

"But—she seems so awfully nervous. Surely such a little injury wouldn't—wouldn't upset her so—"

"You can never tell about a woman," answered the doctor coolly. "Grace is probably worn out anyhow—running around too much. She'll be all right in the morning, Phil. All she needs is a good night's rest and to stay off that foot."

But he was called in the morning to come over early. His patient had not slept all night and he was surprised to find her feverish and exhausted. He examined the injured member again very carefully. Nothing but a strained tendon, and not much of a strain at that. Curious—curious! Doctors are sometimes puzzled just like other people. He visited awhile, wrote a prescription, and went away, after assuring the uneasy husband that he would be back in the morning when he expected to find Grace very much better.

His expectations were doomed to disappointment, for Mrs. Wise was still weak, feverish and unresponsive. She was quite well, she told the doctor. She didn't need any medicine. Couldn't they all let her alone? Phil pale and aged in the last two days, watched her piteously with haggard eyes.

"There's something on her mind," deduced the physician shrewdly. But what? He knew them both well, knew their devotion to each other. If Phil were not there he would put a few pointed questions. . . . He left determining to slip in later when Phil had gone down town. At the curb he was hailed by Mrs. Gobey, just alighting from her electric.

"How is Mrs. Wise?" she demanded. "I'm just going in to see her. Is it true that she is so ill?" "She's a little nervous," evasively. "Shock of the twisted ankle, you know." He caught Mrs. Gobey's incredulous look.

"Nervous from being kept in the house more likely. I'm going in and cheer her up," she told him firmly.

"Sorry, Mrs. Gobey," said the doctor with his curt smile, "the most you can do today is to inquire. She can't see any visitors."

"What? She isn't that ill?" And Mrs. Gobey looked at him strangely.

"She's a sick woman," was the answer. "She was probably run down before. She'll be all right after a few days," with all professional caution.

"That slight injury," Mrs. Gobey began rather haltingly, "it couldn't make her so ill as that. Could it, Doctor? I'm not asking out of idle curiosity," she added hastily. There—there's a reason—"

She drew in her breath rather sharply at his sudden keen glance. Her heart was beating heavily, for the troubled conviction had seized her that Mrs. Wise had caught those ill-fated words. What else would make her so ill? Not a mere twisted ankle.

After a moment's pause the doctor answered deliberately: "Her illness, I admit, is altogether out of proportion to the extent of the injury. If you know of any reason—" He stopped and bent his brows at her.

"I do," was the eager reply. "I think I do! It was something she overheard. . . . Oh, Doctor, if I could see her and talk to her a little while, I feel sure I could clear it up!"

"Women's gossip, I suppose!" And the physician snorted contemptuously. "But not mine!" Mrs. Gobey returned spiritedly. "Let me try, Doctor?" she begged. "Really, I think you might trust my discretion."

Dr. Bruce's lips twitched. Discretion and quick-tempered little Mrs. Gobey! It was to laugh. But at that he could trust her wonderfully kind heart. He decided on the instant. Some silly gossip probably that was worrying himstrung sensitive Grace.

"Now, listen," he commanded. "Don't stay over ten minutes if you find you're not helping. . . . And tell Phil I want him to drop down town with me for the tablets I spoke of. You want him out of the way, I take it," grinning a little.

Mrs. Gobey nodded with a forced smile. She was beginning to feel horribly afraid of the task ahead of her. But she must do it—it was her duty. . . . She felt still more afraid as she sat by Mrs. Wise's bed and noted the havoc which the last few days had wrought—the wasted checks, the heavy eyes, the sick woman rallied to the unwelcome task of being agreeable to a visitor. Why did they let her in? The doctor said she was to be quiet.

Mrs. Gobey exerted herself to chat in her usual bright, inconsequent manner, tempered by a gentle sympathy for the invalid, her alert mind seeking an opening for the subject which every moment grew harder and harder to contemplate. Her clasped hands grew cold in her lap. . . . What would she say? . . . How should she begin? . . . A glance at her watch showed her that eight minutes were gone. Only two minutes more. . . . She had a swift impulse to go away and forget her quixotic intention, but the misery she thought she could see in Grace's face stiffened her resolution. After all, if people's happiness was at stake. . . . She

breathed a silent prayer for help. An instant later she was plunging nervously through her story.

"I just thought—if you were worried about it—women are so foolish things—I wanted you to know the truth," she wound up breathlessly.

Grace had shrunk back on her pillow when Mrs. Gobey began, but it was over so quickly that her resentment had no time to form before the glow of heavenly relief that seized her. "But she said—"

"I know," soothingly. "But I found out just what your husband said, after you left. Tired of parties, was all. . . . going out so much. My goodness, all men are like that nearly! I know John A. is. He gave his dress suit away last year. But" she smiled demurely—"I gave him a new one for Christmas."

Grace found herself responding to that whimsical smile. Oh, the wonder of it that the terrible load was gone from her heart!

"Thank you for telling me," she said shyly. "I know I shouldn't have believed it—we've always been so happy—but—when I heard—"

"I don't see what else you could do," judicially consoling. And Grace felt she loved her from that moment. "But I don't believe I'd tell him about it," she added lightly. "Men are such unreasonable creatures—"

"He'd be hurt dreadfully!" in a pained tone. Oh, poor Phil how she had treated him the last few days! But she'd make it up to him! What did she care for parties, for society, for anything, compared to her husband!

Grace was walking around the room when Phil, heart and feet both laden, came back. "Look, Phil," she cried gaily, "I can walk as well as ever!"

Phil blinked and stared. He had left her in bed, inert, dull-eyed, indifferent, and he found her magically well, radiant, smiling. . . . Grace felt her heart contract as she saw his face brighten slowly.

"Why, you are better, aren't you?" He spoke carefully, remembering the uncertainties of the past few days.

"Better? I'm well!" joyously. "And I'm tired of being such a nuisance, so I thought I'd get up. Listen, Phil," as she nestled under his encircling arm. "I'm hungry, too—starved. I couldn't eat my breakfast—what about something to eat?"

Phil's spirits lifted. "I'm hungry too," he stated happily. "We'll have it here. Just wait—"

"Women are queer!" he decided, shaking his head.

THE OLD WISDOM

The earliest record we have of man's activity shows him engaged in bringing about what he considered an improvement upon God's plans. In the Garden of Eden, having listened to the seductive words of the serpent, he stretched forth his hand to eat of the forbidden fruit, thus to become wise in a way and at a time contrary to that which God had set for him. And fallen man has ever since been doing the same thing. Old Testament history is little more than the record of one such episode after another, and as we read of Israel's rebellions we marvel at the patience and long-suffering of God, against whom His creatures so frequently dared to stand. Since the coming of Christ, and the establishment of the Catholic Church with its mission to teach all nations, man has continued his sinful course, seeking to lead away, "if it were possible, the very elect" into his errors.

These rebellions seem to come in cycles, and at certain periods everything seems to work together to make them possible. One of the most notable of such occasions was the sixteenth century, when under cover of doing away with abuses a large portion of Europe was led to renounce the Faith. It began with comparatively minor details; it ended with wholesale denial. And the effects have persisted until our own time. The principle of private judgment and private interpretation has led to the rejection of the Church's claims on one's conscience, and this in turn has culminated in the wildest and most subversive excesses in thought and conduct. Through four centuries this principle has been working itself out, until now men are beginning to look with consternation upon the results. They have "unfettered man's conscience" and no longer does the youth of the land feel bound to worship God or to keep His commandments; they have thrown open the Bible" and called upon unaided reason to tell what it means, and it becomes a mere human document, without authority or power; they have told man to "approach God without priestly intervention," and he has ended by leaving God out of his reckonings altogether.

The wisest among our contemporaries are now being aroused to see if they cannot in some way stem the tide which their ancestors started flowing. Several instances of this have recently come to our notice from widely different

sources, and they show how greatly alarmed earnest, thoughtful men have become. A prominent Episcopalian clergyman in Washington recently made an address in which he pleaded for "the old-fashioned home"—one in which there are children, and where the children were taught their Christian duties.

"It is the duty of every parent, teacher and clergyman," he declared, "to meet the issue of moral chaos in the American homes squarely, and work to bring back into our national life the sweet, sane influence of the old-fashioned American home, and thus save the children from the ruin which confronts them." Former Vice-President Marshall is reported to have said that if he had his way every child would be compelled to attend Church and Sunday School, as the only means of making him a useful citizen. The religious school aims at the attempts of modern materialism to discredit revelation come in for their share of condemnation by Mr. William Jennings Bryan, who declared that there is a concerted effort on the part of "advanced science" to discredit the Bible and all religion. "If," said he, "schools and colleges follow up these teachings, God-fearing men and women must see to it that their children are not sent to such schools, thus leaving the disbelievers to preach and teach to those who were dismembering the Bible to suit their new ideas. It is time for the men and women of the country to look into the matter of who teaches their children and to see to it that the faith and belief of the fathers is not ridiculed and displaced by atheists."

And a man so far from Catholic as Mr. Arthur Brisbane, discussing the value of psychology in the cure of disease, gives as his opinion that "one of the best remedies for many suffering people is confession. That is to say, the frank and full telling of all their repressed emotions and desires, to some sympathetic person."

Thus one by one the fetiches of the reformation are being dropped and the practices which Protestantism has always excoriated are being urged as the only means of extricating either individuals or the nation from peril of destruction. Thus little by little is man's vaunted wisdom being exploded and the foolishness of God—the Old Wisdom—is proven to shine forth eternally true.—The Missionary.

STAGE AND SCREEN OF TODAY

A sweeping condemnation of the modern stage and a general denunciation of all the theatrical performances, with which it aims to delight a pleasure-seeking public, would be as unjust and unfair as an unqualified and unreserved approval of the kind of entertainment that is ordinarily offered in our play-houses would be uncritical and misleading. Yet, a cautious attitude of chary distrust in regard to the modern stage is but too strongly justified by sad experiences of the past.

Too often, especially in the last decade, has the stage outraged decency and flouted the laws of God to an extent that we can put only a little trust in its bland promises and genial invitations. Unfortunately, the American stage, once clean and inoffensive in its offerings, has broken with its honorable traditions of puritanic austerity and now emulates the revolting nastiness and the vulgar suggestiveness of the European, particularly the French, stage. It has been invaded by the problem play with its pungent dialogue and its risque situations. The harmless play of the theatre can be viewed without surrender of dignity and heartily enjoyed without self-reproach has become the exception. The theatre-goer of today, if he wishes to avoid embarrassment and an unpleasant shock to his sense of modesty, must exercise careful discrimination in the selection of the performance he intends to patronize. Indiscriminate frequentation of the theatre in our days will inevitably lead to a blunting of the moral sense and a dulling of the perception of the proper and the improper. In this respect the modern stage has exerted a most pernicious influence, and here let it be said that the same is true of motion pictures to a very great extent.

The stage has fallen on evil days. It has sunk to exceedingly low levels, both artistically and morally. It is no longer filled with great actors who possess the divine gesture and the heroic stature; it is crowded with a host of second-rate performers who disguise the utter lack of histrionic ability by their impudence and their daring shamelessness. Few venture to present the powerful and stirring dramas of imperishable fame. Only lighter things are attempted, the frothy erasms of the theatre will not outlive their authors. Levity and frivolousness, if not outright licentiousness, characterize the modern stage production. The sex motive is too much in evidence and the sex interest exploited to a nauseating degree. Scandal constitutes the heart of most of the plays and an unwholesome atmosphere of salaciousness pervades every scene. The costumes bespeak a disregard and supreme contempt for decency that cannot have been surpassed in the days of paganism.

In view of these indisputable facts, the severe strictures that have

been passed on the modern stage do not seem exaggerated. They are well merited. Far from being a school of morals, the theatre in our days cannot even be said to cultivate good taste. It has generally renounced these higher functions and merely caters to the desire for pleasure, taking pleasure in its lowest form. It furnishes entertainment, amusement, exhilaration, nor is it particularly scrupulous about the means it employs in the pursuit of this aim. To win popular acclaim and especially to achieve a commercial success, it will go to great lengths in the way of defying the laws of God and deriding things sacred. If it reflects life and mirrors the customs of the age, it is that section of life which ought to remain veiled, and these customs are branded by all who have a spark of decency left in their hearts. The modern stage emphasizes the evil phases of human nature and thus gives a distorted view of reality. Around vice and sin it throws a glamor that will deceive the unwary and render wickedness attractive in their eyes. Such are the lessons that the modern stage inculcates.

Those whose arduous task it is to safeguard the innocence of the young and to watch over public morality view with alarm the dangerous practice of indiscriminate theatre-going which cannot but result in a lowering of moral standards and in the undoing of much that has been built up laboriously in home, school and church. They are not opposed to legitimate recreation and wholesome forms of mental relaxation; but they cannot approve of a type of amusement that is so tainted on the one hand and makes light of the most solemn things in life. It is their imperative duty to warn the inexperienced against the insidious dangers that lurk in the modern theatre and the baneful influences that emanate from the stage and the screen, too. In purchasing a theatre ticket, one should use great discretion, lest he make himself the abettor of ugly abuses and encourage shameless conduct upon public decency. The play could never be assumed such disgusting proportions nor could it go on unchecked, if it were not for the guilty connivance of the public.—Catholic Standard and Times.

A CONSOLATION

"The one cheerful item in a universe of stony facts," observes Arnold Bennett sagely, "is that no one can harm anybody except himself. This is what we usually suggest when others come burning to us with a sense of unjust accusation. Gossips are a nuisance; gossips with imagination sometimes concoct yarns strangely and wonderfully made; gossips with malicious intention can make everybody mad as thunder, and still the cheery item stands out in a universe of stony facts, that no one is much the worse save he who invents the evil. Despite the wish or will of those bent upon stirring up strife, despite the prejudice or disfavor of others, each individual may say with St. Paul, "By the grace of God I am what I am," and while many persons may be maligned they are not so often misjudged.

Consciously or unconsciously people weigh the words and actions of others. If such be right, it is known of men; if such be wrong, the world instinctively withdraws its sympathy. Unjust criticism recoils upon itself. Any man may speak good or evil of others, but in fact if not in words proof is demanded of every charge man makes against his neighbor. By instinctive law of nature sympathy is always with the person arraigned until proof of a charge is adduced. Even then public sympathy rather lingers with the under dog in any fight, and thus the worthy are twice guarded.

EUROPE AND THE FAITH

A European observer in an interesting study of comparative populations, has drawn attention to the effect which the War has had on the leading nations of the world. Russia in Europe and Asia had a population before the War of approximately 200,000,000. In spite of her frightful casualties and the loss of territory to Poland and the Baltic States, Russia today totals 160,000,000 of people. The Soviet Government therefore represents the largest white population in the world governed from a single center.

The United States with 105,000,000 comes next. The British Empire, with a white population of 47,000,000 in the United Kingdom, and 65,000,000 beyond the seas, ranks next to the United States, although if all England's subjects, irrespective of color be included, the British Empire easily heads the list of nations in point of numbers of population with a total of 447,000,000.

Two of the most surprising facts that this study has brought out are the figures relating to Germany and France. In the last pre-war census taken in 1910, Germany was credited with a population of 65,000,000. Today after her losses in territory, to France, Poland, and Denmark, and after her frightful casualty lists, Germany still has 60,000,000, and ranks fourth among the white nations of the world. France on the other hand has a population according to this year's census of only 39,200,000. A decade ago the population of France was greater than it is today. But even with the recovery of its lost provinces of Alsace-Lorraine, France is numerically smaller by 400,000 than she was ten years ago.

Everything now points to France's speedy rehabilitation. Today in France the ideals of marriage are defended, large families are encouraged by the offer of liberal bonuses for four or more children, and a general resurgence of faith is noticeable throughout the whole country. A strong religious sentiment in all the departments of France life is invigorating the pristine spirit of France, that animated her people when she was the eldest daughter of the Church.

France is still the mother of the arts and sciences, but she has received a sublimer title from the lips of the Holy Father himself, who called her at the recent canonization of St. Marguerite Mary, the Mother of the Holy Spirit. This spirit will permeate to save France from the perils that surround her from without and from the dangers that lurk within.

Russia presents a more complex problem. Her vast hordes under the Soviet regime are striving desperately to find themselves. In considering the future of Russia, we must not forget the encouraging views expressed by Pope Benedict XV.

In sending from the great charity of his heart his generous aid to the starving Russian victims of the famine, His Holiness declared that

he was actuated by the feeling of Christian charity to a great people who were very near to the bosom of the true Church, and set forth the hope that out of the sorrow and trials which they are now enduring Russia might be soon brought back to the true fold of Christ.

This is a hope founded on the assurance of the Vicar of Christ, and a hope therefore which we cherish in our hearts and for which we must pray. The Reunion of Christendom rests with the white nations of the world, and with Germany, and France adhering firmly to the old faith, with Russia showing promise of return, with an Anglican minister declaring that in a hundred years England will be Catholic or nothing, the prospects are bright enough to turn Mr. Bennett's sombre warning that "Europe will return to the Faith or she will perish" into a prophecy that Europe will return to the Faith, and that she will not perish.—The Pilot.

PROTESTANTS HONOR CATHOLIC MUSICIAN

London, Dec. 2.—Saint Alban's (Protestant) Cathedral has just observed the 400th anniversary of the death of Robert Fairfax, a famous English musical composer of church music. It is only in comparatively recent times that this glorious building has been dignified with the name of "cathedral." But nearly a thousand years ago, it was for many centuries the abbey church of the Benedictine monks of Saint Alban's and it stands on the traditional site on which the first British Martyr, a Roman soldier named Alban, suffered for the Faith when Britain was a Roman province.

Fairfax died in 1521. He held the position of organist or master of the choir at Saint Alban's Abbey, when that great institution was in all its glory and its Abbot one of the Spiritual Peers of England with a seat in the House of Lords. But not only was he held in high honor at the Abbey but he was in favor at Court, for in the year 1502, while he was still at Saint Alban's he was charged by the King to compose an anthem in honor of Our Lady and Saint Elizabeth, for which he received a fee of twenty shillings from the Royal Exchequer.

He occupied the position of a Gentleman of the Chapel Royal; that is to say, he was a chorister of the King's Chapel. He sung at the Requiem Mass celebrated for the soul of King Henry VII., and also at the coronation of Henry VIII. When Cardinal Wolsey, Archbishop of York and Lord Chancellor of England, celebrated Pontifical Mass on the field of the Cloth of Gold, that magnificent spectacle at the meeting of the Kings of France and England, Fairfax was at the head of the Singing Men.

THE SOLUTION OF LIFE'S PROBLEMS

Some time ago a non-Catholic examiner was questioning a class of little Catholic children. They answered splendidly and he was well pleased. He had a theory, however, that intelligence and originality ran by answers, and so he smilingly requested some child to ask him a question. "Please, sir," said a bright little girl, "why did God make you?" The old examiner was nonplussed. He coughed and colored, and then cleverly evaded the question by asking another. "Perhaps," he parried, you can tell me. "Yes, sir," innocently replied the little maid, "to know Him, to love Him, and to serve Him in his life, and to be happy with Him forever in the next life." "And is that what you are all trying to do?" inquired the examiner. "Yes, sir," came the chorus of boys and girls. There was a lump in the old man's throat and he wiped his eyes, as he murmured to the teacher on his way out. "Your Catholic children are wonderful. The world hangs upon the answer to the cardinal question. Men seek for the answers to multitudinous questions that are puzzling the universe. Earth, air and sky, have been searched by scientists for material to solve the questions that nature and man's own curiosity suggest. Man has done wonders in wrestling from nature her secrets. He has harnessed her power to do his bidding, to whirl him rapidly over land and sea, to carry his messages throughout the boundless ether, to contribute to his comfort and his prosperity in this life, to make it better and easier for him to live. He has found an answer to the most abstruse problems over which the best minds of history have pondered in vain. Yet how many men, like the old gentleman in the story, cannot answer the first question that they should ask themselves.

It is a tragedy that a child who knows the Catechism knows as much as the most learned philosopher. But it is also true that the Catechism does not make a Catholic. There are people who lead an average Christian life, but when some great trial comes, they are apt strong enough to stand the strain and face adversity. History is full of

examples of men who began well but ended badly. Judas, Luther, and Henry VIII. are but types of those who like the seed that fell upon stony ground, flourished for a while but withered away in adversity because they had no roots.

The things that save men from such disasters are called principles. Catholic life is not merely a matter of knowing, it is a matter of doing. To do well one must have fixed principles. These are the iron frames and girders of the spiritual edifice, without which the building will collapse from structural weakness. If masters and men, if legislators and citizens, if parents and children have these iron girders or oak beams within their souls, they have what St. Ignatius calls in his Spiritual Exercises, the foundation of the spiritual life.

Why is the world today called an age of loose thinking? Because men have forgotten the answer to the question that a little girl can answer. Why has the world been tossed about by every wind of theory, and by every noxious doctrine. Because men have lost the knowledge that the Catechism holds. Why do we see so many wrecks along the highway of life, so many nations repudiating their only hope of salvation, and leaders vainly trying to stem the tide of lawlessness and rebellion? Because materialism has usurped the place of fixed principles variable standards of selfishness and expediency. Why does the Church insist with all the vigor at her command that the world be reconstructed only along the lines of justice and charity, by the infiltration of Christian ideals into daily life? Because men in the search for knowledge, in the strife for power, in the scramble for luxury and ease have forgotten the answer to the question, "Why did God make you?"—The Pilot.

SPEECHES BY

- Edmund Burke (1750-1797)
Henry Flood (1782-1791)
Walter Hussey Burgh (1742-1788)
Henry Gratton (1746-1820)
John Philpot Curran (1750-1817)
Richard Brinsley Sheridan (1751-1816)
Peter Burrows, K.C. (1768-1841)
John Sheares (1758-1798)
Theobald Wolfe Tone (1769-1798)
William Conyngham Plunket (1764-1854)
Thomas Gould (1766-1848)
Daniel O'Connell (1775-1847)
Robert Emmet (1778-1808)
Richard Lalor Sheil (1791-1851)
Isaac Butt (1812-1879)
Thomas Francis Meagher (1823-1867)
The Rev. Mr. Cahill
The Manchester Martyrs
A. M. Sullivan (1830-1884)
Lord Russell of Killowen (1832-1900)
Charles Stewart Parnell (1846-1891)
Michael Davitt (1846-1901)
John E. Redmond (1861-1918)

Price \$1.50
Postage 10c. Extra

The Catholic Record

LONDON, CANADA

"Honour Without Renown"

A NOVEL
By Mrs. Innes-Browne
Sequel to "Three Daughters of the United Kingdom"
New Edition with Frontispiece

We get glimpses of life in Paris during the siege by the Germans, and from cover to cover the interest is unflagging.—Catholic Times.

\$1.42 Post Paid
The Catholic Record
LONDON, CANADA

ST. JOSEPH'S HOME OF THE SACRED HEART

Home for Ladies
Old Gentlemen and Couples
The Institution is situated in the quiet part of the city. Very quiet. Chapel in the Home. Moderate Terms.
For particulars, apply to the Mother Superior, 105 Yate St. St. Catharines, Ontario, Canada
In Charge of the Carmelite Sisters D.C.J.

DEAF?

Send a post card for a new pamphlet filled with valuable facts that every deaf person should know. If you have heard others and are only slightly deaf, don't let it go, it is too late! Or, if you are almost totally deaf, there may be a chance of hearing your hearing. This pamphlet will tell you. It also explains about a
NEW INVENTION
The Mears Deaf Ear Phone, and tells about our great 15-Day Free Trial Offer. Not a penny unless your hearing is improved. But first write for our literature. Now, before our supply is exhausted, send us FIVE to the first user in each locality who will help him introduce it. Write him to-day for full particulars. Also ask him to explain how you can get the agency, and without experience or money make \$250 to \$500 per month.

Hay Fever, Asthma
Cataract and Chronic Bronchitis
All surrounded their terrible afflictions upon the human bodies of 100,000,000 Canadian men, by use of Buckley's 2 Bottle Treatment. Don't suffer one minute longer. Send today for trial size, 10c.

F. E. LUKE
OPTOMETRIST
AND OPTICIAN
167 YONGE ST., TORONTO
(East of Spadina, Opp. Simpson's)
Eyes Examined and Glass Eyes Fitted

Do not suffer
Bleeding, Day
with itching,
Bleeding, or Pro-
truding Piles.
No surgical
operation re-
quired. Dr. Chase's Ointment will relieve you
at once and afford lasting benefit. See a box;
all dealers, or Edmondson, Bates & Co., Limited,
Toronto. Sample box free if you mention this
paper and enclose 2c. stamp for postage.

Irish
Orators
and
Oratory
Edited by
Alfred Percival Graves, M.A.
William Magennis, M.A.
Douglas Hyde, LL.D.
With an Introduction by
Professor T. M. Kettle

SPEECHES BY
Edmund Burke (1750-1797)
Henry Flood (1782-1791)
Walter Hussey Burgh (1742-1788)
Henry Gratton (1746-1820)
John Philpot Curran (1750-1817)
Richard Brinsley Sheridan (1751-1816)
Peter Burrows, K.C. (1768-1841)
John Sheares (1758-1798)
Theobald Wolfe Tone (1769-1798)
William Conyngham Plunket (1764-1854)
Thomas Gould (1766-1848)
Daniel O'Connell (1775-1847)
Robert Emmet (1778-1808)
Richard Lalor Sheil (1791-1851)
Isaac Butt (1812-1879)
Thomas Francis Meagher (1823-1867)
The Rev. Mr. Cahill
The Manchester Martyrs
A. M. Sullivan (1830-1884)
Lord Russell of Killowen (1832-1900)
Charles Stewart Parnell (1846-1891)
Michael Davitt (1846-1901)
John E. Redmond (1861-1918)

Price \$1.50
Postage 10c. Extra
The Catholic Record
LONDON, CANADA

"Honour Without Renown"
A NOVEL
By Mrs. Innes-Browne
Sequel to "Three Daughters of the United Kingdom"
New Edition with Frontispiece

We get glimpses of life in Paris during the siege by the Germans, and from cover to cover the interest is unflagging.—Catholic Times.
\$1.42 Post Paid
The Catholic Record
LONDON, CANADA

ST. JOSEPH'S HOME OF THE SACRED HEART
Home for Ladies
Old Gentlemen and Couples
The Institution is situated in the quiet part of the city. Very quiet. Chapel in the Home. Moderate Terms.
For particulars, apply to the Mother Superior, 105 Yate St. St. Catharines, Ontario, Canada
In Charge of the Carmelite Sisters D.C.J.

DEAF?
Send a post card for a new pamphlet filled with valuable facts that every deaf person should know. If you have heard others and are only slightly deaf, don't let it go, it is too late! Or, if you are almost totally deaf, there may be a chance of hearing your hearing. This pamphlet will tell you. It also explains about a
NEW INVENTION
The Mears Deaf Ear Phone, and tells about our great 15-Day Free Trial Offer. Not a penny unless your hearing is improved. But first write for our literature. Now, before our supply is exhausted, send us FIVE to the first user in each locality who will help him introduce it. Write him to-day for full particulars. Also ask him to explain how you can get the agency, and without experience or money make \$250 to \$500 per month.