

rear of them and Carstairs went to untie his bridle. When Letitia was safely mounted he unfastened Tenderfoot and sprang easily into the saddle. A moment later they were entering down the road neck and neck. Neither spoke till they reached the girl's gate; both had been busy with their own thoughts. They drew rein and sat talking a bit before separating.

"You will remember about Haskell, will you not, Letty? I think I observe rather more than you do. He follows you about continually, pretending to meet you by accident, and all that. Isn't that enough," he added, with a final touch of spleen, "that he should own three-fourths of the 'Lady Lucie' and hold that over my head, but he would like to get you besides!"

"Twilight had fallen, and Letitia was glad that he could not see the swift track that welled in her eyes. Instantly she felt that Carstairs was wrong, unjust; but her sense of loyalty to him forbade the thought to take definite shape. Her reply was characteristic, gentle:—

"If you feel so strongly about it Preston, I'd rather never see him again than to have you unhappy."

"As that is out of the question, we shall have to compromise. Let's drop the subject and agree not to mention the fellow's name again. You will, I know, respect my feelings as far as is consistent, and I promise not to be so grumpy again. Do you agree?"

"I promise." Letitia slid lightly out of her saddle and shook out her riding skirt. A second later Carstairs had touched the crop to Tenderfoot's flank and was lost to view in a cloud of dust.

The girl walked slowly up the gravel path and on into the house. The buoyancy seemed gone from her step. Her mind was in a turmoil. It was the first time she had ever seen her lover in so difficult a mood, and his vehemence worried her; she could not at all understand it. It brought such a hateful little cloud to the horizon of her happiness. If only she had not mentioned Dick's name! But then, considering the state of Carstairs' feelings, she was bound to discover it sooner or later, and she ought to have been glad of the opportunity to save him further annoyance. So with a little half-sigh at her own lack of worldly knowledge and consequent sensitiveness, she ran upstairs and began to take off her riding-dress.

Carstairs came home after a trying day at the 'Lady Lucie.' Things had not gone well at the mine since Haskell's death, and he reviewed the possibilities of a threatened strike.

He found Letitia daintily gowned, seated in a low rocker with a book in her hands and cushions behind her head. At his entrance, she rose and held out her hands to him. He took them and functorily in his cold clasp and kissed her absent. It was the first time he had ever treated her so, and the girl's heart contracted with instinctive apprehension. Her hands dropped to her side and her eyes filled. Quick to see her agitation, Carstairs jerked himself together sharply, smiled and took her in her arms.

"Don't mind my moods, little girl," he said a trifle awkwardly. "I ought not to bring business cares into our home, but there has been a lot of bother at the mine to-day, and somehow I can't quite shake off a feeling of depression."

Letitia interrupted him swiftly. "It's a pity I'm such a shallow little goose," she said. "Aren't you half sorry you chose me, instead of some capable, brainy woman who could really be of some aid to her husband at a time like this?" Her voice quivered perceptibly under its veneer of badinage.

When Carstairs spoke, his tone was shaken with sudden passion.

"Don't—don't talk like that to me, Letty. You know as well as I do that I'd rather have your sweet, loyal, immaculate self than all the so-called brainy women in the universe. A man couldn't have a greater stimulus and inspiration than a girl like you!"

Letitia's face shone luminously. Praise from her husband's lips was the sweet of life to her. There were things about him that she felt she should never quite comprehend, but she knew he loved her, and she wanted to hear him say it every day. After a silence, she asked:

"Was there anything new—anything special to-day, dear?"

"Decidedly. The men are all discontented. Since the manager's death things have seemed to go to pieces. As soon as his heirs are made known, there will have to be a reorganization of the stock company. In the meantime, the work has to go on—" He stopped suddenly and looked curiously into Letitia's eyes. Her gaze faltered under his, and he perceived instantly that she was trembling all over.

"What is the matter?" he demanded, in an unconsciously curt tone.

The girl hesitated; she abhorred dissimulation, yet the alternative of a confession was none the less distasteful. But she lifted her eyes valiantly now, and though troubled, they were unshrinking.

"It is about Dick Haskell," she said; "do you wish me to tell you?"

Involuntarily, Carstairs put her aside. He went over and stood by an open window, battling fiercely with the demon of jealousy that his wife's words had once more roused to savage life. When he felt that he had gained outward poise sufficient he turned and went back to the fireplace.

"Of course," he said, making his tone as matter-of-fact as possible. Letitia knew, was innocent; he did not wish to wound her wantonly. To further establish his equanimity in her eyes he took out a cigar and lighted it leisurely. Then he looked down into her flushed face with his keen peremptory eyes.

"Well?" he prompted.

"I would have told you before—not that it amounts to anything much—still, I would have told you at the time, only—only we agreed not to mention his name again, so—I didn't. It was your wish, you know," she added, in explanation, a trifle disconcerted.

Carstairs shifted uneasily. She hurried on, as though anxious to have done with the subject:

"A little while before he died—it was the day you went up to Phoenix—a letter was brought to me from his brother—"

"Yes?" He had come a step closer to her, and his lips were set in the old uncompromising lines.

"He wanted me to come to him. To be with him at the end." She paused and glanced up; the hot blood flooding her face, Carstairs' anger was quite obvious.

"He wanted me to marry him," she added abruptly.

"To marry him?"

"Yes," she replied, "and Preston," she said with a swift gesture of appeal, "don't be displeased! You are skeptical and I believed you misjudged him. I know you were honest, but your jealousy blinded you to Dick's real character. He knew it was you I really loved, and although he had never ceased to care, he had ceased to hope. But he wanted to see me happy—he wanted to see us both so!" Looking up suddenly, she caught the glitter in Carstairs' eyes. His face hardened, but she went on bravely: "He wanted to leave me his interest in the 'Lady Lucie.' All that he asked was the privilege of calling me his wife just once before he died—her voice broke and she stopped short, struggling for self-control.

Carstairs started. The breath came jerkily between his parted lips. There was a moment of intense silence. The man was the first to break it. "And you—did it?" The words broke through his lips, hoarsely. The color fled from his face.

Letitia rose slowly and laid her trembling fingers on his coat sleeve. "No," she said, "it was terribly hard—you will never know how hard—it was to refuse him, and he was dying. It seemed such a little thing to do, no real thing at all. But—you were gone, and I had given you my word."

The look of premature age, the old expression of harshness and cynicism was quickly effaced by something young and ardent as he bent toward her, breathing fast. "To please me—to gratify a jealous whim," he said unsteadily, "you freely gave up hundreds of thousands!"

Letitia stood motionless for a second; her breast rose and fell hurriedly. She looked up abruptly, and their eyes were locked.

An instant later he was crushing her passionately in his arms, all the old un-forgotten obliterated forever.—Nellie Cravey Gilmore in The Springfield Republican.

THE NIGHT NURSE'S STORY.

(Written for The Missionary.)

"For five years I had been night nurse at the 'Misericordia,' said the good Sister of Mercy who was speaking to me, "and I could fill a volume with my experiences of wonderful conversions—of wonderful examples of the patience, love and mercy of God, of the power of sacrifice and the efficacy of petitions sent up to heaven in behalf of suffering souls. Let me tell you one that happened a short time ago. Father Alexander and you will agree with me it was a visible proof that faith and prayer are never unavailing, and that the most unexpected events follow each other at times so naturally that the marvelous seems to be the ordinary course of affairs."

"There was in the hospital a young man of twenty-four or five, who had a serious throat disease. The trouble had not progressed far, and was by no means deemed incurable. He had no idea of dying; in fact, had every intention of living, and supporting his widowed mother and young sisters. His prayers for him were unceasing. His mother particularly offered constant prayers for his recovery, although, as she said to me: 'Sister, he is inclined to be a little wild and, though he is so dear to me and I have no one else to support me, sooner than know he would forsake his God or his religion I would give him up a thousand times, if he were only ready to go!'"

"Time passed on, and he seemed to be getting a little better. Still, every night he suffered so dreadfully with spells of suffocation that it alarmed me; but in the morning I would find him up and dressed, sitting in the sun parlor, amusing himself; sometimes chatting with the convalescents; sometimes playing cards. At night his agonizing pains always returned. After one of these nights I went to the chaplain and told him my fears and asked him to look at the patient and talk to him. He did so; and when he left the young man he came to me.

"Sister, I want you to put that man to bed; I mean to give him the last sacraments now."

"Why, Father, I said, 'he is better to-day than he has been this week; why, I left him in the sun parlor in his arm chair playing cards!'"

"So I found him," said the chaplain, "but I have been talking to him and one of those unaccountable inspirations or intuitions warns me that I had better do as I said. Go to him, Sister, and when he is in bed I will go to his room."

"A male nurse was sent to tell him he was wanted in his room. I was there and I told him gravely that the chaplain wished him to go to bed; that he would administer the last sacraments. He thought his case serious.

"Why, Sister, I don't feel worse; I ate my breakfast," asked the astonished man; "I can't receive the sacraments."

"I tried to tell him that sometimes a priest is supernaturally enlightened, and that God often makes known to him His will by an inspiration that must not be ignored; that he had better obey."

"Well!" said the poor fellow. "I'll give in to the priest; maybe he's right. But it seems strange to me, when I'm feeling all right—But I'll go!"

"And he went to bed, it being about 10 o'clock in the morning. The chaplain came, and with great fervor the patient made his confession and received Holy Viaticum and Extreme Unction. After all was over he said to me: 'Sister, what have I ever done that God should be so good to me? There must be some one praying for me, for the moment the Sacred Host touched my tongue it became a conviction that I would die soon and oh! how I prayed to be ready! I would like to see my mother and sisters to-day.' I encouraged him, and in about an hour he arose, dressed himself and went out again to the sun parlor. He was calm and recollected and seemed to

be praying interiorly. I went to the telephone and spoke to his mother, and told her that he was sitting in the sun parlor, but had received the sacraments and would like to see them. When she asked if I saw any change I had to confess I thought him even a little better, and she said they would visit him early the next morning. The day passed on, and that night as I made my rounds his sufferings began as usual. I gave him the customary medicines and he seemed relieved. I passed on to the other patients. In about twenty minutes there came a nurse hurrying to me. 'Sister, No. 45 is very much worse; won't you come to him?' 'Why, he seemed better fifteen minutes ago,' I said. But I hurried down the corridor and opened the door of his room. By the dim night lamp I saw a white figure stretched on the floor. I hurried to the switch, turned on the electric light, and the nurse and myself raised his face from the floor.

One glance showed us he was dead!

There was silence for a moment; then I looked at the man who had just died, and my heart was touched: "Who can and ought to believe in our Redeemer's special individual care for each one of His creatures in the face of such an event as this."—Rev. Richard W. Alexander.

WHAT OF OUR DEAD?

PERMANENCY OF RELATIONS AND AFFINITIES AFTER DEATH—LIVING AND DEAD, MEMBERS OF THE SAME CHURCH.

Introductory Chapter to Catholic History—Right Rev. L. Scanlon, D. D., on the State of the Dead.

It is in the Catholic Church alone that the heart of man finds all its spiritual longings satisfied, and its tenderest affections enkindled at once, and elevated by the possession of privileges not subject to time, and by the exercises of duties which do not terminate in the grave. In the Church, relations and affinities once formed endure forever. They are not for this earth alone, nor only for time, because they do not arise out of earthly associations, nor depend upon the laws of human existence. They pass beyond the bounds of time and have their perfect realization only in Eternity. These relations do not cease when death enters. The visible Church, that is, the Church on earth, is the channel and means of our union with the Church invisible, that is, with the souls who departed this life in friendship with God. When by one baptism, and the one faith, we are united to the company of the faithful on earth, we are also joined to the spirits departed, so that the living and the dead are members of the same Church, united to one Head, Jesus Christ—the Lord and Ruler of both worlds—subjects of the same kingdom and members one of another in the same community. Nothing can separate us from Christ—neither death, nor life, things present nor things to come—nothing but that which cuts us off from the communion of the Church, visible and invisible—either excommunication, or a death, a mortal sin. The former cuts us off from the Church, visible and invisible, at once; and by death in mortal sin we fall away from the friendship of Christ, the hope of heaven, and the fellowship of redeemed souls. We have it on the Word of God that nothing defiled, no defiled soul, can enter into heaven, and the Holy Ghost in the epistle of St. Jude and in the second general epistle of St. Peter tells us that the reprobate and mortally guilty are in the unseen world detained in everlasting chains, imprisoned in the pit, and that for them the "mists and storm of darkness are reserved forever." For these we do not pray. Many of the baptized, let us hope the great body of the baptized, are not wilfully and obdurately sinful; but when about to die they know that they have not made satisfaction to God for sins committed in the flesh, nor have they made ample atonement to God for these sins. The Catholic Church teaches that God has provided a state—St. Paul calls it a place—in the other world where satisfaction may be made for mortal sin, the guilt of which is already pardoned, and the eternal punishment remitted, or for venial sins or voluntary stains found on the soul when it separates from its body.

In what way the soul, which leaves this world in a state of grace, yet with remain of sin, will be prepared for its ultimate destiny in the kingdom of God, into which nothing defiled or that defileth can enter, we know not. It may have to pass through a longer or shorter period of suffering in order to its purification. It may be that sin, once admitted into the soul, cannot be eradicated without the application of severe remedies external to itself. Sin has a substantive existence, besides its opposition to the will of God, which seems by the consent of the sinner to be woven into the very texture of the soul itself, so that we cannot entirely get rid of it by any effort of our own. After we have repented, after absolution, while we are striving against it, still it haunts us; we feel it as the presence of an evil being which will not let us alone. Its marks survive our earthly existence. It may survive God's most gracious pardon, and require means not attainable in this life for its extermination. All our experience leads us to believe that there can be no real, thorough conviction of mortal sin without the deepest anguish of mind. And if it were so that the soul had to pass through some fiery ordeal, internal or external, for its cleansing from the devil-marks which have been woven into it by former sins, it would not be so much penal suffering as the

loving treatment of the Divine Physician healing the wounds of the soul by sharp but salutary remedies, and in healing, drawing it ever nearer to Himself and imparting to it a foretaste of eternal bliss.

The Catholic Church from its beginning has taught and teaches now that the temporal punishment due for unatoned sin is modified and the time of suffering shortened by the operation of indulgences, prayers, alms and especially the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. And that this was the belief of the Church of God before the Incarnation or birth of our Divine Lord we know from the history of the people of God in the time of Judas Maccabees. After his victory over the Greeks, the Governor of Idumea, Judas ordered a collection to be taken up among his officers and soldiers, and "sent twelve thousand drachms of silver to Jerusalem for sacrifice to be offered up for the sins of the dead." It is therefore a holy and wholesome thought to pray for the dead, that they may be loosed from their sins." (II. Mach., xii., 43-46.) Here is an evident, an undeniable proof—even an historical fact—of the practice of praying for the dead under the old law which was then strictly observed by the Jews, and consequently could not be introduced at that particular time by Judas, their High Priest and Commander.

It must be frankly acknowledged that the Holy Scripture contains no direct and explicit command to pray for the dead apart from the living. Indeed, Holy Writ says very little about the state of the dead; it seldom refers us to the hour of death as the termination and end, and the final finishing of our moral training and discipline. "The Coming of the Lord," "The Judgment," is that to which it directs our attention as to our goal, and the consummation of our destiny. St. Paul seems to speak of the work of grace as continuing in the redeemed soul when it is in an intermediate state or in Purgatory. "Being content of this very thing, that He Who hath begun a good work in you will perfect it until the Day of Jesus Christ." (Phil., i., 6.)

Waiting for the manifestation of our Lord Jesus Christ, Who also will confirm you unto the end that you may be without crime in the Day of our Lord Jesus Christ." (I. Cor., i., 7, 8.)

But we have plain directions to pray for another, to make prayers and supplications to God for one another, to pray for all Saints. Now if all who have been and are lawfully baptized belong to the same body of the Church, if there be one Body and one Spirit, if that One Body be Christ Himself, from whom no faithful soul can be separated by death, it does not appear how any one soul redeemed by the Blood of Jesus Christ and united to Him by grace can be excluded from the prayers which the Church offers for the Living and the Dead, or from participation in the virtues of the adorable Sacrifice of the Mass. All who belong to the "household of God," wherever they are, share in the Communion of Saints.

When St. Paul begged of God (II. Tim., i., 18) to show mercy to the soul of Onesiphorus, he certainly was praying for the dead, and in doing so professed his belief in an Intermediate State, and the possibility that remains of evil yet lingered with the soul of Onesiphorus, his friend, which the unknown disciple would cleanse away. The soul of St. Paul's friend was not dormant; it was in a state of conscious existence and its powers were actively exerted in some way. The same may be said of every soul in the Intermediate State, that is, Purgatory. Thought is of the very essence of the being of a soul, in the body or out of it. It must think, it cannot exist and be inactive. The soul in Purgatory is waiting for the voice of Jesus Christ summoning it to "possess the Kingdom," it is preparing for the Beatific Vision. What may be the nature of its sufferings, the intensity of its longings, its lonely regret for its sins, or the duration of its exile are known to God alone.

This much we do know, that the Church of God, in the Holy Sacrifice, appeals to Him to have pity and mercy on the souls of her departed children, and that the faithful from the beginning prayed for their dead.

The most unexceptionable authority is to be found in the early Liturgies, or books of instruction and devotion on all points of Catholic faith and practice which they embrace. No documents of proof can equal them in importance, and when they all agree, as they do in this matter of Prayer for the Dead, we may be certain that we have attained the mind of all the churches, not in one age or country, but in all ages and in all countries where Christ has been worshipped. Liturgies are the voice and words, not of a Doctor or Father, however great, but of churches which with one consent have approved a form of rites and prayers. In every Liturgy extant, prayers are found for the dead, they form a part of the great Intercession for the Church and the world, for the Living and the Dead. It is beyond the limit and the scope of this introduction to quote the words in which Liturgies commemorate and pray for the Dead. We find these prayers in the Liturgy of Malabar, in those of St. Mark, St. James, St. Clement, St. Chrysostom, the Sarum, and even to-day among all the churches of the East, among the Nestorians, Monophysites, Armenians and Copts.

There are some other doctrines distinctively Catholic that space will not permit us to enter upon. There is the doctrine of the Communion of Saints, that of the Immaculate Conception, invocation and veneration of saints and devotion to the Blessed Virgin Mary, whose ineffable nearness to Christ and her immaculate purity, draw a clear line of distinction between her and all others, even the holiest creatures, so as to exempt her from the conditions which surround the pious dead. The moth-worm charge that Catholics adore the Virgin Mother of God is practically dead, killed by the intelligence of sane men. Of God we ask mercy and pardon, the Blessed Virgin and the Saints in Heaven we ask prayers and intercession for us with God. All history, sacred and profane, offers us no char-

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acter worthier of our admiration, worship and reverence than Mary as child, maiden and mother. The poet Wordsworth, inspired by faith and poetic genius, sings of her:

—Woman above all women glorified,
Our sainted nature's solitary boast,
Fairer than eastern skies at daybreak strewn
With fancied roses, than the unblemished moon
Before her stars begin on heaven's blue coast,
Maiden whose virgin bosom was unsoiled
By the least shade of thought to sin allied."

Nor may any Catholic pay a higher tribute of respect and reverence to the sinless virgin than did the Protestant poet Longfellow when he addressed her in reverent and devotional verse:

"Virgin and Mother of our dear Redeemer,
All hearts are touched and softened at thy name,
And our faith hath given us nothing more,
Than this example of all womanhood—
So mild, so merciful, so strong, so good,
So patient, generous, loyal, loving, pure,
That were enough to prove it higher and truer
Than all the creeds the world had known before."

No man who adores God may hesitate to exclaim with St. Bernard:

"Mother of our Lord Jesus Christ, pray for me!"

IS IT NOT SO NOW?

Newman, in attributing conversion in his day to the secret stirrings of grace, bids us lay our hopes mainly upon those unseen influences, which are responsive only to prayer: "Fifty years ago," he says, "religion seemed almost extinguished. To the eyes of man, it was simply declining and wasting away all through the eighteenth century. The political power and social influence of religion was ever less and less; and, then, at last a European revolution came, and in man's judgment all was lost. But in its deepest misfortunes began its most wonderful rise; a reaction set in, and steadily has it progressed; and the same phenomenon, I say, reveals itself which we read of in former times. While the Church has been praying and laboring on her own field, converts, beyond that field, whom she was not contemplating, have been added to her. The special sects of her enemies are the very scenes of this spontaneous accession. To the surprise of all that know them, often to their own surprise, those who fear the Church or disown her doctrines, find themselves drawing near to her by some incomprehensible influence year after year, and at length give themselves up to her and proclaim her sovereignty. Those who never spoke to a Catholic priest, those who have never entered a Catholic Church, who have learned their religion from the Protestant Bible, having in matter of fact by the overruling Providence of God been brought through that very reading to recognize the mother of saints. Her very name, her simple claim, constraints upon to think of her, to enquire about her, to wish her to be what she says she is, to submit to her; not on any assignable reason, save the needs of human nature and the virtue of grace, which works secretly, round about the Church, without observation."—(Sermon on the Secret Power of Divine Grace.)

THE CHURCH AND MOTHERHOOD.

But woman has a still higher duty, and that is to become a mother. Here she not only becomes a helpmate of man, but she also becomes a helpmate of God. She serves to perpetuate the race. God honors woman; He honors marriage; but above all He honors the mother. Under God the holiest thing the Christian eye beholds is a mother—the Mother of God.

Motherhood has always been honored in the Church. The Catholic bride has always been told on the day of her wedding that she was expected to bring forth children and educate them in the knowledge and love of God.

Motherhood is not honored in our day. Women are willing to become wives. Oh, yes; marriage was never more popular than it is to-day. Every young woman to-day wants above all things to get married. But outside the Catholic Church few want to become mothers.

To indicate the spirit of the Church and to show her respect for Christian motherhood, I may cite a custom in the most Catholic and most glorious country in the world to-day, Spain. By the laws

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and customs of Spain women become queens in marrying a Spanish king. There is a special graveyard in the Escorial for all the kings of Spain; but only such queens as bear an heir to the Spanish crown may be interred therein. The Spanish queen who is not a mother cannot be buried in the Escorial.—From a sermon by Rev. D. S. Phelan, LL. D.

The Catechism at Mass.

How many adult Catholics remember the questions and answers of the little catechism taught them in their Sunday school days? One of our valued exchanges has an earnest editorial upon the duty of Catholics knowing the truths contained in the little catechism. It bewails the vast amount of ignorance concerning this little book and the disinclination of so many people to address themselves to its study. It suggests: "If our city pastors would announce that instead of the usual sermon at the late Mass the priest would call upon those present to answer some simple questions from the catechism, it would be interesting to observe how the pews would be occupied. The early Masses would become, if possible, more popular."—The Spectator.

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