini) were most of the early Tractarians non-Papal; but they were also by no means ritualistic. They paid far more attention to the revival of doctrine and of certain ascetic practices—such as fasting—reversed by their attitude exactly up on it, he embraced the Madonna three or four times.

Carlyle, whose pronouncements in such matters may safely be disregarded, did the Tractarians scant justice when he described the early struggles of the movement as a "squabble about clothes." Most Broad Churchmen make the same egregious mistake; but I do not suppose any of these (Tractarian) pioneers ever wore anything more "Papish" than a cassock, surplice and furbur went, would be regarded to-day as most decidedly "Low."

Very soon, continues Father Valentini, the pro-Roman Tractarians, led by W. G. Ward (the father of Wilfrid Ward, editor of the Dublin Review) came to the front and the split of the Tractarians into two irreconcilable parties became manifest. The chorus of condemnation that followed soon after the publication of Tract 90, in 1841, marked the breaking up of the original party.

Four years later, Ward's Oxford degrees were taken away and his book, The Ideal of a Christian Church, was censured by the University of Oxford, because of his pro-Roman attitude. A few months later, he was received into the Catholic Church, 1851 Manning and Wilberforce also became Catholics.

The other sect of the two bodies of Tractarians (known for a long time to the public as Puseyites) made some headway. Yet the "High" Churchmen were not always a very united body, and at any given period at this time, it would have been hard to define them, since among their fraternity there were "extreme" men, "safe" men, "moderate" men, "ritualists," and several other varieties. In any case, they affected to take Rome as their model just as the anti-Roman body abhorred Rome.

The High Church party (i. e. the Puseyites) claimed that they represented the real Church of England. "We readily recognize the Primacy of the Bishop of Rome," Dr. Pusey wrote in the Weekly Register on November 25, 1865. They thought, however, that they now represented

DRUNKENNESS CAN BE CURED

OLD FALLACY THAT DRUNKENNESS CANNOT BE CURED EXPLODED

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a purified Catholic Church, and that in time all the other "branches" of Catholicity, namely, the Roman and the Eastern, would recognize their purification and imitate them. The Pope would become the honorary Primate of this reunited Church, but not by divine right. He would have no jurisdiction outside his province. As time passed, High Churchism developed and popular Protestantism (i. e. Low Church) became more and more alarmed and angry at the spread of their doctrines and practices, instigating persecution wherever it could. Kentsism being the modern phase of Low Church (or Protestant Evangelical, to use another term) hatred of ritualistic ideas. Several clergy were prosecuted for "illegal practices and teaching" and in some cases went to prison for their convictions. In short, Anglo-Catholicism came into being; daily services were revived in many places; Confession and the Real Presence were preached from the pulpits, though not as Catholics would have preached them.

The modern High Church will admit that "Newman was a great man, but without the depth of a Pusey," and incapable of understanding the real glory of the Oxford (Puseyite) Movement, like Pusey and Keble. "He passed through us without being one of us," they will tell you. Yet (says Father Valentini) Newman it was who understood the real character of the Movement, while Pusey and Keble did not. His genius penetrated beneath all the glitter and optimism.

He saw the rottenness of the foundations, and full sixty years ago foretold the inevitable end. In his Difficulties of Anglicanism (I. 10) he wrote: "The movement has formed but a party after all, and the Church of the nation has pursued the nation's objects and executed the nation's will, in spite of it." Again, addressing the High Churchmen of that day, Newman said: "In the beginning of the movement you disowned private judgment, but now, if you would remain a party, you must, with whatever inconsistency, profess it."

"Then you were a party only externally, that is, not in your wishes and feelings, but merely because you were in matters of fact, when the world looked at you, whether you would or not; but now you will be a party knowingly and to-day (says Father Valentini) the High Church is only a party and will never be anything more, and it is admitting that such is the case. The bankruptcy of High Churchism in its various forms has yet to be realized by many who have invested their all in it. Indeed, it is not difficult to show the Tractarian movement moves no longer.

THE LOURDES CURES

MEETING IN PARIS OF LIVING EXAMPLES OF THE MARVELOUS POWER OF FAITH AND PRAYER

The French national pilgrimage to Lourdes has, as usual, been followed by a meeting here in Paris at which doctors who had previously attended persons miraculously cured at the shrine of Mary Immaculate presented their former clients, and though in many cases freethinkers, nevertheless testified that no human science could have restored their patients to health. It took place Sunday, Nov. 24, in the Theatre Chretien, Quai de Passy, under the presidency of Mgr. Schoepfer, Bishop of Tarbes, and it is interesting to refer to some of the living examples of the marvelous power of faith and prayer to the Immaculate Virgin of Lourdes.

Among them was Alice Verte; formerly a nurse at the Lille Hospital, who, having been attacked by tuberculosis of the peritoneum, went to Lourdes in a condition pronounced by the doctors to be absolutely hopeless. Nevertheless she returned from the pilgrimage perfectly cured. She was presented to the meeting by Dr. David, who declared: "God alone can furnish us with a satisfactory explanation of that instantaneous cure." Another miraculous cure calculated to convince the most skeptical was wrought this year by the Immaculate Virgin of Lourdes on a man named Lebacq. He was formerly known as the "blind man" of Roubaix. On account of his infirmity he had obtained of the municipality permission to beg, and was at the same time granted an allowance of 12 shillings a week out of the municipal funds. There was consequently no sort of doubt of his being blind, yet he recovered his sight at Lourdes. He was presented to the assembly by Dr. Pley, who made a declaration of fervent faith. Dr. Bonnet presented M. Luciana, one of his former patients, who was cured at Lourdes of ulcers in the stomach. He testified to the miraculous healing. Then Dr. Pillet, after pointing to the miraculous cure of Georgine Devaux, obtained the applause of the meeting by calling on the people to continue "to proclaim from the housetops" the blessings of God lavished at Lourdes by the intercession of Mary Immaculate of Lourdes.

There is something finer than to do right against inclination, and that is to have an inclination to do right. There is something nobler than reluctant obedience, and that is joyful obedience. The rank of virtue is not measured by its disagreeableness, but by its sweetness to the heart that loves it. The real test of character is joy. For what you rejoice in, that you love. And what you love that you are like.—Henry Van Dyke,

Simple duty lath no place for fear. Great talkers are never great doers.

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