



Remember the Little Member.

You may keep your feet from slipping
And your hands from evil deeds,
But to guard your tongue from tripping.
What unceasing care it needs!
Be you old or be you young,
Oh, beware,
Take good care
Of the little-tattle, telltale tongue.
Maybe you feel inclined to quarrel
With the doctrine that I preach,
But the soundness of the moral
Sad experience will teach;
Be it said or be it sung
Everywhere
Oh, beware
Of the little-tattle, telltale tongue.
—Selected.

How Boys Succeeded.

A few years ago a drug firm in New York city advertised for a boy, says Vivian McColl in the Catholic Guardian. The next day the store was thronged with applicants. Among them was a queer looking fellow accompanied by a woman who proved to be his aunt. Looking at the waif, the proprietor said, "I can't take him; besides, he is too small."
"I know he is small," said the woman, "but he is willing and faithful and you can trust him."
There was a twinkling in the boy's eyes which made the merchant think again. A partner in the firm remarked that he did not see what they wanted with such a boy—he wasn't bigger than a pint of cider. But after consultation the boy was set to work. A few days later a call was made on the boys in the store for some one to stay all night. The prompt response of the little fellow contrasted well with the reluctance of the others. In the middle of the night the merchant looked in to see if all was right in the store and discovered the little lad scissoring labels.
"What are you doing?" he asked.
"I did not tell you to work nights."
"I know you did not tell me so, but I thought I might as well be doing something."
In the morning the cashier got orders to "Double the boy's wages, for he is willing."
Only a few weeks elapsed before a show of wild beasts passed through the streets, and very naturally, all hands in the store rushed to witness the spectacle. A thief saw his opportunity, and waited at the rear door to seize something, but in a twinkling found himself firmly grasped by the diminutive clerk and after a struggle captured. Not only was a robbery prevented, but valuable articles taken from other stores were recovered. When asked by the merchant why he stayed behind to watch when others quit work, he replied:
"You told me never to leave the store when others were absent, and I thought I'd stay."
"Orders were immediately given once more, 'Double that boy's wages, he is willing and faithful.'"
To-day that boy is getting a salary of \$2,500 and next month will become a member of the firm.

It Takes Courage.

To speak the truth when, by a little prevarication you can get some great advantage.
To live according to your convictions.
To be what you are and not pretend to be what you are not.
To live honestly within your means and not dishonestly upon the means of others.
When mortified and embarrassed by humiliating disaster, to seek in the wreck or ruin the elements of future conquest.
To refuse to knuckle and bend the knee to the wealthy, even though poor.
To refuse to make a living in a questionable vocation.
To refuse to do a thing which you think is wrong, because it is customary and done in trade.
To be talked about and yet remain silent when a word would justify you in the eyes of others, but which you cannot speak without injury to another.
To face slander and lies and to carry yourself with cheerfulness, grace, and dignity for years before the lie can be corrected.
To stand firmly erect while others are bowing and fawning for praise and power.
To remain in honest poverty while others grow rich by questionable methods.
To say "No," squarely when those around you say "Yes."
To do your duty in silence, obscurity and poverty, while others about you prosper through neglecting or violating sacred obligations.
Not to bend the knee to popular prejudice.—Success Magazine.

At School.

Never be late. Always stand in time. Punctuality helps others and helps yourself.
Always say "Good morning" on leaving the school room.
Be prompt to render services to your teachers, cleaning the blackboard, etc.
When visitors enter, rise, stand on both feet, and let the arms fall naturally to the sides. Remain standing until a signal is given to be seated.
If spoken to by a visitor, always stand to answer.
Never borrow at school; it is the foundation of a very bad habit.
Never use the property of others without their permission.
If you meet a teacher or visitor in the halls, stand aside to let them pass, inclining the head slightly.
Be kind and willing to play with all, as you would have others do to you.
No screaming, pushing or quarrelling on the playground.
Never hurt the feelings of your companions, and never criticize the dress of a poorer child.
Our Lord teaches us this lesson: "Learn of me, because I am meek and humble of heart."—From "How, Why, and When for Catholic Children."

A Point of Honor.

"Good-afternoon, Christine! What a fairy bower this end of the porch is, with its vines and roses!"
Mrs. Vincent stopped, as she came out of the door after making her call on Aunt Elizabeth, and looked appreciatively at the inviting piazza nook.
"Fairy fingers at work, too! May I see what you are making? Ah, what a dainty collar!"
Christine had risen quickly, and looked up with pleased eyes from the trifle of lace and silk in her hands. She could not help feeling flattered to have Mrs. Vincent notice her work—Mrs. Vincent, who was so gracious and elegant, and who always wore such beautiful things herself.
"Why, you have the real artist's touch, child! I don't know when I've seen such a pretty stock. Where did you get the idea?"
Christine blushed prettily.
"I'm afraid you could hardly call it an idea. I got the pieces out of my old treasure-box here, and they were such tiny scraps that this seemed to be the only way they would go together." She glanced over at the pasteboard box on the piazza floor—a big box, full of bits of ribbon, lace and silk. They were very small bits, most of them. Christine had been gathering them up from all kinds of sources since she was a tiny girl, and saving them for their mere prettiness. She had never expected them to be of any particular use, but somehow she couldn't bring herself to throw them away.
"It's really exquisite. I wonder—" Mrs. Vincent hesitated a little.
"Would you make one like it for me, Christine? I've been wondering what to send my niece Helen on her birthday, and this would be just the thing. That touch of delicate pink would be most becoming to Helen. I'd be glad to pay you a dollar for it, if you wouldn't mind making it."
Christine's eyes sparkled. A dollar! Dollars were not very plentiful with her and Aunt Elizabeth, and one would help so much toward the concert course she was longing for.
"I'll be very glad to let you have this one, Mrs. Vincent, if you like it. It is nearly finished. I can bring it around to you before supper. Only I'm afraid a dollar is too much for it. It hasn't cost me anything, you know."
"Too much? Not at all. It is a real bargain for me. I'm so glad I can have it. I'll be home in an hour. Good-bye, Mrs. Latimer!"
Christine hummed a happy little tune as she went on putting the finishing touches to the dainty bands and knots and tassels. Why, those concert tickets were almost within reach now! She had hardly realized before how much she did want them. Lost in her pleasant reflections, she did not hear Alice Bolton's step on the walk until Alice was close beside her.
"Hello, Christine! What are you making? Oh, how pretty!"
Alice dropped down on one of the porch seats, fanning herself with her hat.
"It is pretty isn't it?" Christine tilted her head critically. "And—it's—just—done!" She took the last stitch and clipped her thread as she spoke.
"Pretty! It's the loveliest stock I've seen this season! And—oh, Christine, I want it! Couldn't you make yourself another and let me have this? The ribbon on the one Miss Corbin sent up for my new party muslin doesn't match the sash at all. I've been in perfect de-

pair. But this delicate shall pink is exactly the shade. Please sacrifice yourself on the altar of friendship, Christine, and let me have it."

Christine looked troubled.
"I'd love to give it to you, Alicia, only it isn't really mine. It is—sold!"
"Sold!"
"Yes. Mrs. Vincent was here a little while ago, and asked for it for a birthday gift for Helen. I'd make another like it for you, but there isn't a thread of that pink left. I'm awfully sorry, Alicia."
"Both Mrs. Vincent—and Helen, too!" ejaculated Alicia, irreverently. "I don't see—How much is Mrs. Vincent going to give you for it, Christine?"
"A dollar."
"Well, I'll give you a dollar and a half! It won't matter to her. I don't suppose Helen has anything that has to be matched, and you can make her another just as pretty." She waited a moment.
"Please let me have it, Christine. I'll give you two dollars!" Alicia had plenty of spending money, and she spoke coaxingly.
Christine's breath came with a little catch. Two dollars! That, with what she had, would buy the concert tickets. And probably it wouldn't make much difference to Mrs. Vincent. She could make another collar almost like this, and perhaps quite as pretty. Then suddenly her face flamed with a kind of shame at her own thought.
"I can't, Alicia. I'd gladly let you have it, if I could. But it wouldn't be honorable. I made the bargain with Mrs. Vincent first, and I'll have to keep it."
"You're downright mean, Christine Latimer!" exclaimed Alicia, hotly, getting up and marching away.
Christine's eyes followed her miserably. Alicia was impulsive and careless. Some people said she had worse faults. But Christine had always felt that the faults were mostly on the surface. Alicia, like herself, was motherless, and she had never had anybody like Aunt Elizabeth to help her understand some things. She was fond of Alicia, and she had hoped—
She sighed a little, then jumped up and carried the stock to Mrs. Vincent. It was duly admired and paid for; yet Christine's spirits, as she walked home, were still drooping.

The next afternoon, at Bessie Martin's lawn party, she saw Alicia. Alicia wore the new gown and sash and the stock that "didn't match." The difference in shade was a slight one, after all. But Alicia carried her head high, and never once looked at Christine.
Christine sat on the porch alone that evening. Aunt Elizabeth had gone to the Ladies' Aid Social and was late. Presently there was a tapping of dainty slippers on the walk, and the white figure of Alicia flashed up the porch steps.
"Christine! Christine!" she began, impetuously. "I've come to take it back! You were right, and it was I who was mean. And, Christine, listen! I was telling Rob about it at dinner to-night. Father was away, and I was still too angry to eat. And what do you think Rob said? 'Does Christine Latimer stand to a bargain like that?' he said. 'Then I'll tell you one thing. A fellow can't be less straight on a bargain than a slip of a girl like Christine. As soon as dinner is over I'll telephone the Farquarsons that that deal is off. I'll keep my contract with Burleigh Brothers, if there isn't so much in it.'"
"Oh, Christine, you don't know how much it means. I've been so anxious about Rob! He had engaged to go in with Burleigh Brothers this fall, and then the Farquarsons came to him with such a flattering offer. But from things I've heard father say, I know the Farquarsons haven't a very good reputation in business, though they are just piling up money. Father was anxious, too. Rob is such a rash fellow—though he is a dear—that he might have been led into something that would spoil his whole business career at the start. I wish I had been the one to help him decide. But it's almost as good for it to be you, Christine! And will you forgive me for being so hateful yesterday? Why, I'd wear green and purple stocks all my life if it would get Rob started right!"
She flashed away again as impetuously as she had come. Christine sat half an hour longer in the moonlight thinking. But her thoughts were not of the extra dollar that would have bought the concert tickets, and her eyes were full of tender light.

Seen the FREE Book PEDLAR People of Oshawa Montreal, Toronto, Halifax, St. John, Winnipeg, Vancouver

BISHOP CASEY'S POWERFUL SERMON.

HIS SUBJECT, THE EPISCOPATE.

Vivid Presentation of Position of Bishops of the Church.

The following powerful sermon was delivered by His Lordship Bishop Casey, of St. John, N.B., at the second solemn session of the Plenary Council at Quebec:

I have chosen you, and have appointed you, that you should go, and should bring forth fruit; and that your fruit should remain.—John XIV., 16.

Your Excellency, My Lords Archbishops and Bishops, dearly beloved. Nineteen hundred years ago, the Eternal Son of the Living God, Christ, the Redeemer and the Judge of the world, addressed these words to a body of men whom He had chosen to complete His mission, received from God the Father; and right before me is a spectacle that magnificently illustrates the partial accomplishment of this divine commission.

My text is the Word delivered to us, by whom "all things were made, that were made," and afterwards He saw that "they were very good." He placed the sun in heaven to mark the lines of day and night. After thousands of years, it shines on with unblemished splendor, and will not rest until the end of the world. No one questions this; though its only assurance is the fact of creation.

Now, the Word that in the beginning created light, is heard again; it comes forth, too, in power, in a new creative act. This time it is addressed, not to nothingness, but to twelve men, re-creating them, endowing them with a mission that He compares to His Own, and such as no man ever had before: "As the Father sent me, I also send you." For its limits, He assigns the ends of the earth; for duration, the consummation of ages; for its fulfillment, His everlasting presence: "Behold I am with you all days, unto the consummation of the world."

This is a new, a living universe which the Son of God erects in the midst of creation, making a man the foundation-stone, for He says to one: "Upon this rock I will build my church; and making eleven others the walls of the structure, as He says to the twelve: "I have appointed you that you should go, and bring forth fruit, and that your fruit should remain."

THE COMMISSION DIVINE.

All history, with divine tradition, agrees that these creative words of the Lord God were addressed to the apostles, chosen as the teachers and governors of His everlasting church. Should or could there be a flaw in the delivery or fulfillment of this commission, then Christianity crumbles to ruin; for before appointing them, He reveals His Divinity, claiming almightiness as His own, and, in view of this, sends them forth to teach the world unto the end of time: "All power is given to Me in Heaven and earth. Going, therefore, teach all nations."

No one can be a Christian and pretend that these words are vain. There must, therefore, still exist a body of men vested with this divine mission to teach the nations, as in fact, there is one such body that has never ceased, and never will cease, to claim and exercise it—the episcopate of the Catholic Church, united with the bishop of Rome, the See of Peter.

All history, sacred and profane, shows that the Catholic bishops in union with Peter's successor at once assumed the government of the church, even before the last of the "Twelve" had died. Divinely established in the apostolic office, they have ever shared with the sovereign pontiff in teaching and governing the flock of Christ.

After the decrees of several councils, notably that of Trent, we are not free to believe that the office of the bishop is not superior to that of the priests. The priest is, as it were, a branch of the episcopal tree; and, transcendent though his office be, he can bear fruit unto life only in unity with the bishop. When duly elected and consecrated a bishop becomes himself a tree in the Lord's vineyard to bring forth precious fruits of grace and holiness. A priest of God, he can beget children unto everlasting life in the saving waters of baptism; he cannot make them perfect Christians by the gifts of the Holy Ghost.

He can absolve from sin, but the exercise of this power is dependant upon episcopal authority, he can offer the tremendous sacrifice of the new law, the "clean oblation" foretold by the prophet, but only in temples and on altars consecrated by the bishop's hand. In fine, that marvelous fruitfulness, which is the unending life of the church, is wholly in the episcopate itself, for the future life of the church: "I have chosen you, and have appointed you, that you should go, and bring forth fruit, and that your fruit should remain."

of revelation amidst the variations of human opinion in its integrity and purity, against all the attacks of pride and power. It is inherent to the bishop's office to teach the divine word, and no voice can be raised for the spiritual guidance of the faithful without his authority; it is he who must judge that the doctrine is sound and true, and not weakened by ignorance or malice. All religious teaching in his diocese is subject to him, for he is the father and teacher and pastor of all.

Nor is the church a mere school or academic institution; she is constituted to direct souls on the narrow road that leads to life, to govern the faithful, to guard the religious interests of the nations. Again the sovereign Lord has placed this governing power into the hands of the bishops; for we find the Apostle of the Gentiles thus speaking of those of his day: "The Holy Ghost has placed you bishops to rule the church of God." In the primitive days of Christianity, episcopal authority is recognized in fact; for the Council of Antioch, in 341, confirms a canon that had come down as attributed to the apostles: "Let nothing be done without the counsel of the bishop."

However excellent any work, if it were carried out in defiance of this universal rule, it bore fruit but of schism, heresy, and atheism. It militated against Christian unity, and resulted no less in the first century than in the modern world in religious anarchy, that grimly foreshadows that region of confusion "where there is no order, but everlasting horror dwelleth."

The episcopate, therefore, became the saving bond of Catholic unity. The great doctor of the early Church St. Cyprian, after declaring the primacy of Peter necessary for the unity of the Church, adds these striking words: "We especially ought to adhere firmly to this unity, and to defend it, we bishops who preside in the church, to show that the episcopate is one and indivisible. Yes, the episcopate is one in which every bishop participates without division of the whole." And Pope St. Symmachus still more emphatically: "The Christian priesthood is maintained in unity by the bishops, after the example of the Adorable Trinity whose power is one and individual."

In the short time allotted to us this morning, we cannot attempt to consider the ten times ten thousand bishops that merit our admiration since apostolic times, to note their labors and successes; for the struggles of the church are the lives of her prelates, her triumphs and their crown. The Holy Ghost has placed them, none can doubt their fitness; their myriad numbers emblazoning the roll of saints are its sanction. The dioceses of Europe and Africa, of Great Britain and Ireland, have splendid representation among the "just made perfect," the honor roll of God's saints. Even in young America there are already two, the Venerables first Bishop of Quebec and fourth Bishop of Philadelphia, that promise well to be, in the early future, Saints Francis de Laval and John Nepomucene Neuman. Though but few may reach the honors of the altar, the marvellous growth and expansion of the Church in America testify to the exalted character of our pioneer bishops in union with the army of their faithful priests in Canada and the United States.

RELATION TO COUNTRY.

And, while immediately concerned with the sovereign interest of saving their flocks, the bishops were never the least among the benefactors of their country. A nation cannot prosper without duly attending to the sanctity of human relations, of law and justice, for these are the foundations of civil and national life. In his unceasing labors for the promotion of truth and virtue, for upholding the dignity of labor and insisting on the duties of capital, for spreading far and wide the noblest aspirations of humanity, there can be no truer patriot than the bishop.

It is his office unceasingly to make known all things the Divine Master commanded His apostles; and, in fulfilling it, he penetrates the whole moral atmosphere of his country with the truth as it is in Jesus. Not those only that acknowledge him as their teacher, but all his fellow-citizens are enlightened by the truths which he is commissioned to teach, and which, in various degrees, reach the minds of all, without as well as within the church, to the well-being of the commonwealth, the advancement of civilization, and the extension of Christianity. Our fathers in the episcopate did their work well; now for ours! We inherit their faith, their responsibility, their mission all divine.

Yes, most revered and revered brethren, let us, as did Peter of old, launch out into the deep. The great waters of our new Canadian life are surging in every direction. Over their depths of thirty-three dioceses from Halifax to Vancouver, have a divine commission to preach the gospel to non-Catholics no less than to Catholics. We take up in God's name the work of introducing the church to our separated brethren and of inviting them to enter the fold of Christ under one Shepherd.

The work before us is vast—the conversion of the millions still in unbelief for whom the Redeemer died. The outlook, to the human eye, is appalling, but to the eye of faith, He is with us who is our Elder Brother, "the Bishop of our souls." He who said to our predecessors, "Fear not, come after Me, and I will make you fishers men." He is our strength, our support. The guarantee is in the words with which I began, and with which I conclude: "I have chosen you, and have appointed you, that you should go, and should bring forth fruit, and that your fruit should remain."

Funny Sayings.

My Stars.

"Amelia," said a stern father, holding a letter his daughter had accidentally dropped. "I found this communication on the stairs. Who wrote and sent it?"
"It's—it's from Mr. Johnson," answered the girl, with embarrassment.
"Indeed, miss! And what are all these things at the foot?"
"Oh, those are—stars, father. Mr. Johnson is teaching me astronomy."

An Object Lesson.

The Rev. Father Morrissey, for years in charge of a Catholic church in Highland Park, but now stationed in a parish on the West Side, told this story to a group of Glendene tour autoists, but he did not say whether it was a personal experience:
A priest went to a barber shop conducted by one of his Irish parishioners to get a shave. He observed the barber was suffering from a recent celebration, but decided to take a chance. In a few moments the barber's razor nicked the father's cheek.
"There, Pat, you have cut me," said the priest, as he raised his hand and caressed the wound.
"Yes, your reverence," answered the barber.
"That shows you," continued the priest in a tone of censure, "what the use of liquor will do."
"Yes, your reverence," replied the barber, humbly, "it makes the skin tender."—Chicago Evening Post.

Another Kind of Ark.

In an English village school the rector's wife was questioning a mixed class of boys and girls on certain branches of their religious knowledge. Presently she came to the subject of Noah's ark. After having touched briefly on that, she asked the children whether they knew of any other ark mentioned in the Bible.
"Yes," answered one eager little girl, "the ark of the covenant."
"Quite right," said the lady, much pleased. And then, thinking of the ark of bulrushes in connection with the baby Moses, she asked, "And can you mention any other?"
The child, after a few minutes' hard thought, cried out:
"O yes, ma'am, 'Ark, the herald, angels sing.'"

Mrs. Lomas—I don't see what she wanted to marry him for. He has a cork leg, a glass eye, as well as a wig and false teeth.
Mrs. Smith—Well, my dear, you know that woman always did have a hankering after remnants.

GOOD BLOOD AND GOOD HEALTH

Is the Result Obtained When Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Are Used.

To have good health you must have good blood. It is only when the blood is bad that the health is poor. The blood is the life-giving fluid of the body—it is therefore an absolute necessity that it should be kept free from all impurities and poisons. To do this nothing can equal Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. These Pills make new, rich blood with every dose; they drive out every impurity—every poison—and thus give good health. Concerning them Miss Bernadette Lapointe, of St. Jerome, Que., says: "For several years my health was very bad—my system was completely run down. I had indigestion almost continually; my heart was weak; I had headaches and backaches, and was sore all over. My blood was very poor, and more than once I was in despair. I tried many supposed remedies, but none of them helped me. One day a friend advised me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, telling me that she had found them good in a case similar to mine. I followed her advice and began taking the pills. They soon gave me some slight relief. Encouraged by this I continued their use for several months and they strengthened my whole system. I am to-day in excellent health and always keep Dr. Williams' Pink Pills in the house for if I feel a little out of sorts I take a box of Pills and am soon all right again."

Thousands of young girls throughout Canada suffer just as Miss Lapointe did. They are sickly all the time and are totally unable to take the enjoyment out of life that every healthy girl should. They need a tonic to build them up—to enable them to withstand the worries of household or business duties; to give them strength to enjoy social life. Such a tonic is Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. These Pills give blood to bloodless girls; they strengthen the nerves; banish headaches and backaches; cure indigestion, rheumatism, heart palpitation and relieve the many ills of girlhood and womanhood. Sold by all medicine dealers, or direct by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

THURSDAY, OCT.

PRIEST AND PLE

SORE HEADS

Christ's Prophecy

Full

A small group of "who are d... just now... faith and country... of Orange and... ly classified... Irish Ecclesiastic... are all of the... found in every d... have been alienat... to which they no... ther by want of... their merits, or b... impossible disposi... mercenary motives... belong to all the... "Finding t... he got by the sal... they are glad to... sell." Their lat... which has been v... the fable that May... originally founde... as clergy, that a... exist there for s... by crafty... succeeded in appr... come, elbowing th... thus keeping them... century.

At the time of... tion the Irish cler... or be educated on... the British Govern... to conciliate them... shop, supported by... Henry Grattan, the Catholic laity, lightened statesmen... tioned for the es... college in which th... educated at home... Grattan's motion... founded and endow... mous action of Lo... of the Irish Parli... cation of Irish Cath... the British Govern... approved. Dr. H... dent of Maynooth, and others, wished... laity in the genera... did the Bishops, h... and on this Burke... that the Church r... rol of studies and... would much rath... "trust to God's gr... the contributions o... than to put into i... implacable enemies... your morals and... consent to put you... under their directi... their money."

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COLD BROU

KIDNEY

Brantford Lady Suf

by Dodd's Kid

Mrs. A. H. Thompson

case, Lumbago

and Tells How s

to Health.

Brantford, Ont., cal.)—How Colds, other minor ills sett... may and develop R... Disease, Bright's Di... terribly dangerous... how any and all of... by Dodd's Kidney... shown in the case o... Thomson, whose hor... tion street, this city... Mrs. Thomson w... ago, taken with Col... and Straining, whic... heart disease, whic... She had suffered f... she heard of cures o... Kidney Pills, and... which she used wit... results that she co... them till she was cu... she has used Dodd's... her own family ar... them widely to her... whom have warm w... for the standard C... remedy, Dodd's Kid... Heart Disease, Rhe... bago and Bright's D... Kidney Diseases or d... disease kidneys. Y... any of them if you... were sound and you... Dodd's Kidney Pills... were found. Sound... all the impurities o...