

tes, and the boys who, as a rule, very indolent for at election time, and conduct is what bulky undesirable class positions. The man is guided solely by the kind we have men-serve to have a vote.

IGAN, of Sioux City, of the grog shops. "It," he says, "that the menace to society and to be governed by State laws or police control, law and constitutional regardless of God and its procession of un-ness to temporal and tion." The Bishop is in his conclusions. It is and must continue with. All classes of recognize the degrada- upon the community, with it is the question of honor or later, we hope, it will be made to stem tery and criminality gene- tence. We know of some where licensees are given the market places. The and license commissioners is necessary to have stabl- for the farmers, and in- of boards are put in- purpose. The so-called care not at all for the ed from the stable. It is, some that the roaring busi- where many farmers and receive their first initiation of debauchery.

FASHION now-a-days in the abandon churches situat- districts or slums. At of the Pan Presbyterian in New York recently Rev. of Baltimore created a sen- that the Protestants down town and abandon- quarters of cities, seeking tations. The Catholics, he contrary, kept up their gaudy audiences, he added, are sign of vigorous church life, orts to attract them by vari- almost leads away from of the gospel. Even the army, he claims, has lost its ous souls through its expan- ing fields. Many years utes of Chicago erected a necture in the midst of a ncture in that city which had for drunkenness and dis- disorderly conduct. Critic- a course, the good Fathers at the district in which they the church was the place was to be done.

LD over will be re-echoed the ulate which the Archbishop recently paid the Sisterhood Catholic Church. It was deliv- of the sessions of the Educa- tion held a few weeks ago.

His Grace said: "not a vocabulary to express ents one feels in the presence women. Each one of those tells a story. But the uni- of all is devotion to this great Catholic education. We see, at faces, the wearied bodies, a spirit of faith in the eye, I will work until I die in ous calling in which I have ed to help the Church, the world to come here at this spectacle. There ch spectacles outside of the Church. There are other things. I do not wish to re- here are millions of men and the side of the Catholic Church wonderful things for God, too, good thing is for Him. But look at this united body of ver patient, never self-seeking, with everything, plodding the most difficult circum- without a word of complaint, homes almost unfit for habita- times eating food that is the nourishment one would pick rd-working women. I tell you the words to express my ad- yes, far more than that, my for these noble women of

CATHOLIC EDITOR in one of don papers says that he has been able to understand what can be in religious exercises can only be hammered into the yellow advertisements and inappro- priate. He has no sympathy with choir or the organ recitals, as but contempt for the dissolv- and cinematograph shows in action. It is a sad reflection, on a Christian country, that should be the impulse and a man's soul can be forced upon through the medium of clap- periments. This is hard hit, especially at some of the Baptist s, who are decidedly up-to- yellow advertising of their But the latest and most re- scheme for filling the empty announced in one of the West- ern. The pastor has added to a couple of dozen canaries.

This, however, will become monotonous and we are prepared to hear that additions will be made of black birds, thrushes, cuckoos, etc.

SOME OF THE AMERICAN PAPERS are quite caustic in their remarks about Bishop McPaul's criticism of the Universities. It is worthy of remark, however, that the Bishop is not alone in this matter. A Protestant clergyman, Rev. Joseph W. Cochran, of Philadelphia, has also entered the lists against the godlessness of the higher seats of learning. He says:

"Why can't we get the young men to preach?" I'll tell you. In the first place there is but little Christianity in the home. If there is any, it is gone by the time the young man is ready for an education. Does he go for his education to a Christian school? A Presbyterian school? No. He goes to a godless state university, and when he returns to his home town he puts religion at low ebb. And if you ministers find your churches at low ebb you know where to place the blame."

It is all the easier for the universities to turn out pupils who sneer at Christianity for the reason that the Public schools give them young men and women in whose hearts have not been instilled Christian principles.

THE FEDERATED CATHOLIC SOCIETIES of the United States are doing a noble work in defence of the Church. In a recent issue of the Globe Democrat of St. Louis a notorious bigot was permitted to make an attack on Joan of Arc. The Federation issued a protest, the result of which was that the editor of the paper made the following apology:

"In the publication of a humorous article upon Joan of Arc, appearing in last Sunday's edition, the Globe-Democrat seems to have inadvertently wounded the feelings of a number of its readers. It is hardly necessary to say that this was quite unintentional. The Globe-Democrat would not willingly print a line that would reflect upon the religious belief of any one, and it regrets that the article in question was given a place in its columns."

It would be well, we think, were steps also taken to bring to book those of the clergy and laity engaged in missionary work who send reports from foreign parts reflecting upon the Catholic Church. The green-eyed monster prompts them to bear false witness against their neighbors so that the missionary money box may be replenished.

THE MORNING POST, of London, Eng., gives us in this hot July weather one of the coolest sentences we have seen for a long time. Our over-the-sea contemporary, in that calm and dignified manner so becoming the editor of a London paper, tells us that the sanest and most hopeful method of dealing with pauper children is to send them out to Canada and the other British dominions as early as possible. We think we speak the mind of all Canadians when we say that the sanest and most hopeful method of dealing with pauper children who come to us from England or any other country is to promptly send them back by the same ship, thus giving the dealers in such traffic the privilege of paying their fare home again. Where paupers are made, there let them be cared for. Emigrants from the old country are always welcome to the Dominion—but we want the best, not their worst.

ADVICES FROM BORDEAU tell us that Cardinal Andrieu has been fined \$120 by the Correctional Court for obeying the law of God rather than the enactments of the French infidels, whose purpose is to obliterate Christianity. The law, the Cardinal says, compromises the most sacred interests of the Church and family, and therefore he deems it his duty to disobey it. Abbe Carreau was also fined \$5 for reading the Cardinal's discourse from the pulpit. Practically all the Bishops of France have sent messages to the Cardinal expressing approval of the course he has taken. It now remains to be seen whether the Cardinal will pay the fine or go to prison.

STRANGE CONDITIONS prevail in the town of Cobalt, the great silver centre. Recently the Catholic Church was destroyed by fire. The ground upon which the edifice was erected was not church property. The mining companies now demand a rental of \$1,900 a year for a small strip of land which the Church formerly held at a nominal rental. This will force the Catholics to build a new church at Port Cobalt, three miles distant. In consequence of this action of the mining companies it is stated that fifteen hundred Catholics will remove from Cobalt to Port Cobalt. Some of the getting-rich-quick people seem determined to have their pound of flesh. Silver appears to be their god.

A PRESS DESPATCH from Edmonton gives us another example of the danger of placing the administration of the law in the hands of men who are members of oath-bound secret societies. We are told that a man named Barret, who murdered Deputy Warden Stedman re-

cently, and who was under sentence of death, charged the late warden with ill-treating him and also with failure to recognize the Masonic sign. It is to the credit of the deputy warden that he did not pay heed to the Masonic antics of the criminal, but it is not reasonable to suppose that there are some who would have acted differently?

PROTESTANT OPINION OF CATHOLIC SAINTS.

A New Zealand Protestant paper (the Outlook of Dunedin) expressed the following thoughts recently on Catholic Saints:

Let us turn to those souls where the spiritual has become predominant and all-mastering; who have breathed the upper, diviner air; who have seen God and eternity everywhere in the world and time. How significant, when we think of it, that these are a permanent feature in the order of things; permanent, for every age produces them! Men have had to create a word to express what they stand for. The word "saint" is in our vocabulary, the greatest, the richest that is there. In the darkest ages the saints shine out, exhibiting amid surrounding barbarisms the overwhelming power of sheer goodness. Always in those times the warrior, the savage, how before the saint. The best natures recognize in him something to reverence and to love. They appear in every rank.

Our good Protestants need to enlarge their view here, and to rid themselves of the supposition that the Christian life went underground at the close of the Apostolic age, only to re-emerge at the Reformation. It has, they need to remember, been running all the time in a strong and glorious current. They ought to know about Ignatius and Polycarp and Justin Martyr; about Origen and Clement and Cyprian; and about Basil and Gregory of Nazianzen and Jerome and Augustine; about Martin of Tours and St. Patrick and Venerable Bede; about Bernard and St. Francis; about Eichart and the Brothers of the Common life; about the Anchoress Julian of Norwich and St. Catherine of Siena and St. Catherine of Genoa. These, out of a countless multitude less known, are examples of the saintly life, lived after the Apostolic time and before the Reformation; possessed, it is true, all them of opinions which we no longer hold, but whose record is filled with highest inspirations, of divine facts which no earnest soul can afford to lose. Why do not our pastors, in their pulpit-teaching, deal more fully with these records? There is no richer vein. For not these lives part of the discipline, but a revelation embodied in heaven's action and speech through elect men and women of this earth?

"Why do not our pastors in their pulpit-teaching deal more fully with these records?" asks the Protestant paper. We believe the answer is simple. They know very little if anything about them. Our good friend, the Rev. Mr. Hen, a Protestant minister of Wolfville, N. S., told us recently in a communication to this paper that students for the Protestant ministry learn practically nothing—except what is censorious and severely critical—about Christianity, that is, the Catholic Church, between the Apostolic age and the Reformation. Hence the lives of great and heroic Christian men and women whom the Church has canonized are unknown to them. Protestant pastors would be doing their congregations a very good turn by telling them something about those souls "where," to quote the Dunedin Outlook, "the spiritual has become predominant and all-mastering; who have seen God and eternity everywhere in the world and time."—Sacred Heart Review.

INTOLERANCE IN SPAIN!

A few years ago there was much commotion over the persecution of Protestants in Spain, brutal assaults on the sacred rights of conscience and citizenship, etc. The Inquisition was again dragged from its dungeon and exposed.

When you see a priest reading his breviary did he ever occur to you that you have a share in that prayer, that you derive benefit from the recitation of that Office by him? He is taking part in the public prayer of the Church of which you are a member. Reflect that in this country alone there are more than twelve thousand priests, who daily spend more than an hour in praying that public prayer for God for the Church and for all her members and the clergy of the United States form a very small fraction of those of the universal Church. All over the world, in monasteries and cathedrals, the Divine Office is solemnly recited at stated hours; and every priest in every land lays aside his other duties at some time each day to raise his heart to God and to join in offering to Him the public homage of his Church on earth.

The book which a priest uses for the reciting of his Office is known as a breviary. Why is it so called? The word "breviary" would seem to indicate something short, (from the Latin word "brevis," short or brief), and many an over-worked priest on a busy Sunday is well wended why that word is used in connection with the tremendous long Offices which the wisdom of the Church imposes on him on that day.

The breviary contains the Office which all priests and clerics in Holy Orders are obliged to recite daily under pain of mortal sin unless they are exempted by a grave reason. It is divided into four volumes, adapted to the four seasons of the year since all the Offices of the year in one volume would be too unwieldy for use.

These Offices are in Latin and are made up of psalms, several canticles and many beautiful hymns; extracts from the Scripture, brief lives of the saints, parts of sermons by the great Fathers of the Church as Gregory, Augustine and Chrysostom, many short prayers, versicles, responses and the frequent repetition of the Lord's Prayer, the Hail Mary and the Apostles' Creed.

It is divided into seven parts known as the Canonical Hours, and in the Middle Ages it was the general practice of the

to masquerade publicly in Catholic guise.

Spain is bound by its constitution to maintain the Catholic religion and therefore to protect it from insult. It gives full protection to Protestant churches and services, but it will not allow them, while remaining Protestant, to steal the Catholic dress. Such a law may not be desirable here, but it would help to conserve honesty and save visiting Catholics the embarrassment of being drawn into Protestant churches by false appearances. Processions and street preaching accentuated the trouble in Spain which would not allow heated evangelists to publicly outrage the feelings of Spanish subjects. This explains why appeal was made to our government for the extradition of the offender.

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MARQUIS OF RIPON DEAD.

A press despatch from London chronicles the death on July 9, of the Marquis of Ripon, England's most notable lay convert.

The deceased Marquis was one of that group of prominent Englishmen who a generation ago astonished the public by announcing their conversion to Catholicity. At the time of taking this step, in 1874, he was, and had been since 1870, Grand Master of the English Masons. He at once resigned his Masonic dignity and retired from the order. The Prince of Wales succeeded him as Grand Master.

NO POPELY LITERARY RIT.

The Marquis was forty-seven years old when he embraced the Catholic faith, and his conversion signalled the outbreak of a violent tempest of no-Pope literary riots. He was coolly informed by one great newspaper that "such a step involves a complete abandonment of any claim to political, or even social, influence in the nation, and can only be regarded as betraying an irreparable weakness of character."

Another referred to him as a man who, "in the full strength of his powers, has renounced his mental and moral freedom." While a third impressed upon him that "a statesman who becomes a Catholic forfeits the confidence of the English people."

The Marquis' step was considered the more remarkable because he had never before shown any theological propensities. It took place shortly before Mr. Gladstone issued his famous pamphlet against the Vatican Council, in which he declared allegiance to the spiritual supremacy of the Pope incompatible with civil allegiance to the British Crown. Five years later, notwithstanding the direful prophecies of the press and in spite of the stand taken by him in his own pamphlet, Mr. Gladstone appointed the Marquis Viceroy of India, an act whose significance was not lost on the nation.

THE BREVIARY.

"Why do you priests spend so much time reading from a little black book?" Every priest has heard this question from his non-Catholic friends. The Catholic has a general idea that the priest is under an obligation to recite his Office every day, but few Catholics have any very clear notion as to just what the Office is or why it is said.

When you see a priest reading his breviary did he ever occur to you that you have a share in that prayer, that you derive benefit from the recitation of that Office by him? He is taking part in the public prayer of the Church of which you are a member. Reflect that in this country alone there are more than twelve thousand priests, who daily spend more than an hour in praying that public prayer for God for the Church and for all her members and the clergy of the United States form a very small fraction of those of the universal Church. All over the world, in monasteries and cathedrals, the Divine Office is solemnly recited at stated hours; and every priest in every land lays aside his other duties at some time each day to raise his heart to God and to join in offering to Him the public homage of his Church on earth.

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It is divided into seven parts known as the Canonical Hours, and in the Middle Ages it was the general practice of the

religious orders to recite each part of its own hour; but the secular clergy of our day and many of the religious orders and societies are not bound now to observe this practice strictly. Each priest is obliged to say the whole Office of the day within the twenty-four hours of the day, but at any hour or hours that may be convenient, saying as much at a time as he may be able or willing to recite. Moreover, he has the privilege of "anticipating," or saying a part of the Office after 2 o'clock of the preceding day if he sees fit to do so.

LIEUTENANT SHACKLETON'S PRO-FESSION OF FAITH.

In the speech which he made at the Royal Society on Monday Lieutenant Shackleton, the hero of the last, said: "There had been miraculous escapes and a time when they saw no light on the way ahead and all seemed black. Yet at the worst moment all things turned out for the best. He must ascribe that now as he did then to a Higher Power than our own. No amount of leadership would have helped them as they were helped when the weather cleared and they never knew days were such that they would bring forth a day for them or a death. It was fitting and right, and only his duty, there among his friends, to say that the members of the expedition believed in that Higher Power now that they were safe home again."

It was a noble profession of faith and we take of our hero to the young hero who, unlike so many who gain the applause of men, cherish their faith in the Providence of God, and are not ashamed to avow it on occasion. There was at least one person amongst his hearers in whose breast, we would fain hope, the noble declaration of Lieutenant Shackleton, now awakened memories of now-deceased Catholic days and splendid Catholic ancestry.—Catholic Weekly, London.

A LIFE-TIME AMONG LEPEERS.

The following touching tribute to Father Clement, Father Damien's companion at Molokai, who died last week at the leper settlement, appeared in the Los Angeles Times:

In the last watches of the night, the man who listens to the heart-beat of the great world at the telegraph keys in the Times office was called by the deep-sea cables that connect California with Honolulu. And this is what the telegraph operator away across those tumbling leagues of ocean said:

"Father Clement, who came to Hawaii from France with Father Damien, in 1883, to devote his life to work among the lepers in the Molokai colony, died today."

That was all—just those few lines, just those few little words. But the man in the Times office, weary with his long night's work, was not too weary to send the good news to the tireless, thrashing machines in the composing room with orders to border the despatch with stars—stars of glory for a hero dead—even as you saw at your breakfast table.

Forty-six years—a whole lifetime in itself—spent among the lepers of Molokai; think of it. Nearly half a century ago this great-souled French priest placed himself voluntarily in that charnel house of the Pacific, shut out from the world of his own free will, exiling himself forever from his own kind, from pleasure and happiness and all joy as we know those feelings, branding himself as "unclean" and welcoming to his own body the ulcers and sores of a nameless disease.

Why did he do it? Was it for glory and the world's acclaim? Was it that men might greet him with salutes upon his return from scenes of triumph? Ah, no, because for him there could be no return, as well he knew. The moment he set in that place of terror to which he went he knew that never again would he dare associate with other than lepers.

It seems that, after all, Father Clement escaped the disease. Perhaps God spared him the torture as his reward, even as He spared Daniel in the lion's den and the three men of Babylon from the fiery furnace.

But, however that may be, certain it is that when Father Clement died death gathered to its bosom a real hero. No need of trumpets to blare above his grave; no need of laurel crown or garlanded hero. He asked no glory or praise, but he asked that his life should be a living example to all men of the glory there for this priest of the lepers.

ON "GOD'S OWN GENTLEMEN."

Recently I read a story of a man bitterly wronged by a woman. While he was at the point of death his sweetest married a scoundrel. He saw the account of the wedding as he was slowly recovering. Health and happiness were gone forever, but he went back to duty as city auditor. The scamp was a city employee and had stolen \$3,000. The auditor found it out. The scamp begged for mercy as he had a wife and child. The auditor paid back the money out of his own pocket, and even saved the scamp from discharge by interceding with his chief. All for the sake of a woman he had hoped to call wife and who was unworthy. He never spoke of these things. A friend told the story, and when he had finished, remarked: "Yes, he was one of God's own gentlemen."

A small newsboy was all but cut to pieces by a passing car. As they lifted up the mangled little form, he opened his pain-stricken lips to whisper to the ambulance surgeon: "Don't tell mother." He was one of God's own little gentlemen, too.

So we meet them here and there in life and mankind is better for they have lived. Not especially wise or successful, but so kind and true and strong that there is an aura around their names like the halo depicted above the head of a saint. They represent human nature at its best. They help us to imagine didn't what sort of men might now be peopling this earth had not Adam sinned.

Good things are they are rare. All good things are rare. But they are not so rare as you think. There are men on your own street, men whom you meet

every day, who are bearing the burden of harsh fate gallantly and smilingly. They will never tell you. Heroes do not tell their own stories.

Take up your morning paper, and there, wedged in between murders and divorce suits, you may chance upon a short account of heroism so fine that it will make your eyes dim. Neither you nor I could have done it. This man did. He was one of God's own gentlemen.

Certain characters in fiction shine out of the printed page. Such was Colonel Newcome, Thackeray's masterpiece. Chamber's "Malcolm" was another, albeit stricken with blindness at the end. But they are plentiful in real life, too. We do not see them because our eyes are bent on successful men, who stride to power over the necks of others or burrow their way to the top. Winning means everything to day.

The lamented Jeffrey Rabe once wrote a stirring ballad: "Sir Hugo's Choice." As Sir Hugo went forth to meet his bride on the wedding morn, two messengers came to him. One brought the news that "the Flemish spears are upon the border, and all is lost if they gain the ford." The other announced that his rival was advancing with a force to steal his bride. Sir Hugo was in charge of that border. He chose to defend it and died at the ford. The lady married the rival. Some may say that Sir Hugo was a fool. No! He was one of God's own gentlemen.

I knew an old Celt who could neither read nor write, a kindly colossus, whose heart matched his frame and whose charity was like sunshine. He prospered like Job, and all about him shared in that prosperity. Later on, like the patriarch, he was sorely tried by disease and sorrow. Even in agony he could smile. The doctor told me how he suffered. That man died like a soldier years ago, but men do not forget him. I could as soon forget my own father.

A stirring poem was written in war times: "Abraham Lincoln gave us a man." He gave us Grant, for Lincoln, too, stands forth well to the front in this gallant company. No one who knows the story of Grant's life, particularly in the dark days near the end, when financial trouble and cancer came upon him, can doubt that the man who gave Lee back his sword at Appomattox said: "Let us have peace," was one of God's own gentlemen.

They have set up a memorial to Boyle O'Reilly in the city he loved next to the spot where he was born. The honor is ours. He did not need it. His own life is his best story, as it is his finest poem. His best work was his life, to have been what all men knew him, a golden hearted man whose wit never wounded and whose hand was swift to relieve sorrow as it was to resent an insult to his faith or his fatherland.

There are thousands of them, my friend, about you. These I have in stanced are but types. Out in the rushing current of life, back in the country where life flows gently, in the coal pits as in the rifle pits, in the hold as on the bridge, are men whose biographies as they stand in the Book of Life constitute the best literature that exists. The pity is that in our time, while our record is being made, cannot have the assistance, the example of these fine personalities.

But we can see much if we open our eyes to the work of real men around us, forget the tawdry finery that bedecks pinhead celebrities and gilded fools, weigh our fellows in the old fashioned scales of honor and manliness. We shall find the world over men of this type, that good men and true live now as in the age of chivalry, that there is plenty of nobility and self-sacrifice in life as well as in books, that the man who blacks your boots or the man who drives your train, not less than he whose name is on every lip for some act of signal heroism, is one of God's own gentlemen. "A Looker on," in the Pilot.

A CHANGE OF VOCATION.

Right Rev. Frederick Hopkins, Jesuit Bishop of British Honduras, who is on his way to Rome, was the guest of St. John's University during his stay of several days in that city. Though no notable demonstration was made in his honor, the distinguished visitor was not neglected by friends of the institution, who took him on automobile tours, around the city and otherwise entertained him. While there he paid a short visit to the novitiate of the Jesuits in Florissant.

Bishop Hopkins comes from an old Catholic family in England which has given many scions to the religious state. His mother, who died in January, in Oxford, England, has been twice married, her second husband, Mr. Hanley, being a former mayor of the old university town.

Bishop Hopkins is a brother of a priest—Canon Francis Hopkins of the Birmingham Cathedral. (In England all priests connected with a Cathedral church are known as canons.) At the time of the brother's ordination, Bishop Hopkins was a young medical student working for his M. D. On the day of his ordination, he, of course, with others of his family, were present at the ceremonies during which, by some mistake, in the calling of the roll of the candidates for ordination, his own name "Frederick" Hopkins, instead of "Francis," was read out. This was the beginning of his vocation to the religious life, for he felt beyond a doubt that it was a call to follow in the steps of his brother. One of his nephews is a secular priest in England and another is a Jesuit who is not yet ordained.

REMARKABLE PROTESTANT ADVERTISEMENTS.

A correspondent sends to the Glasgow Observer some remarkable extracts from the Church Times, one of the best known and most influential Protestant church papers in Great Britain, which has among its contributors such Protestant church dignitaries as the Protestant Archbishop of Canterbury and York and the Protestant Bishops of London and Birmingham.

LANCASTER, ONT. CARRIED BY "FRUIT-A-TIVES"

These Wonderful Fruit Juice Tablets
Are Winning Friends on Every Side.



Lancaster, Ont., Sept. 16, 1908.

I was a martyr for many years to that distressing complaint, chronic Constipation. I tried many kinds of pills and medicines without benefit and consulted physicians, but nothing did me any real good. Then I began to take "Fruit-a-tives," and these wonderful little fruit tablets entirely cured me.

At first, I took five tablets a day, but now I take only one tablet every two days. I am now entirely well, and thanks to "Fruit-a-tives," I give you permission to publish this testimonial.

(Madame) Zenophile Bonneville.

There is only one more link in the chain of proof that "Fruit-a-tives" never fail to cure Constipation or non-action of the bowels. 50c a box, or \$1.00 for \$2.50, or trial box 25c. At dealers or sent on receipt of price by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

In that paper some weeks ago appeared an advertisement from the Protestant parson of Stormoway, asking if any of its readers would subscribe for a sanctuary lamp to burn before the Blessed Sacrament in the most isolated parish in Britain, or who would give the Stations of the Cross "to be put up in the church."

The Church Times of April 23rd last contained four advertisements in which the word "Mass" occurs. I copy one (continues the correspondent) worded as follows, the others are similarly worded: "Priest Wanted in Northern Town, Six Points. Daily Mass. Apply—"

The six points, are six well-known Catholic usages—such as unleavened bread, mixing water with chalice, lights, etc. Here is another sample:—"Community of St. Katherine's, Normand House, Normand Road, London. Retreat will be given by Father Black on Friday, May 15th, at 8 p.m. Last week the same paper has also four advertisements for assistant ministers where "Daily Mass" is mentioned. Here is a specimen of advertisement, typical of most of the advertisements under the heading "Clerical" appearing week after week in the same newspaper: "Priest Wanted, Catholic. Daily Eucharist. Apply—"

Other two advertisements, also in the Church Times, are worded thus: "St. Saviour's, Poplar. Seventh year's mind of Father Dilling. Friday, 11th of May, 8:30 p.m.—Vespers of the Dead and Sermon—Saturday, 15th of May, a.m.—Sung Mass of Requiem." "Saturday, May 15th, seventh anniversary of the death of Father Dilling—A Requiem will be sung at St. Cuthbert's, Earl's Court," etc. In the same paper I read that "the dedication anniversary"—the 1200th—of the first abbey church "by St. Wilfrid, Bishop of York, was held at Evesham in All Saints' Church by a Missa Cantata celebrated by the Vicar on 1st May. On Sunday the Abbot of Calvey preached three times in All Saints. At the afternoon service, the Mayor and Corporation attended in power. The Abbot of Calvey gave a powerful address on Character. There were crowded congregations at all the services. The Abbot of Calvey gave a beautiful address on 'Perfection,' illustrating his remarks by reference to the Benedictine Order, now so happily revived in England."

All this as Protestant advertising and Protestant Church news is surely significant of something more. What, is it? Will those pious stop at their "Mass" and go any further? We hope not. There shall be one fold and one Shepherd.—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

The THORNTON-SMITH CO.

Church Decorators

11 King St. West TORONTO



ATTENTION

The highest tributes come from our customers as—

"I am delighted with your goods."

"Your goods are artistic and do justice to the furnishing of a church."

W. E. Blake & Son

Manufacturers of Vestments, and Church Furnishings, 123 Church Street, Toronto, Can.