

The Catholic Record.

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

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LONDON, ONTARIO, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 27, 1909

1633

The Catholic Record

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NOT SO SAD.

The other day we read a book, a translation from the French, in which there was a hurry call for tears in nearly every chapter. There was much ado about this vale of tears and sundry pietistic reflections calculated to make the reader bilious if not pious. Autumn seemed to be particularly obnoxious to him. It was sad and melancholy, associated with falling leaves and dying year, and we may add with coal bills and extra money for light. The writer has never been privileged to enjoy those glorious days. The fulness of a northern autumn—there is nothing like it—the ringing, singing joyousness of the Canadian year-end; its colors, sounds, crisp, clear-out days and air alive with energy and health. The autumn is Canada's glory time. It is a time to be alive and good-humored, strong in body and smooth in temper—a time to get out of doors and a time to gather many harvests. We need not be sentimental to feel its subtle influence; we will feel it according, not to our high strung idealism, but according to the measure of our soulfulness. Let us go out with cheerful piety and senses wide-awake, and there will come to us much of the magic power and beauty of the Canadian autumn. The chief feature of the season, and one that distinguishes it among the others as greatly as its coloring and outer feelings, is its homing instinct. The evening chill brings a suggestion of the pleasant fireside and the people around it, of books and work and the heart kindles more kindly and things human become less irksome.

MERELY A CRY.

Now and then we hear the cry to close up our ranks and to be united. But it is but a cry—a safety valve for some overwrought soul. Some day we may be forced to get together, to concentrate our energy in things worth while instead of frittering it away in trifles and on schemes that demand a maximum of work with a minimum of result.

THE POLITICIAN.

The politician who trades on his faith, who tries to hoodwink the elector by eulogy of things Catholic, may be a snare and he may be a hypocrite. We prefer to weigh him in the balance of achievement of his actions. And when we find a Catholic deficient in integrity, and qualified in no wise to be our representative we vote for his opponent. We may be pardoned for having a suspicion that the individual who talks glibly about our institutions before the election, but is not a supporter of our societies and is not interested with the Church's cause during the rest of the year, is using us as a file to whet his political razor. We have heard him descending on the necessity of Catholic education and all the while his children were in non Catholic homes of learning. We hear him waxing eloquent on brotherhood, on the love that should bind us together, despite his own life characterized by indifference to his brethren and unwillingness to help them in any way. This type of a back-bencher Catholic should be relegated to obscurity.

THE CATHOLIC AUTHOR.

In the November Catholic World Miss Agnes Reppier has a rejoinder to a paper, "The Young Catholic Writer: What shall he do?" written by the Rev. John Talbot Smith and published in St. John's Quarterly. The young writer mourns over his rejected manuscripts and arraigns Catholic publishers and the Catholic public for their indifference to his literary wares. "What am I to do?" he asks. To most of us, says Miss Reppier, this final query seems superfluous. If the Catholic publishers decline to accept the young man's manuscripts he is not only absolved from all allegiance to them but he has no option in the matter. He may, if he can earn "fame, honor and money" (three valuable assets) as a secular writer. He may become a broker, or a real-estate agent, or a manufacturer of fancy soaps. It is obvious that he cannot stand as a pillar of the Catholic press on rejected manuscripts, so his case may be considered closed.

Miss Reppier takes exception to Father Smith counselling the young writer to conceal his faith until his fame be won. She does not believe that editors, who are striving to keep their public instructed and amused, are averse to timely, readable matter from

a Catholic writer. He will publish a good story or paper oblivious to creeds and customs. We agree with Miss Reppier. We are not of the opinion that every Catholic aspirant to literary prominence is a genius who must be acclaimed by the secular editor. When his work is crude or untimely or not of the kind sought by the public; if one editor rejects it he should try another or examine his literary conscience. To say, however, that his faith alone is a barrier to his advance may be childish outburst of conceit or a proof that he takes himself too seriously. Catholic writers have felt no need to conceal their convictions from the world.

HER OWN EXPERIENCE.

Speaking of her own experience in the world of letters Miss Reppier says that she has never, in all these years, found it necessary to ignore, much less conceal, her faith. "I could not if I would, nor have I ever been able to trace any failure on my part to an editor's distaste for my creed. When I have failed it was because my work was bad. Nor have I ever been asked by editor or publisher to omit, to alter, or to modify a single sentence because that sentence proclaimed my religious beliefs. It is not too much to say that I have found my creed to be a matter of as supreme indifference to the rest of the world as it is a matter of supreme importance to me."

THE POOR EDITOR.

The editor in chief is a sorely pestered man. He is the gentleman at whom the 'stop paper' gems are aimed. He must tread circumspectly so as not to offend some of the brethren, and to please he must be a very Chesterfield in politeness and a master of diction as innoxious as it is meaningless. He can abuse Pontius Pilate to his heart's content but he must not even frown upon Pilate's successor who may be living in the same block with him.

We fear, however, that judging from the letters he receives, we are adding to his burden. We refer to the individuals who indite screeds that are white-hot with indignation. We wonder why. Must we speak with bated breath, or must we, because some of our brethren are perched on money bags, refrain from any word to which they may object? Must we never allude to the saloon? Or do some of our friends think that an editor should be muzzled and dance when they pull the strings.

A QUESTION.

We wonder why the good people who shrink from vice and its victims are nothing loth to see it in the problem drama. On the streets vice has a hideous mien; on the stage it is shorn of its repulsiveness. But just why men and women, the representative ones as the reporter styles them, throng to witness an actress portraying an adventuress with a past, and clothes breaking the law of God, passes our comprehension.

THE FERRER CASE.

The Ferrer lie is still going the rounds of the press. It will strengthen prejudices, beget hostility and urge scribbles to mix up a lot of mush about the Church. The popular outcry is a phase of hysteria, but it shows that we are not, as yet, in the age of the fair deal.

CARDINAL GIBBONS ON "THANKSGIVING."

GRATITUDE THE MOST ACCEPTABLE FORM OF PRAYER.—NO MORE HURTFUL THAN SIN OF UNTHANKFULNESS.

Sermon preached in the Cathedral, Baltimore, Sunday, November 7, 1909.

"And I saw another angel ascending from the rising of the sun, having the sign of the living God; and he cried with a loud voice to the four angels, to whom it was given to hurt the earth and the sea, saying: Amen. Benediction, and glory, and wisdom, and thanksgiving, honor, and power, and strength to our God for ever and ever. Amen." (Apocalypse vii, 12-13)

In a few days the President of the United States will issue his usual annual proclamation of thanksgiving.

It is a source of profound satisfaction to every fervent Christian that the Chief Magistrate of the nation is accustomed once a year to invite the people of the United States to assemble in their respective houses of worship in order to return thanks to Almighty God for His blessings to the country. This is a most laudable and edifying custom.

It is a public and solemn recognition of the existence of a Supreme Being and of an overruling Providence and of our absolute dependence on Him, and it cannot fail to exert a salutary influence on the people at large and secure for us a continuance of divine favors.

For the stream of thanksgiving flowing from the heart of the nation into the ocean of divine love will return to

us again, individually and collectively, in abundant showers of heavenly benediction.

Let us consider what we have to be thankful for. God has given us natural life. How precious it is! How delightful it is to cross the mysterious boundary that separates nothingness from existence, to spring from darkness to light, to breathe the air of heaven, to contemplate the starry firmament above us, to commune with our fellow-beings!

Life would be precious in any shape or form. It would be an unmerited gift if we were made birds, fish of the sea, or creeping reptiles, for even the crawling reptile clings to life and instinctively shrinks from death. But how inexpressibly greater is the boon God has conferred upon us in creating us human beings and the lords of His earthly domain! He has made us in His own image and likeness. "God created man in His own image. (Genesis 1.) He has endowed us with a sublime intelligence, with a free will, with an immortal soul. "What is man, O Lord," says the psalmist, "that Thou art mindful of him, or the son of man that Thou visitest him? Thou hast made him a little less than the angels; Thou hast crowned him with glory and honor and hast set him over the works of Thy hands. Thou hast subjected all things under his feet, all sheep and oxen; moreover, the beasts of the field, the birds of the air and the fish of the sea that pass through the paths of the sea." (Psalm viii.) That universal jurisdiction which He gave to our primitive parent is also our heritage. He repeats to us what He said to Adam: "Rule over all living creatures that move upon the earth."

THE LIFE OF OUR LIFE.

We are indebted to God not only for the life He has given us, but also for its preservation and continuance; for as without an Almighty Hand could have created us, so none but an Almighty Power can sustain us. Not only must we say with the prophet, "Thy hands, O Lord, have made me and fashioned me," but with the same inspired writer we must exclaim: "If Thou turnest away Thy face Thy creatures shall be troubled; Thou shalt take away their breath, and they shall fall and shall return to their dust." (Psalm ciii.) He is the life of our life and the breath of our nostrils. He is the invisible sun that illumines our path. Every day we live, every breath we breathe, every pulsation of our heart is a fresh manifestation of divine power and a new expression of divine mercy.

Perhaps you will object and say you have little or nothing to be thankful for. Your lines have been cast in barren places. While others around you have enjoyed robust physical health, you have been the victim of various diseases. While others have been honored and flattered, you have been ignored and despised. While others have possessed in abundance the good things of this world, you have been in straitened circumstances. To this I reply that we should thank God not only for the good things that He sends us, but for the afflictions and humiliations with which He has visited us. We should love Him not only when as a Father He cherishes us, but also when as a physician He holds to our lips the cup of sorrow and humiliation. We should kiss the hand that strikes us, as well as the hand that caresses us. For whether He smites us or fondles us, He does so in love as our Father.

BLESSINGS IN DISGUISE.

It may seem paradoxical and hard to realize, nevertheless it is true that in the day of the Lord, when He will bring to light the hidden things of darkness and make manifest the counsels of the hearts—in that day we shall discover that we owe a heavier debt of gratitude to the Lord for the trials we have endured than for the comforts we have enjoyed. For how many more are drawn toward Him by sufferings than by consolations! What are the heavy trials of tribulation that fall on us but refreshing showers that quicken and nourish the seeds of faith in our soul and make them grow into fruits of sanctification? What are afflictions, if patiently endured, but the raw material out of which we can weave the royal robe that we shall deserve to wear at the banquet of the great King? "Once," said the Persian poet, Sadi, "I mused at the vicissitudes of fortune when my feet were here and I had not the means of procuring shoes. I entered a mosque with a heavy heart, and there beheld a man deprived of his feet. I offered up my praise and thanksgiving to heaven for its bounty and bore with patience the want of shoes."

And yet alas! are there not some of you before me to-day who, in both auspicious and adverse circumstances, are waiting in thanksgiving to God? You do not show your gratitude in prosperity, but rather you are then so intoxicated with delight as to be oblivious of your Benefactor. You fail to thank Him in adversity, for the frost of tribulation congeals the fountain of grateful affections. The only time you feel disposed to make some pretense of gratitude is when you have some favor to ask or some danger to avoid, and then

your sense of gratitude is a lively appreciation of benefits to be received.

THE SUPERNATURAL GIFT.

But if we should be grateful to God for the benefit of creation how much more beholden we are to Him for the supernatural gift of redemption. We should thank God not only that we are human beings, but still more that we are Christians. We should give thanks to our Heavenly Father that we were not born and reared amid the darkness of idolatry, but in a civilized and Christian country; that we were nourished by Christian parents, and that we live under the benign influence of a Christian civilization. Above all, how grateful we ought to be that we have Christ the Lord for our teacher, who "is the power of God and the wisdom of God," whose knowledge surpasses that of the pagan philosophers immeasurably more than the light of the sun exceeds that of the flickering lamp. He teaches us not only by word, but by example. He preaches to us not from the pages of the Gospel only, but also from the wood of the cross. He is not only our Teacher, but our Redeemer as well. He has brought us out of the darkness of idolatry to the admirable light of truth. "Ye were once darkness, but now light in the Lord." He has rescued us from spiritual poverty that we might be rich in grace and in good works. He delivered us from the bondage of sin to enjoy the glorious liberty of the children of God.

If, therefore, we should be thankful for our temporal life, how much more for the supernatural life with which He has endowed us! If we should be grateful that He has sent His sun to shine on us, how much more that He has sent His holy spirit to illumine our mind and inflame our heart!

If we should have a profound sense of the Divine goodness in giving us daily food for the support of corporeal life, how much stronger should be our obligation for having chosen us as prospective heirs of His everlasting kingdom! And all these blessings our Saviour has granted to us out of pure love and at the price of His blood. He can truly say to each of us: "Greater love than this no man hath, that a man lay down his life for his friends." But even more than this Christ has done, for "when we were enemies," says the apostle, "we were reconciled to God by the death of His Son."

THE SIN OF INGRATITUDE.

There is no vice more hurtful to ourselves, more abhorred by man and more odious to God than the sin of unthankfulness. "Ingratitude," says St. Bernard, "is a parching wind that dries up the fountains of piety, the dew of mercy and the torrents of grace."

So detestable is this vice in the sight of God that it provoked His most severe denunciation against the Jewish people. "I have brought up children," He says, "and exalted them, but they have despised Me. The ox knoweth his owner and the ass his master's crib, but Israel hath not known Me. My people have not understood." (Isaiah li.) The ox recognizes with affection the master that feeds him, and we are indifferent to the Divine Hand that sustains us. The ox meekly submits to the yoke, and we grow impatient of the restraint of the gospel. The ox plows the field which yields a harvest to his master, and we fail to cultivate in our soul the seeds of satisfaction.

The apostle of the Gentiles never wearies in giving thanks to God. In eleven of his fourteen epistles he pours forth his gratitude for the spiritual blessings vouchsafed to himself and his disciples. And in every instance these expressions of grateful acknowledgment are found in the opening chapter, as if to admonish us that all our prayers and good works should be inaugurated by acts of thanksgiving.

The Church in her liturgy imitates the apostle by the practice of thanksgiving. Our Saviour was once scrip-ture for our redemption on the altar of the cross. From the rising to the setting of the sun that great event is commemorated on thousands of altars by the eucharistic sacrifice, which, as its name implies, is a sacrifice of thanksgiving. Embodied in the prayers of the Mass is the angelic hymn, "Glory to God in the Highest. We praise Thee, we bless Thee, we give Thee thanks for Thy great glory, O Lord God, heavenly King, God, Father Almighty." And in the same preface those words are daily recited or chanted: "Let us give thanks to the Lord our God. It is meet and just. It is truly proper and worthy, just and salutary that we should always and in all places give thanks to Thee, Holy Lord, Almighty Father, Eternal God."

BAD LITERATURE WAS CONDEMNED.

ABBE LE BEL SCORES SOME FRENCH WRITERS.

Abbe Le Bel firmly declines to change his course of lectures on literature from the present schedule. It appears that a small number here and there have criticized his lecture course somewhat as follows: Corneille, Racine and Moliere are all right, your handling of the subject is all right, but we want to hear something of the writers of the eighteenth century, of Rousseau, of Voltaire.

"Now," said Abbe Le Bel last night, "my business is to treat of French literature at its best, not its vilest. I would present the elevating, the ennobling, not the morbid, the debasing, the corrupt. I say this not to my French auditors only, but also to the English present; they, too, want only the best. We have no use for the Rousseaus and Voltaires, nor for the Balzac nor Zolas either. As the mother, so the child! France to-day is reaping the evil harvest of the eighteenth cen-

tury writers, most of whom come under the 'Index.' Its rulers are devoid of any religion. But the great heart of the French people is still sound and religious, and will always be so. Now every man and woman of every denomination has his or her 'Index,' or moral personality, or 'conscience,' as it generally called—it belongs to all well meaning persons, and when this conscience tells one a book is bad, every well-intentioned person will refuse to read it. I most earnestly ask all young people here to have absolutely nothing to do with any bad book; even a pastor should throw away such a book once he is sure it is bad, for it will have a bad influence on him too."

Abbe Le Bel caused some amusement by telling of a girl whose pastor warned her not to read a certain book that was listed on the 'Index.' But, father," she remonstrated, "I didn't read the book. I knew it was on the 'Index.' But surely we are not forbidden to read the papers. I only read the same story as a serial (feuilleton) in the newspaper."

"How is that for logic?" asked Abbe Le Bel.

The bad books of Zola, published as "feuilletons," have done immense harm in France. Bad writings are doing a great deal of harm right here among our people, too, said the lecturer. "I don't want you to be victims of scruples, to have a hair-splitting conscience, but I do say your conscience cannot be too sensitive, too delicate, too timid, even in the matter of suggestive literature. If you wish to improve your literary style, your knowledge, there are plenty of books and periodicals and newspapers too, excellent models of style, full of interest, and absolutely blameless from a moral standpoint. I mean this for all—Protestant and Catholic."

The lecturer went minutely but very clearly into the functions of the "propositions" as expressed by the subject, attributes and verb connecting them, and it was explained how all verbs can be reduced to the verb "to be."

"Five la langue maternelle," said he, after telling how our noblest and best thoughts are always best expressed in our own mother tongue, be it English or French.

THE RELIGIOUS QUESTION.

Judge Constantineau here put a few questions:

"Are you aware that there is a movement on foot to abolish the French language? What do you think of it?"

"I think the best class of English-speaking Canadians, individuals and societies, wish to learn French, and of course the French speak English."

"You come from France. You have Huguenots there?"

"At La Rochelle this Protestant party was besieged, and broken up, by Cardinal Richelieu, and Protestantism as a political force was destroyed in France. This was a long time ago?"

"Yes."

"Now what would you think of it if French Catholics instituted an annual holiday to commemorate the fall of La Rochelle, celebrated it every year with drum and file, and taunted their Huguenot neighbors therefor for hundreds of years?"

Abbe Le Bel answered that nothing of the kind was done in France. If it were, those doing it should be told to go home and forget it."

Judge Constantineau rejoined that the Battle of the Boyne, celebrating the defeat of the Catholics in far-off 1690, is here celebrated enthusiastically, especially in Toronto. What for?"

This raised a general discussion. Abbe Le Bel said sectionalism should be sunk in loyalty, and the general opinion of the men in the audience was that a few extremists were responsible for a lot of bad feeling, that the big majority wished to be fair and liberal. To this Judge Constantineau agreed, saying a few leaders made a big noise and fostered bigotry to get seats in the house. They fanned the bigotry, they got the seats. One grand advantage the United States possessed was this: A man was advanced on account of his personal fitness; religion or nationality was no drawback. No one inquired about these. Therefore all nationalities were paid and eager to enroll under the Stars and Stripes. It was not always the case in Canada, except in Quebec. There were places in Ontario where Sir Wilfrid could never be elected. He was Premier because the country as a whole put him in.—Ottawa Citizen.

Let Something Good Be Said.

When over the fair fame of friend or foe
The shadow of disgrace shall fall,
The shadow of disgrace shall fall,
Instead
Of words of blame, or proof of thus and so,
Let something good be said.

Forget not that no fellow-being yet
May fall so low but love may lift his head;
Even the cheek of shame with tears is wet,
If something good be said.

No generous heart may vainly turn aside
In ways of sympathy; no soul so dead
But may awaken strong and glorified,
If something good be said.

And so I charge, by the thorny crown
And by the cross on which the
Saviour bled,
And by your own soul's hope of fair release,
Let something good be said.

—JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

CATHOLIC NOTES.

An Irish priest, Father Darmon, formerly a professor at Holy Cross College, Cloniffe, Dub in, has been elected Lord Abbot of the Benedictine Order in Belgium.

Pope Pius received in private audience Mrs. Bowen, sister of Archbishop Ryan of Philadelphia, last week. To Mrs. Bowen the Pontiff presented his photograph bearing his signature.

The suit brought in the Supreme Court of Porto Rico to establish the right of the Catholic Church to the lands held in that island by the Franciscan and Dominican friars prior to their segregation in 1838, has been decided in favor of the Church.

Report from Copenhagen states that Miss Carmel Egan youngest daughter of Dr. Maurice Francis Egan, United States Minister to Denmark, is engaged to Count Holstein-Ledeborg, son of the Prime Minister of Denmark. The Premier is the first Catholic to hold that office in Denmark since the Reformation.

According to a press cablegram from Rome, Cardinal Satolli, who has been seriously ill in Milan, is rapidly recovering his normal strength, but the doctors say that to recover perfect health he will need a sea journey, so he is thinking of asking the Pope to allow him to return once more to America, which he loves as his second home.

Charles Conlan of Toledo, Ohio, who returned last week from the Panama canal zone, where he was employed in the clerical department of the canal, brings news of the activity of the Knights of Columbus there. Many Catholic men are employed on the canal work and they have organized a council of the order there.

Over three doors of the Cathedral of Milan, Italy, are three inscriptions. The first, amid a wreath of sculptured roses, reads: "All which pleases us is but for a moment." Over another door, around a sculptured cross, we read: "All that which troubles us is but for a moment." On the central door we read: "That only is important which is eternal."

Very Rev. Thomas J. Shahan, S. T. D., J. U. L., rector of the Catholic University of America, Washington, received the Papal brief creating him Domestic Prelate of the Pontifical Household, with the title of Monsignor. The document came to him through the Apostolic Delegate, to whom it was forwarded through the archdiocesan chancery in Baltimore.

It has been estimated that by the abstinence from meat on fifty-two Fridays of the year, and the observance of Lent the beef trust suffers annually to the extent of \$150,000,000. It is also believed that the cutting off of the demand to that extent for all kinds of meats has a tendency to lower the price, so that the whole country is benefited by the observance of the regulation of the Church in this respect.

An amusing incident occurred the other day when Bishop Kennedy, rector of the American College at Rome, introduced to the Pope in private audience W. F. McCook of Pittsburgh, who is a fervent Catholic and has not been in Rome since the election of the present Pontiff. Pius X, evidently having misunderstood the name, looked him in the eyes, saying with curiosity, "Cook? Cook? It is you who discovered the north pole?" and on finding out his mistake was visibly amused.

Word has been received in Baltimore that the late Almira Gideon, colored, formerly in the employ of the Chouteau family of St. Louis, who was buried in that city recently, has left the sum of \$6,124 to the Oblate Convent of St. Francis, at Chase street and Forrest place, St. Louis. For more than sixty years Almira served in the Chouteau family, the older members of which are numbered among the pioneers of St. Louis. She was born in Baltimore in 1823 and was educated at St. Francis Convent. She then went to St. Louis.

Rev. F. L. Kelly, O. P., the Catholic chaplain of the Ohio State Penitentiary, widely known for his excellent work at the state prison, is agitating a new departure in the treatment of prisoners. Father Kelly believes that as reformatories all penal institutions are a failure. They confine criminals but do not make them into useful citizens. Prisoners leave the prison walls as much a menace to society as they were when they entered. Father Kelly's suggestion, if adopted, would introduce a system of education into the state penitentiaries and would effect a great change in the whole penal system.

HOME BANK
Canada
DIVIDEND
hereby given that a Dividend of SIX PER CENT. on the paid up stock of the Home Bank of Canada has been declared for the MONTHS ending 30th November, and the same will be paid at its Head Office and after Wednesday, the 1st December, next. The dividend will be closed from the 15th November, both days inclusive of the Board.
MASON, General Manager
October 21st, 1909.

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safest way is to become identified with factoring concerns. We offer you an interest in a good rate of interest of good increase in value. We will give you the values to you. Any proposal will furnish the best conditions and terms. R. E. KEMERER, Confederation Building, Toronto.

stant Announcement

The Catholic Home Annual
FOR 1910
great improvement and the new features in the Catholic Home Annual for 1910 make it
Catholic Encyclopedia
RESPONSIBLE TO THE CATHOLIC HOUSEHOLD
contains a mass of information the Catholic home should have hand upon all matters relating to the life of a Catholic. This is a list of the
new Features
in connection with the calendar for 1910 are given the Monthly Devotional for each month; Indulgences for each month; What to Plant; Books Suitable for each month; The correct Thing to do; Lenten Dishes; Catholic Events of Importance; Religious Progress; Catholic and Insurance Societies in the United States; The Little Courtesan; Making a Home; Garment Questions on Religious Festivals; Answered; First Aid in its; How to Clean Various; Patron Saints of Trades and Professions; Saints to Invoke Against Sickness and Disease; Against the Poultry Raiser.
and Interesting Articles by Best Writers—Astronomical Calculations—Calendars of Feasts and Fasts
THE STORIES and ARTICLES.
The Explorer—An interesting account of the noble life and deeds of the great Catholic explorer. Illustrated. By Thomas Deane, A. M.
Shop Kept—A story of an old man and his love for little children. By Maude Regan.
The Weather Prophet—A story of a man who can tell the weather in any country. Illustrated. By C. H. Hanson.
A touching tale of lives blossoming in poverty. By J. J. Magnum.
The Lifelong stone for a sin of youth. By Mary Magnum.
The Blessed—A thrilling description of the Inspired Maid, the Voices changed from an angel shepherdess to the invisible leader of a nation's armies. By M. F. Nixon-Roulet.
The Love of Two—The love of two men for the same girl and what of it. By M. A. Fargart.
Seaton's Luck—How an accident rewarded a true lover. By Dalen Rock.
St. Anthony's Shrine at Padua—An ancient city, its schools, churches. Illustrated. By Rev. J. J. Magnum.
A pretty story of a couple and how a Priest tried their difficulty. By Richard Lerle.
The "Salve"—A glimpse of the monks as they are.
The thoughts of a mother long-absent son. By Cahir.
Her Own Act—A will; a winning woman and what it cost. By Magdalen Rock.
The Events of the Past Year—A charming frontpiece and a profusion of other illustrations.

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The Catholic Record
LONDON, CANADA

WILL SHAKESPEARE'S LITTLE LAD.

BY IMOGEN CLARK. CHAPTER IX.

O, that a man might know the end of this day's business ere it come! But it sufficeth that the day will end, and then the end is known.

Hannet lay face downward in the lush grass, his head resting on his arms, his slender legs, in their blue, homespun hose, idly kicking the air. Silver was crouched at one side, but well removed from those heeled russet shoes, which described such remarkable revolutions, having been forced, by a wisdom learned from experience, to place a considerable distance between him and them.

There was an open book in front of the lad, propped up against a stone; but he was not reading, nor had he been for a long while past. From all around came the sweet stir and scent of the Henley Street garden, the little hum of the busy insects, the booming of some bee-lovers hovering around the flowers, and the gentle rustle of the baby breeze as it lisp'd its half-forgotten messages to the leaves of the elder bush near at hand.

Hannet followed those gaudy-winged butterfly with speculative eyes, as they darted across the green, sunlit spaces; then his glance fell upon the open page before him, and rested there for a brief time. How dull it was! After all, the true place to study lessons was within doors, away from the temptations of earth and sky—some place so tightly sealed that not one of the thousand, happy summer sounds could penetrate its way to its interior—and especially not those shrill whoops that came ever and anon from the meadows, where some boys were playing at prisoners' base. It was impossible to nail long Latin sentences into one's memory when there was so much else of real note to engross the attention, and when underneath all—like the undercurrent in the river—there pulsed the thought that father was coming home.

Study? The thing was unheard of. The boy tossed the book, with ruthless hands, high in the air, and laughed to see it fall ignominiously into the heart of the elder bush, startling some young birds from their nest. They whirred off to a safe distance, and upraised the disturber of their peace with feeble, remonstrant voices.

"I' faith, the Latin is no more to their taste than 'tis to mine own this day," he cried, with a hearty laugh. "I'll have none o' it—not I. Come, Silver, we'll away."

He rolled over on his side, and made as if to fondle the dog's ears with his upstretched hands; but Silver was burrowing in the bush after a new species of game. He turned, with the book in his mouth, and shook it again and again, worrying it as if it were some rat, until a shower of leaves lay on the grass about him, like the petals of a monstrous flower.

"Out upon thee for a pestilential, destructive rogue!" a voice cried sharply from the other side of the bush. "I'll teach thee, thou fat good-for-naught, what all the books couldn't learn thee—I'll thresh thee so thou'lt not soon forget this day's schooling."

me for that. Thou wouldst not turn on thy foe when he did strike thee, for that he beareth a name we both do love, though he is all unworthy o' it; but thou'lt not see me hurt, brave heart, brave Silver. Be off, sirrah!"

Ned's face flushed. "Nay, keep thy safeguard, little one," he answered, bitterly. "Thou dost valiantly to taunt a man when he's by. I'll fight thee not. I'd fight thee not at any time; thou'rt too low for fighting, w' thy taunts. Thou'rt sate; but 'tis not for thy sake, thou little, puny, woman-decked thing, but for thy father, who is dear to me."

"Bring not my father's name into this quarrel," Hannet cried, beside himself with anger; "and get thee hence, Silver—begone, begone—"

He stamped his foot furiously until his champion, with his tail hanging dejectedly between his legs, had retreated to the house; then he turned again on his adversary.

"So now I have no protector save only these," he said, with a long-drawn breath as he looked down at his clinched fists; "but thou shalt feel them, I trow."

He made a rush forward as he spoke to deliver the blow, but Ned caught the small bare arm in its flowing white sleeve just above the wrist and held it between his iron-like fingers as in a vice. After a moment, he let it drop with a short laugh. The boy fell back only to gather fresh strength before he came whirling on again. Ned stood unmoved by the renewed attack, like some great rock against which the little waves beat in vain. He caught his assailant about the middle and held him at arm's length away from the ground.

"I'll not fight wi' thee, little lad," he said, contemptuously; "there's a shaking, sirrah, for thy saucy tongue, and here's another to mend thy manners, w'ichal—that's the treatment thou meritest. I am no scholar, i' faith, but I yet know w'at's meet for such as thee. And so good-day, my young bull calf."

He relinquished his hold, and the boy, dizzy from the rough handling he had received, reeled a few steps and caught at a tree to keep from falling, while Ned, as though he were not concerned in the matter, turned on his heel and strode away whistling 'Green Sleeves' merrily, his handsome, careless face carrying a degree higher than was his custom.

Hannet looked after him impotently, clenching and unclenching those useless fists of his. Everything was in a whirl about him. He took a step forward. His ears were full of that gay, rippling music that grew fainter with every passing moment. It was like a goad to his soul.

An angry push of tears blinded his eyes to the love in the dumb, uplifted gaze. "In truth thou art my only friend," he went on, working himself up into the belief that all the world was set against him, and taking a mournful pleasure in the loneliness of the position which he thus conjured for himself—"my only friend; and thou wouldst serve me, too, so that Ned would jeer no longer at me. But I'll none o' thine aid! I'll fight him yet till that he bites the dust."

A trifle mollified by these threats, Hannet came back gradually to a realization of his surroundings. The world was still a dreary place to him, though little by little a hint of its real fairness was creeping over him and stilling those thoughts of revenge in his breast.

He had never been above petty meanness, and though his fists were ready at any time to serve a friend or one who was weak, he quarrelled but seldom on his own account. For all that he was a true boy, as full of mischief as an egg is of meat—one who was willing to play truant when the fish leaped in the stream, or there were fruits or nuts to gather; quick, too, at sport of any kind, and ever foremost in the pranks at the school-master's expense. But he had no love for underhand dealings; what was fair and open to the day appealed most to his taste; and yet the only way he might reach Edmund was by those very means. His face darkened. Well, why not? He argued to himself; they were surely fair if one were the smaller. A throng of suggestions surged into his mind. He had only a few days in which to compass his vengeance. But at that thought some other, springing up in its train, made the boy suddenly lower his head. Only a few days! He kicked at a board stool impatiently, and its foot came in contact with one of the scattered pages; the rustle was like a little sigh. He sat up then and began to whistle, while Silver with a joyful bark, sprang to his feet; he had hardly recognized his master in the sulks, brooding lad.

"Thou art a very mad-cap," the boy cried, "and this is all thy work. Nay, I'll hide thee not," he went on, as he crawled on his knees over to the fallen book and began to pick up its torn leaves, at which Silver, undismayed by any serious reflection, frisked about in unrighteous delight at the memory of his deed.

"Marry, 'tis a small jest, to my way o' thinkin'," Hannet remonstrated, though the light was coming back to his eyes, "a sorry jest. But there! mine is the blame, and a stitch or two will put it right again. And as for the back—why, 'twas broke long since, as mine will be on the morrow, I trow."

He stopped in the midst of the sentence to laugh heartily.

"Nay, I could not get my lesson memorized—'twas too much to ask. On a half-holiday, too! An I had not tried, this never would have happened. I should have been off wi' Tom and Frank, an I'd been wise."

He got up a little soberly and walked slowly to the house, with Silver bringing up the rear, tail and ears hanging dejectedly again—their owner quite unequal to the task of comprehending his master's varying moods.

Meanwhile the boy was hoping that he would find his grandmother within; the book must be mended before the morrow, and hers were the safest hands to have the charge of it. He knew how his mother would cry, at first sight of the wreck, that Silver was an arrant villain, and even when he told her that he—Hannet—was alone to blame, she would still chide and chide again, and frown at Silver, though in the end she would sew the book right fairly. But his grandmother would be different. First she would hear what he had to say on her part, beginning to end without a word on her part, working all the time at her task with such brave stitches; then, when he had ceased speaking, she would say something—oh! just something short, and always with a little smile. He did not think she'd be overangry, and there would be no sharp word for Silver—that he knew quite well; he could even imagine her laughing, though gravely too, for she loved not to see books misadvised.

in and draw out again, and he would trouble no one to help him, since they all kept aloof from him that day. The needle, however, was not to be found, and what thread there was in a sad snarl. Judith had been setting a little vine-like trimming about the handkercher, for such it was. It was a goodly sized napkin, too, such as a man might carry. Hannet laid it down with a sigh. 'Twas Jude's first grown-up work. But there! 'twas not for him; his handkerchers were smaller; like as not 'twas for father, or for—pshaw! what had put Ned in his thoughts?

He went over to Susanna's work and made as if to take out the needle, then he half drew back his hand in the fear that he might pull the thread and so mar all. What beautiful stitches Sue took! He did not know the name of a quarter of them, but these were fair enough to have been made with the finest of a painter's brush. And blue, too—he liked blue best. 'Twas a brave, brave collar, and Sue was a sweet wench to make it for him. He paused with it in his grasp; then, casting a wary glance around, he drew it about his throat. 'Twas world's too wide! He pulled it off quickly, and the needle pricked his finger, causing a tiny drop of blood to stain the spotless fabric. He inspected it carefully for a moment. A brave collar surely, and not for him, and too for the day; he looked at it with a certain amount of satisfaction at sight of so much loveliness, and some of the peace and quietness about him crept into his troubled breast. After a few minutes he threw himself down upon the ground, and Silver, who all this while had kept discreetly in the background, came wriggling forward. Hannet opened his arms wide, and the dog, with a joyful bark, crept close, nestling his head against the breast of his master's sleeveless jerkin.

"How fair it is," the boy whispered dreamily into the attentive ears, forgetful at that moment of what had driven him hither. "My father doth well to love this place. He saith there is no fairer in all the world to him."

He broke off with a sound in his throat that was half way between a sigh and a sob, and the old, bitter feelings surged afresh through his soul, sweeping away all the beauty of the summer land, as a current, breaking its bounds, submerges everything in its headlong course. "No fairer in the world? Why, London was that, for any spot would be fairer if father were only by. The boy's heart was full of contradictory emotions. One moment he longed with all the ardor of his nature for his father's home-comfort, he wished as strenuously that that coming should be deferred. What did that mean? What did those three days hold that he was willing to let them go? The happiness of seeing his father again, of hearing the deep, gentle voice, of meeting the smile in the tender eyes, of being with him constantly—was he content to relinquish all that wealth of joy because of the parting on the dark morning of the fourth day? What did that fourth day mean, that he could let the pain of it rob him of the delight of the other days? Was it only the dread of farewell that made him shiver, or was it that picture—the hateful picture—of Ned's happy face, turned Londonward that blackened everything?

"'Twas too much to bear! The humiliation of being young, of being little, while his heart was as big as any man's with longing, hurt the child like the sting of a lash. And Ned—Ned only five years his senior, riding off into that enchanted land by father's side. He gritted his teeth together and clenched his small fists at the mere thought. How could he stand by the road and wave good-by to that dear figure turning ever and anon in his saddle for a last look, while Ned turned, too, with glad shouts?

"What pleasures that journey held! He had travelled it in his fancy times beyond numbering. It almost seemed as if he knew every inch of the way and just how the land looked on either hand, for nothing had ever been too small for the father to note or to tell again and again to the attentive ears of the child. Now they had left Shipston behind and had crossed the Combe, where Long Compton straggled on both sides, and they had had a goodly glimpse of The Whispering Knights, clustered in a circle about their king, standing in stony silence under the spell of an enchantment centuries old. After which loitering, forward to Chipping Norton!—there to halt for the night. Off the next day, riding through Eustons, Over Kidlington, and Ditchley, past the walls of Woodstock Park through Woodstock itself, and so by Bigbrooke and Wolvercot into Oxford, to The Crown, in the Cornmarket, where they would lie the night."

Away again in the early dawn, just as Charles's wain was fading from the sky on the third day's journey, travelling long miles over bad roads—through Watlington, Theobald, Stockingchurch, to East Wycombe, where they would halt again for a night's refreshment. A start betimes the next morning would bring them to Uxbridge in the forenoon, and then there was a longish ride to London, which they would reach in the soft evening glow of the fourth day, travelling through the fields to the water-side, where, having left their horses at some inn, they could take boat for South wark.

The color deepened in the boy's cheeks, and he forgot that he was there on Welcombe Hill, with Stratford lying before him, so real did the imaginary journey seem. And in a little while now 'twould be Ned's duty to see all those wondrous sights, hear all those wondrous sounds.

At Southwark with father! Going with him, maybe, at an early day to the old church whose walls were washed by the running river, and where, in ancient times, the fisherman's daughter used to row the folk over the ferry. 'Twould be like father to take Ned there and show him old Gower's monument, with the marvellous colored figure lying on the tomb, and they would read the inscription together. Four ta p'te Jesu regere ferunt, earlier in the year, the blue-bells swung their tiny chimes—climbed from the footway below to the summit above, while immediately around rose the Welcombe Hills, from whose heights his father loved to look down upon the peaceful valley. The thought was like

a cool hand laid on the boy's fevered brow, and for the moment those hideous voices were quiet in his breast. He pushed on over the familiar ground, thinking of the last time he had travelled it in his father's company, and recalling every detail with such loving exactitude that when he reached the crest of the hill it almost seemed as if that beloved presence were by his side in very truth.

He paused and looked back at the tranquil scene, at the orange and gold greens of the bosky acres with their broom groves and hazel copses. Before him, right in the track of the homing sun, Stratford lay among her orchards and gardens, the thatched roofs of her cottages showing plainly, with here and there an occasional roof of tiles, to mark the habitations of the less conservative owners. Above them all the square tower of the Guild chapel stood sturdily aloft, and farther along the wooden spire of Trinity perched the cloudless sky with its slender point. And that thread of molten light quivering now in this spot, now in that, was the Avon bearing its waters to the sea. Beyond the sweeping curves of the river lay the undulating valley of the Red Horse, shut in by the misty Cotswold Hills.

The little lad drew in a deep breath of satisfaction at sight of so much loveliness, and some of the peace and quietness about him crept into his troubled breast. After a few minutes he threw himself down upon the ground, and Silver, who all this while had kept discreetly in the background, came wriggling forward. Hannet opened his arms wide, and the dog, with a joyful bark, crept close, nestling his head against the breast of his master's sleeveless jerkin.

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ordinary. Marry, 'twould take more fingers than he had a hundred times over to count all those wonderful places that would be calling to the country youth: "Come, see me! come, see me!" whenever he took his walks abroad.

Hannet groaned aloud. Nay, he cared not so much that Ned should see those things, and that was true, i' faith. Ned was welcome to them; he was welcome to all the sights in Christendom. What hurt the loving, jealous heart was that Ned should be admitted into a companionship from which he was debarred. The promise the little lad had made to young Mistress Rogers was forgotten, swept from his mind as completely as the December winds clear the boughs of any clinging leaves. Not one word of his father's promise, which he was grudging thoughts, came to his mind. He rolled over and hid his face on Silver's firm side, and then, because he was only a little fellow after all, he gave vent to his feelings in a torrent of deep, tearing sobs.

Silver tried in vain to touch with his tongue the bit of cheek left exposed, but no lovingest demonstration of sympathy that day could have penetrated through those evil passions that were piling themselves up into a mighty wall in the small heart. Jealousy, hatred, revenge—how fast they were building, until it almost seemed as if all that had made his world so fair would be lost sight of forever! Only one thought in the midst of that enveloping darkness was clear to the lad's mind—the way to make Ned suffer!

He'd listen to no plea for forgiveness. What! should he be outdone by a dog? Silver, who had meekly suffered punishment for his own fault, had shown his teeth and had been ready in defence when his master was threatened. Should the master do less? He was not fighting for his own injuries now, but for his friend's sake. Only—only—wicked and savage as the small heart was, the truth would out in that taking up the dog's cause he was secretly gratifying the grudge which had ever been as a thorn in his side. The idea of revenge was as sweet to his mind as the taste of any cakes to his palate. After a little the whirlwind of passion subsided somewhat, the tears which had made his cheeks burn with the sense of his utter childishness vanished, and he lay quite still looking up at the segment of sky which was revealed through the leafy branches overhead, a multitude of plans crowding in upon him. At last, utterly wearied and sore dismayed by his thick-coming fancies, he nestled closer against Silver and fell asleep.

But even in his slumbers he found no relief from his evil thoughts; the idea of punishing Ned pursued him incessantly. It sung itself again and again, like some curious lullaby. Now, with a burst of wild music like the clash of arms, he found himself on a vast heath accounted in Sir Guy's famous armor, and up and down he strode calling upon his enemy to meet him in single combat. And suddenly Ned, in his simple country dress, with no mightier weapons than his fists, faced him dauntlessly. And there was no fear in his eyes, but just a soft glance that made them like a certain pair of eyes the boy knew and loved best in all the world, and the great sword trembled in the upraised hand and turned to a wisp of straw—powerless, powerless.

The lullaby ceased on. There was the faint swish-swish of the river amongst the grasses, and he was flying by in a boat which had wings and skimmed along the water like some great bird, so that it needed not his guidance. He sat idly in the stern and watched the familiar banks now closing toward each other as if to whisper some secret, now retreating and leaving a wide space between, like friends estranged. Here the water danced and sparkled in the sunlight, there it lay unrippled in the shade of the willows that bent low above its glassy surface to catch a peep at their hoar leaves. Then out he passed into the wide reaches again, with only sky above and something dark on the wind-rippled waves—Ned, in mid-stream, clinging with desperate hands to a plank to keep from sin'ing. On and on the boat flew, and now Ned had caught at its side, and his face was aglow with the hope of deliverance



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LETTERS OF RECOMMENDATION. Apostolic Delegation. Ottawa, June 13th, 1909.

Mr. Thomas Coffey. 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.

Yours very sincerely in Christ, DONATIS, Archbishop of Ephesus, Apostolic Delegate, UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA, Ottawa, Canada, March 7th, 1909.

Mr. Thomas Coffey. 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.

Yours faithfully in Jesus Christ, D. FALCONIO, Arch. of Larissa, Alost. Deleg.

LONDON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 27, 1909.

TO OUR READERS.

Thirty-one years ago, on the 4th of October last, the first number of the CATHOLIC RECORD was published. Its initial number bore the warm approval of the late beloved Archbishop Walsh, of Toronto, who was at the time named, Bishop of London.

During the past few years the CATHOLIC RECORD has obtained a greater and firmer foothold than ever before in the Catholic homes of the Dominion. From Newfoundland to Vancouver, and in many of the states of the American republic it has made a headway which is to us as surprising as it is gratifying.

REV. MR. KNOWLES' HERO.

There is another of Mr. Knowles' yarns which deserves contradiction, not that importance can be attached to any of his statements but by reason of his position and also upon account of the circumstances under which he spoke.

witnessed or the hobgoblins which had frightened him. Mr. Knowles cannot thus draw upon his imagination. He owes it to himself and his people to be faithful in his account and just in his estimate of events.

A writer in the Boston Herald declares that the people who have been declaiming against the Spanish government for his execution would have been the first to clamor for it had the crimes for which he was responsible been committed in their own countries.

Religion inculcates falsehood and teaches foolishness. To maintain order is to maintain injustice against the working-man.

That is bad enough. Let us look at the fruit of the evil tree. We are now about to quote from the pastoral letter of the Vicar Apostolic of Barcelona, written after the riots. In Barcelona—a city of hard toil and progress—lawless crowds delivered up to the flames forty churches and religious houses.

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precipitate the pastor of the Knox Church at the rate manifested by the Galt Reporter. He may be a student, though he gives no evidence. He may believe in seeing things at first hand; his lecture shows that his optic nerve is affected.

BONIFACE VIII. AND PHILIP THE FAIR.

In accordance with our promise we approach this subject. Our correspondent quotes from Gen. Burton Adams' Modern History: "A quarrel had arisen between Philip IV. of France and Pope Boniface VIII. The bitter conflict ended in the death of Boniface.

In this question we propose to follow Cardinal Wiseman. Non-Catholic historians in general are apt to be unfair to every Pope. This prejudice has somewhat, though by no means entirely disappeared.

He rendered up his life to God on Oct. 11, 1303—the most maligned, the most foully slandered of the Papal line. He had fought a just cause without winning. He began in promise, continued with courage but closed his career with defeat.

THE CHRISTIAN GUARDIAN ON CATHOLIC TOLERANCE.

Sometimes one reading the Christian Guardian would think that it is really sorry that it cannot be tolerant to the Catholic Church. Here the other day it headed an article: Possibly we could both do better. The plural subject was not the editorial "We." Not much. That "We" could not do better: it had

Holy See. Here was another source of irritation. A third was when the pontiff sent the Bishop of Pamiers as legate to France. Then followed a forged brief claiming that Philip was subject to the Pope in both temporal and spiritual.

By a happy coincidence it was on the Feast of St. Charles, Nov. 4th, that the citizens of Ottawa tendered a banquet to the Hon. Chas. Murphy.

THE HON. CHAS. MURPHY.

By a happy coincidence it was on the Feast of St. Charles, Nov. 4th, that the citizens of Ottawa tendered a banquet to the Hon. Chas. Murphy. Frequently a man is not a prophet in his own country. There are exceptions. And Mr. Murphy is deservedly one of these exceptions.

THE VATICAN AND THE ANARCHIST FERRER.

Since writing our article upon the imputation made by the Rev. Mr. Knowles, of Galt who stated that Ferrer was executed at the instance of the Vatican, our Roman exchanges have come to hand.

LIBELLING A PRIEST.

The Roman clergy are, as a rule, averse to resorting to the courts to defend themselves from the attacks made against them by irresponsible parties, or even by those whose position might entitle their opinions to credence.

done its best all along. Missionary accounts were zeal, and unjust criticism of Catholic doctrines and practices were only warnings to the brethren. The "We" in question included both Catholic and Methodist. Well, perhaps we can do better.

When you see a Protestant coming to your home, do by no means begin to argue with him; he is sure to do you harm. Do not even ask him as to the purpose of his coming.

UNKIND WORDS.

A kind word costs little, yet we seldom bestow it upon the absent. We often choose to detract from their worth. We speak little of their noble deeds, but make much ado of trifling defects.

True charity, on the contrary, should ever induce us to speak well of others, or preserve a Christian silence. If we cannot altogether conceal their defects, something may be found to allege in excuse.

OUR TORONTO CONTEMPORARY.

Our Toronto contemporary, the Orange Sentinel, is in a despondent mood because it has come to his knowledge that a number of clergymen of the non-Catholic sects receive and read the CATHOLIC RECORD.

My beloved flock! There have been some signs lately of a disease that breaks out every once in a while, called Protestantism. The men who follow this old but dying heresy are very cunning in their ways.

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they see... order in... for copie... in the cl... what you... opening... sion," "M... render,"... must be... for all... your... Separate... defence... read) "I... house."... Orange... reports... days of... of July... Dear... name of... a view... vancom... Give it... and pul... would b... "for the... Orange... breed...

CALLING A PRIEST.

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from the Evening Chronicle, St. John's, that at the first... the case the libel was dis-

Clark is a native of Dublin, loved by his parishioners, displaying the fighting charac-

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When others unfold his parts, we perhaps toss ly shrug the shoulders, ly smile. We sometimes throw or suggestion of what we might do so inclined. This does n than a positive accusation.

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ORONTO contemporary, the entinel, is in a despondent use it has come to his knowl- a number of clergymen of the ic records receive and read the RECORD, while these same of the gospel take a cold stor- ide towards the official organ- ge association. We may say ement of the Queen City that eblem, in making selection of LIC RECORD for Sunday read- ily remarkably good taste. It ic family paper and its read- r is sent into the big world object of doing good and pro- gher ideals. It has a mission- ss too. It teaches non-Catho- ic old Church is far from what e sented to be by vicious writers ev. Mr. Hocking and his class- nists, who read the CATHO- and are men of good taste n an excellent article when

ter's mission in New York will meet with no more success than that of the late Mr. Dowie. Freaks, we fear, both male and female, will be ever with us. For these brazen women family life has no attractions. The smile of a child is cast upon a face of Bessemer steel. We may only pray that their numbers may grow smaller.

"FLANEUR," a writer in the Toronto Mail and Empire, and who appears to be the under study of the editor-in-chief, is an ardent hater of the Catholic Church and all its belongings. In reviewing a work entitled "The Shadow of the Cathedral," attributing the decadence of Spain to Church influence, the Toronto writer says ditto, or, to use his own words, "Naturally, the priesthood flourished and the state decayed."

And now I come to the city of the Sacred Heart, to the little town that has honored Jesus as King of the Sacred Heart, to the village of the life-work and holy shrine of the Blessed Margaret Mary—Paray le Monial. Its ancient name, they tell us, was of Celtic origin—and meant altar or rock of fire. How significant the title, how indicative of the wonderful devotion that was to have its rise and final triumph here.

Margaret Mary entered the Visitation Convent of Paray on the 20th of June, 1671, and made her profession on the 6th of November, 1672. Seventy times during her life in the cloister Jesus appeared to her and taught her the love for His Sacred Heart, that was afterwards to set the whole world on fire. She died here on the 17th of October, 1690. It is not necessary to repeat in this letter the life of Margaret Mary. We all know it was like the lives of other saints chosen by God for great works, full of bitterness, contradiction and opposition. Her first spiritual director considered her a dreamer of dreams, one led astray by pious hallucinations. But the Good Master bade His servant bide His time, and triumph came in the end—very slowly, but as surely. There is no shrine so revered in the whole world to-day, with the one exception of Lourdes. Hundreds of thousands of pilgrims come from all quarters of the globe to pay their homage to the Sacred Heart of their Crucified Master, at the beautiful but humble shrine of Margaret Mary—His Chosen Apostle. Paray is a quaint little town in the diocese of Auxerre, near Lyons. It is as pretty as it is quaint. The Central Canal of France passes through it; there are long avenues lined with rich overhanging shade trees. Its streets are as clean as its houses and little hotels. It has, or rather had, many religious institutions, which modern pagan France has greatly reduced in number. It was owing to these numerous houses of consecrated men and women that the town received the name of le Monial. Now, the successors of the venerable Columbiere—the Jesuit Fathers—are gone, likewise the Christian Brothers and other orders that once flourished here and did great and glorious service in the vineyard of the Lord. Poor France! How little she realizes the foolhardiness of her suicidal course, in expelling the religious and tearing the true faith out of the hearts of her people! But something has been mercifully spared at Paray. As I knelt in the dear little chapel of the Visitation Convent, I heard with delight the treble plaint chant of the Daughters of St. Francis de Sales arising slowly and softly within the hidden stalls and stealing daintily through the bars of the convent walls towards the glorious tabernacle of the Eucharistic King. Margaret Mary's voice was often heard in those identical strains of love in this same blessed place! There now rest her sacred remains on a golden catafalque, with her figure above in wax, in the full dress of a Visitation nun. It is the full dress she wore on the day she here Jesus spoke to her so often of

the love that was consuming His adorable Heart for the salvation of poor sinners. How holy and awful this sanctuary! How I longed for the moment, when I would stand at one of its altars and, through the Holy Sacrifice, add to the reparation so desired by Our Lord for the ingratitude and neglect of man for Him in the most Blessed Sacrament of the Tabernacle. The next morning that privilege and joy was granted me, and long did I linger amidst the blessed perfumes of that precious little sanctuary.

Paray, though much frequented by pilgrims from over the world, is very provincial and absolutely French, so I did more praying than talking while staying in the little town. The tomb of the venerable Columbiere is here, and of very extraordinary museum dedicated to the Most Holy Eucharist. It contains pictures of the many miraculous events in the history of the Blessed Sacrament, a library of five thousand volumes on the Holy Eucharist, a glass chalice and ciborium and innumerable other interesting objects of devotion connected with the offering of the Holy Sacrifice. The International Eucharistic Congress was held at Paray in the year 1881.

I said in one of my letters from the Holy Land, that America seemed to share none of the honors with other nations in the monument marking the holy places of Our Lord's life, passion and death. In France, the glorious flag of the Land of the Free floats proudly in the great basilica of Lourdes, in the humble shrine of Margaret Mary at Paray, and also in the ceiling of the great hall of the Eucharistic museum. Some day it will be unfurled on the new church of the Agony of Jesus in the Holy Garden of Gethsemane. The ancient temple there, as I told your readers, is now prone in the dust of ages. Surely there is faith strong enough in America and love deep enough to furnish the means to rebuild the Church of the Agony at Jerusalem. I hope more of our American people will visit Paray when touring France. They seem to love the land of St. Louis, as thousands of them are registered here in Paris to-day. But they pass by the church of the oldest daughter of the Gloria, when they fail to spend a few hours at the very least in Lourdes and Paray le Monial.

I leave Paray to-morrow for England. My heart throbs for a return of the ancient glories of this still Catholic nation. The darkest hour is always before dawn. Perhaps we will see that dawn very soon.

SHRINE OF THE SACRED HEART.

AT PARAY LE MONIAL WHERE THE BLESSED SAVIOUR SPOKE TO BLESSED MARGARET MARY OF HIS LOVE FOR MANKIND.—A LOVE CONSUMING HIS ADORABLE HEART FOR SALVATION OF SINNERS.

Rev. Father J. T. Coffey, writing from France to the Western Watchman, has this to say of the Shrine of the Sacred Heart:

And now I come to the city of the Sacred Heart, to the little town that has honored Jesus as King of the Sacred Heart, to the village of the life-work and holy shrine of the Blessed Margaret Mary—Paray le Monial. Its ancient name, they tell us, was of Celtic origin—and meant altar or rock of fire. How significant the title, how indicative of the wonderful devotion that was to have its rise and final triumph here.

MRS. PROFESSOR FRANCES SQUIRE POTTER is the name of a lady in New York who is a strong advocate of the co-education of the sexes. She came to that city from Minnesota, where she had a "chair" in the University. She is now a duly qualified "Suffragette," and quite prepared, like her English sisters, to employ bricks, rocks, acids, or base ball bats to bring about the "emancipation" of mannish women. Separate colleges for the education of the sexes she calls the "last enchanting relic of the middle ages." It is to be hoped that Mrs. Pot-

ter's mission in New York will meet with no more success than that of the late Mr. Dowie. Freaks, we fear, both male and female, will be ever with us. For these brazen women family life has no attractions. The smile of a child is cast upon a face of Bessemer steel. We may only pray that their numbers may grow smaller.

"EVERY CITIZEN," declares George K. Williams, "should give himself thoughtfully and earnestly to the study of his rights and duties in order that he might perform his share of the vast work which the nation is bound to accomplish not only for itself but for the world." Furthermore, the writer declares, "he should do homage to religion, without which the laws have no practical efficiency, and he should take Christianity into his heart as the only hope of his personal happiness." This is admirable advice, but present day conditions work against its fulfillment. How can we have such a people as Mr. Williams would create, when we find such a vast number of the schools of the country utterly godless, and the making of the dollar the only goal in the minds of the rising generation taught in these schools? True, we have many good people but they do not owe their high standard of morality in any appreciable degree to the Public schools.

CATHOLIC MISSIONS.

Washington, D. C., November 12. President Taft opened the Laymen's Missionary Conference (non Catholic) here yesterday morning. In the course of his speech he said, "I was led into the Philippines by that sweet Major, that most engaging character, that lovely man, William McKinley. In those islands I first became aware of the importance of our foreign missions. The Philippines are the only people, the only race, in the Orient that are Christians. They were made so three hundred years ago by the earnest efforts of Augustinian and Franciscan Friars. They taught them the agricultural arts and led them on to a peaceful and religious life. They are a Christian people and look to Europe and America for their ideals."

The Convention displays statistics of the contributions per capita from Washington churches to the missionary fund, ranging from Episcopal 29cents to Young Men's Christian Association \$2.78 per capita per annum. Most are under \$1. Rev. A. P. Doyle, of the Apostolic Mission House was asked to-day why Catholics are not as generous. He replied that Catholics already give non-Catholics in this respect. "Aside from the great and growing amounts annually contributed to missionary work as such," he said, "we must remember that the Catholics of the United States are educating one million and a quarter of children in their parochial schools. The average cost, including investments in buildings, etc., is \$15 per child, or \$18,750,000 a year. This means an annual contribution of \$3.60 from every Catholic head of a family in the United States. And this is truly a missionary contribution, for non-Catholic statesmen have frequently acknowledged that Christianity is to be kept alive in America, they must look to Catholic children educated in parochial schools to do it."

It is interesting to quote in this connection a remark made to Mr. Taft when he was an Ohio judge. Speaking of the Catholics of Cincinnati being compelled to pay taxes to support non-Catholic Public schools when they felt bound in conscience to support their Parochial schools, he is reported to have said: "Those Catholics, paying their proportion of the taxes, are constrained every year, on conscientious grounds, to yield to others their right to one third of the school money, about \$200,000 a year. That is to say, these people are punished every year for believing as they do to the extent of \$200,000, and to that extent those of us who send our children to those common schools become beneficiaries of Catholic money."

"FATHER" SARGENT WILL ENTER THE TRUE FOLD.

MEMBER OF THE PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL ORDER OF THE HOLY CROSS AND A BRILLIANT PREACHER. Friends in Philadelphia of Rev. Henry R. Sargent, of the Protestant Episcopal Order of the Holy Cross, received advices from England on Friday of last week announcing his intention to enter the Catholic Church. The new convert is at present the guest of Rev. Basil W. Maturin, now a priest of the Archdiocese of Westminster, London, but formerly of St. Clement's P. E. Church, Philadelphia, and will go to the Benedictine abbey at Downside for a religious retreat and for instruction. Rev. Henry Rufus Sargent, who left the monastery of the Protestant Episcopal Order of the Holy Cross, at West Park, N. Y., about a month ago, comes of a well-known Boston family. He

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graduated from Harvard University with distinguished honors in 1879 and entered the Episcopal Theological Seminary in New York, from which he obtained a degree in divinity in 1882. He was ordained to the ministry by Bishop Paret, of Maryland, in 1886. He was one of the curates of Mount Calvary Church, in Baltimore from 1885 to 1887. In 1891 he was professed in the Order of the Holy Cross by the late Bishop Quinlan, of Tennessee. The Order of the Holy Cross was founded in 1881, and "Father" Sargent was connected with it for a number of years before he was professed. He is a brilliant preacher, and conducted missions and retreats for "high" Episcopal churches, religious communities of men and women. He is well known in ritualistic circles in Philadelphia.

The Order of the Holy Cross, to which "Father" Sargent belonged, gave two other converts to the Church. Rev. Samuel Macpherson, who was a novice in it, is now at Our Lady of Lourdes Church, New York. Rev. Alvah W. Doran, of the Archdiocese of Philadelphia, was a postulant of the same order. —Philadelphia Catholic Standard and Times.

GOD BLESS THESE MEN.

The conversion of the seventeen Anglicans who constituted the Graymoor Community, founded by Father Paul James Francis, editor of the Lamp, should make us pause. We often wondered if men following the most rigid personal discipline of St. Francis would be left guessing as to the truth the seraphic Tuscan embodied in his life, and we are pleased beyond measure that heroic effort has been rewarded.

The incident is a grand exemplification of the principle that God will not deny His grace to anyone doing everything in His power to reach it. We have no doubt that the brave company will, when captained by Christ Himself, emulate under the true Francis can rule the deeds of the great saint they ever strive in sacrifice to model.

Why do not the Episcopalians be as explicit in giving names and addresses of converts from Catholicism as we are in this particular instance that narrates the advent of seventeen honest and earnest souls who marched as the disciples of old, two by two before the Saviour's face to be participants in His great Catholic graces and to do heroic work in His name? God bless the band of converts who dared much for their principles—Catholic Union and Times.

THE POPE AND FRANCE.

Rome, Nov. 18.—Pope Pius in an address to the French pilgrims whom he received to-day declared that France was making war against the Church with an aim of undermining the basis of Christianity. The Pontiff said that Catholicism was suffering persecution by the French government under the pretext of separation of State and Church. All this the Pope said, instead of depressing

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most animate Catholics to defend their religious rights and he concluded his address by urging the faithful to cling to the episcopacy. The papal words are accepted here as confirmation of the opinion that the Vatican believes the struggle organized by the French government on the school question is intended to be a decisive battle for the complete effacement of Christianity as a factor in the rearing of children, or in other words the suppression of Christianity in the France of tomorrow. It is asserted that the Vatican is ready to fight on two questions, namely, the denial of legal acknowledgment of the Catholic hierarchy and scholastic instruction. Mothers of the Catholic pupils at the young girls' school at Chassigne, Sous-Dan, in Saone-et Loire, to-day made a public bonfire of the interdicted text books used by their daughters. At other places in that community Catholic girls withdrew from the schools.

A FAKIR GOES OUT.

Syracuse Catholic Sun. The wisdom of the Vatican was never more apparent than in the determination of Pius X. to make all journals calling themselves Catholic answerable to the bishops of the diocese in which they are published. If they do not defend Catholic truth—it they are unrepresentative in any way—it is in the power of the Bishops to warn against them and provide for an abatement of the evil they do. We are convinced of this by a recent occurrence. Not long ago a layman named Bowden, who in Kansas, started one of those nondescript sheets which flaunt the Catholic name and editorially sell their alleged influence to every political party that has the price. The name of the sheet was the Catholic Leader. Apparently it couldn't sell enough to enable the venture to be profitable for in one course the publication died. The editor has since joined the Socialist party and is now engaged in "exposing" his former Catholic brother-editors.

It is evident that such a man must be a weakling. He is a sensationalist obviously, since there is nothing to "expose," save that most Catholic publications are not singularly wealthy. It is a pity, however, that he does not reveal all the truth, viz. that he received a hint "from above" that if he could not publish a representative Catholic weekly he must quit. He did quit; hence his latest outcry.

It is a good thing that Rome keeps a watch on Catholic journals. The nondescripts, eventually, must give up the ghost. They are a disgrace to the Catholic name. Meanwhile the Socialists can have Mr. Bowden. He isn't much.

"Notice."

As we have purchased our Christmas stockings 50 cents on the dollar for useful Christmas presents such as Ladies' Hand Bags, Children's Toilet Sets, Manicure Sets, also Dolls, Toys, Christmas Cards, etc. We will send you, express prepaid, Ladies' \$5.00 Purse for \$2.50. Cuff Buttons which retail for 35 cents, our price 15 cents. Baby, Post, Darling, and Canada brooches at 3 for 10 cents. \$2.00 Manicure Sets for \$1.00. \$1.50 dressed sleeping dolls for 75 cents. \$2.00 ladies' brooches set with brilliants which we will guarantee for 50 cents. \$2.00 Writing Cases for \$1.00; \$2.00 Miss Cases \$1.00. Christmas cards which

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Harbor au Bouche, Antigonish Co., N.S., March 24, 1906. "I wish to express my sincere appreciation of the great benefit I received from taking 'Fruit-a-tives.' I suffered from Bilio-nous and Dyspepsia for fifteen years and I consulted physicians and took many kinds of ordinary medicine, but got no relief. I was in miserable health all the time and nothing did me any good. I read the testimonial of Archibald McKechnie, of Ottawa, and I decided to try 'Fruit-a-tives.' I have taken a number of boxes of 'Fruit-a-tives,' but before I had taken one box I felt better and now am entirely well. "I am thankful to be well after fifteen years suffering, and I am willing to have this statement published for the sake of other sufferers, and to them I strongly recommend 'Fruit-a-tives.' (Signed) CHARLES BARRETT.

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retail at 5 cents, our price 1 cent each. As these goods must be sold by Dec. 15, it would pay you to order now.

Cut prices in Artificial Flowers for the next two weeks.

Carnations, any color, 15 cents per doz.; American Beauty Roses, any color, 15 cents per doz. Chrysanthemums, any color, 15 cents per doz.; Green Holly vines or White Holly vines, with berries attached, 1 doz. yards \$1.50. Christmas tree ornaments, 45 cents per doz. Tinsel gold or silver 3 cents per yard. Frosted Blossoms, diamond dusted or gold dusted 40 cents per doz. Write at once, Brantford Artificial Flower Co., Box 45, Brantford, Ont., T. V. Crandell, Mgr 1623-2.

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FIVE-MINUTE SERMON.

First Sunday of Advent.

PENANCE.

"When you shall see these things come to pass, look to the kingdom of God which is at hand."

It may seem strange to some that the seasons which precede the celebration of the great festivals of Christmas and Easter, festivals of great joy as they are, should be ordered by the Church to be kept as seasons of penance.

If the Church calls us to penance at these seasons it is because penance is the necessary means of obtaining divine peace and joy, and when we are, so to speak, at one with God, and free from the slavery of the kingdom of Satan, then is our daily prayer answered.

How does penance prepare one for such a state of exalted purity, of spiritual peace and joy? By removing all obstacles which stand in the way of the reign of God in our souls.

Then so many of us can never hope to get purity of spirit and feel ourselves fit for the near friendship of God unless we make war, so to speak, upon our spirit, upon our self-love, upon our self-interest.

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ORIGIN OF METHODISM.

Editor Intermountain Catholic: Who was the founder of the Methodist church, and why was it called Methodism?

The Methodist church in America presents some strange peculiarities in its origin and organization. It acknowledges as its founder and apostle, Rev. John Wesley, who was an ordained clergyman of the Established church of England.

John Wesley, returning to Oxford, joined the society. Both brothers, ordained in the Anglican church, refused to accept any curacy, but preached everywhere, visiting prisons and the poor.

Both brothers real Catholic works, like the "Imitation of Christ," the "Life of St. Francis Xavier," etc., and distributed them among their followers.

Returning to England, he resumed his former work preaching in the open air and gained many followers. Though a strong advocate of apostolic succession in the Established church, yet when Anglican Bishops refused to ordain his followers, John Wesley resolved that they would be ordained in some manner for the American mission.

This arbitrary consumption of power and its adherence to the canons of the Anglican church so alarmed his brother, Charles, that he wrote a letter to Dr. Chandler in America stating:

"I can scarcely believe that in his eighty-second year, my brother, my old intimate friend and companion, should have assumed the Episcopal character, ordained elders, consecrated a Bishop, and sent him to ordain the lay preacher in America. I was then in Bristol at his elbow, yet he never gave me the least hint of his intention.

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that ordination was separation! This my brother does not and will not see; or that he has renounced the principles and practice of his whole life; that he has acted contrary to all his declarations, protestations and writings; robbed his friends of their boasting; realized the Nag's Head ordination, and left an indelible blot on his name as long as it shall be remembered.

ENGLAND'S FALL FROM CATHOLICITY

"The sudden falling away of a whole nation from Catholic unity," forms one of the most interesting chapters in the latest volume of the Catholic Encyclopedia.

It was the culminating effect, Mr. Lilly shows, of a struggle between the Papacy and the civil power of England that had been going on for many centuries—even from the Norman Conquest.

Henry II. was not less desirous, it is shown, than Henry VIII. to free himself from the Pope's jurisdiction and his plundering of Canterbury was a case in point.

Von Ranke, the German historian, points out, says Mr. Lilly, that the state of the world in the sixteenth century was hostile to the Papacy, and that the civil power would not acknowledge any higher power than itself. The sovereign of each country would be supreme in regard to all he might control, and on the death of Wolsey, one of the strongest of Church diplomatists in those ages, the power of the King became supreme.

The greed of Henry VIII. was another source of the de-Catholicizing of the country. Evidences of the wealth of the monasteries, he confiscated them, thus, as Mr. Lilly says, leaving the foundation of English pauperism, and throwing the people on their own resources, making the practice of their devotional exercises an impossibility.

From that time Catholic worship could only be performed by stealth and at the risk of severe punishment. Had it not been for the founding of the seminary of Douay in 1586, by Cardinal Allen, whose object was to perpetuate the faith in England by creating an apostolate, Catholicity could hardly have survived even in the small numbers which were present previous to the great nineteenth century revival following emancipation.

Under her successor, James, the Catholic clergy and laity faded almost as badly, the fact that his mother, Mary Stuart, having been a Catholic meaning nothing.

Under Charles I., however, only two Catholics suffered, the King's refusal to persecute being, says Mr. Lilly, one of the reasons of his downfall.

By the accession of Charles II., however, a strong anti-Catholic feeling had begun to assert itself in the country, and the King, with true Stuart perfidy, revolted against his Catholic instincts, he more than any other being the cause of the solidification of Protestantism and the decay of Catholicism, which was to remain thereafter a matter for penalization for nearly one hundred and fifty years.

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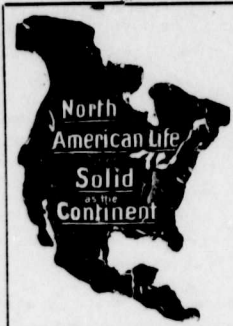
BODY OF BERNADETTE FOUND INTACT.

There is another and a very remarkable prodigy to be added to the record of Lourdes, says the Irish Catholic. The exhumation has recently taken place, in solemn canonical form, of the remains of Bernadette Soubirous, in religion Sister Mary Bernard, from the grave in the convent cemetery at Nevers, in which they have lain for three decades of years.

The body of her to whom, as an humble shepherd girl, the Blessed Virgin appeared and said, "I am the Immaculate Conception," was found to be absolutely intact. The miracle is a rare one; there are few like examples even in the case of the illustrious saints, and a fact of the kind is always specially noted by hagiographers as the most singular and a glorious testimony of heaven's favor.

She was never pointed out to her companions or to the public as the privileged child who at the beginning of her life had received the signal favor of an authentic vision of the Blessed Virgin; nor did she herself ever speak of the great favor of which she had been the recipient.

"If parents would make home more pleasant for their boys and girls, the children would love home more, and the streets and sinful amusements less."



IN THE AUTUMN TIME

of life, after you have born "the burden and heat of the day," it will add immeasurably to your comfort and peace of mind to know that you are fortified against the wintry months of old age.

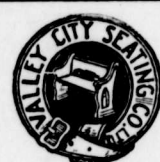
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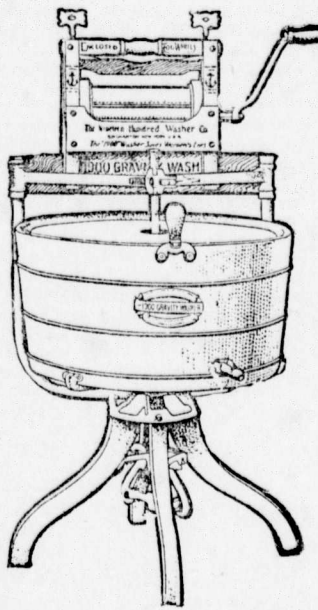
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It is hard-earned money that if, if you do your own washing or have the servant do it, this steaming, back-breaking, hand-chapping, cold-catching, temper destroying work will cost you more than 15 cents an hour in the end.

It takes eight hours' hard labor to do the average family wash.

Eight hours, at 15 cents, cost you \$1.20 per week for washing.

This means \$62.40 per year, without reckoning fuel for fire, or wear on clothes.

We will save you half of that—or No Pay.

We will send any reliable person our "1900 Gravity" Washer on a full month's free trial.

We don't want a cent of your money, nor a note, when we ship you the Washer on trial. We even pay all the freight out of our own pockets, so that you may test the machine as much as you like before you agree to buy it.

Use it a full month at our expense. If you don't find it does better washing, in half the time—send it back to the railway station, with our address on it—that's all.

But, if the month's test convinces you that our "1900 Gravity" Washer actually does 8 hours' washing in 4 hours' time—does it twice as easy—faster, better, without wearing the clothes, breaking a button or tearing of lace, then you write and tell us so.

From that time on you pay us, every week, part of what our machine saves you, say 50 cents per week, till the Washer is paid for.

Each "1900 Gravity" Washer lasts at least five years, yet a very few months, at 50 cents per week, makes it entirely your own, out of what it saves you on each washing.

Every year our Washer will save you about \$62.00. Yet the "1900 Gravity" Washer won't cost you a cent, under our plan, because we let it pay for itself. You need not take our word for that. Let us prove all we say, at our expense, before you decide to buy it on these terms.

Could we risk the freight both ways with thousands of people if we did not know our "1900 Gravity" Washer would do all we claim for it?

It costs you only the two-cent stamp on a letter to us to bring this quick and easy Washer to your door on a month's trial.

That month's free use of it will save you about \$2.00. You thus risk nothing but the postage stamp to prove our claims, and we practically pay you \$2.00 to try it.

This offer may be withdrawn any time if it crowds our factory.

Therefore WRITE TO-DAY, while the offer is open, and while you think of it. A post-card will do.

Address me personally for this offer, viz., C. R. Y. Bach, Manager, The "1900" Washer Company, 357 Yonge Street, Toronto, Ont. 1913

Send \$1

receive 4 wool remnants suitable for Boys' knee pants, up to 14 years. Give age and we will cut pants free, add 5c. for postage. Southcott & Co., 16 Coote Block, London, Ont.

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Size, 16 x 20 inches

Each 25c. Post-Paid

- 3004—Holy Family. 2022—Ecce Homo. 2023—Mater Dolorosa. 2030—St. Joseph. 2039—Our Lady of the Scapular. 2040—Immaculate Conception. 2045—St. Anne. 2092—Our Lady of Good Counsel. 2122—St. Rose of Lima. 2221—Sacred Heart of Jesus. 2222—Sacred Heart of Mary. 2229—Ecce Homo. 2230—Mater Dolorosa. 2238—Holy Family. 2311—St. Joseph. 2346—Crucifixion. 2359—St. Anthony. 2431—Sacred Heart of Jesus. 2432—Sacred Heart of Mary. 3003—Mater Dolorosa. 3102—Blessed Virgin and Infant. 3003—St. Anthony. 3063a—St. Anthony. 1077—Pius X.

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Catholic Record

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is an ideal preparation for building up the BLOOD AND BODY. It is more readily assimilated, and absorbed into the circulatory fluid than any other preparation of iron.

It is of great value in all forms of Anemia and General Debility.

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The Old Reliable CHURCH, SCHOLAR & OTHER BELLS

TRISCUIT The Favorite Tit-Bit for Supper Buttered Triscuit (Shredded Wheat Wafer) with cheese or marmalade. Wholesome and good for the stomach. At all Grocers.

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OD AND BODY... more readily assimilated... of great value in all forms... Sale at Drug Stores

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CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN. Can You Take Your Medicine? A man should start out in life with a firm understanding of himself...

There is nothing else for you but the goal, that you are going to get there sooner or later no matter what stands in your way.

There are four rules for you to remember. We do not say that the observance of them will make you wealthy, but they will certainly make you comfortable and maybe contented.

Don't brood over mistakes. There are many people who sit down and brood over mistakes of the past. They do not realize that in doing so they are making the biggest mistake of all.

Good Advice to Young Men. Spend less than you earn. Self-denial is the foundation of all secular success.

Grade your income to your expenses; that is, spend what you like and see yourself to earn the money.

Spending your money after you have earned it, and not before you have earned it. Make a note of this.

Spending your money after you have earned it, and not before you have earned it. Make a note of this.

Spending your money after you have earned it, and not before you have earned it. Make a note of this.

HIGHEST FOOD-VALUE. Epps's Cocoa is a treat to Children. A Sustenent to the Worker. A Boon to the Thrifty Housewife.

EPPS'S COCOA BREAKFAST SUPPER

In strength delicacy of flavour, nutritiousness and economy in use "Epps's" is unsurpassed.

Children thrive on "Epps's." The abolition would break up the credit system and compel each of us to pay "spot cash" or do without the goods.

Here they are: Earn your money by honest industry. Earn more than you spend. Earn it before you spend it.

Don't brood over mistakes. There are many people who sit down and brood over mistakes of the past. They do not realize that in doing so they are making the biggest mistake of all.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS. JUST AMONG OURSELVES. It is never a mistake for a girl to learn how to cook and to sew and to trim her own hats.

It is to the advantage of every housekeeper in Canada to use them. Maple Baking Powder. Gillett's Perfumed Lye.

MADE IN CANADA GILLETT'S GOODS ARE STANDARD ARTICLES

MADE FOR OVER 50 YEARS (Established 1852) E. W. GILLETT CO., LTD., Toronto, Ont.

Steel Oven Heats Quicker-Saves Fuel Pandora has a sheet steel oven, because steel is more sensitive to heat-absorbs it faster-than cast iron does.

Make sure your new range has a steel oven, and "Pandora" name-plate on the door. Go, at once, to nearest McClary Agency and pick out size desired.

McClary's Pandora Range

For the ordinary girl perhaps a course at one of the numerous evening classes carried on by working women's societies would be practical.

At any rate Aunt Bride thinks it the part of wisdom for every girl to know enough about cooking to be able to prepare nourishing food in an emergency, and enough about making simple dresses and trimming hats to enable her to look presentable in the lean days when she can't afford fashionable dressmakers or good ready-made suits.

At any rate Aunt Bride thinks it the part of wisdom for every girl to know enough about cooking to be able to prepare nourishing food in an emergency, and enough about making simple dresses and trimming hats to enable her to look presentable in the lean days when she can't afford fashionable dressmakers or good ready-made suits.

Pillage of the Church at the "Reformation." How the families of some of the rich dukes and earls of England came into possession of the vast landed estates which they now hold was well shown in a recent lecture in Scotland by Mr. Swire MacNeill.

How the families of some of the rich dukes and earls of England came into possession of the vast landed estates which they now hold was well shown in a recent lecture in Scotland by Mr. Swire MacNeill.

Compared with the delicious flavor of OXO, all other fluid beefs are insipid and commonplace. A teaspoonful of OXO to a cup of hot water makes an appetizing beverage enjoyed by young and old.

OXO

Professional. DR. P. J. MUGAN, Physician and Surgeon. Office, 720 Dundas Street. Hours 11 to 12 a.m. 1 to 3; 5 to 8 p.m. Phone 2058.

JOHN F. FAULDS, Barrister, Solicitor, Notary Public, etc. Money to Loan, Robinson Hall Chambers, Opposite Court House, London, Canada. Telephone 907.

JOHN FERGUSON & SONS 180 King Street The Leading Undertakers and Embalmers. Open Night and Day. Telephone—House, 373. Factory 543.

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Where the Fishers Go The Story of Labrador by REV. P. BROWNE (Member Historical Society of Nova Scotia) 160 Half-tone Illustrations with Map and Index.

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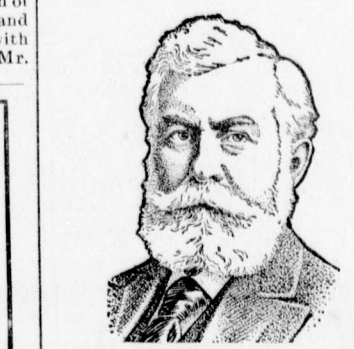
CHURCH FURNITURE Altars, Pulpits, Fonts, etc. Send for Catalog of Pewes & Brass Goods The Blaine Lumber & Mfg. Co. Limited Chatham, Ont.

MacNeill, who is himself a Protestant. It may be added that Mr. MacNeill, sits in the House of Commons as the elected representative of one of the most Catholic districts in Ireland—one of the facts which demonstrate the tolerance and liberality of Catholic Irishmen in their political movements.

What Total Abstinence Is. Total Abstinence is not indeed a commandment; but in days evil as these are, and amidst temptations such as assail our people, and with so many reasons urging us to self-denial, it is surely a counsel of enlightened prudence and of more perfect charity.

If You Have RHEUMATISM sign and mail this coupon to MAGIC FOOT DRAFT CO., Dept. PX47 Jackson, Mich.

Upon receipt of above coupon we will send you by return mail, prepaid, a regular \$1 pair of Magic Foot Drafts, Michigan's Great External Cure for Rheumatism of every kind—chronic or acute—Muscular Scleritis, Lumbago or Gout.



Magic Foot Drafts have been sent on approval to many hundreds of thousands, and no one paid us a cent until after trying them. Isn't this evidence that the Drafts are a remarkable certain cure? Surely you cannot go on suffering when such a cure will be sent you to try free.

Send no money—only the coupon. Write to day.

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A NATIONAL SERIES OF BOOKS FOR BOYS and GIRLS

FULLY ILLUSTRATED "The man who loves his home best and loves it most unselfishly, loves his country best."—F. G. HOLLAND.

IN ORDERING choose several books and state which one preferred. In case your first choice is sold we shall send you the next to appear on the list. This is a rare opportunity to get a good library at a low cost.

Regular Price \$1.50, now \$1 Rob the Ranger. A story of the fight for Canada, by Herbert Strang.

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REMINDER OF THE PENAL DAYS.

The Bishop of Waterford, Ireland, in opening a bazaar, not long since, to assist in clearing off the debt on the Cathedral, made a very interesting speech. The site upon which the Cathedral stood (he said) was hallowed by most sacred traditions. They had to go far back into modern history, at all events, to find the time when a Catholic Cathedral, and possibly a Catholic Church, did not stand there.

The Catholics of Waterford were driven out by the party of Cromwell in 1650 and 1651, without a hope of being able to return. But they did return, for all that, and in a few years afterwards, in the time of Charles II., there were four Catholic churches, as they were then called, Catholic chapels, in the city, and one of those stood on the site of the present cathedral.

During the next fifty years or so the tide of bigotry began to rise higher and higher, unfortunately, with this result, among others, that the Catholics, in defence, as they publicly proclaimed it, to the views of non-Catholics, closed up three out of these four chapels, and finally, towards the end of the century, one of them—the fourth—namely, the predecessor of the present building—

fell into a ruinous state of decay. It was, unfortunately, at a time when penal legislation was beginning to be in full swing in the country. Nevertheless the Catholics availing themselves of the quietness of the spot as they said, set to work about 1693 and put up the one Catholic chapel that was then available for the Catholics of Waterford; but they had scarcely done so when a loud outcry was raised against them, and the Corporation of the day was petitioned to present those who had the audacity to raise such a building in the City of Waterford. The counter-petition presented by the Catholics on that occasion is reading of the most melancholy kind. The Bishop said that he doubted if there was in the whole history of penal legislation any other document comparable to that which was forwarded by the Catholics. They recited the history of the building of their little chapel, as they called it. They said it was in a remote corner hidden away from the view of the Lord Bishop and the Protestant clergy and the Mayor and Corporation when they were out. They went on to tell how they had four chapels and had closed up three of them in deference to Protestant opinion; they recited that they had then no other place of worship, and they added that every care would be taken so that no cause of offence could possibly arise; that two men would be posted at the gate to keep out the inhabitants of the suburbs, and furthermore, that care would be taken that all the services in the church would be ended and the gates locked before the Protestant services in the town began on the Sabbath Day. They appear to have succeeded in staving off hostility for there was no further record that they were molested; and this old church stood until 1733.

In that year, however, they had a petition of a different kind—a communication of a totally different kind on the part of their non-Catholic fellow citizens. The Corporation of 1733 was approached in order that the Catholics might get some additional ground, then public property, for the erection of a new building partly on the site of the old. A committee was appointed, and gladly and generously the Protestant Corporation of the day gave the ground upon which the present cathedral stands, from what was then called Bailey's Lane to Mr. Charles Clarke's house, for a period of 999 years, at the annual rental of two shillings and six pence.

Like Another O'Connell. All remember O'Connell's answer when he was upbraided for reciting his beads in the corridor of the English House of Commons, while his colleagues were in hot debate in the interests of their faith and of their native land.

"I am helping them more than you think." M. de Castellan, French senator, whose death has just been chronicled, was as ardent a lover of the beads as the great Emancipator. He was a Catholic who believed in frequent Communion; every Sunday, and on all feast days saw him at the altar. The secret of his power was fervent prayer, and not content with the beads, he often recited the fifteen decades of the rosary the little office of the Blessed Virgin Mary, and, besides he went daily for advice to his friend of the tabernacle. His beads brought him victory at the polls.

"What do you want us to do with a deputy who says 'his beads every day,'" said one, but these beads did not prevent him from being listened to with attention every time he spoke in the Chamber, where he often treated with rare ability questions of law, finance and agriculture.

A Wonderful Book. A book prepared by Catholic hands is beyond doubt the most beautiful volume among the 700,000 in the Congressional Library at Washington. It is a Bible which was transcribed by a monk in the sixteenth century. It could not be matched to-day in the best printing office in the world.

The parchment is in perfect preservation. Every one of its 1,000 pages is a study. The general lettering is in German text, each letter perfect, and every one of them in coal black ink, without a scratch or blot from lid to lid. At the beginning of each chapter the first letter is very large, usually two or three inches long, and is brightly illuminated in blue or red ink. Within each close volume is kept under a glass case which is sometimes lifted to show that all the pages are as perfect as the two which lie open.

DR. A. W. CHASE'S CATARRH POWDER 25c. It is sent in the dissolved state by the Hovers-Blower. Heals the throat, cleans the air passages, permanently cures Catarrh and Hay Fever. 25c. blower free. Accept no substitutes. All druggists or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

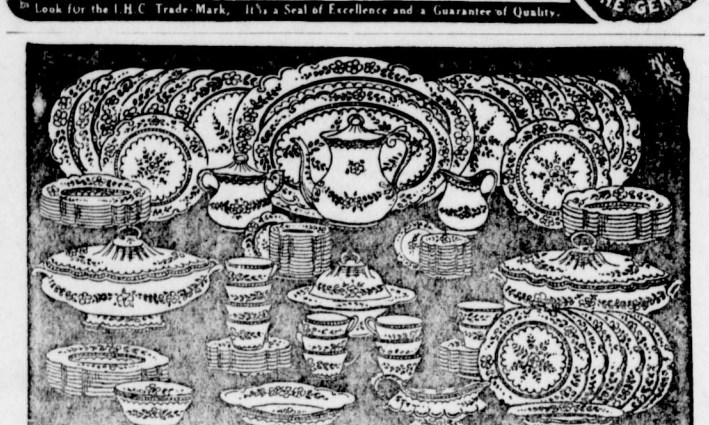
IT PAYS TO BALE YOUR HAY WITH AN I.H.C. HAY PRESS

HAY should be baled no matter whether it is to be fed or marketed. Careful tests that have been made prove the fact that baled hay well kept is worth from 25 to 50 per cent more for feeding purposes than hay that is exposed to the weather in stacks and ricks. When it becomes a question of saving 25 to 50 per cent of your hay crop it is worth while for you to stop and consider, is it not? Baled hay is more valuable because there is no waste—no dust—it has more feed value. It is kept in better condition for feeding purposes and is more convenient to handle.

An I. H. C. Pull-Power Hay Press will enable you to save the 25 to 50 per cent of your hay crop that is going to waste. It will enable you to make a good profit out of your own labor by baling your hay when you have the time. I. H. C. hay presses are simple, strong and very powerful. They are made on the pull-power principle; that is, the pressure is applied to the hay by a pull instead of a push. They are so designed that they give greater pressure with the same amount of power than any other press of equal size. The presses are the full-circle type, which avoids frequent stopping, turning or backing of the horses.

The I. H. C. one-horse press is made with 14 x 18 inch bale chamber, and 17 x 22 inches. Call on our nearest local agent and ask him to demonstrate the I. H. C. hay presses to you. If you prefer, write to our nearest branch house for catalogue and full particulars.

CANADIAN BRANCH HOUSES: Brandon, Calgary, Edmonton, Hamilton, London, Montreal, Ottawa, Regina, Saskatoon, St. John, Winnipeg. INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER COMPANY OF AMERICA (INCORPORATED) CHICAGO, U. S. A.



FREE HANDSOMELY DECORATED DINNER SET FREE. Ladies, we will give you this beautiful full sized dinner set absolutely without cost. This is the Chance of a Lifetime. An Honest Proposition.

We will give away free 1,000 of these handsome dinner sets, beautifully decorated, each set 4-1/2 pieces, latest designs, hand-painted patterns, full size, for family use. A magnificent and complete set to quickly introduce and advertise Dr. Burdick's famous New Life Vegetable Pills, which is a wonderful remedy for indigestion, constipation, inability to digest, rheumatism, to stimulate the appetite, regulate the bowels, and clear the complexion, an invigorator, tonic, and life builder. We will make you a present of this handsome set, exactly as we describe it. Take advantage of this if you want to get a handsome set of dishes for your home, absolutely free.

ALL WE ASK YOU TO SEND IS ONLY 8 BOXES at 25c. per box

Dr. Burdick's famous New Life Vegetable Pills. Being determined to gain a national reputation as the most progressive firm in Canada, and to gain a wider and more extensive sale, we are going to assist you to sell our medicine, and to earn a beautiful set quickly by sending with each box of pills a certificate which will entitle you to receive from us a handsome set of 8 pieces of hand-painted dinner ware. This handsome set consists of 4-1/2 pieces, including a gold shell case, plain engraved, and chased or with beautiful sparkling jewels, equaling in appearance the finest hand-painted dinner sets, etc. This local offer makes it impossible for you to fail. Don't miss the chance of a lifetime. Write us today and agree to send only 8 boxes, and return the money, only \$2.50 to us. We trust you with our medicine till sold. As soon as your remittance and the certificate have been received we will promptly ship to you, with a beautiful set of dishes, and a handsome set of dishes for your home, absolutely free.

The Dr. Burdick Medicine Co., Dept. 80 Toronto, Ont.

Send \$4.95. Recedes by mail post paid this beautiful dinner set, including a gold shell case, plain engraved, and chased or with beautiful sparkling jewels, equaling in appearance the finest hand-painted dinner sets, etc. This local offer makes it impossible for you to fail. Don't miss the chance of a lifetime. Write us today and agree to send only 8 boxes, and return the money, only \$2.50 to us. We trust you with our medicine till sold. As soon as your remittance and the certificate have been received we will promptly ship to you, with a beautiful set of dishes, and a handsome set of dishes for your home, absolutely free.

Parish of Chesterville. In this parish of which Rev. J. P. Fleming is the worthy pastor, a grand bazaar and drawing of prizes will be held on the week beginning January 3rd, 1910. This is a most deserving work, and it is to be hoped people in other parts of the country who can spare a little cash, will assist Father Fleming. Full information will be supplied by writing him to Chesterville, Ont. Mention in your letter that the list of prizes is large and the articles of a really valuable character.

Honor is like the eye, which cannot sniff or the least impurity without damage; it is a precious stone, the price of which is lessened by the least flaw.

Rev. Father Cairns Dead. The death occurred on the 16th at St. Joseph's Hospital, Quebec, Rev. Father Cairns (late in his sixtieth year, after a lingering illness which made him a patient at the institution for some months. Born and educated in France, Father Cairns came to Canada twenty-seven years ago and joined the Hamilton diocese, being connected with St. Mary's Cathedral in Hamilton. He was the Secretary to the then Bishop and later to the official Bishop Dowling. About twenty years ago he joined the Society of Jesus and went to Montreal, where, with his classical education, he became a professor at St. Mary's College. In later years he became connected with the parish at St. Marie, Marguery, and later at Massey, Algoma, where he was parish priest. Here he took ill and eight months ago was sent to Quebec in the hope of effecting a cure, but six months ago he took a serious turn and had since slowly neared the end. A Frenchman Father Cairns had an excellent command of English and was known as a brilliant speaker and scholar.

Written for THE CATHOLIC RECORD. A Mother's Reverie. Of what is my eye one thinking, as so peacefully he sleeps. While watch and ward above his bed, his guardian ange keeps. Do visions of fair angels flit before his baby eyes.

1854 THE HOME BANK OF CANADA

QUARTERLY DIVIDEND. Notice is hereby given that a Dividend at the rate of SIX PER CENT PER ANNUM upon the paid-up capital stock of the Home Bank of Canada has been declared for the THREE MONTHS ending 30th November, 1909, and the same will be payable at its Head Office and Branches on and after Wednesday, the 1st day of December next. The transfer books will be closed from the 15th to the 30th November, both days inclusive.

By order of the Board. JAMES MASON, General Manager. Toronto, October 21st, 1909.

LONDON OFFICE, 394 RICHMOND ST. Prayers Answered. Dear Sir,—I wish you to print in your valuable paper a long delayed thanksgiving for obtaining a number of seminarians, requests for prayers to the Blessed Virgin, St. Anthony, etc. May the heart of mankind burn with fervent love for that which was piloted for love of them. A. SUBERZKE.

Gillett Manufacturing Co. Mr. J. F. Holden, Western Ontario representative of E. W. Gillett Co., Ltd., Toronto, reports an ever increasing demand for all goods manufactured by his Company. TEACHERS WANTED. WANTED TEACHER FOR R. C. S. S. NO. 1. Curriculum for term beginning Jan. 1, 1910. Salary \$450. Normal school graduate preferred. Apply at once stating experience to J. M. Fisher, Treas. Formosa, Ont. 1623-2.

A CATHOLIC TEACHER WANTED FOR R. C. S. S. Separate School, Section No. 5, Scarborough, holding first or second class normal school certificate. Duties to commence on the 3rd of January 1910. Salary \$450. Apply stating qualifications and experience to Michael J. Conlon, Sec. Treas. Port Lambton, Ont. 1624-7.

WANTED A CATHOLIC TEACHER MALE or female. Fully qualified to teach English, French and English for R. C. S. S. No. 3, B. Malton, and Col North for the year beginning Jan. 3rd, 1910. Apply stating salary, qualification and experience to John McLaughlin, Sec. Treas. Douglas, Ont. 1623-4.

TEACHER WANTED FOR SEPARATE school No. 2, Hullett. Must be duly qualified, having normal training preferred. Duties to commence Jan. 3rd, 1910. Apply to John Shanahan, Clinton, Ont. 1623-2.

TEACHER WANTED FOR R. C. SEPARATE school, Douglas, Ont. Teacher, holding second class professional or higher certificate to teach fourth and combination classes. Duties to commence Jan. 3rd, 1910. Apply stating salary, qualification and experience to John McLaughlin, Sec. Treas. Douglas, Ont. 1623-2.

TEACHER WANTED FOR S. S. No. 7, Grattan, Catholic District, Ontario. One able to play organ and sing. Salary \$300. Duties to begin after New Year. Apply Rev. Father Faucher, P. P., Grattan, Ont. Co. Renfrew. 1623-2.

WANTED TEACHER FOR THE YEAR 1910 for Union School, Sec. No. 1, Logan and Ellice. Duties to commence January 3rd, 1910. Apply, stating salary and qualifications to David Dunnette, Sec. Treas., 115 Myr Street, Fort William, Ont. DeCoursey, Sec. Trustee, Bormholm, Ont. 1623-2.

TEACHER WANTED FOR SCHOOL SECTION No. 6, Pilkington, male or female. Catholic preferred. Good salary to suitable person. Applications to be by December 1st. Apply to L. Wilhauser, Peter Dunbar or Tony Roat, Ans, P. O. Ont. 1623-3.

TWO HUNDRED TEACHERS WITH PROFESSIONAL training required for town, village and rural schools commencing January next. Highest salaries obtained. Schools procured in localities desired. Full particulars each application given. Apply stating qualifications to Canadian Teachers' Agency, Regina, Sask. 1624-4.

WANTED TEACHER FOR R. C. S. S. NO. 6, Duties to commence January 3rd, 1910. Apply, stating salary and qualifications to David Dunnette, Sec. Treas., 115 Myr Street, Fort William, Ont. DeCoursey, Sec. Trustee, Bormholm, Ont. 1623-2.

WANTED TWO TEACHERS, FOR FORT William Separate school, holding first or second class professional certificate. Must furnish references. Duties to commence Jan. 4th, 1910. Apply, stating salary and experience to W. K. O'Donnell, Sec. Treas., 115 Myr Street, Fort William, Ont. DeCoursey, Sec. Trustee, Bormholm, Ont. 1623-2.

WANTED A QUALIFIED TEACHER FOR R. C. S. S. No. 2. Duties to commence Jan. 3, 1910. Apply stating qualifications to Edward McPharlin, Essex, P. O., Ont. 1623-3.

WANTED TEACHER FOR ST. JOHN'S R. C. Separate School, Ellice, one mile from the city of Stratford. A duly qualified teacher, male or female, duties to commence Jan. 3rd, 1910. Applications received up till Dec. 1st. Apply stating salary to Jas. Quinlan, Sec. Treas., Stratford, Ont. 1623-2.

TEACHER WANTED FOR ROMAN CATHOLIC Separate school, No. 7, Orondago. Male or female holding first or second class professional certificate. Salary \$250. Duties to commence Jan. 3rd. Apply to James O'Leary, Sec. Treas., Crossing, Ont. 1623-3.

WANTED FOR R. C. S. S. NO. 1, DELORO, teacher holding Second Class Professional Certificate. Duties to commence after Christmas holidays. Apply to E. D. O'Connor, Sec. Treas. Marmora, Ont. 1623-1.

WANTED TEACHER MALE OR FEMALE for R. C. Separate school No. 1, McGillivray. This school is situated opposite church and very convenient to postoffice and station. This brick school is well furnished and heated with furnace. Duties to commence January 3, 1910. Apply stating salary and experience. Denis Farmer, Centralia, P. O., Ont. 1622-2.

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Canada Business College Chatham Ontario Established 1876 33 Years Without Change of Management. Here is the proof of our claim to being Canada's Greatest School of Business 21 STUDENTS of this, and our Grand Rapids, Mich., school se ured th following positions during the two weeks ending Oct. 16, 1909.

PERCY MILLIKEN, Bkpr. (Temp.) C. R. Wilson Body Co., Detroit, Mich. CLIFFORD HOUSE, Asst. Bkpr., Valley City Milling Co., Grand Rapids, Mich. H. KRAMLING, Bkpr., Canada Fibre Co., Wallaceburg, Ont. BESS WOOSTER, Steno., G. R. Electric Co., Grand Rapids, Mich. NELLIE ARNOLD, Bkpr., Steno., Brass Works, Wallaceburg, Ont. HELLIS VAN SLYUS, Steno., Jno. Raab Chair Co., Grand Rapids, Mich. E. C. BUCHANAN, Reporter, Planet, Chatham, Ont. ETHEL WINCHESTER, Bkpr., Maple Cafe, South Bend, Ind. BESSIE DODDS, Steno., Thomas Bros., St. Thomas, Ont. MAMIE HENSHAW, Steno., New England Life Ins. Co., Grand Rapids, Mich. FANNIE PETERSON, Steno., G. R. Electric Co., Grand Rapids, Mich. LILA FENNER, Bkpr., Mr. Peck, Jeanettes Cook, Ont. BLANCHE McNAMARA, Steno., Consumers Lighting Co., Grand Rapids, Mich. FRANK P. MERRILL, Steno., Canada Iron Furnace Co., Midland, Ont. LLOYD BIGLEY, Bkpr., Cargill Co., Grand Rapids, Mich. MARION GRAHAM, Steno., Firm in Detroit, Mich. FLOESIE WIXSON, Bkpr., Hallock Cockerette Co., Grand Rapids, Mich. JOHN E. TEETER, Steno., Great Northern Baggage Department, Seattle, Wash. MARK DAMSTRA, Clerk Kent State Bank, Grand Rapids, Mich. A. E. GILMOUR, Bkpr., W. G. Gilmore, Detroit, Mich. WM. RICE, Solicitor, McLachlan Business Bureau, Grand Rapids, Mich. 414 STUDENTS PLACED IN TWELVE MONTHS is what our last published list shows. Send for a copy of it. NONE male and female COMMERCIAL TEACHERS were placed between July 1st and Aug. 16th. Their earnings average considerably over \$3000 per annum. It pays to get your training in a college where they place you when ready. Our Magnificent Catalogue C tells about the work at Chatham. Our Handsome Catalogue H tells about HOME COURSES in Bookkeeping, Shorthand, Penmanship, Arithmetic and Pen Lettering. We bring long-distance students at half fare and allow full fare up to \$50 to all. Good board and room in Chatham at \$2.75 to \$3.00 per week, with private families. McLACHLAN'S SYSTEM OF PENMANSHIP in 71 page book form at 50c. WORTH MANY TIMES ITS WEIGHT IN GOLD. Get a copy. It would make a pennant of you. We offer \$15000 to Public and Separate School Inspectors, Teachers, and pupils for prizes in Penmanship. Send for a list of these prizes and be a competitor. Write for what you want, addressing: D. McLACHLAN & CO., Canada Business College, CHATHAM, ONTARIO

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