"PAPER SIR?"

Every morning as Francis Mont-gomery passed the corner of Mohawk and Fourteenth streets a little girl clad in rags said to him, extending a newspaper in a thin little hand, "Paper, Sir?" For two years on each work day morning the child was there at her post until Montgomery began to consider her a part of the busy street and noticed her more each time. At last, one morning as he went by, the little news girl was felt as if something were lacking from his usual program, as if some light in his life had failed to shine that day. He missed the pretty picture she made as she stood there with her dark auburn curls flying in the wind. She was very small and thin and the dark eyes seemed

Constantly throughout the day there arose her image in his mind. Then he would find himself thinking Where was she? of her. V hild ill? Why was she not there? he only knew where she lived he would go to see her, he thought.

But the sharp ring of the telephone suddenly interrupted his thoughts and, taking up the receiver, he wearily answered, "Hello!" "Hello," cams a man's voice over the wire.
"This is John Harrison; say Frank, you're a lawyer, will you come over to the court house with me today?" What for," queried Montgomery. Well, I've got a case on and I'd

like to have you there, Frank. That's Will you come ? Yes, at what time?' asked Mont-

Oh about 2 o'clock, thanks;

Good by," said the other man Then he glanced at his watch and

found that it was just 1:30, so he settled down to work for a half hour. But at 2 o'clock prompt he met John Harrison and the latter's wife at the Court house. They went in.

Harrison's case came first and
Mountgomery looked for the defend-

The door opened and in walked a little girl. To his astonishment it was none other than the little news-Montgomery experienced a age feeling coming over him and said weakly to Mrs. Harrison, "Jane," for he knew her very well, " is that child the defendant?" Jane Harrison nodded assent.

'Do you mean to say John is going

to prosecute that baby?"
"Why, certainly, Mr. Montgomery, why not?" said Jane, "she stole at least ten dollars' worth of groceries know she will end in the electric chair if that is not stopped now. It is for her own well being, I think;" but before she had time to finish, Francia Montgomery had risen from his seat and was racing up the aisle

toward the judge.
"Harrison! Harrison!" he cried, "don't do anything to her, I'll bail her out. Don't send her to ja !! toward him.

tear-stained face was looking beseechingly toward him.

John Harrison turned around say-

ing with a sneer: "Well. Frank, I never saw you so excited, be I'm serious! I mean it! Let the

child go, I say. I'll pay the fine!" shouted Montgomery.
"All right, Montgomery," said the

release the girl." officer obeyed and instantly avenue. Francis Montgomery was beside the

where you live. In Cobb's alley near Sycamore the maid, street," said she.

" with whom do you live?"
"With my mother and three little to buy us food or clothes, and last night Jimmie was so sick and hungry and so was we all that I just couldn't help takin' those things from that man. I know 'tis a sin, but I just couldn't see the little feller die 'cause was hungry, so I just took the stuff. I suppose God's mad at me 'cause I was bad, but, Oh, I couldn't help—i-t!" She ended with a sob Then she hastened away to see the and buried her face on his shoulder.

In about an hour Francis Mont-

in his big car to a shabby-looking tenement in Cobb's alley. "That's it, mister, that's where I live," said the little girl, climbing

Francis Montgomery followed her,

picking up in his arms the many packages from the back of his machine. The child ran and waited for the man. Oh, what a squalid sight met his eyes. In a dirty-poverty-stricken little room, stretched out on a mattress on the floor, lay a little boy, pale and wan. In the other corner of the place sat two too."

You receive Communion? Oh,

Them's my brothers," said the ittle girl, then addressing one, Frank, where's mamma?"

"I dunno where," replied the lad. Well, mister, yon'll wait for her, won't you?" said his sister to Montgomery.

"Why certainly, child," he an wered, "but first let us have swered,

The little girl helped him to set out the eatables he had bought and soon the four children were eating as fast as they could. Montgomery sat watching the busy little diners when the door opened and in came a tall, gaunt-looking woman.

"Mamma," cried the children crowding around her, "look what crowding around the nice man got us."
the nice man got us."
seeing Mountgomery she

do you mean?'
"Why him, mamma!" said the children pointing to Montgomery.

The woman turned her eyes toward

all the darker and bigger on account of the extreme pallor of her skin. and surprise overspread her face.
"What—are you here?" she claimed? How—h-ow, Oh, wh-y did you come?" she stammered. The

man was equally affected. "Why—my—Oh, Meg, Oh, it is terrible that" he stuttered. Yes, it is terrible that we should

interrupted, growing calmer. Suddenly the man dashed forward and, throwing himself on his knees before the woman he cried, "Meg, Meg, dear, my daughter, can't you forgive me now? Won't you give me a chance to redeem my former

him for a few seconds with a sad, pensive look, but then she threw her arms about his neck, sank to the floor and wept on the old man's shoulder. "Daddy," she whispered, you must forgive me-my willful-Let us forget and forgive now,

dad, we were both wrong."
"Yes, my daughter," said Montgomery," but let's forget it now. From now on all will be as well for you as I can make it." Father and daughter sat for many minutes in each other's embrace, regardless of the dirty floor or anything else while the children gazed with wondering

Finally they arose and Margaret said to her children, "Darlings, this is grandpa. Come, you must kiss

"Meg," said her father, "tell me

their names. You mustn't forget that I am a stranger."

"This one," said his daughter, placing her hand on the little girl's in little Genevieve, Jenny I from John's store last night and you head, "is little Genevieve, Jenny I call her, and that one is James or Jimmie. Then that's Francis or Frank and the smallest one is

Alfred or Freddy." The old man laughed. "The three gentlemen are strangers, but Jenny and I are old friends, aren't we?"

"Oh, yes, grandpa, dear," said Jenny. it. Don't send her to ja l! when you'd give me extra pennies entire room turned its eyes when you'd buy my paper. Oh, d him. The little prisoner's but, grandpa, I'm so glad you are Everyone laughed.

At last the old man said, looking at his watch, "Well, well, it's getting late. We must be getting home. Come along the car is outside." late.

The children followed him, but Meg stayed to gather up a few trinkets. But soon she appeared, got into the auto and in a short time presiding judge, "I accept your kind offer. John," turning to an officer. and had arrived at Montgomery's beautiful mansion on Wabash

This is your home, kiddies," said ittle prisoner.
"Come with me, child, come with me," he said kindly, lifting the child ing and wondering at their new home. The servant who opened the home. The servant who opened the of all present. When he had gone crowd, but soon the old housekeeper from the sight of the wondering told her that was old Moutgomery's court room Montgomery said to the daughter Margaret and her children "First of all, my child, tell me, who had come.

When Meg was eighteen," she told the maid, "she married a young Catholic and became one herself. And then," continued the man, the old man not only raved because the whom do you live?"

She married beneath her, but because the married beneath her, but because she married e Papist, as he called brothers, sir. Our papa was killed his son in law. Of course he disinlast year and mamma has no money herited her and poor Meg and young Esmond went to live elsewhere. That's the last we ever heard of her. We thought maybe she was dead. I think old Montgomery regretted what he had done, 'cause he was always sad after Meg went, but now,

children and their mother. Meg and "There, don't cry, little girl, I her children lived happily with old understand, first we'll buy all the Montgomery, but their material joy her children lived happily with old nice things to eat we can and then way greatly augmented by a spirit-we'll go to your home." way greatly augmented by a spirit-ual event. On Christmas eve, as

Yes, dear, we will," said her mother. Then, said the little girl again,

"Grandpa, won't you come with us to Mass and receive Communion with mamma and me?" A look of alarm crossed Mrs. Esmond's face, but it was almost

instantly replaced by one of joy by the old man's answer,
"Sure little Jenny, I'll come to
Mass," he replied, "and I'll receive my first holy Communion with you,

grandpa, you're not-Oh, are you a Catholic, grandpa ?"

Margareat listened, breathless with

baptized this morning and tomorrow ing, and I fell down. I am only a little sweep, Jean Chanterose."

Meg and the children rained kisses and tears of joy upon him. Then they sat there for a long time in they sat there for a long time in the state hour?" asked Madame Guillemain, whose heart was beginning to soften at the predicament of the poor boy.

The poor boy.

"Madame," he answered, "I was but if I'd never said it, I'd never waiting for the Infant Jesus to come. I am an ornhan and I am unhapoy. used to get tired saying 'Paper, Sir,'
but if I'd never said it, I'd never
known you or had you for my
grandpa or, most of all, you'd probably never become a Catholic."

I know, dear, I wouldn't. It was your 'Paper, Sir,' that was the means of bringing me at last to you and the true faith," he answered, draw-ing her nearer to him.—D. L.

A WAR EPISODE OF 1870

On Christmas eve, 1852, a young sweep of nine years of age was wan dering through the street of Paris An orphan, and absolutely destitute, his sole heritage was his name, Jean Chanterose. Heaven, however, had Chanterose. Heaven, however, had endowed him with a keen intelligence and a sunny disposition. But he had not a sou in his pocket that meet under such circumstances," she Christmas eve, and he was hungry and weary and disheartened; he had not secured a chimney to sweep during the entire day. Jean turned into a side street and rested for a moment in the porch of an old church. En-tering the building he knelt down unkindness to you?"

Then his voice broke and tears filled his eyes. Margaret looked at and prayed fervently: "Holy Child before a statue of the Blessed Virgin grant that I may on this evening, the eye of Thy great feast, get a chimney to sweep." A few moments later he left the church and contin ued his journey along the street, crying out with all his might Sweep, sweep; chimneys to sweep! Suddenly a window opened and some one called him in. God always hears a fervent prayer, and employment had come to the little lad at last.

Jean was soon at work and made his way quickly up through the black hole in the chimney; with brush a beautiful night, the snow was fall into the room downstairs in a thick black powder, but his employer was puzzled to know why the little sweep was not returning. She not come.

What had happened to Jean Chanterose? When he reached the top of the chimney and swung himself on to the roof, he mused quietly:

This is the night before Christmas, the night on which the Infant Jesus comes down the chimney to fill one's stockings with gifts. In the loft where I live there is no chimney, so He will not come down to me. I'll wait for Him here on the roof."

Jean was looking for Christmas gifts, and that was the reason he prayed so earnestly that he might secure a chimney to sweep on Christmas eve. He wandered from roof to roof, wondering near which chimney it would be best to stand and wait for the Divine Visitor.

Suddenly through a small window one corner of it he saw a father and mother placing an empty stocking at the bedside of their little son, and the bedside of their little son, and the bedside of their little son, and the very midst of the little son, and in the tendency to lower food costs.

The United States employment little son and superfluous middlemen

should remain. So he settled down close to the chimney, hoping for shelter. But the cold increased the snow fell fast. After a while his teeth began to chatter; poor Jean camp that a skirmish had taken place

here. I must get into the chimney; it will at least be a bit warm inside, and I can hold on by the bricks. That is my trade anyhow;

The big chimney, with all its dark-ness within, had no terrors for Jean, fatigue got the upper hand; in a few moments he was fast asleep. . His grasp on the bricks soon loosened and he slipped down through the

Monsieur and Madame Guillemain were naturally amazed at the appearance of a young sweep in their house at that hour of the night. Jean Chanterose was dazed and frightened, too. He stood close to the fireplace, and his wan face so dusty and

smutty.

"Yes, my child," he said, "I was baptized this morning and tomorrow ing, and I fell down. I am only a little sweep, Jean Chanterose." and he had arranged to celebrate in proportion of women in industry the ruins of an ancient church close to the ambulance station. The Mass

I am an orphan and I am unhappy; so I wanted to ask Him to make the winter less cold, and my life less poor and hard. You won't beat me he implored, turning to the angry father. Please don't punish the little

sweep paps," also pleaded Marc Guillemain, from his bed: "It must have been very cold out on the roof and so dark in the chimney."
"Do not fear, my son," replied
Monsieur Guillemain, "I'll do

nothing harsh." He then spoke with his wife for a few moments in a low voice. They were a pious and charitable couple as well as rich. Four of their children had died and Marc alone remained. Their hearts were bound

delicate. " Perhaps," suggested Madame Guillemain timidly to her husband, "it may draw down God's blessing on Marc if we keep this poor little stranger with us."

" Your thought is mine, wife; that is what we will do," replied the husband. Then turning to the little "Your parents are dead and you have no home? I suppose you would like to remain with us?"

Jean Chanterose gazed at his benefactor in amazement. He was so surprised and so grateful that he was almost dumbfounded. His beautiful brown eyes grew larger and more lustrous with surprise and happiness. He was simply overwhelmed at the

kind proposal Not waiting for an answer Monsieur Guillemain continued: "It is settled, Jean; you are to live with

us."
The faithful maid, Marc's old nurse was then summoned at once and the in hand, he cleared away the soot as little stranger was given in her charge he mounted step by step. Little by with directions that he be given a he mounted step by step. Little by with directions that he be given a little the light grew brighter; at last he reached the roof. It was young master's garments. In less than an hour the good woman had him. Immediately the children crowded about him lovingly, while Margaret watched with beaming eyes. Especially the little girl clung to lingered in the crisp night air. needed to make him quite at home Meanwhile the soot continued to and happy with the Guillemains. He take lessons with the family tutor and made rapid progress in his studies. Besides, the advantage of the companionship improved wondered and waited, but he did Marc's health, and a warm affection soon sprang up between the two children which continued from child-

hood into youth.

And thus the years passed until there came at last the serious questhe priesthood; he had heard the Silent Voice and the call was clear and distinct. Marc Guillemain did not aspire so high; he chose to save his soul in the world. The parting came when the former entered the diocesan seminary, and his friend started for the military school of Saint-Cyr.

When the Franco-Prussian War broke in 1870, Marc Guillemain was a colonel in the army and attached to a garrison near the German frontier, while the Abbé Chanterose, who had been ordained a couple in a roof he caught a glimpse of a years previously, was laboring for prise would be seen not only in the room underneath. There was frost souls in the hilly districts of northern employment furnished the men room underneath. There was frost souls in the hilly districts of northern on the pane, but peering through France. At the outbreak of hostili-

mother; so I hope the Infant Jesus tensity. For a whole week both will bring me something tonight." close to the chimney, hoping for shelter. But the cold increased, and followed quickly and had meted it in the neighborhood, and at dusk the could bear the chilly wind no longer.

"I shall surely freeze," the little chaplain accompanied by four brave lad sensibly concluded. "if I stay stretcher bearers, carrying lanterns, went out across the narrow valley to the edge of the battlefield.

The ground was soft and boggy, mud clung to their boots, and their is no danger for me. If I fall asleep the Infant Jesus will not pass by without awaking me." progress, was slow, but they pushed on to the opposite side, peering closely along the ground for casualties. Sud denly the moans of a poor wounded sufferer reached their ears and they so he climbed inside. But his perceived a man lying close to the wall of the cemetery. A moment later the chaplain was kneeling over him, not knowing whether he was be things to eat we can and then "Il go to your home."

Oh, thank you, mister," she obde.

In about an hour Francis Montmery and his little friend drew up his big car to a shabby-looking to the little of the language and the supplementation of the language and much has shown through the chimney, falling with a heavy thud into the fireplace underneath, much to the dismay of the little boy by who lay sleeping in his cot. Loud cries brought the lantern blood and mud had into the fireplace underneath, much to the dismay of the little boy by who lay sleeping in his cot. Loud cries brought the lantern blood and mud had into the fireplace underneath, much boy by who lay sleeping in his cot. Loud cries brought the lantern blood and mud had into the fireplace underneath, much boy by who lay sleeping in his cot. Loud cries brought the lantern blood and mud had into the fireplace underneath, much boy by who lay sleeping in his cot. Loud cries brought the chimney, falling with a heavy thud into the fireplace underneath, much boy by who lay sleeping in his cot. Loud cries brought the lantern blood and mud had into the fireplace underneath, much boy by who lay sleeping in his cot. Loud cries brought the lantern blood and mud had into the fireplace underneath, much to the dismay of the little boy by who lay sleeping in latter sparents to him, auxious to know what all the noise. French or German. In the dim light

enemy's shells, but still alive. The Abbé Chanterose did all he could to revive the unfortunate officer; he administered first aid and succeeded in restoring him; but it was some time before the wounded man was sufficiently recovered to a miserable object, with his scoty recognize the one who was befriend clothes, upon which a snowflake ing him. When he did he was deeply remained here and there unmeited, moved. The stretcher bearers raised him tenderly, and carried him to the nearest ambulance where the sur-

was served by an old soldier who had been an altar-boy in years gone by, and the ceremony was as simple and as impressive as were the Masses celebrated in the catacombs in the early ages of the Church; it was made more impressive by the either the need or the desire of presence of the wounded officer, whose cot had been placed near the

to Paris, where his arrival was greeted by his parents with great joy and thanksgiving, not merely because he had survived his wounds, but also because he had returned to them wearing the Cross of the Legion of in their remuneration, for two Honor. But greater was the happy-ness of the aged couple when their soldier son told them how he had chaplain, after the battle, and the latter's services to him.

"Jean has saved our son," the mother softly whispered; "our kindness to the little orphan eighteen years ago was not done in vain. I would bless and protect our child."

—F. D., in the Sacred Heart Messenger.

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH

AND MODERN CAPITALISM

Written for "Reconstruction Magazine" by the Rev. John A. Ryan, D. D., of the Catholic Univer-

No other pronouncement ever made by a religious body in the United States has aroused as much fundamental principle that wages interest as that entitled "Social should be sufficiently high to afford a Reconstruction: A General Review decent livelihood to all workers, but of the Problems and Survey of Rame-dies," issued February 12, by the four bishops who constitute committee of the administrative committee of National Catholic War council.

The press of the country, both program a generous measure of justice, but only the minimum publicity and editorial comment, and individuals from every social class

How far wages may properly go have recognized it as a document of above this level depends upon many

parts, the first presenting a short industrial resources are sufficient to sketch of the principal reconstruction provide "more than a living wage for proposals previously issued by various agencies in Great Britain and the United States, while the second sets forth the council's own recom-

At the beginning of the second part the bishops disclaim any inten-tion "to formulate a comprehensive scheme of reconstruction." of those reforms that seem to be both tion for the two friends, choosing a desirable and attainable within a career. For Jean Chanterose it was reasonable time, and to "a few general principles which may become a guide to more distant developments."

LANE PLAN ENDORSED

First among the particular reforms come those that were either put into operation during the War, or that relate immediately to problems created by the War. The industrial replacement of soldiers and sailors is put down as the first of these problems. One of the ways recommended to meet it is the plan of Secretary Lane for placing the returning men The benefits of a erly organized colonization enter themselves, but in the increase of

board, which have done a vast amount of good work in connecting ally proved efficacy of the Rochdele men with jobs, and in adjusting labor disputes, should be improved and continued, since both are sadly the consumers, and are capable needed in the time of peace. The experience in public housing obtained during the War should likewise be utilized by those cities that are confronted with congestion and the other evils resulting from insufficiand disgraceful provisions for shel-

tering the working classes.
Unfortunately for the bishops' recommendations on these four subjects the first three of them have, at least temporarily, been disregarded by the responsible authorities. Congress failed to make adequate provisions for carrying out Secretary Lane's colonization scheme, did nothing to strengthen and make permanent the war labor board, and deliberately refused to appropriate funds for the maintenance of the national employ

ment service.
In the case of these three supremely practical and urgent measures for industrial and social welfare, the Church has shown itself more alive, more solicitous and more realistic than the State. Whether the municipalities will within a students as necessary elements in onable time take up the problem

sidered by the bishops is the presthese positions to the returning soldiers and sailors. Three general principles are laid down: First, no smutty.

"What do you mean, you young ragabond, by coming into our house in this fashion?" demanded Monsieur Guillemain, in an angry tone.

"It was so cold on the roof, sir," answered poor little Jean trying to be brave, "that I got into the

The bishops evidently believe that society will be healthy in proportion as social conditions enable the work-ers to marry. The greater the number of families, the smaller will be

becoming industrial wage earners.

To the question whether the Warset in in the condition of Colonel
Marc Guillemain. In a very few
weeks he was strong enough to a high wages during the War extremely small proportion of the entire wage earning population," and that the great majority should not undergo any reductions reasons; First, because the average increase in pay has not been greater than the rise in the cost of living, and, second, because "a consider-able majority of the wage earners of the United States, both men and women were not receiving living wages when prices began to rise in

WAGES TOO LOW IN 1914

These are important matters of fact which have not received suffi cient attention in most of the discus sions concerning a possible reduction in the general wage level. Many of the editorial writers on our daily papers are no doubt sincere in assuming that they are very liberal should not go down until the cost of living declines. They make the fun-damental mistake of assuming that the pre-war wage scales were just and adequate. The bishops occupy no such false position.

Not only do they contend for the reasons why rates of pay should be the lowered even if the majority of the workers are now in receipt of more than living wages; for the view of all Catholic authorities is that a mere ecular and religious, has given the living wage is not necessarily full

unusual significance. economic factors; but the bishops
The program contains two main are of the opinion that the country's a very large proportion of the workers," that a theory of wages which would keep them all down to the ethical minimum is unsound both in morals and in economics. Undoubtedly the burden of proof is upon those who take the opposite view.

The last economic heritage from the War which the bishops deal with is the greatly enhanced level of prices. They seem to be skeptical concerning the value of government price fixing in times of peace, and they recognize that, at any rate, it is not likely to be systematically adopted. In their opinion, an adequate enforcement of laws against monopolies would bring about as low a scale of prices as could be reached through direct legal regulation. And they suggest that where extortion cannot be prevented by the ordinary anti trustlaws, "govern ment competition with monopolistic concerns deserves more serious con sideration than it has yet received.

FOR CO-OPERATIVE STORES

Nevertheless, the main remedy recommended for high prices is neither government regulation nor government competition, but co-opertribution and superfluous middlemen system of mercantile establishments. These are owned and managed by greatly reducing the cost of living for the American consumer as they have already done for the British con Moreover, the bishops point out that the co-operative store movement can give the working classes invaluable training in thrift, business methods, all ruism, and the capacity for social action. Co-operative enter prise by the people themselves in declared to be greatly superior to government enterprise.

Passing from war measures and

problems to the general subject of protective labor and social leg the bishops advocate the following reforms: The legal minimum wage, social insurance, public health inspection in all schools, municipal clinics, labor participation in industrial. trial management, vocational training, and all the abolition of child labor by taxing it out of existence, as since provided in the new federal revenue law.

Most of these proposals have long

that minimum of economic well being of housing, remains in the realm of which is necessary for right individual and social life. They were con Another War time condition conditions the presidence by the bishops is the presidence of the condition of th ence of great numbers of women in tion of labor issued by Pope Leo XIII what had been formerly men's occu in 1891; in the "Platform of Minipations. These women" should not mums" published by the National be compelled to suffer any greater loss or inconvenience than is absolutely necessary" in yielding back Reconstruction Program of the Reconstruction Program of the

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