

missionaries to convert the Philippines, Cubans and Porto Ricans, who have already been made Christians, for the most part, at all events. They might also, perhaps, find this work more fruitful of results than that of undermining the faith of Catholics.

There is this good feature about the matter, that the Catholic Church is undeniably progressing in these States, though they were at one time the stronghold of Protestantism. Our Baptist friends, however, need not fear the spread of Catholicism will hand over the United States to be governed by the Pope. During the late war it was made evident that the Catholic body of the United States are at least as devoted and loyal as any class in the country.

We may also infer from the facts stated that the boasts which have been so frequently made by our Canadian Evangelical societies in regard to the vast number of French converts to Protestantism in New England are but empty vaporings. If they were true, Protestantism there would not have dwindled away so wofully.

### CATHOLIC TERMINOLOGY.

From the Glasgow Observer.

Last week we had something to say about the well-meaning newspaper which, chronicling a recent service, announced that the officiating clergyman "performed the ablutions by sprinkling holy water on the bier." Reviewing Mrs. Humphry Ward's new novel, a writer in the Bookman praises its accuracy in the matter of Catholic terminology, and sighs for the time when novelists who sought to treat Catholic subjects will have their technique as well gotten up as in the case of the authoress of "Helbeck of Banisdale." An exchange commenting on the point where one of the chief delights of modern literature is reading about bishops who wear "asperges on their head and of masters of ceremonies who enter the sanctuary swinging thurifers in their right hands."

### AN ECHO OF THE BOURGOGNE.

The Dominicans of Rosary Hill, York, have heard from the lips of the sub commissary of the Bourgogne, the circumstances of the end of their shipwrecked brothers. As they were accustomed to sleep in their religious habits they hurried on deck, clad in their beautiful white vestments, by which they were instantly recognized and amid all the confusion and terror which prevailed on the ship, they looked like angels sent down from heaven to guide the souls of those whom the sea would presently engulf. While the ship was still tossed to and fro by the waves, they gave absolute attention to their distressed companions and prepared them to meet the merciful Ruler of life and death. Father Florisone, the prior, showed the most perfect self-control. When the Bourgogne was on the point of sinking, he asked the sub commissary if there was anything else to be done. "What I am about to do myself, jump into the sea." "We cannot swim," replied the heroic superior, "may the will of God be done!" And then in order to die according to the rules of their order the Fathers began to chant the "Salve Regina," and thus chanting they went into the next world.

### DOGMATIC TRUTH.

A writer who signs himself Jacques Novikov warns the Pope in the *Riforma Sociale* that dogmatic truth must fall away before Darwinism: that Catholicism is dead, and that the only course open to the Holy Father is to constitute himself the head of the European civilization. The power of the papacy, he says, is greater than that of any man or any nation in the world; and he wants the Pontiff to be "president of a federation of European states, the arbiter of universal peace." It is natural, perhaps, that observers like Novikov should be of opinion that dogmatic truth is being destroyed; but it is only personal beliefs that are suffering. Truth is mighty, and its triumph will be complete. Protestantism is dead and agnosticism has burned itself out. But it is plain that there is a strong reaction in favor of the one true Church in Denmark, Germany, and England; and we in America are brimful of hope. It is more than likely that the popes of the twentieth century will rule over a wider spiritual dominion than the Popes of the Middle Ages ever dreamed of.—Ave Maria.

### WE CLAIM OUR WANDERING SHEEP.

It is far better to assume an aggressive mannerism in dealing with non-Catholics. Ordinarily we are loath to impose our religion on another; still there are many who are wandering here and there, like sheep without a shepherd, who will readily submit to be rounded up, and will be deeply grateful for the shelter and rest of the sheepfold. The American people move in crowds. In politics, in society, and in every other sphere they follow a leader. It is only the odd one who will step out of the mass and go his own way regardless of the rest. The remainder will have to be managed. In religious matters they are without guides, and in no sphere do they want leaders so much. Hence, if pre-

judices are allayed, the one who comes and can speak with authority, and who does speak with authority, is the one whose voice they will obey.

Therefore the aggressive mannerism, and not the deprecatory, is the more favorable to convert making. Such a mannerism is the result of the theory that all baptized non-Catholics belong to the Catholic Church. They are sheep who are out of the fold through no fault of their own. The shepherd who owns them finds them wandering in strange pastures. The least he can do is to claim them and bring them back home.—The Missionary.

### WHO ARE THE "PRIEST-RIDDEN?"

According to the New York Tribune, the Michigan Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church passed resolutions "severely censuring clergymen who have voted for any candidates for public office except those of the Prohibitionist political party, and instructing them implicitly to vote the Prohibition ticket in future." Now, it is a noteworthy fact that in the "priest-ridden" Catholic Church neither Bishop nor Pope would impose any such obligation on a priest, for the simple reason that political questions form no part of the solitudes of Bishop or Pope. The Methodist sect, which has been as loud as any in affirming the political character of the Catholic Church, now assumes a political dictatorship which the universal Church would never dream of arrogating to herself. That the non-Catholic public is occasionally awake to sectarian tactics may be inferred from the editorial remarks of the Tribune on this very matter:

Suppose Cardinal Gibbons should write a letter in the next Presidential campaign saying that the interests of the Church and organized society required the defeat of the Populist candidates and their semi-Socialist principles, and requesting all Roman Catholics to vote against them. There would be such a "no Popery" howl as this country has never heard. But how is Methodist better than Roman Catholic interference in elections? It does not do to say that Prohibition is simply a moral question. Every question of public policy is a moral one. Our Church may think morality requires the triumph of a whole political party with certain views about the liquor traffic. Another may think the good of mankind dependent on a new marriage law or on State socialism or on religious instruction in schools. If the Church can enter politics for anything, it can enter it for everything.

—Ave Maria.

### GOOD EXAMPLE A MISSIONARY POWER.

The conversion of Mr. Royal H. Thom, of Syracuse, who died recently, was so plainly effected through the power of prayer and good example that the lesson it conveys brings home to us strikingly how much even the obscure ones among us have it in our power to win the grace of conversion for those about them, even for those in the seats of the mighty. Mr. Thom was one of the most popular men in his own city, and a staunch supporter of the workingman. The benevolence and uprightness of his character won him the friendship of those at home and abroad. There had been in the employ of his family for many years a Catholic girl, whose good example drew the attention of her employer to her religion, and interested him in its teachings to the point of making him seek admission to the Church.

This is but one of very many like instances of the missionary work done by the faithful domestic in the home of her master. Ages ago, when Christianity won many of its first disciples from among Roman matrons and the courts of the rich and powerful, the first seeds were planted in this very way by the example of the Christian serving maid, whose simple, self-denying life became a burning and a shining light among the luxuries and corruptions of a pagan household.

The Catholic domestic has a mission all her own in this work of conversion, and the prizes she may win and has already won are worth striving for. Many of these girls feel a deep gratitude to the employers in whose service they have, perhaps, spent the greater part of their lives for the kind, Christian treatment and generosity received at their hands, and very often do they think and say, "If they were but Catholics!" Their wish is not so far as they may think from being realized, and much may be effected to that end by their own prayers, good example, and earnest efforts to bring about the opportunity of a right presentation of the Church at the right moment.—The Missionary.

### THE MEANING OF CONVERSION.

It has been said, by one whose religious outlook over the country is keen and far-reaching, that the number of formal heretics in these United States is very small. Those who are not formal heretics are said to belong to the soul of the Church, though they may not be gathered into the body of the Church. The full significance of this fact is scarcely ever remembered in dealing with non-Catholics. How few priests have been brought up to practically consider that all the baptized persons belong to him, and in a sense he will be just as responsible for those who are attached to other churches as he is for those who fill his own pews.

This being so, conversion means simply teaching the truth and leading the ones who are working hard to the fold. Men who are working hard to find a way out of the maze of error and in every other sphere they follow a leader. It is only the odd one who will step out of the mass and go his own way regardless of the rest. The remainder will have to be managed. In religious matters they are without guides, and in no sphere do they want leaders so much. Hence, if pre-

they think at all in their hearts, without having the great questions of the soul settled. The Church, then, who can settle all these problems and bring rest to the soul, must go out to these languishing souls and bring them to the fountains of life.

There is entirely too much timidity about urging the gospel truth on people. In all these matters they are like children, and like children they should be taken by the hand and led into the Church.

They must be convinced of sin, justice, and judgment to come. There must be a repentance of heart, but no need of waiting till one is perfect. It is the business of the Church to provide the means of sanctification. It used to be harder to get into the Catholic Church than it was to climb to the top of Mont Blanc. But to a large extent all this has been changed. Any one now applying, after having investigated the length and breadth and depth of religious controversies and screwed up his courage to undergo the accompanying sacrifices, will find the first Catholic priest he meets ready to receive him after due trial. This much has been gained.

The time is coming when the fact that every baptized person belongs to the Church will be the spring of missionary zeal, and a priest will go out after these he goes out after fallen-away Catholics to-day, and after the necessary profession of faith is made reinstate them in the Church.—The Missionary.

### A PROTESTANT'S VISIT TO LOURDES.

The following letter, which has appeared in the London Spectator over the signature of "M," gives us an idea of how that shrine is regarded by fair-minded Protestants:

It is a very beautiful and a very gracious place. I have no cause to plead, either of creed or of medicine. Only to record the fact that a visit to Lourdes during a pilgrimage is something so singular in its nature as to impress our "curious hearts" as nothing else in this world can, and to leave us pondering as deeply as Hamlet himself on the more things in heaven and earth than any philosophy has yet been found to dream of. Nothing that the miracle plays and mysteries can show can be so vivid and so mystical as this. We came upon the place this year on our return from a winter spent in Spain, which the present writer attempted to describe in this journal but a few weeks since. In the passing of a train we were plunged from war and rumors of wars, and the wild contrast of beggary and bull-fights, into what I may venture to call pure Bible Land. It was the pool of Bethesda over again. A large pilgrimage from Belgium arrived upon the same day as ourselves, bidding their time for the waters of the healing well. Against the fairy background of the Pyrenean hills sloping up towards from the mountain stream which runs through the quaint old village, and brawls under the windows of the inns, an easy ascent leads through a new and cultivated garden up to the steps of the grand cathedral which surmounts the grotto of the Virgin, where the story runs that she appeared to Bernadette. All round and about the place are striking new hotels, which might be the sign of a new fashioned and fashionable health resort but for the character of the guests and the absence of all the usual tokens of pleasure. No man or woman at Lourdes remarks upon another's dress or wears a dress upon which a remark could be made. The business of the place is prayer. By the side of the hotels are mighty hospitals, all built out of the funds which the rush of pilgrims brings, and admirably tended. Bands of delicately nurtured women and men officiate as nurses for the sick, bound by a temporary vow. On every form of stretcher and of couch they carry their poor patients to the healing waters, in all the stages of suffering, of patience, and of pain. And as they go they chant in rhythmic time the Latin responses of the Litanies, which are celebrated all day long, and well into the night, both in the church above and in the grotto below. By hundreds and hundreds the visitors are all kneeling or standing round, with heads bare and in the deepest reverence, joining in the prayer or listening to the short and loving addresses of the officiating priests, with no sign of intermission or weariness. And from time to time all are drinking of the spring, or dipping their cups into the water to touch the afflicted part of the body, for which they hope so much. Very pathetic were many of the pictures that we saw.

### A CURE.

One old man brought down his son, who looked as old as he, and looked with blind eyes upon the spring. "Can you see now, my boy?" said he. "I'm afraid not, father; I'm afraid not." On the other side an excited group was forming round a quiet little nun, who, after paying a few visits to the well, suddenly threw her crutches away, and walked. A young priest who was with her turned very pale as he went with her to the medical office, where she was submitted to a strict examination as to her antecedents and place of birth, the length and nature of her illness, and everything else that might disprove a fraud. The doctors at Lourdes are very strict, and not given to sentiment. But the sentimental amongst them finds argument sometimes at fault. It was, of course, the theory of Dr. Charcot, who examined so closely into the question and laid the foundation of Zola's view, that no limit has been discovered to

the power of the human will, and to the effect of faith upon the course of healing. But on my return home, on board the ship which brought us from Bordeaux, I met with a pleasant and quiet Anglo-Indian doctor, some time retired, old and matter of fact of manner, who was very full of the subject when once I opened it. Lourdes had been a favorite study and a common haunt of his; and he professed himself entirely unable to account for many of the cases for which the evidence was clearly too strong, in any known or reasonable way. A French friend of his, he told me, suffered from an affection of the eyes for which he had consulted the oculists. They had all agreed that it was a well known organic affection for which there was no remedy, and that blindness must result from it. The Englishman from his own experience could only confirm the sentence, but moved by his friend's deep distress, he merely said to him, "Try Lourdes." "But I have no faith in these things," was the reply. "No more have I," said the doctor. "My faith is entirely suspended; but there are qualities in the Lourdes cases which I do not understand, not to be accounted for by any explanation within our present knowledge." The Frenchman tried the waters. He went alone, not as a member of any of the pilgrimages. And after a few visits to the well the cloud passed suddenly from his sight, and he was cured. The affection did not recur. The Englishman examined his eyes, and found all traces of the malady gone. I tell you the story as it was told to me, but the character of my informant left me no room to doubt its absolute truth. The strangest part of the story was that, while thousands of the faithful appeal in vain, this was no case of faith-healing but healing against the reverse of faith. "All I know is," said the doctor, "that in this special case anything like hysterical action was, and must have been, conspicuously absent. But I can gather for myself no certain conclusion, except the strengthening of my belief in agencies as yet quite unknown. There may be qualities in the water that cannot be analysed." "But that," I said, "scarcely removes the wonder, it only shifts the ground. Why should the water which sprang from the earth after the reported 'vision' act in this strange, capricious way? It is the faith of others, not the patient's own which is supposed to work these sudden cures from time to time for purposes and meanings which are dark to us. Now, as of old, the 'one is taken and the other left,' as if, above and outside the ruthless and unrelenting forces of Nature, there were some Power at work which can and does, set those forces aside for the hour, and lend a world of meaning to the Story of the Valley of Aijalon." But it never did, and probably never will, give any reason why, search and dive into the endless riddle as we may. These cures of Lourdes, for merely to deny them is really idle, may be no more miraculous in the stricter sense, if all were known, than the cable or the telephone. They may be merely the application of an unknown law. Then why the caprice of them? It looks, at all events, more like the setting of known laws aside, and it is there at present that the riddle of the healing lies. As to the mere question of the waters, it is, I believe, true that the springs of Wildbad in the Black Forest, which bubble up about you as you lie upon a bed of firm white sand, have equally escaped the results of analysis.

ALONE AMONG THE SIGHTS OF THE WORLD.

I hardly purposed to tell my little story when I set forth upon this letter, but it is too interesting and too characteristic to omit. I was glad, however, that I heard it after my visit instead of before, as I was able to look at Lourdes without any prejudice the one way or the other and to regard it simply in its singular Biblical beauty. From that standpoint it stands alone among the sights of the world. There are, of course, the usual and inevitable signs of vulgarizing. Something like a trade is already driven in relics, and at times, the sellers rather tremulously beset you. And the pickpocket is busy at the most crowded season, so I am told. But these drawbacks have been always with us, as much in the days of the Temple as in these times of our own, and though they jar, they do not affect the reality. Riddle is powerless, too, upon a place like this; and one can only be sorry to see Lourdes written of in any flippant vein, or to read clever remarks upon the wooden figure of the Virgin, which is so entirely beside the question. It is not in the effigy that the supplicants believe. Riddle recoils in such a case as this, and falls away. The gravity of these things is too grave.

INTENSE REVERENCE AND SIMPLE FAITH. It was the intense reverence and simple faith of all the worshippers that left the deep mark upon our minds at Lourdes. It did not appear to me that there was anything distinctly Roman Catholic about it—rather the catholicity of the Christian world gathered at this little Mecca of the Christian's faith. Except for the words of the prayers and Litanies, there was nothing that should have failed to appeal to Protestant feeling, unless the fact that the Virgin, with the child Bernadette, was the central figure of the story which brought the people together, should be read in any narrow light. Some such thought, I suppose, must have been in the mind of an English clergyman whom I saw there sitting on the river wall at the back of the

crowd, when every head was bared and every knee bent, with his hat defiantly on, and his arms crossed, looking darkly on the scene. He may have meant well, but it was not calculated to promote a liking for the English in the native mind. Though indeed Benedick-like, nobody marked him. Others of our clergy there were, and more than one, who passed reverently with the rest through the little grotto, and came thoughtfully away after joining in the responses and prayers. Rain fell much of the time when we were there, and prevented the great evening procession, which we had hoped to see. But it seemed to have no effect upon the gathered worshippers, who knelt uncovered in the wet until dark. "It is impossible," said a young French lady to us, whose husband had been taken away from her for service in the East, and who had gone to Lourdes to pray for him and think of him, "that the good God should remain unmoved by such a concert as this." So we all try to hope, even though the great silence wraps it, and the very caprice of care seems to make dark darker to the outward eye. It is, at all events, something, and more than something, to find out a day or two of retreat in a place so detached from the interests of the world, and in its tendencies so distinctly ennobling.

### For the CATHOLIC RECORD.

#### The Elm Top.

BROTHER REMIGIUS, O. S. B.

There's a long flow beach where the eddies flow, I knew where it was in the long ago, With its gnarled branches hanging low, But to-day it was not to be seen.

I came by the Mallard street avenue, Where the roots of the elm are the valley, And round by the fields where the hazels grew, And the chipmunk chattered and laughed at you, And the bees o'er the wild roses dally.

The well-worn pathway down the hill, Were never a blade of grass; It was beaten bare, to the bubbling rill, They are sleeping in peace, in their narrow bed, On the side of Saint Peter's hill.

Cincinnati, Ohio, October 8, 1898.

### For the CATHOLIC RECORD.

#### Autumn Leaves.

BY THOMAS WHELAN, MONTREAL.

What grander sight can eye behold, When mountain slopes and vales unfold, Their many tints, from green to gold, Of Autumn Leaves.

The silvery birch, the withered pine, The oak and yellow ash enwined, With crimson'd maples, to combine, The Autumn Leaves.

But vain is all this kindly pride, Diffused o'er vale and mountain side; For soon the driven snow will hide These Autumn Leaves.

Then let us, during life's short stage, Our deeds will shine thus in old age, Like Autumn Leaves.

### WEDDING BELLS.

#### HYLAND-DOWNEY.

A very pretty, quiet wedding took place in St. Patrick's church, Kinkora, at 9 o'clock, on Monday, Sept. 13, when Miss Emily Hanley, daughter of Mrs. William Downey, of Oneida, and Mr. Michael Hyland, of Wopole, were united in holy bonds of matrimony by the Rev. Father O'Leary. The nuptial party entered the church amidst the strains of the Wedding March ably rendered by Mr. P. Hayes, organist. The bride looked charmingly, and was attired in a pretty suit of blue priestly cloth, trimmed with fur, white silk, and chiffon, and hat to match, carrying a bouquet of white roses. Her sister, Miss Kate Downey, acted as bridesmaid, and was attired in a suit of brown brocade cloth, trimmed with brown silk and velvet, carrying a bouquet of pink roses; while the groom was ably assisted by his brother, Mr. E. J. Hyland. After the ceremony the happy couple took their departure for Hamilton, and other parts, amidst showers of rice and handfuls of best wishes from their many friends.

### HANLEY-McGUINNESS.

A quiet but, pretty wedding was witnessed in St. Patrick's church, Kinkora, at 9 o'clock, on Monday, Sept. 13, when Miss Emily Hanley, daughter of Mrs. William Downey, of Oneida, and Mr. Michael Hyland, of Wopole, were united in holy bonds of matrimony by the Rev. Father O'Leary. The nuptial party entered the church amidst the strains of the Wedding March ably rendered by Mr. P. Hayes, organist. The bride looked charmingly, and was attired in a pretty suit of blue priestly cloth, trimmed with fur, white silk, and chiffon, and hat to match, carrying a bouquet of white roses. Her sister, Miss Kate Downey, acted as bridesmaid, and was attired in a suit of brown brocade cloth, trimmed with brown silk and velvet, carrying a bouquet of pink roses; while the groom was ably assisted by his brother, Mr. E. J. Hyland. After the ceremony the happy couple took their departure for Hamilton, and other parts, amidst showers of rice and handfuls of best wishes from their many friends.

### CATHOLIC LITERARY ASSOCIATION.

The annual election of directors of the Catholic Literary Association of Peterborough took place at the hall of the Association, George Street, on Tuesday evening, October 5. The following gentlemen were elected: Fred. McFadden, John Hanrahan, T. J. Bog, J. McFadden, James Simons, James Weir, Thomas Maloney, James Lynch, T. Hanrahan, E. Jones (teacher), Dr. T. J. Mohr, Fred. McGrath, J. L. Picard, M. Goughlin, J. Devlin, J. Carroll, E. Lynch, John McCabe, J. O'Connell, P. McPherson, John McCabe, Jas. Dillon, P. McDonough, T. J. Doris and A. H. Leane. Ven. Archdeacon Casey was present and addressed the meeting on the success of the association in paying off a large portion of the indebtedness during the past year, also urging the members to do all in their power to add to the prosperity and welfare of the association. Oct. 8, 1898. L. K.

### FIFTY YEARS OF WEDDED LIFE.

We beg to extend our congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Sullivan of Rutledge Street, Peterborough, on the fiftieth anniversary of their marriage, and wish them many happy returns, adding, as they are good Catholics, according to God's holy will. They were married by Rev. Father Vaughan, on Oct. 1, 1859, at St. Joseph's church, Douro, where Mr. Sullivan taught school for upwards of twenty years—from 1877 to 1898—except one year he taught in Peterborough, where in 1899 he was the first teacher in the separate school. Among his pupils in Peterborough was the Hon. Wm. Hart, present Minister of Public Works in Ontario. Oct. 8, 1898. L. K.

### ATHENS CHURCH DEBT.

The debt on the church at Athens, for the liquidation of which Rev. Father Collins has made an appeal to the Catholics throughout the country, has been reduced by \$400. It had been \$2,000, and is now \$1,600. The good Father purposes leaving from week to week a statement showing to what extent contributions have enabled him to lessen the heavy load he was called upon to carry when assuming charge of St. Denis Church, Athens. Please make offers payable at Athens, and address

letters to Rev. J. J. Collins, Trevelyan, P. O. Box, Ont.

### C. M. B. A.

Resolution of Condolence. At a regular meeting of Branch 13, held on Oct. 7, the notice of the death of Bro. George McGuire (at 115 Horton street, London, Ont., on Sept. 30) was received with many expressions of regret. His amiable disposition won for him the love and esteem of all who knew him, which was manifested by many words of praise spoken by all the officers members of the branch. The following resolution was unanimously adopted:

Moved by Bro. James Callaghan, seconded by Bro. Daniel Kelly, that we, the members of Branch 13, offer to the bereaved widow and family our sincere sympathy, coupled with the earnest prayer that eternal rest may be granted unto the soul of our dear departed brother.

A copy of above to be sent to The Canadian, 'The Catholic Record' and The Catholic Register, for publication. W. Ray, President. Wm. Moran, Rec. Sec.

Toronto, Ont.

### A CHANCE TO MAKE MONEY.

I am out of debt, and thanks to the Dish Washer for it. I have made \$1,640 clear money in eighty-seven days, and attend to my household duties besides; and I think this is doing splendid for a woman inexperienced in business. Any one can sell what every one wants to buy, and every family wants a Dish Washer. I don't canvass very much; people come or send for the Washer, and every Washer that goes out sells two or three more, as they do the work to perfection. I am going to devote my whole time to this business now, and I am sure that I can clear \$5,000 this year. My sister and brother have started in the business, doing splendid. You can get complete instructions and hundreds of testimonials by addressing the Iron City Dish Washer Co., 18 Station A, Pittsburgh, Pa., and if you don't make lots of money it's your own fault. Mrs. W. H.



### BENZIGER'S CATHOLIC HOME ANNUAL

#### SIXTEENTH EDITION.

Benziger's Catholic Home Annual for 1909 can now be had. Year by year its publishers have added new and additionally interesting features to this popular Annual until this year it can truly be classed as the Annual par excellence, the very best Catholic writers being contributors to its pages. It contains:

- Frontispiece: A Beautiful Colored Picture of the Crucifixion.
- "A Christmas Carol" (Poetry).
- Calendar for each month.
- "The Impossible" Story by Maurice Francis Egan. With 2 Illustrations.
- Some Funny Advertisements (Prose).
- Full Page Illustration: "Out For a Ride."
- "Thoughts on the Third and Fourth Commandments" by Rev. Ferrel Girardey, C. S. S., R. (Prose). With 3 Illustrations.
- Story: "A Winesap Maid," by Clara Mulholland. Illustrated.
- "Penance, The Key to Heaven," a Story of the Shrine of Our Lady of Montserrat. Adapted by Rev. Daniel Murray. Illustrated.
- "The Better Part" (Poetry).
- "The Passing of Pippa," by Marion Ames Taggart. Story. With Illustrations.
- "The Miraculous Medal," (Prose) by Rev. A. A. Lambing. Illustrated.
- Full Page Illustration: "The Christening."
- Our Price Story: "The Doctor's Compromise," by P. P. Gullfoil. Illustrated.
- "Blessed Gerald Majella," (Prose).
- "Donatienne," by Rene Bazin. Story. Illustrated.
- Full Page Illustration: "The Crowning of the Blessed Virgin."

List of common English Christian names, with significance and name days.

Besides other illustrated articles, it also gives some of the notable events of the year 1908. With numerous illustrations, calendars, astronomical calculations, etc., etc.

Single Copies, 25 Cents Each.  
\$2.00 per Dozen.

Address: THOS. COFFEY, Catholic Record Office, London, Ont.

**CANADIAN PACIFIC**

A TOURIST CAR is fully equipped with berth curtains, mattresses, pillows and clean linen.

The Toilet Rooms are supplied with towels, soap, combs, brushes, etc.

It has a Range, enabling passengers to make tea or coffee or warm food.

It has large Tanks holding an abundant supply of water.

The Smoking Compartment has been abolished.

Any Canadian Pacific Agent will gladly give you further particulars and secure you accommodation in one of these cars.

**C. E. McPHERSON,**  
Asst. General Passenger Agent,  
1 KING ST. EAST, TORONTO.

### TEACHER WANTED.

WANTED FOR S. S. NO. 1, RUTHERFORD, a Catholic teacher, holding a 2nd class certificate. Duties to commence on Nov. 1st. Applications, stating salary, with testimonials, to be addressed to T. H. JACKMAN, Kilbrary P. O., Alameda district, Ont. 101-2.

### WANTED

By a respectable, middle-aged widow, position as house-keeper to a priest, in the Province of Ontario. Address: Editor Catholic Record, Best of reference. 1013-1.

PUBER STAMPS.—YOUR NAME, BUSINESS and address, in solid rubber. Three lines, 3 cents. The letters are deep and give a clear impression. F. G. Coade, Cashions Glen, Ont. 1013-1.