CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

COURTESY

To some courtesy may seem a lost art, little worth bringing back. But it is not. Courtesy is one of the old for the business. For the rise of many a man and business has started with

Take time to be courteous.

Emerson once wrote: "Give a boy address and accomplishments and you give him the mastery of palaces, and fortunes wherever he goes."

Courtesy is of more value to a man than a thousand letters of written remarkations. Courtesy is an accomplishment of the courtesy is an accomplishment of the courtesy is an accomplishment. et of more power than money or in-

Take time to be courteous. A few years ago, a young man by the name of Wallace stood behind a railroad office window in Oil City, Pa, as a ticket agent. But he didn't stay all the time. When he saw a chance to render a courteous favor by deliv livered the tickets.

Also, he sought out new ways of giving service. Business grew. A bigger job came after him. To-day, still a young man, he is general pas-senger agent for the entire Erie rail-road. He may be its president some

day. All through courtesy.

Take time to be courteous.

Courtesy lightens the burden of toil. Courtesy demands respect.
Courtesy is a little brother to opportunity and follows her around through the hours of the busy day. Courtesy always leads a man higher up. Take time to be courteous.

The courteous office boy, the courteous clerk, the courteous stencgraph er, the courteous manager, the cour-teous leader at big tasks—whoever heard of such a one not growing, not climbing to bigger things. Think over these things. For it is tremendously worth while to-

Take time to be courteous.-St. Paul's Bulletin.

JUST A TOUCH

We cannot expect to find rules and regulations, set down, numbered, printed and published, to guide us in our living. It is living you know, our living. It is living you know, and we all live differently, and in different ways. Being exemplary is just one delightful way of living, and we cannot find a code of laws to govern us. We find so many different situations, so many different people so many different requirements, that it is just human nature to vary in our ways of doing. But we can always remember that it is the warmth touch of a hand that make one's surest safeguard. One can depend

upon them for finding their own way. Have you ever seen an opal lying in a show case—dull, lifeless, without color, without luster? What a common bit of glass! But take it up into your hand, and let it lie there a moment. And then—why, it is a dif-ferent stone! Brilliant fire flashes from it, all the colors of the rainbow sparkle and dance from it. How beautiful! Yes, very beautiful. And what brought out the beauty? The human touch, the warmth of a human

Yes, just a touch is a very wonderderful thing sometimes. There lay the stone, dull, dead, lusterless. The human touch, and then how brilliant ly, how radiantly bright it gleamed There are lives just like that. We see them, we touch time. At first we find them unresponsive, quiet, dull, colorless. But if our way guiet, dull, coloriess. But if our way is the right way, if our eyes have the right light, our lips the right smiles, our voice the right ring, our hand the right touch, then we will see the color and the beauty and the radiance in the life coming to meet us.

LET YESTERDAY ALONE

MAPLE BUDS

"Maple Buds" is a name

which distinguishes a

quality, a flawless stan-

dard of chocolate purity

and deliciousness, rather

than simply the form in

which the chocolate is

"Made in Canada."

moulded.

perpetually having a parade of yes-terday's misdoings.

Countermarching is never satisfac-tory. Even the things we felt were passable at first sight are disappoint-ing when rehashed.

If you have things to regret, do it once and for all.

If you have things to regree, do so once and for all. You realize you could be sorry for-ever after some of the acts of your life—but what's the use?

life—but what's the use?
What an awful price people pay for
the determination to "get square"
with those they fancy have injured
them! No matter what others do to
us, every bit of retaliation, every bit
of injury we do to them, every blow
intended for another really wounds
ourselves—True Voice. ourselves.—True Voice.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

WHEN FRED CAME HOME

It was Saturday morning and Roger Mason and Skip, the little water-spaniel, were on their way to the Centerville Station to meet Fred.

Centerville Station to meet Fred.

It had been nearly a month since the younger boy had gone to visit Uncle Henry in Weston, and now he was coming home. Roger's heart beat fast with joy, and even Skip seemed to know that there was good

reason for being happy.

Roger crossed the new bridge, bright with its coat of red paint, and was soon at the station. When the train rushed in, Fred who had come train rushed in, Fred who had come all the way from Weston in care of a friendly conductor, stepped off. The first thing that he said was, "My! How Skip has grown!"

The spaniel knew that they were saying nice things about him, and he wagged his tail with all his might and barked in answer.

Soon they were on the road home, and Fred was listening to Roger's stories of the adventures he had had with their companion, Skip.

with their companion, Skip.

Before the red bridge was reached.

the boys and the dog came to an old farmhouse where no one lived. The roof had sagged and nearly all the windows were broken, and the paint on the walls had long since been washed away by the rains. In front of it, under the great maples that sbaded the yard, was a well of ice-

cold water.
"Isn't it hot!" said Fred, squinting up at the sun. "Let's go in under those trees, and try to get a drink of water." He led the way into the yard. On a nail in one of the trees hung a pail, with a string tied to its handle. A moment later the boys were drinking—slowly, because

the water was almost ice cold.

It was a deep well, walled with rough stones; and way down at the bottom, in the round mirror of water they could see their own faces as they stood cautiously near the edge. A cool, moist, mossy smell floated up

cool, moist, mossy smell floated up from its depths.

Skip came panting from the squirrel thicket and stood beside them. Roger poured half a pailful of water into a cup like hollow in a flat rock, and the spaniel lapped thirstily. Then he looked over the edge and saw his own furry head mirrored in the rock helow. He harked and the the pool below. He barked, and the dog at the bottom of the well opened its mouth and seemed to answer. Skip danced excitedly, barking louder than ever, while his two masters shouted with laughter. Suddenly, almost overhead in one of the maples a bird frightened by the noise, flew twittering from its nest. The boys

turned to gaze after it.
In that same instant they heard a strange yelp from the little Spaniel, mingled with the sound of a falling an ugly, fresh mark in the earth where one of the stones had slipped from the edge. They dreaded to look down, but a tiny splashing sound Learn to let yesterday alone and you will have a happier life. There is nothing more miserable than to be

bravely in a circle. Twice he tried to climb the smooth rocks that lined the well, but each time he slipped back after pawing vainly for a foot-hold. As he paddled round and round, he whined in such a piteous way that the tears came to the boys'

"The rope!" oried Roger. He had no sconer spoken than Fred began to lower it with the pail at the end: but it was a very small pail, and although Skip made for it the moment it tended the water, and tried to it touched the w ter, and tried to hold on with teeth and paws, all his efforts seemed of little use. Every time they tried to pull it up, the spaniel clung desperately for a moment, then fell back and disappeared with a splash. Again and again they tried, but all in vain. The last time Skip did not have the strength to swim for the pail, but clung motion less to a rock, with little more than his nose and two appealing even his nose and two appealing eyes

We must get something else, said Fred, trying to keep the sob from his voice. He ran toward the farmhouse, and looked about. An old peach-basket was lying beside the

rickety steps. He selzed it and rushed back to Roger.

Quickly they tied the cord to its rim, though their fingers trembled from fear that they were too late. "Here!" said Roger, as he placed a stone in the bottom. "That will make it sink so fast that we can get

it under him."

Together they lowered the basket, while Skip, who was too exhausted to swim, watched it come down with eyes that showed that he realized that this was his last chance. The basket sank. The boys moved it carefully under him, and began to pull unward.

pull upward.

"He's in !" shouted Fred.

The load was heavy for the slender cord, and they lifted slowly, hoping that it would not break. A moment later they stepped back from the edge with their strange basket load. Little Skip could only wag his tail

at first, but ten minutes in a sunny spot, by the road with his two happy masters rubbing him down, and wiping the water from his fur, and patting him again and again, quite brought back his liveliness, and barking and frisking round Fred and Roger, he thanked them plainly in his dog language. Then the three companions started home; the sun seemed to shine brighter than ever and a great deal of joy was in their hearts.—Sacred Heart Review.

DO PENANCE

It was a wise old Irish woman who measured her life by the number of Lents she had kept. Life was a serious affair with her. It was not merely something out of which her great aim was to get all the enjoyment possible; The real enjoyment would come in the next world. This was the place of trial, the place to work out one's salvation in fear and trembling, and that with a spirit of Christian hope that made even Christian hope that made even penance a delight to her soul.

penance a delight to her soul.

One never found the old folk grumbling about the strictness of the Lenten observances. A Lent that did not bring with it plenty of fasting and mortification would not be worthy of a place on their calendar. Their hardships were greater than ours: their common averday life. ours; their common everyday life was penitential enough, compared with the luxuries which nowadays we think essential to our well-being. Yet when the Holy Season came around there was a loving effort to do yet more for the love of God. To them it was an evident necessity, for it was Christ Himself that had said those terrible words: "Unless you do penance you shall all likewise

perish."
The world needs a little more of that old spirit of our fathers in the faith. Surrounded by millions that take no notice of the need of doing penance, we are apt to become im-bued with that worldly spirit that deems the mortification of the flesh an insult to the dignity of the body, and a relic of some old mediæval superstition. Therefore we are sometimes inclined to chafe under the bonds of Lent. Why this long season of fast and prayer, of sacrifice, of the forsaking of the theatre and the dancehall and other places of amusement? What else but for the

salvation of our souls?

If we see the necessity of saving our souls, and surely as Catholics hat is dinned into us in season and out of season, then in spite of a cyni-cal world that cannot grasp that fundamental fact of life we must see the need of doing what the Master of our souls lay down as a condition for that salvation. Fasting and prayer it was in the time of Christ; fasting and prayer it is in our day, and will be while man has a body and soul

that show the effects of original sin. That is the spirit of Lent, to take thought with oneself how to accom-plish the great work for which he has been set on this earth. Nothing will change that spirit even though by force of circumstances the ways of manifesting it may change from time to time. Those ways have changed somewhat. The fasting prescribed to-day by the Church is not rigorous for everybody. Climatic and social conditions have brought about a relation in the manner of doing penance. It is the pity of a kind mother that lifts from the shoulders of her children the burden which she thinks too

But Lent is more than fasting. A man, who on account of the rigor of his work is relieved of the duty of fasting makes a tremendous mistake if he thinks that he is dispensed from all penance. The Church does not



missioned him to try what th

missioned him to try what the
"Turtle" could do against the British
flagship, the Eagle, then lying off
Staten Island.

The "Turtle," which was shaped
like a round clam, accommodated
one operator, and was worked with
one propellor turned by hand. It
was submerged by letting water into
a tank and raised by emptying out
this tank. It had an air chamber in

this tank. It had an air chamber in

which an operator could exist for half an hour, and could travel about

two miles an hour.

Bushnell (who also had invented

the submarine mine) had selected a man named Lee to go out on the ex-

pedition, as he was not physically

strong enough to operate his own invention. On reaching the flagship,

however, Lee found its hull sheathe

public life, a disappointed and dis-

About twenty five years afterward,

Robert Fulton, the famous Irish-American inventor and perfector of

teamboat navigation, brought his

improved submarine, a development of Bushnell's original idea, under the

notice of Napoleon, who was then

contemplating an invasion of Eng-

land. The great dream of Fulton's

life, probably inherited from some of his Kilkenny forbears, was the de-

struction of England's navy, for in it

he saw the true menace to world

peace and liberty. Napoleon com-missioned him to bring his submarine

This new submarine was a big step in advance of Bushnell's, it could

stay four hours under water and

carry four persons.

The demonstration given at Brest

impressed the French Government and people immensely, for Fulton succeeded in blowing to pieces all the craft given for that purpose by

the admiratty.

It was another matter, however, when Fulton started pursuing the British fleet. Information concern-

ing him and his invention had put

them on their guard, and all in vain did the eager Irish-American chase

ships that could run away much quicker than he could follow. Napo-

leon lost patience waiting for results and recalled Fulton, so again was the submarine discredited and its

England laughed with the rest, but

wisely she foresaw what future pos-

investigate the despised submarine. At the Earl of Stanhope's invitation

(who was something of a mechanician himself) Fulton went to Eng-

Neither Pitt or the British Govern

ment wanted the submarine, their object in having Fulton come over

turn quickly to America. His answer was emphatic: "Not for

swer was emphatic: "Not for £10,000 a year would I do what you

suggest," he said, and returning to

Of him and his work, Mr. Hend-

The writer of this article well re

members, as a small boy in New Haven, Conn., peering awestruck

through the cracks of an old shed bordering on the Mill River. Within I could just see the outline of a cigar-shaped iron craft. One auspicious day its guardian unlocked the door,

took me in and permitted a brief in

spection. Locally this boat was known as 'The Fenian Ram.' Its inventor was John P. Holland, now one of the greatest names in the his-

tory of naval warfare. New Haven was one of the Fenian headquarters.

was one of the Fenian headquarters.
The society there included 'Captain
Jim' Reynolds, who had fitted out
an expedition that rescued several
Irish political prisoners from Botan

Australia, and Larry O'Brien

nell and Robert Fulton.

inventors laughed to ridicule.

relieve him of the work of saving his soul, and, as Christ has said, to this the doing of penance is necessary.

up by other ways of penance.

The good Catholic realizes this.

Lent to him is a Godsend. It gives him an opportunity to withdraw from the world, to become better ac-quainted with his own soul and with its needs. It brings him face to face with awful responsibility. It urges him to do penance. That penance can be done in many ways. His work may demand that he continue subways of curbing his appetite in the sacrifice of unnecessary dainties of food; he does not frequent the places of amusement, he gives up sm or the occasional drink—a practice which entails a kind of hardship, and

shows the real penitential spirit. And above all he prays. Lent is well called the Holy Season. It is the time sacred to the Cross of Christ, to our redemption. The sufferings of Our Lord show us that great evil of sin. It is a careless man that fails to see himself as a sinner ever exposed to the danger of losing his soul for all eternity. Once this fact is realized, there is no need of argument to induce a man to do penance for the salvation of his soul. Lent is the golden opportunity. What a pity if a man keeps it only as the worldlings who know not what a soul is.—Intermountain Catholic.

THE UNDERSEA TERROR

It is not everyone knows that though the submarine was first invented by an American, a Yale student, in 1771 or around that time, it was John P. Holland, an Irish Fenian, who perfected the invention in the early 80's and made it the under sea terror it is to-day.

In a very interesting article in the current number of McClure's Maga zine, Burton J. Hendrick tells us in brief outline, the story of the submarine. In introduction he says : 'It is the only enemy that England "It is the only enemy that England fears. It threatens her disintegration as a nation, by threatening her control of the seas. For a hundred years she has struggled desperately to find some answer to it. She tried to suppress the original invention. When that failed, she succeeded in bluffing the world into a disbelief in the submarine. But this blind enemy the submarine. But this blind enemy that cannot be attacked, that cann even attack itself, has forged ahead in spite of England, and to day schools of submarines are hunting England's ships through the seas."

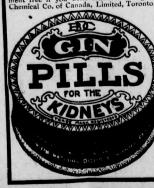
When David Bushnell tried his first submarine New York Harbor was blockaded by English ships, and, of course, the rebelling colonies had no fleet to send against them. This gave the young inventor his chance Israel Putnam sent for him and com-

CRIPPLED BY RHEUMATISM

434 N.Y. Ave., Whiting, Ind. Jan. 20th 43 N.Y. Ave., Whiting, Ind. Jan. 20th. "Will you please send me a box of Gin Pills? When I sent for the last box, I was all crippled up with Rheumatism and mydace was so baddy swollen, that I could hardly see out of my eyes, but after taking about six of the pills, I felt some better; and after a few days, I had no more pain. I have recommended Gin Pills to some of my triends who are troubled in the same way. I never intend to be without them as I have tried so many but them as I have tried so many

You can readily tell if your kidneys or bladder is affected. You will hav pains in the small of the back, groir or hips, your urine will be highly colored, brick dust or mucus depo sits will show in the morning, your wrists or ankles may swell, all due to inactive kidneys which Gin Pills will soon put right.

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and launching of a submarine to attack the British fleet as these men realized as Fulton and Bushnell men realized as Full and sale and did before them, that it is through her navy England's power can alone be crushed. The Fenian war upon England for many disastrous reasons England for many dissectors reasons never came to anything then, but Holland went on making and perfecting submarines similar to the one built in New Haven by the money of those men who dreamed it would be the instrument of Ireland's liberation. And it may be so—who can tell? The submarine is England's deadliest enemy, and never naval power is broken will she be forced to make honorable terms with That England purchased the patent rights for building submarines of her own from John Holland is a grim piece of humor, and it is a grimmer joke that they are as ineffective to her as weapons of defence as so many soap bubbles, since one submarine annot fight another.

German submarines may blow up the whole British fleet, and British submarines may blow up the whole German fleet, but all both will succeed in accomplishing is to clear the

seas of naval supremacy.

It will be a fight to a finish like that of the Kilkenny cats.-N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

TWO CONFESSIONS

Father Robert Plowden, S. J., died in 1823, aged eighty three. He used to tell these two stories: A young midshipman, who had been a penitent of his, was dying at sea. He confided to a young comrade the con-fession that he would have wished to make to Father Plowden, if he could have seen him at the end. The poor young fellow died of the fever and was buried in the sea. His friend repeated to himself now and then the confession he had been entrusted with copper and no place available to affix the torpedo, which was timed for thirty minutes. Having to escape before daylight he simply left the mine affoat and backed with, yet, when the vessel came home and he was able to see Father Plowden A huge geyser of water flung up the message dropped completely out of his memory. Please God, the poor midshipman's sins had all been forover the flagship showed the torpedo exploded all right, but the "Turtle" was discredited as a feature in seagiven. fighting, and its inventor retired from

The other story was this: One day, at Bristol, a sailor called as Father Plowden was sitting down to dinner. The servant tried to make the man wait. "No, I have not a minute to lose. I shall have barely time to catch my ship." Father Plowden overheard him. The poor sailor made a very sincere and earnest confession. During his evening's walk an hour or two after, Father Plowden care a county of the curry. saw a crowd on the quay. A boat had capsized, and there were so many ships crowded together at that point that it was difficult to rescue the men. But all were saved except a sailor whom they were taking to his ship. Father Plowden, drawing near in order to see if life was really ex-tinct, recognized the poor fellow who had made so good and contribe a confession. It would be well for us if we could make our confessions habitually as if some such fate was just hanging over us.—Rev. Matthew Russell, S. J.

SCOTTISH SOLDIERS WHO ARE IRISH

That all the Irishmen in the British army are not in the regiments labeled Irish has long been well known. Just at present striking illustrations of this are coming to light. From Scotland 30,000 Irish men and sons of Irishmen have gone into the army. Doubtless they will figure as Scotchmen, although Scotland is already so well represented that she does not need to pad her reassailant, and made up her mind to turns, and will not consciously do so, An Irishman writing from Scotland to an Irish paper says:
A few nights ago I dropped

into a recruiting meeting in Dixon Hall, Glasgow. The chairman introduced three of the soldiers who were wounded at the Battle of Mons. He described them as "Scots Fusiliers," there was to offer him a large bribe and then gave their names—William to pigeonhole his invention and re- O'Brien, William McLaughlin, and Bernard Callaghan. I interviewed them aftewards and found the three were Irish Nationalists. Just recently the Dunfermline Free Press stated America, he bent all his energies to it was untrue that recruiting was the perfecting of his steamboat.

But a third actor was waiting for his cue to enter this drama, an outand out Irishmen this time, John P. Holland, a Fenian who escaped to America after the rising in '67, and who was destined to bring to full perfection the dream of David Bushnell and Robert Fulton.

it was untrue that recruiting was slow in Dunfarmline, and printed seventeen photos of "local" men who had joined the Seaforth Highlanders. Four of the "Highlanders" are Private William McMahon, Private T. Smith, and two young men of the name of William Tracey. The four are Irish Nationalists. There are many such "Highlanders" in Scottmany such "Highlanders" in Scot-

tish regiments.

When the returns are completed from every Irish center in Scotland, and verified, any one anxious to deny and verified, any one anxious to deny their accuracy can, by paying for the cost of printing the names and the places in Scotland where the men resided, obtain the list. Perusing the lists already received has been an eye-opener. Murphys and Gal-laghers we have had back from the seat of war. In hospitals here there seat of war. In hospitals here there are many such "Highlanders." In the hospitals:

I find on the list an O'Malley and Boyle,
A Murphy, a Kelly, a Riley, and
Doyle,
A Casey, a Carney, a Rourke and
M'Cann,
All strapping Highlanders every

Bay, Australia, and Larry O'Brien who had been imprisoned in Clonmel as a penalty for his Irish patriotism."

John P. Holland was an ardent member of this group. The chies object of this organization was a war upon England and the making of an Irish republic. Fifty thousand dollars was raised toward the building

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THIS WASHER MUST PAY FOR ITSELF

A MAN tried to sell me a horse once. He said is was a fine horse and had nothing the matter with it. I wanted a fine horse, but, I didn't known that it was the horse much. And I didn't know the man very well either.

very well either. So I told him I wanted to So I told him I wanted to try the horse for a month. He said "All right, but pay me first, and I'll give you back your money if the horse isn't sliright. Well, I didn't like that. I was afraid the horse wasn't "alright" and that I might have to whistle for my money if I once parted with it. So I didn't buy the horse, although I wanted it badly. Now this set me thinking. You see I make Washing Machines—the "1000 Gravity" Washer.

Machines—the "1900 Gravity" Washer.
And I said to myself, lots of people may think about my Washing Machine as I thought about the horse, and about the man who owned it.

and about the man who detachable tub feature.

But I'd never know, because they wouldn't write and tell me. You see, I sell my Washing Machines by mail. I have sold over half a million that way. So, thought I, it is only fair enough to let people try my Washing Machines for a month, before they pay for them, just as I wanted to try the horse.

Now, I know what our "1900 Gravity" Washer will do. I know it will wash the clothes, without wearing or tearing them, in less than half the time they can be washed by hand or by any other machine.

I know it will wash a tub full of very dirty clothes in Six minutes. I know no other machine ever invented can do that without wearing the clothes. Our "1900 Gravity" Washer does the work so casy that a child can run it almost as well as a strong woman, and it don't wear the clothes, fray the edges not break buttons, the way all other machines do.

It just drives soapy water clear through the fibres of the clothes like a force pump might.

So, said I to myself, I will do with my "1900 Gravity" Washer what I wanted the man to do with the horse. Only I won't wait for people to ask me. I'll offer first, and I'll make good the offer every time.

Gravity" Washer what I wanted the man to do with the horse. Only I won't wait for people to ask me. I'll offer first, and I'll make good the offer every time. Let me send you a "1900 Gravity" Washer on a month's free trial. I'll pay the freight out of my owr pocket, and if you don't want the machine after you've sed it a month, I'll take it back and pay the eight, too. Surely that is fair enough, isn't it. Doesn't it prove that the "1900 Gravity" Washer must be all that I say it is fair enough, isn't it. The sen't it is a sen't want to be a sen't was a

Address me personally
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Beautiful Rosary Complete with Crucifix



Our regula price for this Ro-sary is one dol-lar but to all readers of the Catholic ecord' we are offering a

All strapping Highlanders every man.

I suddenly realized that, if the Church of Christ, was God's way of salvation, it was impossible that the finding of it should be a matter of shrewdness or scholarship. — Mgr.

Benson.