many of her young com-ot into their hearts the ring "to see life;" and r came from Nora's aunt, her passage out, all the t all the tongues in Iredress to her would il in striving to keep her

itty felt it sorely. She all they had reared (the ne out into the world al-as their pet and the light and they fondly dreamed hen the message came for earth and its worries beearth and its worries be-d be by their side—their in (fair haired little Nora) eir eyes for the last long dream is shattered now—

and only the sad, slow many, as God willed it m. Every child they have ving up around them, and, eir Noirin Ban, gone from , and the old hearth drear

, indeed, that they cry right March morning; no as Nora comes down from om, ready dressed for the om, ready dressed for the g prettier than ever, but tears which she cannot reget her cheeks like flames of der the poor old couple's sto a wild wail that is ge for the dead.

Noirin Ban!" Dan Maguire a in the grip of description

e in the grip of despair, as little hands tightly in the that have toiled for her that have toiled for her y a year, while the tears s, land his strong face and r under the lash of the pain heart, and his throat seems at with the something that p into it. "O Noirin, Noire can say no more; but the pon Nora's heart like a nearly dislodge the longworld that is there. Many ward did that cry come to ward did that cry come to ve all the noises of a great ring into her world weary ars of remorse and hitt

one of my heart!" sobs poor er wasted arms around the neck, her withered cheek e to the fresh sweet face, ne trembling with the awful s stolen into every fibre of "O darling! shall I ever see gain this side of heaven? o His holy and blessed will! childeen! childeen! shall I ur face or hear you speak 'Il come back to us—won't ck to us before we die, and rrow out of our hearts—the will be in them from this t you come, darling to close hen God is ready for us you will, Noirin—say it to, childeen of my heart!"

to say it; for Nora is congrief now, and the words alto come. But say it she now; and with it, too, she ring with her shining gold comfort in their declining at she will be their "Noirin , no matter where she may she may meet; and that she he sooner than they expect; her names will be on her lips heart every time she kneels

kneels and receives their ooken as fervently as bless-n been spoken in this world. a lingering kiss, she goes buse to where a little group of girls, who are to be her engers, wait for her at the boreen leading out to the One last wave of her hand-the turn of the boreen, one offed on the morning breeze, ld couple standing in the el the earth and sky grow ark, and the breeze that was ment before now sharp and ir Noirin Ban is gone!

years later, but the scene is om Glen-na-Mona. The exact late afternoon of St. Patrick's the exact place is a grimy, ment house in a certain city
There are more families in ement hous than one could imagine possiney might as well be half the t—some of them—for all they ne another. They are mostly n other lands, who left their the hope of winning a fortune eat American Republic, and failed in the fight which the through many a year against s trained from childhood in les and all the craft of the day—adversaries drawn from es of the earth.

house, and to houses like it, a ones have drifted, hopelessited, to wear out in dismale remainder of the lives that become useful in the lands for Creater destined them but Creator destined them, but here a curse to the fallen and to all with whom they come

p at the top of this many-dover-crowded tenement there pare little box of an attic, not an habitation; but on this St. Day it contains a bed, and on s stretched the worn, wasted girl upon whose face and in se are imprinted the heraldic approaching death. It would t to recognize in this thread-nant of crushed and shattered the young, handsome, healthy nly two short years ago stood rn of a certain boreen in farrn of a certain boreen in lar-and, waving a white handker-wafting a last kiss to a sad and old couple at the open door-behouse in which she had been had spent happy, cloudless which she had just left of her

will, never to return.
d be no easy task, indeed, to
her; but, nevertheless, the

worn creature who lies helpless upon this wretched bed, who gazes with sad, expectant look toward the door, whose expectant look toward the dock, whose face is drawn and haggard, whose hands are wasted and almost lifeless whose breathing is hard and short, whose frame breathing is hard and snort, whose frame is racked now and then by a merciless and persistent cough — this suffering, worn, dying creature is none other than Nora Maguire—Noirin Ban—the light and hope of the hearts of poor old Dan and Kitty in lonely, far-off Glen-na-

Mona.

This is the ending of the dream whose false light lured her over three thousand miles of ocean, from the peaceful home beside the winding boreen. This is the ending: death in the stranger's land; death without one beside her—priest, mother or friend—and on St. Patrick's Day, above all the days of the year!

Her dream was shattered before she d been a week in America. The aunt who had paid her passage wanted her only as a servant, even a slave. Her busband was a coarse, brutal fellow, and little Nora heard nothing from morning till night but quarreling, oaths and She stayed only two months, curses. She stayed only two months, and then went as a servant to other people, who treated her less harshly. After a time she was able to send a few pounds home to the old people, and she told them in her letters that she would be the server than the people. y no longer than two years in nerica; that, although is was a "grand place," and she was earning much money it was only by depriving herself of necessaries that she was able to send them the little she did), she would rather be with those she loved in the dear old Glen, every inch of which came before her mind whenever she closed bear her mind whenever she closed her eyes.
The months passed on: the longing
"to see life" died, and in its place there came the unquenchable desire to see home again, in the winter of the second year Nora's health began to fail, and she made up her mind to return home in the summer. She went from one place to another, in the hope that change might benefit health; but the cough beworse and worse until, finally, one day her mistress informed her, coldly, that she 'couldn't listen to that horrid that she couldn't listen to that normal cough any longer, and so she had to go. Her health failed completely then, and the drifting process began. Nobody would employ her, and at last her residence became the attic in the gloomy

Lately Nora has been growing worse for the past five days she has not left her bed; and were it not for the kind woman in the room nearest to the attic, who gave her a drink now and then, and who brought the priest to her, she might have died unknown to all the world. Of course the owner of the tenement sent up weekly for her rent; but the messenger who came for it had scant pity for ter ants dying of consumption ; to get the rent money was his chief concern.

The kind-hearted next door neighbor

tenement—all she could afford to pay for. And all the time her cherry letters

and all the time she was "going home

across the sea to the old people.

was with her this morning before she went out to her daily work as char-woman; and she promised to visit her on her return in the evening, and to bring up any letters that might come for her. Nora asked her more than once to remember the latter; for she knew well there would be a tiny box for her, full of shamrocks plucked by her father' hand beside the little murmuring stream in Glen-na-Mona. And, oh, she is long-ing for a sight of the little green leaves, with their message of never-dying love from the fond hearts she had hurt so

It is late in the afternoon now, and every moment seems an hour, as she listens for the woman's footfall on the creaking stairs, and watches for her face at the door. She feels that she is dying, but she wants to see, before she goes, the shamrocks that will tell her of home and of the old times. "O my God," she murmurs brokenly, between her long-drawn breaths—"O my God, let me see them, and then I'll die happy!"

A tiny, trembling ray of sunshine

A tiny, trembling ray of sunshine comes in at the skylight, and falls across the bed. A smile flits over the face of the dying girl as the ray reaches her, and her eyes close. A sort of wakeful slumber comes over her, and all the suffering of the present, and of the weary months of her exile, is blotted out. She is in Glen-na-Mona, and there is no thought in her mind of America, no longing "to see life." The boys and girls are down at the end on the boreen, under the old ash tree—a big, laughing group of them—with hands joined, ready to dance on the grassy sod. Mahon the piper is getting his pipes in tune. Fergus M. Donnell is twining a spray of sham-rocks in Nora's hair, and whispering that "Noirin Ban is the queen of them all." It is the happiest St. Patrick's Day that has ever come. Now the dance is finished, and she is coming up the boreer

ished, and she is coming up the borean to her own home. Her father and mother are standing in the door way. "Dad—mammy — home — at—last!" she murmurs with a smile, as she opens her eyes. "But the place- is -very-

Somebody comes in at the door. It is some pody comes in at the door. It is the woman for whom the poor exile had watched so eagerly. In her hand she carried a tiny box. But she is alone in the room. Just as she entered, a white soul met her in the doorway—a white soul speeding away to Him Who had sent it into the world. Noirin Ban is

among the dead. On this same evening—the evening of St. Patrick's Day — in a little home at the end of a winding boreen in Glen-na-Mona, an old man and an old woman sit beside the fire in the gathering twilight, speaking softly and lovingly of someone far away. They have conned over for the tenth time, at least, a letter that came to them that morning from Noirin Ban-just a few words of love, and the assurance that she is counting the days until she shall come to them, up the winding boreen, in the glorious summer time. And they are happy beyond all talling.

Poor Kitty! Poor Dan! Little do you think, as you smile over the cheery words, that Noirin Ban lies dead in the land of the stranger; that her white soul has been with you for one brief moment on its way to the throne of God.—Brian O'Higgins in Ave Maria.

A LITTLE NEGRO'S VOCATION.

Let me tell you a little story, for your benefit, as touching as it is true.

A few years ago I had among the children I was preparing for their First Communion, a little black named Marko, who came every day to catechism, showed himself very attentive to the instruction and always learned his lesson well. Marko was about eleven lesson well. Marko was about eleven or twelve years old. One day the lesson was about holy

One day the lesson was about holy orders, and, speaking to the class of the sublimity of the priesthood, I happened to ask: "Whom among you would like to be a priest?" Marko, rising spontaneously in the middle of about thirty children, cried: "I Sister, will be a priest."

be a priest. Two months later the examination came. The missionary who was ques-tioning the aspirants asked him: "Tell me, Marko, how do you speak to our Lord when you enter a church." The child, visibly affected, knelt down and, bowing low, said with a firm voice: "Adoremus in aeternum sanctissimum Sacramentum."

It is necessary to say that, having passed after having answered several questions, Marko prepared himself with great fervor and an angelic piety for the great act he had come to the mission

accomplish.
Having made his First Communio the child returned to his family to help his father, who was still a pagan. Taken up with my pupils, whose faces had changed many times, I never thought of Marko or of his resolution, when some time later the little fellow came back to the mission and asked for

"Sister," he said, "do you still think of what I told you? I really want to be a priest. But can I, a poor boy, succeed? Who will help me?"
"Well, Marko, since God has put such an idea into your head, go to Monsignor

Streicher, tell him what you want to do, and he will give you good advice."

The boy soon found means of approaching the venerated Vicar Apostolic, but His Lordship, to try the vocatolic, but His Lordship, to try the vocation of our young friend, thought it prudent to send him back to his village for some time. Marko obeyed without a murmur. When the trial he was undergoing was at an end he went back to His Lordship, who, wishing to give him some hope, spoke to him of his vocation and asked him.

"And what do your parents say about

"And what do your parents say about it, Marko?"
"Oh, Monsignor, my father knows

nothing of our religion and when I speak to him of becoming a priest he doesn't even know what it means, because he is still a pagan. But he is counting on my work, and he will never allow me to leave him to go to the

allow me to leave him to go to the seminary to study."
"Well, my friend," said Monsignor, "if your father refuses his consent I can do nothing for you, as children of your age are under the protection of their parents. Return to your father and try to touch his heart; it is from him that you should get permission to enter the

eminary.' Marko went away very thoughtful, thinking of what he could do to move his father. Monsignor said there was no other way of entering the seminary, and Marko wanted to become a priest. While on his way a divine inspiration while on an way a utyler majorator, illumined the young boy's intelligence, and his well-prepared soul received it with joy. Marko cheerfully enters the paternal home; he knows what he will do to obtain the coveted permission.

Far from reiterating his request and of bothering his father with his demands, the boy courageously starts to work. He goes for water to the well, and carries the heaviest burdens, and takes carries the heaviest burdens, and takes the hardest part of the work. He is everywhere he's wanted. He refuses his parents nothing. One day the father, seeing with admiration the change in his son, calls him and says to him: "My son, you have won. Your religion is better than mine, since it inspires you with so much virtue. Go and be free to become a priest. I can no longer refuse your wish."

The happy child, filled with joy, affectionately thanks his father, and without losing a minute announces the

without losing a minute announces the happy news to me. He then goes to Monsignor, who immediately sends him

to the seminary. Marko already knows now to read and write. He calls me his mother, and sends me news of himself from time to time. He is now about sixteen years old. He shows attraction and the best of qualities for his vocation. I recommend you to pray for the perseverance of this child and that of his fellowstudents, who are as self-sacrificing as he.—The African Missions.

HORROR FOR POOR PAYS.

It is our misfortune to know a number of good people who, from time to time, choose to call themselves "Catholic Socialists." Whenever these go over to the cult of Karl Marx one of their favorite criticisms of the Church is that her priests and Bishops and religious orders and various societies are always wanting

We don't know how often we have heard this, but certainly pretty often. The frequency of its utterance, indeed, has practically convinced us that whenever and wherever a "Catholic Socialist" is found, scratch back into his record a little and you will find that, as a Catholic, he belonged to that small and uninfluential class whom Father J. P. Roche once upon a time designated "the Poor Pays." Because he didn't like to sup-port the Church in which he professed to believe the Poor Pay went over to socialism with a shrick, believing he had

ound a cheap thing.

But had he? The leading comrades But had he? The leading comrades are eternally screaming for more cash. Thep want money for political campaigns, for literary propaganda, for speakers, for writers, for the support of their beloved press. There is simply nothing like it. Our esteemed Methodist friends do not pierce heaven with their pleadings in behalf of foreign missions half so poignantly as do socialist journals whenever they desire funds. A favorite plan of theirs seems to be to get a few thousands in debt and then appeal to the faithful to get them out. The New York Socialist Daily is playing this game, so

is the Social Democratic Herald of Mil-

is the Social Democratic Herald of Mil-waukee, and are we not aware that, right here in Chicago the adolescent Daily Socialist has been shouting for months for the comrades to come forward and lift the financial sawlog off its bleeding heart? Rather evidently the Poor Pay is up against it whichever way he may turn. In order that his former brethren in the Catholic Church, which he cruelly deserted, may see how he is now being daily bled for his paltry dimes, we ap-pend the following from the Daily Social-ist of Tuesday:

"For several weeks now we have been trying to clean up the old debt. We have published the result of each day. You have thus been informed as to the progress made.

" Now, with the utmost effort, and by begging and teasing and scolding and crying and pleading and weeping and bleeding, you have coughed up less than "That is not all you are good for. If

this is the best you can do let us know it now, for in that case we want to make a quick job of this fearful, nerve-rack-ing business of trying to continue the

Daily.
"This is not the best you can do, and

"You have simply been sitting around, too lazy to move, while the rest of the comrades have been breaking their

backs.
"You have not appreciated the work we have done. You have not the spirit of a comrade in you at all. With the tremendous revolution right upon us, you have been sitting idly by, willing to let the comrades do the hard fighting, but yourself too contemptibly lazy to

stir.
"You have no right to call yourself a comrade if you are not willing to take hold.
"If, after all that has been done, you

have no more interest in the working-class victory than you have shown up to the present, you are not worth saving.
"Why should the rest of us slave and worry to maintain the Daily when the

great majority of you lie down?
"Out of a hundred thousand readers
of the Daily less than one thousand have responded to the call for cleaning up the debt. " Is that reasonable?

" Does not that make you feel that it

does not pay?
"And this is not all. In the meantime, the other general income has fallen off to such an extent that a new debt is

on to such an extent that a new debt is threatening us.

"Yesterday was Monday, and the re-ceipts were below all proportions. We are simply up against this awful and stubborn fact of meeting the paper bill and the pay day without enough to cover the amount.

"Having no capital, we are helpless. We cannot get the paper, and you know what that means. We cannot pay the wage-earners, and the union steps in and tells us the rules."

Isn't this pretty hot flame from the

factory? Just think how insulted the Poor Pays would be if a Catholic paper wanted to raise \$5,300 by gift from its subscribers! After nine weeks' begging the Socialist has obtained only \$1,300 by the subscribers with the subscribers with the subscribers. ing up of noses if The New World, or any other Catholic weekly, were to say any other Catholic weekly, were to say to even its delinquent subscribers: "You have coughed up less than \$1,500 adding pointedly: "This is not all you are good for. You have simply been sitting around too lazy to move. You have not appreciated the work we have done. You have not the spirit of a Catholic in you at all. You are too contemptibly lazy to stir. You are not worth saving."

Sentences like the foregoing would drive Catholic Poor Pays into a madness

Sentences like the foregoing would drive Catholic Poor Pays into a madness exceeding that of hornets. They would actually write in demanding that the paper be stopped. A few of them would say harsh words. They take such insults from the Daily Socialist because they have to do so. There is no other movement at present cavorting in the religionalities and the social field. If somebody will kindly political field. If somebody will kindly invent something that has no dues, no special collections—in a word, that costs

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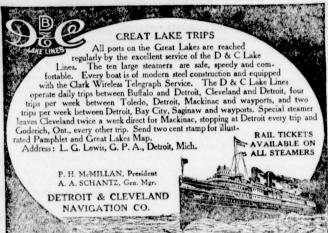
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nothing and preaches nothing that is difficult to practice they will quit social-

ism and join that.

ism and join that.

A hundred thousand readers have failed to "cough up" \$1,500 after nine weeks' of tearful shricking and solemn imploring! As a result, their official organ can't pay for the white paper on which it is printed, and the compositors who set it up. There is a death rattle in the throat of socialism. Evidently the Peor Pays have a death grip on the the Poor Pays have a death-grip on the tail of the unholy movement and are jerking it toward the maelstrom.—The New World.

FATHER BERNARD MACKIN.

In the afternoon of the 18th of Octo ber, 1905, after a conference in the home of the Archbishop of Chicago, the Catholic Church Extension Society of the United States of America was born. On the morning of Oct. 19, at the entrance to the Great Northern Hotel, of Chicago, I met Bernard Mackin. "You had a meeting yesterday," he said, "to organize a society for assisting poor missions. I tried to be here in time, but an unlooked-for engagement detained me. I am not too late, however, for the practical part of it. Put me on your list for \$100" a year. I very well remember my ansolic Church Extension Society of the part of it. Fut me on your list for \$100' a year. I very well remember my ans-wer: "We are not in this work to rob people, Father Mackin. You have a heavy parish debt and lots of work yet to do at home. If we succeed in gettin just a little from everybody, it will do all that is to be done." He said: "It is to be \$100 a year or nothing. I have always been poor. I have always had a hard struggle and the struggle and poverty are not over yet. Last year I gave \$100 to missions, and it was my most prosperous and blessed year. I am going to give that hundred annually. I really believe that charity to missions buys God's favor for any priest and pastor and parish. We need to learn the lesson of unselfishness."

Since that interview at the door of the Great Northern, I have, many times, met Bernard Mackin. He was one of 368.29. There would be a frightful turn-ing up of noses if The New World, or any other Catholic weekly, were to say him. He could enter my omee at all times. I had no secrets from him. My home was his home; my table was filled for him, as well as for myself. If I had not learned to respect him by knowing his pure soul, his kind heart and his world-wide sympathy, I could not have numbered him thus among my real friends. He knew my hones and my defined as the knew my hones and my denumbered nim thus among my real friends. He knew my hopes and my de-sires, my many faults and my few vir-tues. He never feared to gently coun-sel when counsel was called for, and when a defender was needed he weighed only the truth of my position and sprang to the front.

Only a short while ago, we, together, knelt at the feet of the Holy Father. My friend was sick, very sick. The illness was in his blood which, at the end, closed his hopeful and tender eyes for-ever. The scene was one I shall never forget. I think it is one that he must forget. I think it is one that he must be added to the sacrament. For instance, a the white-robed Shepherd blessing his children who crowded about him. When the Pope left the room to go to other pilgrims, we all stood up. Father Mackin came over to me. He said: "I ment of penance. Must he therefore Mackin came over to me. He said: "I ment of penance. Must he therefore ment of penance white one penalty of the sacrament is of course equally true of its constituent parts.—N. Y. Freeman's Journal. Mackin came over to me. He said: "I want to give something on behalf of my people in Burlington for the sufferers of Messina." He held out \$100. I said, "Hand it to the Pope yourself." "No, I do not want to do that," he answered. "You give it to him and say nothing." "But," I urged, "the credit would then be mine, not yours at all." He just smiled as if he understood that the credit would be his in a better way and place—that God knew. I refused and place — that God knew. I refused and he had to offer the money himself; and I remember with what modesty he placed it in the hands of the Holv Father, and how he was rewarded by a smile that had

the tears of the Pope's sorrow for Mes-For two months we went about Europe. For not one day of that two months was Father Mackin spared some suffering; yet, I never saw him angry; I never saw a frown on his face; I never heard a complaint. To every appeal. even where the beggar seemed unworthy, he had an answer in some sort of a coin. When we parted, he for Carlsbad as a last hope, and I to return to America, he was still thinking of others. The scene of our parting was Dublin. On the day before the weather was very inthe day before the weather was very in-clement, and he should have remained in the notel, but the thought of a little commission given him by some Sisters at home and, in spite of his sickness, he

ent out to the Hospital for the Dying to attend to it.

Bernard Mackin was an unselfish priest. He was a pastor after God's own heart. Living and working for the parish his superiors had placed him in he did not dam up the floods of his sympathy for the poor and neglected in other fields. He was a member of the Board of Governors and of the Board of Auditors of the Catholic Extension Society. He never missed a meeting that he could attend. He

never refused a call that he could answer. From his congregation was taken up the first collection, in any parish, for the work in the United States. It is a distinction that Bern-

ard Mackin well merited. The poor missions of the United States have lost, in this priest, whose name they may never have heard before, a good, a true and a wise friend. His parish, in the diocese of Davenport, was small in ex-tent, but he made a parish for himself as wide as the needs of missionary work in ers in Burlington are weeping, because they loved him, and they had reason to love him. His associates in the work of Church Extension have bowed their heads in someone and the second to be also in the work of the second to be also in the work of the second to be also in the work of the second to be also in the work of the work America could make it. His parishionheads in sorrow and prayed for him. They, too, loved him and admired him, though he was of the kind who never seemed to seek either love or admira-tion, but never failed to appreciate them when they came unasked. Last week six of these associates were together — three Bishops, two priests and a layman. The news had come of his death. None of us could go to his his death. None of us could go to his funeral. We sat together that evening and chatted, but after a while silence fell over the group and no one ventured to break it. I was thinking of the friend whose noon of life had so soon slipped into darkness. At last a Bishop said, simply: "Let us have a rosary together for poor Mackin." No answer was made in words. None was needed. We knelt about the little chapel altar together and gave him our prayers. All

had been thinking the same thought.

Dear friends of Extension's family, will you, too, say a prayer for therepose of the soul of the true-hearted, noble, generous, unselfish priest — Bernard

together and gave him our prayers. All

FRANCIS C. KELLY.

PENANCE.

A correspondent asks:
"Would you kindly oblige a reader of your paper by answering the following question: Is it true that there pre-

question: Is it true that there prevailed a rather common opinion in the Church up to the eleventh or twelfth century that the sacrament of penance was not the exclusive means of obtaining pardon from God for sin; even when recourse to it was possible?"

No; such an opinion never prevailed in the Church at any time. The sacra-ment was instituted by Our Lord for the remission of sins committed after baptism; this remission being effected by the absolution of the priest, joined to true supernatural sorrow, true purpose of amendment, and sincere confession on the part of the sinner. He was fails to have recourse to this who fails to have recourse to this divinely instituted means when it is at hand, is in contempt of the divine will, and consequently not properly disposed to receive the forgiveness of his sins. How can he hope to be forgiven when he is in a state of revolt against the divine ordinance? Penance, then, in

fact or desire, is necessary to the sinner for salvation.

"We say" in fact or desire" for it may be at times practically impossible to receive this sacrament, and then, the earnest desire to receive it, joined with sorrow and resolution of amendment supplies the place of the actual recep-

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THE PROPERTY OF die in his sins ? By no means. He rement, and God in His mercy remits the sins of the lonely penitent. He does not require impossibilities as a condition of forgiveness, but He requires obedience to His ordinances when

practically possible. Penance consists of three parts, namely, confession, contribion and satisfaction. All that we have said of the

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There's a larger demand for it. It brings a better price. It is easier to handle.

And you should bale it yourself rather than hire it done because the money you would pay the contract baler eats a big hole in your profits.

You have the time to do your own baling. You have idle horses in the fall and early winter to furnish the power. And you have enough help, or nearly enough help, on the farm to operate the press. All you need is a good reliable hay press.

I. H. C. PULL-POWER PRESSES

DO GOOD WORK AND FAST WORK

Buy one of the strong steel and iron I. H. C. presses this year, and if you have any considerable amount of hay to bale, it will save you its cost the first season. And you will have a reliable press for many seasons to come.

I. H. C. presses make you independent of the contract baler.
They are specially valuable to the average farmer and hay raiser because they are operated with small forces, at no expense for power, and the work can be done at times when there is little else for either man or horses to do. These presses will bale your hay, straw or anything else you have to bale into solid, compact and uniform bales. The one-horse press, an ideal baler for small hay raisers, turns out 14x18-inch bales. Under average conditions, it will bale at the rate of 6 to 8 tons a day. The two-horse press has bale chambers 14 by 18, 16 by 18 and 17 by 23 inches in size, and bales 8 to 15 tons a day—a profitable machine for joint ownership among neighboring farmers or doing contract baling.

I. H. C. presses are not horse killers, are convenient to operate and there

farmers or doing contract baling.

I. H. C. presses are not horse killers, are convenient to operate and there is no pounding or uneven draft. Both are full circle presses, and do not worry the horses with constant stopping, backing and starting. Call on the International local agent and see the presses, or write to the

nearest branch house for catalogue and particulars. CANADIAN BRANCHES: Brandon, Calgary, Edmonton, Hamilton, London, Montreal, Ottawa, Regina, Saskatoon, St. John, Winnipeg. INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER COMPANY OF AMERICA, CHICAGO, U. S. A.

