However, when they had come from the chapel and were at the breakfast table where—in honor of the feast of the Holy Angels, luscious baked apples with whipped cream and hot raisin and cinnamon rolls and nearly real coffee were served, Johnny Redhead aroused the seemingly conquered feeling.

Gee, Bill, it's a great day for a mother and a father !'

Of course, Johnny Redhead was rebuked for using "Gee," and for talking with his mouth full, but Billy-boy grinned. It was a great

Doubtless to show what it could do, the vanished summer, which had been for the greater part, rainy and cold, lavished all of its legacy of sweetness and loveliness upon this day. Never had the sun shone more brightly. Never were there bluer skies or greener grass or warmer

Billy-boy's heart leaped with joy. What a wonderful day it would be if, together with the crowning of the angel statue in the parade to which Billy-boy was to march just behind the big boy who was to perform the ceremony-the freedom from studies, the extra good breakfast dinner and supper, the two hours promised him to spend with Robert Emmet, and the big game of the season between St. William's and St. George's dormitories, would come a—But Billy-boy dared to think no further.

suddenly stemmed.
"What kind of an

The hours passed swiftly as hours on a "free" day always do. Visitors came to the home, but no father or mother—these could be spotted as "Why—just a little soon as they appeared.

Billy-boy became a trifle—oh merely a trifle!—disappointed.

"One swear? He nearly grew cross, too. Johnny Blackhead was the cause. It was a custom of the latter little boy to take his tablet, and opposite each letter in the alphabet to write the surnames he preferred. He had covered several sheets of paper and insisted, when Billy boy and Johnny Redhead, at first mildly and later angrily, opposed the suggestion that Black-head Zabcdefghi iklmnopgrstuvwxyz" was a possible name and one he wouldn't a whole lot mind having for his own

Then, in the ballgame, St. George's dormitory beat St. William's-Billyboy's-by the mortifying score of 91

The day was already freighted with these cares when, just before dinner, when the cry went up, "Hey, fellows, there's a mother and a father! Hey,

Billy boy was going up to the dormitory to brush his hair and wash his face and hands, when he heard the excitement. For one agonizing choked badly. noment his feet refused to carry him the rest of the way up the stairs. After that they worked faster than at any other time in his life. He flew into the dormitory. Oh, if only he had nice black hair and red cheeks and thick, straight eyebrows instead of sandy-colored hair and a freckled face and scarcely any brows at all! And if only his nose were straight, and if he hadn't lost two teeth yesterday, and if the third which had firmly eclined to come out but which his talking, would fall out now!

Billy-boy plastered his hair into a ferocious looking pompadour, rubbed his cheeks hard with a bath-towel, and scrubbed his hands until they were sore. When he had finished he did not gaze at himself in the mirror. He hoped that he was better looking. He felt sure that he wasn't, but if he didn't actually know it, it wouldn't hurt so much. Anyway, who cared? If they took him it would be for him-

He dashed up to the sun-room to was full of horror. tell Robert Emmet the news. But Sister Lucy, who was sitting there saying her rosary, held up a warning "Go at finger-Robert Emmet was asleep. Billy-boy saw that his pal's cheeks were wet and queerly white. awful spells and had been crying. Billy-boy went down the stairs, his enthusiasm almost gone. At the lowest step Sister Felice met him.

Dear Billy-boy, I have been looking for you. Billy boy clung passionately to her

out-stretched hand. Sister Felice—Sister Felice, I am

not going ! Sister Felice's brown eyes twinkled. 'They haven't seen you yet, you know,

He felt his cheeks grow hot. "I-I love you, Sister Felice. If they ask

me to go I won't !" 'Even if they have a house with long, wide bannisters and a rain-barrel? Billy-boy, Sister Felice may not be at Holy Angels' next year.

She would like to see her little boy settled with a nice father and mother who will love him as she does."

Billy-boy straightened his shoulders. "Well,—I will speak to them

In the cheerful parlor, where

Billy-boy had never gone except when it held no visitors, there rose to greet him, the very, very nicest father and mother who had ever come to Holy Angels'.

Billy-boy gazed at them silently. He nearly forgot to made his courteous little bow and take the hands they offered him.

"Well, you look pretty good to me," the man was saying.

Oh, what a fine, big man he was, and what friendly eyes he had, and what white teeth, and—no—yes, he

"To me, too." Billy-boy turned to me woman. He had thought Lawrence Hoban's mother as sweet as a mother could be, but—why, he had never seen such lovely black hair and black eyes and pretty

Sister Felice was speaking. "Billy boy is very old for his years He doesn't lie and he is very loyal Hetis no coward, although I would not call him foolbardy. I think

Billy-boy would make a very acceptable son, Mr. Clancey." "Clancey! Bill Clancey!" Billy-boy trembled with delight. It was

a dandy name!
"And, although I should prefer an invalid, Sister Felice, I think I shall take Billy. Of course, he doesn't resemble Buddy, but I rather like freckles."

She laughed softly, but it was a tearful little laugh. Billy-boy gazed wonderingly at her. She was almost crying! He recognized his

Have you got a rain-barrel and a fat, black cook who can make cookies?" he asked politely.

Mr. Clancey chuckled. "Well, son, we can import them; can't we, His wife nodded, her wet eyes

You see, she turned to Sister Felice, "we are not exactly prepared for a strong little boy. Buddy's hospital room,-he called it thiswith all of the conveniences we could procure, is still waiting. I thought perhaps that you would have an invalid.

Billy-boy's racing thoughts were "What kind of an invalid ?"

His question was, as he knew, too He felt Sister Felice's surabrupt. "Why-just a little boy who is

"One who doesn't lie or steal or "Billy-boy dear !"

He waved this aside impatiently. Mr. Clancey intervened. "We don't want any boy who does those

things, old man.' Billy-boy's heart responded to the mradely speech of this visiting father. Then the picture of Robert Emmet came to his mind-he never would forget his pal's white face all

"Sister Felice, you forgot Robert Emmet," he said gravely. "Billy-boy!

"An invalid, Sister?" inquired the eager Mrs. Clancey.

Robert Emmet is my chum. Billy-boy hurried his words. He was afraid to look at Sister Felice. "He's always in bed. His legs are crooked and his back is hurt and he cries and has funny spells nearly all the time. He isn't pretty but he's better looking than I am and-and he has quite a lot of freckles!" His breath gave out at this and he

"Billy-boy—"
"Pardon me, Sister dear, but we
must see Robert Emmet!" begged Mrs. Clancey. Billy-boy noticed, his heart sinking, that already she had forgotten him.

He glanced at the man. He looking at Billy-boy, his eyes smiling a very understanding smile. Sister Felice rose. "You are

excused, Billy-boy.' Would they take Robert Emmet? Billy-boy remembered that no other wiggled around and interfered with boy at Holy Angels' had as many freckles as had his pal and himself. No doubt if they didn't like Robert Emmet, they would recall him. But they must choose Robert Emmet. They must! It was just such a home as his pal needed. Billy-boy again thought of the deathly white face. If he didn't get a home soon

> "Darn it! You must take Robert Emmet! I—I have got a home. They are coming tomorrow for me." Sister Felice's voice

"I have," maintained the shaking 'Go at once to the tower room,'

ordered Sister Felice. Blindly he stumbled up the long stairs and into the little room. Then Emmet had had another of those he threw himself upon the floor near the window and sobbed and sobbed He had sworn and he had lied! No mother or father would ever want him—he had soiled his soul. And he wouldn't be allowed to march in the procession this afternoon. He had made his angel's special day a black

The door opened, Billy-boy rose to his feet, but refused to turn. 'Say, old man-" It was Mr.

Clancey.

Billy-boy turned slowly. Wouldwould he understand? -he did! Billy - boy walked swiftly into the waiting arms

of the man he already knew would make a "bully good" father. Did-did you take him?' "Billy-boy, Robert Emmet is too ill to be moved. He told us, too, that he wouldn't leave Holy Angels' and,

Billy boy, he said to take you Billy-boy shook with sobs. "I swore and lied."

"Did you mean it?" -I-" But he couldn't tell why he had done it! That wasn't what a church which can tell me what He He was clapsed closer. "I understand, Billy-boy. Now, shall we go to Sitter Felice and Mother?" gentleman would do.

Billy-boy clung for a moment to the rough coat which smelled so deliciously of smoke. Then he raised a flushed face.

'This has been a beautiful day, hasn't it?'

The life of a true Christian should be such that he fears neither death nor any event of his life, but endures emphatically that there should be no When the same proposition. One tells me that He said very creature. and submits to all things with a good heart.—St. Teresa. 2 AM C AM O O He said there could be. I cannot, humanly speaking—that Our Lord

THE LOGIC OF THE CONVERT

(By Rev. E. J. Mannix, in the Catholic Convert.) It has often been asked by Catholics referring to the making of converts: "How is it done, and what are the steps in the minds of him who, from total or partial lack of faith, becomes a man of religion and of God?" In other words, "what is the process and the logic of the

In answer it might be said that no two conversions are exactly alike. From the philosophical conversion of down through what might be called the historical process of Newman, the Blessed Sacrament, light of Man ning, the denominational pathway of Brownson, to the recent "military return to the faith of Lavredeau, the Frenchman, one encounters types and shades of diverse hues — all leading to the same white light. But, in general, it can be said that the logic of the convert follows certain well defined lines, no matter what may have been the starting point, and it is of this logic I wish to

First and preeminently, the mind must be made to understand and the heart to feel that the "thing is worth while." This is a blunt way of saying that unless the prospective convert is fully cognizant of the importance—the absolute necessity religion in his daily life, future development can not be counted on

the case is hopeless. To overcome indifference is the most difficult step of all—difficult, because the adult American has been confronted by every style and fashion of creed on every street corner of the town, and his general conclusion has been one of indiffer-

ence to religion in any form.

In face of this situation the Catho lic Church occupies a place most trying to elucidate to the stranger. The other day a man explained, as his reason for coming to see me, that he had arrived at the determination that he ought for decency's sake to belong to some church, and "might just as well be a Catholic as anything else." Of course, we could not proceed into the workings of the Church until this ground had been

cleared away.
Suppose, however, that the Suppose, however, that the inquirer has decided (on account of motives which we have not space to examine here), that absolutely nothing-business cares, family connections, health or anything elseshall stand in the way of a full and complete settlement of this paramount question of his soul, if h one. The next step will embody the proof of the existence of a personal God and a spiritual soul which must answer an account to this self-same

If then God exists and shares the sentiments which we know are the highest of our complex nature-i. e., love and regard for the welfare of our fallen creatures,—this God must be interested in us, at least to some degree. Here is a vital step. If He has ever been and is now interested in me, John Smith, living in the city Smithville, in the year 1915, has He ever manifested that interest in any way? Well, probably not by any private revelation. Few of us have been so favored. Few of us have been St. Paul's, sent with

explicit instructions to Damascus.

If not personally then, has He ever sent a message to me written on the I scan these pages of history? pages. Yes, I find that, in the ages of the world, there have been many who have claimed to come from God with a message to humanity — from the prophets down Moses and through Buddha, Confucius, Simon, and countless others too numerous to mention-even to Mrs. Baker Eddy of the present generation. But prefix our historical personage demanding our immediate attention-the One known as Jesus Christ.

Of course, if we wish we may profoundly sound the credentials of and every one of these in turn, but usually this is unnecessary. We fix our attention on Him, who by the results He has accomplished challenges

our attention. Who was He? By His actual works, which we can study from pure historical sources independently faith, we find that God was with Him. If he were with Him in His works He was with Him in His words. What then had this man to say of Himself He said that He was not only sent from God but was Divine Himself and died to prove it. If divine, what He says goes. There can be no quibbling. His words are law. Upon Him, therefore, rests my all.

But He lived many years ago, and died. He is not with us to-day. cannot go to Him personally. (Of course the Blessed Sacrament is not mentioned as yet.) Is there even any body of men, any society, and said and the rules He has laid down for me?

I look around me and,-yes, there are many such societies offering to teach me His words-in fact, over a hundred of them here in America alone. I pass down the street and meet building after building on whose corner stones in some form or other is inscribed the title of "Chris- sins are forgiven in the sacrament tian.'

I go within and find, to my aston-"no" to identically the same proposi-

upon my own likes and dislikes in the matter, I must examine their credentials. Just because these teachings suit my own individual fancy is no reason that they are His. He might have laid down some things which I do not like, things which might be hard for my human nature to accept. But if they come from Him, they must be true and just, even though difficult.

The next process is the historical investigation, not of the dogmas but the time of birth of these several religious societies. This might seem a stupendous task, but by a process of elimination the result is not far

I begin at the first society which meets my gaze on yonder street corner. It chances to be a church founded, according to the authorized ment of its founder, thirty-years ago! Thirty-one years Well, what of the years statement of its ago and the centuries preceding? I want to get back to Him. If I lived thirty-two years ago I could not have learned about Him in this society, cause the society itself was not in existence anywhere. I leave it.

By a continued examination of the pages of history I find that practically all of these denominations have been born since the year 1521. All of the societies known as Protestant date since this time. The same logic holds here as for the thirty-one-yearold affair. I still lack some sixteen centuries. (Of course, if we care to seriously consider the Greek Church we shall be obliged to retrace farther but here in America the question is usually not necessary.)

We have now arrived at the nucleus of our labor. Is there a society, within my reach to-day, which I can find on the pages of any history in the sixteenth and fifteenth and tenth and first century? answer comes back clearly and dis-Yes, there is, and this is tinctly: the one truly Apostolic society, known those pages as the Catholic Church. It is a pure question of history.

I am now ready to listen to what He has to tell me in the mouth and on the pens of His Apostles. I am now prepared to receive instructions on the sacraments, practices and devotions of that society. No matter if it asks of me such a trying ordeal as the confessional, fasting regular attendance at services on Sunday, etc., these cannot be wrong or unjust because they come with the authority of their Founder and He is God.

And this, to my mind, is the skeleton of the logic of the convert, filled in through sometimes months of instruction, before the earnest seeker arrives at that faith and peace of mind which "the world cannot give "-nor take from him.

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH

WHAT IT MEANS TO A CONVERT

By Margaret J. Porter in Extension Magazine Catholicity gives me three things, none of which were, or could be, offered me by any Protestant sect. A Catholic possesses a faith which is acceptable to reason and, at the same time, is certainly and infallibly true: the Catholic Church has perfect unity of doctrine and practice; and last, but not least, Casholicity is a vital, personal, soul-

satisfying religion I say that Catholicism is acceptable to reason because, before the divine gift of faith was given to me, all the doctrines and teachings of the Catholic Church seemed per fectly reasonable, once they were fully understood. Of course, if one accepts the teachings of the Catholic Church, one accepts, ipso facto, her teaching concerning the infallibility of the Sovereign Pontiff, and thus one is given a definite certain belief which is very different from the inconsistencies and uncertainty of the various Protestant sects. one who has been troubled in his or her own life by the dissensions and weaknesses of Protestantism is in a position to appreciate the feeling of security and peace given by a Church which claims to be—and is—a divine

ly appointed teacher. But, still more than the certainty of faith, the unity of the Catholic Church appeals to me. Unity is, suppose, inseparable from infallibil ity. I had always thought that one of the chief weaknesses of Protestantism was its lack of unity. If we were all bound for the same goal if we served the same God, and acknowledged one Saviour, should we not be united in doctrine and teaching instead of divided into innumerable sects? I was strongly attracted by the unity of the Catholic Church and, since have been a Catholic, I have realized still more what a necessary and blessed thing is unity of faith.

If the Catholic Church satisfies my mind and reason by her unity and infallibility, she also satisfies in an even greater degree the desires and longings of my soul. Whether my of penance; whether my soul is united to Our Blessed Lord in Holy The best teachers are those who have experienced greatest difficulty in their own pursuit of knowledge.

I go within and find, to my aston-ishment and bewilderment, that they are not saying the same things. In fact, one says "yes" and another is actually present at the unbloody actually present a the personal contact of Creator and

When I was a Protestant, it always

was present on earth—but then He left earth, I thought.

I can not express what the belief in the Presence of the Blessed Sacra-ment in our tabernacles means and has meant to me during the eight years that I have believed in that Presence. For one thing, it means the satisfaction of a great longing, which had seemed impossible of fulfilment.

All this seems little when expressed

New

Issue

Copyright Books

Miralda. Mary Johnston

Little Lady of the Hall. Nora Ryc-

The Mad Knight. From the German

The Children of Cupa, Mary E.

The Violin Maker. Adapted by Sara

The Great Captain. Katharine Tynan

The Young Color Guard. Mary G.

The Haldeman Children. Mary E.

Mary Tracy's Fortune. Anna T.

The Berkleys. Emma Howard Wight.

The Little Apostle on Crutches. Henriette E. Delamare.

Seven Little Marshalls. Mary F. Nixon-Roulet.

The Golden Lily. Katharine Tynan

For the White Rose. Katharine Tynan

The Dollar Hunt. From the French by E. G. Martin.

Recruit Tommy Collins. Mary G. Bonesteel.

Summer at Woodville, Anna T.

The Mysterious Doorway. Anna T.

The Captain of the Club. Valentine Wil-

The Countess of Glosswood, Translated.
Drops of Honey, Rev. A. M. Grussi.
Father de Lisle. Cecilia M. Caddell.

The Feast of Flowers and Other Storles.

The Lamp of the Sanctuary and Other Stories. Cardinal Wiseman.

The Little Lace-Maker and Other Stories.

Lost Genoveffa, Cecilia M. Caddell. The Little Follower of Jesus. Rev. A. M. Grussi.

The Miner's Daughter. Cecilia M. Caddell.

One Hundred Tales for Children. Canon Christopher Von Schmid.

Oramaika, An Indian Story. Translated.

Our Dumb Pets — Tales of Birds and Animals. Selected.

Animais. Selected.

The Orphan of Moscow, Mrs. James Sadlier.

The Pearl in Dark Waters. Cecilia M.
Caddell.

The Queen's Confession. Raoul de Navery.

Rosario. Translated by Sister of Mercy.
The Rose of Venice. S. Christopher.
Seven of Us. Marion J. Brunowe.

Sophie's Troubles. Countess de Segu

Stories for Catholic Children. Rev. A. M.

Crusei.
Tales of Adventure. Selected.
The Two Cottages. Lady Georgiana Fullerton.

lerton.
The Two Stowaways. Mary G. Bonesteel.
Uriel. Sister M. Raphael.

Virtues and Defects of a Young Girl at Home and at School. Ella M. McMahon.

Home and at School. Ella M. McMahon.
LAUGHTER AND TEARS, by Marion J.
Brunowe. It should be added to all our
libraries for the young.
IN THE TURKISH CAMP and Other
Stories. By Konrad Kuemmel. From the
German, by Mary Richards Gray.
IN ILLE LAWAY MARIAN.

BLUE LADY'S KNIGHT, THE. By Mary

Nanette's Marriage. Aimee Mazergue. Never Forgotten. Cecilia M. Caddell.

Never Forgotten.

As True as Gold. Mary E. Mannix.

Little Missy. Mary T. Waggaman

Two Little Girls. Lillian Mack.

of the

January

Tuesday

closes on the above date!

Manager to-day.

The Bell Telephone Co. of Canada.

¶ Copy for the next Telephone Directory

¶ Order your telephone now, so that

your name will be in the new issue!

¶ Report changes required to our Local

Record Juvenile Library

By the Best Authors - Each Volume with Illustrated Jacket

Free by mail, 35 cents per volume

LIBERAL DISCOUNT TO THE REV. CLERGY AND RELIGIOUS

The Best Series of Catholic Story-Books Published

The Ups and Downs of Marjorie.
Mary T. Waggaman.
Old Charlmont's Seed-Bed. Sara
Mannix.
Trainer Smith.

my intellect will not allow me, to accept both. It must be one or the other. Which?

Before, therefore, I listen to any of their teachings, before I accept or reject any religious practices purely upon my own likes and dislikes in but that He still abides with us in the Blessed Sacrament.

ENGLAND'S CONVERSION

We are liable to think that because we dream and sigh over the prospect of a Catholic England. . . . therefore we are truly desiring the conversion of our country. romantic dreaming is not the same in cold words. What does my religion mean to me? How can I say a thing seriously is to will it a thing seriously is how much it means to me? When efficaciously, and one of the marks I left the uncertainty, gloom, unrest of an efficacious will is to be eager and chaos of a Protestant sect for to put theories into practice, to leap the certainty, joy, peace and order of into every breach, to drive a wedge the Catholic Church, life began to have a new meaning for me. When son.

Telephone

Book.

Neat Cloth Bindings

Three Girls, and Especially One.
Marion A. Taggart.
Tom's Luck-Pot. Mary T. Waggaman.

An Every-Day Girl. Mary C. Crowley By Branscome River. Marion A

The Madcap Set at St. Anne's.
Marion J. Brunowe.

The Blissylvania Post Office. Marion A. Taggart,

An Heir of Dreams. S. M. O'Malley

Tooralladdy, Julia C. Walsh.
The Little Girl From Back East

The Bell Foundry. Otto von Schach

The Queen's Page. Katharine Tynes

Jack-O'-Lantern, Mary T. Waggamaz Pauline Archer, Anna T. Sadlier.

A Hostage of War. Mary G. Bone

Fred's Little Daughter. Sara Traines

Dimpling's Success. Clara Mulhol-

An Adventure With the Apaches Gabriel Ferry.

Pancho and Panchita. Mary R.

WHAT THE FIGHT WAS ABOUT and Other Stories. A Book about Real Live American Boys. By L. W. Reilly.

PRINCE ARUMUGAM the Steadfast Indian Convert. By A. v. B. A beautiful little story describing the obstacles which a Brahman Prince was forced to surmount in order to become a Christian.

CHILDREN OF MARY. A Tale of the Caucasus. By Rev. Joseph Spillmann, S. J.

MARON. The Christian Youth of the Leb-anon By A. v. B.

anon By A. v. B.

THE QUEEN'S NEPHEW. By Rev Joseph
Spillmann, S.J. "This good fittle week, are
historical narration from the early Japanese
missions, is another contribution to javenile
literature that eleserves a welcome. We
hope it will be read by many of our boys
and girls."

WRECKED AND SAVED. A story for

boys by Mrs. Parsons.
THREE INDIAN TALES. Namameha and
Watomilka, by Alex. Baumgertner, S. J.
Tahko, the Young ladian Missionary.
By A. v. B. Father Rene's Last Journey,
by Anton Hounder, S. J. Translated by
Miss Helena Long.

THE SHIPWRECK. A story for the Young By Rev. Joseph Spillmenn, S. J. Trans-lated from the German by Mary Richards

CHIQUITAN FESTIVAL OF CORPUS CHRISTI DAY. A Tale of the Old Mis-sions of South America. By Rev. Joseph Spillmann, S J. Translated from the Ger-man by Mary Richards Gray.

Spillmann, S. J. Translated by Mary

THE TRIP TO NICARAGUA. A Tale of the Days of the Conquistadores. By Rev. Jos. 5pi mann, S. J. Translated by Mary Richards Gray

THE CABIN BOYS A Story for the Young By Rev. Joseph Spillmann, S. J. Trans-lated by Ma y Riemards Gray.

Richards Gray.

BLESSED ARE THE MERCIFUL.

Tale of the Negro Uprising in Haiti.

Rev Joseph Spil mann, S J. Transle

by Mary Richards Gray

Cupa Revisited. Mary E. Mannix

A Pilgrim From Ireland Rev.

The Sea-Gulls' Rock. J. Sandeau.

Bistouri. A. Melandri.

Daddy Dan. Mary T. Waggaman. Jack. Religious of the Society of Holy Child.

The Peril of Dionysio. Mary E.



"I earn 2 a day at home

ABSORBINE

Reduces Strained, Puffy Ankles, Lymphangitis, Poll Evil, Fistula, Boils, Swellings; Stops Lameness and allays pain. Heals Sores, Cuts, Bruises, Boot Chafes. It is an ANTISEPTIC AND GERMICIDE "INON-POISONOUS!

Does not blist at or remove the bair and horse can be worked. Pleasant to use. 82.00 a bottle, delivered. Describe your case for special instructions and Book 5 K free. ABSORBINE, JR., antis pic liniment for mankind re-duces Strains, Painful, Knotted, Swollen Veins, Milk Leg-concentrated—only a few drops required at an appli mation. Price \$1 per bottle at dealers or delivered.
W. F. YOUNG, P.D.F. 299 Lymans 8364. Montreal. Can.

How I Darkened My **Gray Hair**

Lady Gives Simple Home Recipe That She Used to Darken Her Gray Hair

* For years I tried to restore my gray hair to its natural color with the prepared dyes and stains, but none of them gave satisfaction and they were all expensive. I finally ran onto a simple re ipe which I mixed at home that gives wonderful results. I gave An Ideal Xmas Gift for a Boy or Girl simple re ipe which I mixed at home that gives wonderful results. I gave the recipe, which is as follows, to a number of my friends, and they are all delighted with it. To 7 ozs. of water add a small box of Orlex Compound, I oz. of bay rum and ½ oz. of glycerine. These ingredients can be bought at any drug store at very little cost. Use every other day until the hair becomes the required shade. It will not only darken the gray hair, but relieves dandruff and acts as a tonic to the hair. It is not sticky or greasy, does not rub off and does not color the scalp.

The Catholic Record's SPECIAL **Combination Offer**



FATHER LASANCE'S

'My Prayer Book'

With a Rolled Gold Chain Rosary

Rolled Gold Scapular Medal

ALL FOR \$3





Use This Form in Ordering

THE CATHOLIC RECORD
London, Canada
I wish to take advantage of your St
Combination Offer and enclose \$3, for the Combination Orier and enclose \$3, for which please send me, prepaid, Father Lasance 'My Prayer Book' and Rolled Gold Rosary with Stone (please stat whether you wish Garnet, Amethyst, etc.)
And the Rolled Gold Scapular Medal.

LOVE YOUR ENEMIES. A Tale of the Mao i Insurrections in New Zesland. By Rev Joses h Spillmann, S. J The Catholic Record, London. Ont.