

The Catholic Record.

"Christianus mihi nomen est Catholicus vero Cognomen."—(Christian is my Name, but Catholic my Surname)—St. Paclian, 4th Century.

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1777

Out at Old Aunt Mary's
Wasn't it pleasant, O brother mine,
In those old days of the lost sunshine
Of youth—when the Saturday chores
Were through.
And the "Sunday's wood" in the kitchen,
And we went visitin', "me and you,"
Out to Old Aunt Mary's?
It all comes back so clear to-day!
Though I am bald and you are gray—
Out by the barn-lot, and down the lane,
We patter along the dust again,
As light as the tips of the drops of rain.
Out to Old Aunt Mary's
We cross the pasture and through the wood
Where the old gray snag of the poplar
stood,
Where the hammering "red-heads"
hopped awry,
And the buzzard raised in the "clearing"
"Ah, my dear!"
And lolled and circled as he went by,
Out to Old Aunt Mary's!
And then in the dust of the road again:
And the teams we met, and the country-men:
And the long highway with sunshine
spread
As thick as butter on country bread,
Our cares behind and our hearts ahead,
Out to Old Aunt Mary's.
Why, I see her now in the open door,
Where the little gourd grew up the
sides and o'er
The clapboard roof! And her face—
Ah, me!
Wasn't it good for a boy to see—
And was it good for a boy to be
Out to Old Aunt Mary's!
And O my brother, so far away,
This is to tell you what waits to-day
To welcome us: Aunt Mary fell
Asleep this morning, whistling, "Tell
The boys to come. And all is well
Out to Old Aunt Mary's."
—JAMES WHITCOMBE RILEY

CARSON'S COLLAPSE

From the Liverpool Catholic Times
It was one thing to deliver impassioned speeches of sedition and resistance to excited crowds inflamed with bigotry and instinct with violence. It was quite another thing to back up such conduct in the House of Commons, in which sit men who would make short work of threats of revolt or rebellion against the law of the realm. Faced by the realities of the situation, and away from the theatricals of the position created by himself, Sir Edward Carson dropped all the wild roarings of the lion and cooed like a dove. He showed that, however bold and rash he could be when addressing an ignorant mob of fanatical Orangemen, he was conscious of the folly of his proceedings and is prepared to retreat from a position which in a moment of madness he had taken up. His campaign in Ulster has utterly failed. It was meant to bring in some political profit for the Conservative Party. It has done nothing of the sort. It has simply amused the English people, and has increased the older school of Tories. It has sent the Government on a firm course of resistance to all threats of sedition and made the passage of the Home Rule Bill more certain than ever. No Government, faced by such opposition, could possibly refuse the challenge. The moment they accepted it, as Mr. Asquith did clearly and unequivocally, Sir Edward Carson's plan collapsed, and he ceased to be an asset of any value to the Tory Party.
That party, by conviction and tradition a constitutional party, must have found it very unusual to be compelled to swallow Sir Edward Carson's prescription of riot, disorder, and rebellion. Conservatives must have felt, have indeed some of them admitted openly that they did feel, disgust at the unpardonable and disloyal language indulged in by the Ulster crusaders and their coveting dupes. But, while there was a hope of ultimate political profit being gained for their party, most of them remained silent. Not even religious bigotry and unquotable language against sacred persons and actual violence on inoffensive Catholic workers in Belfast have moved certain people who never tire of talking about the faith to raise their voices in protest against outrages committed by their Catholic co-religionists in Belfast. Be it so. It is now too late to complain. The evil has been done. The men who so shamefully incited to the doing of the evil are now discredited. But this terrible silence will never be forgotten, will never be forgiven. Sir Edward Carson's collapse has brought down to ruin more than himself. He has ruined all those who were silent and ashamed when he was eloquent and shameless. These silent condoners of disloyal language and religious outrage will yet find that their silence has destroyed their influence with thoughtful men. Their act of placing politics before religion will lead to a suspicion that they are quite capable of placing religion below politics. They cannot complain if they are in future suspected of playing a game.

For several years to come this atmosphere of distrust and suspicion will blight all promise of cordial Catholic unity. That fact is evident, is admitted. It is not in itself a further reason for appealing to all sections of Catholics to urge the passing of the Home Rule Bill into law, if only in order to shorten the period of infernal estrangement and thus bring nearer that blessed day when all who dwell in the household of the Faith may be of one heart and one mind, forgetting the things of the past and welcoming the promise of the glad future? The last few months have shown the uselessness of appealing for unanimity among us on the question of Ireland. But that question is now practically settled.

Without a miracle, the Government are sure to carry their Home Rule Bill. The count does not object. The Tory Party cannot oppose. Mr. Bonar Law has been smothered in the dust and dirt of Sir Edward Carson's fall. The Ulster bluster falls flat on English ears. No one takes the Conservatives seriously: for a party of law and order and constitutional propriety which has coquetted with sedition and disorder and has acquiesced in drillings and arming and talking royal salutes and lessening the authority of Parliament and Crown is a party which has knocked the bottom out of its own programme. It has ceased to count with thinking men and must wander in the solid shades of opposition until its judgment cools and it discovers new principles, fresh leaders, and a policy, fair, legal, effective, and true.

No political party in a country like ours can trifle with proceedings which in any likelihood may lead to public anarchy. The instinct of all classes of the population is one of respect for law and authority, of acquiescence in the "chase judge." That instinct has led to the destruction of the Carson campaign and to the collapse of the leader of it amid mingled ridicule and contempt. But its effects are not light. It has failed of all things but one: it has succeeded in leaving behind it a legacy of evil example which will be treasured and remembered and perhaps imitated in circumstances more dangerous than the excited manoeuvres of a crowd of Orange braves carrying dummy rifles and dragging their feet on painted wheels mounted on bicycle wheels. If ever the leaders of masses of discontented and starving workmen imitate Sir Edward Carson's programme of sedition, they will claim to receive his immunity from punishment. And their collapse will be neither as peaceful nor as speedy as his.

I deeply regret, as an Englishman that so few Conservatives have taken the brave and manly stand of Mr. Nicholas Cockshead and a few others. I deeply regret, as a Catholic that certain people who claim an inherited position of leadership among us, were silent while poor Catholic workmen were driven from their work and assaulted in Belfast. If it were possible, I regret more deeply still that the result of this silence and violence has been bitterness among us. But I venture to hope as one most friendly to their cause that Irish Catholics in England will work for the triumph of national justice, and, having won it, will turn at length in spite of all temptations, to labor for those high and holy things which have made Ireland's claim so sacred in the hearts of many of us Englishmen who wish it well.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE AND CATHOLICITY

In a previous article a comparison of some of the teachings of Christian Science and the Catholic Church was made, showing that Christian Science denies the Divinity of Christ, the Blessed Trinity, the absolute perfection of God, His omnipotence, the seven sacraments, the sufficiency of the sacrifice of Christ on Calvary, and in fact protests that Christ never suffered for us at all. These and other statements found in Mrs. Eddy's own book were quoted in her own very words, and reference made to page and line in the official 1909 edition of her book, "Science and Health, With Key to the Scriptures," where such citations could be found. The comparison is now continued, showing how utterly opposed Christian Science is to some of the other fundamental doctrines of the Catholic Church. As usual, we will allow Mrs. Eddy to talk for herself, in her own very words.

It is a doctrine of the Catholic Church that Adam was the first man. Christian Science denies this, by saying that "The forever Father must have had children prior to Adam" (267 9).
One of the great primal truths of the Catholic Church is that man is born and that he dies. To this self-evident truth, Mrs. Eddy opposes the statement that "Man has neither birth nor death" (244-23), and she repeats the statement on page 258, line 27.

Still another fundamental truth of Catholicity is that we did not pre-exist before our birth. Mrs. Eddy says we do, for she tells us: "If we live after death, and are immortal, we must have lived before birth" (429 21).
Catholics believe that man is neither indestructible nor eternal. Christian Science teaches that he is both, for we find Mrs. Eddy declaring that "Man is indestructible and eternal" (402 12).
That all men must die is an article of Catholic faith. Mrs. Eddy thinks far otherwise. "Death will be found at length to be a moral dream" she says (42 6). She repeats the same idea over and over again. "Man is not mortal" (478 30). "In reality, man never dies" (480 0). "There is no reality in death" (427 8). Life is reality—death the illusion" (488 4). These and other expressions of the same terror are found in many places in her book, for to all Christian Scientists "Man is deathless" (206 29).

Our Catholic catechism tells us that man was made to the image and likeness of God. This is denied by Mrs. Eddy, who says "A sinful sick and dying mortal is not the likeness of God" (202 11). Farther on in her book she says: "Finite man cannot be the image and likeness of the Infinite God" (257 32).
Our catechism teaches us that man is a creature, composed of body and soul, and that His material body is a part of Himself. This is denied by the followers of Christian Science who declare "The fourth erroneous postulate is that man has a material body which is part of himself" (92 1).
Another article of Catholic faith is that man has a soul united to his body.

This doctrine is repudiated by Mrs. Eddy, who says "The flesh and spirit are no more unite in action than good can coincide with evil" (167-20). Later on she says: "Soul is sinless—not to be found in the body" (288 88).

It is Catholic doctrine that the human soul is created, and therefore composed of finiteness. This, too, is denied by Christian Science; for it says "Soul is not compassed by finiteness" (302 1).
Our catechism teaches that man is a creature, that therefore he is finite, and that he has a mind. Mrs. Eddy declares that "Mind never enters the finite" (336 2).

It is a fundamental teaching of the Catholic Church that every human being has a finite soul. Christian Science denies that there is any such thing as a soul. There is no finite soul or spirit" (406 21).

Our catechism tells us that we have free will, and that we are not bound by a dogma of belief, but a reality of the soul. To this Christian Science responds: Will power is but a product of belief. Human will is an animal proclivity, not a faculty of the soul" (490 3).

From the preceding remark it will be seen that one of every fundamental doctrine of the Catholic Church is being denied and repudiated by Christian Scientists. The subject has by no means yet been exhausted, and a subsequent article will indicate many more truths of religion which are utterly denied by Mrs. Eddy and her followers.—Thomas J. O'Keefe, D. D., in Pittsburgh Observer.

INTERNATIONAL FREEMASONRY

The oft repeated contention that American Masonry has nothing to do with Continental Masonry is not true as its proponents would have us believe when they try to quiet the opposition to the craft evoked among fair minded Americans by the rehearsal of the cruel injustice and the deplorable excesses laid at the door of the lodges in Italy, France, Portugal and other European countries. The press of the United States, on the morning of October 8 last, announced the opening at Washington, on the day before, of the second international conference of Ancient and Accepted Scottish Rite Freemasonry. Daily sessions were held throughout the week following, and the expressed purpose of the delegates in attendance was to bring into closer relations the Freemasonry of the world and to systematize the work of the order.

Catholics may be interested to have at hand an authoritative list of the officials chosen on that occasion to preside over the activities of the international alliance in its efforts to achieve this purpose. The roster, as published after the meetings runs as follows:

James D. Richardson, of Washington D. C., Sovereign Grand Commander of the Southern Jurisdiction of the Supreme Council of the United States, was elected president of the conference; Sir John M. Gibson, of Toronto, Canada, first vice-president; Manuel S. Castro, of Havana, Cuba, second vice-president; J. N. Raymond, France, third vice-president; Barton Smith, Toledo, Ohio, fourth vice-president; Saverio Pera, Italy, fifth vice-president; José Castellot, sixth vice-president and official interpreter; Dr. Paul Eiler, Switzerland, seventh vice-president; James H. Coddington, New York City, first secretary, and Dr. Paul Mallem, Switzerland, second secretary.

The list certainly fails to bear out the assertion that American Masonry does not fraternize with the French. One wonders what spirit may have ruled in the efforts of the conference to systematize the work of the order throughout the world. Did the Americans, perhaps, strive to convert their French brethren and bring them to realize the destructive influence which the anti-religious character of their policy at home must inevitably exert upon men unfortunate enough to be subjected to its workings? Even though the antagonism between the Masonic institution and the Catholic Church be, as the editor of the American Freemason in his "Comment on Things Current" of this month's issue professes, "inherent and irrepressible," we cannot bring ourselves to believe that Americans of the craft will be induced to join the French in their war against God and all religion, in their open efforts to rule their country through a secret clique, in their espionage in the army, and in numerous other phases of viciousness that make French Masonry odious in the eyes of Christian men.—America.

RIBALD SONGS

In a letter to the New York Times Mr. Raymond L. Ditmars tells how shocked he was recently at hearing two little girls on their way to school singing a very suggestive song. Stopping at a cheap music store he learned that the composition "was one of the latest popular songs." It follows, he explains, "in the wake of objectionable portrayals of martial infidelity, risqué situations, and crude twistings of coarse phrases," and expresses his wonder "that nothing is being done to stamp out the epidemic of these positively dangerous songs, the titles of which are now stock phrases about town, and all too common from the lips of children."
Some of our readers have doubtless had experiences similar to Mr. Ditmars'. The school girls, moreover, who sing on the street the ribald choros, to which he seems to refer, often accompany their words with movements and gestures learned unhappily from the frequenters of dance halls.
Such a song is but too easily mastered. The vandeville or comic opera gives it vague, thousandfold, soon humming the air and repeating

perhaps unconsciously its suggestive words, talking machines advance and spread the song more widely still, then school children learn it from their elders, from the moving picture show, or from the ubiquitous phonograph which for a penny's outlay will perfect their knowledge of the four verses that "everybody is singing," and the worst has been done.

How hard it is for the children of today to keep their hearts clean! Art, science and literature, or rather, the phonograph, the press, the stage and the cinematograph conspire to sully through the gates of the senses the souls even of those who are little more than babies.

Care and vigilance on the part of parents surely were never more needed than now. Yet how many fathers and mothers exercise any effective supervision over their children's selection of amusements, and how many parents cannot in conscience shirk this duty. Moreover, if they leave their little ones without the protection that the Catholic school and the practice of frequent Communion afford the young, mothers should not be surprised to find their children singing "popular" songs like that Mr. Ditmars heard. Meanwhile can nothing be done to keep these immoral songs from being published?—America.

OXFORD MOVEMENT UP TO DATE

In a current Catholic Truth publication, Rev. J. P. Valentin discusses the Oxford movement in what he calls its latest phase. Higher Criticism and Modernism have, he declares, all but rent the fabric of so called Anglo Catholicism. Listen (he says) to the well-informed and learned Rev. Dr. Starr, a Catholic but not Roman clergyman in New York, quoted in the Lamp of November, 1908.

"In 1859 Lux Mundi appeared. The work and its authors gave a new color to Anglican Catholicity, developed a new Oxford Movement. * * * It is said that the publication of Mr. Gore's (the present Anglican Bishop of Oxford, who, by the way, is the nephew of the great leader of the Oxford Movement, as expounded by Mr. Lloyd George) article on "The Holy Spirit and Inspiration," broke Canon Liddon's heart. Be this as it may, it was the expression in the advanced school of the English Church and from the head of the Pusey House, the work in which the great leader of the Oxford Movement, of opinions that were to break the heart and destroy the life of the movement itself. * * *

"He (Gore) and his followers developed an elasticity of thought upon the hierarchy of Holy scriptures and the increase in which made it possible for men known as 'Catholics' to hold views which had hitherto been the peculiar property and privilege of the Broad Church School. Goreism, as it came to be called, created and fostered a spirit of latitude in Christian belief which has grown wider and wider, and Anglo-Catholicism to long means what it meant twenty or thirty years ago. * * *

"The daring and irreverence of modern thought in its many forms has hurt the heart of the Protestant world, and especially the English Protestant world, for while its efforts against the questions of a true Catholicity, as understood and presented by the leaders of the Oxford Movement, have been like the undermining of a river bank by unseen and insidious currents, * * * So the Oxford Movement is, for all practical purposes, dead." Canon Henry Benson (says Father Valentin) is not an unbiased judge of High Anglicanism, but there is only too much truth in his statement that "the so-called Catholic party is being rapidly latitudinarianized."
Modernism, continues Father Valentin, is rampant and there is no recognized authority to come to the rescue of the faith. So it has come to pass that you may find an "advanced" church where there are vestments and incense and where "mass" is announced and confessions are heard, and yet, one or more of its ministers may be a follower of Father Tyrrell in his later style. Of this instances have come within my personal knowledge, says Father Valentin. Sometimes those who are called "born Catholics" (says the priest) and who are Evangelical Anglicans as well, are at a loss to account for the fact that the converts from High Churchism have not become more numerous.

It is, however (he goes on) difficult for the Catholic who has never been anything else, to fathom the High Anglican mind; this is not to be wondered at, since many High Anglicans are in the same position. Some Catholics are tempted to solve the mystery by concluding that all High Churchmen are of two kinds—the knaves and the fools; and I fear (says Father Valentin) that there are converts who, forgetful of their own past struggles, do not conceal their belief that such is the case. This view is contrary both to charity and justice, says Father Valentin, who goes on to state some of the obstacles to conversion.

(1) High Churchmen are not without a certain bond of union. If half the High Church Party were A's and the other half Z's, the two sections would sever all connection at once. But B is not quite so "advanced" as A, and yet not so "conservative" as Z, and so their connection broken; C, in turn, is just behind B, but ahead of D; and so on until one comes to Z.

(2) Assiduous teaching of the Continuity myth, which appeals to national pride, by an English "Branch" of the Church, in which all Catholic privileges are to be found—in some instances, if not in every one. * * * Even many of the Low Church clergy, though no believers in the Mass and Consecration, are now

prone of belonging to the 'Ancient Church of England.' Yet at the same time, they agree with Catholics in denying that Anglican ministers are sacrificing priests.

(3) The Anglican theory of a Catholic Church supposes (and teaches) a divided Church—an absurd and heretical notion. With us, as man must be "Catholic all over," so he is not a Catholic at all. Many a High Churchman will, however, speak of his vicar as having become a 'Catholic' because he now teaches the Real Presence while still denouncing Transubstantiation.

(4) Anglicanism has no systematic theology, hence the instability of the average High Church clergyman to realize the impossibility and absurdity of his position. Ruskin says somewhere that the religion and the climate of England are alike in their fogs.—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

A DREADFUL OCCURRENCE

SIX NUNS PERISH WHILE RESCUING CHILDREN

San Antonio, Texas, Oct. 30.—Six sisters of charity sacrificed their lives in an attempt to save one hundred children in a fire that destroyed St. John's Orphanage to-day. They succeeded in rescuing all the children but two before they were trapped by the flames. Two Sisters escaped.

The dead Sisters are: Mother Mary of the Cross, Mother Superior of the parish. She was Mary Rossiter, a native of Wexford, Ireland.

Mother Francis Pasteur, native of France.
Sister Peter Claver Stevin, teacher in San Fernando school, native of Dublin, Ireland.

Sister Leocadia Nolas, teacher in San Fernando school, native of Dublin, Ireland.
Sister Monica Montez, native of Mexico.
Sister Kostka, native of Kaidar, Ireland.

Eighty-seven orphan children, ranging in age from two to twelve years, and nine nuns were in the building when the flames broke out. Marshalling their charges to hurry them to safety, the Sisters of Charity remained in the blazing orphanage until the building began to crumble and fall.

The death of the Mother Superior, Mary of the Cross, was the sequel to a demonstration of remarkable courage. She returned to the burning dormitory when she heard the cry of a child who had been overlooked in the hurry and excitement. A few moments later she appeared at a window in the front of the building with the babe in her arms. Fire Chief Wright attempted to save her but he failed. A ladder was placed against the unsteady wall and the chief scaled it, but before he reached her the Mother Superior, with the child, fell back into the flames.

The two nuns who escaped helped in taking the children from the blazing structure. They were marching them across the yard when the walls began to fall.

BOY APOSTLES

"We all know that if the Catholic faith is to be preserved in any country at all, the children must be thoroughly educated in it," writes Rev. Lawrence Logan in the current number of Extension, and even our young people are realizing this fact.

A movement has been set on foot by the students of the Christian Brothers' College at Havana, Cuba, that opens up a new field for the apostleship of the laity, and indicates a spirit of zeal and charity well worthy of emulation by the youth of our own country.

The boys of De La Salle College, Vedado, realizing that the future of religion among the poorer classes of the island must depend upon the proper religious education of the children, have organized for the purpose of building, equipping, and maintaining a free school in one of the poorer districts.

These young apostles have already begun the work by devoting considerable time on Sundays to catechizing poor and neglected children and preparing them for First Communion.

The following extracts from a circular sent out by the students to their friends, explains their project and the means they are taking for its realization.

"We, who are making this appeal, are students of De La Salle College, members of the Society of the Immaculate Conception. We also belong to a group of catechists, organized by the said society to undertake, under the direction of the pastors and of our teachers, the teaching of Christian Doctrine to the poor children. As such we introduced ourselves to you, and take the liberty of acquainting you of the following facts:

"In the exercise of our humble mission as catechists, we have come in close contact with the children of the poorest and most neglected classes and with the material, intellectual, and moral misery in which they live. It is, then, for us, as generous-hearted Cubans, one and the same thing to realize these conditions and at once set about applying a remedy."
"For this purpose we have, first of all, established here at our college, a clothed depot. Our fellow students have responded generously to our appeal and to them, we have been enabled to supply with clothing the poorest of the children who come to catechism."
"Nevertheless, the good we can do in this way is extremely limited as we meet these children but once a week. We have, therefore, conceived the plan of building and equipping a school, of which our teachers, the Christian Brothers, have promised to assume charge. Furthermore, the reverend parish priest has offered to donate the

site for a small school. We count upon the generosity of the people of Vedado to help us to carry out this project."

"We are but children extending a helping hand so that other children, less fortunate than ourselves, may receive the bread of instruction and of Christian education which they so sadly need and which there is no one to break for them. It is for you, ladies and gentlemen, to provide this section of our city with a free school for poor children."

"This help is earnestly solicited, in the name of Our Lord Jesus Christ and of His Most Blessed Mother by the catechists of the Society of Mary Immaculate of De La Salle College."

EVERY SCHOOL A READING CIRCLE

"I believe that every parish school should be, to a certain extent, a reading circle," said a man of wide experience as pastor and educator. "If our schools do not promote a love of good reading, where will our children acquire it? In the home, you say. Call to mind all the homes with which you are personally acquainted. How many of them are prepared to give the children a taste for reading of the right kind? For instance, note the absence of books of any sort—not one in the parlor, not one in sight anywhere. Go into these homes on Sunday. Do you find the father or mother reading a Catholic paper or book to the children, or the children reading to the parents? Not at all. If you find the family reading it is generally the Sunday paper they have divided among them—the father reading the sports and politics, the mother absorbed in society gossip and bargains, the children engaged with the cartoons, jokes, and colored supplement. Not a very hopeful promise of turning out young people with a love of good books. No, I maintain that our parish schools must do more than they are doing in the way of creating a taste for helpful reading."

"But we have so much to do already," demurred a teacher. "How can we find time to read and talk about books in school?"

"The children must be taught to read," was the reply. "It is only a matter of system and enthusiasm to introduce suitable supplementary reading. I do not altogether mean reading books. In fact I place the Catholic paper first as a guide to good reading. If I had my way the Catholic paper would be on the teacher's desk in every room in our parish schools. I would have even the very little children become familiar with its cover and contents—the latter through talks with the teacher, suited to their dawning intelligence. It is a mistake to suppose that small pupils can not understand anything less obvious than that a cat has a tail, a dog can swim, etc. Very young children are notably eager for stories and can often repeat in their own words the substance of anything read to them. It is not long before they begin to pick out here and there for themselves, and if this tendency is encouraged the taste for reading is acquired naturally and easily. It only remains to cultivate it properly."

"The teachers of the upper grades have a great opportunity to serve the best interests of their pupils by preserving or inculcating a love of wholesome reading. What supplementary reading could do more than the Catholic paper? It tells young Catholics what those of their faith are doing in good in the world, and by their reviews to the best in reading; it stimulates them to greater devotion to the Church, and it instructs them in Catholic doctrine. In return for all this, it takes only a very small part of the school session, each day, or perhaps on only two or three days in each week. The great point is to use the time intelligently, keep the interest of the class, and let it be understood that every child is expected to give an opinion if asked. The selection of the reader could be made a matter of merit—children are proud to be called upon for such a service. They learn to read, to think, to express, and better than all they learn to love and respect and seek Catholic literature. Yes, I believe that the parish school which sends out graduates with a knowledge of good books and a love for reading is doing them a service that will stand them in good stead all the days of their lives."—Sacred Heart Review.

PERIODIC EBULLITIONS OF INTEREST

The resolutions that never resolve themselves into subscription lists are the subject of frequent comment by Catholic editors. Here is what the Catholic Bulletin of St. Paul, Minn., says about them: "During the summer months the Catholic Press was made the subject of a plethora of resolutions at different Catholic conventions. Were we not struck by the traditional experience of Catholic editors, we would await with pleasant anticipation the increased financial support which these resolutions should bring forth if they are worth more than the paper on which they are written. As a general rule, however, these periodic ebullitions of interest in Catholic newspapers subside as soon as the report of the resolution committee is received and placed on file. If a tenth part of those whose sentiments are supposed to be expressed were to subscribe to Catholic newspapers, the work of future resolution committees would dwindle almost to the vanishing point."

A masterful and tyrannical nature has the advantages and disadvantages of a stone wall; it protects, yet barricades.

CATHOLIC NOTES

St. Bernard's Seminary, Rochester, N. Y., has this year 225 students against 208 last year.

The number of Catholics in Russia is about the same as the number of United States—namely, about 815,000,000.

Right Rev. John Clancy, D. C., Bishop of Elphin, is dead. He was born in the County Sligo in 1856, and was educated at the Marist Brothers' school and afterward at St. Patrick's College, Maynooth.

On a side street in Cologne is a military barracks. It was the site and convent of the Dominicans where about 1245 Albertus Magnus taught. Among his pupils was St. Thomas Aquinas. It was here the students called St. Thomas "the dumb ox."

The Sacred Heart Convent at Tokio is to be increased to double its present size, owing to the number of applicants for admission to this excellent educational establishment. It is patronized by the Japanese government and the heads of the best families in Japan.

The Catholic schools in England have a fine record in the dying and Cambridge local examinations. The Christian Brothers of Liverpool head the list for Oxford with (for seniors) 12 first, 4 seconds, 3 thirds, and 10 distinctions, besides 20 passes in the first division.

Writing in The Month for October, Father Herbert Thurston tells of the earliest traces of Christianity to the Chinese. "The record going back with certainty to an age when the converts made by St. Augustine himself were still living at Canturbi, and when the greater part of England was as yet buried in paganism."

A Socialist paper in Vienna was suppressed recently on account of its indecent attacks on the Eucharistic Congress. Yet Socialism is not opposed to religion, we are told. One thing we know: Every Socialist organ sneers at religion and loses no opportunity of attacking it openly. The Eucharistic Congress was a purely religious gathering. Those who opposed it did so on religious grounds.

Some weeks ago the business men of St. Paul, Minn., undertook to raise a fund of \$100,000 for the purpose of completing the magnificent dome of the new Cathedral. The fund is to be presented to Archbishop Ireland as a tribute to his personal worth and a substantial evidence of the interest which the people of St. Paul, irrespective of creed, take in the new Cathedral. At the present writing the sum of \$65,000 has been pledged to the fund.

Latin-American counts at the present day more than forty millions of Catholics. In Brazil the advance has been very striking. In 1800 there were extensive regions remaining to be evangelized, now the Catholic population amounts to 14,500,000; there are 18 Bishops, 2,000 priests, 11 ecclesiastical seminaries and numerous colleges. In the other states of South America there are 13 Archbishops, and 51 Bishops, figures which give us an idea of the important position the Church occupies in those countries.

Rome notes the very striking coincidence that almost simultaneously with the arrival in Rome of Lord Halifax's book, Cardinal Merry del Val, who was secretary of the Pontifical commission appointed by Leo XIII, to examine the validity of those orders, and who is now Secretary of State of Pius X., raised six former Anglican ministers to the priesthood in the Pauline Chapel in the Vatican. This is surely a notable coincidence on the action of Leo XIII, the Commission on Anglican Orders, and Cardinal Vaughan.

For the first time in 350 years Mass was offered publicly, on September 30, in Penwortham, near Preston, Lancashire, England, a district celebrated in pre-Reformation days for its large and beautiful priory. A new church, under the patronage of St. Mary Magdalene, had been built there and it was blessed on the above date by the Rev. Father Wright, S. J., after which the Mass was celebrated by the Archbishop of Liverpool. The sermon was preached by the Rev. Father O'Hare, S. J., who referred to the ancient glories of the Faith in Lancashire.

An aeroplane was used to rush a priest 125 miles to the aid of a dying soldier in Morocco recently, dispatched by the New York Sun, says: Colonel Largeot, commanding a detachment of French troops, was mortally wounded in a skirmish with the Touareg tribesmen, he was a devout Catholic and desired to receive the last sacraments. French army flying corps at the headquarters, heard Largeot's wish through reports of the skirmish and volunteered to carry a priest in his machine. The latter took his place beside the aviator and was borne away over a treacherous country, where landing meant that the Touaregs would capture both. The priest arrived in time to administer Extreme Unction.

A well known Anglican clergyman, the Rev. J. Wharton Hewison, B. A., was received into the Church by the Dominican Fathers of Haverstock Hill, London, the latter part of September, Mr. Hewison is that daring curate, who in 1898 was refused ordination by the Protestant Bishop of Bristol because he refused to subscribe to the Bishop's own private profession of faith in addition to the Prayer Book. He was eventually ordained in Birmingham, and has held curacies since in London, being recently stationed at St. Augustine, Stepney, a High Church in the East End, which has given more than one priest already to the Church. Mr. Hewison is entering the diocesan seminary to study for the priesthood and later will go to Rome.

THE LESSON OF THE DAY

Mrs. Morrison rustled into Bernard Chester's largest and most fashionably equipped dry goods store, trying to appear at ease and unconscious of the eyes of those who passed, as befitted a true aristocrat and woman of the world. It was a new sensation to be noticed among the crowd of shoppers, to be glanced at with curiosity and interest.

Though she had recently put behind her, banishing even the distant memory of it, a life in which toil and economy played the leading parts, she knew her present sphere, for she had lived its fairylike existence in imagination while humble household duties kept her hands employed long before the real world had opened its doors and said to her hungering, willing spirit, "Come."

Down among the hills of Berkeley, the rural community from whence the Morrises had come to Chester—because Chester was the retiring place for the well-to-do and the wealthy—people had always recognized some subtle quality differing from themselves in Mrs. Morrison, and they had with no slight contempt analyzed and labeled that quality "pride," pointing for its source to the ancestor in velvet and lace whose oil portraits hung in the little parlor of her home.

She has spent much of her meagre allowance of egg-and-butter money for books and magazines, which some of the pious old ladies of Berkeley, who read nothing but their prayer books, could not understand. She had made her few simple clothes after the prevailing fashion; and remade them when fashions changed, and this they regarded as indicating a vain and frivolous mind.

The head clerk of the dress goods department came forward affable and smiling, as Mrs. Morrison paused at his counter.

"What can I show you, Mrs. Morrison?" he asked.

"Something in a rose silk for Sunday—she paused and bit her lip in mortification over the slip. She still found herself often on the brink of the chasm which separated the past from the present.

"Something for an afternoon dress," she added quickly, trusting he had not noticed this lapse into the vernacular of the Berkeley hills, where a silk dress was always a Sunday dress. With true discernment Mrs. Morrison recognized the vast difference between a rose silk for Mrs. Tilden's reception and a rose silk for church going at Berkeley, even though they were cut from the same pattern.

She allowed the smiling salesman to take down bolt after bolt, examining them with the assumed air of a critic, and yet with the keen and undisguised enjoyment of one reveling for the first time in a new delight. There was a fascination in lingering over those bolts of soft, flaky goods, hanging on the brink of purchase over one piece, then passing easily on to examine something of a richer texture, without experiencing that haunting nervous fear of going beyond her means. She had hung in the

background often, enviously watching others at this fascinating task of selection. The dallying ways of these more fortunate women had seemed to her trivial and foolish then. She would have snatched up joyfully the poorest piece of the shimmering masses others cast aside, in those days when the rigid practice of economy allowed nothing finer than gingham and calicoes. Now that she had come into the class of leisure and wealth she regarded it as her province to drink haras busy clerks, to linger on the brink of purchase and then, if she chose purchase nothing at all.

"I'll take this," she said at last, when the bolts were piled high on either side of her, and the salesman's smile had faded into a look of annoyance.

"All right, Mrs. Morrison," he replied, resuming an affable tone; "it's a beautiful piece and will make up splendidly. How many?" he asked, measuring off the shimmering yards.

"Ten will be enough," she answered, not sure in her own mind that it would be, but she would exhibit no ignorant uncertainty in the matter. When the purchase was completed she ordered it sent to her home on Howard Avenue, and left the store with that feeling of satisfaction which comes to those who are able to gratify their wants, however extravagant they may be.

As she approached the high handsome house on Howard Avenue, her home, she felt again that thrill of satisfaction. Five months of ownership had not sufficed to dim the pleasure she experienced daily in the feel of velvet rugs under her feet, the broad expanse of polished floors, artistic furniture and rich cut glass and silver. Her husband had denied her nothing in the first flush of prosperity. She had at times thought him ungenerous, in the days back in Berkeley, before the big inheritance from his uncle had come, engulfing them like a flood in the night. They lived even yet a sort of dreamlike existence, grasping up what treasures money could buy and selfishly reveling in the joy of their possession.

She entered the house and walked softly across the long hall, pausing at the library door. In a chair drawn up before the grate sat a young girl poring over the pages of a magazine. A wealth of dark hair crowned a sweet, attractive face in which there seemed to be something of an artist's soul reflected, something very much akin to the ancestor in lace and velvet, whose portrait hung above the mantel opposite. Her dress of dark material, cut after the fashion of the season, in some way fell short of what fashion intended, fitted ill and looked out of place in the handsome room. A painful recognition swept across Mrs. Morrison's face. The girl was her niece, Mary Carroll, from Berkeley. The very atmosphere of Berkeley clung to her; it was evident in the ill-fitting dress, the coarse heavy shoes, and the tired, drooping pose of the wearer.

"Why, Mary, when did you come up?" she asked, moving slowly across the room towards her visitor.

"On the noon train," Mary replied after a moment of startled recognition. Then, with a soft laugh: "You look so changed and grand, Aunt Kitty! I

thought you were some one else for a moment."

Mrs. Morrison ignored this allusion to her altered appearance. It called up for comparison with her present elegance the days of calico wrappers, ill-shod feet, and other painful memories. She kissed her niece, and then removing her wraps, drew up a chair beside the fire.

"I am sorry I was out when you came, Mary. I went to Mrs. Patterson's for luncheon to-day and she stopped up to do some shopping afterwards," she explained.

"I came up for the sales, and have been shopping too," Mary replied, with a gesture toward the chair piled with bundles.

Mrs. Morrison frowned slightly. It was another thrust that stirred her memory. She knew without being told what those parcels contained—ginghams and calicoes that Mary would make up for her younger brothers and sisters at home; coarse cloths of ugly patterns, picked up from bargain counters for a mere fragment of what the rose silk had cost.

"How did you leave the folks at Berkeley?" she asked, interrupting quickly, as she saw Mary's hand reach towards the pile. After revealing among the silks at Bernard's she had no desire to see those crude, unbecoming things displayed.

"Oh, they're well," she answered lightly. "Mother's been wishing you'd come down and visit. She's anxious to hear about the grand times you're having here in Chester," she added with her soft, girlish laugh.

Mrs. Morrison flushed and toyed a moment with the jeweled rings on her fingers. Her relatives were part of the banished Berkeley she had forgotten in these proud and prosperous days. She had not meant to be cold and neglectful, but the new life had swept her far adrift from the old, and it was so rich in excitement and pleasure.

"I've been busy, Mary," she excused. "And it's hard to leave a big house and servants, and the children are in school."

A maid entered the room with the package from Bernard's.

"Leave it on the table, Anna," Mrs. Morrison commanded.

Mary turned toward the parcel with suddenly awakened curiosity.

"What have you bought, Aunt Kitty? A new dress? I suppose you can have no end of pretty clothes nowadays," she remarked, awaiting with an expectant smile.

Mrs. Morrison reached for the parcel a trifle reluctantly. As Berkeley it was customary to display purchases for the admiration of relatives and neighbors, and discuss with them the plans for "making up." She undid the wrappings, and the bright folds of the goods fell into Mary's lap, casting a reflecting glow across her pale face.

"It must be fine to be able to buy such beautiful things," she remarked, with a wistful expression. Her glance wandered about the long room with its well-filled bookcases, leather covered furniture and polished wood-work, then beyond where the open doors of the adjoining room disclosed to view the shining surface of a grand piano.

"You have a piano, too, Aunt Kitty! May—may I see it?" she asked eagerly.

"Certainly, Mary. Go in and play anything you like." She followed her niece into the little music room, and the girl's fingers sought the keys of the instrument with the quick instinct of the music-loving soul.

Mrs. Morrison stood at the window, gazing out, while Mary played. It would soon be spring; little patches of green were showing on the brown surface of the lawn, but the chill of March was still in the air, and grey, ominous clouds were gathering threateningly in the west. Mary played on, changing from one to another of the few simple pieces she knew; there was beauty and expression in her playing. A sudden feeling of misery smote Mrs. Morrison's heart, as she remembered the old broken down instrument in a corner of her sister's little sitting room at Berkeley. Her niece turned reluctantly from the piano at last.

"It's beautiful!" she declared. "I'd love to play on that forever! Father O'Brien wants an organ for the church at Berkeley. He asked mother if I might take lessons and learn to play for the Masses. Father says perhaps I can if—"

"If the crops and the stock do well this year." She was planning on her hat when she spoke.

"Jan's you stay over until to-morrow, Mary?"

"No, Aunt Kitty, I'd like to, but I promised mother I would be back on the afternoon train. It's almost spring and the sewing to be done now, and the gardening later, you know."

Mrs. Morrison sighed. She did know so well those incessant demands on time. Stepping to a corner of the room where the telephone stand stood, she ordered the carriage from the stable in spite of Mary's repeated demand to be allowed to walk. She carried out the pile of bundles herself, and after saying good-bye, stood with the March wind whipping chillingly about her until the coachman turned out of Howard Avenue towards the station. Then in a strange, dreary mood she went back to her seat by the library fire.

The velvet carpet under her feet; the rich shimmering folds of the rose colored silk on the table; all the objects of the beautiful room seemed to accuse her of some cold heartless neglect. Mary had come like a ghost of her past, bringing back unpleasant memories of all she had left behind her. In sharp contrast against her own present life of ease and luxury stood the dull, cheerless existence which her sister's family led. She had experienced all these privations herself in a measure, but wealth had come to her, sweeping her out of the old sphere into new delights; they had been satisfying, engrossing. She had forgotten while she pursued this pleasant life, that there was hungering and poverty and sorrow in the world.

The poor farming community of Berkeley had need of a helping hand. The little church where Father O'Brien said Mass twice a month was in need of many things. It was their desire to have a resident priest and a school where their children might receive instructions in

their faith. She wondered now why she had forgotten all these things.

While she sat there watching the glow of the fire in the grate, thinking new and troubled thoughts, the children came home and crowded about her with their childish prattle of school life. Helen, the eldest, a pretty little girl of twelve, drew up a chair beside her mother and curled herself gracefully into its spacious depths.

"Oh, mother! I must have another new dress!" she exclaimed with sudden declaration. "All the girls at the convent who are going to Aunt Daly's party next week are having new dresses made."

"But you have so many, dear," Mrs. Morrison protested, repressing a smile at her young daughter's air of importance. Then her eyes fell on the rose silk on the table, and for a second time that afternoon a feeling of guilt swept over her. It was surely her duty to give of the good, vain life she was blindly following and into which she was unconsciously leading her children. She saw it all clearly now, as she listened to their various and incessant demands.

When she sat opposite her husband that evening at dinner, she spoke of the visit of her niece, Mary Carroll.

He glanced up from his plate with momentary interest.

"Mary here? Why didn't she stay over for the night? We might have taken her to the theatre and shown her a good time." Then, as if the matter were of slight importance, he went on: "I ordered the automobile from Granger's to-day. It will be here in a month."

She listened dutifully while he enumerated the merits of the machine. She had expected him to talk of Berkeley, but that seemed a far-off world to him now. The grasp of the business world was growing strong upon him. He was eager to add to the accumulated wealth his uncle had left him. He, too, was forgetting spiritual things.

With a sudden energy that surprised him she spoke up:

"John, I think we've been selfish and wicked! What have we been doing with our money? Don't you remember how we used to freeze in the church at Berkeley when the cold wind swept in where the plaster had fallen off? Father O'Brien wants an organ. He was eager to add to the accumulated wealth his uncle had left him. He, too, was forgetting spiritual things."

John Morrison looked down at his plate a few moments, then met his wife's eyes earnestly.

"Kitty, I guess you're right," he said. "I'll cancel that order at Granger's to-morrow and send Father O'Brien a check that will start things moving at Berkeley."

The spirit of the old days of poverty had come back to reside in Mrs. Morrison's heart, and she was grateful for the lesson the day had taught.—S. V. Reilly, in the Rosary.

Live the life of prayer; learn to bring everything, to change everything into prayer—pain and trials and temptations of all kinds. Pray in the calm and in the storm.

A MESSAGE FROM THE DEAD

A STORY FOR NOVEMBER

By Rev. Richard W. Alexander

Many persons do not believe in the return of spirits from the other world. I cannot say that I do, either, but when I hear a man of undoubted integrity and common sense tell a story like the following, it gives one a creepy feeling, if not a belief in the appearance of supernatural visitors. In a word, it makes one pray for the dead in a manner more special than if such things were never written or told.

An excellent priest of my acquaintance, who is still a prominent pastor of a city church, was speaking about supernatural appearances, and told me this strange tale. The younger priest concerned is still alive and can corroborate the narrative. Both are religious men, and were together in their novitiate in a monastery of the old country, and were bosom friends. The younger man was gifted with a peculiarly happy temperament, always bright and sunny; it was a joy to be with him. Nor did he lose his charming personality as time went on; nay, he became another world of good humor and good temper. In fact, he was eminently one who "served the Lord in gladness."

Years rolled on, and he became procurator, or treasurer, of the monastery, and in that capacity was beloved by all. In the meantime the friends were separated. The one who told me the story came to America, where, as I said, he still serves his Divine Master in his holy calling. The friends wrote to each other for a long time, when suddenly the letters from across the sea ceased.

After several unsuccessful attempts to renew the correspondence, a letter to another friend brought back the cause of the silence. The letter was long and extraordinary, and this was the substance of it.

The friend said that one night this father procurator, who was always the last to retire, was kneeling in the chapel before the altar, with his own candle in hand, making a last visit to the Blessed Sacrament. It was his duty, after the monks retired, to see that the monastery was locked up, and particularly that the church and sacred vessels were secured. This had been done, and all was silence and darkness, except the sanctuary lamp and the faint light of his little candle. Suddenly some one touched him on the shoulder. He turned with a start and saw a monk of the order, one whom he did not know and had never seen, standing at his elbow.

"What do you want?" said the procurator.

"I want to speak to you," said the stranger.

"Well," said the procurator, "come to my cell. This is not the place to talk."

He was a little startled, but not surprised, as sometimes visiting fathers who were traveling came at any hour of the day or night to receive hospitality, which was never refused.

He rose from his knees, and found the stranger ready to precede him down the silent church.

"Blow out the candle, father," said the visitor.

"I will not," said the procurator. "How would we find our way in the dark?"

The stranger did not reply, and they reached the door of the church, where the procurator dipped his finger into the holy water and, as is usual, offered it to his companion, who took no notice of the act, which startled the procurator more than he wished to admit. He turned and made a reverent genuflection before closing the church door.

"Will you blow out the candle?" again he asked his visitor.

"No; I will not, I assure you. Go on!"

To his surprise, the monk went straight on, the direct way to his cell. An uncanny feeling began to take possession of the procurator. Here was a strange monk, one he had never seen in his life, and he had been in that monastery thirty years; the man had come suddenly, in the darkness of the night, and had walked through the convent to his cell without the slightest hesitation—had asked no direction and had received none. This was not an ordinary experience.

The cell was reached; the stranger entered. The procurator placed the candle in the middle of a writing table and gave his guest a chair. He sat down opposite to him, and felt his very flesh creep as he said in as steady a voice as he could:

"Well, now, what have you to say to me?"

The guest did not answer this, but taking up a pad of writing paper and handing him a pen, said:

"Write!"

The procurator was impelled to obey. As the stranger spoke he wrote down what was dictated. He seemed unable to resist, to ask explanations, to pause, or to do aught but follow the bidding of this unearthly guest.

When the big tower clock struck one he paused. The perspiration was pouring from his forehead; his hand dropped the pen; the candle was low in its socket, and he fell back in his chair, exhausted.

"Soal it and give it to the superior," said the visitor.

The procurator looked up. The monk had disappeared. The candle gave a last flare up and died out. He was in utter darkness. He threw himself on his bed in complete collapse and, through sheer weariness, slept.

When the bell called the brethren to matins he did not appear, but later on he was seen in outdoor garb ready for a journey. He went to the superior, told him of the occurrence, delivered the packet and resigned his office, for, said he, "I am completely unfitted for active work. I am a nervous wreck. See how I tremble?"

And, in fact, he looked like a broken-down old man. No trace was there of the bright, pleasant countenance, of the jolly good humored monk. He was unable to explain anything he had heard of the amazed and perplexed superior. He only asked to go to a far distant

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The Directors of the Capital Trust Corporation, Limited, are men known throughout Canada in the financial, commercial, and professional life for their personal integrity and business ability. The mere mention of their names should be sufficient to guarantee the efficiency and integrity of the Company's operation. The Directors are paying the same price for the stock as all other shareholders; no favors or discrimination are shown to anyone connected with the Company.

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The authorized capital stock of the Company is \$2,000,000, divided into Twenty Thousand Shares of One Hundred Dollars each. The Directors are now offering to the public \$1,000,000 at a premium of Ten Dollars a share. Every share subscribed for by the public and the Directors has been taken at the said premium, and the fund derived from the premium on the Stock is for the purpose of paying organization expenses, creating a reserve fund and of strengthening the financial standing of the Company. By these means the Company will commence business with its Capital intact and a substantial surplus on hand for the foundation of a strong and prosperous organization.

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monastery, where there were a few silent and aged monks who filled the ground and prayed constantly. As for the strange manuscript, its contents were not to be made known until after his death, and then the reason of his awful change would be known.

"It is a fearful and terrible thing to look into the world beyond the grave," said he.

The permission to retire was given reluctantly, and the procurator went to his new home to live a life of hard labor, silence and prayer.

He still lives, and although it is twenty years since the event of that night, he has never been known to smile.

The mysterious manuscript remains unopened.

I must confess I felt a chill run over me as my friend concluded his story. It is a strange one, and no one has explained it. When I asked my friend what he thought, he only shrugged his shoulders and made the sign of the cross.

As all the participants of the circumstances are still living, there is a wide margin for thought. I give the story as I got it.

GENERAL INTENTION FOR NOVEMBER

RECOMMENDED AND BLESSED BY HIS HOLINESS PIUS X.

HELPING THE POOR

The Holy Spirit assures us, in the words of Ecclesiasticus, that the Supreme Owner of all things is the author of the unequal distribution of earthly goods. The inspired writer tells us that "Good things and evil, life and death, poverty and riches, are from God" (Eccl. ix, 14). This is a fact that we do not accept as true, and do our best to reconcile ourselves to the consequences resulting therefrom. If worldly prosperity were a sign of God's good will, and poverty a sign of His disfavor, there might be a reason for questioning His Providence. But the rich are not saints, nor are the poor all sinners; on the other hand, the rich are not all enemies of God, nor are the poor all saints. This being the case, surely the Eternal Wisdom has its designs in making some rich and prosperous, while it permits others to live in penury.

Little reasoning is necessary to reveal God's plan. Life does not end with the grave. There is a world beyond greater than this one, where earthly sufferings patiently borne will be turned into joys, and where virtue will receive its hundredfold reward. The road thither must be travelled by both rich and poor. Poverty takes one to the road, wealth another, but the condition imposed on the wayfarers are the same: Fear God and keep His commandments! This is the great precept that rich and poor must obey.

If an advantage on this journey towards heaven be sought for, it will be sought for, it will be the side of the poor who accept their poverty with resignation. The path is easier for them, for they follow Christ more closely. He was poor and His example has a sweet attractiveness that the rich do not experience. Prosperity and pleasure become stumbling blocks in the upward path for too many who are rich. When everything succeeds with them and all their desires are satisfied, when fortune smiles, and honors come to them, they too often forget God; they find the road to heaven arduous; and they try to build their paradise here on earth. This world is good enough for them. Did not Our Lord tell us that it is easier for a camel to get through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter heaven? He knew that wealth puffs up, that worldly success dazzles, that the joys of living blunt the conscience and harden the heart. On the contrary, adversity, of which poverty is a phrase, is very often the earnest return to God. Many who ignore Him in their successes, return to Him when their worldly concerns go wrong. The vanity of human wishes reveals itself to such people, the true value of wealth dawns upon them, remorse over lives that are being wasted seizes them, and they make their peace with God. Who will say that in such cases adversity is not a blessing? Or that of the two classes who are on the road to eternity the poor have not undoubtedly the better of it? All this is elementary, but unfortunately it is forgotten or ignored by many Catholics who hear deploring their lowly state and envying the rich.

And yet the rich have stern duties to perform. The mere accumulation of wealth should not be their end in life, but a means to attain this end. God intends that they should use their wealth to save their souls. None should know better than they that their wealth is not the fruit of their own industry. Our Lord asks them: "What have you that you have not received?" The strongest reason why He permits the unequal distribution of this world's goods is to give the wealthy opportunities to practise virtue, hoping thereby to move their hearts and win their allegiance. If He wills some to be poor for the greater assurance of their salvation, on the other hand He expects the rich to assure the welfare of their souls by sharing their wealth with the poor. It is here that the divine plan becomes evident. How often and how forcibly the sacred text insists on the duty of almsgiving: "Help the poor because of the commandments and send him not away because of his poverty (Eccl. xxix, 2)." "Deal thy bread and harbor to thy needy; when thou shalt see one naked cover him; and despise not thy own flesh." (Is. lviii, 7). By the mouth of the inspired writers, God urges, exhorts, the rich to help the poor.

The meaning of those solemn exhortations cannot escape us. The rich should know that they must not wrap themselves up in aloofness while their poorer brethren are in want. They should know that they are merely the stewards of God, that while human laws can not oblige them to part with their wealth to do charity, for human rights must be respected, the law of God is to

be viewed from a higher level. His rights, which hover over rich and poor alike, are not restricted by human regulations. The stewards of the Overlord are the rich, but they must do their duty to the poor.

Nor are opportunities wanting; we need not go far afield to find this out. The miseries of poverty may be seen around us; the greatest number perhaps being in our largest centers of population. But here again we have the divine plan revealing itself, for it is not also in large centers of population that the greatest amount of wealth is to be found? Evidently God wishes to keep the balance even, and woe to those who fail to cooperate!

It is narrow and worldly to say that there are too many who are unworthy objects of charity. Perhaps there are unworthy poor, but they are not all such. The rich should console themselves with the conviction that when they give alms they give to God; and that whatever they give to the poor in His name is not thrown away; it is well invested. Better be deceived by a dozen impostors than that one worthy person should go hungry.

But how are the rich to give alms? One sometimes wonders what motives inspire the givers of large donations; whether or no the prospect of a marble slab or a bronze monument be not behind the deed. And yet it would be ungenerous to impute ignoble motives; let us leave to God the task of sounding human hearts. There should be no hesitation, however, in setting down the doctrine of true almsgiving. When the rich dole out their alms, whether it be great or small, let their charity be done in secret. Let their right hand not know what the other gives; it is not necessary to take the wind into one's confidence, and the task of almsgiving that is accompanied by the blare of trumpets; He sees the deed; He weighs the motives; the angels record them; and that should be enough.

And the advantages of helping the poor? Almsgiving is a spiritual investment which from every point of view, is more advantageous than squandering wealth in luxury or hiding it away in banks, and the reason is because in almsgiving it is God Himself who becomes our debtor. "He who giveth to the poor endeth to the Lord." (Prov. xix, 17). The more God owes the rich—that is to say, the more the rich invest with the poor—the more they merit His favor and good will. How differently does the world look at this kind of business! Here, a debtor is sagittated and without peace in proportion to the amount he owes; in Heaven, God is a debtor whose joy may be measured by the number of His creditors; the greater the number the more intense His pleasure. Again, in the world, when one speculates with money or put it out at interest, we look for ample security for its return to us some day. Experience of failures, bankruptcies, and so on, obliges us to lend our wealth only on the strength of bonds or mortgages. But things are different when we lend to God. Know that His poor have no earthly credit, no guarantees to fall back upon. He comes to their aid; He offers security for them. We can hear Him crying out to the rich: "You do not trust My poor! Well, then, trust Me and My promises. Know that the investment you have made in helping My poor in this world will yield you a hundredfold in the next!"

Almsgiving brings indeed its own rewards. No practice is recalled oftener in the Scriptures, or more thoroughly prized there, than that of helping the poor. In fact, eloquent passages of the sacred text would lead one to think that almsgiving is a universal means of salvation. Not that sympathy for the poor, or that helping them in their needs, is in itself sufficient to merit heaven, but because the charitable spirit that moves the almsgiver to act, opens the gates that hold in the torrents of God's grace which are always ready to flow into human souls, a merciful imaginer is rewarded even in the world. In the first place, almsgiving brings temporal prosperity in its train. The hard-hearted miser will tell you that what you give to the poor is lost; that may be true if it be not given for God's sake. But almsgiving, done in a Christian spirit, imparts to you a blessing. "He that giveth to the poor," says the Wise Man, "shall not want; but he that despiseth his needy shall suffer indignation." (Prov. xxviii, 27). Elsewhere the Royal Prophet confirms these words in assuring us that "he who showeth mercy and lendeth all day long, shall be blessed in his posterity." (Prov. xxi, 28). The other fruit that follows from almsgiving is spiritual in its nature, namely, the gift of graces to overcome temptation and to avoid sin. "Water quenqueth a flaming fire and alms resisteth sins. God will remember the almsgiver, and in the day of his fall he shall find a sure stay." (Eccl. iii, 33-34). "Alms will deliver from all sin and from death, and will not suffer the soul to go into darkness." (Tob. iv, 12). Mere material alms will not affect all this, but the merciful spirit by which it is given will render God benevolent. The same spirit will help us to make spiritual progress, and in the end assure us the greatest grace that we could ask for, a holy and happy death. "Blessed is he that understandeth concerning the needy and the poor: the Lord will deliver him in the evil day." (Ps. xi, 2)

And just as the Lord has threatened with punishment those who are unkind to the needy (Matt. xxv, 41-46), so He has promised eternal life to those who have been prodigal of themselves and of their wealth, in favor of their poorer brethren. "I was hungry and you gave Me to eat; I was thirsty and you gave Me to drink; I was a stranger and you took Me in; naked, and you covered Me; sick and you visited Me." As long as you did it to one of these My least brethren you did it to Me. Come ye blessed of My Father possess the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world." (Ibid. 34-40)

If these few thoughts were taken hold of and made principles of conduct, what a different world this one would be! Social unrest would disappear; brotherly love would flourish; happiness would dwell in Christian homes; and would be served in a manner befitting His majesty; while the rich who, by the noble exercise of their free will, would be the cause of this happy state of affairs, could consider themselves as children of God and heirs of Heaven.

E. J. DEVINE, S. J.

GREATNESS OF THE CREATOR LITTLENES OF THE CREATURE

AND OTHER LESSONS FROM NATURE BEAUTIFULLY PORTRAYED IN THE SERMON OF ARCHBISHOP GLENNON

St. Louis Church Progress

Preaching at the New Cathedral Chapel on the Gospel of St. Matthew, chapter 6. "At that time Jesus said to His disciples, No man can serve two masters, etc.; etc.; text, Consider the lilies of the field, His Grace said:

In this Gospel our Blessed Lord teaches us a beautiful lesson and teaches it in a beautiful way. He says to His apostles: "You cannot serve two masters," a statement which is true in the natural as well as in the supernatural order, and the truth of it is reinforced in reason and logic, as well as in religion.

The masters our Lord meant in this instance were God and Mammon. God the Creator, the Lord, the Master of all, and on the other hand Mammon, primarily one of their heathen gods, but in Christ's and later days, standing for wealth and luxury and the concupiscent of life. As between these our Lord says there must be no divided allegiance, we must serve one or the other. Gently and beautifully does our Lord lead us to our true duty, namely, to serve God and to depend on Him.

He will protect us. He can be for us our All in All. At other times our Lord does inveigh against the sins and the pride of life; the frailties and miseries thereof. But to-day it is by gentler means He will lead us from these to the better things, from the frailties of life to the Lord and Master of us all. His words are the words of a loving appeal. He tells us that we are to consider the flowers of the field and the birds of the air, and the teeming creation around us. All these are God's. All these depend on Him. And how well He treats them! Who can improve on His work? Who will give an added beauty to the lily or an added perfume to the rose? Who will set more beautiful color on the far off hill crest or tinge with brighter gold the cloud that is cradled by the seething sun? You who struggle, He says, and are solicitous about what you eat and about what you wear, consider these things. The heavenly Father takes care of them. Will He not, also, take care of you?

You can see my brethren, the parallel and how beautifully it is wrought out by Our Blessed Saviour. He would make of the flowers and the birds and the glories of nature around us the means whereby we would be led up to the throne of God, which proves to us that our dear St. Francis was not so foolish when he made his speeches to his little brothers and sisters, who congregated around him. He, also, considered the lilies of the field and the birds of the air, claiming with them the heritage of a common protection, and that none other than the Blessed Father of all.

Indeed nature would lead us to God, not alone in the beauty of its adorning, but, also, in the majesty and power which it asserts, and which to the thinking mind brings in vivid outline the power and greatness of the Creator, and by contrast, the littleness and weakness of the creature.

Recently this thought vividly before me. Climbing the mountain as you start to reach the mountain crest, your first impression is of your own considerable ability, and of the seeming ease with which the ascent can be made, but as you reach the foothills, you begin to wonder whether the foothills are not the mountain itself, until you are more and more conscious of the mountain looming up in perspective, still threatening its heights, still unattained. You have traveled much, yet far off the mountain crest lies in solitary grandeur. To look up it appears greater than before, whereas to look down, you think that much has been accomplished. You are above the cedars, but you are still beneath the stars. A weariness comes to the mind and even then you begin to see what a pigmy you are. The mountain is very great, but you are small indeed. Onward you go, up beyond the pines to where vegetation is rare, but because of its rarity all the more beautiful. For here the flowers painted by the Great Artist, though born to bluish unseen, yet for their Master wear their brightest colors, their blue being the blue of the dome above, their whiteness reflecting the throne of God, while in their crimson glaze is seen the flaming wings of the Cherubim.

Then you can consider the lilies of the field, for the lilies grow there with the mountain rose and varied foliage which only the lofty mountain side is blessed with. And with these as your background, the plain below spreads out before you, a far-off vision filled with light and shadow and with dimly discerned outlines, indicating the cities of the plain. The houses become as the blocks that children play with, and the men and women as mere ant specks on the distant plain, and yet it is such specks as these that even, while you gaze, feel infused with their own greatness. They wonder what they ought to eat and wherewith they shall be clothed, the pettiness, the jealousy, and the misery of their little lives are wrought out with tragic importance. And as you stand by the mountain's crest and carry with you the little tragedies that are being enacted, and look down at the actors there, you begin to see how utterly foolish the lives that have such settings are. For now you see that God alone is great. The mountains and the heavens are telling

you His praises, are proclaiming His greatness, and at the same time, and by contrast, the littleness and cheapness and vanity of His poor creatures.

By this lesson reflects, too, upon the observer. He realizes there in the heights how little, how insignificant he is. The misplaced step, a momentary loss of nerve, or attack of dizziness, and down you go to unimpeded destruction. And still the mountain remains in untroubled calmness, quite unmoved by the tragedy it witnesses. But, though unmoved, teaching us still the lesson that if we place our trust in Him who is mindful even of the sparrow's fall, He will guide us. He will lead us to even greater heights, borne on the wings of His mercy to immortality.

It is a long way from the mountain to the sea. Yet, there, also, the same lesson is brought home. They who travel may think that in fasting palaces of the sea they are masters of the deep, and yet it may be, as when the Titanic went down, that in the moment of their greatest trial, at the moment when they toasted their assured victory over the deep, even then the sea was calling, and they, the victors of a few hours, become for all time its victims, and their proudest handiwork is swallowed into its unfathomed depths.

But our Blessed Lord in to-day's gospel does not bring to bear on us the mountain's gleam of glory, or the tragedies of the deep to teach us His power as conqueror of our depression. He uses rather those simpler objects which, nearer to our lives, should convey a nearer lesson. It is the lesson still of the birds of the air, the lilies of the field. It is from these He would bring the lesson home to us, a lesson probably needed all through history, but never more needed than to-day. For it is to-day of all others that people take thought only of themselves, and, consequently, are more and more solicitous concerning what they eat and what they wear and less solicitous about their Master who alone is worthy of service and who alone should arouse their solicitude.

Think for a moment of the method of life, the mode of thought, the ambitions that control our average citizens. The morning sees them anxious about their personal appearance, and when they have that attended to, the next chapter is: What shall they wear. And the next chapter is: how the shirt shall be prepared, and how the vest shall be made, to fill out the program of the worship of Mammon, until the clothes they wear, the things they eat, and the money they make forms the program of their days and years. It is about these they are solicitous, and in their acquisition of them, they will do to give their time and thoughts and souls in the service. God is forgotten.

Now it is from this servile worship of self and selfishness that our Lord, would recall us to worship the true Lord and Master of our souls and to depend on Him.

FIGURATIVE THEOLOGY

Students of logic know the danger of the argument a pari. It is so easy for the things, alike in every other respect, to differ in just that on which the argument depends. Still more dangerous is the argument drawn from figures; which, nevertheless, the Protestant theologian of to-day declines to not a little. It is true that some figures are familiar in Catholic theology. They come to us from the Gospel, they are interpreted by the Church; and therefore within the limits set by authority, they give arguments quite conclusive. But these the Protestant theologian deserts often for the sake of his own invention. We noticed lately the arch, the face-masking and the pyramid figure, by which some would demonstrate their ideas of the Church, or illustrate the usurpations of the papacy. When the Protestant theologian uses the figures of the Gospel he is likely to pervert them as Bishop Boyd-Carpenter has just done in Montreal.

Four Protestant colleges of theology affiliated to McGill University in that city have been united and the union was celebrated by a banquet. Among the distinguished guests were Dr. Boyd-Carpenter, long Bishop of Ripon, but now enjoying repose as a canon of Westminster, and his wife, and a number of English to speak, and he did so. Whether the whistle was worth the penny is doubtful. He said that though not in sympathy with Church union, he thought the uniting of the McGill colleges a good thing; and he justified the paradox by remarking that two may sit at the same table, but they do not mean that they must necessarily eat the same food.

Here we have the argument a pari with the similarity falling just on that point on which the argument depends. The likeness of attendance in the schools to visiting at a banquet is an old story. But like as they are, they differ in this: the variety of dishes offering of choice to the feasters, which is characteristic of the feast, has little place in the schools, least of all in the school of theology, as we shall see. Here is also the argument from a figure, and from a scriptural figure: "A certain man made a great supper; 'The kingdom of Heaven is likened to a king who made a marriage for his son'; 'Labor not for the meat that perisheth, but for that which endureth life everlasting.'" And the Bishop perverted the figure. The food served in the banquet, the meat for which one must labor, is, in the spiritual sense, the banquet of grace given by God for our salvation, the Redeemer, the Church, the sacraments, grace, the theological virtues, etc. and here there

is no choice. Hence St. Paul says of the fathers of Israel, that they "did all eat the same spiritual food," adding that "these things were done in a figure of us." In the school of theology God's revelation the master of our faith, is the rich banquet served, and there is but one faith as there is but one Lord, and it must be accepted in its entirety. Picking and choosing there comes under the ugly name of heresy. The Bishop's figure, if it is apropos of the McGill united colleges, means that each individual student enjoys in them the privilege of being a heretic, and it is good that he should have this privilege.

Yet Bishop Boyd-Carpenter has a great name among Episcopallians on both sides of the Atlantic.—America.

FRUITS OF "REFORMATION"

One of the characteristic features of the so-called "Reformation" in Great Britain and through that Government in Ireland was the zeal manifested in plundering, confiscating and destroying the temples of religion and charity, which dotted the land since the first planting of the Christian religion throughout the land.

The Protestant historian Cobbett gives in his history of the Reformation a startling presentation of the extent to which the work of plunder and confiscation was carried on. Many of the ancient ruins to be found in different parts of Ireland tell to-day a sad story of ecclesiastical and civil destruction which was not a riot during those years of strife and dissension.

One of these is the ruins of the historic Franciscan Abbey of Donegal, situated on Donegal Bay. It was founded in the year 1474 by Hugh Roe O'Donnell, Prince of Tyrconnell. It had the best library in the kingdom and a large part of the annals of the Four Masters was compiled there, but the value and sacred character of the monastery and its belongings did not save it from destruction at the hands of the anti-Catholic fanatics in 1551.

The historian McGee describes how the British garrisons located near the ancient seats of ecclesiastical power and munificence were authorized to plunder the sanctuaries and storehouses. The garrison of Down sacked the celebrated shrines of St. Patrick, Bridget, and Columbkille.

So it was also in Rathlin Island, Clonmacnoise, and other sacred institutions which had been for centuries revered by the people, and which were centers of learning, charity and religious zeal. The pictured glass was torn from the widow frames and the reversed images from their niches. The altars were overturned and sacred vessels polluted and carried off.

All this in the alleged interest of religion, the spirit of Christ's Gospel of peace, and in obedience to His great command: "Love ye one another." What a mockery of all religion and Christian civilization!

Yet such has ever been the spirit of anti-Catholic fanaticism. Its characteristics have been malevolence and sacrilege and robbery in centuries reversed in the field of civilization over which it passes like that of the deadly simoon of the desert. But the spirit of truth which remains with the Church eternal cannot be crushed forever. It rises again and triumphs over its enemies.

"Truth crushed to earth, will rise again; The eternal years of God are hers; While error, wounded, writhes in pain, And dies among her worshippers.

CATHOLIC HAPPINESS

One of the most interesting phases of books describing the population of rural places in Catholic countries is the almost universal agreement on the part of writers as to the peace and happiness they observed. We have had a number of very interesting contributions to this tenor with regard to the country people of Italy. Some of Montgomery Carmichael's books and some of the writings of Henry Harland, of Marion Crawford, and of his gifted sister, Mrs. Fraser, bring this out very clearly for provincial Italy.

Recent travelers in Spain have emphasized the quiet, peaceful, happy lives of the peasants, their honesty, sobriety, and, above all, their gentlemanliness in the best sense of the word. One finds the very spirit of kindly courtesy and Christian politeness among the very poor people of both Italy and Spain. On a Spanish train practically no one will begin to eat or drink in the compartment of a railroad car without offering to share with even the strangers who are present. The hospitality of the Italian country folk where they are unpolished by over frequent travel is proverbial. In the Catholic cantons of Switzerland the gentility of the country folk is well known and has often been contrasted with the master of fact, businesslike methods of most of the inhabitants of the Protestant cantons.

One feels that there is a peace and a feeling of good-fellowship in these Catholic countries that is the result of a satisfaction of soul. It is no wonder that the death rate from suicide is, as statistics show, much lower among the Catholic populations everywhere than among the corresponding peoples of similar nationality, temperament and climate who either have no religion or are mainly Protestants. The difference between the south of Ireland and the north, between the Rhineland and North German, between the Catholic and Swiss Protestant cantons in this regard often has been called to attention.

Recently there has been a very glowing tribute paid to a people much closer to us in this country as a rule than the Latins or most of the other European nations. An Englishman interested in social problems has spent some time among the people of the south of Ireland and has been surprised into some most interesting admissions with regard to the social conditions. The writer is Harold B. Gile who has written several books with regard to English social problems and questions. His latest book "The Lady Next Door," after confessing that he inherited "an almost violent antipathy for the Roman Catholic Church," he has this paragraph with regard to the people of the south of Ireland

for which we are indebted to a recent issue of the Ave Maria:

"In Ireland I came face to face with my problem. In the south where Catholic influence is supreme, the people are almost unerring in their sweetness of disposition, entirely admirable in the beauty and contentment of their domestic life, wonderful in the wholesomeness and sanctity of their chastity. Instead of a lazy, thriftless, discontented, and squalid people—as I had imagined them to be—the Irish of the south won my sympathy and compelled my admiration by qualities the very opposite. It seemed to me that these hardworking, simple-living, family-loving and most warm-hearted people had done what we in England have largely failed to do, even in our villages—to wit, solved the problem of life. The charm which every traveler feels in the south of Ireland is the character of the Irish people; and my investigation formed me to the judgment that this character is the culture of Irish Catholicism. My problem lay, therefore, in securing the admiration I felt for those gracious people with my generation of the Church which has guarded Irish character from the dawn of its history. I was compelled to admit that I had greatly misjudged the Catholic Church."

It is ignorance that fosters prejudice against the Church. Only knowledge is needed to correct it. When our Protestant brethren have learned this lesson there will be well—Catholic Union and Times.

The longing of the moment always seems the great essential. We are apt to forget the long eternity of regret.

We should try and understand that the most productive work in the whole day, both for time and eternity, is that involved in hearing Mass.

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LETTERS OF RECOMMENDATION. Apostolic Delegation. Mr. Thomas Coffey. My Dear Sir—Since coming to Canada I have had a number of opportunities to note with satisfaction that it is directed with intelligence and ability, and above all, that it is published with a Catholic spirit.

LONDON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 9, 1912

IRELAND—NORTH AND SOUTH

Throughout the whole widespread discussion of Ulster's opposition to Home Rule, it is always either blatantly asserted or quietly assumed that the Protestant North is prosperous, progressive, energetic and highly civilized, while the Catholic South is lazy, thoughtless, indolent and medieval.

In passing it may be stated that Belfast is one of the greatest ship-building cities of the world. Lord Pirrie, the head of the greatest Belfast ship-building firm, Harland and Wolff, is from conviction, not sentiment, a staunch Home Ruler.

Underlying it all, of course, is the triumphant challenge: Compare the effects of Protestantism in the North with the results of Catholicism in the South. We accept the challenge, and we shall summon witnesses competent and unprejudiced.

Father Sheehan, whose novels portraying Irish life are read not only wherever the English language is spoken, but have been translated into every language in Europe, in a passage in "Luke Delmege" thus contrasts North and South:

"But you spoke of Belfast?" "Yes," said Luke. "While all down here is a slough of despond and misery, there in the North you have a metropolis of splendor, and wealth, and progress."

"Progress again! In heaven's name, man, are you a Christian and a Catholic?" "It is precisely because I am both, that I see the inevitable absorption of our race in the stronger one, or its absolute depletion under the overwhelming influences of modern life."

sandwich or two, a bottle of lemonade, a few cakes and oranges for the children. I passed through and through these happy groups, near enough to hear every word they said. I peered over the shoulders of a young mechanic. He was reading in the evening—a happy, bright, courteous, refined crowd; no hustling or jostling; but Celtic politeness and Celtic wit and humour.

Father Sheehan knows his Ireland. But lest any should think his sympathies even unconsciously biased his views, we give in emphatic corroboration of his evidence, the testimony of a sturdy and aggressive Protestant Englishman. Mr. Harold Begbie visited to the South of Ireland, prejudiced, as he himself confesses, against both the southern Irish and their religion.

THE ACADIAN RECORDER. On the 16th of January, 1913, the Acadian Recorder newspaper of Halifax will celebrate its centenary. The first number of the paper was published on January 16, 1813, by Philip Holland.

Some years ago H. D. Blackadar died, and Mr. C. C. Blackadar became the sole proprietor. The present proprietor has the unique distinction of having refused both a senatorship and the Lieutenant-Governorship of Nova Scotia.

THE SALVATION ARMY. The death of General Booth has called forth wide spread comment on the Salvation Army which he founded, and during his long life absolutely controlled.

STOP IT. It is to be regretted that our Canadian dailies are copying to some extent the shocking methods of some of the yellow papers of New York.

Canon Troop. He came into the pulpit, did Canon Troop, with a pound of passion and an ounce of common sense.

DR. HANNA APPOINTED. Many people even in Canada will be glad to hear of the appointment of Rev. Edward J. Hanna, D. D., as Auxiliary to His Grace the Archbishop of San Francisco.

Unity is the striking and undeniable characteristic of the Catholic Church; it is an ideal which those outside the fold vainly attempt to realize. The Salvation Army was modelled on the military principle, with General Booth the supreme commander, and all the important offices under him given to members of his own family.

IS IT BIGOTRY OR IGNORANCE? The Women's Christian Temperance Union recently held a convention in the town of Renfrew. The President, Mrs. Wm. Pugsley, of Toronto, presented a variety of suggestions in regard to the betterment of moral conditions prevailing in the country.

TWO POINTS OF VIEW. The sorry spectacle of leading Unitarians stirring up the lowest dregs of Ulster Orangemen, and inciting them to war on innocent Catholic laborers, has to a great extent receded on the fomenters of lawlessness.

CANON TROOP. He came into the pulpit, did Canon Troop, with a pound of passion and an ounce of common sense.

A LESSON. A recent event in Quebec city forms an object lesson for many preachers of Ontario.

NOTES AND COMMENTS. "The three Sisters of Lord Russell of Killowen," a posthumous work by Father Matthew Russell, S. J., has just issued from the press of Longmans, Green and Co. in England.

THE WRECK OF THE Titanic. The title of a poem of some eight hundred lines, by Rev. Andrew O'Malley, which has been put into circulation by W. E. Blake & Son, Limited, Toronto.

Consistories, synods in caves hold; Consulting they meet in the deep, Respectful, pride and speed to scold, And curse them in nightmare of sleep.

evening paper he wants to read the news, and when he begins an article he wants to finish it there and then. An old time printer who made up his page in decorous fashion, looking at the newspaper of to-day, told us not long since that if the asylums had their own there would be a considerable addition of newspaper make-up men within their walls.

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Beekes, St. Charles—There are many old superstitions about bees. The begin with, never pay money for them; if you do, they will fly away or die away, as they are free and will not submit to sale.

PAPAL TYRANNY IN IRELAND. Our friend of the Bracebridge Herald, to whom we refer last week, is still shooting off his pop-guns at the Catholic Church.

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scribe, who is sponsor for the very original theory that we are all perfectly free to do as we please, thinks the Pope should have taken the side of Cromwell's murderers. Here again we are quite willing to allow the impartial student of history to pronounce the verdict. So much for the sinister influence of Rome in Irish affairs.

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THE PRESENT period of stress and turmoil in the politics of the British Isles, and, especially, the noisy demonstration of the Unionists of Ulster, may seem to superficial observers an inauspicious occasion for the conversion of a public man to the Catholic faith.

THE SON of Attorney-General Law, who afterwards became Lord Chancellor of Ireland, Mr. Hugh Law was born in 1872, educated at Rugby and afterwards at Oxford. It will thus be seen that as the son of the party of the ascendancy in Ireland, and the product of an English university, his antecedents were not propitious to the imbibing of Catholic principles.

SOME INTERESTING DETAILS have recently been published with regard to the last days of the great Napoleon on the island of St. Helena, and of his reconciliation to the Church before his death. It has of course long been known that such reconciliation took place, and that the Emperor received the last sacraments with the faith and humility of a little child.

"A FEW HOURS before his death," the account runs, "the Emperor expressed a desire to make his confession. He summoned Abbe Vignati, who had been sent to St. Helena from Rome by the Holy Father, invested with the fullest faculties. His majesty wanted General Montholon, my father, to remain in the room, but the Abbe said this could not be allowed. As the Emperor insisted, it was arranged that a screen should be put up and that the General should remain behind it, which was accordingly done. But from obvious motives of respect and delicacy, the General, while wishing to defer to the desire of the august patient, retired further back into the adjoining sitting-room, the door leading into which was open, and which was covered by the screen. At the end of three-quarters of an hour the Abbe went to call the General. When my father returned to the Emperor's bedroom, His Majesty exclaimed, 'Ah! Montholon, what a comfort that is!' (Comme cela fait du bien!) 'The Emperor was much in prayer, and seemed to recollect himself in prayer. The Emperor confessed and received Extreme Unction of his own initiative with the simplicity of a child that was most touching. He was bent upon making a Christian end, and he openly said and declared as much.'"

THE RECENT death of Father George Kenny, of the Society of Jesus, suggests a few personal reminiscences of a man whose humility alone kept him from the recognition during his lifetime to which his supreme gifts as a preacher entitled him. It may be doubted whether in the last two generations Canada has produced an orator, in any sphere, of equal power and impressiveness. Some of our best known political orators were but as sounding brass as compared with him, yet their names are household words, while that of Father Kenny is unknown beyond the limits of the parishes in which he successfully ministered. Such is earthly fame. The one of set purpose courted the plaudits of the multitude, while the other shrank from public applause, and devoted his every

energy to the salvation of immortal souls.

WE FIRST heard Father Kenny in 1884, in the then uncompleted church of Our Lady Immaculate, Guelph. Up to that time he was a stranger in the parish to whose every member he was later as rector to be so well-known.

Only the apex and transepts of the stately edifice were in existence at that time, and these were connected by a temporary wall with the old church of St. Bartholomew, which, in the following year gave place to the spacious nave as it now stands. On the Sunday referred to, the presence of a distinguished-looking stranger as celebrant had been remarked by many at one of the earlier Masses, and when at the High Mass the same stranger stepped into the temporary pulpit of rough boards then in use, all eyes were riveted upon him. It was Father George Kenny, so well known to the congregations of St. Francis Xavier's, New York, or of the Gesù, Montreal, as an eloquent and persuasive preacher, but now for the first time looking upon what was to be, ere many years had flown, his own spiritual family. That was the Feast of the Annunciation, twenty-eight years ago, but the memory of that sermon, and of the more formal discourse at Vespers has remained with us to this day. It is, perhaps, a hackneyed term to say that an orator holds his audience spellbound. Very often, too, it is a term of simple exaggeration. In the case of the sermons referred to, as those who were privileged to hear them can testify, it is well within the truth to say that the preacher held his hearers enthralled.

WE NEXT heard Father Kenny preach from the pulpit of St. Michael's Cathedral, Toronto. It was a simple discourse on the gospel of the day, but as with all his efforts, characterized by a high degree of power and impressiveness. We have listened to him many times since then, and always with fresh pleasure and profit. But never, we think, has he been heard to greater advantage than in the mission for men which he preached in the same venerable edifice in the Lent of 1888. We can see him now, as clad in the simple habit of his Order, he glided silently into the pulpit, and then with a voice and manner that one meets with not more than once or twice in a lifetime, unfolding to his hearers the great truths of salvation. The cathedral pulpit has been occupied by many preachers of distinction, but never, we think, by one who made his hearers realize more keenly the littleness of man and the greatness of his destiny than he. We can still hear him say: "We live to die. You are living to be rich. Perhaps you will succeed; but I will tell you in what you will succeed without a perhaps. You will succeed in dying very poor. You are living to fill a great place in the world? You may succeed; but you will not fail in this, you will fill a very small place one day; it will not take much to hold all that will be left of you. You are living to make yourself a great name? Why, it will come to pass that men will forget where you are buried. Two or three years and your name will have dropped out of man's memory."

OR AGAIN: "When the hour of the opening of the last great assize comes, the Eternal Judge will find the sentence on the judgment seat written by your own hand; there, hands of ours will write the sentence of our eternity. It is written now: Yours is written, and yours, and yours. If God were to stop the beating of your heart now, and called you into His presence, what sentence is there? Oh, you say, I will change the mode of my life before that happens. When is it going to happen? Go into the dungeon of the man who is going to lay down his life on the gallows to-morrow; perhaps you will see written over his head, where he is sleeping, the sentence of death. But if we could see what is written over the head of the man who lays himself down to sleep in mortal sin, his own sentence, in his own handwriting? Darned! According to his works it will be rendered unto him. Oh! take it down; do not leave it over your head tonight; do not sleep in mortal sin! Be you, therefore, always ready, ready for the Judge!"

FATHER KENNY had much in common with the great historic preachers of the Society of Jesus—with Rootham and De Ravignan in France, and with McCarthy and his own great namesake in Ireland. To a voice of great sweetness and resonance he added a handsome and dignified presence, and, when occasion called for it, a dramatic power that, always kept under control as it was, yet in his hands was a most effective instrument for good. He came of a good, influential and deeply religious family. Two younger brothers are members of the English Province S. J., while a sister held high office in the Sacred Heart Order. His father, Sir Edward Kenny was a well known Canadian parliamentarian, and for a time Administrator of the Government of

Nova Scotia. Father Kenny himself seemed destined for a public career. He began life as a practicing barrister in Halifax, in partnership with his brother-in-law, Sir M. B. Daly, but in 1874 forsook the law and entered the Jesuit novitiate. He has since ordination held many important offices in the Society, among them professorships in St. Mary's college, Montreal; St. Peter's, Jersey City, and Fordham University. He was also rector of St. Dunstan's college, Charlottetown, P. E. I. He held the rectorship of the church of Our Lady, Guelph, for several years, and after another short sojourn in Montreal returned to Guelph an invalid, without hope of ultimate recovery, where in the last days of September he ended his days in peace. His death leaves Fathers Jones and Drummond the only survivors of that remarkable group of English-speaking Fathers—George Kenny, William Doherty, Gregory O'Bryan, Francis Ryan, Lewis Drummond and Arthur Jones—who in their generation had so great a part in the extension of the work and influence of the Society of Jesus in Canada, and the Maryland—New York Province. R. L. P.

THE CONVERSION OF ENGLAND

THE MODERN ST. AUGUSTINE A LITTLE MOTOR CHAPEL, BY J. P. HOLLAND

Throughout the English-speaking world there is one idea, one aspiration common to all Catholics irrespective of parentage or nationality. As every Catholic tongue voices in unison the words of the Our Father or Hall Mary, so every Catholic heart is filled with longing every Catholic pulse will beat the quicker at the mere mention of the Conversion of England.

Fervently as the exiled Catholic may pray God to hasten the day of England's return to the Old Faith, one needs to travel close to the land once saturated with the blood of martyrs, to wander beneath goined arch and lofty turret of ancient cathedrals, once the home of our Dear Mother Church, to listen to the parrot prattle of Protestant verger unweaving the threads of sacred tradition, to the senseless chatter of tourists in the once silent cloisters, to visit the ruins of abbeys and monasteries now converted into snug vicarages with the episcopal baby carriage or sacerdotal motor car occupying the sacred ground of the old priory or abbey, to see a weary pilgrim grime to the head and shoulders, only to find the sacred edifices slashed and hammered out of all recognition, to come across delicate carvings of such groups as the Holy Family at Bethlehem only to find them soiled and defaced, to see the head of the Sacred Infant, Our Lady and St. Joseph had been ruthlessly chopped off by ghoulish Protestants—these and a thousand and one similar experiences go to make the English Catholic at home sore at heart with longing for the day when the clouds of centuries will be dank God! there seems a hope that the day of deliverance may not be beyond calculable distance. A rift has appeared in the dark cloud and a faint glimmer of hope may even be the harbinger of dawn.

It is nearly two years since Father Herbert Vaughan, nephew of the late Cardinal, informed me that through the generosity of a pious American, he was about to organize a novel campaign for the spread of the faith in England. I may mention that Father Vaughan is the head of the Catholic Society, whose object is the conversion of England. His plan of campaign, he briefly explained, was to build a motor chapel, otherwise a large motor van which the interior fitted out as a chapel, with altar, etc. With this travelling shrine of God he proposed to make a number of small tours, where Mass had not been said since the Reformation. He further proposed to hire the town hall or other public halls in the place and hold a series of evidence lectures every night for a week on the subject of the "Know Nothing." He would secure some well-known preacher to deliver these lectures and at the close of every lecture the audience would be invited to drop questions in a "Question Box" placed near the door of the meeting hall, such questions relating to any point of the lecture which may have occurred to the audience to require explanation. This explanation would be given before the lecture the next evening.

As I have had considerable experience in motoring over England, I readily accepted the commission to not only find in the way of looking up routes, arranging with hotels, hiring halls and bills and placards. This was indeed a labor of love, besides being most interesting as affording an opportunity to compare the attitude of the people in these places before and after a visit from the motor chapel. Of that I will, however, speak later.

During the Summer of 1911 the Motor Chapel visited in all some six small towns in East Anglia. These were Haverhill, Royston, March, Swaffham, East Dereham and Wymondham. At each of these places a week's stay was made with lectures every night and two or three Masses in the Motor Chapel every morning. The lecturers at the several stoppages in the order as they appeared were the Rev. Father Bernard Vaughan, S. J., Rev. Arthur Brown, Dr. A. M. Brown, Monsignor Robt. Hugh Benson, and the Rev. Vassall Phillips, C. S. S. R. It will thus be seen that Father Vaughan's promise to secure the very best preachers he could get was fully carried out. In addition to these "loaders" there were at least two and occasionally three of the Fathers of the Catholic Missionary Society, Father Vaughan and Father Norgate accompanying the Motor Chapel throughout. It is also a matter of record that in addition to the clerical speakers and the

Fathers of the Missionary Society there were two or three Catholic laymen who occupied seats on the platform each evening and took their share in answering questions from the Question Box. I should also mention in respect that a number of pious ladies from the Catholic League rendered immense assistance in the way of distributing handbills, making house to house calls and leading the singing at the evening meetings.

Such in brief was the programme of attack on our friends the enemy were slow to take notice of our aggressiveness and to prepare means of defence. This consisted of two sets of itinerant preachers, one organized by the Protestant Alliance and the other by the Wycliffe Preachers, otherwise known as the Wycliffe League. Both sections were fully equipped with the very latest in the way of scurrilous attacks on everything Catholic up to the very latest uncontradicted newspaper yarn invented by the enemies of God's Church in Portugal or France. The method of these Devil's Advocates was simplicity itself. As the hour of our meetings approached, one of them would mount a soap box platform within twenty or thirty yards of the entrance to the hall where our meeting was to be held. Pretty soon he would have a speaker on his side, and all kinds of blasphemous stories of what Catholics believe and practice. Then, as his hearers were growing interested, he would suddenly descend from his perch and announce his intention of attending our meeting at the same time he would see him "put the Romanist idolaters to flight." In the meantime another preacher would mount the soap box and endeavour by force of clamour to out distance the speaker of the evening's meeting or at least to so interrupt that his lecture would lose in lucidity.

Inside the hall, the Protestant Alliance preacher would make a great pretence of decorous attention, standing up with the rest when the hymn was being sung and sometimes even joining in. But as the several questions were being answered, he would take copious notes, fully intending to convince those who saw him, and he generally took good care that he occupied a prominent position, that he was above all things fair minded and only wanted to jot down the actual sayings of the Protestant Romanist in order to confute them from his soap box pulpit, ostensibly to prove his fair-mindedness, he would interject a viva voce question on some minor point during the course of the lecture in order to bring about an open discussion. Of course, he would promptly called down and told that he must put his question into the box where it would receive attention. But the suppression served his turn perhaps better than an open controversy would have done. It enabled him to look around the hall and mutely appeal to his supporters to cheer witness how these Papists would not let us have the liberty of speech and were afraid of a discussion.

After the second or third night, however, Dr. Vaughan spiked the guns of this particular fanatic, by explaining to the audience that he came there every night for the sole purpose of creating disturbance, the mere mention of their names and the enquiring "Do you remember me?" There were instances when welcome was extended to mother, daughter and grand daughter, three generations who had successively taken rank in marching through the same green sward, attired down on the same grass beneath the hospitable shade of its wide-branching maples. A most delightful October day also lent its beauty and enhanced the pleasure of again re-visiting each familiar haunt of the spacious grounds.

On entering, each was ushered by a member of the reception committee into the registration hall, where Mrs. E. Monk-Marettette, second Vice President, and Miss Blanche E. Kelly, Secretary, presided, whence, after the usual preliminaries, all repaired to the Auditorium. Here they were greeted by a Welcome Chorus from the pupils of the present year, all in uniform costume, who made more than one bosom swell with emotion as they lined both sides of the seats occupied by the Alumnae and the beautiful wave of youthful forms bowed as they reiterated the joyous strains.

A beautifully worded address from Rev. Mother Clare, Superior, Honorary President, expressive of the sincere and ever existing pleasure afforded by the visit of the old pupils "left no doubt," as it was afterwards expressed, "in the hearts of each that she, individually held a place." The address of Mrs. E. Monk-Marettette, Vice President, who also conducted the meeting, followed: "Dear Members of the Alumnae Association: Owing to the unavoidable absence of the President, and Vice President, it devolves on me to tender you all a most hearty welcome to our assembly, and to express the pleasure all must feel in viewing the number who have generously responded to the roll call of our zealous and untiring secretary. The beautiful feast of St. Ursula, and her eleven thousand companions, from whose occasion we have just emerged, reminds us that numbers as well as quality should be the characteristic of everything Ursuline. Each visit of the distant children finds this principle admirably carried out by our 'Alma Mater' as they vie to add themselves to her ranks and the hundreds of students that claim admittance to the classrooms of the yearly increasing number of schools taught by our Ursuline Mothers, and even the ramification of the buildings with their numerous departments that greet the eye on every side. It is only met then on this assembly of the Alumnae of 'The Pines' should bear this first mark of the work of the saintly princess who inspired the Holy Maid of Brescia. And why not? Who should more appreciate the benefits of a superior education or more readily lend a helping hand to its progress than we who in our experience of life since our school days have daily felt its stimulating effects

against the cold blasts of irreligion and indifference encountered on every side? How often has the question 'Will our good Mothers applaud or disapprove?' nerve us in our struggle for the attainment of higher ideals, or strengthened our faltering steps when the siren voice of the world would lure us into disloyalty to the maxims of our youth. Our school makes no proud boast of its superiority, but is honestly endeavoring to impart to all those who fall within the sphere of its influence such instruction, combined with religion, as will prove that there is no education better than that of the institutions of the Church whose mission as an educator she holds from the words of the divine Master Himself, "Go, teach all nations."

Let us then not permit ourselves to drift along in the current of indifference, but unite in a phalanx of opposition to the system of merely secular learning, which on account of its one-sidedness is even psychologically incomplete, and while studying to make our own lives the best exponent of our principle, let us rally round St. Ursula and draw adherents to the standard of "The Pines" until they shall have reached not only the eleventh thousand, but have passed into countless numbers. The letter of the President, Miss Croft, who was unavoidably absent, was next read and all felt sincere regret that she could not be present. Miss Kelly, Secretary, also read reports of absent conveners of some centres not represented at the meeting, and all business incidental to the Association was duly dispatched, the Treasurer's report showing in a most satisfactory financial condition.

URSULINE COLLEGE, CHATHAM SECOND ANNUAL MEETING OF THE ALUMNAE ASSOCIATION

The poets have so frequently taken their theme, under one title or another, from the joys experienced in re-visiting in later years the scenes of childhood and school days that it would seem temerity to attempt to enlarge upon what has already been written; for the thrillings, and impulses, and emotions of the human heart are the same in every age and clime, and its chords ever respond harmoniously to the touch of the same sensations as thrilled the hearts of the singers of other times and places. We shall only say that what ever has been written most beautiful in form and realization in the happy groups on October 29th, arrived in Chatham on every train and interurban car, and betook themselves with all haste to "The Pines," whose portals were that day thrown open for the reception of all the pupils of former years.

In the case of some twenty-five years more had elapsed since departing from "Alma Mater" and they returned feeling "That none were there to greet them and few were left to know who played with them upon the green some twenty years ago." And their hearts bounded with delight at the first glimpse of the same tall and stately pines bowing in welcome, and of the same faces who, to use the words of one visitor, seemed "scarcely changed," as they responded with a hearty "Do you remember me?" There were instances when welcome was extended to mother, daughter and grand daughter, three generations who had successively taken rank in marching through the same green sward, attired down on the same grass beneath the hospitable shade of its wide-branching maples. A most delightful October day also lent its beauty and enhanced the pleasure of again re-visiting each familiar haunt of the spacious grounds.

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and mention of the absent or departed school mates and Ursuline teachers. Rev. Father James, O. F. M., Spiritual Director of the Association, surpassed even his usual fine eloquence in his words of congratulation and counsel which preceded Benediction, dwelling as he did most impressively on the obligations of those who have enjoyed the advantages of a superior education such as is given by the good Ursuline nuns, and the benefit of re-unions for the interchange of ideas, such as they had enjoyed on this occasion.

Farewells and promises of loyalty and continuance in sustaining relations with Alma Mater in the future became the order of the evening and soon the long row of carriages and taxis were filled to their utmost capacity as they wheeled away, filled with occupants who carried with them most pleasant recollections of one more happy day at "The Pines."

Let us then not permit ourselves to drift along in the current of indifference, but unite in a phalanx of opposition to the system of merely secular learning, which on account of its one-sidedness is even psychologically incomplete, and while studying to make our own lives the best exponent of our principle, let us rally round St. Ursula and draw adherents to the standard of "The Pines" until they shall have reached not only the eleventh thousand, but have passed into countless numbers. The letter of the President, Miss Croft, who was unavoidably absent, was next read and all felt sincere regret that she could not be present. Miss Kelly, Secretary, also read reports of absent conveners of some centres not represented at the meeting, and all business incidental to the Association was duly dispatched, the Treasurer's report showing in a most satisfactory financial condition.

Among the resolutions passed was one of condolence to His Lordship, Right Rev. M. F. Fallon, Bishop of London, in his great sorrow at the death of his much beloved father; and it was agreed that a solemn Requiem Mass would be celebrated in the Chapel of the Holy Family, of the C. I. for the repose of the soul of the highly esteemed deceased. A similar resolution of condolence was also passed in sympathy with the Ursulines of St. Ignace, Mich., on the death of their lamented Mother Superior, Rev. Mother M. Angela, who had also been one of the prime members of the Chatham Alumnae Association. A short but select musical program was then rendered by the Misses McDougall, Crawford, Cherry, McDonald and Hill broken by a well rendered reading by Miss Howell.

A part of the afternoon's proceedings, by no means least enjoyed, was the freedom of the house granted by Rev. Mother Superior, of which all took full advantage by roaming at will through the class-rooms, halls, and even dormitories of old, as well as viewing the marvelous improvements of recent years. "We did the pioneering," some were heard to say; "the girls of to-day little realize their advantages."

At 6 p. m. a sumptuous course luncheon was served in the Alumnae Banquet Hall of the College, which was most tastefully decorated in gorgeous autumn foliage and pennants of blue and white the college colors. Several toasts were proposed by Mrs. Ida Ruoff Dennis of Detroit, and met with most appropriate responses, as follows: one visitor, seemed "scarcely changed," as they responded with a hearty "Do you remember me?" There were instances when welcome was extended to mother, daughter and grand daughter, three generations who had successively taken rank in marching through the same green sward, attired down on the same grass beneath the hospitable shade of its wide-branching maples. A most delightful October day also lent its beauty and enhanced the pleasure of again re-visiting each familiar haunt of the spacious grounds.

On entering, each was ushered by a member of the reception committee into the registration hall, where Mrs. E. Monk-Marettette, second Vice President, and Miss Blanche E. Kelly, Secretary, presided, whence, after the usual preliminaries, all repaired to the Auditorium. Here they were greeted by a Welcome Chorus from the pupils of the present year, all in uniform costume, who made more than one bosom swell with emotion as they lined both sides of the seats occupied by the Alumnae and the beautiful wave of youthful forms bowed as they reiterated the joyous strains.

and mention of the absent or departed school mates and Ursuline teachers. Rev. Father James, O. F. M., Spiritual Director of the Association, surpassed even his usual fine eloquence in his words of congratulation and counsel which preceded Benediction, dwelling as he did most impressively on the obligations of those who have enjoyed the advantages of a superior education such as is given by the good Ursuline nuns, and the benefit of re-unions for the interchange of ideas, such as they had enjoyed on this occasion.

Farewells and promises of loyalty and continuance in sustaining relations with Alma Mater in the future became the order of the evening and soon the long row of carriages and taxis were filled to their utmost capacity as they wheeled away, filled with occupants who carried with them most pleasant recollections of one more happy day at "The Pines."

Cruel Piles Delay Often Means Surgery—Write to-day for Dr. Van Vleck's Remedy which is Healing Thousands Sends \$1 Package to Try Free

Since Dr. Van Vleck found his Genuine Relief (3-fold Absorption Method) many thousands have already been restored to health and comfort. Why not you? You know the risk of delay. We know what sorrows treatment is doing for sufferers all over the globe. Then why not sign and mail our coupon NOW? Return mail will bring the Remedy, in plain wrapper. Then after testing its merits yourself, if you are satisfied with the benefits received, send us One Dollar. If not, you pay nothing. We take your word. We could never make this unconditional offer if we hadn't received so many hundreds of glad letters telling us of complete cures of Piles even after 20 and 40 years of suffering. We know its value, so don't wait, but send the coupon at once.

FREE \$1 COUPON Good for \$1 Package of Dr. Van Vleck's Complete 3-Fold Treatment to be sent Free on Approval, as explained above. Name: Address: Mail this coupon to-day to Dr. Van Vleck, Co., 1745½ Majestic Bldg., Jackson, Mich. Return post will bring the \$1 Package on trial.

MOODIE'S Hygeian Tailored to the Form MOODIE'S Hygeian underwear is tailored to the form, made to fit, a quality absolutely necessary in present day attire. Made of luxuriously soft yarn (spun and prepared by us) that acts as a balm of comfort and aids in preventing the long graceful effect demanded by dame fashion and so much desired by all particular dressers. "The women who know Hygeian underwear best are those who love them most and to know this brand at all is to love it." DO YOU KNOW HYGEIAN? "HYGEIAN" is made for all ages—infants—children—ladies—to fit all figures. In cotton—cotton and wool and the finest Australian Merino Wool. Union suits for children and ladies. Regular sizes—over sizes and extra over sizes. All weights, Summer, Winter, Fall and Spring. AT ALL FIRST CLASS DEALERS EVERYWHERE IN CANADA J. R. MOODIE & SONS LIMITED HAMILTON, CANADA

FIVE-MINUTE SERMON

TWENTY-FOURTH SUNDAY AFTER PENTECOST

INTERCESSORY PRAYER

"Brethren we cease not to pray for you, that you may walk worthy of God."

These are St. Paul's words taken from the Epistle of today. It is just what every devoted priest might truly say to the people over whom he is appointed the pastor.

It is surprising to non-Catholics it ought not to be so, for the Christian religion is evidently a system of intercessory prayer.

That both doctrine and practice were given up by that unlovely and unloving make-believe Christianity called Protestantism, as that heresy was obliged to do in denying the merit of good works, is one of the chief reasons for its disunion and division into clashing and envious sects.

This intercessory prayer for others is a spiritual supernatural bread given and taken by loving, charitable hearts. In this practice is to be found one of the secrets of that strong, mutual love between Catholics priests and their devoted people, which our leaders see but cannot explain.

Was, indeed, would become of the people, exposed to all the strong temptations of the world, the flesh, and the devil, if the priests were not all the time lifting up their hands in supplication at the altar, lifting up the Divine Victim, imploring forgiveness for sinners, pity and mercy for the erring and the lost, grace for the hardened heart, comfort for those who suffer and mourn, help for the tempted and despairing, restraints for those who are rushing blindly to their own destruction.

And be assured, dear brethren, that your priests need and count upon your prayers. Their life, at best, is a hard one, full of trial and hardship.

None know better than they how precious your loving prayers are held to be in the sight of our all merciful and compassionate God.

If they were deprived of the help of your prayers they would have good reason, indeed, to fear. It is so easy to fall short of the high vocation to which they are called. Their duties are so onerous, and their responsibilities are so great!

See, too, what heavenly comfort we have in the constant intercession we make for our beloved departed ones. Death separates us from them, but not in spirit. We reach them by the power of intercessory prayer, their souls are still near to us, they are still numbered among the great assembly who worship the Lamb of God who taketh away the sins of the world, forever interceding for us.

Learn, dear brethren, to esteem this truly divine privilege, by virtue of which we become powerful advocates in union with Our Lord for the salvation of our brethren. Intercede for the living; intercede for the dead. Pray for yourselves, but pray much for others, with that charity of Christ, who prayed and died not for his own sake, but for the sake of those who, whether friends or enemies, would never otherwise have been saved.

TEMPERANCE

CANADIAN CATHOLICS WORK FOR TEMPERANCE

The remarkable wave of temperance passing over the province of Quebec formed the subject of discussion at a Catholic Social Endeavor Congress recently held at Three Rivers. According to statistics supplied by the Rev. Father Ladislav, Franciscan, who dealt with the subject as a practical man engaged in temperance work, a considerable reduction in the number of bars in the province has taken place within the past seven years—since the inauguration by Archbishop Bruchesi and Archbishop Begin of a province-wide campaign with a view to educating the whole province to a realization of the dangers of alcoholism.

Whereas in 1905 there were 70 licenses issued for each 80,000 of population, in 1912 the proportion stood 56 licenses for each 90,000. Moreover, a considerable number of municipalities have gone straight prohibition, with the result that there are no drink dispensing establishments within their borders. In the bringing about of this gratifying result those interested in Catholic social endeavor had distributed considerably over 100,000 brochures, pamphlets, etc., whilst a temperance campaign has been waged from the pulpit and school in every parish in the province.

Though the different phases of Catholic endeavor, in connection with journalism, and the fighting of the white plague

DYSPEPSIA MADE HIM MISERABLE

Suffered Agony Until "Fruit-a-tives" Cured Him

Hundreds of people gladly testify to the wonderful curative powers of the famous fruit medicine, "Fruit-a-tives". To those who suffer with Indigestion, Dyspepsia or other stomach Troubles, this letter of Mr. Stirling, the well known real estate operator of Western Ontario, shows the way to a speedy and certain cure.

"Fruit-a-tives" will cure every trace of indigestion, dyspepsia, Sour Stomach, Bloating, Flatulent Eructing, Biliousness and Constipation.

"Fruit-a-tives" is the only remedy in the world made of fruit juices and valuable tonics.

ALCOHOL IN THE ARMY

At the twenty-first annual convention of the Association of Military Surgeons held in Baltimore, Md., recently Colonel L. M. Mass of the United States Army Medical Corps, discussed the question of "Should total abstinence be required of officers in the military service?"

A GERMAN ARMY TOTAL ABSTINENCE SOCIETY

A Total Abstinence Society has recently been organized in the German army with full and free co-operation of army officers high and low.

At the London Congress Against Alcoholism, where demonstrations were made of the value of temperance societies in the British civil and military service, Sir George White gave as the principal reasons for the development of temperance sentiment in the army: The cordial moral support and liberal financial aid of the British Gov-

ernment and of the officers high in command, and the fact that the men understood that it was a distinct element in their favor in promotion and in details to desirable service if they were abstainers.—Translated for the Scientific Temperance Journal.

A FERVENT IRISH PRAYER

Sacred Heart Review Through the kindness of Mother Mary de Chantal, Superior of St. John's Home, Brooklyn, N. Y., we are enabled to give in full the "Translation of Very Ancient Irish Verses" part of which was quoted in a recent Review editorial.

I offer Thee— Every flower that ever grew, Every bird that ever flew, Every wind that ever blew, Good God!

I offer Thee— Every cloud that ever swept O'er the skies, and broke and wept In vain, and with the flowers' shot, My King!

I offer Thee— Every flake of virgin snow, Every spring the earth below, My Lord! And all Thy glorious Self, O'er death victorious, Thrown in Heaven above!

Oh Lord! and all Thy glorious Self, O'er death victorious, Thrown in Heaven above!

ALCOHOL IN THE ARMY (continued)

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Jennie woke up to the reality. Before the first year of her married life was ended she began to wish she had listened to Uncle Andrew. And what hurt rather badly was that Dave didn't mind having her borrow from the old home as he begged to stay there until her strength came back.

After the baby was born someone with influence got Dave into the fire department, and poor Jennie was radiant over the pay envelope he turned in. They took up housekeeping again, but Dave had a proud spirit and would not "take any talk" from the captain who had a hot temper and a rough tongue.

When a commonplace little story is recalled I there are many like it, some far worse. "Dave never drinks, and he never struck me," is the one boast poor Jennie makes about her husband. There are many wives who cannot say so much.

With the opening of the dancing season will begin another series of those unfortunate friendships that usually end in improper marriages.

How much better it would be if girls would rate at their true value the class of men who hunt pleasure and shirk work.—S. Heart Review.

IMPROVIDENT MARRIAGES

"Dave and I are going to be married, Uncle Andrew," said twenty-year-old Jennie Martin. Uncle Andrew had brought her up comfortably, and she was fond of him, but in her eyes he was a very ordinary individual compared with handsome Dave Rogers.

Uncle Andrew had a very annoying way of saying things that one didn't always care to hear. "What are you going to live on?" was what he said to Jennie when she told the wonderful news.

In novels, kind fathers always said: "God bless you. Be happy my children." But uncles were different.

"That's the fifth or sixth 'steady' job Dave Rogers has had this year. That's a bad sign," said Uncle Andrew. "Take my advice, little girl, and wait until Dave stinks at something. He's a good-looking, but you'll need more than good looks when you go to housekeeping."

That was seventeen years ago. Of course Jennie decided in favor of Dave. He would take care of her. Uncle Andrew was old-fashioned and never got out of a rut all his life. Dave wasn't like that. He lost the "steady" job by taking three weeks for the honeymoon trip, instead of the two allowed him. After that vacancies seemed to be scarce. Still Jennie thought it rather pleasant to have her young husband at home, watching her get the meals and talking about the job he was sure to get sometime. After a while the provision maker gave them to understand that he "had quit feeding them"; the landlord grew clamorous about the rent; and the furniture people carted off the parlor set. Then

AT 60 ENJOYING PERFECT HEALTH.

Because He Takes GIN PILLS

A prominent Consulting Engineer of New York City, thus heartily endorses GIN PILLS:

PRESIDENT SUSPENDER NONE SO EASY

Daily resolutions to fulfil all our duty demanded by God, is the lesson we must learn if we would overcome our corrupt nature and reform our lives.

THE "IDEAL" EMANCIPATES

Are you a slave to the old back breaking washboard? Do you know that the Ideal Washer has emancipated thousands of such slaves?

USE ABSORBINE JR. LINIMENT FOR IT

Swollen, Varicose Veins, Bad Legs, Gout, Rheumatism and Rheumatic Sprains, Sprains and Bruises respond quickly to the action of ABSORBINE JR.

CHURCH SEATING & FURNITURE

GURNEY-OXFORD

The Gurney-Oxford Range is fitted with three devices which constantly and uncompromisingly stand on guard to see that the fire is always under perfect control—that the coal bills are sheared down to the lowest figure—that the oven is always evenly and properly heated—that no clinkers obstruct the free burning and proper ventilation of the fire.

The Gurney-Economizer, fitted on the smoke pipe, is the only draft you have to attend to; a small lever put up or down entirely regulates the fire. It saves one ton of coal in six. It carries little heat up the chimney—only the smoke. It feeds the gases which burn to the fire-box, and it cannot be had on any other range than the Gurney-Oxford.

The Gurney-Oxford oven is surrounded by flues that carry an equal amount of heat to all sides. This almost guarantees results in cooking by providing an oven evenly heated, without cold corners or variation.

The Gurney-Oxford Grate is the result of exhaustive tests to find the proper carrying surface for the fire. The fire has abundant air to breathe, and the less amount of coal burned is all consumed. So then, the housewife who has the "Three Guardsmen" watching over her range, will experience security and satisfaction in cooking that is not provided by any other range.

The Gurney-Oxford grate is the result of exhaustive tests to find the proper carrying surface for the fire. The fire has abundant air to breathe, and the less amount of coal burned is all consumed. So then, the housewife who has the "Three Guardsmen" watching over her range, will experience security and satisfaction in cooking that is not provided by any other range.

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You Couldn't Sleep To-night

WIGS

Send your Raw FURS to John Hallam

O'KEEFE'S Liquid Extract

Malt with Iron

W. LLOYD WOOD General Agent

MENEELY & CO. WATERVILLE

There are No Substitutes For Eddy's Matches

The Merit of the Fixed Premium

The Mutual Life Assurance Company of Canada

The Gurney Foundry Co. Limited

The Merit of the Fixed Premium

The Mutual Life Assurance Company of Canada

The Merit of the Fixed Premium

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN THE FUTILITY OF BITTERNESS

A friend of mine, an author whose novels have delighted thousands, met with a great sorrow, one sufficient to shadow the life of an ordinary man.

How often do we notice men of more than average ability, people who are valuable to the community, giving away beneath some stroke of misfortune and allowing it to render their cynical and discouraged.

Milton wrote his great poem after he was stricken with blindness. Carlyle forged his massive productions in the agony of dyspepsia.

I have often noted in long railroad journeys the barren marshes near the sea. Years have not changed them. There they are with their useless growth of swamp grass and dismal salt ponds.

You meet with such a person; his cynicism makes an impression and you go your way. You return after five years. Every day in those years has been marked in your memory with death, bereavement, financial ruin, pitiful cases of disease.

You are on a journey and the train is nearing a point that has always been distasteful to you. It was sterile, neglected, offensive to sight and smell.

Beautiful Hopf Model Violin and Outfit Complete \$325

AN ASTOUNDING OFFER Here is a genuine bargain for all Music Lovers. A chance for all to learn the violin.

Violin Beginners, Here's Your Chance! Get This Fine Outfit at a Low Figure. You couldn't hope to get this collection from any dealer for less than five or six dollars.

Forly Years Square Dealing The Colson Limited EVERYTHING IN MUSIC CANADA'S LARGEST MUSICAL PAUL ORRIS HOUSE.

pleasant dispositions when their owners eschew selfishness and make up their minds to be of use to their neighbors.

Bar what a living encouragement, what a trumpet note of courage do they send forth who cause men to rub their eyes and lift their heads and take heart again at an exhibition of indomitable cheerfulness and spirit only ennobled by pain and sorrow.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

Here is a true story about two ordinary boys, one of whom mastered all these rules, with most emphatic attention to the first one.

"I can't remember everything, sir," "Smith seems to be able to do so, said the department manager as he moved away.

Neither boy had any living expense to pay, save for noonday luncheon and laundry. Smith brought his luncheon; Brown didn't. Brown had a bank account.

"I'm going to find out about this," grumbled the other boy, and he did. It was the department manager who sup-

plied the information. While both boys had done everything of a routine nature that was required of them it had been noted that Smith was always more anxious to please customers in all ways possible to a salesman.

After a few weeks of patient evening study, aided by the use of a microscope, Smith discovered that he knew three times as much about laces as he had ever expected to know.

At the end of the second year Brown's salary remained at \$6. Smith's pay had been increased to \$10.

Three months went by. Smith drew \$45 a week while his erst-while friend had gone up to \$10. The buyer for the lace department who had grown old and wished to retire, was about to make his last trip to Ireland and France for laces.

GILLET'S PERFUMED LYE



FOR MAKING SOAP, SOFTENING WATER, REMOVING PAINT, DISINFECTING SINKS, CLOSETS, DRAINS, ETC.

"Pitoh in and study, Jack," whispered Smith. "I've three days yet before I sail. Come around and I'll get you started."

"Sorry, but I can't do it, I've got engagements for every night this week."

"I would like your permission to cut a small sample from every one of those laces in the department."

After a few weeks of patient evening study, aided by the use of a microscope, Smith discovered that he knew three times as much about laces as he had ever expected to know.

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mon in the Avenue. A large audience, of course, mostly non-Catholic, soon gathered round him and listened to his exposition and arguments with marked attention and respect.

"I will conclude with three queries. (1) Why do not Catholics develop and extend this open air work far more than they do? (2) Is it right that while Non-conformist and Socialist errors are constantly preached and taught in most of the cities, towns and villages throughout the land, the important and saving truths of Our Lord's One, Holy, Catholic Church are hardly ever heard in our streets and in our hamlets? (3) Can the Catholics of England have since our sad firm hopes of the conversion of this country and also expect a full blessing from God, if they do not give this open air method of propagating the One True Faith a fair trial soon and in a large way?"

THE RETRIBUTION

The story with a moral does not always meet with the appreciation it deserves. In fact the world of pleasure and gain is anxious to be rid of moral teaching, and so it derides the old words of wisdom and the ways that lead to life's only real success—the successes won through character.

Your baking will be successful if you use White Swan Yeast Cakes. Makes light, sweet and wholesome bread. If your grocer hasn't got it (6 cakes at 5c) send us his name and ask for free sample. White Swan Spices & Cereals, Limited, Toronto, Ont.

STREET PREACHING BY CATHOLICS

A correspondent, writing to the Catholic Times from Southampton (England), thus advocates street preaching by Catholics: Father Fletcher recently stated the following: "I feel more than ever anxious to develop the work of street preaching. We have proved that it can be done, that people will listen to us. We notice that the Methodist street preachers have very small audiences; we have large ones. We have the opportunity of taking their places. Why not take them? The impression that no religion is so well received by the London crowd as ours is. That impression grows and grows. * * * I earnestly call upon priests to attempt with me and the few others who have begun this mission of street preaching. * * * I have been told that Monsignor Benson, in America, said: 'We shall never convert England unless we go out to the people in the streets.'"

Father Fletcher and the earnest band of priests—alas! far too small in number—who are doing this noble and heroic work, are worthy of the greatest praise. It is certain that a majority—possibly a large majority—of the English people are willing and even desirous to hear the Catholic Faith and its practices, etc., explained in the open air—in the streets and squares of our towns, and also in our villages. I will remember Mr. Moore's visit to our town a few years ago. He spoke about the Catholic Church one Sunday after

LORD BRAMPTON'S CONVERSION

When Lord Brampton, (Justice Hawkins), the great jurist, came into the Catholic Church he explained his conversion as follows: "I had long been dissatisfied with myself and my religious position. I always felt that I would have to face the matter some day, but my arduous duties on the Bench caused me to shelve it year after year. In the end I thought that I would wait until my retirement, which was close at hand. I had, however, here and there, read a good deal on both sides of the controversy."

"When I was free at last, I went to see Cardinal Vaughan, whom I had often met at certain gatherings, and for whom I entertained profound respect. I talked matters over with him, and at the close of my interview, I asked him if I might read with profit and which might help me. He thought for a little while and then said: 'Well, Lord Brampton, you remember what Our Divine Lord said, 'Unless you become as little children,' etc.—you know the rest. I cannot, I think, do better than give you the Penny Catechism. It contains in essence—all that we teach. Read it carefully and pray much. I consider that answer a very good one,' concluded Lord Brampton; 'and I took the little volume home and studied it with care. I thought it an excellent and logical exposition of dogmatic teaching, admirably summarizing and explaining all that Scriptures contained. Prayer and the grace of God accomplished the rest. And for that which was accomplished I thank God every day of my life.'"

Pain comes to us from the hand of God for our good. Great are the rewards in store for those who know its value and accept it as a mercy.

"They who recognize by the light of faith the sovereignty of God in all things will recognize the sovereignty of God in the daily and hourly details of their own personal life and in the changes of their lot."—Cardinal Manning.

GILSON ENGINE GOES LIKE SIXTY Always ready for work. Perfectly adapted for operating all farm machinery from the pump to the biggest Thrasher.

When You Get Run Down Na-Dru-Co Tasteless Preparation of Cod Liver Oil This Na-Dru-Co Compound embodies the well-known nutritive and curative elements of Cod Liver Oil—Hypophosphites to build up the nerves—Extract of Wild Cherry to act on the lungs and bronchial tubes—

The coal you save Do you think a cheap range an economy? It may appear so when buying it. But when you see it eating up the coal—When the oven is slow in heating—When first one part then another requires renewing—Then your cheap range is not an economy, but the very opposite.

MONARCH RANGE PENINSULAR RANGE "Ask your neighbor" You will find that your cheap stove has actually cost more than your neighbor's well-designed, economical, and convenient Monarch.

Invest a Cent. Before investing in a new range it will pay you well to see our book "The Cost of a Range." A post-card will bring it to you. 209

Out of Fashion

(Baltimore Sun) (God is out of fashion.—G. Bernard Shaw.) God is out of fashion? Then let me go Where styles don't change in religion so!

Who Bides His Time

Who bides his time—he tastes the sweet Of honey in the saltiest tear; And though he fares with slowest feet, Joy runs to meet him, drawing near;

What's at the Bottom of Kidney Trouble?

There are many causes at the bottom of an attack of kidney trouble—over-eating, over-drinking, heavy colds—these and other causes often cause illness such as kidney trouble, gall-stones, kidney-stones, gravel, lumbago.

SANOL is manufactured by THE SANOL MANUFACTURING COMPANY OF CANADA, LTD., 977 Main Street, Winnipeg.

SANOL IS SAFE AND SURE

Beautiful Bride Doll, donated by Miss K. Loughnan and Miss Anne Gaffney, won by Helen Coughlin.

DIOCESE OF LONDON

CEREMONY OF RECEPTION AND PROFESSION AT MOUNT ST. JOSEPH. Thanksgiving day was marked by a special celebration in the beautiful and devotional chapel of the Mother House of the Sisters of St. Joseph, London.

ARCHDIOCESE OF TORONTO

SECOND ANNUAL THANKSGIVING BANQUET OF ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE ALUMNAE ASSOCIATION. The second annual banquet of St. Joseph's College Alumnae Association more than realized the most optimistic expectations of its well-wishers and organizers.

ST. MICHAEL'S BAZAAR

This undertaking held last week in St. Peter's Hall, London, in aid of the new parish of St. Michael, in the north part of London, was successful beyond the fondest anticipations of its promoters.

THE WOMAN HATER

This is a new publication brought out by the Christian Press Association Publishing Co., 26 Barclay Street, New York. You will laugh, and chuckle, and laugh again at this woman hater, his cynicism and philosophy.

UNSEEN DIRT BREEDS DISEASE

Your house—though it looks clean—may be a dangerous place to live in. Every time you sweep with a broom you raise a cloud of dust and germs brought in from the street.

"King Edward" Vacuum Cleaner

So easy to operate. Place one foot on the board; grasp the lever lightly; an easy gentle motion creates the suction, leaving the other hand free to operate the nozzle.

AGENTS WANTED EVERYWHERE

The GEO. H. KING CO. Limited Manufacturers of Hand, Electric, Water Heater and Gasoline Vacuum Cleaners

FAVORS RECEIVED

A solicitor wishes to return thanks for a favor granted, through the St. Joseph Union, and a promise to publish. A subscriber wishes to return thanks for a great favor received after prayers to the Sacred Heart of Mary.

GOOD WORK

On October 24th the Toronto Catholic Debating Union held its re-organization meeting for the season 1913-1914.

TEACHERS WANTED

TEACHER WANTED SECOND CLASS OR French or English, LIII, for S.S. 13, Tynny Salary \$600 per year. Duties to commence January term. Apply to Julien Durost, Sec. Treas., Parkville, Ont.

FINE FARMS

For sale in the beautiful Niagara District— Fruit, Grain and Stock. Most desirable either for investment or occupancy. PRICES \$2800, \$3000, \$3500, \$7000, \$8000

SICK CALL OUTFITS

We are placing on sale twenty only Sick Call Outfits for the Home at a Special Price \$4.50

RHEUMATISM

Let Me Send You My New External Invention That is Relieving Thousands TO TRY FREE

A 7% INVESTMENT

Money returned at end of one year or at end of any subsequent year, on 60 days notice if desired. Interest paid June 1st and December 1st, and remitted to the address of the investor.

CATHOLIC MIND PAMPHLET

Removal of Parish Priests (MAXIMA CURA) Translation of the Decree of the Sacred Consistorial Congregation, Aug. 20, 1910. 10c. Each

THIS \$1 COUPON FREE

Good for a regular \$1.00 pair of Magic Foot Drafts (fits to be sent free to try (as explained above))

Cardinal Gibbons

Urges all Catholics to use the Manual of Prayers Special Offer

The Manual of Prayers Bound in MOROCCO LEATHER, limp back, and your choice of a Fine Rolled Gold Chain Rosary following Stones—Amethyst, Garnet, Pearl, Crystal, Sapphire, Opal, Emerald, Moonstone, Topaz, Ruby.

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A solicitor wishes to return thanks for a favor granted, through the St. Joseph Union, and a promise to publish. A subscriber wishes to return thanks for a great favor received after prayers to the Sacred Heart of Mary.

GOOD WORK

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TEACHERS WANTED

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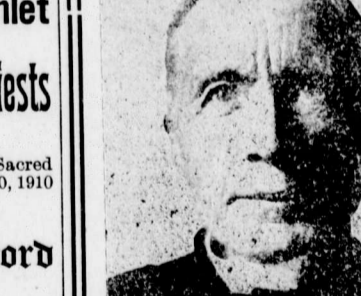
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