

spid mind of Mr. Tibbot O'Leary, as they were in her natural life-time on the very ill-bred gentlemen whom they called Octavius Caesar. Although habits of retirement and absence of mind, had made him very unobservant of the manners of his own time, and he was apt to make awkward mistakes occasionally, both at his own table and at those of others, yet he could hardly be taxed with a want of breeding, for he would have known to a nicety how to conduct himself at the table of Lucullus or Macenas, when those who now laughed at him for his ignorance, would have looked looked like fools or clodpoles by his side.

But the darling object of his affections was a round tower. What especially charmed him about those singular buildings was that, nobody in the world could tell for what possible use they were intended. Volumes on volumes had been written, all proving the great learning and acuteness of the different writers, yet the subject still remained as much a mystery as ever. What in the world could they be for? That was the question which constantly recurred to his mind, alone or in company, silent or conversing, sleeping or awake. There were round, lofty edifices, as cylindrical inside and outside as the barrel of a gun exact in all their proportions, and admirable in their masonry, yet of no possible use that anybody could divine—no steps—no way of getting up to the top either inside or outside, no apartment underneath, nothing but its small doorway, and the tall circular wall, as if the sole object of the founder had been, to show how high it was possible to build a round wall, which could not be of any earthly use to himself or to anybody else. They could scarcely have been watch towers, seeing that some (as at Glendaloch) were at the bottom of a valley, and surrounded by hills, any one of which would give a better view than at the top of the round tower. Nor could they have been styletowers, since that was acknowledged to be almost exclusively an Oriental institution. Nor could he see that great resemblance in structure, which others professed to discover between them and the Pyramids of the Persian Gauris which are still to be seen in the east, for those last were at least habitable and accessible. What on earth could they be for? There was no knowing, and that was the very circumstance which fascinated his mind, and kept his intellectual powers for ever on the stretch.

Absorbed by such pursuits, he felt not for a long time the loneliness of his position, living in a dilapidated house with no other company than that of his man, Tom Nash, and a moving antique in the shape of an old woman, who took care of his housekeeping. Tom felt no great interest for ruins either old or new, and had a much keener taste for a corned round of beef, or a cheek of pork and greens, than for all the round towers between Scattery Island and the Persian Gulf. However, he always listened or seemed to listen attentively, while his master spoke, and as the latter, in their rambles from place to place, unfolded to his mind's eye the most recalcitrant learning of past ages, he was careful to mark at the same time his attention, and his astonishment at every new piece of information by such intelligent observations as "So that?" "Murder, murder!" "Well, well, there's nothing can surpass the art of man!"

In this complacency he found his account. An attentive or patient pair of ears was an article which his master valued in proportion to its rarity, and as amongst the few which flourished in his vicinity, still fewer were at his service as often as he could wish, his esteem for those which adorned the head of Tom Nash, made him liberal to their owner. And if ever any piece of neglect or awkwardness occurred to diminish the cordiality with which his master always treated him, Tom had it always in his power to restore himself to favour, by taking the first opportunity to ask as if from a reverie: "Why, then, I wonder, master, what in the airy universe could them old towers be built for?"

This was certain to bring back good humour, and in the learned disquisition which followed, all traces of displeasure were sure to be forgotten. I have already said that Mr. O'Leary lived almost alone, and, though yet young, did he seem to have any idea of (as the phrase is) "changing his condition." Rumour said, indeed, for rumour will find its way even into a wilderness, that it had not always been so, and that a disappointment of a nature which least of all could be suggested by his present character and pursuits, had much to do with his present retirement and his studies. It was whispered, moreover, that he owed it all to an unreasonable exercise of the same spirit of restless and fidgety curiosity, which had been a leading feature in his character from childhood, and many thought his present occupation were no more than a new direction taken by the ruling passion. The manner in which he first met with this man Nash, furnished a proof that he had been afflicted with it long before it took its present turn.

Mr. Tibbot O'Leary was left early in possession of his property; so early that he was compelled to become a man of business almost before he was a man at all. Even at this period, however, and indeed long before, he was the same busy, systematic, prying, inquisitive, untiring burthen to himself, and plague

to his neighbours that he was all his life, until his never of curiosity faithfully emptied itself into the boundless ocean of antiquarian research. There was scarce a sentence left his lips, or a thought passed through his mind, which might not have had a note of interrogation placed at the end of it.

TO BE CONTINUED

THE HOSTESS OF CLOVER INN

Clover Inn stands in a triangular garden with an outlying meadow, at the fork of the roads to Clinton and Greenbrier. It is a one-story building with slanting roof in which blink many garret windows, a roof far projecting and shadowing the porch which extends on the four sides of the hostelry.

The Clover, before the building of the railway had been a famous inn, and in these latter days, though little money is taken in except in the summer season, it has not degenerated in its keep. The house remains uniformly neat and clean, the garden paths and flower beds trim and weedless, and from the kitchen still come the soups and meats that have made the culinary art of the Widow Robbins noted far and near. There were people of opinion among the people of Oakwood on many subjects but everyone agreed that the widow was a first-rate cook and a thoroughly upright woman.

"She would be a saint if 'twere for her temper," said Miss Pinky White to Mr. Huddle, who kept the "general" store, that modest country counterpart of the great department stores of the city.

"An' it 'pears to me, Miss Pinky, that that's modified considerably of late," said Mr. Huddle.

"It have ever since Louis did depart for places unknown," declared Miss Pinky, continuing in a tone of reflection, "Dear sakes, how time do fly! I was quite a young girl when that event transpired."

"A lady is as young as she looks an' there is immortal flowers," responded Mr. Huddle gallantly.

Miss Pinky, turned fifty, received the compliment with a blush, and decided to take a dress of that polka dot calico over which she had wavered for upwards of an hour.

It was a warm June afternoon and on her way home, Miss Pinky, wading along the path exposed to the rays of the sun, decided in her mind that, as she had to pass the inn, she would pay a "pop visit" and exhibit her purchase to the widow Robbins, for whose opinion she had great respect.

Making her way without ceremony to the far end of the hall that cut the inn in two, Miss Pinky entered without knocking, the widow's sitting-room, a spruce little apartment with casement windows, at one end of which sat the widow in a rocking chair, hemming an article of wearing apparel.

"Pinky White!" she exclaimed, bundling up her work in her lap, and jumping up from her chair. "I certainly am glad to see you! I'd a sent for you if you hadn't come. But a't right down here where it's cool, an' take this palm leaf. You are fresh—not that I'm casting reflections; it's healthy an' keeps back the appearance of years, but one does get hetted up, one certainly does."

The widow herself was thin and wiry, and possessed a pair of sharp eyes that had never needed what she would have denominated as "specs." The acute sharpness of her eyes belied, though, a heart big and boundlessly hospitable.

"You've got something particular on your mind?" queried Miss Pinky, sinking back in the companion chair to the widow, and wielding the fan presented her.

"I have," said the widow with emphasis. "I have had a dream and it has upset me!"

Miss Pinky raised her hands and the palm leaf in consternation. "Mattie Robbins!" she ejaculated, "of all the unreasonable women you're there, the most unreasonable, 'in dreams! Don't you know its against the catechiz, puttin' faith in dreams, omens, an' all such like?"

"I know my catechiz, Pinky, an' I never mislaid aught that I eat green apples, it's bound to give me cramps, but the eating of 'em is my fault, but it ain't my fault I dream' that dream, and no such dream but's bound to give you indignation, so to speak."

"What was it you did dream?" asked Miss Pinky, her curiosity getting the better of her orthodoxy. "I dream that Louis was dead!" replied the widow, looking about her in awe.

"Well, that ain't going to kill him," smiled Miss Pinky.

"No, it ain't; but I never saw him other than alive before, an' as plain as I see you now, Pinky White, I saw him stretched in his coffin"—here the widow broke down and cried a little.

"Now, now, Matty, don't give way to such foolishness," entreated Miss Pinky, "Your eatin' for supper mayn't agreed with you."

"What I eat I prepare myself, and I reckon to cook my victuals whole-some for the digestion," retorted the widow, a little snap in the tone of her voice.

"It's well known there ain't no better cook in Kentucky State," Miss Pinky made haste to declare.

The widow sighed. "It wasn't eatin' as you did it, it was a guilty conscience," she said.

"No, no," continued the widow, "you never, no one ever did know the

whole truth but Father Browne, God rest his soul! And Father Nelson when he come to take his place. Louis never ran away; I drove him from the shelter his father provided. I drove him from the Clover, that's his home by rights."

Miss Pinky stared at her friend, not sure but that she was out of her mind. "How could you do that?" she faltered, scarcely knowing what she said.

"How could I?" cried the widow, "you may well ask that question. Pinky White! But I did, an' if he's dead for want of anything I could a-helped, I killed him just as sure as if I'd shot him with that rifle of his father's a-hanging over the chimney-piece."

She paused to take breath, and then hurried on. "It's ten years ago, come Assumption Day, since I drove him out. You and the folks think me a good woman, no worse heart and soul was set on things of this world to that extent that I drove my only son from me. I was proud of the Clover, proud of what his father and me had made it, but his mind didn't lay that way—he wanted to go to college. First I quarrelled with Father Browne, who sided with Louis, and he died without my ever having made it up with him."

Again the widow paused, and when she continued to speak her voice was choked and sung to a whisper, so that Miss Pinky with white face bent forward to catch what she said.

"One day Louis came to me and said Father Browne would get him in a college, if I'd help him a little. I wouldn't listen to him, and I don't think of the cruel words I said to him, and I told him he'd have to learn to run the Clover or get out of the inn altogether, an' when he said he'd have to go and wanted to explain, I put him out of the house with my own hand. I didn't mean to be harsh with him; I thought I'd scare him and he'd come back to me in the morning, his will broke. He didn't come, as you well know, an' I got to make myself believe he'd deserted me; and when letters came in his hand write, I burned 'em up, an' then when they didn't come, an' when I'd a-given all I got, an' that a fair fortune, to get news of him, I didn't know where to go to look for him. Punished!" she cried, "yes I've been punished, but not above an' beyond my deserving."

She lay back in her chair and moaned, and frightened Miss Pinky asked if Father Nelson knew all this that she had been told.

"He does," said the widow, "an' for months has been doing all that he could to find track of Louis, but I'm convince' it's no use. If I'd only kept one of them envelopes he sent me with something printed on 'em' I'd wailed the unhappy woman."

Miss Pinky sat thinking. "Now, Matty, she burst out suddenly, 'what-ever you may think, I feel Louis is all right; an' for sure if he's on earth, as he certainly is, Father Nelson'll find him."

Although unconvinced, the widow allowed the prophecy of Miss Pinky to lighten her gradually, and, by the time her visitor rose to leave, she had been roused to take a fledgling interest in the polka dot calico Miss Pinky had been so anxious to display.

The widow was well aware that the idiosyncracies of her erratic temperament were commented on by her neighbors, but what they would say if they knew the truth concerning the abrupt departure of Louis from Oakwood up to this time we had scarcely dared to think. Hitherto, a certain amount of pity had been accorded her when the matter was discussed, people taking into consideration to all appearance that Louis had run away from home.

But of late this undeserved consideration had become bitter to the widow, and she was constrained to let the truth be generally known.

Miss Pinky happened in on her at a moment when she felt keenest the evil wrought by her stubborn, uncurbed will, and her revelation of the truth was made. Not, though, because she hoped to receive from Miss Pinky the condemnation that she felt would be a balm to her in her wretchedness. "Pinky would only pity one the more, the slier and deeper down he'd have a fall," she mused when her friend left her.

"But she's that innocent she'll tell the first one she meets—not that she's a gossip, for a slanderin' word did trouble her tongue or give speed to her lips. She'll suspicion I'm goin' to tell such as drop in to call, an' she'll want to be aforehand with their judgment, making little of what I done, an' strivin' to keep me up in the opinion of all."

The Widow Robbins was right in her conjecture. Miss Pinky spoke out of a full heart to Mrs. Oram, whom she met coming in her husband's buggy from Greenbrier. "I never did see one so broke down, for a fact, an' we're just got to turn in an' give her all the comfort we can, for if it do turn out that Louis has departed this life in peace—an' a better boy than he was in every way I never did see—it's just going to

break his mother's heart," asserted Miss Pinky.

"She'd a right to think of that afore she turned him out on the mercies of a cold and thankless world," responded Mrs. Oram. "Law me, it's like it were yesterday, it's that clear to my mind!" she pursued. "You remember we all was a-goin' to Miss Norah school? As sweet and patient a woman as ever lived, an' she with consumption in the blood of her veins a-wearin, her self out! Well, Martha Greene, the Widow Robbins as is, was kep' in for spellin, or maybe 'twas her sums, I don't remember rightly which; an' I was kep' in her company for my letters, for I was a little thing, an' Martha was in the graduation class. All on a sudden she got up and flung her slate across the room—now I remember 'twas her sums, she'd a had no need for a slate for spellin'—I won't be kep' in with habies," she says, an' gives me a look that sets me crying—it do make me laugh to think of it now—an' Miss Norah comes an' puts her arms about her, an' says how it's for love of her she insists on the doin' of the sums, for she wants her to shine when she quits school. 'I love you, Matty; don't you love your teacher?' she says. 'No, I don't! an' I'm goin' to quit school right now!' roared Martha, an' snatched up her sunbonnet, an' went out, an' she never did return no more. It ain't no wonder, with such a temper, she turned Louis out to starve or worse."

"Oh, but I remember," pleaded Miss Pinky, "when Miss Norah got so she could work no more, Matty took her in her best front room with real checkerberry furniture, an' kep' her till she lay down and die."

"I ain't denyin' she's got a good heart when she can put you under obligation to her—but sakes alive! the sun's goin' down, an' I've got Mr. Oram's light bread to make up for supper. Come up, soon, Pinky, invited Mrs. Oram cordially, and whipping up the horse told Miss Pinky to meander her way home."

That evening a number of Mrs. Oram's neighbors dropped in to hear the news from Greenbrier, and the story of the evil thing done at the Clover Inn ten years ago was related in wondering ears. The next morning the Widow Robbins was abroad early to see about a maid whose services she expected to engage for the inn, and in the averted looks of the few women she met, she read her condemnation. "Pinky told," she thought to herself, and felt a strange humility, a stranger enjoyment at being at last estimated at her proper worth. Attrition she had known, but the peace of contrition was hers for the first time.

Father Nelson had gone to Louisville to see the Bishop; and incidentally to seek for tidings for Louis Robbins, and, seeing the sexton of the church hurrying down the road in her direction, the widow waited for him under the shade of an oak, to learn if he knew the hour of the priest's return.

The sexton had evidently heard nothing, for as he neared the widow, he bade her a brisk and cheery good morning. "An' you're on your way to Mass, ma'am?" he asked.

"Why, has Father Nelson returned, Mr. McBride?" exclaimed the widow, in a tremble.

"He has this morning, ma'am, his reverence an' another strange priest. They come by the night train, an' a deal of hurry he must have been in to come that same. But I musn't be standin', ma'am, Tom Dorrey run over for me with a message from his reverence as I was sittin' down to breakfast, an' I told Tom to run on with the keys, for there'll be two Masses, an' him an' his brother will serve, an' we'll be steppin' out lively, ma'am, if we won't be too late."

The church was but a short distance off, and as the widow hurried after the sexton, she made up her mind to wait in the churchyard for Father Nelson after Mass. She did not wish to detain him, in all probability he had no news. In that case a nod from him would suffice. But should there be news? Then she would ask him to appoint an hour for her to come to hear it.

The Church of the Holy Name is a simple rustic structure framed in the shape of a cross, and is not without beauty. Each arm of the cross forms a chapel, the right arm being the Chapel of the Sacred Heart.

The widow knelt before the high altar to offer the homage of her humbled heart to the ever-living presence of the King, and then proceeded to the chapel on the right. There were to be simultaneous Masses, probably one would be offered there. "Come to me, all you who are weary and heavy laden," gleamed in golden and rubricated letters on the stained glass window behind the altar of the Sacred Heart. She was weary and heavy laden with the burden of repeated sin.

Soft footsteps entered the chapel. The priest, attended by his server, came to offer the sacrifice. She did not raise her head, but presently she was attracted by the quality of the priest's voice as he made that announcement of mighty import, for ever and without ceasing being made here on earth, *Introibo ad altare Dei*. Not alone was she attracted by the melody of the enunciation and the majesty of the words. Going to the altar of God to offer Him the unbloody sacrifice of the body and blood of His Son, the Christ of a non-glorious Calvary for the unjust that they may be made perfect, for the just that they may be made just, for the penitent sinners like herself that they be washed utterly clean.

She remained bent, her face hidden in her hands, till the "Gloria" was reached. Then when it rang forth buoyant jubilation of praise in the voice of the young priest, she raised her head and gazed with all her might. "The Lord be with you," he turned to bless.

She knelt in the shadow of the wall, hid from his view, but she could see him well, and her heart cried out to her son.

This, then, was the goal he wished to reach, and she, in her love of mastery, her pride of self-will, her turbulence of temper, would not listen to him. She had been very blind, very foolish, very wicked, and now she felt herself to be very old, and humbled, and penitent, and she wept sorrowfully.

There was an inner and an outer sacrifice, and to the latter she crept when the Mass was ended, and stood trembling in a corner to await his coming forth.

She had long to wait till his thanksgiving was made, and when he appeared, tall and slender, and walking swiftly, she had only strength left to put out her hands, and gaze at him with straining eyes.

He called her "Mother," and sobbing, caught her to him. She slipped from him down on her knees, and, clutching in a quivering voice, "God has been very good to me, a miserable sinner!"—H. T. Byrd, in Calendar of the Sacred Heart.

THE POWER OF EXAMPLE

The Catholic Sentinel quotes the following from Professor John Mason Tytler's book "Growth and Education":

The child imitates the gait and manners and almost any striking peculiarity of teacher and parent with like results. Not only habits of speech and action, but preferences and aversions, esthetic and moral standards arise, grow and take form, as the result of surrounding conditions. He knows not how. But these habits of speech, action and thought soon become fixed and unchangeable, and fashion his whole life. These impressions are deep and lasting, and often consciously remembered in old age, when all else has been forgotten.

Our brethren of the Catholic Church can teach us a valuable lesson on this subject. They have clearly recognized the importance of a right atmosphere in education at this epoch. If I am not mistaken, what they value most in the parish school is not so much the daily lesson or the imparting of information, as the religious atmosphere, the habits of reverence and obedience, the moulding and fashioning of the young life. With a wisdom born of ages of experience, they recognize that the lesson may be misunderstood or forgotten, but that the habit will be permanent.

RELIGIOUS DRONES

On the first Sunday of Advent Archbishop Glennon paid his respects to religious drones or "sleepers" as he termed them. These are to be found everywhere. Good for nothing except to criticize. His remarks follow:

"To-day marks the beginning of the ecclesiastical year. It is called Advent (this being the first Sunday) because we are invited to begin preparation for the advent or coming of the Christ King, the Child Jesus, whose first advent to the world was on the Christmas night of long ago."

And the epistle of to-day tells us that this is the occasion to 'rise from sleep' for now our salvation is at hand.

It would be most interesting, I think, to begin with the character and need of this awakening, and to know our duty. An awakening supposes a sleep. The sleep that St. Paul refers to is not, however, the sleep of the body, but what is more important, the sleep of the soul.

It was from the sleep of paganism and the sleep of sin that St. Paul would arouse them. 'Cast aside the works of darkness,' he tells, 'and walk honestly, as in the day. Put aside,' he says, 'the thralldom of sin, of impurity, of riotous living: break the bonds that bind you and put on the Lord, Jesus Christ.'

"My dear friends, the paganism and the sins that in St. Paul's day afflicted the world afflict it still, so that the preachings of St. Paul apply to-day just as much as then. He had paganism (it is another name for worldliness) to contend with. So have we. In the sleep of worldliness our people are bound as with chains."

"Yet the tissue of it all is of this world of bodily pleasure, of mental recreation. It is encompassed around with paganism, which no divine sun can penetrate. In its darkness, the night wanderers, come and go, filled with the conceit of vain accomplishments and trifling deeds."

"There is a vast army constantly marching to the grave whose souls become so steeped in sleep's penitence as to be regarded as altogether a negligible quantity, as of doubtful existence."

"It is interesting to note the antics of the grand army of the sleepers. Some of them start in their sleep, and a fit of philanthropy seizes them. They will prove that they are awake by the energy they display, by the money they donate or solicit; but as they have no soul to give it, they soon lapse into sleep again."

"And some of the sleepers there are who try to make their world fairer by promoting literature, art or science. With these, however, their enthusiasms chill, their disillusionisms vanish and the soulless production proves to be empty and generally vicious."

"Yes, 'many there are who sleep.' Even a person can be nominally a Catholic and yet belong to the sleepers. He may go to church and help in charity, but his Catholicity sits so lightly on him it remains a form and not a fact. It is on the outside like an overcoat. The soul within is asleep."

Now it is to this great multitude of to-day that the call comes to arise from sleep, to wake up to the great realities, the eternal verities, the binding laws of right doing, of soul life, of faith. It is the clarion call to life and duty. What answer will be made it? Some will say: "I cannot there is only spiritual darkness all around, and if I waken up I cannot see, so why should you disturb me? Let me sleep on."

Others may answer: "I will not; I am satisfied: this world is good enough for me. I will eat and drink and be merry, I know no better. I am satisfied with what is." And this latter is the sad state of, I fear, very many to-day. Their souls are sleeping, virtually are dead, and yet they do not care. All their life long they journey in the darkness with dead souls, and they are satisfied."

It is St. Paul, who to-day tells us to rise from sleep, from the sleep of sin, and prepare ourselves for our Redeemer; to awaken now, that we may work while the light is, and be prepared for Christ's second coming which is the coming of judgment, when account must be rendered to Him of the stewardship of our immortal souls."

THE CATHOLIC CENSUS OF THE BRITISH ISLES

THE TOTAL IN UNITED KINGDOM GIVEN AS NEARLY SIX MILLIONS

London, Jan. 19.—The Catholic Directory for 1913, just published and compiled with Cardinal Bourne's authority, says that in England and Wales there are 20 Archbishops and Bishops, 3,828 priests, and 1,798 churches, chapels and stations. For Great Britain there are 27 Archbishops and Bishops, 4,401 priests, and 2,182 stations.

For the first time the directory attempts to state the number of Catholics in the British Empire, the figures, whenever possible, being given from State returns. In England and Wales there are 1,798,088 Catholics; Scotland, 547,336; total for Great Britain, 2,345,424. In Ireland there are 3,242,670 Catholics.

British America has 3,195,916 Catholics, including 2,824,558 in Canada. Australia has 1,184,569. The total number of Catholics in the British Empire is 12,968,814, an increase in 12 months of 392,589. The Catholic population of the world is estimated at 292,787,085.

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Mr. Harding requests that no one write simply through idle curiosity and unless you are a member of the Catholic Church the book will be of no interest to you, because only Catholics will be permitted to hold stock in this particular institution.

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