

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

THE DAY'S RESULT
Is anybody happier because you passed his way?
Does anyone remember that you spoke to him to-day?
This day is almost over and its tolling time is through:
Is there any one to utter now a kindly word of you?

Did you give a cheerful greeting to the friend who came along,
Or a churlish sort of "howdy" and then vanish in the throng?
Were you selfish, pure and simple, as you rushed along the way,
Or is some one mighty grateful for a deed you did to-day?

Can you say to-night, in parting with the days that, slipping fast,
That you helped a single brother of the many that you passed?
Is a single heart rejoicing over what you did or said?

Does a man whose hopes were fading now with courage look ahead,
Did you waste the day or lose it, was it well or poorly spent?
Did you leave a trail of kindness or a scar of discontent?
As you close your eyes in slumber do you think that God would say
You have earned one more to-morrow by the work you did to-day?

DISCOURTESY

Many a man has blocked his advancement by incivility to someone whom he looked down on or to whom he did not think it worth while to be polite.

An insult to a waiter in a restaurant, to a hotel clerk, to a salesman, or to a train conductor, has been a boomerang to many a man who never dreamed that his rudeness would rebound to his own discredit.

Even from the most selfish, personal viewpoint, discourtesy is always bad business. One never knows in this land of chance and lightning changes when fortune may send men who need assistance to the very man they have snubbed and abused.—Catholic Columbian.

INFORMATION WHILE THEY WAITED

The president of the faculty of a medical college once addressed a graduating class with reference to the necessity of cultivating the quality of patience in their professional, as well as in their domestic, relations. The professor said: "Gentlemen, you are about to plunge into the sphere of action." No doubt you will, in some degree, follow the example of those who have preceded you. Among other things, you will doubtless marry. Let me entreat you to be kind to your wives. Be patient with them. Endeavor not to fret yourselves under petty domestic trials. If you are going to the theater, do not permit yourself to become excited if your wife is not downstairs in time. Have a treatise on your speciality always with you. Read it while you are waiting.

"And, I assure you, gentlemen," the professor concluded, with delicate irony, "you'll be astonished at the vast fund of information you'll accumulate in this way."

GETTING A JOB

The man who is looking for employment will succeed best if he knows exactly what kind of work he wants to do and can show that he is competent to do it. Have you ever been in a position where you had to employ a person for a responsible place? You found, didn't you, that some men seeking jobs are really running away from them, they are so unfit for the work and the responsibility. Others, doubtless, overvalued or under-valued their service. Some who looked good to you on the surface, became superficial as you got their angle.

Somewhat one finds so many people seeking positions, and so few looking for jobs. Then there is sometimes young, often old, sure-of-himself fellow, who forgets to change his laundry, or shines his shoes, or get a shave. He just walks in and says, "I'm the man you want"—and ten times out of nine—that's the right proportion—he never had a look-in to get the situation.

But sometimes there will walk in a clean-cut, clear-eyed man who knows just what he wants, and what he is fit to do. Garbed properly, considerate of your time, experienced, direct—hired, almost before you know it yourself.

But that there are few of such is the pity of it all.

MAKE THE BEST OF IT

Beethoven played divinely once on an old harpsichord, some of the keys of which were silent. He had the high skill to avoid the bad keys and elicit splendid harmonies from the others.

It is the bad workman who quarrels with his tools. In a word, nine-tenths of success is in the worker and not more than one-tenth in the equipment.

Few indeed are the people who are privileged to work with good instruments and under ideal conditions. The ones who do well are those who make the best of it. A farmer said to me:

"All nature seems to be in conspiracy against the farmer. He has to combat insect pests, diseases in his live stock, beasts and birds of prey, bad weather, and exhaustion of soil."

"Yes," I replied, "and the store-keeper has to wrestle with fluctuat-

ing prices, changing styles, bad accounts, dishonest competitors, and the whims and tempers of people."

Like things could be said of every occupation. Make the best of it. If you can't press a new suit, have the old one pressed. If you can't climb over, go around. If you have the spirit of achievement, hindrances will not defeat you.—Catholic Columbian.

IN THE HOME

Home is the place where a man should appear at his best. He who is beardless at home and polite only abroad is no true gentleman; indeed, he who cannot be considerate to those of his own household will never be really courteous to strangers. There is no better training for healthy and pleasant intercourse with the outer world than a bright and cheerful demeanor at home. It is in a man's home that his real character is seen; as he appears there, so he is really elsewhere, however skillfully he may for the time conceal his true nature.

It would go far to promote happiness in the home if all the members were as courteous to one another as they are to guests. The visitor receives bright smiles, pleasant greetings, while to our own we are often cross, rude, selfish, nagging and fault-finding. Are not our very own as worthy of our love, kindness and gentleness as the stranger.—St. Paul Bulletin.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

SHORT SKETCH OF LIVES OF SAINTS OF THE WEEK

DECEMBER 3.—ST. FRANCIS XAVIER

A young Spanish gentleman, in the dangerous days of the Reformation, was making a name for himself as a Professor of Philosophy in the University of Paris, and had seemingly no higher aim, when St. Ignatius of Loyola won him to heavenly thoughts. After a brief apostolate amongst his countrymen in Rome he was sent by St. Ignatius to the Indies, where for twelve years he was to wear himself out, bearing the Gospel to Hindostan, to Malacca, and to Japan. Thwarted by the jealousy, covetousness, and carelessness of those who should have helped and encouraged him, neither their opposition nor the difficulties of every sort which he encountered could make him slacken his labors for souls. The vast kingdom of China appealed to his charity, and he was resolved to risk his life to force an entry, when God took him to Himself, and on the 2nd of December, 1552, he died, like Moses, in sight of the land of promise.

DECEMBER 4.—ST. BARBARA, VIRGIN, MARTYR

St. Barbara was brought up a heathen. A tyrannical father, Dioscorus had kept her jealously secluded in a lonely tower which he had built for the purpose. Here, in her forced solitude, she gave herself to prayer and study, and contrived to receive instruction and baptism by stealth from a Christian priest. Dioscorus, on discovering his daughter's conversion, was beside himself with rage. He himself denounced her before the civil tribunal. Barbara was horribly tortured, and at last was beheaded, her own father, merciless to the last, acting as her executioner. God, however, speedily punished her persecutors. While her soul was being borne by angels to Paradise, a flash of lightning struck Dioscorus, and he was hurled before the judgment-seat of God.

DECEMBER 5.—ST. SABAS, ABBOT

St. Sabas, one of the most renowned patriarchs of the monks of Palestine, was born in the year 439, near Caesarea. In order to settle a dispute which had arisen between some of his relatives in regard to the administration of his estate, while still young he foresook the world and entered a monastery, wherein he became a model of fervor. When Sabas had been ten years in this monastery, being eighteen years old, he went to Jerusalem to visit the holy places, and attached himself to a monastery then under control of St. Euthymius; but on the death of the holy abbot our Saint sought the wilderness, where he chose his dwelling in a cave on the top of a high mountain, at the bottom of which ran the brook Cedron. After he had lived here five years, several came to him, desiring to serve God under his direction. He was at first unwilling to consent, but finally founded a new monastery of persons all desirous to devote themselves to praise and serve God without interruption. His great sanctity becoming known, he was ordained priest, at the age of fifty-three, by the patriarch of Jerusalem, and made Superior-General of all the anchorites of Palestine. He lived to be ninety-four, and died on the 5th of December, 532.

DECEMBER 6.—ST. NICHOLAS OF BARI

St. Nicholas, the patron Saint of Russia, was born toward the end of the third century. His uncle, the Archbishop of Myra in Lycia, ordained him priest, and appointed him abbot of a monastery; and on the death of the archbishop he was elected to the vacant see. Throughout his life he retained the bright and guileless manners of his early years, and showed himself the special protector of the innocent and the wronged. Nicholas once heard that a person who had fallen into poverty intended to abandon his three daughters to a life of sin. Determined, if possible, to save their innocence, the Saint went out by night, and taking with him a bag of gold, flung it into the window of the sleeping father and hurried off. He, on awaking, deemed the gift a godsend, and with-

edowered his eldest child. The Saint, overjoyed at his success, made like venture for the second daughter; but the third time, as he stole, overtook him and kissed his feet, saying: "Nicholas, why dost thou conceal thyself from me? Thou art my helper, and he who has delivered my soul and my daughters from hell." St. Nicholas is usually represented by the side of a vessel, wherein a certain man had concealed the bodies of his three children whom he had killed, but who were restored to life by the Saint. He died A. D. 342. His relics were translated in 1807, to Bari, Italy, and there after fifteen centuries, "the mamma of St. Nicholas" still flows from his bones and heals all kinds of sick.

DECEMBER 7.—ST. AMBROSE, BISHOP

Ambrose was of a noble family, and was governor of Milan A. D. 374, when a bishop was to be chosen for that great See. As the Arian heretics were many and fierce, he was present to preserve order during the election. Though only a catechumen, it was the will of God that he should himself be chosen by acclamation; and, in spite of his utmost resistance, he was baptized and consecrated. He was unwearied in every duty of a pastor, full of sympathy and charity, gentle and condescending in things indifferent, but inflexible in matters of principle. He showed his fearless zeal in braving the anger of the Empress Justina, by resisting and foiling her attempt to give one of the churches of Milan to the Arians, and by rebuking and leading to penance the really great Emperor Theodosius, who in a moment of irritation had punished most cruelly a sedition of the inhabitants of Thessalonica. He was the friend and confessor of St. Monica in all her sorrows, and in 387 he had the joy of admitting to the Church her son, St. Augustine. St. Ambrose died A. D. 397, full of years and of honors, and is revered by the Church of God as one of her greatest doctors.

DECEMBER 8.—THE FEAST OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION

On this day, so dear to every Catholic heart, we celebrate, in the first place, the moment in which Almighty God showed Mary, through the distance of ages, to our first parents as the Virgin Mother of the divine Redeemer, the woman destined to crush the head of the serpent. And as by eternal decree she was miraculously exempt from all stain of original sin, and endowed with the highest degree of grace and sanctity, it is meet that we should honor her glorious prerogatives by this special feast of the Immaculate Conception. We should join in spirit with the blessed in heaven, and rejoice with our dear Mother, not only for her own sake, but for ours, her children, who are partakers of her glory and happiness. Secondly, we are called upon to celebrate that ever-memorable day, the 8th of December, 1854, which raised up the Immaculate Conception of Our Blessed Lady to a position before the dignity of a dogma of the infallible Church, causing universal joy among the faithful.

DECEMBER 8.—THE FEAST OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION

"Always something," snarled the general. "Last week it was flour and ice; to-day it is ice and beef; tomorrow it will be coffee and ice, I suppose, and all for a lot of rascally rebels, who ought to be shot, instead of being nursed back to life and treason." "General"—the Sister was majestic now—"Rebel or Federal, I do not ask. They are not soldiers when they come to us—they are simply suffering fellow creatures. Rich or poor, gentle or of lowly blood, it is not our province to inquire. Ununiformed, unarmed, sick and helpless, we ask not on which side they fought. Our work begins after yours is done. Yours the carnage, ours the binding up of wounds. Yours the battle, ours the duty of caring for the mangled left behind on the field. Ice I want for the sick, the wounded, the dying. I plead for all, I beg for all, I pray for all God's suffering creatures, wherever I may find them."

"IS THIS CATHARINE OR CHRIST?"

There is no plate so highly sensitized as the human conscience. The face of any man or woman will record to a greater or less degree the struggles undergone, the temptations overcome, the sin that has enslaved. It is related of St. Catharine of Sienna that when on the way from the church to the convent after the reception of Holy Communion she was so transfixed that friends who met her were wont cry out in wonder, "Is this Catharine or Christ?"

There is much comfort for us in the little story. Being Christ-like is being beautiful with a beauty that has a haunting sweetness all its own, a beauty that depends for its charm not upon the arts of man but upon the processes that originate in the foreknowledge of God. When, thorn-crowned and lacerated, the Saviour of mankind was led before the mob, He was far from beautiful, as men reckon beauty. Yet in the sight of God and the Angels He was supremely fair. Even those who thirsted for His blood recognized in Him a something that they could not define and that set Him apart from all the rest of the sons of men.

It is only as we approximate our Divine Lord that we acquire true comeliness, the comeliness that leads our fellows nearer to Him and to us, that caused those who knew her to say of the Tuscan saint: "Is this Catharine or Christ?"—New World.

Many a man needs to take off his hat and let a little sun shine in.

whether life or death would be the victor. But who was the quiet faithful nurse, ever at his bedside, ever ministering to his wants, ever watching of his smallest needs? Why only "one of the Sisters."

At last life triumphed, reason returned, and with it much of the old abrupt manner. The general awoke to consciousness to see a face not altogether unknown bending over him, and to feel a pair of small, deft hands skillfully arranging a bandage, wet in ice-cold water, around his throbbing temples; where the mad pain and aching had for so long a time held sway. He was better now, though still very weak; but his mind was clear, and he could think calmly and connectedly of all that had taken place since the fatal battle—a battle which had so nearly cost him his life, and left him at best but a maimed and mutilated remnant of his former self.

Yet he was thankful it was no worse—that he had not been killed outright. In like degree he was grateful to those who nursed him so tenderly and tirelessly, especially the gray-robed woman, who had become almost angelic in his eyes, and it was like him to express his gratitude in his own peculiar way, without preface or circumlocution. Looking intently at the Sister, as if to get her features well fixed in his memory, he said:

"Did you get the ice and beef?" "The Sister started. The question was so direct and unexpected. Surely her patient must be getting—really himself."

"Yes," she replied simply, but with a kind glance of the soft sad eyes, that spoke eloquently her thanks.

"And your name is—"

"Sister Francis."

"Well, then, Sister Francis, I am glad you got the things—I gave you the order. I think I know now what you do with your beggings. I comprehend something of your work, your charity, your religion, and I owe you a debt I can never repay, but you will endeavor to believe that I am deeply grateful for all your great goodness and ceaseless care."

"Nay; you owe me nothing; but to Him whose cross I bear, and in whose lowly footsteps I try to follow, you owe a debt of gratitude unbounded. To His infinite mercy I commend you. It matters not for the body, it is that divine mystery, the soul, I would save. My work here is done. I leave you to the care of others. Adieu."

The door softly opened and closed and he saw Sister Francis no more. Two months afterward she received a letter sent to the care of the Mother Superior, inclosing a check for a thousand dollars. At the same time the general took occasion to remark that he wished he were able to make it twice the amount, since he knew by experience "what they did with their beggings."—Providence Visitor.

With this, the general resumed his writing, thereby giving the Sister to understand that she was dismissed. For a moment her eyes fell, her lips trembled—it was a cruel mantle. Then the tremulous hands slowly lifted and folded tightly across her breast, as if to still some sudden heartache the unkind words called up. Very low, and sweet, and earnest was her reply:

"What do we do with our beggings? Ah, that is a hard question to ask of one whose way of life leads ever among the poor, the sorrowing, the maimed. Not on me is it wasted. I stand here in my earthly all. What do we do with it? Ah, some day you may know."

She turned away and left him, sad of face, heavy of heart, and her dark eyes misty with unshed tears.

The general's request was like a command. He could be stern, nay almost rude, but he knew truth and worth when he saw it and could be just. The Sister paused on the threshold, and for a minute nothing was heard but the rapid scratching of the general's pen.

There, madam, is your order on the commissary for ice and beef at army terms, good for three months. I do it for the sake of the Union soldiers who are, or may be, in your care. Don't come bothering me again. Good morning."

In less than three weeks from that day the slaughter of the Red River campaign had been perfected, and there neared the city of New Orleans a steamer flying the ominous red flag, which even the Rebel sharpshooters respected and allowed to pass down the river unmolested. Another and still another followed closely in her wake, and all the decks were covered with the wounded and dying, whose bloody bandages and in many instances, undressed wounds, gave woeful evidence of the lack of surgeons, as well as the completeness of the rout.

Among the desperately wounded was General S. He was borne from the steamer to the waiting ambulance, writhing in anguish from the pain of his bleeding and shell-torn limb, and when they asked where he wished to be taken, he feebly moaned: "Anywhere, it matters not. Where I can die in peace."

So they took him to the Hotel Dieu, a noble and beautiful institution in the charge of the Sisters of Charity! The limb was amputated, and there he was nursed for weeks through the agony of the surgical operation, the fever, the wild delirium, and for many weary days no one could tell

whether life or death would be the victor. But who was the quiet faithful nurse, ever at his bedside, ever ministering to his wants, ever watching of his smallest needs? Why only "one of the Sisters."

At last life triumphed, reason returned, and with it much of the old abrupt manner. The general awoke to consciousness to see a face not altogether unknown bending over him, and to feel a pair of small, deft hands skillfully arranging a bandage, wet in ice-cold water, around his throbbing temples; where the mad pain and aching had for so long a time held sway. He was better now, though still very weak; but his mind was clear, and he could think calmly and connectedly of all that had taken place since the fatal battle—a battle which had so nearly cost him his life, and left him at best but a maimed and mutilated remnant of his former self.

Yet he was thankful it was no worse—that he had not been killed outright. In like degree he was grateful to those who nursed him so tenderly and tirelessly, especially the gray-robed woman, who had become almost angelic in his eyes, and it was like him to express his gratitude in his own peculiar way, without preface or circumlocution. Looking intently at the Sister, as if to get her features well fixed in his memory, he said:

"Did you get the ice and beef?" "The Sister started. The question was so direct and unexpected. Surely her patient must be getting—really himself."

"Yes," she replied simply, but with a kind glance of the soft sad eyes, that spoke eloquently her thanks.

"And your name is—"

"Sister Francis."

"Well, then, Sister Francis, I am glad you got the things—I gave you the order. I think I know now what you do with your beggings. I comprehend something of your work, your charity, your religion, and I owe you a debt I can never repay, but you will endeavor to believe that I am deeply grateful for all your great goodness and ceaseless care."

"Nay; you owe me nothing; but to Him whose cross I bear, and in whose lowly footsteps I try to follow, you owe a debt of gratitude unbounded. To His infinite mercy I commend you. It matters not for the body, it is that divine mystery, the soul, I would save. My work here is done. I leave you to the care of others. Adieu."

The door softly opened and closed and he saw Sister Francis no more. Two months afterward she received a letter sent to the care of the Mother Superior, inclosing a check for a thousand dollars. At the same time the general took occasion to remark that he wished he were able to make it twice the amount, since he knew by experience "what they did with their beggings."—Providence Visitor.

With this, the general resumed his writing, thereby giving the Sister to understand that she was dismissed. For a moment her eyes fell, her lips trembled—it was a cruel mantle. Then the tremulous hands slowly lifted and folded tightly across her breast, as if to still some sudden heartache the unkind words called up. Very low, and sweet, and earnest was her reply:

"What do we do with our beggings? Ah, that is a hard question to ask of one whose way of life leads ever among the poor, the sorrowing, the maimed. Not on me is it wasted. I stand here in my earthly all. What do we do with it? Ah, some day you may know."

She turned away and left him, sad of face, heavy of heart, and her dark eyes misty with unshed tears.

The general's request was like a command. He could be stern, nay almost rude, but he knew truth and worth when he saw it and could be just. The Sister paused on the threshold, and for a minute nothing was heard but the rapid scratching of the general's pen.

There, madam, is your order on the commissary for ice and beef at army terms, good for three months. I do it for the sake of the Union soldiers who are, or may be, in your care. Don't come bothering me again. Good morning."

In less than three weeks from that day the slaughter of the Red River campaign had been perfected, and there neared the city of New Orleans a steamer flying the ominous red flag, which even the Rebel sharpshooters respected and allowed to pass down the river unmolested. Another and still another followed closely in her wake, and all the decks were covered with the wounded and dying, whose bloody bandages and in many instances, undressed wounds, gave woeful evidence of the lack of surgeons, as well as the completeness of the rout.

Among the desperately wounded was General S. He was borne from the steamer to the waiting ambulance, writhing in anguish from the pain of his bleeding and shell-torn limb, and when they asked where he wished to be taken, he feebly moaned: "Anywhere, it matters not. Where I can die in peace."

Capital Trust Corporation Limited

Authorized Capital \$2,000,000

'A SOUND MIND IN A SOUND BODY'

Is the best condition a man can be in when making his Will, but no condition of mind or body can excuse a man for delay in making a proper provision for those dependent on him. Name this Company your Executor and your wishes will be carefully fulfilled.

WRITE FOR OUR BOOKLET "The Will That Really Provides" OFFICES: 10 Metcalfe St. Ottawa, Ont.

Board of Directors

PRESIDENT M. J. O'Brien, Renfrew VICE PRESIDENTS Hon. S. N. Parent, Ottawa J. J. Lyons, Ottawa R. P. Gough, Toronto A. E. Corrigan, Ottawa

A. K. Provost, Ottawa Hon. H. G. Beasley, Halifax E. Brown, Toronto E. Fabre, Montreal H. J. Doherty, Montreal E. W. John, M. P. Brantford Arthur Fortland, Haliburton J. B. Dufford, Ottawa Edward Cass, Winnipeg T. P. Phelan, Toronto W. H. McAllister, Ottawa Gordon Grant, C. E., Ottawa Michael Connolly, Montreal W. J. Pappas, ex-M. P., Montreal Lieut.-Col. D. K. Street, Ottawa P. V. Hyman, Hamilton Managing Director: D. G. Connolly Assistant Manager: E. T. B. Penfether

FREE A beautifully illustrated Fur Style Book—giving advance information on furs and fur fashions—contains 40 pages with 125 illustrations of up-to-date Furs and Fur Garments—All these illustrations are photographs of living people—thus showing how the Furs REALLY appear—it shows Furs for every member of the family. Don't fail to send for this book TO-DAY—it is now ready for mailing and will be mailed as requests are received.

HALLAM'S FUR STYLE BOOK

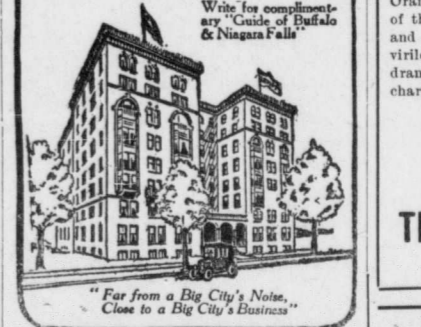
1917-18 EDITION 1698—This Cape of Blank Wolf is made in one of the most fascinating designs shown for this season. It is of general shape and the hand collar is just what is required to make it one of the warmest and most comforting for pieces. The fur is fine, silky, jet black and is set in a striking contrast with the pale skin. Fashions as shown with this—Match to match in the new large barrel shape, trimmed as shown with black, tan and grey. PRICE \$10.00. CLOPP DELIVERED TO YOU \$10.00. This set throughout is lined with black coated silk poplin. This is a most desirable and serviceable fur set. A striking example of wonderful "HALLAM" values. Address, using number as below.

John Hallam Limited 423 HALLAM BLDG., TORONTO.

Hotel Lenox NORTH ST., AT DELAWARE AVE. BUFFALO, N.Y.

A modern, fireproof and distinctive hotel of 250 all outside rooms. Ideally located. Exceeds in equipment, cuisine and service. Operated on the European Plan

TARIFFS Rooms with private bath \$1.50 per day Rooms with Private Bath \$2.00 per day and up Two Rooms with Private Bath \$4.00 per day and up C. A. MINER Managing Director



"Far from a Big City's Noise, Close to a Big City's Business."

WHOOPIING COUGH SPASMODIC CROUP ASTHMA COUGHS BRONCHITIS CATARRH COLDS Vapo-Cresolene

A simple, safe and effective treatment avoiding drugs. Vaporized Cresolene stops the paroxysms of Whooping Cough and relieves Spasmodic Croup at once. It is a boon to sufferers from Asthma. The air carrying the antiseptic vapor, inhaled with every breath, soothes the inflamed membranes, makes breathing easy; soothes the sore throat and stops the cough, assuring restful nights. It is invaluable to mothers with young children. Send us postal for descriptive booklet. SOLD BY DRUGGISTS VAPOR-CRESOLENE CO. (Incorporated in U.S.A.)



Accountancy Matriculation Stenography Civil Service

Which of these courses is of interest to you? We teach individually, and give excellent courses in all subjects mentioned above, both at our Day and Night Schools. Our Fall Term begins Sept. 4th. Write at once for free Catalogue. Dominion Business College 357 College St., Toronto Limited J. V. MITCHELL, B.A., PRINCIPAL

Charred Wood

By Myles Muredach An adventure-mystery story of unusual power. You will read it with growing suspense—you will stay with it until you reach its surprising climax.

Fascinating Entertaining Illuminating AN OPEN SECRET "Myles Muredach" is the pen-name of Maudie M. Muredach, nee Clements Kelly, the distinguished American pianist.

\$1.25 Net Postage 10c. Extra The Catholic Record LONDON, ONT.

Gerald de Lacey's Daughter An Historical Romance

By Anna T. Sadtler NO Catholic writer of fiction in English is more widely known and no more deservedly popular than the author of this book, which will probably add more to her fame than anything bearing her name. For the time of her story, she has chosen one of the most interesting periods in this country's history, that immediately following the accession to the English throne of William of Orange, a time of bitter memories for those of the Faith, filled with deadly persecution and with glorious heroism. It is a strong, virile story, brimful of action, and highly dramatic in parts. The love scenes are charming. Every Catholic should read it.

450 PAGES Price, \$1.35 Postage 15c. The Catholic Record LONDON, CANADA

SELDOM SEE ABSORBINE

a big knee like this, but your horse may have a bunch or bruise on his Ankle, Hook, Stifle, Knee or Throat. ABSORBINE TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. will clean it off without laying the horse up. No blister, no hair gone. Concentrated—only a few drops required at an application. \$2 per bottle delivered. Describe your case for special instructions and Book \$2 free. ABSORBINE, JR., antiseptic liniment for manning Redwood Painted Swallows. Enlarged Glass Container. One Bottle. Various Venues. Varicose Old Sores. Always Pain. Price \$1 and \$2 a bottle at drug stores or delivered. Manufactured only by W. F. YOUNG, P.O. Box 299, Montreal, Montreal, Canada. Absorbine and Absorbine, Jr., are made in Canada.

McShane Bell Foundry Co. BALTIMORE, MD. CHURCH, CHIME and PEAL BELLS a Specialty

Preserves getting low? Tide over the winter with CROWN BRAND CORN PURE SYRUP. Everybody likes this delicious Table Syrup—and it's much less expensive than butter for the children to eat with bread. At all Grocers—2, 5, 10 and 20 lb. tins—3 lb. Glass Jars. Write for free Cook Book. THE CANADA STARCH CO. LIMITED, MONTREAL.