



Bringing Autumn In.

Grandma's paring apples,
Sign that's full of cheer;
Summer's nearly over,
Autumn's nearly here.
Cozy evenings coming,
Mornings brisk and cool;
Long vacation ended,
Busy times at school.

Grandma's paring apples,
Some of them she dries,
Some make sauce and puddings,
Some make spicy pies;
Pantry smells delicious,
Nicest time o' year;
Children wait by baskets
Roam the orchard-side.

Grandma's paring apples,
Nicest time o' year;
Firelight and lamplight
Fill the house with cheer.
Odors sweet in cellar,
Rosy fruit in bin;
Grandma, paring apples,
Brings the autumn in!
—Annie Willis McCullough.

Lucy Saves Mamma Many Steps.

I know a little maid of six years
Who rejoices in the privilege of being
a little step-saver. She has
three brothers, and one evening they
were talking somewhat boastfully of
their general usefulness in and
around the house.

"I clear off all the walks and a
place for the clothesline every time
it snows," said Harry.

"Well, I take care of the furnace,
and I sift all the ashes and split
all the kindling," said Bob.

"I carry up all the coal, and I
keep the cellar clean, and I cut the
grass and keep the lawn neat in the
summer time," said Joey.

Lucy, the only little girl in the
family, was silent for a moment.
What part had she in the general
usefulness of the family? What did
she do to "help out" the busy mother,
and "earn her salt," as the
boys sometimes said?

Suddenly she cried out in triumph.
"Well, I save mamma steps, don't I, mamma?"

"Indeed you do, dear," said her
mother, heartily. "I hardly know
what I would do without my little
step-saver, for that is just what you
are—a little step-saver."

"I take a good many steps that
you do not have to take, don't I, mamma?"

"Yes, you do, you bring the dishes
from the dining-room into the kitchen
for me to wash after every meal,
and you carry them back after I
have washed them. Then you run
up and down stairs for me a
good many times every day, and you
often save me the trouble of getting
up when I am sewing, by bringing
me the things I need. If I drop
a spoon, or a ball of anything, you
fly after it and bring it to me. You
save me hundreds of steps every day
and it is a great help to have such
an active and willing little step-saver.
The best part of it is, that you
are always so willing."

Busy Mr. Frog.

"Hello, Mr. Frog, what are you
do in your garden?" said Jimmie
to the big brown toad that was
sitting in the middle of the lettuce
bed in his "corner" of his father's
garden.

"Hello, Mr. Frog, I said, what
are you do in your garden?"

But Mr. Frog answered never a
word. He just sat there and looked
solemnly at Jimmie out of his
bright, beady eyes.

"Well, Mr. Frog," Jimmie persisted,
"if you won't tell me what you
are do in, I'll just wait and see
what you're do in."

So Jimmie sat on the ground close
by and looked at Mr. Frog, and
Mr. Frog in turn looked at him.
Pretty soon a little red bug flew
down and lit on the lettuce near
Mr. Frog's nose. Jimmie saw something
flash out of Mr. Frog's mouth
and back again "quick as a wink."

And Mr. Red Bug was not on the
lettuce leaf any more.

Jimmie was sure Mr. Red Bug
didn't fly away, but he wasn't sure
about what had happened.

He thought, "I'll watch Mr. Frog
better next time." And again a bug
stopped close to Mr. Frog, and
again something jumped from Mr.
Frog's mouth and back, and Mr.
Bug was gone. And this time Jimmie
was sure that little Mr. Frog's mouth
had gone into Mr. Frog's mouth.

Before his mother called him to
supper, Jimmie had seen Mr. Frog
catch twenty-seven bugs. He asked
his father how Mr. Frog could catch
bugs so well, and was told that he
had a long, slender tongue with a
sticky end, and when he flicked it
out, and "go back into Mr. Frog's
big stomach."

"Mr. Frog's a good fellow to

have in your garden, son, and you
had better care for him," said Jimmie's
father.

The Wind and the Flowers.

Miss Buttercup and Miss Daisy
were having a quiet little chat to-
gether. They were great friends,
and loved nothing better than to be
together.

Presently, however, their quiet
conversation was interrupted.
"H'm!" said some one. "Pity
you two don't spend a little more
time smartening yourselves up
instead of wasting time talking."

"Smartening ourselves up!" said
timid little Miss Daisy, in a flutter
of nervousness. "B—but I don't
want to be smart. I shouldn't
know what to do with myself if I
were any other frock but this simple
white one."

"And as for me," said Miss Buttercup,
who wasn't quite so retiring
and nervous as her friend, "why, I
wouldn't change my golden gown
for any grand frock in the whole
wide world!"

"Oh, your frocks are all right in
their way!" answered the voice,
which belonged to Miss Dandelion.
"But I'd like to know if either of
you ever saw such beautiful yellow
hair as mine? That's what makes
me look so smart, I know."

And she tossed her head, and
swayed in the Summer sun, so that
her bright yellow hair caught the
light. Miss Buttercup and her
friend said nothing. They weren't
a bit jealous, because they were
quite satisfied to stay quietly on
in their own little corner, and enjoy
the sun's light and warmth.

But after some time, the Wind
came bustling by, and then a dreadful
thing happened! Miss Dandelion's
beautiful hair—which, by the way,
had grown white—was suddenly
blown right away, and scattered
in all directions.

"Oh, what a pity!" sighed little
Miss Daisy.

"Can't be helped!" piped the
Wind. "I've heard her boasting so
often about her beautiful yellow
hair that I felt it my duty to teach
her a lesson."

And away he went, whistling
cheerily, while the two little flowers
modestly bowed their heads as he
passed.

Fred's Summing Up.

"Yes, Fred, this shall be yours if
you get well into the nineties on
your examinations."

Fred's eyes shone as his father
held up a gold piece. Not the
largest made, but neither was it
the smallest.

"And may I use it to go on that
little trip with Uncle Robert?"

"You can use it for anything you
please."

"That very thing is enough to
brave me up to my very best," said
Fred to himself, full of a glow of
satisfaction. "And that is by no
means the only thing. It's pleasing
father and mother, and getting
all-round credit. Enough to put a
boy way up."

The first day's work went off
well. The questions were hard, but
Fred had been a fairly faithful student,
and, bringing his best efforts
to the work, was now able to cope
with them. He left the schoolroom
at the close of the day well satisfied
with what he had done.

But with the next day came trouble.
Never having had a good head
for numbers, some of the examples
seemed to have been expressly
planned to cruelly baffie him.
He puzzled helplessly over them
during the morning hours, at length
realizing with dismay that it was
noon and he had made little
progress.

"Jack Raynor's got his all right,"
he said, frowning with half envy
after his seatmate as with the stroke of
12.30 he quietly left his desk and
went out. "He can do anything
with figures. What if they should
prove to be my Waterloo?" It was
not an agreeable thought.

"I shall not take the time to go
home," he presently concluded.

The room became very quiet, and
with the discovery that he was
alone in it he remembered that Jack
had with the satisfied air belonging
with difficulties honestly overcome,
laid a carefully folded paper in his
desk before going out.

"There are only one or two examples
that have got the better of me.
Of course, they're all in that paper."

Fred leaned his head on his hand,
and did some hard thinking.

"I've never done a mean, tricky
thing in my life. But now, how
much it means to me—just a few
wretched figures. I've done good
studying all the year. I'm way up
on everything else. Higher, really,
than I need to be to make up my
average. Now—wouldn't that even
me up if I should take a little help
from Jack? I never would do such
a mean thing again."

The paper was taken out, the re-
sults were all there, showing at
once where his own mistakes had
occurred. After a quarter of an
hour of swift figuring he put a slip
of paper in his pocket and hurried
out.

"Wait, wait," cried some of the
boys who brought their lunch. "You
said you were going to stay. We're
going to play ball as soon as we're
done."

"I said so, but I've changed my
mind," said Fred. "Here, Tim,
I'll go along with you."

A neighbor's boy was passing
with a spring cart, and Fred ran
toward it. With shouts of laughter
the other boys followed, intent on
holding him back. He reached the
vehicle, and in his haste missed the
step and fell heavily, striking his
head against the wheel. A silence
descended on the rollicking crowd
like a windmill and Fred said: "I
am a little bit dizzy but Tom will
take me home and I'll soon be
straight."

Arrived at home, he was glad to
lie down.

"No more figures for me to-day,
I'm afraid," he told his mother. "I
couldn't tell what two and two
make."

After a good sleep he woke with a
clear head, but not to exercise his
brain with figures. In the stillness
of his room and with the enforced
quiet, for he did not feel equal to
moving about, other thoughts pressed
heavily.

"I haven't done it, and I'm not
going to. But have I? I meant
to—and I wonder if the intention
will stand against me?" He tossed
wearily, going over the vexing question
in his mind.

"Where's that paper?" Reaching
for his coat, he felt for it, but it
was gone.

"Mother," he said in distress, as
she came into the room, "did you
see a bit of paper, with figures on
it?"

"Here it is. Tom handed it to
me as you came in," she said. He
looked into her face, feeling as if
the shameful story of those figures
must be patent to every one. But
to mother the paper was much like
many others she had seen.

"I'm glad to have it," he said,
in a little excitement. "Please tear
it up, mother—into small bits."

He took his seat at his desk the
next morning with a calm purpose
of doing his best, and accepting the
results. Whether it was that the
quiet of his mind cleared his per-
ceptions can never be known, but
his examination in arithmetic reached,
although barely, the desired limit.

"But," he still argued with him-
self, "I wish I could quite make up
my mind whether I am a cheat, or
not a cheat. If I had failed in my
examination, that would be a thing
that would soon pass, but if I had
a black mark on my heart it would
be there for always. I never could
forget it or wipe it off."

As wise boys do, he laid the
matter before his mother. There
was a long talk, at the end of which
she said:

"I think you might put it out of
your mind, dear. You were strong-
ly tempted to do a dishonest thing,
and came perilously near it. But
you surely did not make use of the
information wrongfully gained."

By himself Fred summed things
up.

"There isn't anything in the world
that's worth putting a blot on your
soul."

Another Chapel Car.

Because of the effectual work ac-
complished by the chapel car as an
adjunct of missionary endeavor, a
second car will shortly be offered to
the Catholic Church Extension So-
ciety. The project was launched at a
recent meeting of the Catholic
Missionary Union, held at the
Catholic University, Washington, D.C.,
Father Evers, chaplain of the
Tombs prison and founder of the
early morning Mass for newspaper
men and others engaged in night
work, has contributed \$500 for the
purpose and it is expected that
within a few weeks \$6000 will be
raised.

This car will be a gift from the
priests. The car now in operation
cost \$12,000. It was built for the
Extension Society, but in the present
instance it is the purpose of
those interested to buy a Pullman
car and equip it with an altar and
all the accessories of a mission on
wheels.

The new car will be called Pius
X, after the reigning Pontiff. It
will be decorated in blue and have
the papal shield upon it.

WHAT THEY ARE CALLED.

In Paris the hoodlums and row-
dies who try to make life un-
bearable for decent people are called
Apaches. In Philadelphia they are
called university students.—Catho-
lic Standard and Times.

Eliot's New Religion.

What a Great Catholic Editor Thinks
About it.

The Rome correspondent of the
New York World writes:

A short time ago a cablegram was
sent from here to several American
newspapers purporting to be an in-
terview with Father Brand, editor
of La Civiltà Cattolica, and stating
on his authority that the Pope
would make a formal reply to Dr.
Eliot's pronouncement of a new re-
ligion. Father Brand has just re-
turned from his holidays now, and
your correspondent took an early
opportunity of calling upon him.

"Father Brand," I said, "a story
has been cabled to America that the
theory of a new religion, broached
by Dr. Eliot, has so stirred up the
Church, even here in Rome, that the
Pope has decided to make a formal
reply to the doctor. Is that right?"

"It is not."

"Is it possible that the rumor
arose by reason of some other dig-
nity of the Church assuming such a
task?"

"You can say for me that nobody
in Rome has ever seriously thought
of writing a reply to Dr. Eliot's
pronouncement on the new religion.
Why should they? The subject is
not worth a reply. The ideas ven-
tilated in Dr. Eliot's address were
broached a long time ago by Her-
bert Spencer and others, and they
were amply refuted at the time.

There is really no need to thresh old
straw merely because it happens to
be used again in an address by the
President of Harvard."

A Pill That is Prized.—There have
been many pills put upon the mar-
ket and pressed upon public atten-
tion, but none has endured so long
or met with so much favor as Par-
melee's Vegetable Pills. Widespread
use of them has attested their great
value, and they need no further ad-
vertisement than this. Having firmly
established themselves in public
esteem, they now rank without a
peer in the list of standard vegeta-
ble preparations.

John Redmond's Appeal to America.

In a special cable to the New
York World, the London correspon-
dent thus says of the refusal of
Premier Asquith to dissolve Parlia-
ment, the action of the House of
Lords regarding the budget and the
part the Irish Party will play if a
general election ensues:

John Redmond, as shrewd a politi-
cal seer as any, is convinced that
a general election cannot be long
avoided. He says:

"This is the most vitally import-
ant election for Ireland since she
lost her Parliament. It is the first
time since Parnell formed the Irish
Party that we have had a fair
chance of seeing the House of Lords
involved in a defeat so direct and
crushing that its veto power cannot
possibly survive. The great obstacle
to Home Rule as well as other
lesser reforms for Ireland has been
the power the Lords have possessed
of destroying Irish bills, knowing
that the Liberal Party is unwilling
to face the expense and turmoil of a
general election, as well as risking
its hold of power, by appealing to
the country every time Ireland is
victimized."

"The Irish vote will be the de-
ciding factor in many British consti-
tuencies, and in all probability when
a new Parliament assembles, the
Irish Party, which will be returned
in undiminished number, will hold
the balance of power. I have there-
fore appealed, once more to our
fellow countrymen in America to help
us, as they so generously have done
in the past, to meet this momentous
crisis fully equipped."

The Irish Party cannot replenish
its war chest by selling titles or po-
sitions, as the Liberal and Tory
parties have always been able to do.

You Can Test
the Kidneys

Then let Dr. A. W. Chase's
Kidney-Liver Pills prove their
power to cure.

Let urine stand for twenty-four
hours and if at the end of that time
there are deposits of a brick dust
variety, or if the water becomes
smoky and cloudy, you may be sure
the kidneys are deranged.

Another very marked symptom of
kidney disease is pain in the small
of the back.

The letter quoted below tells how
these symptoms were overcome and
kidney disease cured by Dr. A. W.
Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. Because
of their direct and combined action
on both liver and bowels these pills
cure the most complicated cases.

Capt. W. Smith, a veteran of the
Crimean war, living at Revelstoke,
B.C., writes: "I can testify that for
years I was a sufferer from chronic
kidney disease, which was the ver-
dict after the doctor examined me
and analyzed my urine. As his medi-
cine did me no good I bought a
box of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills
and was benefited so much that I
kept on taking them until I can say
that I am perfectly cured, which the
doctor certifies."

One pill a dose, 25 cents a box.
At all dealers or Edmondson, Bates
& Co., Toronto.

Dr. A. W. Chase's
Kidney-
Liver Pills

What Other
Editors Say.

TEACHERS AND PARENTS.

Something more than a sense of
humor is required from the average
teacher when the unceasing flow of
complaints from parents begin to
flow schoolward at the beginning of
the school year. In many cases of
complaints from parents begins to
be evidence enough of parents only
too willing to give heed to any
story related by young hopefuls.

Then a little neighborhood gossip,
and soon the teacher is "down"
upon certain families or certain sec-
tions. And you can't stop it.

Many of these parents expect from
the teacher what they cannot do
themselves. The teacher is anxious
to develop the underlying qualities
of the child, religious, physical and
moral, but little can be done with
pupils coming from homes where
parents are swayed by children. If
obedience and respect are not traits
of the child in the family, circle,
they will not feature to any extent
in the school. If sufficient atten-
tion is given to the development of
the child's character at home, many
causes of complaint against school
and teacher will cease to exist—
Providence Visitor.

WHY HE FAILED.

It was said of a middle-aged man
who died last week, that his fail-
ings were on the generous side of
his nature.

His very superabundant health
and spirits made him an attractive
social companion. But the com-
panionship was, frequently, a waste
of time. His gallantry, naturally
kind, clean and chivalrous, led him
to be the means of leading him,
into adventures and intrigues. His
social propensities and his expan-
sive hospitality lured him into im-
moderations which apparently he
could not resist. This affected his
health, and to some extent his
work. So, all in all, the man's
very social gifts were a real handi-
cap to him; shortened his life and
cheated him of his fair measure of
success. He could not exercise self-
control. He could not practice mod-
eration.—Catholic Citizen, Milwaukee.

IF CHRIST WERE TO COME.

Father Bernard Vaughan scored
social evils in a sermon recently in
Aberdeen in which, speaking on the
text: "Seeing the City He wept over
it," he asked if our Lord came to a
typical modern city would He not
weep to see the terrible yawning
chasm between the rich and the
poor, a chasm, too deep to be filled
up, too wide to be bridged over?

Would He not weep to see the gross
and terrible inequalities, the poor
without room to live and one in
every five dying in the poorhouse?

Would He not weep if He passed into
some of their counting-houses, cross-
ed the counter of some of their
shops, or went into some of their
factories and saw the well-to-do
men grinding the faces of the poor
and happy to toss them a sweated
wafer?

Again, if our Lord were to pass
into so-called society, what would
be His impression of the laziness
and luxury, what would He feel
about people who found the best
hardly good enough for them; those
who were defying the laws of race,
and committing racial suicide; those
who made so little of the marriage
ties that they tried through the law
to have the knot cut; what would
He think of the falling birthrate
and the rising divorce record? He
would weep, weep, weep.—N. Y.
Freeman's Journal.

"EVERYTHING MATTERS EX-
CEPT EVERYTHING."

It is a curious characteristic of
this modern age that we are de-
voting nearly all our thought to
things which do not really matter,
and that we rarely confer serious
consideration upon the phases and
features of life which are so essen-
tial that it is impossible to escape
from them. Thus we are thinking a
great deal about flying machines,
which the world has managed fairly
well to live without for many cen-
turies.

We are very fussy about
getting from New York to Chicago
in fewer hours than twenty-four;
in previous entity we call our time;
but we seldom bother to consider
our eternity. The men of the Mid-
dle Ages devoted their best thought
to religion because they found that
it was something they could not
possibly escape; now, for the same
reason apparently, we ignore it and
assume the attitude thus phrased by
Mr. Chesterton—"Everything mat-
ters except Everything."—The For-
um.

MARY CALDWELL'S DEATH.

The Marquise des Monstiers-Morin-
ville, formerly Miss Mary Gwendolin
Caldwell, died on board ship off
Sandy Hook, New York harbor, on
October 5.

She gave \$300,000 to found the
Catholic University at Washington,
D.C.

Later, in 1897, she made an un-
happy marriage, and in 1904 she
suffered a stroke of illness that left
her blind and deaf and a constant
sufferer. Her illness affected her
mind. In 1905 she left the Catho-
lic Church, to which her late father,
William S. Caldwell, of Louisville,
had come as a convert in the full-
ness of his mental powers.

She died on the steamer Kronprinz.

Vapo Cresolene.

For Whooping
Cough, Croup,
Sore Throat,
Coughs, Bron-
chitis, Colds,
Diphtheria, Catarrh

"Used while
you sleep."

VAPORIZED CRESOLENE stops the
paroxysms of Whooping Cough. Ever-dread-
ed Croup cannot exist where Cresolene is
used. It acts directly on the nose and throat,
soothes the sore throat and stops the cough.
CRESOLENE is a powerful germicide
in contagious diseases. It is a boon to suffer-
ers from Asthma. CRESOLENE'S best re-
sults are obtained by its use in the form of
inhalations. For sale by all druggists. Send Postal
note for Descriptive Booklet. Cresolene Anti-
septic Throat Tablets for irritated throat—
your druggist or from us, 10c in stamps.

THE LEEHMAN-MILES CO., Limited.
Canadian Agents
Leehman-Miles Building, Montreal, Can.

essin Cecile on her way home from
Europe, away from all who loved
her, and without the comforts of re-
ligion, which, those who knew her
best, hoped and prayed would, if
her malady did not entirely obscure
her mind, be hers at the end.

It was a sad conclusion to a sad
life.—Catholic Columbian.

Modernism Defined.

"You ask me what is Modernism,
and what do I think of it?" says
Father Bernard Vaughan, S.
J. "I will ask you another. What
is appendicitis, and what do you
think of it? Appendicitis is a new
name for an old disorder—for typh-
litis, perityphlitis, etc. . . . Modern-
ism is not a new malady, but only
a new name for scepticism, rational-
ism, etc. As appendicitis, unless
got rid of by surgical operation,
might prove fatal to human life, so,
too, Modernism, unless treated sur-
gically, might easily poison the very
springs of spiritual life."

That seems to cover the situation
in a few, simple words and in an
intelligent manner.

The Priest.

It comes quite naturally to the
layman with city pleasures at com-
mand to sympathize with the priest
"condemned" to what the city may
consider is exile in a sparse country
parish. And, indeed, the pastor
who, perhaps, was born and brought
up in the city, and who has long en-
joyed its opportunities for culture
and intellectual companionship,
needs a Spartan soul when he gets
his first rural assignment. The long
nights, the dreary days, the often
entire lack of social intercourse, the
heartrending effort to make one dol-
lar do the work of two or five, no
music, no chance to drop in on a
brother priest for a smoke and chat—
nothing but divine grace and the
real apostolic spirit sustain the
souls of these intrepid young men
who thus go out to conquer or to
die.

The tenantry on the Cushina and
Portarlington estate, Queens, of
Lord Seaton, have purchased their
holdings, and claim that the sale
included sporting and game rights.
These, however, were disposed of
subsequently, at Athlone by the land-
lord to a gentleman residing in
King's County. On the purchase
proceeding to the estate recently,
accompanied by a surveyor and game
keeper, to map out the lands, he
was met by the tenants, who re-
fused him admission to the lands.
Some of the tenants carried pitch-
forks and considerable excitement
prevailed. A civil action is proba-
ble.

But, then, we
dinal Newman was
dian, by the sam
theologian, as Ch
say, "of the C
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tic; but, as the C
hard to reconcile
tic's new opinion
what he once said
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"a shining light
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as bar Dom Chap
at length:

"It is true that
Cardinal Newman
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I have open on the