Vice-Principal

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J. W. Westervelt J. W. Westervelt, Jr.

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OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

BRAVE BERRY

BIGAVE BERRY

Berry is the night watch-dog at the Electra Company's plant in Cleveland, O. He succeeded the human watchman some time ago when the latter proved unreliable and was discharged. Berry is a big, powerful animal, part Newfoundland and the rest St. Bernard. He than the scales at 170 pannels and is tips the scales at 170 pounds and is always on the job. He is also on the roll of the company at 70 cents a k, the cost of his food.

Berry was recently the hero of a night Berry was recently the hero of a night encounter with two desperate safe robbers who had gained entrance to the office by sawing the lock. When the door was burst open the brave dog gave instant battle to the burglars who, armed with pieces of lead pipe, rained blow after blow upon him.

With howls of mingled pain and determination Berry fought, the human

With howls of mingled pain and determination Berry fought the human thieves until they retreated into the darkness. In the desperate struggle Berry had acquitted himself nobly and, though frightfully injured, upheld the reputation of his kind for fearlessness and raliability. In the magning has not reliability. and reliability. In the morning he was found lying beside the safe, whose contents of several hundred dollars had not been touched, but only with enough life to give a feeble wag of welcome to his

Berry was taken to a hospital where for two weeks it was uncertain whether he would live or die. He fically recovand has now returned to work .-

THE PATRONS OF ALTAR BOYS

Saint Aloysius, Saint Stanislaus and Saint Berchmans, so eminent for modes-ty and reverence are regarded as the tr ns and guardians of youth, but St. Berchmans in a very special manner belongs to altar boys. The childhood of Saint Aloysius and Saint Stanislaus was surrounded with the luxury and pomp of their noble birth, while Saint Berchmans, the elder son of a cordwainer, was less delicately nurtured. Like the little delicately nurtured. Like the little heroes in our parish churches, he cheerfully braved the discomfort of early rising and the hardships of inclement weather and a cold church, to serve Mass daily. At the age of seven years he rose before daybreak that he might serve two or more Masses. Thus was a serve two or more Masses. Thus was a blessing brought down upon his studies. When thirteen years old his father's decreasing business and his mother's lo illness seemed to make it impossible for him to continue his studies. This meant nim to continue his studies. This meant the abandonment of his vocation to the priesthood. When apprised of his parents' fears he threw himself on his knees and implored leave to pursue his studies for a few years longer, until he could be received into college: "I shall be content to live on bread and water."-Intermountain Catholic.

BE ENTHUSIASTIC

The girl who is always going enthusi-astic over something new and then get-ting tired of it, so tired that she never wants to hear of it again, needs to be on her guard. For enthusiasm of this sort does nothing to make the world happier or better. Don't overdo a new interest, till the inevitable reaction occurs. Go slowly and far. Teach your enthusiasm to be lasting, instead of a flash-in the-

Protestant Tribute

Although I am not a Catholic and was raised in a Protestant church, I must confess that when I traveled down the Yang Tse Kiang, my allegiance instinctively went out to the three Jesuits who were travelling in the exercise. who were travelling in the steerage, wearing oriental garb, making them selves as inconspicuous as possible and acting, to all outward semblance, like Chinamen, holding faith with their triple your of allows. triple vow of silence, poverty and

obedience.
"At the same time there were at the table with me in the first saloon, three table with me in the first saloon, three Tallaght, where Fat Protestant missionaries, of as many denominations, each with his own Chinese servant, and each explaining to me at different times, how he really ought to but had grown too old for later of any

have more money to get along properly in that heathen country. Had it come to a spiritual show-down I fear I should have cast my lot with the Jesuits. Their conduct accorded more closely with my interpretation of the New Testament."—Richard Barr:

HUMOR WITH THE CLERICS

of it.
St. Basil, called before an irate magistrate, was told that his liver might be torn out of his body. To which the saint gave the retort courteous:
"Thanks for your intention; where it has been at present, it has been no slight annoyance."

slight annoyance."

John Wesley had a reputation for cheerfulness. In his journal he writes:

"I preached in Halifax to a civil, senseless congregation. Three or four gentle-men put me in mind of the honest man at London who was so gay and unconcerned while Dr. Sherlock was preaching concerning the Day of Judgment.
One asked: 'Do you not hear what the doctor says?' He answered, 'Yes, but I am not of his parish!"

Nicholas Burke, better known as Father Thomas Burke, O. P., the great Father Thomas Burke, O. P., the great Irish patriot and preacher, was a man of quick wit and humorous speech. His father, Wat Burke, was a baker, his mother, as he said, being a 'McDonough from Connemare, a stock that is as purely Irish as ever was that of Hugh O'Neill or Red Hugh O'Donnell—as flery in temper as ever St. Columbkille was, and be was a true Irishman—as poor as Eugland could make them, and God knows, that was noor enough—as proud as Lucthat was poor enough—as proud as Luc-ifer, and as Catholic as St. Peter." He had a keen sense of humor even as a

On one occasion when serving as acclyte something that occurred at the altar made him laugh, whereupou a Domini-can nun who had seen the seeming irrevcan nun who had seen the seeming irreverence brought him into the convent and gave him a good thrashing. He returned sobbing to his mother, and she exclaimed, "Oh! my blessed boy, did the spouse of the Lord lay her hands on you?" After many years the nun you?" After many years the nun and mother met, as Father Burke remarks in one of his letters, and the mother called the boy and said: "You ought to throw yourself on your knees in gratitude to this good nun, who by her gratitude to this good nun, who by her correction has helped to make jon what

Mrs. Burke was undoubtedly a woman who believed profoundly in the efficacy of corporal punishment, two special occasion of which remained deeply impressed on her son's memory. After a boyish prank which Nicholas fully confessed, Father Rush, who had seen part of the fray, took him home and urged his mother to keep her boy more indoors. On the priest's retiring Mrs. Burke con-Mrs. Burke was undoubtedly a woman mother to keep her boy more indoors. On the priest's retiring Mrs. Burke conducted Nicholas into an inner room where, after locking the door, she knelt and began the prayer, "Direct, O Lord, our actions," etc. "When I saw my mother enter the room," said Father Burke, who himself tells the story, "make the sign of the cross, and solemnly invoke the light of the Holy Ghost to direct her. I knew I could expect no to direct her, I knew I could expect n mercy. I never got such a beating as that directed by the Holy Ghost, and I have never forgotten it." Indeed, it is recorded by his biographer that Father Burke said at Tallaght that he never afterward heard or recited this prayer without the sensation of a cold chill

kind. This priest was informed by his ordinary that "really he must preach." The old man, as Father Burke describes him, attempted to do so, but baught except coughs and groans were the result
of the effort. The Archbishop thereupon told him to get a bock and read an
instruction to the people.
Father Burke tells how the old pastor
got a bock called "The Mirror of the
True Religious: or the Glories of the
Mission" and read it to the congregation. him, attempted to do so, but naught ex

Holy men have considered humor to have a high place in the ethics of life. To name but two. Father Faber has expressed the opinion that "an honest, hurrorous sense of ridicule is a great he pt to holiness," adding that "perhaps na ure does not contribute a greater he/p to grace than this."

There are many people, also, cieries and others, who are quite devoid of the sense of humor; nevertheless, as someone has said, no one has ever yet found a man or woman who admitted the want of it.

St. Basil, called before a right of the discovered that it had been placed on the index.

One day at the end of Lent careful in the congregation. It was amusing to see Father Burke impersonating the old pastor, doubled up with lumbago, and reading aloud the "Mirror," whilst an acolyte held a candle to assist him. "St. Francis lived on bread and water" (groan) "and slept on the floor" (groan) "and slept on the floor" (groan) and when the saints had so much to do to save their souls, how much more ought yet od?" The book was of the Jansenistic sort and Father Burke afterward discovered that it had been placed on the index.

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One day at the end of Lent some visitors entered to inspect the Tallaght convent grounds belonging to St. Mary's. A remarkable legacy from Protestant Archbishops who had lived there attracted their attention. It was a pyramid of the verteb a of a whale and was placed by way of adorument on one of placed, by way of adorument, on one of the wide walks. Coming on Father Tom, who was walking slowly along in a meditative vein, one of the visitors asked him what the very large bones represented. "Certainly, ma'am. Those represented. "Certainly, has a very large whale are the remains of a very large whale which Jonae swallowed — a terrible fellow for fish." None of the party at the time noticed the ludicrous inversion of the Bible story, but it caused much nusement later on.

amusement later on.

A biographer of Father Burke's refers to his fondness for practical jokes, in which he recalls some peculiarities of Syduey Smith, Sir James Macintosh, Diokens, Moore, Lever, Hook, etc. Canon Walter Murphy was a man so precise and natty that Father Tom often made him the polished ner whereon to made him the polished peg whereon to hang his jokes. Archvishop Cullen, for his long residence in Italy, was always amused by Father , urke's pictures of Italian life, including that of a quick dentist from Tuscauy who with falsetto voice and bray of trumpet frequently came down the Piazza di Sant' Agnese at Rome and implored all sufferers to

avail themselves of his skill. On one occasion he described the Canon sitting in the pi-zza where the dentist had taken up his quarters and invited the passers by to patronize his art of extracting teeth. He had a way of encouraging his patients by exhibiting a bag crammed with trophy tusks, including the tooth of Melchisedek, The dialogue between the dentist and the Canon in mingled Italian and French was imitated to perfection by Father Burke, who, starting up, would pretend to get behind the Canon's chair to hold his chain and extract the delinquent

When in America his eloquence made when in America his eloquence made him very popular. On one occasion he found difficulty on account of the crowds in getting into the hall where he was to lecture. After being jostled about for some time he was hustled into a blind door between the pillars, and a big fat Lightgoman placed hercell in footback Irishwoman placed herself in front of him. After a while he said, "My good nim. After a while ne said. If y good woman, will you try to let me get past you?" "Don't bother me," was the reply, with her head over her shoulder: "what are you better than anyone else?" "My good woman, there won't be any lecture if I can't get in; I'm Father Burke." 'You, Father Burke;" she exclaimed disdainfully, and with her elbow gave him a dig as she made the un-Christian remark, "Go to the devil!" Father Burke said that she bit him right in the pit of the stomach and took away his breath. Fortunately, Captain Byrne, in charge of the police, saw his Roman collar and made way for him, and he came down to the steps of the lecture

hall hardly able to speak. Father Burke tells the following ludien his shoulders.
laght, where Father Tom was altraveling in Galway. "I found myself alone in the train with a sallow, solemnlooking man. For two hours we did not
exchange a word. The coils of a muffler
concealed my identity. At last my
companion broke the ice by a question,
"Where might you be going? — To Galway. I am the son of Wat Burke, the
baker.'—'And do you follow his trade?'
"No." Where do you live his 2?" "No fixed baker. — And do you lottow his trade?

—'No.'—'Where do you live?'—'No fixed place; I'm here to-day and away to-morrow.'—'Why don't you live with your father and mother? — Because I have made a yow never to live with them.'— Young man, I am shocked. Do you drink?'—Sometimes.' My fellow traveler turned away his head in disgust and remained looking out of the window at the opposite side until we reached Gal-way. Here he got out withoutbidding me good-bye."

good-bye."

A convert lady who hoped that he would write her in the style and length of his sermons, inquired of him what she should do to become a true religious. The reply, short and good, was: "Be as humble as a door mat and as pliable as a plate of portide."

plate of porridge."

Once when Father Burke was going to Cork he met, in a crowded railway carriage, a man who, repeatedly slipping his hand into an inside pocket of his cost bettle went on drink. his hand into an inside pocket of his coat and drawing out a bottle, went on drinking draws, which made the father lear that he might soon become unpleasant company. The next time the man took out the bottle, Father Tom dryly remarked: "Your mother must have died very early, sir?" The man gazed at him in surprise. The priest continued: "It is quite plain you were brought up by the bottle." As all present laughed, the man, feeling ashamed, put the bottle by and left it undisturbed.

Another story he tells is of an old

by and left it undisturbed.

Another story he tells is of an old priest who was in the habit of ge ting into a brown study, forgetful of things around him. On one occasion of a visit to a conveut in Meath be seemed so lost in thought that the reverend mother offered him "a penny for your thoughts."

They are not worth a penny, for I was thinking of you," was the old priest's reply. "And what were you thinking?" what a quantity of relies you will out the curse of drink has fallen, tell them of Samaria Prescription. If you have a husband, father, brother or friend on whom the habit is getting its hold, help him yourself. Write to-day.

A FREE TRIAL PACKAGE of Samaria Prescription and priests a quantity of relies you will out "reply. "And what were you thinking?"
"What a quantity of relics you will cut
up into when you die." The superioress,
it seemed, was of a weight much above
the average.—Ecclesiastical Review.

We must guard against a too constant dreaming of the past which may unfit us for the heroic work of the present.



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under the falling debris of an equitable

under the falling debris of an equitable building to eatch the hurried words of confession from one doomed to death and to pour his priestly power of for-giveness over a soul soon to enter the

giveness over a soul soon to enter the portals of eternity.

Now he is lowered into a daugerous trench or hoisted to the summit of a lotty structure; again he emerges from a railroad wreck, always bent on priest-

ly mission or on courageous rescue.

And no matter what the circumstances

And no matter what the circumstances are, no matter where or when, when men needs him, when a soul is passing, there you will find the priest!

The world understands this, and the world, the careless indifferent world, respects the faith of Catholics, seeks the aid of the priests for them—nay, the preserve of bowed

kneels by with the reverence of bowed tead and moving lip while the priest

beads over the prostr te Catholic to

A mysterious character, the Catholic priest and who will deny his influence?

UPLIFTING POWER OF THE

CHURCH

(By Rev. S. S. Yorker, D. D., in Irish Catholic) Into what manner of world did Christianity come? The cities were numerous, full of people, full of wealth, centers of intellectual and fashionable life, even

the small provincial towns abodes of Ou the other hand, the coun-

luxury. Ou the other hand, the country was divided into immense estates

whose landlords cultivated them by legions of slaves. Dimly through the

mist of ages we see the Church as she went forth from the cities to the evan-

Around the church or abbey the ham-

lets clustered, and often had church or abbey to draw the sword of the spirit to

protect the nascent franchises of the easant against the stern war lord, who from his frowning castle guarded or troubled the land. Age by age the in-fluence of Christianity sank deeper and

deeper, and age by age rural life in Europe grew more refined and beauti-tul. Religion covered its every depart-ment, as in the ancient churches the

splendor of the stained glass follows the

sun and transmutes the dull pavement

into mossics that outshine the marble

floors of the regal palaces and arrays the carven leaves of the grey pillars in

a glory that surpasses Solomon's own.

From the wayside shrine the figure of

Church was the center of their life, and

Mass.
In the churchyard itself the festive

Doing Good

all else, distinguishes the character of Jesus Christ. Graciousness and sympathy are stamped on all His words and actions. The poor, the sick, the wretched were ever the special objects of His tender solicitude. Do we follow the example? Do we who are Christ.

we go about doing good? - Paulist

Beauty is God's handwriting, a way

side sacrament; welcome it then, in every fair face, every fair sky, every fair flower, and be sure that yet gayer meadows and yet gayer skies await thee in the world to come.

Calendar.

the Crucified looked down on the

give him the Bread of Life !

THE CATHOLIC PRIEST

Wherever men need him, there is the Catholic priest. Hence the number of heroes among the Catholic priesthood.

In the passing panorama of life there are seenes of joy and scenes of sorrow. There are times when the heart of man exaits with gladness; there are times when his soul is har-

rowed with grief.

But whether it be joy or sorrow, the Catholic priest is there to partake of it. And there is no one more human all that constitutes the highest and the nost intense humanity than this mysterious character who walks among men, and yet all realize the wall of separation

etween him and them.

How artificial and constrained the Protestant minister is in comparison to the Catholic priest! How unable he is to fit in the human instertices which abound around him! His dignity is a abound around him: His dignity is a chilly formality; even his learning and his courtiness are of little service to him in his personal relations. He always comes walking on stilts; men cannot look into his face; they see only his

white necktie. But priests are terribly human. Their mysterious moulding makes them fit into any circumstances. They come

ose to the people.

Women of sense and men of the world, Women of sense and men of the world, whether they be Catholics or not, readily realize the sincerity and adaptability of the priest. They soon feel at home in his company; they know that his principles are sound and that, therefore, his views, while strong, must be broad and tolerant. No one makes so oroad and colerant. No one makes so much allowance for poor human nature as the Catholic priest, and no hand is so often extended to raise or to assist as the hand consecrated with the oil of

went forth from the cities to the evan-gelization of the countryside. It was a slow, hard task, but without estentation or clamor, as the empire waxed or waned, as barbarous people and warlike kings passed and repassed on the stage of history, she was renewing the face of the earth. Slowly but surely the great prison workhouses in which the slaves were herded crumbled and disappeared. The law of Christian marriage had un ordination The social power of the priest is so mighty and so far-reaching and so ubiquitous that it escapes the attention it deserves. No one notices the air; the wind bloweth where it listeth. The law of Christian marriage had undermined their foundations, and the law of the Christian family had built out of the fragments the Christian There is little perception of what is al-

ways happening.
But somehow or other-and could it be otherwise ?-it is at the critical moments of life, at the crises in human careers and human affairs, that the priest is bound to be prominent. Wherever the souls of men are tried, there the Catholic priest stands, the incarnation of material and spiritual aid. His mission calls him—this very human man becomes a hero and the exponent of the spiritual. Men need him and he answers; they need him because he reor Whose hand rests human dignity.
He is a priest for souls, and the quest brings him to the danger line.

How many times we have been read-ing of late in the newspapers about the self-sacrifice, the bravery, the defiance of death of priests of the Catholic Church! Scarcely a week goes by nov that a new record of priestly courage is not written. These deeds come through fire and water, through wreck and dis aster, through dangers courted and

traveller and spoke to ears that heard.
"Come uet, Me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." heavy laden, and I will give you have It rose in the midst of the market place and cried aloud to buyers and sellers, No man can serve two masters: ye cannot serve God and Macmon." The calamities unsought. Sometimes the priest stands unmoved among the crowding and terrified immi-grants on the deck of a Titanic, tendering the consolations of his sublime ministry; sometimes he bends close Church was the center of their life, and the consecrated bell marked their hours of labor as well as their hours of prayer, for with them to labor was to pray. Sunday and frequent feast days wisely limited their time of toil and called them to read the Bible of the Poor in the painted windows and to follow the history of Redemption in the Holy Mass.

CURED OF DRINK BY SIMPLE REMEDY

Devoted Wife Helps Her Husband to a Cure Through Samaria Prescription

In the churchyard itself the festive stage was erected and the Mystery Plays awed and delighted their simple souls. On the village green the young contended in clean and lusty sports, while the fathers of the hamles boasted of the champions of the days of old. In the long winter nights the minstrels, who were of the cottage as well as of the hall, to'd the tales of daring kuights and fair ladies or chanted the legends that Mrs. S, of Trenton was in despair. A loving father and a careful provider when sober—her husband had gradually fallen into drinking babits, which were ruining his home, health and happiness. Drink had inflamed his stomach and nerves and created that unnatural craving that kills conscience, love, honor and ing that kills conscience, love, honor and breaks all family ties.

hall, to'd the tales of daring knights and fair ladies or chanted the legends that clung to rock and river, to ruined church and holy well. The unseen world was very real to them and it was by leaning on the invisible that they were able to resist the overpowering pressure of the visible and material. But read her letter:

"I feel it my duty to say a few words about your Tablets. As you are aware, I sent and got a bottle, thinking I would try them in secret. My husband had only taken them a week when he told me he was going to Port Arthur for the summer, so I had to tell him all about the Tablets. He said he would take them just the same, so I sent and got the second bottle for fear one would not be enough. He writes me saying that he has taken the contents of both bottles, and he feels splendid, does not caff or drink. In fact, he has not taken any liquor from the first of my giving it to him. I feel I cannot say too much in favor of yout wonderful Remedy.

"Mrs. S—, Trenton, Ont." But read her letter:

The little phrase descriptive of His work: "He went about doing good," strikes the key note of our dear Lord's life. Gentleness and benevolence, above all else, distinguishes the character of Jeans Chylet. Gradienness and arm. of His tender solicitude. Do we follow His example? Do we who are Christians — followers of Jesus Christ — imitate Our Lord and Master? Are we kind and gentle to our own; to our aged parents; to our brothers and sisters? Have we a kind word and winning smile for those who are tottering under the burden of the cross? Do we go about doing good? — Panlist

whom the habit is getting its hold, help him yourself. Write to-day.

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From Without and Within

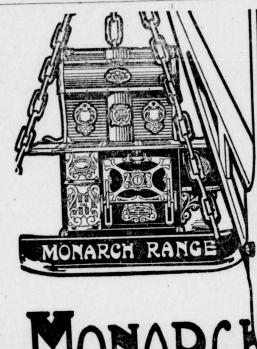
If you look at a stained glass window from the outside of a church it appears to you unsightly and grotesque, without orm or beauty. Is conveys no mean-ing to your mind. Bat if you view the same window from within, how rich and same window from witch, how rich and beautiful it appears, especially when the succipit of heaven is shicity upon it! How it embetishes the church, and how admirably the group of figures is calculated to illustrate some scene of Scripture or ecclesiastical history! In like manners, a tranger to our religion manner a stranger to our religion regards our ceremonies as vain and meaningless.—Cardinal Gibbons.

A thing very pleasing to Our Lord and profitable to the soul is to offer Him our heart with much affection, that He may dwell therein, and then to have a treasure of good works to present to

Many honor the picture of the Sacred Heart, and such devotion is good. But in the Blessed Sacrament the Sacred Heart is living, beating for us. Let us, then, learn how to honor the Sacred Heart in the Eucharist. Let us never separate the Sacred Heart from the Eucharist.

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