

The Catholic Record.

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

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MISDIRECTED ZEAL.

We scarcely know what to say to the Catholics who complain that we have too many "devotions." An interest in this matter may be a proof of zeal, albeit misdirected, and it may be one way of agitating the atmosphere. The querulous, however, may take heart of grace in the knowledge that they are at liberty to select one devotion which appeals to them, and that to authority, and not to whim, caprice, or individual taste, do we look for direction in this matter. In the words of Madam Mohl: "Why don't they use their brains." Everybody but a born idiot has brains enough not to be a fool.

GIVE THE BOYS A CHANCE.

Our pastors exhort parents to give their boys an education. These reminders from the pulpit may not be needed by the parents who are aware of their responsibilities and duties and have the best interests of the boy at heart. But they are needed by the parents who throw the boys, at an early age, into the streets to fend for themselves, to rise or sink, as best they may. It is easy to crouch over what we have done for education, but the question that concerns us, and is vitally important to our generation, is: "What are we doing for it now?" We may chant the praises of our educational glories; let us not forget that at our doors are Catholic parents who believe, to all seeming, that ignorance is the best possible asset any boy can have who is not seduced daily by the sight of lads who should be in the school room, and who would be there if their parents had any sense of their duties, instead of working in shops and factories. It is pitiful to see them—boys who ought to be a credit intellectually to the Church, but who never will be, because their parents sold them for a pittance. More—these fathers and mothers hand over their children to the mercies of the world and the devil, and do what they can, blindly if you like, to send their flesh and blood to perdition. Many boys, untrained and feeble at the most impressionable period of their lives, will be influenced by evil, by the profanity and ignoble words that they will hear, and be tempted to echo to the detriment of their souls. This is well understood by those who have any parental common sense. The fact is, however, that in many quarters this common sense is not visible, and, as a result, we have young men, regenerate, or otherwise, who are unable to compete for the prizes which this country has to offer, and who do not give the services which we have a right to expect from them, either to society or to the Church. And so we drift along, cackling over trivialities, omitting protests against our grievances, content, withal, and sure that the policy of defrauding the boys of an education will lessen the social power of Catholicism.

The Catholic Educational Conference, in session a few weeks ago at Cleveland, Ohio, adverted to the fact that in the past not so much attention has been paid to the higher education of boys as to that of the girls, and entrusted pastors, teachers, and parents, to help the colleges to bring the possibilities and opportunities of a higher Catholic education within reach of all able and promising young men. Many months ago did we hear this. Yet, coming from experts, it may cause some of us to sit up and take notice.

JUDICIAL TONE.

A friend writes us, that he is glad the CATHOLIC RECORD does not harbor caustic comments on our separated brethren. The sunshine radiating from his letter set our eyes a blinking, but we do not dare to hope that we have captured the moderate judicial tone which is, we are told, found in educated circles.

We may say that any verbal violence on our part is, as a rule, directed against error, and not its adherents. Now and then we may fashion diction which may grate harshly upon the ears of those who walk through life with bated breath. Still, it is difficult for one who loves his faith not to give a fitting rebuke to those who retail accusations which are based either on ignorance or malice. When an editor smites us with misconceptions of what we believe, and rails at a caricature which he dubs the Church, we deem it our duty to call attention to his methods. If a few scribes, who have

no regard for fair play, and notoriously loving preachers, were not in the planet, there would be less vilification of the Church, and more knowledge of the faith among our separated brethren. But we fear that the editors who are never content to exercise their own religion, unless they can also trouble the religion of others, will persist in maintaining that in religious discussions impartiality is to be set down as a weakness and courtesy as treason."

THE DISTURBED ANGLICANS.

In April, 1904, Mr. Balfour appointed a Royal Commission to inquire into the illegalities stated to be practised in the Church of England, and in June, 1906, this Commission issued its report. In the Nineteenth Century for August we read, in a criticism of the report by a writer, that if Parliament cannot find means for maintaining law in the Church its dis-establishment and disendowment will speedily follow. Were that to happen, what would be its definition? Cardinal Newman, we mind us, said, in speaking of Anglicanism: "Strip it of this world, and you have performed a mortal operation upon it, for it has ceased to be."

Another writer says that the report indicates that the way is open for the first statesman, who chooses to make his name, by drafting and carrying through Parliament a Bill for the destruction of the Church of England as a National Church.

Herbert Paul, M. P., is of the opinion that the House of Commons has "something better to do than to regulate ecclesiastical millinery. His uncomplicated reference to the Bishops, as perhaps the least judicial among all the orders of men, would seem to indicate that the editor of the magazine did not have a blue pencil when Mr. Paul's article was placed on his desk. Mr. Paul informs us also that Ritualistic practices were allowed to grow and flourish unchecked by the late Archbishop Temple. The present Bishop of London's methods of dealing with Ritualistic clergymen is dismissed as a futile acknowledgment of episcopal impotence; and he concludes by saying that the Church of England has endured and flourished because it afforded ample scope and latitude for all varieties of Protestant opinion, from the Highest of the High to the Broadest of the Broad. True, and it may help Anglicans to understand that a Church preyed upon by a hundred battling sects cannot be a safe haven. The bishops are to be pitied in their efforts to guide what Lord Houghton styled "that branch of the Civil Service called the Church of England." But they are in the same position, and have the same jurisdiction as the gentleman of whom Lord Beaconsfield said: "I made him a bishop but I forgot his name."

TALK FLAT AND UNPROFITABLE.

Much of the criticism of our colleges is a wearisome waste of time. We can hear patiently the words which bring light and guidance, but the talk, empty and futile, of men with preconceived ideas—of Catholics who are recreant to their duty—is merely a contribution to human misery.

We have no hesitation in saying that we are proud of our colleges. That they are not perfect we know; but, considering the meagre patronage extended to them by Catholics, and their limited pecuniary resources, they have achieved a success that is testimony and to spare to the self-sacrifice of their founders and friends. They could and would enlarge their sphere of usefulness if Catholics would follow the example of the non-Catholics who have placed McGill, for instance, on a firm foundation. They need money, but not talk—confidence, but not words, which are as discreditable to their utterances as offensive to those who are giving their time and talents to the teaching and propagation of Catholic principles. And here, by the way, we cannot reconcile the conduct of wealthy Catholics with the teaching that: "Whoever has received from the Divine bounty a large share of blessings . . . has received them for the purpose of using them for the perfecting of his own nature, and at the same time that he may employ them as the ministers of God's Providence for the benefit of others." What can be done by earnest Catholics may be seen in the college at Antigonish. Without dwelling upon its history, suffice it to say that the self-sacrifice of laymen and clerics piloted it to the position that it occupies to-day. How ever dark the sky, they never lost sight

of the goal, because they had faith in Catholic education and realized that one of the best assets of any diocese was a college. What has been done in Antigonish can be duplicated elsewhere by Catholics who will give no quarter to foolish and disheartening criticism, and who will open their hearts and purses.

MANGLING THE DICTIONARY.

President Roosevelt, aided and abetted by Messrs Carnegie, Brander, Matthews and other etymological bandits, is rough riding over the dictionary. "The silent letters of the alphabet must go," reads the edict. Words must be reformed and pruned and simplified and exhibited also in the President's official messages to Congress. This is very sudden. But the old spelling code is tough and will, we think, come unscathed through this spelling reform so-called. Let us bear with it as patiently as may be and blame it on the weather.

About the Presidents' spelling, one person writes: "I've been spelling my letters that way for years. I have ritten my letters the way they sound since I was a child. I am glad our President has folowed my way. I am a particular bad speller, and this relieves my mind."

NOTED FACTS.

The following facts recognized by the medical profession may be of interest to our readers:

1. It is a mistake to say that those doing hard work require stimulants. As a fact, no one requires alcohol as either food or tonic. Spirits, as usually taken, rapidly produce alcoholism, but mild alcoholic drinks, as beer and even cider, drunk repeatedly every day, produce after a time alcoholic poisoning with equal certainty. The habit of drinking complicates and aggravates all acute diseases. Typhoid fever, pneumonia and erysipelas are rapidly fatal in the subject of alcoholism. In short, alcoholism is the most terrible enemy to personal health, to family happiness, and to national prosperity.

LETTER FROM IRELAND.

Since addressing you from Dublin we have seen much of that city, so interesting in its history and also interesting in its present condition. It has four hundred and sixty thousand inhabitants, four fifths being Catholics. The "Four Courts" of Dublin and on to the lower end of Phoenix Park is the common ground of the battle of Clontarf in which Brian Boru totally defeated the Danes in 1014.

The estuary at the mouth of the Liffey gives the city a blank appearance from the sea, which is, however, redeemed by its costly public buildings, its treasures of art and its fine parks. From the summit of Nelson's Pillar one may see the entire city—the equestrian statue of King William on College Green, riding towards Grattan, whose uplifted hand, pointing to Trinity College, still holds the attention of all Ireland. Tom Moore and Goldsmith are there with many other noble Irish heroes, but greatest of all is the monument reared to O'Connell, Erin's greatest son. The sculptor has placed him wearing his accustomed cloak, in finely wrought marble, on a magnificent pedestal thirty feet high. At the base, emblematic figures, representing every art and profession, support a circular platform of marble. Around the girth of the column stand fifty life-size figures of all classes and trades of Ireland. These figures are inclining towards their Mother Erin, who stands, a graceful figure, with one hand pointing to her broken manacles and the other uplifted towards O'Connell. The monument is an earthly Paradise. The botanical gardens are places of rare beauty at this season, the thick green verdure of the trees, the rich deep color of the flowers, the sparkling streams, shady nooks and dells, make Dublin an earthly Paradise. Among the many costly churches, we found St. Michael's Church, at Kingstown suburb, a gem of architectural beauty. It contains seven altars of marble and precious stone, many storied windows, the most magnificent being the Patron Saint, majestically triumphing over Satan.

In the Bank of Ireland, which was formerly the Irish Parliament building, we were shown the historic rooms and records of Ireland's ancient greatness, and were presented with the official "quill pen." Dublin Castle is interesting, being the residence of the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, who at present is Lord Aberdeen, so kindly remembered in Canada. We had an expert guide, who must have possessed wonderful knowledge, as he never hesitated to answer any question of history, architecture or the financial standing of the banks. When asked if he could tell us if the finely wrought columns were of the Ionic or Corinthian order of architecture, he immediately

answered: "Sure I can tell you, there's just iron on the inside and plaster on the outside, to imitate marble, like all the frauds." In the Royal Irish National Museum, we were shown the crucifix of St. Columba and a bell used by St. Patrick. In the library of Trinity College is kept the priceless book of Kells, said to have been wrought and traced by the monks of St. Columba or St. Patrick. It contains the four gospels, not quite complete. Tradition tells us that it was hidden in a bog in troublous times and re-covered after centuries, in perfect preservation. Its penmanship, its delicate tracery, its marvellous blending of colors, make it a worthy object of admiration. Our visit to the great Rotunda Hospital, also to the Mercy Hospital, the latter the largest in Ireland, were real experiences.

We next visited Cork, one hundred and sixty five miles distant from Dublin. We passed through Kildare, a town of more than ordinary interest, where St. Brigid established her convent, and from which she carried the robe, woven by her own hands, for the burial of St. Patrick. The memory of St. Brigid and St. Erenghia, her companion, are especially dear to old and young, and the spot where their convent stood is venerated to this day. We reached Thurles and Nenagh, two most interesting towns, amid the hills and dales of Tipperary, the most Irish county of Ireland. Here are the "gentle Irishmen," good humored, most friendly and interesting in conversation. We remembered here the resting place of our "honored dead" and we breathed a fervent prayer for the lamented Father Flannery.

A short stay at Malloy and we reached Cork, a city of eighty thousand inhabitants. This city has the double deck electric cars, enabling passengers to get a good view of the city and surroundings. There is the river Lee, with its enchanting scenery, where Black Rock Castle, and Convent stand, both of which we visited. In the latter we were delighted to hear, so far from home, the young ladies of the academy sweetly rendering familiar words and airs. The sweet voices of these more than Irish thrushes are still recalling memories of that quiet secluded spot.

We visited Blarney Castle, still the curiosity of the world. Its walls are fourteen feet thick, its size, its underground caves hewn in the solid rock, excite astonishment. Queenston, at the mouth of Cork Harbor, is a beautiful place. From the splendid cathedral, perhaps the finest in Ireland, excepting that of Armagh, there is a magnificent view of water, islands and green mountains. Several British battle ships and cruisers are riding at anchor. This is the sailing place of American seafarers, to and from Liverpool. We had the pleasure of meeting here some Canadian friends, who had just landed and I assure you the meeting with friends from home was no formal one.

Queen's College, Cork, is a handsome structure, in the Tudor Gothic style. St. Anne's Church, a most interesting old edifice, contains Father Prout's famous "Bells of Shandon." Cork still bears disastrous marks, and tells lamentable stories of the cruelties of Cromwell.

Bantry is a small town in the north-west of Ireland. From here we took a forty-mile ride in four horse coaches. There were five coaches in our caravan with sixteen passengers in each. Travellers adopt this mode of touring, the better to take in the surpassing beauty of the varied conditions of the country. The usual swarms of small birds were in evidence, scrambling for the showers of pennies thrown by the amused tourists. Next we are out in the open country, among farm houses and green fields, the sheep and cattle are grazing, while the people are gazing pleasantly on the unique train. We finally pass through a quarter mile tunnel, and a mountain bars our way. We alight, fire a salute, take snap shots and move around the mountain to Kenmare for dinner, after which we visit the Convent of the Poor Clares.

Resuming our journey we reached Killarney late at night, hungry for supper. The waiter served us chicken, which he called "a la Napoleon." We understood him better when we found it consisted mostly of "Bone part."

The Lakes of Killarney I shall not attempt to describe—they have been written about in prose and sung in poetry.

The good Earl of Kenmare entertained us at his beautiful castle, high above the Lakes and "Sweet Innisfallen." We viewed the ruins of Muckross Abbey with mingled interest and awe. "Our boatmen roved us through the 'Meeting of the Waters' immortalized by Moore. As we passed through the 'Gap of Dunloe' the boatmen informed us that they would rouse the sleeping fairies of the mountains, then uttered with one accord, the loud salute and were answered in clear and ringing tones from the wooded mountains, echo answering echo, again and again.

Reaching Limerick we had the pleasant opportunity of again seeing Lord and Lady Aberdeen, opening the Limerick Fair. Hosts of societies and organizations were out in uniforms. The city was in gay attire, bands of music and processions seemed endless, but our thoughts reverted to the many years ago when Limerick's story was one of blood, and even to this day the "Treaty Stone" vividly recalls memories—none too friendly. However, the name of the gallant and brave Sarafield dispels our gloomy thoughts, and its present enactments promise a bright future.

The town of Galway, with its twelve thousand people, is interesting for its mild climate, its ancient buildings, its

Queen's College, and its "fish market," proverbial the world over. Tuam is a fine town and the residence of the Archbishop of the West. It was here the great Prelate Molloy did so much for Ireland, its people and its language. Castlebar, in County Mayo, was our resting place for a while, where we met many marks of unmistakable kindness from the good Canon Lyons and the Sisters of Mercy.

The very large and handsome new church is an admirable piece of architecture. We marveled many times since coming to Ireland, how so many churches could be built, containing none but costly materials, but new the wonder ceases when we behold the tides of human souls, so true to the faith, follow in and out of those churches, dropping their pennies in the boxes as they pass. Here St. Patrick led the dearest pledges of his wonderful mission. Croagh Patrick, a cone-shaped mountain, reaching toward the clouds, is plainly seen at Tuam, sixty miles away. The summit is called St. Patrick's Peak, twenty six hundred feet high, and it was here the Saint in fervent prayer obtained from God the promise that Ireland would never lose her faith. Thanks to the good Saint for that long prayer!

July 26th saw us in Armagh, celebrating the Mass for the Feast of St. Anne, on the high altar of this great and magnificent Cathedral. Here St. Patrick fixed his See and here now resides Cardinal Logue, the Primate of all Ireland.

This Cathedral cost \$800,000, gathered from the Irish all over the world. The condition of the land tenants has been extremely hard for centuries back, especially in the South and West. However the recent Land Acts are improving the situation and the people speak well of King Edward, who is raising hand and voice to right their wrongs. Rev. J. G. MURAN.

THREE REMARKABLE CURES AT ST. ANNE DE BEAUPRE.

MEMBERS OF BOSTON PILGRIMAGE RELIEVED OF SERIOUS BODILY AILMENTS.

As was announced in a brief note in the last issue of The Pilot three members of the recent pilgrimage to the shrine of St. Anne de Beaupre which was in charge of the Rev. James J. McCaffery, of St. Thomas's Church, Jamaica Plain, Boston, were signally blessed as a reward for their faith and devotion, by being relieved of grievous bodily ailments. Michael J. Kelly, of Jamaica Plains, was cured of a very bad case of rheumatism, which had seriously crippled his left leg; Joseph Baldwin, of West Lynn, recovered his sight after having been practically blind all his life, and Miss Anna F. Morley, of Alliston, Boston, was relieved of his disease, from which she had suffered for years and which had made her a cripple.

A representative of The Pilot has investigated all three cases, and can, therefore, vouch for the truth of these statements.

He first called upon Mr. Kelly, whom he found to be a finely grown man, about three score years of age, and in splendid health. He is a man of strong, earnest faith and practical piety, one of those fine old types such as we picture to ourselves as the pioneers of the faith in New England. He is a native of Castlebar, Co. Mayo, Ireland. He has been a member of Carroll Court, M. C. O. F., about seventeen years, the Sacred Heart Society about a quarter of a century, and the Holy Family Society of the Mission Church eighteen years.

Since 1886 Mr. Kelly has been a sufferer from rheumatism and for many years had been unable to bend his right leg at the knee. As a result he could walk only a short distance, and then only painfully and laboriously. He was afraid to go up or down stairs. The disease had become especially bad this year and compelled Mr. Kelly to give up his work about two months ago. For the last eighteen years he has been employed in the sewer department of the city.

Now, as a result of the pilgrimage, Mr. Kelly is almost entirely freed of the disease, all the pain is gone and he limps only slightly. He soon expects to be walking as well as ever, and will resume his work shortly.

While praying in the Shrine, with his left leg stretched out behind him, Mr. Kelly said that he experienced a mental exaltation and physical sensation of relief. As he was climbing up the holy stairs, he said, he felt himself getting stronger; then he made the Stations of the Cross, after which he descended the stairs, all the while noticing the vigor coming back to him. Finally he kissed the relic of St. Anne, after which, he declared, he was practically cured.

Mr. Baldwin was born blind; about eleven years ago, through the prayers of the priests of the Mission Church, Roxbury, he recovered in a very slight measure the use of the right eye. However, it was only by the aid of the most powerful glasses that he could see anything. He was barely able to distinguish daylight from darkness, and could not tell one color from another. Although so badly handicapped, Mr. Baldwin had managed to get the rudiment of education at school, and even to secure light employment with the General Electric Company.

As the result of the partial restoration of his sight Mr. Baldwin was encouraged to make the pilgrimage to the Shrine of St. Anne de Beaupre at the first opportunity of which he could avail himself. He had perfect faith in the mercy of God, and his last words as he left his mother were: "I know I am going to be cured and won't have to

wear these old goggles any more."

Mr. Baldwin was making the Sign of the Cross in the shrine when all of a sudden, according to his own story, he could see perfectly well with his right eye and quite a little with the left, in which hitherto he had been totally blind. He is wearing glasses temporarily to protect his eyes, which are in a healing condition, from dust, but expects to discard them altogether soon.

Now Mr. Baldwin is back to work and expects in a short time to be given a position which he will be enabled to fill because of his restored sight.

The Pilot's representative also saw Miss Anna R. Morley at the residence of her parents at Alliston. Miss Morley said that she is nineteen years of age and has been fifteen years a cripple, one leg being somewhat shorter than the other. Her mother there is no decay of a bone in the hip. She had had the best medical treatment, and had submitted to several surgical operations. They brought only the slightest relief from her sufferings. Some years ago she experienced benefit from the prayers of a Carmelite nun; but a cure was not vouchsafed her. At one time she was obliged to use two crutches, but she has never been able to dispense with one, until her recent visit to the shrine of St. Anne. She was attending Mass in the Shrine, when suddenly she felt that a great mercy had been shown her. After the Mass, she rose, and leaving her crutch behind, walked unaided out of the Church and back to her boarding place. Later in the day she walked from the church to the pier, a distance of about a mile. Since her return there is no sign of relapse. Indeed, she went into Boston last Sunday for the first time without a crutch, and experienced no difficulty in getting on and off cars. She came down easily to meet The Pilot representative, and after narrating the facts above given, stood for some moments in conversation with him. Miss Morley is the daughter of Mr. Michael Morley, a clerk in the office of the election commissioners, City Hall, Boston. She was for some time a pupil at Mt. St. Joseph's Academy, Alliston Heights, Brighton.—Boston Pilot.

THE SISTERS AND THEIR SCHOOLS.

"I thank God for the Sisters and their schools," said a tired mother recently. "There the children are trained in the knowledge and the practice of their religion, and that is worth a great deal. And it saves me so much! How would I ever be able by myself, at the end of weary days, to teach mine their faith? I couldn't properly do it. See me now, nervous from early till late, with busy exhausted when night comes. Think of me then trying to instruct them in the catechism, in church history, in devotions, in controversy and in the practical piety that observes the commandments of God and the laws of the Church! It is next to impossible. Yet I'm better able to do it than many mothers who did not have any advantages in girlhood in attending a convent academy. If it weren't for the Sisters, God bless them, I'd say: 'Poor mothers! Poor children!'"

These sentiments of appreciation and gratitude are echoed by all Catholic fathers and mothers. The Sisters receive them of great responsibility. With those teachers they know that their children are in the best of hands. With them the little ones will be safeguarded in innocence and exercised in virtue. It is no wonder, then, that the overworked mother exclaimed:

"I thank God for the Sisters and their schools!" —Pittsburg Catholic.

THE WORK OF THE CHURCH.

At the recent general assembly of the Presbytery of the Diocese of New South Wales, the reverend moderator elected stated that to him it was "a very sad and very humbling thing that practically the whole of the distinctively church work done for the relief of poverty, helplessness, and suffering should be in the hands of one church. That church was wise in her generation. Her orphanages, her rescue homes, and her hospitals were at once her 'glory and her strength.' 'How meagre,' he added, 'is our record of well doing! The reproach falls not on Presbyterians alone, but on all; if not equally on all, our Protestant churches.'

Quoting these words in an address delivered at the blessing and opening of a new convent, the Archbishop of Adelaide remarked:

"I make no reservation. In making it, I must not be taken as challenging the substantial accuracy of the reverend moderator's words; nor shall I, I am sure, give offence to him. That reservation is the Salvation Army. The Salvation Army is, I assume, a form of Protestantism. If Salvationists are Protestants, there is at least one Protestant denomination which the regrets of the reverend moderator-elect do not touch, which I do him the justice of saying he did not mean, that his regrets should touch. Salvationists have this in common with us Catholics, that they gather the bulk of their adherents from among the working classes. Against the Salvationists the reproach does not lie that the helpless, the suffering, and the poor are treated by them with either forgetfulness or neglect."

The Archbishop, it will be seen, was no less just than the Presbyterian preacher was frank. A good word in favor of the Salvation Army ought to be generally gratifying.—Ave Maria.

A VICTIM TO THE SEAL OF CONFESSION.

A TRUE STORY BY THE REV. JOSEPH SPILLMAN, S. J. CHAPTER XVII. A PILGRIMAGE TO THE SHRINE OF ST. MARY MAGDALEN.

Passion-week was drawing to a close, and the day appointed for the trial was approaching. The Montmoulin case was the talk of all Aix, and the town was divided into two hostile camps; one party asserting loudly that the prisoner was guilty of murder, and of which the principal partisans were to be found in the clubs and coffee-rooms, and among the writers for the press; whilst the other believed in the innocence of the accused, prayed that he might win the day, and expressed their opinion more or less openly.

In Mr. Lenoir's household Father Montmoulin had a staunch supporter in the person of the good wife, who defended him with a loyal heart and a glib tongue. Woe betide the neighbor, even the customer, who ventured within the precincts of the baker's shop to cast a doubt on the priest's innocence! A broadside was immediately opened upon him. Mr. Lenoir himself was by no means as positive on the point at issue. Naturally in his wife's presence he was careful not to admit the possibility of a doubt, for the peace and comfort of his house was dear to him. Nor when the children whom he had taken in out of charity were by, did he allow a syllable to escape his lips to the effect that the result of the trial might not be what was expected; he would not vex Charles, for he was fond of the boy. But to himself he said: "I cannot understand how a priest could do such a deed; but the facts of the case which one reads and hears, seem all to be dead against him." The truth of the matter was, that since Lenoir had been summoned to appear as a witness, on account of his having driven Loser into Aix, on which occasion the wily scrovin had fascinated him by a recital of his exploits, he considered himself to be on the side of the prosecution, and spoke up boldly on behalf of his "friend" Loser, whom the adherents of Father Montmoulin regarded as the probable criminal.

He had a little dispute with his wife on this subject, and made her very angry by venturing to say a word in favor of the rascal, as she denominated him, who had not been to his Easter duty for years. "Mind," she cried resolutely, "that you do not utter a syllable in Court on behalf of that wretch who, you may be sure, was the one who stole the poor lady."

"I shall speak the truth in Court," the baker replied. "When I am put on my oath, and asked whether I drove Mr. Loser that Sunday evening to the station, and heard him ask for a ticket to Marseilles, I must say that I did. You would not have me perjure myself!"

"Perhaps by saying so you may do harm to the good clergyman, who is undoubtedly innocent. Would it not be better for you not to give evidence at all?"

"And be fined, or put in prison for refusing to appear? No, wife, you understand nothing at all about it. If I am called as a witness, it is my duty to appear in Court, and state the truth to the best of my knowledge."

"Dear me, how unfortunate! Must you really give evidence that will be damaging to the priest? I could never sleep in peace another night if I had to own to myself that I had said anything which contributed to the unjust condemnation of an innocent person. There comes of so much talking and boasting! You must needs to tell everyone how you drove this miserable scrovin to the station, and how he had related to you all manner of wonderful achievements, every one his own invention, as sure as I stand here. And then people say, we women are the babblers!"

At this juncture, when Mr. Lenoir was at a loss what answer to make, and consequently was in danger of losing his temper, for good natured as he was, he could at times be angry, master Charles entered the room with a downcast air. On his way back from school some one had called out after him that his uncle would be sentenced to death next Monday, and his mother and grandmother sent to the House of Correction. Both husband and wife sought to console the little fellow, and in doing so the conjugal differences were forgotten.

"How could anyone be so cruel!" cried the good wife. "Never mind, Charles, all will go right. To-morrow we will make the pilgrimage we have talked about so long, to Holy Cross, and pray to the blessed Mother of Dolours, whose feast is kept to-morrow. And, you will drive us to the foot of the hill, will you not?"

"You can take the pony and trap, and John shall drive you," replied the worthy baker, rejoicing to find peace was restored. "You know, my dear, I cannot possibly get away myself to-morrow."

"May Julia come too?" asked Charles, already more than consoled by the prospect of the pilgrimage, which in his childish faith he believed would have the happiest results for his uncle.

"To be sure she may, you and she and I, we will treat the holy patron of Provence to intercede for your relatives."

held high festival, and minstrel and minstrel found a hearty welcome and a liberal guerdon.

No thoughts of bygone times occupied the minds of our pilgrims, but the beauty of the day and the mirthful song of the birds had the effect of raising the spirits of the whole party. Only when a turn in the road brought into view the distant church and convent of St. Victoire did the children's faces cloud over, and their eyes fill with tears. But the passing sadness was quickly dispelled, and when the hamlet of Croix Rouge was reached, they alighted at the Golden Lily Inn, whose sign-board showed the ancient four-days, in the cheeriest frame of mind. There they left poney cart and driver, and after taking some refreshment, they began to climb the steep side of the mountain.

The old forest at its foot was first passed through, one of the few forests in Provence which the axe of the woodman had mercifully spared. Then came the mountain itself, with its rocky walls, resembling grey granite, which appeared to rise perpendicularly from the plain below. On the north side, looking towards Aix and the heights of St. Victoire, at a giddy height in the wall of rock, is situated the holy cave, wherein tradition says, St. Mary Magdalen passed the last years of her life in contemplation and extraordinary penance. Thousands of pilgrims have in the course of centuries visited this sanctuary, and found solace and succor in times of sorrow and distress. Thither Mrs. Lenoir and the two children were bound, as they followed the narrow zig-zag path that wound round the side of the mountain.

For the good baker's wife the ascent proved no easy task. From time to time she was forced to stand still, panting for breath, while the children scampered like chamois up the steep and stony path, and right glad she was when the narrow platform before the tiny house, built against the rock, where the two Dominican monks who are in charge of the sanctuary have their dwelling place.

Before entering the cave, Mrs. Lenoir sat down to rest awhile, and enjoy the view of the country, which lay stretched out before her like a vast panorama, shut in on the north east by the peaks of the lesser Alps. At her feet, far down below, was the forest, diminished by distance to the proportions of a small copse; to the west was a wide expanse of plains and hills, country watered by the Arc and its tributaries, while more to the right, the rocky summits of St. Victoire were discernible, towering above the lesser hills. The eyes of our pilgrims naturally turned in that direction.

"I can see the point where the cross of Provence must be," said Charles, "but I cannot see the cross itself, nor can I perceive the church and convent of St. Victoire."

"Marius' camp hides the church and the village from our sight," replied Mrs. Lenoir, "and the distance is too great for you to see the cross. Pray do not go so close to the railing, you might slip and fall down this giddy height. Come, let us go into the grotto, and pray fervently for your uncle and grandmother."

They went accordingly into the sanctuary, and all three knelt down before the picture representing the great penitent held aloft by angels' hands whilst raised in ecstasy above the tops of the mountains.

"Look children, you see how the angels encircle St. Mary Magdalen, our great patroness and protectress of Provence, high above the mountains, every day, that she might join in their prayers and praises," said Mrs. Lenoir.

"Now you lay your petition before her, and commend it to her earnestly. For great is her power with our blessed Lord, beneath whose cross she stood, and who appeared to her and spoke lovingly to her after His Resurrection."

Charles and Julia looked with feelings of wonder and awe at the old painting, dimly lighted by the flickering flame of two silver lamps, and kneeling before it, they addressed to the Saint, whose figure was shrouded in this mysterious twilight, their childish petitions on behalf of their unfortunate relatives.

"Pray for us O kind Saint! Pray with the blessed mother of God for mother and grandmother, that they may be let out of prison, and for poor uncle that he may be proved innocent!" Then they recited Ave after Ave, until they were tired, and their eyes grew heavy. The tapers which Mrs. Lenoir had lighted on the stand beside the picture were not half burnt down when she saw that the boy's curly head had sunk on his clasped hands and he was fast asleep. Julia noticing this, pulled her brother's sleeve, and whispered "For shame!" but very soon after she too was overcome by drowsiness, and leaning her head against the back of a chair, slumbered as soundly as he. Mrs. Lenoir did not rouse the sleepers until she had finished saying her beads, and was about to leave the Chapel.

"Oh, I prayed for a long time and very hard first," Charles answered; "then I thought the saint nodded at me, but I believe it was I who nodded, and I fell asleep just a little. It was so dark in the grotto and the gnats buzzed so loudly."

"Just a little," Julia said laughingly. "You slept like a top, pulled your sleeve but you did not notice it."

"Do not find fault with your brother," interposed Mrs. Lenoir. "You fairly snored in your corner. Well children, is was no sin, and I do not think your prayers will be heard any the less for it. Now let us drink some of the water from the spring which rose miraculously out of the solid rock on purpose for the saint, and then we climb up to the top of the mountain, where she sang the praises of God with the choirs of angels."

They took a draught of clear cool water, and bathed their sleepy eyes with it, before regaining the narrow zig-zag path leading through the wood to the plateau at the summit of the mountain. On this spot was a small chapel of the most unornamental description, erected in commemoration of the miraculous converse which took place, the legend tells, was accented to hold with angelic visitants in that lonely place. After spending two or three minutes in prayer, Mrs. Lenoir led the children to the southern brow of the mountain, and directed their attention to the magnificent view to be obtained from that lofty eminence on which they were standing.

"Look, she said to them, 'there on the right, where the haze lies thickest, is Marseilles; Toulon is on the left, and over there, far away on the distant horizon, you can just see the lovely island of Hyeres.'"

"And the sea rolls between, the deep, blue sea, bearing the ships, with their white sails! Julia, do you see that large steamer with its long trail of smoke behind it? It is on a ship like that that I mean to go to savage countries, to convert the heathen."

When enough had been seen of the green shores of the Mediterranean, the little party descended the mountain, and repaired to the Golden Lily, where they had ordered dinner to be ready for them on their absence the man who drove them there had told the landlord and the waiter who the children were, and what was the object of their pilgrimage. Everyone in Croix Rouge had of course heard of Father Montmoulin's arrest, and everyone was looking forward eagerly to the coming trial. The landlord who had pulled over his coat, and who had fallen in love with the good looking little boy, afterwards said to the man: "So those are the nephew and niece of that poor priest, about whom people say such unkind things! I could have sworn to say about the matter, if only master would let me. But he always says: 'You hold your tongue, or they will summon you to appear in court, and you will have to go to Aix to give evidence. And heaven only knows what annoyances you will get into. Besides your evidence would do the priest no good. As he talks like that, I have said nothing, but still I cannot help thinking I ought to.'"

Then John questioned the woman about her uncle, and she told him that one day in the first week of Lent, on Tuesday, she thought, when she opened the house door in the early morning, she saw the scrovin of St. Victoire coming along the road at a quick pace. He looked so strange that she did not recognize him at the first moment, but as he hurried past she knew him by the scar on his cheek, though his hat was pulled over his eyes, and he turned his face away. When news came of the murder at St. Victoire, she told the landlord that she had seen the man, for there was something about his appearance that roused her suspicions. However her master took no heed of it, saying there was every proof the clergyman had committed the murder, so she held her tongue, for she did not want to have anything to do with courts of law. But now that she had seen the poor children, she almost thought she was bound in conscience to tell what she had seen. And she concluded by asking the man what he thought about it?

The baker's employe was not the most sagacious of mankind. Yet it is a curious thing that the information his fair consultant could give might be of some importance, so after pushing aside his hat and scratching his head, he said it might be as well to ask his mistress her opinion, when she came back from the Grotto. "For," he added confidentially, "she is a shrewd woman, and master and mistress too, though she is but a little body."

To this the girl agreed, and the whole story was repeated to Mrs. Lenoir on her return to the inn. She listened attentively, and raising her eyes to heaven, exclaimed: "I really believe the children's prayers have been heard! Put the pony to at once, we will drive home. If I ask her to come and see us in Aix, then I can impress upon her the importance of giving her testimony on behalf of the good priest."

Mrs. Lenoir was as good as her word. A few minutes later she learnt the name of the girl, Anne Julia, and inscribed it duly in her notebook. She sought to difficulty in persuading her to come to Aix at the time of the trial and appear in Court. The only objection the girl urged was that she had not a good enough dress, and this obstacle Mrs. Lenoir at once removed by saying she had a very pretty shawl that she would give her.

With light hearts the little party entered upon the journey home, and before sunset the town was reached. Mrs. Lenoir gave orders to drive straight to the solicitor's house. She found him in his office, and on sending in word that she had an important communication to make concerning the Montmoulin case, she was forthwith admitted to his presence. She told her tale somewhat less coyly than the solicitor could have wished, but at the end he seemed very well satisfied, although he did not hold out too bright hopes to his visitor. "The incident interests me," he said, "and I thank you for informing me of it. I hope we may be able to turn it to account. I must request you, however, not to say much about it, or our opponents."

"Oh, I understand what you mean. But I am not one of those people who talk about everything. And you really hope that you will succeed in triumphantly proving his reverence to be innocent?"

"Most assuredly I do. But now in the interest of my client I must deny myself the pleasure of further conversation with you. You will excuse me, Madam; after the trial I shall be at your service."

As soon as Mrs. Lenoir had left the room, the solicitor rang for one of his clerks, and told him to go at once to the law court. "I want the name of this person, to be added to the witnesses for the defence. There is no time to be lost, for the Public Prosecutor might take exception to me to-morrow morning at 6 o'clock, to go to Croix Rouge. If this new witness is what I venture to hope, she will be of great service to us. A ray of light at last! But whether it will be sufficient to dispel the darkness, I cannot venture to say."

The next day towards evening, our little friend Charles might be seen peeping up and down in the square before the town hall. Several times he passed before the famous clock-tower, the lower part of which dates from the time of the Romans, and which is the admiration of every stranger. The child's demeanor was irresolute, and now and again he glanced timidly at the large house on the other side of the street, where the Chief Judge resided, and he had been told, would have to pronounce sentence on his uncle. Finally, when the clock struck 6, he summoned up all his courage, walked determinately across the square to the door of the great house, and with a beating heart pulled the brightly-polished bell handle.

An old servant in livery opened the door, and looked wonderingly at the handsome boy, who lifted his cap from his curly head, modestly asked if he could see the worshipful the Judge.

"What is your business with his Worship, my little man?" inquired the servant in no unkind manner.

"Please, sir, I am the nephew of the good priest who has been accused wrongly by wicked people, and I want to beg him to let my grandmother and mother out of prison; they have done nothing at all that is wrong."

"Poor little lad! I am afraid your representations will not go for much. Yet I will ask master if he will see you; he seems in a very good humour to-day."

A few minutes later Charles was ushered into a grandly furnished drawing-room, where an elderly gentleman, very nicely dressed, was sitting. He looked the boy up and down, with some hesitation at first, then with tolerable fluency, he laid his petition before him. The little fellow's frank countenance and good and holy man, possessed the Judge in his favour, and when Charles naïvely stated his readiness to swear in Court to his uncle's innocence, the listener could not repress a smile. Then he said: "Tell me child, who put this strange idea into your head?" For he thought it was a piece of acting, which his relatives had put the boy up to, for the sake of producing an effect.

Charles related the story of the innocent miller who was falsely accused of murder just like his uncle, and who was acquitted, because another man deposed to his guiltlessness on oath. He told the tale well, and the Judge heard him to the end. "It was this story," the boy concluded, "that made me think I might do the same for my uncle, and is really a good and holy man, and since I was told that you, sir, were an honest man, I took the liberty of coming to ask you how I was to take the oath, and get my uncle released."

"Well, my man," the Judge answered, stroking the boy's head, "you have told your tale and stated your case admirably. You will make a lawyer some day. There is one difficulty though: children cannot take an oath in a court of law."

"What a pity! But I am not a child now."

"You have not reached the age prescribed by law."

"And people will not believe my word, though I never told a lie."

"I have no doubt that you are fully persuaded of your uncle's innocence, but unfortunately that is not enough for me. But you shall not have come to me for nothing; I promise to do all in my power in your uncle's behalf. And as for your grandmother and mother, you shall be allowed to visit them, as soon as the trial is over."

The boy expressed his thanks, and departed with a light heart, and a nice cake in his pocket. The Judge sighed as he turned over the minutes of the case and said to himself: "Poor little fellow! I could not let him know what a bad lookout there is for his uncle."

TO BE CONTINUED

THE WOMAN WHO NEVER DID WRONG

BY KATHERINE E. CONWAY. The housekeeper announced "Miss Tallon, Father." Father O'Connor set his book-mark in at the eviction scene in "Luke Dalmege," and with a momentary compression of the lips that meant facing a frequent and not altogether agreeable duty, passed into the parlor.

This was the meeting day of the Society of St. Martha, and Miss Tallon always called on him directly after adjournment. Through several years' experience he knew that these calls always meant complaints—more in sorrow than in anger, to be sure—of the other officers or of certain members; with a contrast hardly conscious of her own fidelity to duty, and the sacrifices she had made for the society and its beneficiaries.

For Miss Tallon was president of the society. She was "the head of everything" among the Catholic women of Brucetown, as any member of St. Joseph's parish would have explained to a stranger. Indeed, if the Golden Rose or the Laetare Medal were to be given in Brucetown, the people would have deemed it Miss Tallon's inalienable right.

Truly, she had many claims, ancestral and personal, on local Catholic gratitude. Her grandfather had given the site of St. Joseph's, now one of the most valuable properties in the town, together with a generous offering to the building fund. At the dedication of the church, her father's gift was the high altar, and two memorial windows; and on her parents' death, Miss Tallon and her brothers and sisters, all married but herself, had given a beautiful marble altar, in keeping with her father's earlier gift, to the Lady Chapel.

In wealth and respectability, the Tallons had long been the foremost Catholics in Brucetown. Miss Tallon, as the eldest and most masterful held on. And order for the Public Prosecutor might take exception to me to-morrow morning at 6 o'clock, to go to Croix Rouge. If this new witness is what I venture to hope, she will be of great service to us. A ray of light at last! But whether it will be sufficient to dispel the darkness, I cannot venture to say."

She was nearing her fortieth year in single blessedness; and ably keeping up the family tradition of generosity to religion; adding thereto new forms of social service, not only among the familiar poor, but among the oftentimes needy foreigners drawn so numerous to Brucetown in recent years by the big wicker furniture manufactory. Yet, while every one respected Miss Tallon and acknowledged all her claims, there was hardly one who would not have braced himself for a private interview with her, just as Father O'Connor did.

"How are you, Julie?" asked the priest, pleasantly. He had baptised every one of the third generation of the Tallons, and had seen this one grow from infancy to her prime maturity he himself verged on his vigorous and young-hearted old age.

"Well, considering everything," sighed the lady, standing respectfully, as the priest settled himself as well as he could in the slippery horse hair arm chair opposite her.

"I trust there is no trouble in the family," said Father O'Connor, with kindly solicitude.

"No, indeed, we never have trouble in the ordinary acceptance of the word," rejoined Miss Tallon, with a perceptible stiffening of her exceedingly erect person.

All the Tallons were as proper as Miss Tallon herself. The young people were the painful models of the various schools they attended. On their occasional visits to Brucetown, Father O'Connor would have given much to see one of these decorous nephews "hanging on behind" to a grocer's cart; or one of the nieces with a torn gown or hair disordered in headstall play; just as he wished for an occasional lapse from grammatical accuracy or a hearty laugh from the model aunt herself.

"I thought of possible illness," said the priest, gently. "This is a sickly season."

"Our family rarely has illness. All the children have inherited sound constitutions and get the best of care. No, it is a little worry about our St. Martha's Society. To be frank with you, Father O'Connor, it was a mistake to admit Mrs. Thornton to membership."

"Why, she seems to be a very constant and efficient visitor among the poor."

"That is not the question, Father. It is her bad influence at the meetings. She is so very frivolous; all for dress and jokes and the notice of men, as if she were a badly brought-up girl of eighteen, instead of—There, look at her now!"

The lady in question was passing, evidently happy in the company of the tall man of middle age, who beaming with good fellowship, had to bend a bit to catch the words of the bright-faced, gaily dressed little widow.

"I suppose it's only a matter of taste," said the priest, keeping his mind on the spoken criticism, and ignoring Mrs. Thornton's escort. A young woman adorning herself always seems to be like a bird sitting on a bough and preening its feathers. It's nature, and so long as it's modest—"

"But Mrs. Thornton is far from young. She is at least as old as I am."

"And you are still a young girl to me," he answered.

But Miss Tallon was not to be placated nor diverted from her grievance. Was it zeal undefined for righteousness, or was it John Hamilton's apparent admiration for the eyes of a woman who never blundered to the shortcomings of her frail sister? The human heart is a labyrinth in which the wanderer is as often surprised by unlooked for evils as by unlooked for goods. Few knew its tortuous windings better than Father O'Connor.

Miss Tallon's "might have been" as to Holy Matrimony had better ground than most of those maiden laides verging on middle age. Was she not an heiress, and good to look at even yet, and a little sharp of features and angular of figure? Who in Brucetown, or even in the city a hundred miles east of it, were most of her family dwelt, equalled her in delicate refinement of dress—the result, no doubt, of observant sojourns in Paris, with a well filled purse.

But the advances of all suitors were repelled with gentle but unmistakable coldness; and only one besides herself realized that John Hamilton, the playmate of her childhood, who having acquired a competence, could not be suspected of mercenary motives, might at any time have had the well controlled heart for the asking. True, he had sacrificed many of his best years to the claims of filial and brotherly duty, but at last he was free. And now, if he remembered to any woman attentions, it would be to the little world of Brucetown could read the slightest significance, it was to this gaily, flippant stranger.

This was the thought, albeit vague and unacknowledged, which tortured Miss Tallon during the uncomfortable silence which had fallen between herself and her old friend.

"But there is nothing so wrong as to be ground for remonstrance," said the priest at last.

"Only that she is slippy and flippant to the verge of irreverence, brazen in her pursuits of men's attentions, and having a ready though hardly refined humor, she has cast a sort of spell over all our younger members. But knowing her brothers and sisters as we do, what could we expect?"

The priest had no answer, for he had himself accounted it a miracle of grace that the youngest of the wild, and godless family in question had been brought through her widowhood and the death of her idolized child within the range of his influence, and finally into the Church.

"I had hoped so much for both from a possible friendship between you," he said regretfully.

"I can't imagine what Mrs. Thornton could have done for me," said Miss Tallon, coldly. "But," rising, "I must go. My already taken far too much of your valuable time."

"Don't mention it. My thought was rather of what you might have done for Mrs. Thornton. At least, dear child, knowing all the good God delivered her from in bringing her into the church, you will make allowance for some little foolishness not yet outgrown, and pray for her perseverance. We who have always had the Faith cannot quite enter into the difficulties of a convert."

"It strikes me that we are more likely to err on the side of over-indulgence than of neglect, when converts are concerned. Good evening, Father."

Miss Tallon was down the steps of the rectory before Father O'Connor had found another parting word.

Now that his attention had been called to it, the good priest had to admit Mrs. Thornton's flippancy, and her ready and thoughtless wit, and seldom stopped to note where its sharp arrows pierced. Had he not more than once in his occasional visit to the Society of St. Martha, seen the droll little mone with which she received the measured utterances of the stately president? Had he not even caught her in a telling caricature of the president's grand manner? The offender received his remonstrances with a patient sigh, but her lowered eyelids scarcely veiled two mirthful sparkles. There was no doubt, too, that she made the most of her widow's privileges in leading honest John Hamilton on a dance for her amusement.

Yet among the poorest of his flock, her name was in benediction; her coming the herald of unfailing relief and gladness. But Miss Tallon also was assiduous in her visits to the poor; generous with material goods, lavish of advice and correction.

As one victim of adverse fortune was wont to put it: "Yes; I know she has given me many a thing, but she makes a body feel like a worm of the earth at the same time. It's 'Why don't you keep yourself clean?' as 'Why don't you mend your clothes?' as 'If a body had all day, after being up all night with a sick baby, to say nothin' of a drunken husband thrown in now and again. But the little woman, God bless her! In she comes, and not a word about the dirt, but she takes up the baby herself, and bathes him as nice as you please, and makes me lie down for a couple of hours while she straightens up things and lays a bit of dinner ready for me before she's off. And I've known her many a time to go down on her knees and wash poor old Grany Grogan's feet makin' nothin' but a joke of it; and the other day she was at the Polack's, way down the road where nobody else goes. The poor mother had hardly the clothes to cover her, and didn't that good little creature slip off her own worn woolsen skirt, savin' your presence, and put it right on Mrs. Zamfoxy, or whatever you call her?"

Sometimes the priest found a poor sick room made beautiful with the flowers Mrs. Thornton had carried thither. Often he came upon her peacefully at home in some wretched dwelling, while she mended the tattered clothing of the children and made them presentable for school. She had not much to give. She had to manage her little income well to keep up appearances, but she gave of her time and labor without stint, and forgot the charities of the day in the girlish pranks or flirtation of the evening.

all right—she's a great little nurse—but she fears for her, for all that she makes so light of it."

CATHOLICS IN SCOTLAND.

THE CHURCH STRONG AND RESPECTED IN PRESBYTERIAN CITADEL.

"She's a brick!" cried John Hamilton, "but she must be relieved. Did you ever hear of anything finer, Miss Tallon?"

Edinburgh schools are only closing here this week, the middle of July, and will reopen the first week of September.

"Oh, Miss Tallon; you would have done as much if you knew." There was no mistaking the sincerity of the man's voice and eyes.

Voluntary schools have the same inspectors, text books, grades, examination papers and board of examiners as the board schools.

"I suspected it," Mrs. Thornton said calmly, when Father O'Connor told her, and bade her prepare for her last hour.

Four thousand children attend the Catholic voluntary schools. They go to no other. There are eight Catholic churches and two or three being built.

"Well, Father, in this case it will be as blessed to receive as to give. She is a good woman, with a Puritan streak in her; and I have been her torment."

It is only a short ride by the electric car to Newhaven, the famous fish market. The fishwives of Newhaven are an early morning feature, which is most interesting and its strong, age-blackened walls seem a more fitting setting for the dust of the warrior king.

"Count, my child! Haven't you laid down your life for those poor strangers? You know what our Lord has promised for even a cup of cold water given in His name; and you have given your all."

STRANGE SCENES IN THE POPE'S CATHEDRAL.

"The tears were on the old priest's cheeks as he gave the last Sacrament to the dying woman, and stood by her through her agony, terrible, but mercifully short."

We should say the Catholic never feels more happy and secure in his Church than on those days set apart to minor and major orders.

After Mrs. Thornton's death, Bruce-town folk noticed a great change in Miss Tallon. The poor people down in the hollow said she was like their little favorite come back—only without the fun.

Edinburgh's annual commercial holiday was celebrated on a recent Monday, and the fine shops in Princes street were closed.

"The tests were on the old priest's cheeks as he gave the last Sacrament to the dying woman, and stood by her through her agony, terrible, but mercifully short."

Let us go to St. John Lateran's the Pope's cathedral church at 7 a. m. on one of those mornings to view the candidates for orders.

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Fort's new bridge. It is over a mile in length and measures 450 feet from base to highest point and is considered one of the greatest triumphs of modern engineering.

Instance only. That tall noble-looking gentleman of middle age upon whom the Bishop is about to impose hands is the Duke of S.—Italy. On his wife's death, some years ago, the Duke studied for the ministry, and has now arrived at the goal.

ABUSES OF PROSPERITY.

CATHOLICS NOT FREE FROM THE EVILS THAT ARE ENGENDERED BY EASE AND WEALTH.

When we consider the effect of a little worldly success on many Catholics, it seems almost a pity that the Church in this country is so rapidly emerging from that phase of its struggle for foothold when the great majority of its children were hewers of wood and drawers of water.

that satisfies in these I. H. C. powers. Many sizes, several styles. You will find on the list a power that is perfectly adapted to your wants.

The prosperous Catholic, unfortunately, is not often so representative a specimen of his faith as his poorer brother. Ease and wealth always develop their own vices, and Catholics who achieve prosperity are not, it seems, more impressive than others to the temptations to arrogance, idleness and self-sufficiency which it invites.

This is especially true of Catholic women. The changes in the manner of life which easy circumstances make possible chiefly affect the women, and in all ages of the world's history women have been the creators of social conditions and distinctions.

It is only a short ride by the electric car to Newhaven, the famous fish market. The fishwives of Newhaven are an early morning feature, which is most interesting and its strong, age-blackened walls seem a more fitting setting for the dust of the warrior king.

Working girls put their income into clothes—they put their one chance to get into the social circle above them and to marry well. Who can blame them? But after all, it is a part of the reign of sham.

Edinburgh's annual commercial holiday was celebrated on a recent Monday, and the fine shops in Princes street were closed.

The curse of the cult of appearances is that it gets into character and eats out the inner integrity. Insincerity is a cancer. It may have a small beginning, but it continually grows until its victims die. It is weakening and devastating for the Sham family are always afraid of being found out.

Let us go to St. John Lateran's the Pope's cathedral church at 7 a. m. on one of those mornings to view the candidates for orders.

It is destructive of reputation, for whose good opinion is worth cultivating soon learn the inwardness of the Sham family, and despite that accordingly. It is ruinous to the children in the Sham home, for they are bound to grow up enlarged and intensified Shams. It injures one's friends, for they sometimes invest money in the enterprise of the shammer, which they are sure to lose.—Catholic Columbian.

Edinburgh's annual commercial holiday was celebrated on a recent Monday, and the fine shops in Princes street were closed.

Don't the devil sometimes get priests off the earth before they die? Or do you yet know?

Edinburgh's annual commercial holiday was celebrated on a recent Monday, and the fine shops in Princes street were closed.

Do you claim that all Catholic people will go to heaven? Do you also teach that no other than a Catholic will go to heaven?

Edinburgh's annual commercial holiday was celebrated on a recent Monday, and the fine shops in Princes street were closed.

Christ says I will build My Church and it will stand as steadfast to-day as ever. We are waiting for Christ's coming for His Church to be established and of Christians, but not of Catholics. What are you expecting?

Edinburgh's annual commercial holiday was celebrated on a recent Monday, and the fine shops in Princes street were closed.

Has priest any more power to forgive sins than any other man (or person)?

Edinburgh's annual commercial holiday was celebrated on a recent Monday, and the fine shops in Princes street were closed.

You priests claim that you can answer any question scripturally and prove it by the Bible itself; if so, why then are not members of the Church allowed to read the Bible?

Edinburgh's annual commercial holiday was celebrated on a recent Monday, and the fine shops in Princes street were closed.

Why (if you Catholics are right) don't you priests and church members go out among the Protestants, even into their churches and teach them?

Edinburgh's annual commercial holiday was celebrated on a recent Monday, and the fine shops in Princes street were closed.

Why haven't priests got the suitable horns in plain view of their people?

Edinburgh's annual commercial holiday was celebrated on a recent Monday, and the fine shops in Princes street were closed.

These questions bear the undoubted stamp of sincerity. They have been all asked in good faith. While they bear just a little tinge of acrimony, which a missionary is quite accustomed to and wisely ignores, still ninety per cent. of the questions is a strong desire to know.

Edinburgh's annual commercial holiday was celebrated on a recent Monday, and the fine shops in Princes street were closed.

The question next to the last has the most wisdom in it. Why if you Catholics are right, don't you priests and church members go out among Protestants, even into their churches and teach them?—Catholic Mirror.

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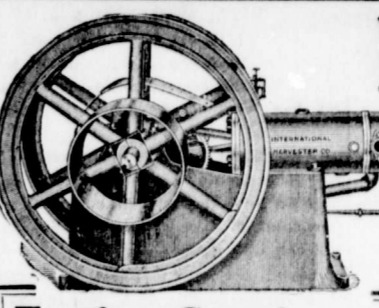
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LETTERS OF RECOMMENDATION.

Apostolic Delegation, Ottawa, June 13th, 1906.

To the Editor of THE CATHOLIC RECORD, London, Ont.

My Dear Sir,—Since coming to Canada I have been a reader of your paper. I have noted with satisfaction that it is directed with intelligence and ability, and above all, that it is imbued with a strong Catholic spirit.

I therefore, earnestly recommend it to Catholic families.

With my blessing on your work, and best wishes for its continued success.

Yours very sincerely in Christ, DONATUS, Archbishop of Ephesus.

UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA, Ottawa, Canada, March 7th, 1906.

To the Editor of THE CATHOLIC RECORD, London, Ont.

Dear Sir: For some time past I have read your estimable paper, THE CATHOLIC RECORD, and congratulate you upon the manner in which it is published.

Its matter and form are both good; and a truly Catholic spirit pervades the whole.

Therefore, with pleasure, I can recommend it to the faithful.

Believing you and wishing you success, Believe me to remain, Yours faithfully in Jesus Christ, D. FALCONIO, Arch. of Larissa.

LONDON, SATURDAY, SEPT. 15, 1906.

HOME RULE AND THE ENGLISH EDUCATION BILL.

It is now understood that the British Cabinet has promised to Mr. John Redmond that a Home Rule Bill will be brought before the House of Commons at an early date, by which a local Parliament will be established at Dublin which shall have large powers for the management of Irish matters, without impairing the supreme authority of the Imperial Parliament.

It is admitted by Sir Henry Campbell Bannerman that the autonomy accorded to the more distant colonies included within the British Empire, such as Canada, Australia, New Zealand, etc., has made these colonies thoroughly loyal, whereas all efforts to placate Ireland have failed, because even the most petty matters of Government are managed for Ireland by the Imperial Parliament, though in the colonies referred to such matters are under control of the various local Parliaments or County Councils.

There are undeniable grievances which bear heavily on the Irish people, among which are their excessive taxation and likewise the distribution of all offices of emolument and authority among the Protestant minority, to the extent of 65 to 80 per cent., whereas that minority comprises only a quarter of the population. This state of affairs could not and would not be endured by any liberty-loving people, as it exceeds even the disproportion between the governing and the governed classes of India and Egypt, in which the greatest consideration possible is given to the Buddhists and Mahometans who form the majorities in these countries.

Let there be a change in the mode of government in Ireland, and there will soon be a spirit of unity and amity between the people of the three kingdoms which has never hitherto existed.

An oppressed and over-ridden people seldom or never becomes reconciled with the race of oppressors, and never is the word to be used as long as the vivid memory of the oppression lasts, or until, by a changed demeanor, the oppressors show by their deeds that they regard the subject race no longer as serfs but as equals. There may then be a union of hearts, but not otherwise. The people of Scotland have long been brothers to the English people, but such was not the case until, the highest positions in the united kingdoms were made equally open to both peoples—nay, even the Scotch were given decisive advantages by the union. A Scotch king had already long before been raised to the united thrones of the two kingdoms; Scotchmen could and did aspire to the highest positions under the union without any objection on the part of the people of England, and the most honored of British statesmen since the union was a thorough Scotchman, whose memory will not die so long as

Great Britain shall have a history, and further, it was mutually agreed to that the diversity of religions of the natives of the two countries should be no bar to the advancement of the citizens of both.

Why should not the same causes effect the same results between England and Ireland? And why should not the experiment at least be tried? We have not the least doubt that the effort to do so which it is now stated the Government will make will be a decisive success.

But in Ireland a different religion from that of the other two nations of the tripartite compact prevails. This should be no obstacle in the way of a permanent political peace. Let the three religions be made equal under the laws, and the result will be a permanent peace and friendship. This is what we believe Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman will effect by the Home Rule Bill he proposes as an olive branch offered to Ireland.

But here it will be said, "Scotland has not Home Rule, therefore to keep the equality, Ireland should not have it either." To this we answer that the difference of religion between Ireland and England makes Home Rule necessary for Ireland, whereas similarity on the score of religion removes that necessity so far as Scotland is concerned. The English people have so far shown such an animosity toward the people of Ireland on account of their religion, that, to make the three countries equal before the law, there must be a divergence of treatment of Ireland and Scotland which would otherwise be unnecessary. England and Scotland are treated equally because of their having similar though not identical religions, whereas the difference of religion in the case of Ireland has made a difference of treatment which gives Protestantism a ascendancy which is about equal to three hundred, or four times seventy-five to one.

We may here add a word on the Birrell School Bill which has passed the House of Commons, but which it is expected will not in its present form pass the Lords.

We cannot think that the votes of the Irish members can be purchased to support this educational measure which proposes to do a permanent injustice to Catholic Schools, already enjoying vested rights, for the sake of the Home Rule Bill which it is believed the Government will concede. Justice cries out that Home Rule be granted, and no such price should be paid to obtain it as the bartering away of Catholic educational rights. Anglican rights are at stake also. These rights are the rights of a large majority of the population; but, as a matter of course, Anglican rights are secondary to the rights of Catholics at the standpoint of the Irish National Party. Yet the claims of both creeds should be respected.

The Nonconformists have raised a false cry that they are taxed under the school laws of 1902 and 1903 for the teaching of the Anglican and Catholic creeds. The fact is, they desire to impose on Catholics and Anglicans alike a religious teaching to suit their desires. This injustice should not be done to the great majority of the people, and they may take it as a certainty that neither Catholics nor Anglicans will endure the threatened injustice.

Sir Anthony MacDonnell has already given a hint that the Home Rule Bill will be introduced at the next session of Parliament. It will not be so comprehensive as was that of Mr. W. E. Gladstone, but a representative Legislative Assembly sitting at Dublin and dealing with Irish matters will be a feature of it, and though there will be a determined fight in both Houses of Parliament over it, the Government is quite confident it will be passed with very little modification, even by the Lords, who killed Mr. Gladstone's bill.

MORE CONCESSIONS FOR UNITY'S SAKE.

The Presbyterians of the United States, having amalgamated with the Cumberland Presbyterians, with which they now form one body, and having already discarded the frightful doctrine of Predestinarianism, as taught in the Westminster Confession, have made another step which aims at further union with other sects, the purpose being to make a determined effort at a further union between Protestant bodies: but it is always at a sacrifice of doctrine that these advances are being made.

Some generations ago there was a great aversion among Presbyterians to a fixed liturgy further than the reading of the Scriptures and the recital of prayers made up from the thoughts of the minister himself, and it was because of the reading of the Book of Common Prayer by the Dean of Edinburgh in St. Giles' cathedral in that city that riot took place in the cathedral, being started by Mistress Jenny Geddes, on July 23rd, 1637, who rose up when the dean began to read, and threw

at his head the stool on which she had been sitting, saying "How daur you read the Mass at my very lug?" Then others taking part in the disturbance the meeting was soon entirely broken up.

Recently the Presbyterians of that city erected to the memory of Jenny Geddes an imposing monument, which attests that she has been regarded to the present day as one of the champions of Scotch Presbyterianism. But at the General Assembly which convened at Des Moines, Iowa, last May, it was decided to issue a new "Common Book of Worship" which has just been issued from the press and which bears a great resemblance to the Anglican Book of Common Prayer. This is undoubtedly a bid for a future union of these denominations, notwithstanding the indignation expressed a few years ago when the delegates of the Presbyterians who were sent to consult with the Anglicans on terms of union, were told that they could never endure to submit to reordination by Bishops, as a preliminary to union, as this would be an acknowledgment that they have hitherto wrongfully assumed the office of the Christian ministry.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S SPELLING REFORM.

A sharp discussion has arisen out of the order issued by President Roosevelt on August 24th, to the effect that in all official documents to be issued from the White House in future the President's messages shall be printed in accordance with the recommendations of a Spelling Reform Committee, the chairman of which is Brandon Matthews of Columbia University.

This committee has published a list of a hundred words in which it is proposed that for the present the spelling shall be reformed, and these are the words the spelling of which is to be changed in official documents emanating from the President. Thus, though and through will become the and thru, and other words which are complicated in their spelling or have letters which are not pronounced, will be simplified by dropping the useless letters. The President's correspondence will also be spelled in the same style.

Secretary Loeb has already put into force the President's order, and we are further informed that as the Spelling Reform Committee shall prepare new lists of words which ought to be simplified, they will be added to the President's list and to that of the public printer.

It is not said that all executive departments at Washington must adopt the new spelling, but it is believed to be most probable that the heads of departments will fall into line and will use the President's spelling in their documents.

Coming so soon after the advice given by Mr. Andrew Carnegie to authors and editors to spell according to the rules laid down by the Spelling Reform Committee, the public have been partly led to believe that the President's action has been influenced very much by Mr. Carnegie's advice, and the press of England, especially the leading London newspapers, have not shown any sympathy with the President's action. The London Standard says that President Roosevelt overrates his powers, and adds that it declines to believe that scholarly and cultivated Americans will sacrifice the history and meaning of the language by adopting the Carnegie jargon. Other papers deal humorously on the matter, but generally offence seems to have been taken at the fact that the movement arose without consulting the people of England. This is thought to be an assumption that henceforth the United States is to be regarded as the supreme authority which is to govern the English language, a concession which the people of England will be very slow to make. And yet, if the language is to be reformed in its orthography, who is to make the change? It is clear that some one must begin.

It is admitted by all who have paid any attention to the matter that the spelling of the English language diverges more than that of any other alphabetic tongue from the true purpose of an alphabet, which is to represent the sounds of the language. French comes next in the category, while German, Italian, Spanish and Portuguese come nearest to the ideal of a phonetic language, the words of these languages being spelled almost exactly as they are pronounced, due regard being given to the fact that each language has a force of its own for the letters of the alphabet.

The ideal phonetic alphabet would have as many letters as there are distinct sounds in any given language, and these letters would retain the same sounds wherever found: yet it would not exclude certain combinations of letters so closely united that they are separable with difficulty, from being represented by single characters.

From this point of view, English would require at least thirty-four

letters to make it strictly phonetic, but Sir Isaac Pitman about seventy years ago, till his death, advocated an alphabet of forty letters in which there would be six double or diphthongal sounds, and he furnished ingenious printed and script alphabets to fulfil this end, such that they would not very seriously change a printed or written page.

But though Sir Isaac Pitman's proposal had many earnest and active advocates both in Great Britain and America, and a sprightly paper advocating his views was published under the name of "Phonetio Nqz" (Phonetic News) the public generally showed no inclination to adopt his plan. It is to be noted that in this newspaper title the new character q represents ew or the long sound of u, one of the diphthongal characters used, the usual form of u being kept for the short sound of the same letter as used in out.

Many think that the official sanction of the President to the Reform movement will be the most effective and speediest method of inaugurating the new system of spelling throughout the country.

As to our own opinion on this matter, we may say without desiring to force it on any of our readers, that we conscientiously believe that by the adoption of Sir Isaac Pitman's plan, or even by the use of an alphabet of thirty-four letters, and the perfect phonetization of our spelling, the time spent in our schools in the mere elements of language would be shortened by fully two years, which would be a most desirable result. We would therefore be glad to see the language phonetized, but we are very doubtful of the full reform being effected by the gradual patching method. It remains to be seen whether the President's plan will bring about a good effect. But already we see a weakness which has not been pointed out in the reform now proposed. Thru does not represent the phonetized spelling of through, unless the sound of oo is to be always given to the letter u, which does not appear to be at all a desirable change.

In our estimation the most practical way to really improve the written English language would be to establish an international commission authorized by the respective governments of the two great nations which speak the English language to decide all questions on language together, so that the perpetuation of the language for future generations in both countries would be made sure, and the basis of the rules on which the decisions might rest should be to tend to the perfect phonetization of the language whether by degrees, or at once. By this means only could the two nations make such changes harmoniously.

Since the above was written President Roosevelt has shown signs of weakening in his decision to use the simplified spelling. In a letter made public on Sept. 3rd and addressed to Mr. Charles A. Stillings, the public printer at Washington, the President wrote that if the proposed changes meet popular approval they will be made permanent; if not, they will be dropped.

THE CHURCH AND THE VERNACULAR.

Now we have seen the history of the English Protestant Bible, we have seen that every translation that was ever published was condemned as either untrue or corrupt, and that by men who were the leaders of English Protestantism. We have seen that numberless revisions and re-revisions shared the same fate. We have seen that royal proclamations were issued granting permission to the people to read these Bibles and commanding ministers to teach them in season and out of season, although they were condemned as corrupt and untrue. We have seen that royal injunctions were enacted forbidding the reading of these Bibles under pain of imprisonment, not indeed because they were corrupt and untrue, but on account of the strife, ill-feeling, disturbance and quarrels which it engendered. The private interpretation of the Bible, which is the fundamental principle of Protestantism, was pushed to its logical extreme, for men freely discussed the Bible, and fought over it in ale-houses, taverns, and in all places of ill repute, and each found arguments in it to support his own theories, no matter how vile. The Bible had lost its supernatural life, and versions and revisions were strewn all over the land like corpses in a plague stricken city; in its new form, it lay dead at the feet of England, and sects crawled out of its bosom.

If the leaders of Protestantism became so appalled at the havoc which a corrupt Bible, as well as the principle of private interpretation, was creating, where can that man be found, outside of an insane asylum, who, having any pretensions to common decency or common sense, will blame the Catholic

Church for condemning such engines of immorality and infidelity? To counteract the evil influences of the Protestant version, a Catholic translation was made from the Latin Vulgate by Dr. Gregory Martin, assisted by Dr. (Cardinal) Allen, Dr. Richard Bristow and Dr. William Reynolds. The New Testament was published at Rheims in 1582, A. D., and the Old Testament at Douay in 1610 A. D. On the title page we read: "The Holle Bible faithfully translated into English out of the avthentical Latin; diligently conferred with the Hebrew, Greeke, and others editions in divers languages, with arguments of the booke and chapters; annotations, tables, and other helpe for the better understanding of the text, for the discoverie of corruptions in some late translations, and for clearing controversies in religion, etc."

In the preface to the New Testament the translators say: "Moreover we presume not to mollify the speeches or phrases, but religiously keep them word for word and point for point, for the fear of missing or restraining the sense of the Holy Ghost to our fancy."

This Catholic version created a furor in England and many copies were seized and confiscated by the agents of Queen Elizabeth. A certain Thomas Cartwright, a Puritan, was appointed to refute it, but after some little time, Archbishop Whitgift of the Church of England, prohibited him to proceed any further, deeming it improper that the doctrines of the Church of England should be defended by a Puritan.

Then a certain Dr. Falke was appointed, and it is conceded by Protestants that if abuse can be considered refutation, Falke succeeded most admirably. McDore, a Protestant critic, writing on the Douay version says: "This version is, as it professes to be, translated from the Vulgate, and in some parts more exactly represents the very words of the inspired writers, as they were originally written, than the authorized version, or any other translation. This is owing to Saint Jerome having translated the text into Latin from primitive manuscripts, which were not accessible to later translators, who therefore had to rely on copies made in many instances by heretics, containing interpolations and omissions as well as intentional alterations, which by the mere process of constant copying, varied in hundreds of places from the original documents. Saint Jerome lived more than a thousand years before the reformation, and he was free from all those religious prejudices of a later age, which contribute to corrupt the word of God in such a manner that, with all due respect to our separated brethren, it can be truly said that the pure word of God has not for well nigh four hundred years been offered to the people either by the Church of England or by any other Protestant denomination. However, it is but right to say that the alterations introduced into the Bible by the English reformers have been largely corrected in the more recent revisions of the Protestant Bible, for scholarship and not religious prejudice was the motive and guiding light of the revisers. But a sufficient number of errors of a fundamental nature can still be found in the newest revisions of the Bible made under Protestant patronage to prevent Catholics from using such revisions and to disciplinary regulations of the Church prohibiting the use of the Protestant Bible, except for the purpose of study, is wholly justified. And no matter how closely it may resemble our own, the brand of rebellion is upon it. We recognize the likeness but we cannot follow it on account of the difference. The Catholic translators, though they were good Hebrew and Greek scholars, nevertheless they deemed it wise to follow the translation of Saint Jerome, for the reasons given by our Protestant critic, as quoted above. And although the Vulgate was only a translation, still it was a good translation, and better than the originals that were then at hand, and a good copy of God's message to man. The English into which it was translated was the quaint English of the Elizabethan age, and very often the translators, not finding suitable expressions in English into which they could translate certain Latin words, religiously incorporated these words into the English language, thereby enriching it, a fact which is said to have delighted the heart of Doctor Johnson.

In order to thoroughly understand the position of Catholics in regard to this or any other Catholic translation of the Bible, it is necessary to distinguish between the truth contained in the language and the grammatical construction and polish of the language. The Scriptures, as the word indicates, are written documents which have been handed down to us, like other written documents, through the medium of human preservation, which, like all things under the sun, is at best but imperfect, and it is not to be wondered at if the obliterating power of time and

other causes have left their marks upon them. Incidentally we must remark that this proves that God never intended that His Revelation should be made known by means of the Bible, for, if He did, he undoubtedly would have preserved the originals of the inspired writings; but no, He has allowed them to decay and to be lost, a fact which proves conclusively that He did not deem them necessary.

New it is not necessary to be versed either in the rules of grammar or of rhetoric in order to be able to communicate a truth to others; the truth of this assertion may easily be verified, for it occurs in our daily intercourse with children and uneducated people. How often have not solemn truths been found rudely carved on the top of some wild and rocky precipice by savage hands, but which were nevertheless as true as if they had been chiselled out by the trained hand of a Michael Angelo, simply because the force of truth is something distinct from elegance in diction or from artistic culture.

In this way Catholics were always secure regarding the truth contained in their Bible, for they well knew that God could not fail to safeguard the revelation which He had made to men for their direction and guidance.

The Bible is not the principal teacher of Catholics, it is only a secondary one; in fact it can well be compared to a text book in the hands of a student, which needs the explanation of a living teacher. For us that teacher is the Church. Hence, there is no necessity for us to be the least apprehensive about the defects of our quaint old Catholic version. After all the written word is only a secondary source of Divine Revelation, and as such it is made known to us by Tradition, which maintains the authenticity and integrity of the written word. And if Tradition is capable of doing this, surely it must be capable of safeguarding it independently of ink and paper; and in fact it does so in many ways under the form and authority of the Church. It must be remembered that since revealed truth, taken in its traditional form, is identical with the Christian doctrines and truths which are conserved and communicated to the world by the magisterium of the Church, that the Church herself is nothing but Divine Tradition divinely informed. This is what makes the Church so eminently scriptural and in the secret and cause of that beautiful harmony that exists between the living teaching of the Church and the written word of God. When St. Augustine said that he would not believe the gospels only on the authority of the Catholic Church, did he not imply that there could not possibly be any antagonism between the Church and the written word of God? Hence it is easy to understand why Catholics cannot find anything in their Bible contrary to the truths, doctrines, laws, liturgical practices and traditions of their holy mother the Church.

TO BE CONTINUED.

A POLISH SCHISMATICAL CHURCH SEEKING AFFILIATION.

A couple of months ago there was a dispatch published in the papers from Cooperstown, N. Y., announcing that the pastor and congregation of a Catholic Church in Plymouth, Pennsylvania, had applied to the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, then in session in Cooperstown, to admit them to membership in that Church. The pretended priest who was represented as being thus desirous of becoming a Methodist and bringing his congregation with him was stated to be the Rev. Joseph Davidowski, who on further investigation was ascertained to be the self appointed pastor of a so-called Polish National Church at Plymouth. These Poles had started this pretended Church, because they could not rule the Catholic Church of that city, and of course they could no longer claim to be Catholics.

Davidowski is a man of glib tongue who had some influence with these Poles, and got them to make him their pastor, though he was not and never was a Catholic priest, nor is his name to be found at all in the Catholic directory, which has in it the names and addresses of all the Catholic priests of the United States and Canada. The Church which these people, numbering forty families, attend is known not to be a recognized Church of the diocese of Scranton, to which Plymouth belongs, so that the pretended pastor thereof is not a Catholic priest, nor are his followers Catholics. The truth of the matter is that this church is heavily burdened with debt, and Davidowski has sought to have it accepted by one of the sects in order to have its debt paid. He at first made advances to the Russian church, but the Russian church authorities refused to accept him into their body. The Baptists, on being applied

to, also refused him, and so did the Presbyterians.

This Davidowski is one of a number of Poles scattered through several cities of the United States, who call themselves the Polish National Church, and are endeavoring to coax the Poles away from the Catholic Church, but have only succeeded in obtaining a few followers.

Davidowski has been expelled from this falsely called National Church by its Bishop, who has had a good deal of trouble with Davidowski. This Bishop is named Hodur.

We have not heard that the Methodist Episcopalians, to whom he applied for admission to their sect, have accepted him or not, but whatever has been done in the matter, it is a misrepresentation to pretend that Davidowski's followers are a Catholic congregation desiring to become Protestants through a conviction that Protestantism is the true religion. These people are not Catholics at all.

A PROTESTANT EXODUS FROM QUEBEC.

It has been noticeable for a generation that a certain district in Quebec Province which is known as the Eastern Townships, and the inhabitants of which were, half a century ago, chiefly English and Scotch Protestants, has been gradually but surely becoming French and Catholic.

The decennial census made this a certainty, not that it proved that the English speaking and Protestant population was becoming less; but that the Catholics were growing more rapidly, leaving the Protestants behind.

To the credit of these settlers themselves, it must be said that with very few exceptions they admitted that their treatment by the Catholic majority in the Province was in every respect kind and courteous, and the thought was never for a moment entertained by the great multitude of these people that the Catholics were responsible for having edged or forced them out of the country. Yet whatever may be the causes which are operating toward this result, the fact remains that notwithstanding the removal of hundreds of thousands of the French-Canadians to the Eastern States, which they are also Gallicizing, the Eastern Townships of Quebec have also been so Gallicized that they have now ceased to be English and Protestant, and have become French and Catholic.

For some years, while this process was going on, it gave occasion to the organs of one of our political parties to assert strenuously that the French were showing out the Protestants of the Province by design, and were purchasing their farms and replacing their people, and on this plea the appeal was made for years to the Protestants of Ontario to wipe out the French.

Now, for some time, a series of letters is being written by Protestants of the Eastern townships to the Montreal Witness, discussing the question seriously "why Protestants leave Quebec," and there have also been several editorial articles in the same journal on this subject.

In these articles and in most of the letters, it is freely admitted that the cause of the exodus is not what it was said by the Toronto Conservative journals, and the former statement of these journals in past years, that there was a Catholic conspiracy, especially on the part of the priests, to push the Protestants out, is explicitly denied. Only one writer of the series of letters on this subject seriously repeats the old calumny, or rather insinuates it in a sort of timorous way. This is a Mr. James Finlay, of Pembroke, who says in a recent issue of the Witness that "the cause of the exodus of Protestants lies away beyond the time when Confederation was decided upon. He claims that so far back as July or August 1864 he had forecast this result, showing that the English-speaking Protestant public men and newspapers of Quebec had brought this calamity, if calamity it is, upon themselves by not supporting George Brown's policy of "Representation by population." By this neglect, Mr. Finlay means to say the Protestants of Quebec gave up the grip they had upon the throats of the French people of Quebec.

Mr. Finlay thinks that those Protestants who did not join in the anti-Catholic crusades led by Mr. Brown before the Confederation Act was passed, are responsible for the fact that Quebec is now more French than it was in ante-Confederation days.

Yet even Mr. Finlay has not the hardihood to assert that there was a Catholic conspiracy to get rid of the Protestants, in order that there might be in the very heart of the Dominion of Canada a French-Canadian Province ruling the whole country.

That we do not here misrepresent Mr. Finlay's views is evident from the Witness editorial, which puts the same construction on his letter, saying:

"If we gather the meaning it is that the united Province of Canada had

remained a unit, and if representation had been distributed in proportion to population, the English would have had the upper hand, and would in some way have been able to arrange things that the movement of population would not have taken place."

The Witness article continues: "It is not clear how this would have followed. . . Two Provinces had been united, but the marriage was not one of mutual attraction, and had been followed only by quarrelling. The Witness believes, and we believe, that the way actually taken by the statesmen of Confederation days was the only feasible way to end the bickerings, viz., that each province should to a considerable extent manage its own affairs.

The Witness also seems to think that Mr. Finlay is wrong in supposing that the Province of Quebec will be permanently French. He thinks there will be a back-flow when the West fills up which will be a much more fraternal condition of affairs than is implied in the old recriminations.

For ourselves, we are of opinion that Ontario and Quebec may and will come to live together in harmony and peace when they will both become convinced that there is but one destiny for the two provinces, to live together side by side, tolerant of each other's race and creed, and seeking for the common good.

The Witness quotes with great approval words which appeared a few days ago in Le Canada in regard to the exodus of English Protestants from Quebec. Le Canada said:

"It is with the greatest pleasure that we join our entreaties with those that come to our friends from their natural advisers. We wish our English and Protestant fellow citizens to remain with us, and that wish is not one of mere courtesy. It is also in our interest to wish it. And since we have everything to gain, and agree so well by remaining together in the same conditions of mutual respect and friendly competition, why go to new parts, and run risks that can be avoided at home?"

The Witness says, "The spirit of the writer of the above is kindly, and his advice is good. We commend his words of wisdom to our readers who are concerned."

The writers of the other letters to the Witness are more conciliatory and friendly to their Catholic fellow citizens, and seem to wish for harmony between all classes. They acknowledge that they have received good things from their Catholic neighbors; but the exodus has been, as they say, the result of circumstances which were not under control of either Catholic or Protestant, and therefore should never have been spoken of with a view to excite irritation or revenge in Ontario.

What, then, are the actual reasons for the falling off of Protestantism?

Mr. A. R. Oughtred of Montreal gives two reasons. One is that the English Protestants hope to better their condition by leaving their Quebec property and taking up land in the great Northwest; the second is that the Protestants are so few in most of the rural sections that they cannot have efficient Protestant schools to which to send their children. This reason would hold good for the Catholic counties, and we doubt not that this is what Mr. Oughtred meant, but it cannot hold good for the Eastern Townships, and it is easy to understand that with the general movement in the Catholic localities, there is naturally a sympathetic movement in the few places which have had Protestants in the majority.

Other reasons are given, as that by Mr. John Ford of Portneuf. This gentleman says the rural parts of Quebec are a fine country. A Protestant English family comes in to settle. The parents have been recently married, and the seigneur or the Government gives them a homestead on easy terms. There is no mention of disagreeableness on the part of the Catholic neighbors, but the English settlers cannot support a school as they are too far apart, and they will not risk sending their children to the Catholic school, (even though their religion shall not be tampered with) but they themselves fear they will become Catholics by the force of the example which surrounds them. "The time comes when their sons and daughters reach a marriageable age, and there are none but Catholics for them to marry. The former fear of the parents that the children will become Catholics becomes a panic, and they sell out and go west to people of their own country."

It is now certain, therefore, that the cry which was raised in former years, that the Catholics were driving out the Protestants was a falsehood. The Protestants were going out of their own accord.

THE CHURCH IN FRANCE.

A despatch from Paris of date Sept. 5, states that on that day the Archbishop and Bishop of France were in session in order to arrive at a final decision regarding the attitude they should assume in the endeavor to avoid

coming into conflict with the laws passed against the Catholic religion. The position is extremely difficult but the hierarchy will probably find a middle course by which the law will not be violated so as to increase the difficulty, and yet the public services may be continued in such a manner that the laws of the church may also not be violated.

THE CHRISTIAN KEEPING OF SUNDAY.

"The Observance of Sunday" is proposed to the world wide spiritual association of the Apostleship of Prayer as the special intention for the month of September. Especially in the great cities of our land, to say nothing of other countries, the evidence of the decline of respect for the Lord's Day confronts us on every side, and France, albeit at enmity with the only power which can make effectual appeal to the will of man for the things of God, has been obliged for utilitarian reasons to command that one day in seven be observed as a day of rest.

Time was, in the United States, when our non-Catholic fellow citizens were vigilant guardians of the honor of the Sunday. There is little left now to recall the old time Puritan Sabbath. In almost Catholic Baltimore the day is kept far more strictly than in Boston; and in the Dominion of Canada there is still a very perceptible difference between Sunday and week days. The American form of disrespect for the day consists usually in devoting it entirely to rest and pleasure. A long sleep in the morning; several hours over the monster Sunday edition of the favorite daily paper, the men engaged with the stock market, politics, the sports; the women with the "society" columns, the "woman's page," and the serial, and for both, especially in the summer, an afternoon or evening at the nearest pleasure resort, is the Sunday program for tens of thousands of our people. Talk of the "continental Sunday!" We have worse than is ordinarily understood by the phrase, and it is not the immigrants from the continent of Europe who have brought the change to pass.

Speaking broadly, who now keeps Sunday as a day of worship except the Catholics? Little enough the best of us do, to be sure, but that little is in striking contrast to the practice of the non-Catholic portion of the population.

The non-Catholic dwelling near a Catholic Church, notes with a wonder ever now the crowds that flock to every one of the four or five Masses celebrated every Sunday morning, and this without regard to heat or cold,—often indeed, as in the case of house mothers and domestics, at the cost of grave personal inconvenience. If the non-Catholic be sufficiently moved by curiosity to enter, he will hear Christ's Gospel read and most uncomfortably plain spoken denunciations of the sins to which men and women are subject, the congregation taking it in good part, nor ever looking for the pleasant discussions of current topics which have long been substituted for the sermon in most of the Protestant churches, in the vain hope of holding the people.

How does the Catholic Church manage to hold her multitudes, at least for the morning Mass? Because, wise with God's wisdom and wise with her long experience in human nature, she has been content with iterating the Divine commandment, "Remember to keep holy the Sabbath Day," but she has definitely set forth the irreducible minimum of Sunday observance, without which her followers stand guilty of mortal sin. It is not enough to go to church on Sunday at such time and to such service as is more pleasant to the senses, but they must go to the specific service, the Supreme Act of worship, of the Sacrifice of the Mass. Therefore, they must go in the morning. Only the gravest reasons excuse a Catholic from this foremost duty.

But is the Church satisfied with the Catholic who contents himself with the irreducible minimum, and devotes the rest of the day to sleep and amusement? Does his practice represent the ideal of Sunday observance? By no means. To be in the mind of the Church on the observance of Sunday, we should not only attend Mass, but Vespers, and devote a portion of the day to increasing our knowledge of our holy faith or instructing others. Not until this duty has been rendered generously to the Lord of all our days should we feel free for the family gatherings and other innocent amusements permitted on the Sunday. We speak not now of hard manual labor on Sunday. It may be almost taken for granted that only they must continue to work on Sunday, the Lord's Day; and though such are excused by their necessity, so far as the work is concerned, they are still obliged to hear Mass, and, as far possible, Masses are provided at hours that fit their circumstances.

In praying for the betterment of Sunday observance, the millions of members of the Apostleship of Prayer take no Pharisaical attitude. Though we can, indeed, rejoice that the primal obligation of hearing Mass on Sunday is fulfilled by a great multitude of our people, there is much yet to be desired in our keeping of the Lord's Day. For example; the Catholic abounds who deliberately and without necessity chooses always to go to a Low Mass, at which the priest can devote but a few minutes to the instruction of the people; and we know that, especially in the summer season, there are Catholics not a few who sacrifice even the Mass of obligation to the all day pleasure excursion.

The urging of a great increase in the "Devotion of the Fifty-two Sundays" should not be supposed to imply any want of regard for other devotions which seek to extend the regular receiving of the sacraments and other specific acts of worship into the Christian's week day life as well. Who so faithfully attends Mass on Sunday, especially the parish Mass, with its regular sermon, and the Vespers, is well informed as to the advantages of parish Socialites, and the advantages of membership in those great commu-

politan religious organizations, as the Apostleship of Prayer, the Society for the Propagation of the Faith, etc. Granted a life-long whole hearted observance of the Sunday, and one is reasonably sure to find an intelligent, broad minded, apostolic Catholic, in floral not only in his own communion, but among our separated brethren.—Boston Pilot.

ANARCHY IN PROTESTANTISM.

A Protestant newspaper, the North German Correspondence, published lately the following article, which shows how rapidly the sects are disintegrating and which, at the same time, renders an eloquent tribute to the unity and strength of the Catholic Church.

"We are Protestants," it asserts, "by birth and education. But how can we remain in a church wherein there is nothing but the germ of disunion, weakness and ruin? Such is the state of the Protestant Church at the present day. Let us prove this assertion:

I. Anarchy in Bible Interpretation. "We pretend to base our faith on the Bible, and to reject whatever runs counter to it. So far so good; but everybody admits that the Bible is a book full of obscurities and difficulties. People say, it is true, that these arise from the fact that God, infinitely powerful, is always with us, but while He reveals Himself to us, He remains always incomprehensible in some point or other. And it is for this reason that we accept the Scriptures notwithstanding the difficulties of interpretation.

"There should be, however, for the greater number of the texts an interpretation within our reach. There should be some means of getting at their true meaning. The Catholic Church possesses a sure, unchanging canon of interpretation, which is lacking in the Protestant churches.

"Not only do our theologians dispute, rightly or wrongly, this way and that way, over the genuineness and authenticity of certain books of the Bible, but with one stroke of the pen they blot out sometimes a chapter, sometimes a verse, even in passages whose authenticity they recognize.

"When one teacher has shown 'as clearly as daylight' that a passage should be taken in one sense, another appears and shows also 'as clearly as daylight' that the interpreter is in error, and that the passage must be understood in a new sense. When theologians are themselves ignorant of the art of penetrating the sense of the Bible, how much are we poor laymen to be pitied!

"We are sent to the Bible, and no where in it do we find a means of understanding it or of reaching a unity of faith from it. What kind of church must this one be which is able to appeal to a book without being able to furnish any solid interpretation of its contents?"

II. Anarchy in Doctrinal Teaching. "We have Lutheran, Orthodox, Pietist and National Church preachers. In the same pulpit we hear, at one time, that Christ is the 'Eternal Son of the Eternal Father,' at another that He is only the 'Wiseest of Men.' At one time the faithful are taught that man enters into favor with God only through the Cross and the redemption of Christ; at another time they learn that his personal merits are sufficient for him to reach heaven. This is the point we have reached in our religious teaching.

"Again, when there is question of doctrine, what is fundamental and what is not? Evidently contradictory doctrines cannot both be true. The Protestant church, in this respect, gives us neither principles nor decisions. On the contrary, she leaves her ministers free to choose for themselves, and the faithful to wander in a labyrinth of contradictions."

III. Anarchy in the Ceremony of Worship. "The melody manifests itself not less in everything relating to external worship. Uniformity exists nowhere with us. Our liturgical books as well as the clothing of our church dignitaries are given over to individual caprices. The order of divine service, the formalities to be observed in the conferring of baptism, during the Last Supper, in the marriage service, in burial services, all differ according to the locality.

"Very often, even within a short distance, one falls to recognize two churches professing the same religion. What then must be the church which cannot succeed in establishing unity in matters of such importance? The spectacle tends only to engender division, indifference and disgust."

IV. Anarchy in Ecclesiastical Discipline. "The deplorable source of these variations is the absence from our church of an organization founded on the principle of authority. Our ministers are free to do, or to let be done, whatever they please. Our synods see no harm in this as long as the pastors are not the objects of serious complaint. Visiting has fallen into disuse; nobody seems to care whether or not divine service is carried on with zeal, intelligence and exactness.

"The pastors furnish reports, but they make for themselves and their flocks. The government of the church is in the hands of incompetent men who are so completely absorbed that they think heaven that the state of things is at least bearable. If it happens that men of zeal start out to work they are bound down by circumstances that they have neither the power nor the means to change.

"Our schools are under the direction of teachers who have neither faith nor knowledge; the pastors are lazy and indifferent and no longer command our confidence. There is no longer respect for Sunday, nor sanctity in the marriage state, nor religion in families. The spirit of discipline is found no more in the Church.

"This is our Protestant National Church, a tree trunk depolished of its leaves, hollow, rotten and worm eaten, with its roots ready to give way at the

first blast of the storm. And it is to this trunk that we stay attached, simply for the pleasure of being soon crushed by it. We can never give it back its life; our hearts shall never find peace under its shade, nor shall our desires be appeased."

V. What is the only remedy?—"We desire to save our Christianity, and for that purpose we shall go there where the Church knows what the Scriptures contain; where the Church prescribes what her pastors shall teach and what her faithful shall learn; where uniformity in worship is guarded; where everything is solemn, elevated and in harmony with aspirations of heart and mind; where a powerful spiritual head will not bend before the great ones of this earth, but only before God; where parishes still preserve faith, and discipline, and morality; where that Church is which has been really built upon a rock and against which the gates of hell shall never prevail.

"It is very much against our sentiments to separate ourselves from the church of our fathers, but it must come. Let us, then, start on towards Rome."

OUTSIDE TESTIMONY.

CATHOLIC ONLY ORTHODOX CHRISTIAN, SAYS UNITARIAN MINISTER—LABOR LEADER'S TRIBUTE.

The following, from the sermon of a Unitarian minister, Rev. O. J. Nelson, of Bellingham, Wash., is a rather notable admission for a Protestant clergyman:

"Strictly speaking, none but the Catholic has an infallible Bible, and none but the Catholic can be rightly called an orthodox Christian. Theoretically all other Christians assume the right to exercise private judgment, but in fact what they really have done ever since the reformation has been to select a council, which is but a poor imitation of the Catholic council, to decide what is orthodox.

"There is but one Christian church of real and consistent authority, and that is the Catholic Church, so I appreciated the chuckle of amusement from a friend of mine, a Catholic priest, when he commented on the Dr. Crapsey trial. Said the priest: 'Several heretics trying another heretic!' And so it was. I imagine the trials for heresy among the so called Protestants provide considerable amusement for the thoughtful Catholic. A scholarly priest in Illinois said the time would come when but two churches would remain—the Catholic Church—the Church of the Catholic Church—the Church of the church of private judgment. I believe that prophecy, and let me say in passing that the Catholic Church commands my intellectual respect, for they are what they assume to be, a church of authority, orthodox in fact as well as in name, and their priests occupy a logical and consistent position in that they teach in unmistakable terms what they are authorized to teach and preach, the doctrines of the Church."

Frank K. Foster, chairman of the Massachusetts branch of the American Federation of Labor, speaking at the Saabury conference at Northampton, Mass., on the "Church and the Man Who Works With His Hands," before an audience made up of lay workers in the Protestant Episcopal Church, paid tribute to the Catholic Church as best maintaining among Christian denominations its influence over the laboring man.

"So far as theological institutions are concerned," declared Mr. Foster, "it is my firm conviction, speaking as the descendant of a long line of New England Protestants, that the Catholic Church alone has retained its old-time influence as a working factor in the life of its communicants. In this conviction I may be mistaken, but a thousand and one evidences confirm my judgment in this regard. Why this is so I shall not even indulge in speculation about. Clergymen who preach to empty pews, where workmen are not, and who have knowledge of the throngs which crowd the capacity of the great Catholic temples of worship, may answer the question if they can."

THE AMERICAN PEOPLE.

Dear Sir:—In justice to the American people will you kindly give this communication as much prominence as you gave a recent quotation on our "un-churched multitude?"

Three-fourths of the people of the United States are not baptized. Three-fourths of the people of the United States are not without faith. Three-fourths of the people of the United States are not an unchurched multitude. Three-fourths of the people of the United States are not criminals. It is untrue to say that any such proportion of the American people do not want faith. It is untrue to say they will not listen to religious teachers and that they are not interested in religion. Here is a further list of statements by the distinguished Irishman from Missouri that I wish to challenge and for which I request a demonstration:

- 1 Three-fourths of the American people want to live animal lives.
- 2 They are satisfied with the gratification of the senses.
- 3 They have health.
- 4 They have money to purchase all the needs of earthly existence.
- 5 They are satisfied with their prospects in life.
- 6 They want nothing more.
- 7 They are materialists.
- 8 They are satisfied with this world on which they dwell.
- 9 They are satisfied with this narrow planet on which they dwell.
- 10 They look for nothing beyond.
- 11 They have no faith in God.
- 12 They do not want any God.
- 13 They have no faith in a future life.
- 14 They do not want any future life.
- 15 They have no faith in heaven or hell.
- 16 They have blotted out from their thoughts all notion of rewards or punishments.
- 17 They insist upon living out a lie.
- 18 In their heart of hearts they

Hot Weather HEADACHES

Tablets, powders, drugs, of any kind will NOT cure headaches. Simply because they never reach the CAUSE of the headache.

What causes headaches? Poisoned blood, always.

If the bowels are constipated—

If the kidneys are weak—

If the millions of pores of the skin are not active—

There are bound to be headaches.

Fruit-a-tives

OR "FRUIT LIVER TABLETS"

cure headaches because they cure the cause of headaches. They do not drug the nerves. They go to the root of the trouble, invigorate and strengthen the liver and increase the flow of bile into the bowels, which cure constipation. Act directly on the kidneys, heal all kidney irritation. Act on the skin, stimulate and open the pores.

With bowels, kidneys and skin all healthy and working in harmony, the blood is kept pure and rich and there can be no headaches.

FRUIT-A-TIVES are pure fruit juices—combined by a secret process with tonics and intestinal antiseptics.

50c. a box or 6 boxes for \$2.50. Sent on receipt of price if your druggist does not handle them.

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USES

"Royal Crown" Witch-Hazel Toilet Soap

(Individual Size)

At the Chateau Frontenac—at Place Viger Hotel, Montreal—at Banff—Royal Alexandra, Winnipeg—on their Pullmans and ocean liners—guests and passengers are provided with "Royal Crown" Witch-Hazel.

It's a medicated soap, and a toilet soap. Two soaps in one for the price of one. 10c. a cake, 3 large cakes for 25c.

Insist on having "Royal Crown" Witch-Hazel Toilet Soap.

deny the existence of God.

19 In their everyday life they body forth that act of infidelity.

20 The gift of reason is a misfortune to them.

21 It were better that they were brutes.

22 They want to live as brutes.

23 They want only the gratification of brutes.

24 It is a misfortune for them that God has given them intelligence.

25 They do not want to know God.

26 They do not want to hear of God.

27 They want no intercourse with God.

28 They want no Church of God.

29 They want no voice or law of God.

30 They want no intimation or hint of God.

31 They would live a life independent of God and in defiance of His supreme law.

I will give \$100 to the Catholic Church Extension Society if either the Western Watchman or the Michigan Catholic can prove the truth of any one statement in the quotation to which I refer and which appeared in THE CATHOLIC RECORD for Sept. 1. Let us tell the truth for the sake of good example. Respectfully yours in Jesus Christ, (REV.) PATRICK J. MURPHY, Wylie, Texas.

GOOD READING.

The boy that is brought up to browse among books; that is trained early to learn the value, to understand the scope, to discern the meaning and appreciate the power of good literature—that boy, that girl, will be saved from many dangers, and they will come in after years to understand the truth of the opinion of that great man who said: "I would not part with my love for good books, and my appreciation of good literature, for all the riches of the Indies." The boy or girl that is early taught the worth of good poetry, the sterling value of good biography; that is early taught the value, the meaning of the great novels, and knows how to discriminate and sift out this great underlying mass of current, slushy fiction, and to put on its bookshelves in twenty or thirty years all the great masterpieces of fiction, and communes with them; who knows the worth of all forms of literature, and one by one adds a book every few weeks to his shelves, is guarded and fenced in on every side against the thousandfold temptations which assault, sometimes with almost irresistible force, others who know nothing about good literature. But where literature and true learning go hand in hand, where a soul faithful to God and engaged in worthy activities knows at the same time the great and noble masterpieces of literature, the value of that life is doubled; and the worth of that life to itself, and in its influence round about, is more than doubled.—Angelus.

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

How He Became Vice-President of a Bank at Thirty-one.

"I know plenty of young men who have more brains than I have. That I have made more headway than most of them is due to the fact that I have worked harder. During busy times, for instance, I have thought nothing of staying here at the office till midnight, and on several occasions, have worked hard on a Turkish bath for when I have gone to bed in the morning, when I have a couple of hours of rest, and have started in again at 9. Even when there is no special rush of business I usually arrive in the morning before the office boys and am the last to leave. Ever since I started out, I have made it a rule to let nothing interfere with my work, and I stick to it till that for the day is done."

This was how Walter W. Lee explained his elevation, at the age of thirty-one, to the vice presidency of the National Bank of North America, one of the strongest financial institutions in New York city. Within fourteen years he had risen to this position from that of errand boy. He was seventeen when he was graduated from the College of the City of New York and made his beginning in the business world, in the Madison Square National Bank. A book-keeper there, taking advantage of his youth and innocence, imposed upon him. Mainly on that account he determined to leave, and on his last day at the bank he said to the book-keeper:

"I will get much farther in the banking business than you ever will. Some day when you are out of a job, come to me, and I will see what I can do for you." Mr. Lee smiled when he told me this. "I was a self-confident youngster, as every boy ought to be, if he doesn't go too far and become egotistical and self-assertive. These, of course, are repulsive qualities, but a man must have a reasonable appreciation of his own ability in order to properly impress others and make the most of his opportunities."

After leaving the Madison Square Bank, the young man found a place as clerk in the Gallatin National Bank. One day the President, Frederick Tappan, wanted an important statement prepared in a hurry. The man whose business it was to make up such statements was away, and when other clerks were asked if they could do the work, they shook their heads dubiously. "I should like to try it," spoke up a blond youth who had escaped the president's notice. He was given the opportunity, and in a short time presented to President Tappan a statement which was so satisfactory to him that he complimented the junior clerk before the statement was signed. The man whose business it was to make up such statements, and when an opening occurred, saw to it personally that he was advanced. When he was a loan clerk, six years ago, he heard that the City Trust Company was about to be organized, and applied for the position of assistant secretary.

"What influential friends have you? Who is backing you?" inquired the managers.

"Nobody," replied the young man; "my record is my only backing." He got the place. When the City Trust Company was absorbed by the North American Trust Company, Mr. Lee was made manager of the latter's Wall Street branch. One morning a man came in and asked for a position, and he obtained it, because he was the book-keeper to whom the errand boy, in the old days, had spoken the parting words of prophecy. Last fall the directors of the National Bank of North America unanimously elected the young man to the vice presidency.

"The banking business is supposed to be one of slow promotions," he said, "but the conditions as to this are the same as in any other calling. The man who has the right kind of stuff in him will rise."—J. H. Welch in Success.

Making Most of Ourselves.

One of the noblest sights this world offers is a young man bent upon making the most of himself. Alas! that so many seem not to care what they become—men in stature, but not yet born into the world of purpose and attainment, babes in their comprehension of life! A cigar, a horse, a flirtation, a suit of clothes, a carouse, a low play or dance, and just enough work to attain such things, or got wise, sitting in the clouds, languidly at them! What an introduction to manhood and manly duties! One cannot thus start in life, and make himself master of it, or get any real good out of it. A part of his folly may come out as the burdens of life press on him. And necessity may drive him to sober labor, but he will halt and stumble to the end. It is a sad thing to begin life with low conceptions of it. There is no mistature comparable to a youth without a sense of nobility. Better be born blind than not see the glory of life. It is not, indeed, possible for a young man to measure life, but it is possible to cherish that lofty and sacred enthusiasm which the dawn of life awakens. It is possible to say: I am resolved to put life to its noblest and best use.

If I could get the ear of every young man for but one word, it would be this: Make the most and the best of yourself. There is no tragedy like wasted life—life falling of its ends, life turned to a false end.

The true way to begin life is not to look out upon it to see what it offers, but to take a good look at self. Find out what you are, how you are made up—your capacities and lacks—and then determine to get the most out of yourself possible. Your faculties are avenues between the end of the world and yourself: the larger and more open they are, the more of it you will get. Your object should be to get all the richness and sweetness of life into yourself: the method is through trained faculties. You find yourself tired: teach it to think, to work broadly and steadily, to serve your needs plainly and faithfully. You find in yourself social capacities: make yourself the best citizen, the best friend and neighbor, the kindest son and brother, the truest husband and father. Whatever you are capable of in these directions that be and do.

Let nothing within you go to waste. You also find in yourself moral and religious faculties. Beware lest you suffer them to lie dormant, or but summon them to a brief periodic activity. No man can make the most of himself who fails to train his side of his nature. Deepen and clarify your sense of God. Gratify by perpetual use the inborn desire for communion with Him. Listen always to conscience. Keep the heart soft and responsive to all sorrow. Love with all love's divine capacity and quality. And above all let your nature stretch itself towards that sense of infinity that comes with the thought of God. There is nothing that so deepens and amplifies the nature as the use of it in moral and spiritual ways. One cannot make the most of oneself who leaves it out.

If these general purposes are resolutely followed, they are sure to yield as much of success as is possible in each given case.

What is Your Obstruction? Many people have a vague feeling that there is some intangible, indefinable influence, force, obstruction that bars their advance. They feel a certain pressure that retards their progress, as when one is trying to walk rapidly through water or deep snow. They think if they could only get rid of this something which holds them back, out the cord that binds them, they could do great things.

Now if you analyze yourself, you will find that this invisible retarder is in side of you. Were it to be thought of as a cable, it would be found made of many strands, some of them coarse and knotted. It may be made of early training, the disinclination to take pains, the habit of slighting things when you said, "Oh, that is good enough."

You never dreamed that these obstructions would build up in your manhood and trip you up.

Selfishness, bad temper, inability to get along with people, the tendency to antagonize them may be a very great strand.

I believe that downright laziness, an inclination to take things easy, to slide along the line of the least resistance, the desire to get something for nothing, to take a short cut to success, is one of the biggest strands of this cable, and has a tremendous ball pull.—Success.

"I am a Man."

Before every man, whatever his station, there rises the one ever present and ever imperative inspiration: I am a man. He may wear the coarse livery of the laborer and his hands may be calloused with unremunerative toil; but he is a man. Misfortune may befall him; the sheet may be cast over his little heritage, but in his breast there is the voice of a prophet which tells him he is more than these things. There is a something in him that rises like Ararat out of the sea, and in some calm estuary God will show him where to drop anchor. He may be tempted, but he should not forget that he is a man with God's image stamped upon him. He may be inclined to do a mean thing, but if he has a man's true spirit, he will not. In so far as he stoops to dishonor, wraps himself in selfishness or is forgetful of the respect he owes to another, by so much has he withdrawn from his defences. In business or by the way, in the home or in public course, where duty calls or pleasure weaves her garlands, let him keep faith with the best there is in him and hold invincibly to the gospel of manhood.

Growth of Character. We do not get the soul in different ways under different laws, from those in which we get the body and the mind. If a man does not exercise his arm he develops no biceps muscle; and if a man does not exercise his soul, he acquires no muscle in his soul, no strength of character, no vigor, no morals of fibre, nor beauty of spiritual growth. Love is not a thing of enthusiastic emotion. It is a rich, strong, manly, vigorous expression of the whole round Christian character.

His Highest Good. The time is coming, some have already realized it, when each man will find his highest good, not in taking away something from his brother, but in adding something to him; when each will find his greatest pleasure in doing the greatest amount of good to some one else, and when instead of striving for self alone, each will strive for all.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

The Secret of the Neat Girl. We all have among our acquaintances the girl who, without being in the least good-looking, always manages to look neat and well-dressed. Perhaps she has only a small dress allowance, and whenever you meet her she looks smart and attractive, while other girls with twice the money at their command too often look shabby and dowdy.

What is the neat girl's secret? Nothing more or less than taking care of her clothes; she has a place for everything, and everything is kept in its place; her ribbons, gloves, handkerchiefs, veils, etc., are not huddled together in one drawer, neither do they lie about on the tables and chairs until they are wanted. Every article of apparel is put away with the most scrupulous care, first being dusted, shaken or mended as the case may be.

There is a great difference, too, in the way in which girls put on their clothes, and very often a girl dressed in a shirtwaist and a plain skirt will look twice as neat as one clad in an expensive gown, the reason being simply and solely this: This one has put her dress on anyway, and the other has taken care that it shall be neat and fresh.

The child who lets her clothes drop off her and lie in a heap on the floor invariably grows into the careless, untidy woman with whom we are so familiar.

Dainty Handkerchiefs. Many girls like to make pretty handkerchiefs for themselves and their friends who are too busy to undertake

such work, and no gift is more appreciated, and in purchasing the material it is quite a feature of economy to select a width of linen that will cut two or three handkerchiefs. There is no better way for a girl to learn to sew neatly than to make a number of dainty handkerchiefs and the small articles can be made from old soft white cotton or muslin. Any dainty and sheer material may be put to this use, and nice handkerchiefs are often made from the best breadths of summer dresses, and they should always be soft and comfortable to use. Nothing is more suitable for the centres of these handkerchiefs than the finest linen lawn, but a good quality of India linen, much used and of the style of finish may be varied to suit the taste of the maker. In plain hemstitching, only three threads should be drawn, as it gives a much neater effect and to make the threads easier to draw, dampen and press the material before beginning the work. Not all girls realize how easily and successfully their handkerchiefs may be laundered at home, and even through the following process without injury: First baste them carefully to a piece of soft muslin, then put them into a good lather of ivory soap and warm soft water and let them boil for twenty minutes. If you want fragrance added to cleanliness, throw a good-sized piece of orris root into the water where the handkerchiefs are boiling, and after pressing them carefully, place them between the folds of a sachet filled with fine powder. If handkerchiefs are cleaned in this way they require very little rubbing, and anything that saves rubbing is a genuine saving to all sheer materials. M. A. Y.

The Tree of Images. There is a legend about a tree of Tibet, called the "tree of 10,000 images," which reads like this:

Far away in the dreary land of Ambo, in Tibet, is a green valley in which, in a Tartar tent, was born a wonderful boy named Tsong Kaba. From his birth he had a long white beard and flowing hair and could speak perfectly his native tongue. His manners were majestic, and his words were full of wisdom. When he was three years old he resolved to cut off his hair and live a solitary life. So his mother shaved his head and threw his long, flowing locks upon the ground outside the tent door.

From his hair sprang the wonderful tree. Tsong Kaba lived many years, did countless good deeds and at last died. But the tree which had grown up from his hair lived, and they called it "the tree of the Christian era." This was long before the Christian era, but it is the testimony of the French missionaries that the tree lives yet.

The leaves are always green. The wood is of a reddish tint and has an aroma of cinnamon. The bark of the tree is marked with well known symbols in the Tibetan language.

Alphabetic characters also appear in green on every leaf, some darker, some lighter than the leaf itself. The branches of the tree are described as crowning a trunk only eight feet high, but of great girth.

Two French missionaries who saw the tree were fully convinced that the marks upon it were of natural growth. Beauty of Soul. When you take notice of your physical attractions, examine your soul at the same time and expel from it every vain thought as you would a foe to your beauty.

If you are fortunate enough to have beautiful features and a rose leaf complexion, rear them as you would possessions that can soon lose their charm unless their possessor has a gentle soul.

A pretty face that tells of self-conceit is far less desirable than a plain face that evinces a happy, generous disposition. Self-conceit is an intolerable trait and one that takes all the charm out of men's character, while a gracious humility shows superiority of mind and genuine worth.

We are told that "humility is the dignity of dignities," and certainly no other virtue can impart a more desirable charm. Women who make themselves flies out of themselves by airing their vanity, prove themselves to be little worth when the test does come.—Church Progress.

She Tells Her Mother. Prudent is the young girl in her teens who makes a confidant of her

mother and tells her everything. Have shall not reach her. Evil will not even dare to tempt her. For she has a guardian and a guide in her mother, and wisdom shall direct her experience to safeguard her innocence.

The depraved, themselves, will take quick notice of her security. Silence, darkness and ignorance are their aids in their nefarious amusements. Franksness, sunshine and instruction they detest. And the girl who tells her mother they shall not wrong. It is for mothers to ascertain their daughter, from the age of twelve to the day of marriage, to disclose to them all that happens in her sight and hearing that seems to her right or wrong, so that the maternal judgment may be passed on these words or actions, and she thus learns to know how to separate the good from the bad. In that disclosure lies the safety of the maids. Of every one of them so defended and advised the warning may be given to the corrupt.

"Do not even try to lead her astray, for she tells her mother!" — Church Progress.

How to be Lovable. I know that, like every girl, you want to be sweet and gracious and attractive in manner and to have a beautiful face, says a woman writer in an exchange. I should not wonder if you know some particularly lovely woman and think to yourself: "Oh, if I could only be like her."

Now, my dear young girl, let your heart grow sweet and loving, and then your manners will be gracious. Love speaks in a thousand ways. If you wish to be lovely you must be lovable. Beauty of character grows from the inside. First the heart grows beautiful and then it shines out through the face; and loving thoughts are sure to bloom into kind and loving deeds.

You might take a small, green rosebud and patch bits of rose colored velvet on the outside of it; but you could not thus make a bloom. One would care for the rosebud must grow and unfold its own beauty from the heart. That is the way it becomes a flower that is prized. You must grow in the same way—from the heart out.

It is very nice to take Delisarte lessons in gracefulness, to study etiquette and to practice looking pleasant; but if these things are only patched on the outside of an unlovely spirit they will fail to deceive anyone. Even homely people are often made beautiful to us by the love-light in their faces, and there is no attractiveness like a sweet and noble character.

The rose unfolds slowly. So does character. Your Duty to Your Mother. It should be the daughter's joy as well as duty to bring a little recreation and pleasure into her mother's life.

Remember, girls, that all your lives your mothers have been sacrificing themselves for you. Your shoulders are young and strong; help lift the burden a little from the tired shoulders that have borne it so long.

Let her see that you appreciate all that she has done for you. Take the heaviest part of the housework off her hands. Make her stay in bed in the morning while you get breakfast. Something pretty to wear will please her. She is a woman, you know, and likes pretty things as well as you do.

A little love and petting is always appreciated by mothers; try it with yours and see if she don't thrive under it.

The prettiest girl in the world is absolutely devoid of charm if she is impertinent to her mother.

Plus X and the Little Girl. The Rome correspondent of The Pall Mall Gazette tells the following story:

"Some Laurentine Nuns were received by the Pope, and took with them two children about four and five years of age. They dutifully knelt and kissed his hand, and answered shyly the questions put by him. But this done, conversation became rather difficult, the Holy Father finding himself actually embarrassed before their timid reticence. Finally the nuns had the happy inspiration to make the little ones repeat the prayer for the Pope which they say every evening, and which touched the Pontiff very much. 'Good children,' he said, come here; I have something for you, and when the highly expectant youngsters came to his knee he presented each with a medal, and was much astonished when the effect was less joy-

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ful than he anticipated. 'Is there anything the matter?' he asked, helplessly, of the anxious nuns. 'Don't they like them? Come here, little woman, and tell me what you would like the best in the world.' 'A doll,' answered the child promptly, 'a big yellow-haired doll.' 'And that you shall have,' replied His Holiness, immensely relieved.

Man shrinks from the burden of sorrow as the one great evil of life, forgetting the sorrows through which his redemption was purchased. And herein is pointed out to him one of life's greatest lessons, namely, who so ever would experience the greatest joy must first experience great sorrow.

FATHER Koenig's NERVE TONIC. Proclaims Its Merits.

It is with gratitude and heartfelt thanks I pen these lines. My wife had lost all control of her nerves and could only speak at times, and was in a very low condition generally. She commenced using Father Koenig's Nerve Tonic August 4th and a few days afterward she could come into the parlor and sing to the music and execute the solo part of hymns alone, it is impossible to do work about the house. I am sorry that I did not hear of this wonderful remedy sooner. For I could have bought twenty-five or more bottles for what I paid the doctor here, just to come and look at her, for he did no further good whatever. Father Koenig's Tonic will be a blessing to all, and I can strongly recommend it. I send to-day for another bottle for my wife, and also for one for another lady whose nerves are weak, and whom I told what your Nerve Tonic had done for us.

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OUR FUTURE CITIZENS.

As it is an old adage and a true one that "the boy is the father of the man," it behooves society to see that youth is so watched over and safeguarded that the susceptible and impressionable years of childhood have naught about them but what will conduce to establish the child and fast developing youth in principles of virtue and honor, so that when his or her day comes to take part in life's affairs, it will be a useful and honorable one.

Since God is the principle which, if acknowledged and respected, is to keep this world together and to preserve men safe in their interests, by their respect for one another's rights, it follows that youth must be trained to know, love and serve God from the first and so have Him as the Catholic Church places Him, the chief concern of his thoughts, his aspirations and endeavors in his education.

The Church, God's established society for all, but which the world rejects, is faithful to the trust committed to her, and while she would be the wise and loving mother of all, she does, at least for those who call themselves her children, all she can do for their temporal and eternal welfare, and hence she is zealous for the religious training of youth.

If we look around us we see the Catholic faith progressing on every side. News and beautiful churches, filled with large and fervent congregations; large and commodious colleges and almost every parish with its particular school filled with docile and happy pupils; convents and nunneries where dwell the faithful, hard-working teachers, institutions for every known want and ill, and if we ask what has produced such rich and abundant fruits in the last twenty or thirty years, we shall have to answer it was and is the religious training of youth that the Church established everywhere she could, and the pupils graduated out of them became the factors for this wonderful progress.

Let us Catholics of today follow in the wake of our zealous forefathers. They built up religion grand and beautiful as we behold it. Let us keep in fact what we have inherited and pass the same down to the next generation, only increased to larger and grander proportions as our contribution to it.

The material is but the shell of the substantial within, and so it is not the grand temples and the magnificent colleges, academies and schools, but those within the walls and the spirit animating their minds and hearts that count so much for the Church's glory and tell what she is doing for the honor of God who founded her, and for the world's temporal and eternal good, for which He established her.

We have a duty, then, to perform in the premises. It is this: to see that the spirit which animated those before us be perpetuated and passed down to succeeding generations, by looking to our schools and keep them well filled with our youth, for they are the nurseries of piety and knowledge and will implant and generate in all attending them the principles that will make noble men and women, good and true for God and for society, for earth and heaven alike.

We ask for Catholic education the appreciation it deserves on the part of all, and we bespeak for it the confidence and patronage it deserves from Catholics of every condition of society. Let the parochial schools be availed of until the child shall have completed the course and, if it be possible, give the boy a collegiate education as well as the girl an academic course. It is higher education that will fit them for higher things and make their usefulness in life the greater and their lot the happier. Our Catholic people have advanced within last generation higher in the financial scale. Should they not rise to greater things in the intellectual?

We are to develop what God has given us and ought to improve age by age. "Of him that hath been given much, much will be expected." Might

we not expect endowments from our wealthy Catholics for our colleges and schools, and should we not look to Catholic fathers and mothers to give to their sons and daughters the best and highest Catholic education possible? The best heritage, as has been said, is a good education. It is better than gold and silver, for it contributes to the mental well-being and character; but what a blessing when this is built up and broadened out on the lines of religion! Then, indeed, we have men and women—citizens the world may be proud of—for they will be like David, after God's own heart.—Bishop Colton in Catholic Union and Times.

AN APOSTOLIC MAN AND APOSTOLIC METHODS.

An account of the First Friday devotions in the Church of Saint Sauveur, Quebec, was given in our February number. What are the methods which Father Lelievre, O. M. I., has made use of to crowd the church with workmen? With permission of the proprietors many of whom are Protestants, he goes into the factories and workshops and speaks there to the men. "My good friends," says the Father, "I am a priest, but I was once a workman like you, and I know what it means to toil the whole week through without an hour of rest. Now what would you say if the king were to tell you: 'order his excellency, the Governor General of Canada, to invite all the workmen of Quebec to come one day every month to rest one hour in his palace, with full permission to offer their request, which he will send to me.' My friends, I invite you in the name of a great and powerful king to come, on the first Friday of every month, from six to seven in the evening, on your way from work, just as you are—I invite you to come where the King of kings awaits you. He too was a workman. Did He not harden his hands at the planing bench? Did He not remain for years the lowly apprentice of Joseph, the carpenter? Yet He is the master of all treasure and will give what you ask. Who will accept the invitation? Let all those who are going to come raise their hands. And all raised their hands, says a writer who saw these workmen, more than five hundred in number, come out of the workshops and enter the church and join in the songs and prayers of the First Friday hour of reparation. The Father mingles among them, encouraging the timid and bringing to the front these men just as they are with the honorable signs of labor on their hands and faces and dress. The influence of Father Lelievre is supreme. The owners of mills and factories lend him their assistance. One has allowed his employees to erect a statue of the Sacred Heart in a prominent place of his works, and keeps at his own expense the light burning before it, appreciating the good influence of which such an exhibition of religion will have upon his men.—Sacred Heart Messenger.

There are not a few people who think that some of the Church restrictions with regard to marriage among relatives by blood are founded on something a little better than old fogy notions with regard to the possible danger to the offspring of such marriages that has no definite basis in scientific investigation. Not a few are very ready to say that they have seen the marriage of first cousins in a number of cases result in no detriment to the children, and while they are ready to admit that very close blood relationship may have many moral and natural objections within the second degree, there is no physical reason for the prohibitions that exist. For people who have any such mistaken notions as this a little attention to the recent volume issued by the Bureau of the United States Census on the Blind and the Deaf, which was published by the Government Printing Office during the present year, will doubtless prove a startling surprise. This report was written by Alexander Graham Bell, the inventor of the telephone, who is well known as an expert in all matters relating to the deaf, and whose investigations into the status of the blind in this country and the causes of blindness, as embodied in the present report, add very much to our knowledge and stamp his work as some of the best accomplished in recent statistical science.

DEATH OF NOTED ENGLISH CONVERT.

ARTHUR CHILTON THOMAS, AN ACTIVE LAYMAN AND SON OF A PROTESTANT CLEERGYMAN. Arthur Chilton Thomas, of Liverpool, who died July 21, at Panmenmawr, was the eldest of three children—two sons and a daughter—of the late Rev. David Thomas, M. A., vicar of Panmenmawr, later H. M. Inspector of Schools for North Wales and chaplain to Lady Willoughby de Broke, of Boddelwyddon Hall, and was born forty-three years ago at Panmenmawr. His mother, who was a sister of the late Mr. Chilton, J. P. of Liverpool, became a convert to the death of her husband, and her children came into the Church with her. The younger son, Roland Chilton Thomas, decided to enter the Church, and joining the Jesuits, became a scholastic. But he did not live to become a priest, dying prior to his ordination at St. Aidan's College, Grahamstown, South Africa, which he had gone for the benefit of his health. The only daughter Barbara, became a nun, but she, too, was cut off by death at a comparatively early age, passing away at Tarin, Italy.

Arthur Chilton Thomas was educated at Stonyhurst, and became a member of the bar. He took an active interest in social work, and was especially interested in the Catholic Children's Protection Society, Working Boys' Homes, Tenant Schools and Food and Betterment Societies. He was a director of the Liverpool "Catholic Times" and the "Catholic Fireside." His funeral was attended by large numbers of the clergy and distinguished laymen, public officials, representatives of various organizations and orphans in institutions of which he was a manager.

THEN AND NOW.

DEATH OF PREJUDICE IN NEW ENGLAND IS ALMOST THE DEATH OF PROTESTANTISM.

A native of New England, visiting his old home at Westfield, Mass., after twenty years' residence in the West, finds a remarkable change in religious conditions during his absence, and in a letter to The Springfield Republican thus describes his experience: "Two years before I left Massachusetts, my mother's brother embraced the Catholic faith, and the consternation it caused in the family is still fixed in my memory; and, while the farms and mines of Idaho and Washington have helped broaden my views very much, I was not prepared for what I have seen since my return. For example, this week I visited a near relative of my father's and he calmly informed me that his 'brightest and best' boy was being instructed by one of the local priests with a view of becoming a Catholic. I asked him if it was with his consent. His reply was, 'To be sure, and his mother's as well! He is going to marry a Catholic girl, and I am sure there is nothing under heaven so pure and beautiful as some of the Irish Catholic girls. In fact, when we remember that we have two sons taken up with their business

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and lodge duties as to have no time to care for church, and of them divorced, and a daughter devoted to Christian Science, we regard the girl in the case as a means of grace from God for the boy." I later met the young man, and asked him if he really was to be converted to the Catholic faith. He said: "I am going to be a Catholic, but what of it? I am only returning to the Church that made good Christians out of our forefathers, before we were left to the mercy of every curbstone orator with a message." My experience may be an unusual one and I could not say or write about it only I have attended services in, I think, seventeen churches since I have been East—and the handful present in each made me want to plead for a more united, vigorous, intelligent and Christian Protestantism.

Commenting on this significant letter the Sacred Heart Review remarks: "In its own way it tells the story of the dying out of prejudice against the Church here in New England, and shows the inability of the colorless Protestantism of day to control the faith and loyalty of the people who once looked to it for light and leading. Our good Protestant friends once imagined that Catholicity could not stand the free air of America, that it would actually wither and die in the sunshine of American liberty."

CONSANGUINITY AND DEFECTIVE OFFSPRING.

GOVERNMENT DOCUMENT THAT PROVES THE WISDOM OF THE CHURCH'S RESTRICTIONS WITH REGARD TO MARRIAGES AMONG RELATIVES.

There are not a few people who think that some of the Church restrictions with regard to marriage among relatives by blood are founded on something a little better than old fogy notions with regard to the possible danger to the offspring of such marriages that has no definite basis in scientific investigation. Not a few are very ready to say that they have seen the marriage of first cousins in a number of cases result in no detriment to the children, and while they are ready to admit that very close blood relationship may have many moral and natural objections within the second degree, there is no physical reason for the prohibitions that exist. For people who have any such mistaken notions as this a little attention to the recent volume issued by the Bureau of the United States Census on the Blind and the Deaf, which was published by the Government Printing Office during the present year, will doubtless prove a startling surprise. This report was written by Alexander Graham Bell, the inventor of the telephone, who is well known as an expert in all matters relating to the deaf, and whose investigations into the status of the blind in this country and the causes of blindness, as embodied in the present report, add very much to our knowledge and stamp his work as some of the best accomplished in recent statistical science.

At the work will not be readily available to all, though most public libraries will have or can obtain copies of this census report, we have preferred to abstract certain passages which show very clearly the influence of consanguinity in producing congenitally blind and deaf children. A certain number of children are born blind every year. Of these, four times as many have parents who are consanguineous as of those whose parents were not so related. These statistics are not made with reference to only a few cases, but include altogether nearly sixty thousand instances, so that there seems to be no doubt but that the rule deduced can be considered as representing no mere coincidence but an actual relation of cause and effect. We quote Dr. Bell's exact words in this matter: "The most significant fact to be derived from the figures given in Table XIX, is found in the showing that of the 2,517 blind whose parents were consanguineous, 632 or 25 per cent. are congenitally blind, of whom 350 or 55.4 per cent. also have blind relatives of the classes specified, while among the 55,980 who were not so related the number of congenitally blind is but 6, 8 per cent., and of these only 1,023 per cent. have blind relatives."

With regard to congenital deafness, the case is almost, though fortunately not quite so bad as regards blindness. Dr. Bell says: "The most striking feature seems to be the large proportion of congenitally deaf among those whose parents were consanguineous. The percentage of the congenitally deaf is nearly three times as great among those whose parents were consanguineous as among those whose parents were not. This fact has been known for the last ten years, and these statistics have been confirmed by investigators in other countries. In fact, it is now generally accepted that

these statistics with regard to the great number of these born deaf from consanguineous marriages absolutely prove the advisability of the old ecclesiastical regulations, and demonstrate only too amply how wise beyond their generation were the ecclesiastical authorities in making such regulations.

These statistics, far from representing the state of affairs worse than it is, probably minimize it somewhat, for people often refuse to admit such consanguinity and, as is stated by Dr. Bell in his discussion of the statistics, it is probable that there are not a few of the born blind whose parents were consanguineous who are unaware of that fact or prefer not to state it in the answer to the questions as put to them. On this matter he says: "These would be the true percentages on the usual assumption that the ratios in the 'not stated' cases are substantially the same as in the cases stated, but in the present case there is some reason for supposing that they are different. Some people are sensitive to questions concerning consanguinity in marriage, especially where defective offspring have appeared; and in such cases no right mind is forbidden by law, to the extent that such marriages are declared null and void. An attempt was made last year to include such a restriction in a law with regard to marriage and its impediments which failed to pass the last Legislature of New York State. The reason for such drastic measures is to be found in these recent statistical investigations, which go so far to prove the wisdom of the old time Church authorities. If there has been, as seems to many, a decrease of the natural repugnance to such marriages in recent years, and if there has been a tendency to allow dispensations more easily than before, especially to our foreign-born populations, it is to be hoped that this recent report will tighten the bond of ecclesiastical jurisdiction and reinvigorate the old natural feelings that the contemplation of such marriages used to arouse."

THOSE FAITHFUL FOREIGNERS.

There is a mixture of frankness and self complacency in what the Congregationalist Wisconsin district missionary writes of the "foreigners," especially the Roman Catholics and Lutherans, who buy out the Wisconsin farms and stirve out the Congregationalist Church. "I will not look at his beer drinking habit nor at his loose idea of Sabbath observance nor at his rough exterior, but I will thank God and take courage as I look at his large family and see his patient, faithful wife, loyal as the needle to its pole. Among many other valuable things he brings a simple faith in God and in His Word as a part of his moral furniture. He brings a small but practically valuable body of Christian teaching, and the idea of loyalty to Christ and to the Church. Oh, that we boasters were as loyal! Willingly do I overlook his Sunday amusements when I remember that he and his large family have been to meeting and paid their tribute of devotion to God and to His Church. He has lived up to his teaching. Thank God, and we should imitate him, and live up to our light. His religion exercises a real restraint upon his life. Most valuable is the work done by all the Churches using foreign languages. But as a plain matter of fact, their work is limited and temporary in its character. They do not and cannot hold their young people. These learn to love the English language; they learn and love freedom of our churches. They leave the mother Church. It cannot meet their need. Many drift into practical Godlessness because our Churches do not reach them."—The Lutheran.

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Distinguished Converts.

Miss Thorold, the eldest daughter of the late Bishop Thorold, a distinguished Anglican divine, has just been received into the Church by Father Maturin, formerly of St. Clement's P. E. Church, this city.

Mlle. Marguerite Cassini, a relative of Count Cassini, former Russian Ambassador to the United States, was received into the Church at the chapel of the convent of the Sisters of St. Mary, Paris, on July 18. She was formerly a member of the Russian (Greek) Church, as are her relatives.

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"I AM A CATHOLIC, SIR."

A STIRRING INCIDENT IN THE LIFE OF THE LATE MAJOR JOHN EGAN.

The recent death of Major John Egan, a retired United States army officer, at his home in New York, recalls a stirring incident of which this gallant soldier was the principal figure in his student days at West Point.

Major Egan was born in Burlington, Vermont, seventy years ago. He entered West Point from that State in 1858 and soon attracted national attention by refusing to attend an Episcopal Church on Sundays.

"I am a Catholic, sir," said Cadet Egan to the adjutant on the parade ground one morning when the cadets were ordered to attend services in the local Episcopal church. "All belonging to me, sir, are Catholics, and under the circumstances I decline to attend the Episcopal or any church other than one of my own denomination." It required greater moral courage to make such a declaration in those rampant know nothing days than it would in this more enlightened age, but young Egan was of the mold in which heroes are cast.

This started an investigation into the religious beliefs of the cadets, with the result that forty of the embryo officers protested against being sent to the Episcopal church on Sundays and expressed the desire of attending some Catholic church or remaining in the barracks on Sundays.

Young Egan graduated from the Military Academy in the class of 1862 and served throughout the Civil War in Woodruff's Battery. He was a personal friend of General Grant. At the time of his death he was engaged in writing a history of the Civil War, in which he served from the first until the last battle. He was twice wounded at Gettysburg, and was captured and imprisoned by the Confederation in Libby Prison. He escaped after a few months.

Major Egan was a devout Catholic and a regular attendant at the Church of St. Francis Xavier, in New York.

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MARRIAGES AND DEATHS

MARRIAGE. MURPHY MCGRATH—At Nativity church, Buffalo, N. Y., on Sept. 5, by Rev. Father Walsh, John Murphy, of Oshawa, to Miss Mary McGrath, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. P. McGrath, Stratford, Ont.

DIED. O'CONNOR—At Ridgeway, on August 23, Edna Palmer, beloved wife of Lawrence O'Connor, aged twenty five years. May her soul rest in peace!

CHILDREN FOR ADOPTION. GOOD CATHOLIC HOMES ARE WANTED for the following children: three sons, aged 5, 6 and 7 years also two boys about 12 years of age and a baby boy about one month old. Applications for these children will be received by William O'Connor, office 1481 St. Andrew Street, Toronto.

TEACHERS WANTED. TEACHER WANTED FOR SEPARATE SCHOOL, No. 4, Hamburg County, Ontario, duties to commence after vacation. Apply stating salary and qualifications to Wm. Arnold, Hamburg, P. O., Ont.

FOR SEPARATE SCHOOL WESTPORT. A teacher with second class P. certificate, apply, stating salary, to M. M. Muir, Westport, Ont.

TEACHER WANTED IMMEDIATELY for R. C. Separate school, No. 6, Raleigh, Ontario. Salary \$80 per month. Duties to commence Jan. 1st. Apply to Rev. J. A. Ouellette, P. O. Belemont, Alberta.

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