

THE MODERN NOVEL AND THE CHURCH.

No one who observes the signs of the times can fail to note the change that has come over novel writing in the past twenty-five years with regard to the Catholic Church. Time was, and that not so long ago, when the Church was rarely mentioned except as a time-honored example of the power of superstition, or as a carefully denominated "Popish" and no Catholic character appeared in the pages of contemporary fiction except as the miserable victim of "priestcraft." The mythical Jesuit was an indispensable adjunct of every well-stocked parlor of the novel writer.

Now, however, another atmosphere may almost be said to pervade popular novels. The writers are not always accurate and their portraits are often far from the reality, but generally there is evidence of good feeling or, at least, there is little trace of a decided animosity against the Faith. Singularly beautiful tributes to Catholic holiness and nobility may be found in the books of writers who are far from being Catholics, and the underlying Catholic law of conduct and morals is formulated by authors who recognize its justice and strength. This may be considered an optimistic view of the case, but there are examples in justification of it, and at all events the treatment of things Catholic in contemporary fiction is a grateful contrast with the methods of thirty years ago.

This is a significant fact, for the novel now constitutes the practical encyclopedia of a great many readers. As O'Connell, taking the sentiment of one of the upholders of ancient Greece, declared that he cared little who wrote the laws of a land if he could write its songs, so the man who wishes to sway public opinion may say he cares little who writes the solid books, but he can have the monopoly of the fiction output.

What do people read? Novels. If anyone doubts this let him consult the librarians and book-sellers. People have not time for serious reading, and the tendency of modern life unites the mind for serious and close reading. Real education is far more uncommon than the advocates of the Public School would have us believe. The average boy or girl passes through the elementary and grammar courses and then into professional or mercantile life. Work is so engrossing and activity so many-sided that when people take up a book it is to seek amusement, not knowledge or profit. The truth of this mental feebleness may be exemplified by the rapid development of the moving picture industry and vaudeville. A drama is too difficult to follow. People want a story moving scene which will please and not demand thought. Of course, minds so constituted, and they are legion, are incapable of the effort required to assimilate a solid book. The character of the popular fiction of the day is arranged to fit this demand. The popular book must be a moving picture or printed vaudeville, or, at least, it must not weary the reader.

The result of this sort of reading is a series of impressions not reasoned out but visualized. They have an influence that is very great. They accustom the minds of readers to an atmosphere which is bound to have a strong effect on their lives and opinions. It is therefore of very great importance that of the thousands of books that are sold in the bookstalls and sent out by the ton so few are anti-Catholic and so many are written in a tone sympathetic towards the Church, its priests and members.

There is, of course, a rancid and strong-lunged minority which demands in anti-Catholic brand of fiction that, like the liquor of the backwoodsman, "will turn its way down," but this is fast becoming a vanishing quantity.

Though most of the popular novels are written by non-Catholics, a relatively large number of Catholics have won lasting popular favor. Marian Crawford, Mrs. Carnegie and Henry Harland are conspicuous examples. Their books, while not entirely unobjectionable from certain points of view, have in the main rung true, and have effected much good in familiarizing readers with the Catholic atmosphere and have corrected many misapprehensions that otherwise would have lingered long in the public mind.

The average reader balks at sermons and disdains essays, he abhors argument in a novel, but he is by no means impervious to impressions which assimilate in the resultant constitute a distinct gain for the Church and render the work of her representatives much easier. Every man who by fair means can be brought to survey the Catholic Church impartially or with sympathy is an ally of the Truth.

Who can estimate the good that has been accomplished by the Catholic tone and gentle moral of "The Cardinal's Snuff Box"? It is not the great books that do the work but the little ones, because they appeal to the average reader and he can understand their drift.

While the Church cannot stand sponsor for these books, she cannot close her eyes that Catholic novelists have merited well of her and that the good feeling and sympathy which pervade the ephemeral fiction of the period are something to be thankful for.

The vast majority of the unchurched, the heedless indifferent to religion, never come within the scope of the priest; he has enough to do to hold his own and do his appointed work in the great parishes that are growing up on all sides of us, with the ever present problem of misery and sin, but one with the love of the Truth in his heart can help but say "God speed" to those writers, albeit no geniuses or classics, who have diffused through the reading world the sweet aroma of Catholic life, the pictures of what the Church can do when men will allow her, and the sound lessons of faith and morals that make for righteousness. —Boston Pilot.

THE CATHOLIC BUSINESS MAN.

WHAT INFLUENCE HAS THE CHURCH ON HER CHILDREN IN TRADE.

Not long ago a Chicago Journal—"The Business Man's Magazine"—asked Bishop Muldoon, of that city, "What influence has the Catholic Church on the business man?" The Bishop is distinctly a business man himself. He knows something about the "man of affairs." And he gave an answer to the query that is worth pondering.

When the Catholic business man is discussed, we must, of course, assume his sincere and faithful adherence to his religion. He will, of course, receive the sacraments. He must go to confession. What then? "If he has conducted himself in his business other wise than as a follower of Jesus Christ," says Bishop Muldoon, "he must confess his transgression."

In the confessional, where his identity is concealed, and where perhaps he knows not even the name of the hidden confessor of God, he is told that he must make amends.

"Has he cheated? He must give back what he has dishonestly gained."

"Has he lied? He must undo the damage his lie has cost another."

"Has he injured the reputation of a fellow man or woman? He must find a way to make complete restitution for his injurious act."

"If he does not, there is the penalty which a Catholic dreads more than any other, short of excommunication—the denial of absolution."

"The Catholic business man," said Bishop Muldoon, "will not take the chance of dying with another's money in his pocket, and, as a business proposition, he can't see what good that other person's money is going to do him if he is compelled to give it back and acknowledge that he acquired it wrongfully."

"The road is plain for the Catholic business man."

"Let the business world beware of the Catholic who ceases to approach the sacrament of penance; who ignores the Church's command to attend Mass each Sunday; who speaks slightly of the sacraments, and who arrogates to his own untrammelled conscience the judgment of his acts, which is the express duty of the successors of Christ's chosen disciples on earth. For such a man has taken to the dark by way, and needs to be watched."

A large number of the Catholic men of Boston held a retreat recently, which concluded with a talk by Archbishop O'Connell. This same subject of business life and the relations of Catholic men with the world was thoroughly discussed, and a note was sounded that will find an echo in the hearts of men the world over.

"Of course," said Archbishop O'Connell, "you must be business like in your life of business, but the life that is only business is no life at all. It is only a cruel machine. It is that that is drying up the kindness that is natural in every human heart. Business in the end begets pure and simple selfishness. Unless there is some small part of every day into which business cannot enter, which is reserved entirely and solely for some word or act of deed of unselfishness, the heart-springs will surely run dry and the true joy of life be turned into dismal ashes."

THE IRISH WORKMAN AND THE DRINK EVIL.

A powerful address on the social and economic backwardness of Ireland was delivered in Limerick recently by the Rev. M. Phelan, S. J., in which, speaking of the waste of money and of constructive energy caused by drink, he said:

"The laborer has many foes—the unscrupulous employer, the preacher of false doctrine—but his greatest foe is himself, or rather the false principles by which he guides himself. What is the use of preaching regeneration to a people who spend 13,000,000 pounds a year on drink? And why? Because the vice is fed by a false idea. All effort to root it out must be unavailing till that false notion is destroyed. A purified public opinion can alone hope to cope with it, for on a corrupt public opinion it now lives and thrives. Of what avail is it to preach against a vice which people, so far from being ashamed of it, are elevating to the dignity of a virtue? The drunkard is called 'a decent fellow,' covered with extenuations, smothered with rose leaves of apology. So long as drunkenness is 'a good man's fault,' and 'treating' a social virtue the country must rot. A perverse public opinion paralyses every hand raised to save the people or grapple with the vice now devouring them. Look at the question squarely. Our drink bill costs every roof in Ireland fourteen pounds a year. Our total income from agriculture—the staple industry of the country—is forty millions; yet before a penny of that is touched, thirty-one million is lost to the entire sum—is handed over to the sellers of drink."

TREATING NOT AN IRISH CUSTOM. "Treating" is called an Irish virtue of good fellowship. Every word of that description is untrue. It is neither Irish nor hospitable. It was unknown in Ireland till the English soldiers imported it about the year 1805. The Jesuit Provincial of that time—Father Holywell—writing in that year to the General, complains that "the soldiers of the King were importing a vice, which he calls in his Latin letter *foedum potandi*—a treaty of drinking. Hence probably the origin of the word 'treating.' It is remarkable that this foreign custom first showed itself in Limerick. It is a pity that, like another 'Limerick Treaty,' it was not broken. With regard to the other assertion that hospitality is an Irish virtue, but have you hospitality here? It is difficult to see how hospitality consists in spending six-pence on a man on the understanding that he will spend six pence on you or face the penalty of being called a 'sponger.' Stop drink for even one year and no child of toll need rest his head in a hovel, or tenement rookery. Comfortable homes will spring up over

the land as if by magic. Stop this awful drainage of national wealth, this fountain head of moral corruption, even for one year, and no shoelless child will shiver on the streets, or a hungry woman stretch out her hand for bread. Let the toiler learn the way to the Savings Bank instead of the public-house, and in one year he will be master of at least ten pounds. A thousand sober workmen after one year could form a co-operative company with ten thousand pounds for capital, and become wage earners for themselves. They are doing it in other lands, and surely God has given you as clear heads as He has given them."

"You have two special advantages—First—The field is open; in fact there is not an Irish industry that is not paying. This fact deserves more attention than it generally gets. Secondly—You need not spend a penny on stones or mortar. You have a selection of buildings; you can take your choice of either the jail or a poor-house; for sober Ireland can dispense with both, or at least very considerably limit their numbers and convert the majority into homes of industry. Here is a paradise more tangible and substantial than the paradise of the Socialist's dream. It lies within your grasp. Will you seize it. In 'cutting down expenses' begin with the drink bill and you can soon live in 'frugal comfort.' —Sacred Heart Review.

THE PRIESTHOOD OF THE CHURCH.

It was Huxley, we think, who compared the clergy of the Catholic Church to the soldiers in the regular army, while the Protestant clergy, he seemed to feel, were more like the militia, or volunteer soldiers, not under real army discipline and in army order. We will not insist, to day, on the latter part of his comparison. As to the other section, it will be further development, and it is well worth development.

The Catholic Church has a visible head, Christ's vicar, the Pope at Rome. He has under his eye, in his care, with in his knowledge, every diocese and every Bishop throughout the world wide Catholic Church. Each Bishop has in his constant care and oversight every parish and every priest in his diocese, and at any moment he must answer concerning the condition of affairs in that diocese. The priest goes where he is sent, and where he chooses, although it is true that in becoming a priest he chose to go where ever he might be sent. For he does not go simply because his Bishop sends him, even as a Bishop does not go to a diocese simply because the Pope sends him there. The soldierly, loyal, ready obedience of a Catholic priest or of a prelate is rendered, first of all, to his Divine Master and Redeemer, whose visible representative on earth is the Sovereign Pontiff at Rome. In a most true and exact sense the Pope himself is simply "the servant of the servants of God;" he is the mouthpiece of the Holy Ghost; he is not set apart to issue his command on his mere human will and idle wish; his duties are far more numerous than our duties, his burdens are much heavier, his responsibilities greater, his field of endeavor is the world; he must answer to God for what he does.

The priest goes into danger, as a soldier goes, at duty's call. He will face powder and shot, with the national army on the battle field, he will walk into the pest-house, he will dwell with the lepers, he will scale the Alpine heights and face the torrid sun; but his struggles, his heroisms, his warfare, are for the winning of souls to Christ. In little country villages he will spend a long life peacefully and joyfully among the poor, the simple, the children, as he will labor in crowded city streets and tenements, and for vast congregations, because he is seeking for souls, working for souls, and souls are everywhere. His banner is the cross, it is the Church's banner; his weapons are prayer and the Sacraments, and the preaching of the word; his family is his parish; his life is his work; nay, his life is Jesus Christ and his work, and the Holy Spirit of living flame is the strength and light of the priest's existence here.

What, then, should the people be, the people to whom this God-given priest-hood minister in life and death? They, too, should be a life of consecration to duty and to the Catholic Church; a life of love for God, of loyalty to the true Faith, and to the Supreme Pontiff, to the hierarchy and the priesthood. In the Pentecost season, when the Spirit of God came down upon the Apostles and sent them forth to preach the Gospel in all lands, special prayers should arise for all priests and Bishops who are treading to day in their foot steps, as Christ's soldiers, whether at home or abroad. The Pentecostal Novena should be very specially for them, that every best blessing may be theirs, and, through them, may come also upon every soul they have in charge. —Sacred Heart Review.

REPEATING OLD CALUMNIES.

Rev. Homer Shantz, the Methodist missionary, who spent some time in the Philippines, has been at it again. Up in Milwaukee recently at the dedication of a Methodist church he got off some of his stale calumnies against the Catholic Church in the Philippines. He did not get away, however, without having the slanderous character of his charges exposed.

Rev. James L. McGeary, S. J., professor of astronomy in Marquette University has been in the Philippines where he was for some years an assistant to the celebrated Jose Aligne, S. J., director of the Government observatory at Manila.

"Mr. Shantz was in Manila while I was there, and his sermons were chiefly notable for his attacks upon the Catholic Church," said Father McGeary. "He also has obtained public notice by attacking the Church at Los Angeles, Cal., and other western cities. I have no comment to make on the charges he makes. They are

the same charges that have been made for years and have been answered so often and so fully that it would be a work of supererogation to do so again.

"I am surprised, however, that the authorities of any church would permit the dedicatory exercises of a Christian church to be marred by attacks upon another Christian Church, upon a man who has been discredited so often and so completely as the Rev. Mr. Shantz. While he was in Manila his attacks upon the Catholic Church were so bitter and so obviously the outpourings of a bigoted mind that even non-Catholics and government officials condemned him."

"It seemed odd to me that Mr. Shantz should praise Secretary Taft in almost the same breath that he slandered the Catholic Church. If he knows anything about the utterances of Mr. Taft he ought to know that Mr. Taft has spoken in the highest praise of the work the Church has done there."

Principal R. J. O'Hanlon, Twenty-second district school, who spent some time in the Philippines, said concerning the remarks of the Rev. Mr. Shantz:

"The unpardonable intemperance at Taft upon the Catholic Church in the Philippines Islands made by Dr. Homer Shantz before the Methodist missionary convention calls for condemnation and rebuke."

"As division superintendent of schools in the Philippines in 1901 and 1902, I had ample opportunity to study the work of the Priests and learn the truth concerning the labors of the Catholic Church in the archipelago. As a Catholic, I investigated the claims of the persecuted Priests as well as the charges made against them by their enemies. There are two sides in every controversy."

"Fair minded Protestants of all denominations in the Philippines express their surprise at the great results accomplished by the Catholic Church during the three hundred years in which the Church has changed the savage Malays, steeped in the lowest forms and practices of paganism and idolatry, into civilized, if not enlightened, Christians. The record has not a parallel in all history."

"I wish to call the attention of the intemperate missionary to the report of Frederic H. Sawyer (published by Charles Scribner's Sons), in his book, 'The Inhabitants of the Philippines,' pages 75 and 77. Mr. Sawyer is an English Protestant, who has lived and traveled for fourteen years in all important parts of the Philippines. He says:

"To sum up the religious orders, they were hardy and adventurous pioneers of Christianity, and in the evangelization of the Philippines, by persuasion and teaching, they did more for Christianity and civilization than any other missionaries of modern times."

"Of undaunted courage they have ever been to the front when calamities threatened their flocks; they have witnessed and recorded some of the most dreadful convulsions of nature, volcanic eruptions, earthquake and destructive typhoons. In epidemics of plague and cholera they have not been dismayed, nor have they ever in such cases abandoned their flocks."

"When an enemy has attacked the islands they have been the first to face the shot. Only fervent faith could enable them to endure the hardships and overcome the dangers that encompassed them."

"They have done much for education, having founded schools for both sexes, training colleges for teachers, the University of St. Thomas in Manila, and other institutions."

"Hospitals and asylums attest their charity. They were formerly, and even lately, the protectors of the poor against the rich, and of the native against the Spaniard. They have consistently resisted the enslavement of the natives."

"The orders, then, have been of the greatest service in the past; they have brought the Philippines and their inhabitants to a certain pitch of civilization, and credit is due to them for this much, even if they could go no further." —True Voice.

AT THE ELEVATION.

Just what should be the practice of Catholics during the Elevation at Mass, whether they should forthwith bow down, or on the contrary look up at the Sacred Host and Chalice, is a matter that has frequently been made the subject of controversy in Catholic assemblies, and has occasionally found its way into the Catholic press. The following letter, written to the Tablet by a priest of Downside Abbey, will accordingly prove of interest.

"During the first three months of 1904 you allowed a discussion to take place in your columns with regard to the rubric of looking at the Sacred Host and Chalice at the moment of the Elevation. Some of your correspondents pointed out the direction in the Roman Missal ordering the priest to 'show' the consecrated Host and Chalice to the people, and drew the conclusion that therefore the people were intended to look at them, and supported this conclusion by historical references. Others objected to a practice on various grounds—either that custom was against it, or that it seemed irreverent, etc. The controversy may now perhaps be considered closed, by the grant on May 18 last, by the Sacred Congregation of Indulgences, of an indulgence of seven years and seven quarantines for looking with 'faith, devotion and love,' at the Sacred Host at the moment of the Elevation, saying at the same time the words 'My Lord and my God!'"

A further plenary indulgence may be gained once each week by those who, having heard Mass daily as above, receive Holy Communion. The first named indulgence may also be gained by looking devoutly upon the Sacred Host whenever it is solemnly exposed, saying the foregoing words."

It is scarcely necessary to add that the only congruous attitude to preserve

as to all such questions of rubrics, rites, ceremonies, etc., is a disposition to do exactly as Rome prescribes, once the prescription becomes known. The assertion, "I have always done it this way," is of course utterly futile as a justification of a practice at variance with the decisions of a Roman Congregation. It is reprehensible to say, "The matter is a small one, anyway," or "The Holy See does not legislate concerning trifles." —The Ave Maria.

ARCHBISHOP IRELAND ON MODERNISM.

If this illustrious prelate were in his grave, the Modernists would doubtless treat his memory as they have been treating that of Cardinal Newman. We read with much satisfaction, therefore, the following passage in one of his recent sermons:

"I will not, on this occasion," (said Archbishop Ireland), "defend the divinity of Jesus beyond saying that to deny it is to tear into shreds the history of ages, to forsake the laws of human testimony, to turn into empty dreamings the principles and the motives from which were born virtues so exalted that of themselves they bespeak their home in the skies; in due, to demolish to the ground the whole plane of foundation stones upon which is reared the civilisation of Christendom. But this I shall do; this I must do; I protest against the unholy war made to day upon Christ against the insidious plottings of the so-called higher criticism which, with eye single to the human in Jesus, seldom sees the divine, or, when this flashes before the vision, darkens, ray by ray, its effulgence, until at last all is made vague and inconclusive. What is to be held, what we hold, is belief whole and entire in the divine Jesus of the Apostles' Creed. It is the old, old faith, once delivered to the saints, never to be altered by human thought or pen, incapable of amelioration, or change whatsoever, eternal and unchangeable as must be the teaching that emanates from a God. In things divine there is no room for 'Modernism,' no room for a 'new religion' however otherwise in material things around us, and in our knowledge of them the 'new' and the 'modern' may be the welcome words." —The Casket.

THE FRIEND OF MANNING.

The Rev. Benjamin Waugh, whose death deprives the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children of its founder, had more than one link with Catholics. He was one of the few Non-conformist ministers who have contributed a son to the ranks of our clergy; and, in his great work, the very need of which constitutes an indictment of the nation of which the nation, in its boasting moods, seems to be but half aware, he had from the first—and how could it have failed him?—the cordial support of Catholics.

The first and greatest of these was Cardinal Manning, ever quick in his discernment of the spirit of the time, of its needs, and of the men who, how ever labelled and however labelled, came forward to gather the harvest that is ripe for the gatherer. Mr. Waugh was a frequent visitor at the Archbishop's house, and the talk turned on the theme which established between them a close bond. "I like to go into the parks on Sundays," the Cardinal once said to the Non-conformist minister on one occasion, "to see the children, and talk with them; and I give them my blessing." On another day, when the Society was in its infancy (as to one sense it ever is) Mr. Waugh complained of the little progress made.

"Only seventy cases!" cried the Cardinal. "That, a small result! Only think of seventy little children's tears dried, and seventy little children's steps stopped! It is glorious. A child's needless tear is a blood blot on this earth."

When the Cardinal heard that one of the Society's agents was visiting Ireland, he asked him to call and report himself at the Cardinal's house. On hearing that the parish priest and the treasurer of Irish Church Missionary Society, that the Parnellite and the anti-Parnellite, the Nationalist and the Orangeman, had met together on the society's platform and joined the Aid Committee, he clasped his hands, exclaiming: "How happy the old Prophet would have been! The good have a courage; people will find their brotherhood in children; a Little Child shall lead them." It was

THE ROSARY IN IRELAND.

No one familiar with the Irish at home or abroad will discern any note of exaggeration in this paragraph from a paper by Father Proctor, O. P., in the Rosary Guide:

"In prosperity and in adversity, in the evening of sadness and in this morning of gladness, in their joys and in their sorrows, the Rosary were ever their talisman, the Rosary their anchor of hope which kept them united to Jesus, the Immaculate Son, and to Mary, the Spotless Mother. In the ages of persecution the Rosary was their 'shibboleth,' the password by which they were known to be 'of Christ and of God.' During the dark days the Rosary kept the lamp of their faith ever burning in the Irish heart and in the Irish home. When the Mass was proscribed and the sacred rites were put under a ban, and a price was set upon the head of the priest—the sogarth aroon so dear to Erin's children—the Rosary under the sweet Providence of God and the influence of the Virgin, Mother and Queen, preserved that faith in the Immaculate and in the mysterious of redemption which is the very life of the Irish race."

We have often thought that, as Mary has "put down all heretics," so Irish devotion to Mary has been the most potent cause of Ireland's having ever been preserved from either heresy or its half sister, schism, says Ave Maria. Alas among all converts, the Emerald Isle holds the distinction of never having given her adhesion, even on a day, to an anti-Pope.

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ALMOST GIVEN UP

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Mr. Dingwall was Superintendent of St. Andrews Sunday School in Williams town for nine years and License Commissioner for Glengarry—and Tax Collector for Charlottetown—for fourteen years continuously. Read how strongly Mr. Dingwall comes out in favor of "Fruit-a-tives."



Williamstown, Ont., April 5th., 1907.

I have much pleasure in testifying to the almost marvellous benefit I have derived from taking "Fruit-a-tives." I was a life long sufferer from Chronic Constipation and the only medicine I ever secured to do me any real good was "Fruit-a-tives." This medicine cured me when everything else failed. Also, last spring, I had a severe attack of bladder trouble with kidney trouble, and "Fruit-a-tives" cured these complaints. I have had practically given me up. I am now over eighty years of age and I can strongly recommend "Fruit-a-tives" for Chronic Constipation and Bladder and kidney trouble. This medicine is mild like fruit, is easy to take, but most effective in action.

(Sgd) JAMES DINGWALL.

"Fruit-a-tives" — or "Fruit Liver Tablets" are sold by dealers at 50c a box — 6 for \$2.50 — or will be sent on receipt of price. Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

In a similar strain that he spoke one day of having met a boy, poorly dressed, in the vicinity of the Archbishop's house when the "mansions" were being built. The Cardinal stopped him for the pure pleasure of speaking to him. "Well, my little man, where are you going with that little bundle in your hand?" "To my father," said the boy pointing to one of the houses then in course of construction. "What is your father?" asked the Cardinal. "A carpenter, sir." The Cardinal was moved, even awed. "I had met a carpenter's son," he said. —London Tablet.

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