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operty For Sale dred and Twenty Acres situated to anadian rthern Railway, twelvents Sask, and wenty-seven miles southers. n. North ha I section Nine, Townst. n. North had section Nine, 1 ormalists. Range Fifteen. Chocolate clay suffirming, climatic conditions favoring particulars apply to C. R. H., Catheldon Ontario.

A., Branch No. 4, Londo e 2nd and 4th Thursday of every mellock at their hall, in Albion Block, Rich.
Thumas F. Gould, President; June

VOLUME XXXI.

If, when spring is in the blood,

Grosser appetites awaken, An' ye feel a thirst that could.

, bear a little slakin'-

If to clear your throat o'dust Mountain-dew will ease ye, just— Shure, I'd never chide ye,

Take your tipple if ye must, An' Wisdom guide ye!

If, when spring is in the blood,

If such sport as ye could know Where the Irish rivers flow

Waters here can lend ye, Seize your day of pleasure; go, An' luck attend ye!

If, when spring is in the blood,

All the trouble to remake ye,

The Divil take ye!

Fit for neither heaven nor earth,

A. Daly, in Catholic Standard and Times.

SOCIALISM AS VIEWED BY FATHER

SCHOLARLY JESUIT SHOWS FALLACY OF

Before a house taxed to its utmost capacity, Rev. H. J. Maeckel, S. J., delivered a masterful lecture on "Socialism," at the rooms of the North Buffalo

Oatholic Association and Library. The lecturer's address was significant for depth of thought, profound logic and

exceptional clearness. It outlined briefly the aims and functions of social-ism, its utter impracticability, and then

Father Maeckel stated that if social-

ism as was formerly understood, had for its object the amelioration of society

and especially the elevation of the work ing class; then it may truly be called Christian for there is no safer basis on

which society may be reformed and its enormous evils remedied than by the

great religious truths and moral princi-ples made known by Christian revelation

But in its modern acceptation socialism

is not a general term meaning social re-form of whatever kind, but special and

definite system of collectivism. What-ever, therefore it may have been form-

ever, therefore it may have been form-erly used to denote, nowadays icommo-usage has stamped it as signifying a peculiar and comprehensive remedy for social evils which proposes to transform and reform and revolutionize not only the industrial system, but, even the co-

the industrial system, but even the en

tire moral order on which Christian society has hitherto rested.

Various authorities were quoted

Various authorities were quoted as regards a proper definition, and briefly stated, the following seems to be the most adequate, viz., that socialism is a system both economic and political which advocates the abolition of pri-

tion, and the substitution thereof of

collective ownership with consequent collective control of the production and distribution of the goods produced

by the entire people constituted into a

Socialists believe that private property in the means of production, i. e., all lands, mines and mining, raw

naterials, tools, machinery and means

of communication (telegraph, etc.,) under free competition has become the

source of all our present evils, the dis-possessing of farmers, laborers and small merchants, and of making the

non-laborers—capitalists and land-owners—the cause of the unhappy split

of society into two hostile classes, the

of society into two hostile classes, the oppression of the poor by the rich, the employed by the employer. Hence the substitution of collective for private ownership in productive goods, in their estimation, is absolutely necessary to restore peace and happiness to the human race. For the same reason a development of the productive company wealth is deemed.

democratic commonwealth is deemed necessary for the socialist welfare, as, it

is claimed, a monarchical or aristocratic

form of civil government, would neces-sarily entail the possession of wealth by the few, and exploitation and oppression

Therefore, if socialism is to triumph

we must expect a gigantic revolution which will shatter the whole society of to-day to its very foundations, which

will not only overthrow all thrones and

monarchical governments, but also abolish all class distinctions, dismantle

all owners of land, all industrial and

commercial establishments, in short, a

emocratic commonwealth.

MAECKEL.

Play-boy pranks nor eyes o'women Play-boy pranks nor eyes o women
Stir your heart-strings as they should
Faith, ye're somethin' less than human!
What ye need's another birth;
Though, indeed, 'twould not be worth

Weary on your toil, ye're wishin' You could wander through the wood Where the other lads are fishin';

LONDON, ONTARIO, SATURDAY MAY 8, 1909.

Spring in the Blood. grand process of evolution-one con stant law of perpetual change—wherein all progress is accomplished only by the formation of economic contrasts and of when spring is in the blood, is of Irish blood I'm speakin' (Tis of Irish blood I m speakin' All the peace o' bachelorhood Glad ye'd be to be forsakin' For the hope o' joy that lies In a pair o' sparklin' eyes Wishful to possess ye! Take your chance o' paradise An' Heaven bless ye! the class struggles resulting therefrom, and that the whole history of mankind has been a history of class-struggles.

The theory of surplus-value reveals the fact that the social system of any

the fact that the social system of any country or of any epoch shows that those who'labor are exploited—one class of people live off the labor of others, and, as must be the case, there is always a class who do not get that which their labor produces. The fact always existed but in different forms, viz., from the brutal and offensive slavery to the milder form of serfdom, and then in recent times to the form of wage-earner system, interest, profit, rent, prices, system, interest, profit, rent, prices, tolls and other charges. It remains for the socialist writers to follow this fugitive from justice through all its retreats and drag it to the light, which they claim has been done by Karl Marx in his work "A Critical Analysis of Cap-

italist Production."

Another fundamental tenet of socialism is equality of rights. This interest-ing demand assumes a two-fold nature. —the moderate and the extreme. The exponents of the former are the two luminaries, Marx and Engles, who seek the abolition of all class distinctions, every one to be a laborer and to get his share of the social product get his share of the social product according to the measure of his labor. The other prerogative demands perfect or absolute equality of rights, acknowledging no diversity of rights and duties. This demand for equality is taken by the great majority of socialists. According to Liebknecht, Bebel, Stern, Kantsky, there shall be in the state of the sky, there shall be in the state of the future absolute equality of rights, and this equality is to be the only limit of freedom; the disregard of sex (or pedi-THE PROPOSITION—A VIOLENT SUB-VERSION OF LAWFULLY EXISTING

freedom; the disregard of sex (or peut-gree) also finds special mention in the Erfurt platform.

To conclude this division the lecturer proved to evidence, therefore, that from the nature, from the foundations and from the demands of modern socialism, it was adequately certain that Socialism and Christianity were as much opposed to each other as darkness is from light, and that whoever knows what Socialism is, and what it aims at, can join only at the sacrifice of Christianity, or religion in general, for from its very nature Socialism is in contradiction with Christian teaching on the rights of priism, its utter impracticability, and then portrayed in exhaustive detail its essential opposition to Christianity, as seen from its nature and its foundations, namely, the materialistic conception of history, the theory of surplus-value, equality of rights, and lastly, its practical downerds. vate property, the justice of which Christ clearly acknowledges, also in the

materials of labor.

Then Christianity forbids revolution, Then Christianity forbids revolution, since it is a violent subversion of the lawfully existing order. Finally, Socialism declares religion to be a "private concern," divorcing the Socialistic state from religion—non-religious and atheistic. Thus many points antagon—thicker Christianity can be drawn from istic to Christianity can be drawn from their platform, as concluded by the

The fact that this most instructive The fact that this most instructive lecture met with marked approval and interest, soon manifested itself in the controversial discussions which ensued and the public demands made for similar lectures in the near future.

RELIGION STILL THRIVES IN FRANCE DESPITE ANTI-CLER-CAL CAMPAIGN.

HE FRENCH STILL A RELIGIOUS PEOPLE.
APPEARANCES TO THE CONTRARY NOT-APPEARANCES TO THE CONTRACT ASSEMBLY ASSEMBLY OF THE FRENCH PEOPLE ARE NOT REALLY HOSTILE TO RELIGION—THE HEART OF THE NATION IS STILL SOUND—THE RURAL POPULATION IS LOYAL TO RELIGION, BUT THE POLI-TICIANS LEAD IT BY THE NOSE—IT HAS NOT YET LEARNED TO MAKE VOTES TELL.

"In spite of recent laws," said Deputy Maurice Ajam three or four months ago, "Cathelicism retains a re-markable prestige. If it were given to some sleeper, after the manner of the hero of Wehs, to awake to day from a sleep of one hundred and fifty years, he would find the churches more spacious and more numerous than they were in his time. He would see as many of the faithful coming out of them and he could count in the streets an equal

number of priests."
Whether this statement be true of the large cities or not, it is essentially true of the country districts. The people as a whole have not participated actively or directly in the persecutions of relig-ion. Indeed, the local authorities, if they had been left to themselves, would never have enforced the oppressive laws. These laws would have remained the deadest of dead letters without the presence upon the scene of representa-tives of the central government at

Far from wanting to chase from their midst the ministers of Christ and to suppress the manifestations of Christianity, the rural populations remain loyal to the members of the religious orders as well as to their priests and celebrate the purely religious fetes and festivals with as much, if not more eagerness than before the troubles began. Out-side of certain industrial centres the demand for religious education is as strong as it was before it was officially proscribed. Outside of these same in-dustrial centres it would be difficult to find a person who would so far defy Cathfind a person who would so far defy Catholic usage as to eat meat on Good Friday. Rare, indeed, also, are the parents who do not insist on christening and first Communions and on religious marriages for their sons and daughters. Even the so-called free thinker is pretty sure to demand the rites of the Church for the dving and the dead. Furtherrevolution, which will be brought about in all countries of the civilized world by armies of workers waging a relent-less war against capitalism. Such is the fundamental feature and aim of The foundation of modern socialism ander the aspect of the materialistic conception of history is the principal dogma of the Marxian socialism. It states briefly this, that the entire hisfor the dying and the dead. Furthersogma of the Marxian socialism. It states briefly this, that the entire history of mankind with its political, religious and moral phenomena is but one

Last summer I sojourned several months in a thrifty Norman village of five hundred odd inhabitants, in which

I tried in vain to discover any other centre of social, intellectual and moral centre of social, intellectual and moral activity than the paish Church. In this village all the community life worth mentioning has its beginning, middle and end (as it has had for centuries) in the House of God. And I know from a fairly wide observation that there is nothing executional, about that there is nothing exceptional about this village. The same thing is true of the vast majority of the villages and of many of the towns of France.

many of the towns of France.

"Take any train for the east, the west, the north or the south," says a discouraged enemy of the Church who seems to have hoped that a few laws would accomplish the dechristianizing of France, "and drop of a Sunday into no matter what small town at the hour of the Mass. At the Mass you will find them all—men, women, children— on their benches, in their pews, in festal attire, and they count one another. The free thinker is there. The atheist is there. The very sorcerer of the is there. The very sorcerer of the district is also there. And there is the mayor and there is the deputy mayor and the choir is made up of the municipal councillors, who are 'reds.' The entire commune is at the Mass, I tell you, and you would be there, too, if you lived in the commune."

Even in the larger towns and cities there is a vast deal more of real attach-ment to religion than appears on the ment to religion than appears on the surface. The priest-baiter of the large town is usually a priest-baiter from reasons of policy—or politics. He makes a great show of attacking the Church because this is the surest way to "get on" with his more or less socialistic speeches against the "schools of to "get on" with his more or less socialistic speeches against the "schools of super constituency." He delivers blustering orations when—dellars to doughnuts—he is having his own boys and girls educated in them on the sly.

The campaign against the Church has defeated its own ends at more points than one by its very violence. The injustice, the vulgarity and the cruelty of the methods employed have created a disgust bordering very close on nauseain a large body of the better educated portion of the nation. It ducated portion of the nation. The harmony construction of the nation of the nation. The harmony construction of the harmony construction of the harmony construction of the harmony construction of the harmony construction. The nation of the harmony construction of the harmo has not only rendered good Catholic better Catholics but it has made good Catholies of numbers of persons who

is past measuring.

Rene Bazin, the Catholic novelist, who has not been afraid to put his Catholicism into some of his novels, told me not long ago that he sincerely believes that the reasons his books have sold so well or better than the second so well or better than the secon ensational novels which cater so vicious tastes is that the demand among the French for religious reading is vast-

ly more widespread than anyone hitherto has been willing to believe. M. Bazin, who is a fervent believer in the vitality of French Catholicism, called my attention to a great Catholic movement which he considers one of the best proofs of that vitality—namely, "The Catholic Association of French Youth," which counts about one thousand eight hundred groups. These groups and eight hundred groups. These groups form diocesan and regional unions and these unions form, in their turn, a vast federation administered by a general committee with headquarters in Paris. The last congress of the association at Angers was attended by seven or eight thousand young men (laborers, students, clerks and farmers) from every section of France, in spite of the fact that Premier Clemenceau had forbidden the railway companies to give the congress-ists reduced rates and had done all in his power to prevent the running of special trains. "When one sees," says special trains. "When one sees," says a Belgium witness of the Angers congress, "these thousands of resolute young men carry their banners proudly in the streets and public squares, when one hears them chant the ancient credo, rehears them chant the ancient credo, repeated by the same proper Dieu and hears them chant the ancient credo, repeat in concert nous voulons Dieu and renew with enthusiasm their protestations of faith, especially when one sees them kneel before the altar to receive their God it is impossible not to say that Christian France still possesses many active and valiant soldiers and that those who desure of her do not know her."

active and valiant soldiers and that those who despair of her do not know her."

It is plain from all the above that the dictum of Brunetiere before his conversion, "Catholicism is France and France is Catholicism," cannot be given the lie yet. On the contrary, the signs are that religion is being strengthened in France rather than weakened by the present ordeal. The turbulent minority of intolerant haters of religion may have their way for a while longer, but the day will surely come when the religious majority, who are now the easy prey of politicians, because they are not yet habituated to free institutions, will rave acquired an understanding of democracy which will enable them to express their wills through the ballot.—Boston Trav-

WHAT "EVERYBODY READS."

Can any sane and thoughtful perso explain why it is that many people seem to think it incumbent upon them to read the last new books, whatever the the last new books, whatever these books may be, or to become acquainted with the authors that "everybody" is talking about? Who is this imperious, formidable "everybody" thus dominating the literary and social world? Why should a Catholic with a conscience was feel himself compelled to how down Why should a Catholic with a conscience ever feel himself compelled to bow down before this vague but powerful "everybody," and to follow its imperious dictates? their sanctity by being faithful in copying her, and all women will find them selves lifted up and ennobled by modeling their lives after her's. This the true child of Mary ever strives to do. She endeavors to mirror her perfections'

Look at the young people of our day with "problem novels" in their hand, stories of divorce, or of agnosticism or of evil that should be nameless and

of evil that should be nameless and utterly unthought of by the innocent mind. Think of the filth they wade through, in order to "keep up with the times," or to understand the books and authors that "everybody " talks about. But does everybody really read them? No! There are thousands who never read such books; who would not waste their time upon them; and this not only because they think it wrong to read such worse than trash but because they have not time to read all the noble and more beautiful and more keenly inbeautiful and more keenly tellectual things that lie ready to their

hand.

Our young men and women, so anxious to know what "everybody" is reading—this false, deluding mis-called "everybody,"—do they know about the writers of their Church who are giants in the intellectual order? Do they know anything of Chrysostom, "the golden-tongued," or of Basil, Gregory, Ambrose, Augustine, Thomas of Aquin, Thomas of Celano, Thomas More? Do they know the annals of the martyrs and the history of the Church? Do they know the lives of Joan of Are, or Margaret Roper, or Margaret Clitheroe, or of Frederick Ozanam or Henry Manning or Gaston de Renty? Have they no of Frederick Ozanam or Henry standing or Gaston de Renty? Have they no spark of the faith that fired a Boston woman—half Spanish, to be sure—who cried out that she was so proud of being a Catholic that she half thought she

ought to make it matter for confession!
What are our young people proud of?
To hear a non-Catholic lecturer—to have a non-Catholic friend who is a writer— to discourse of non-Catholic poets fluently, and to discuss the last new fluently, and to discuss the last new play or opera? Not to appear ignorant of what "everybody" knows, when "everybody" means the non-Catholic public? Is this ever true of those who have the magnificent inheritance of the children of the saints, and the Catholic Church that is hoary with the wisdom of

the ages?
A cultured, talented woman, a Boston woman who became a Catholic, declared that her introduction then to Catholic literature seemed to place her in the highest intellectual circles; that she

nave open defined, turn from the trash and filth, and the smoother hidden evils that "everybody" is reading, to the things that are true and harmless and things that are true and harmless and undefiled and above reproach. Let them unite in learning v.hat St. Jerome taught the noble and extraordinarily wealthy nobility of Rome till in an eestasy of unworldliness they flung all worldly goods away, to feed on the lore divine. Then shall the vision of Nabuchodonsor be fulfilled, even in "cultured" Boston.

tured" Boston.

A stone was cut out of a mountain without hands: and it struck the statue without hands: and it struck the status upon the feet thereof that were of iron and of clay, and broke them in pieces. Then was the iron, the clay, the brass, the silver, and the gold broken to pieces the struck that the chaff of a together, and became like the chaff of a summer's thrashing floor, and they were carried away by the wind: and there was no place found for them: but the stone that struck the statue, became a great mountain, and filled the whole earth. (Daniel ii, 34, 35.)

Is it not worth our while ?- Sacred Heart Review.

THE TRUE CHILD OF MARY.

Women are by nature pious; they are spiritual in their character, gentle in disposition, patient and peaceful in their relations with society. With all these qualities which nature gives her, what cannot be her standard when aided by grace? This we see exemplified in the true child of Mary. The child of Mary consecrates herself to imitate the virtues of her Blessed Mother. She tries to know what were those virtues, that, ever having them before her, she thes to know what were those virtues, that, ever having them before her, she may imitate them. Hence she finds that the virtues of Mary, Mother of God, were all that creature could accept from Creator, since the angel saluted her. "Hail, Mary, full of Grace!" All

that nature could give her as a woman, therefore, was by grace raised in Mary to an almost infinite degree. Her piety was tenderest, her spirituality of the deepest, her patience and gentleness of the most perfect kind. There is nothing circus in science. the most perfect kind. There is nothing either in nature or grace more perfect or more beautiful than Mary, the Lily of Israel, the Virgin Mother of God. She is brighter than the sun in God. She is brighter than the sun in the splendor of her glory, more brilliant than the moon and stars in the light of her countenance. Her love is more ex-pansive than the ocean and deeper than its depths, and her goodness richer and more abundant than the fruits of the earth. She distances the greatest saints in sanctity as the sun distances all the other planets, and her power to give glory to God and to gain mercy for man are greater than that of all the earth. She distances the greatest for man are greater than that of all the saints together. Wonderful ideal, therefore, is Mary for women of lofty aspirations, and countless are those imitating her. All the religious women of the world look to her as their model and strive to imitate her. The saintly virging of every age have arrived at virgins of every age have arrived at their sanctity by being faithful in copy-

even if it must be faintly. Hence she is deeply pious and truly spiritual; she tries to be sweet and gentle, patient, amiable and agreeable. All this the child of Mary becomes by grace, for grace perfects nature, and makes Godlike and divine those who place themselves under its influence. May we not instly call such the gueens of earth, to selves under its innuence. May we have justly call such the queens of earth, to whom all the rest of women can well look up since by their perfect lives they show that they are true children of Mary, the glorious Queen of Heaven!—Bishop Colton in Catholic Union and Times. Times.

SAVONAROLA.

REV. DR. HANNA OF ROCHESTER GAVE INTERESTING TALK ON THE ARDENT

At D'Youville college last Monday Rev. E. J. Hanna, D. D., professor of special dogmatic theology, St. Bernard's Seminary, Rochester, delivered a most interesting lecture on Savonarola. The lecturer was introduced by Prof. Wm. Martin and won his audience the Martin and won his audience the moment he began his address. Having lived in Italy a number of years, and lived in Italy a number of years, and having made extensive researches in the Florentine archives and among the personal papers and documents of Savonarola, Dr. Hanna was peculiarly qualified to speak with authority of the friar of Florence and gave a scholarly and eloquent account of his life and times. He outlined the life of his subject, spoke briefly of his writings and of his family. Savonarola's father, he said, was a rather negative character, while his mother was a woman of great intelligence and strong personality. As a child, the strong personality. As a child, the monk was quiet, bookish and fond of

dreaming.
"It is said by the French," said Dr. "It is said by the French," said Dr. Hanna, "that no great man's life is allowed to pass by without a woman crossing it and this is true of the man of whom I am speaking to-night. There was a woman in Savonarola's life—the daughter of a noble martial family. She was reported as very beautiful and of rare intelligence. Of course you and I never heard of any woman who played the leading part in a great man's love affair, who was not singularly beautiful and rarely intelligent. That is part of the story. Savonarola's suit was rejected by the girl's family and she passed out of his life."

Had she accepted him as her husband, history would have been greatly changed and, perhaps, this man, so harsh and stern with all the world, himself included, might not have experienced so much bitter suffering.

Dr. Hanna then took his audience back to Florence during the latter half of the fifteenth century. He described vividly the vice and licentiousness pre-valent at the time, the sordid, material manner of living, the excessive corrup-tions, and the unnatural and wicked ideals, which the people had erected for

ideals, which the people had erected for their moral code.

He described Savonarola, stern and relentless, filled with hatred of anything unchaste, tireless in his efforts against vice. He told of how the boy went to Bologna in 1475 to become a Dominican monk, how he tortured and punished himself so rigidly as a novice, that the older monks were obliged to reason with him. "We can almost imagine the career of such a man, living in such circumstances and after he left the moncumstances and after he left the mon-astery and came to gay, pleasure-loving and came to gay, pleasure-loving and sensuous Florence to preach, his sermons were received coldly and the people shrank from having their com-fort in the least bit startled."

However Savonarola gained power and influence and his harsh upbraidings, his visions, his prophecies and ceaseless en-deavors in the cause of virtue won all Florence to his side. He attacked corruption in the Church, the papacy, the political schemes of things; he entered the political arena and stood for right.

I impressed with the work the bythe Sisters of the Poor.

From the Philadelphia Carl ard and Times we learn that The people became afraid and Savon-The people became arraid and Savon-arola, gaining strength as he gained power, became tyrannical, cruel and used torture as a means to an end. He pierced the tongues of blasphemers and invaded the absolute sanctity of the home to see if all was in accordance with his beliefs.

"Could he have been moderate," Dr. Hanna said, "how much greater his influence would have been. The reaction came in 1495, and from

then, until 1498 when he was tried, tor tured, excommunicated and executed, Savonarola tasted the bitterness of defeat and learned that his abnormal craving for reform had overreached the

"His confessions during his trial," the speaker said, "should not be taken as strictly true, because the man had so fasted, been so tortured and tried that he was mentally ill and as to his visions, I think he was always of a highly ima-ginative character. His last sermon was one to be remembered and the news that he was to die was received by him that he was to die was received by him without any expression of either pain or joy. The morning of his death, he was allowed to say Mass, received and administered holy communion.

"Personally, I think he was always sincere, although an extremist, and I think that the world is better for his having lived and worked and died."

—Buffalo Catholic Union and Times.

The power to converse well is a very reat charm. You think anybody car great charm. 100 think anybody can talk? How mistaken you are. Any-body can chatter. Anybody can exchange idle gossip. Anybody can recapitulate the troubles of the kitcan recapitante the total the design and the probable doings of the neighbors. But to talk wisely, instructively, freshly and delightfully, is an immense accomplishment. It implies exertion, observation, study of books and people, and receptivity of impression.—Ruskin. 1894

CATHOLIC NOTES.

Just as he was entering the convent of the Little Sisters of the Poor in East Seventieth street, New York, where he was to say Mass, on the 1th, Rev. Joseph H. Slinger, one of the oldest members of the Dominican order in America, dropped dead.

One hundred and three Bishops and sixteen thousand and ninety-three priests now have spiritual jurisdiction over the more than fifteen million Catholic laymen and religious of the United States.

Newfoundland has a new Catholic premier in the person of Sir Edward Patrick Morris. He is a native of the island, and has been a member of the Newfoundland Parliament for almost twenty-five years.

The province of Westminster, which The province of Westminster, which embraces the whole of England and Wales, has sustained a serious loss by the death, on March 27, at the archiepiscopal residence in London, of Right Rev. William Anthony Johnson, D. D., Titular Bishop of Arindela.

It is not generally known that there is a boat called St. Francis D'Assisi, which plies along the coast of Iceland and Newfoundland, giving help, temporal and spiritual, to the fisher folk for the three months that they are practically at sea, following their dangerous call-

Mr. James J. McCann, gold medalist in medicine, and winner of Chancellor Fleming's general proficiency scholar-ships of Queen's University, is a son of John McCann, ex-license inspector of Perth, Ont. Dr. McCann received his early education in the Perth Separate school and Perth Collegiate Institute.

Sunday entertainments at which an admission fee is charged can no longer be held in the Diocese of Fall River, Mass., under Catholic auspices. Bishop Feehan has forbidden them, because, as he says in a circular to his priests, he is desirous that the Church shall present a united front against this attack upon the sanctity of the Sabbath."

The Rev. Father A. Hubert, in charge of St. Agnes Indian Missions, Antlers, Okla., delivered a series of six lectures at the Protestant Union Church at Garvin. The church was crowded each night with non-Catholics. The people have requested Father Hubert to return at an early date and continue his course of instructions on Catholic doctrine.

The Laetare Medal, which is annually given by the University of Notre Dame to some lay member of the Church in the United States for specially distinguishing service in art, literature, science or philanthrophy was conferred this year on Frances Christine Fisher Tiernan, the novelist, better known in the literary world by her pen name, Christian Reid.

Bishop Verdaguer is the Vicar Apostolic of Brownsville, Texas, probably the poorest vicariate in America. There are 81,917 Catholics, but of this number are 8,311 Catholics, but of this number 78,000 are poor Mexicans, and the English-speaking Catholics are far from being rich. The missionaries under the Vicar Apostolic receive salary of \$10 a month. Bishop Verdaguer himself practically subsists on charity.

On his seventy-third birthday, which occurred a few day ago, Gen. Matthew C. Butler of Columbia, S. C., received the sacrament of confirmation, Bishop Northrop officiating. Gen. Butler has for years been a great admirer of the Catholic Church. When he was United States Senator he served on a special committee which visited the various homes in Washington, and he was much impressed with the work that was done From the Philadelphia Catholic Stand-

ard and Times we learn that Dr. Eugene ard and Times we learn that Dr. Eugene Wasdin, of Charleston, S. C., a surgeon major of the United States army, and formerly a Methodist, was received into the Catholic Church at St. James', that city, on Thursday of last week by Rev. George. P. Degnan. Dr. Wasdin is head of the Government Hospital at Memphis, Tenn., and was selected by President Roosevelt to make researches in regard to yellow fever. Because of the ability shown in this field he has been decorated by the King of Italy. Prof. Ed. Kylie, M. A., of Toronto

University, a few days ago gave a very interesting lecture in the Rideau Street Convent, Ottawa, his subject being "St. Boniface." He gave a comprehensive history of the "life and work of the apostle of Germany. A religious life appealed to him and he began as a missionaw, dring good, throughout pearly appealed to him and ne began as a mis-sionary, doing good throughout nearly the whole of Germany and carrying his work into England. In the end he was martyred by the heathen in Holland." lecturer is a native of Lindsay. There is abundant evidence that he will ere long take rank as a lecturer of the highest order.

Miss May Probyn, a distinguished English Catholic poet, passed away on March 29 at the age of fifty-three. By her death Catholics in England have lost a graceful writer and poet of real distinction. Received into the Catholic Church twenty-six years ago—we be-lieve by the late Father Gallwey, S. J., lieve by the late Father Gallwey, S. J.,
—in 1895 Miss Probyn published a volume of verse, "Pansies," which was received with great enthusiasm by the
critics of every literary journal, and
immediately won for her a high place
among nineteenth-century singers.
Since that time, if her output has been
comparatively small, it has had considerable value. It has never lost the individual note which is so marked a featdividual note which is so marked a feat-ure in "Pansies." Always profoundly religious in tone, in much of her work the element of mysticism is very promThe Cure of St. Philippe," "Gilbert Frankli Curate," etc. CHAPTER III.

THE GROWTH OF AN IDEA.

It was two days later, on a strangel; mild evening of early spring, that Pierre Martin got off the train at Port au Martin got off the train at Port aux Marals, and made his way up the familiar street towards his home. Neighbors nodded welcomes to him as he passed, cheery greetings came from those he met. Presently, near the church he was stopped by Monsieur le Curé.

"So you have come home," said he kindly, "I thought Monseigneur Democra would counsel you to do so."

indiy, "I thought to do so."
"He did, Monsieur le Curé," answered
Pierre. Then anxiously: "How is my "He did, Mona." "How is my Pierre. Then anxiously: "How is my Madeleine did father?" he asked. "Madeleine di-not say much in her letter, and thes meaning the neighbors, " have

told me nothing."
"Bad, mon cher, I fear, very bad, returned the priest, gravely; "not long for this world, Doctor Gingras tells me: it is well you should make up your mi to it. It is for the worst we say, but

"Oui, mon père." Pierre spoke quietly; but the Curé felt sure that he was who felt deeply, though he said little. What, indeed, was there that either of them could say." "What caused it, Monsieur le Curé—my father's stroke, I mean?" the lad resumed after a ntary pause.

"Well, I suppose I had better tell you," said the Curé, thoughtfully; "you will have to know. Lawyer Desaulaiers threatened to foreclose the mortgage,' he explained briefly, coming to the point

tonce, as was his way on all occasions.

"Then my fees—" Pierre could say
o more. Truly, it was his duty to come home. Perhaps, after all, it should have been his duty not to go at all. Had he failed of it—sought to please himself."

Monsieur le Curé, one imagines, had not been a parish priest for more years of Pierre's life, without learning to read thoughts as well as charac-ter. Just now, at least, he read Pierre's thoughts as clearly as if the lad had given them audible expression.

"Don't let that distress you," he said, kindly, putting his hand on Pierre's tting his hand on Pierre "Your fees at St. Joseph, he went on, "would make no real differ-ence one way or the other, and Lawyer Desaulniers tells me he will wait. was not his fault, you know," he added and he was most distressed; others, he says, were pressing him, and what could he do? If you want advice," the good old man concluded, "come to me. I

will do all I can to help you."

"I knew you will, Father," returned Pierre, gratefully. Then he said good-evening, and went on towards his home. Meanwhile, Monsieur le Curé, who like his friend Monseigneur Demers, held decided, if somewhat despondent views

on the subject of his people's migration to a strange land, was left to meditate on a phase of the situation which was perps most characteristic of the wh haps most characteristic of the whole than any one other, the lack, namely, of capital among the habitants, and the fatal case wherewith, when the inevit-able pinch came, it could be obtained on ruinous alike to the borrower and the country. Whereupon, much as he regretted the depopulation of the rural districts of his beloved native province, he wondered yet once more, not so much at its extent, but that it was not even more rapid and widespread than

he knew it to be.

It was a sad home-coming for Pierre.

His father, whom he had left but a few months previously, well, strong and active, he now found stricken down and helpless, drawing daily nearer, so the doctor said, to that last journey for which, Dieu merci, all his fifty years of life had been a preparation. The wife and mother, knowing what must come, and soon, kept a brave face for her children's sake; for the dear one's sake well, after God knows what talk for the dear one's sake as private, between these two, who for nearly thirty years had been lovers, all in all to each other.

"I will not be long, mon cher," she had said, kissing him, when the doctor had pronounced his verdict, "it will not be long, please God and our dear Lady, be-

fore I join you."

"Not long," the dying man had answered with that strange certainty of conviction which so often seems given to those who are entering the valley of to those who are entering the variey of the shadows; "not long." His speech, at least, was spared to him, with his reason and his memory. "I shall be lonely Jeanne in Paradise, till you come." And Monsieur le Curé, when Paul Martin said the same thing to nim, though he shook his head in mild reproval, said nothing. What indeed, could be say? How could be tell whether it would not be so? What, in word, was his knowledge of what lies behind the veil compared with that of one for whom it was already beginning to lift? In any case, one fancies that the simple faith of it appealed to him.

The stricken man smiled gladly, when his Benjamin, his youngest, came into the room, that evening, his mother kissed her boy, and Madeleine, with tears she vainly tried to hide, clung to her favorite brother. Then presently, she took him out into the living room and sitting by the fire, told him all

about the mortgage.

To Pierre, indeed, except that it had now come into his own life, and into the lives of those dear to him, this condition of agricultural existence, which seems inseparable from small pro-prietorship, was no new thing. Rather it was one of those conditions in which,

in his speech at St. Joseph del'Acadie, he had laid special stress, as largely if not chiefly responsible for that very migration to the new England factories which there seemed to be no remedy, which all declamations concerning the duty of remaining in their own land were not only powerless to prevent, but appeared as utterly futile in mockery of a desperate situation. How could they remain, with no land of their own, no means to keep that which had once belonged to them! Better, surely, the factories of a foreign land, with

steady wages, than casual labor in the

slums of their own cities.

"Matthias comes to-morrow," said Madeleine, after a while, meaning her eldest married brother, who with Jean, also married, and Pierre, were the only three sons left of six. The others, and two girls had died in infancy, or childhood, during the year when smallpox ravaged the land, and deaths were counted daily, by the hundred.

"And Jean?" Pierre enquired.

"And Jean?" Pierre enquired French Canadian habitants, and, indeed peasants and agriculturalists everywhere, are not addicted to much letter-writing, so that Pierre was ignorant of recent home news.

He has sold his farm and gone to "He has sold his larm and goals with Middlehampton in the States," answered Madeleine. "He wants us to go there too," she added, "if, when," her eyes filled with tears at the thought " want, and she could say her eyes filled with tears at the choughts of "when" meant, and she could say no more. "Yes," said Pierre, gently, "I understand." So this, then, was also come into his own life, as it had come into the life of many others he ha known. Hard times, mortgage, exile, it seemed to be the inevitable, irresistible sequence of events, one which must, apparently, continue indefinitely—or until some adequate remedy should e found. Yet, who was there to find it, where should any one discover it? Was exile, in very deed, to be forever the sole escape from debt and penury, exile or the cities, banishment in eith case from all that the habitant held dearest, that made his life worth living? And all in a moment the thought—i stantly banished as presumptuous fol —passed through his mind, leaving, spite of him, an indelible impre sowing a seed that should yet take root and bear fruit. Could it be that he, Pierre Martin, was to find the true remedy, the true answer to his latter day question of the industrial sphinx Was this the work he was to wait for estion of the industrial sphinx many years if need be, toiling, mean-while, in the New England factories as his master had toiled in the carpen-

Presently they reverted to the mort-gage, and Madeleine told him how hard gage, and Madelene told him how hard they had tried to pay the interest on it. Monsieur le Curé spoke to Monsieur Desaulniers about it," she explained, "and Monsieur l'Avocat has promised not to foreclose for six months yet

though he really needs the money very badly, Monsieur le Curé says. "It is very good of him," Pierre re-turned. When was the last interest paid?" he asked; "two years ago, was it

ot?"
"Eighteen months," his sister ans beginner months, his sister answered; "these six more, that Monsieur Desaulniers has so kindly granted, will make two years. But I don't see," she added, sadly, "how we can pay it, even then."

"Nor do I," Pierre admitted, reluct-"Nor do 1," Pierre admitted, reluct-antly. Then, bracing himself to face that which they knew to be inevitable, and nearer than either dared to think; "Dieu merci," he said, fervently, "le bon pere will be spared that, at least." "Dieu merci," Madeleine repeated, "it is better so."

There was silence after that for several minutes, broken only by the crack ing of the logs in the old-fashioned box stove, and the insistent ticking of the tall clock in a shadowy corner of the room, measuring out, as each felt, the moments of a life that was drawing very near to its end. Dieu merci, he at al would not have to leave the had built; to which he prought his bride, where their children had been born, to go into exile. He was leaving it all, indeed, but it was to go

home. Dieu merci, Dieu merci.
Presently, Madeleine returned more
calmly to a subject already spoken of, a matter which must, also, be inevitably faced before very long. "Jean wants us to go to Middlehampton, to the fac-

tories—after—you know."
"Yes, I know," gravely. "But I don't like the factories," he went on; "it is no life for a habitant." All that he had spoken of at Saint Joseph de l'Acadie was coming to pass in his own case; how little had he dreamed, then, that it could ever be so. "Yet what can we do?" he proceeded, sadly; there is New money. And Manitoba—but that needs more money. There seems no help for it," he concluded, not complainingly, but as simply stating an incontrovertible fact. In his heart he added, reverently, "Fiat Voluntas Tua." That lesson he had learned thoroughly, as he honestly, yet humbly believed, nor was he likely to forget it, now that he needed

it most.
"No." returned Madeleine, as she rose to bid him good-night, "there seems to be no help for it, as you say, but we will hear what Matthias thinks, when he comes to-morrow.'

And Pierre, for his night prayers, could only say, over and over again, "Fiat Voluntas Tua;" though none, surely, could have been more fitting or more helpful. But, before putting out his light, he opened the Imitation that Monseigneur Demers had given him, and read a certain chapter which, also, seemed to apply to his case. Then slept, as youth will and must, to gain strength for what the coming day might bring.

It brought Matthias, his eldest brothe

as they all expected, a very tower of strength to his mother and to these two younger ones; the best of sons, "who never shamed his mother's kiss," the best of brothers; best of busbands, as his wife would tell you, and the neighbours witness, to say nothing of Monsieur le Curé of Saint Marie de Mornoir, where he lived, and who was, or should have been, a good judge of such matters, after forty years of priestly life; the best authority possible. What Matthias was to his own little ones, you may guess from all this. Briefly, a habitant of the old, honest, noble type, whom it was an honour to know, and of whom there are more in French Quebec than their fellow citizens of other speech and creed seem to be aware. The fact is one to be regretted; all the more that it lies at very root of the eternal, still unsolved race question, on the solution of which hangs the very existence of Can-

what may be termed an official one. There are many, of course, who claim to speak for the great, voiceless mass of French Canadians, but the wise man is he who listens to the priest, rather than to the statesman, since their faith, to an immeasurably greater degree than poliimmeasurably greater degree than poli-tics, is of the very warp and woof of their character. A man must, in fact, be of their faith, at least, if not of their speech in order to know them as they are, and, though even to this rule there has been one striking exception, even he being of another creed, stood, to that ex-tent, outside the innermost centre and secret of their lives. Apart, however. secret of their lives. Apart, however from some such approximate under standing, there can be no solution of the race question, nor will even the angel of peace on the Plains of Abranam symbolize, much less effect the end so greatly desired until each race learns that only on the basis of a citizenship that of any earthly empire e on the Plains of Abraham symhigher than that of any earthly empire can we hope to attain to it. There must, in a word, be the tolerance, the mutual understanding of those who share a common heritage, a common des-tiny, not only here, but in the city of God. Other than that, there is no b as there is no outward token, no matte how venerable or sacred it may be which can unite the two races, French

and Anglo-Celtic, with whom rest the hopes and the future of Canada. Wherewith, the present chronicler makes his apology for a perhaps not wholly unwarrantable intrusion on the course of the narrative. None, indeed, has a more wholesome dislike of moralizing, or of digressions, than has he. So much, however, it seemed permissible to say, on introducing Matthias Martin to the reader, not less because the vates sacer of the habitant has passed to and Anglo-Celtic, with whom rest th sacer of the habitant has passed to where he will understand his friends even more fully and lovingly than he did here; "honor hath gone, and ta'en his wages." The rest may well be left to be inferred from the events themelves, hereafter to be recorded

"Jean is right, ma mère," said Matt-hias, decidedly, speaking of the proposed move to the States, when the time, which was in all their minds, should have come for leaving home. "Me, I like not the factories, nor strang places"— he meant foreign parts in the peasant's sense of all unknown localities peasant's sense of all unknown localities
—"and, Dieu sait, I would gladly pay
the mortgage, if I could. But—well, I
shall be chanceux if I don't have to
mortgage myself. Or sell," he added, after a momentary pause, " and go to

But," Pierre interposed, thoughtfully, "it costs money, en masse, to go to Manitoba. We could never get there

"C'est vrai," returned the elder brother, "and that is why I say that Jean is right, and you must go to Mid-dlehampton—some day. But see you, Pierre, he went on, hurriedly, wishing o get away from the thought involved, may be, if le Bon Dieu pleases, you shall make enough, in a few years, to come to Manitoba as well."

It was a natural remark enough, under the circumstances, and kindly if not very seriously meant. Those to whom Matthias was speaking must, he feared inevitably go to the New England factories, for a while at all events. He did not approve of factories, nor of New England; but, since these dear ones of his seemed to have no other choice, it was but simple kindness to speak as encouragingly as possible, to Pierre, especially, for whom he knew it would mother and sister.

Simple as the remark was, it may nevertheless be counted as marking the first practical beginning of Pierre's life work, of his part in the Great Exodus, work, of his part in the work, of his part in the Great Exodus, as it has since come to be known. It is true that the lad had, previously, as has been said indulged in visionary dreams and aspirations, wherein the Egypt of the factories had ever stood in sombre contrast with the glorious Land of Promise, the rightful heritage of his race above al lothers, in the Great Northwest but from this moment may be dated his erious consideration of the possibility of his having a share in the return of the exiles, however humble. It was the his word. He must wait till the return very vision, indeed, on which he had very vision, indeed, on which he had been been so Dieu; he was convinced that le Bon Dieu; would let him do so. of his having a share in the return of young, and of so narrow an experience, in his speech at Saint Joseph de l'Acadie. But, just as the causes to which, as he had then shown, were due the migration and exile of so many of his kindred, had suddenly become active in his own life, so, he began to see, might the remedy, which alone seemed adequate, come someday within his reach, not for his own using only but for that of others as well.

Just now, however, he was listening to his brother's words, which, for him, had an import that, for all his dreams and visions, he could not even guess at.
"It is this maudit want of money," Matthias was saying, "which has driven thousands of our habitants to the New England factories, who should have gone to farms in the Northwest. And they have told us," he continued, with a they have told us," he continued, with a bitterness strangely foreign to his sunny, charitable nature," that it was "our duty to stay here, in Quebec. Bien, we have stayed—till the bad harvests and the mortgages have driven us to the factories. They should be content, ces messieurs là, who would not let us go to Ma nitoba."

And, once more Pierre wondered to

go to Ma nitoba."

And, once more Pierre wondered to hear his own thoughts put into words by one who must, he felt, know so much better than he, almost, if not quite as well as Monsieur le Curé.' As for Monsieur le Ministre, who was one of those to whom Matthias was evidently referring, what could he know, who had never toiled early and late on the farm, never seen his crops perish by storms or early frosts, never pinched and scraped to pay off the accumulating interest on a mortgage? What, indeed, but merely that which those about him, those who sought his favours, his good will, and humoured his pet theories, chose that he should know? One must be of the people, Pierre concluded, or in close touch with them, like Monsieur le Cure in order to get at the truth of things.

"That depends," said Pierre, who had talked the matter over time and again with one of his professors, a priest who had lived in the States, and had a very fair grasp of so had lived in the States, and had a very fair grasp of so complex a subject "if wages are high, so is the cost of living. "Still," he added, with a good sense beyond his years, "if we must go, we must make the best of it."

"It will only be for a few years, mon cher," said his elder brother encourained." agingly, as the two walked that after-noon to the train that was to take Matthias back to Sainte Marie de Monnoir. And this, as already said, was the real beginning of the work Pierre

The lad himself was, of course, eve yet but dimly conscious of the effect which his brother's words had produced in him; of how they had made the Land of Promise—so to his mind the Northwest always presented itself - more clearly, more distinctly than before, the goal, the object of his hopes, his desires and his aspirations. To Monsieur le Curé only, failing Monseigneur Demers, who had always encouraged him to speak freely and openly, could he so speak now, and Monsieur le Curé, he was glad to find, took much the same view of the matter as Matthias had done.

"Go you to the factories," said the priest kindly, "since you must, but trust God, mon cher, and His dear Mother to bring you out of Egypt when the right time comes. Maybe," he added, looking at Pierre's earnest face, "you shall bring others, too, out of the land of bondage into the Land of Pro-

And Monsieur le Curé's words, thoug the speaker might not have found it easy to say just why he had uttered them, marked the next stage in the growth of Pierre's life-idea.

CHAPTER IV.

THE END AND THE BEGINNING OF

In the life of such a one as Pierr Martin, as in the life of his people, faith must, of necessity, have an influence not easily to be measured, and even les easily to be measured, and even less easily to be expressed. If it be true that the shorter catechism has left an indelible impress on Scottish life and character, it is equally true that, to his Church, the French Canadian habitan owes the qualities which distinguish him from the great mass of modern French men, in which, in a word, have made him what he is. The present chronicle, therefore, if it seem to dwell unduly or such matters, must be taken as pictur-ing the forces which went to mould one whose part in the history of his race was of no little importance. The whole story, indeed, must in a sense be a me rd of his life's growth, as well as o his work, since the latter was as ever simply the outcome of the former.

the reader has a right to expect, by way of apology for a narrative not perhaps as rich in incident as the writer could have wished it to be. It does however deal or attempt to deal with one aspec of the problem of immigration, on th solution whereof the future develop-ment of Canadian nationhood so largely depends. It is in this respect that th writer hopes it may prove of some in-terest to those who take the problem and its solution into serious account. So much having been said, the nar rative may resume its course.

Easter came and went but still the paralyzed house father Paul Martin ingered on. He should see one more Dieu-Feast of Corpus Christi-he would say over and over again, with that would say over and over again, with that same strange prescience as to the end of their pilgrimage, common to those at the going down to the Valley of the Shadow, which he had already shown as to his speedy reunion with her he loved best, in the Land of the Living. Had not Monsieur le Curé promised that when the feast came round, an altar of repose, attation in the procession should be a station in the procession, should be placed just across the road, where by sitting up in bed, he could set it, and get one more blessing from le cher Jesus before he closed his eyes in his last sleep? Monsieur le Curé had promised and Monsieur le Curé would not fail of Monsieur le Curé had promised

With such a conviction and with such a hope to keep him here, it is no wonder that he lingered on, as he hoped and prayed. And yet by Whitsuntide, he had grown so weak that it seemed impossible his flickering flame of life should possible his flickering flame of life should burn for twelve days longer. But hope and faith were strong in him, and love strong as death. Stronger, indeed; so strong that even Monsieur le Curé narvelled, and to the doctor his endurance seemed little less than miraculous
That was a Fete Dieu which Pierre

That was a Fete Dieu which Pierre, and those dear to him, were little likely to forget, least of all, during the years spent in exile, where in the toil and hurry to make money, faith with so many seemed to become a secondary thing, with no real place in daily life. A perfect day of early June, Nature appeared to have decked herself in festal splendor to do honor to her Lord Mass over the procession started and festal splendor to do honor to her Loru Mass over the procession started and in due course came to the altar oppos-ite Paul Martin's house. Within propped upon pillows, with his wife's hand in his, the dying man waited for his Master's coming, that for the last time on earth, he might do Him fitting reverence. It was but the day pre vious that Monsieur le Curé, convince that the end was very near, had fed him with the Bread of Life, his food for the blessing from the Lord he had loved so truly and served so faithfully.

On either side of the bed knelt Mat-thias and his wife, Pierre and Madeleine, waiting. And Pierre, as he knelt and waited, as the sound of singing and of many footsteps drew nearer and nearer, not only knew, that this was the end of his father's pilgrimage and the beginning ning of his own, but heard in the approaching sounds, the tramp and the singing of the countless exiles who should some day come out of bondage into their own land again. More in that moment when the again. More in that moment when the veil between flesh and spirit seemed attenuated into transparency and pre-sences felt but unseen, were about him knew by a consciousness as strange

and clear as that of the dying man him-self, that it was he and no other who should lead his people in that Exodus which was surely at hand.

It was the beginning of his life's pilgrimage, it was under such influences and under such conditions that he set out on it. The influences and the con-ditions must therefore, be clearly understood, if the task for which they were preparing him is to be viewed in its true ight, not merely as a racial but as a re ligious movement. It was an aspect of which Alphonse Bilodeau, at least, never for a moment lost sight however foreign it might seem to his ideals and conceptions. He knew as has been said that on the Church, that, is, on the aith of the exiled French Canadians the whole success of the movement h the whole success of the movement he looked forward to must to all intents and purposes depend. And, prepared as he was to assist it by all the means, political, social or financial at his command he had not only read in Pierre Martin's face and words the enthusiasn that was indespensible in one who should initiate such a movement, but had instinctively and unerringly picked him cut as the destined Moses of this new Exodus. Nor would Pierre's pre-sent mood, could he have known of it, have seemed to the Senator anything but an inevitable phase of the prepara-tion which a leader of others must, all things and persons being as they were, necessarily undergo.

Presently the sound of singing grew

distinct and clear: "Lauda, Sion Salvatorem," and as the procession halted opposite the house, and acolytes, choristers and people knelt as Monsieur le Curé mounted the altar steps, the words, by some strange coincidence — not strange when you think of it—were

"I shall see the good thirgs of the Lord in the land of the living." The sick man's face, as Pierre and the others remembered ever after, was as one trans figured. By an effort, seemingly impossible to one in his condition, he raise himself vet higher on the pillow, and azed at the Host, as the priest raised it high above the kneeling people, gazed. Pierre thought, as one looks in the face of a friend long waited for and come at last. The others in that silent room gazed too, then bowed their heads in reverent adoration. So bowed they were unconscious of another present Death. He, too, was there and wors ping his Conqueror; he, too, it would seem, waited till the last blessing should have been given. Then he fulfilled his errand; gave release and rest to one grown weary of life's pilgrimage. For heads, they realized in one first glance that all was over. Paul Martin, streng-thened by His Master's presence, had set out on his last journey; or rather had reached the end of it. Truly he had not been disappointed of his hope.
"It was an end," as Monsieur le Cur-

said the following Sunday in his sermon "that all should pray for." Briefly he spoke of what Paul Martin's life had been as they all knew. "Holy Church," he said, "bids us pray for his soul, since noe may know its present state but God alone. Yet for myself," he added, "I shall ask with confidence this faithful servant to intercede for me, when he stands in the presence of his Lord.'
And that was Paul Martin's panegyric

That those he left grieved for them-selves, not for him, there is no need to say. Not that to Pierre the memory of his father's life and of his passing hence was a heritage above all others, an influence that should mould his whole life and character. But life, in the meantime, for him and for those dear to him, held problems which must be faced, and a decision which left little leisure even for tears. Monsieur Desaulniers, hard as he was thought to be had waited eighteen months, and more for his not unreasonable interest. was willing, even now, to let the full two years elapse before foreclosing the mortgage which he held on house and

But Pierre who had been to Sa'nt Marie de Monnoir to see Matthias, and who had written more than once to two. There is no need to dwell on their lean, in Middlehampton, hear of waiting. "What use to wait?" he asked almost impatiently for him, how grief and his new heavy responsi-bility had worn him out and made allowances, as women spend their lives in doing. "It is the same in the end," in doing. "It is the same in the end," he continued, more composedly, after a glance at the two quiet, loving faces. "Monsieur de Saulniers has been very good, but Monsieur de Saulniers must be paid. We cannot pay three months three years from now . . . let him have the farm. Oh yes, ma mere—"
this very gently—" it is hard, I know . . but what can we do?"

. . but what can we do?"
"Not till the three months end," the
nother pleaded earnestly." "Pierre,
ther garcon, wait till the three months end, pour l'amour du Bon Dieu, wait till then. It is only a little while." Her pleading was strangely persistent What did it mean? Pierre wondered But Madeleine, with a woman's keener quicker instinct, guessed, nay, under-stood. Her mother, she felt sure, would have joined her dear one ere the time of exile came.

And Madeleine had guessed rightly.

Day by day, the bonne mere, so good, so tender, so loving as she had always been, seemed to fade away before their eyes, of no allment that the doctor could specify, though perhaps, he also guessed at the cause which Monsieur le guessed at the cause which Monsieur le Curé had he been asked, could have told easily. She had, simply, he would have said, no desire to live longer, not from any want of love to her children, but because the call of the first greater love was stronger, so strong, she could not have resisted it, even had she tried to do so. And so, before the three months were over, before the home she loved was taken from her, she had passed to that in which her husband was awaiting her arrival.

Those she left behind did not grudge her going, since they knew how strong must be the claim of that one all abmust be the claim of that one all absorbing love of hers and his which had ling many boxes of Dr. Chase's Kidney-lasted unchanged, yet ever deeper and ling many boxes of Dr. Chase's Kidney-lasted unchanged, yet ever deeper and liver Pills." One pill a dose, 25 cents fuller, for thirty years and more. fuller, for thirty years and more. But a box at all dealers or Edmanson, Bates their lives seemed very empty without & Co., Toronto.

her, very lonely, so empty and so lonely that they were almost grateful when the lawyer's letter came, notifying them not unkindly, that the debt must be paid or the farm sold.

Yet even this fresh sorrow, as Pierre Yet even this fresh sorrow, as Pierre tried to realize, and as he saw clearly, in due course was part of his preparation. He had been his mother's boy all his life, had leaned on her, and clung to her with a devotion that her with a devotion that no words could give utterance to. Between them there had been no secrets, no misunder, standing. In these last three months especially, he had talked more openly the now your helper, display the property of the pr with her than ever before, dir scious it may be that he would not en-joy this intercourse for very long; anxious therefore, to make the most of anxious therefore, to make the most of such a privilege while it remained to him. He may be said, indeed, to have laid his inmost soul bare to her, though in truth she read it, with the eyes of a mother's love, in his young, innocent tace. He spoke of the exile of their people, of the coming Exodus, of the part which he dreamed he should play in it. And to all that he said, she listened, smiling, saying a word now and then of encouragement, stroking his strong, nervous hand, the hand of a poet, an enthusiast, with her wan, thin fingers. She, too, knew with the insight of those whose eyes are turned he wards, who await "permission" as Mahometans say, that these were empty dreams, engendered of youthou vanity. She lead clearly the signs of his vocation, his choosing to perform even so great, so seemingly impossible a task as that of which he spoke. She knew. And Monsieur le Curé coming knew, And Monsieur le Curé coming in on them, sitting and talking thus, was reminded, doubtless, of two who had talked in the Home at Nazareth, in just such a tender intimacy, and saw that, whatever it might be of which Pierre spoke, which, indeed, it was not hard to gross, after his own talks with the led guess, after his own talks with the lad the mother knew. For Monsieur le Curé had learned many lessons from his parish-ioners, most of all from those whom he

had prepared for their last journey.

But his mother's death had fresh lessons for Pierre, rather, perhaps, the one lesson which needed to be learned over and over again, that, namely, of the in evitable loneliness of those who are called to some great task for their fellow-men. He realized that, had his mother lived, he might have leaned too much on her, whereas he must, he knew letach himself so far as might be possible, from all dependence on others, and learn to put his trust wholly and solely to be done. It was Madeleine who leaned on him, not he on her, as to Jean, his attitude in regard to the Exodus was yet to be ascertained. In the mean-time, he was learning what it is to stand alone, face to face with a task, the vastness of which he was only beginning dimly to realize.

Monsieur le Curé was, of course, their chief friend and counsellor at this diffi cult time, for Matthias had his own farm to attend to, and it cost money to go from Pont aux Marais to Sainte Marie de Monnoir, money that could ill be spared. It was Monsieur le Curé's brother, from Richelieu, who was auctioneer, at the sale and who would not charge them anything; neighbors and friends bought willingly, not knowing but that they also might have to sell and emigrate some day. It was but one more phase of the tragedy of his people, Pierre thought, as he watched the various household treasures bought in, one by one; the tragedy which ends in exile. For him, personally, it was but the severing of the last links that bound him to his old life, he should step out, on the morrow, a free man ready for what should befall him in the land of bondage. It was God's mercy, he said to himself, that spared him his sister, and was sending them to their brother, at Middlehampton. Their exile was being made far less hard for them than

Thus it came about that, after Mon-sieur Desaulniers had been paid in full, principal and interest, there money left to pay Pierre's and Made-leine's fare to Middlehampton, and to

### Is Your Back the Weakest Point?

Does it play out first when you have steady work to do.

ook for other indications that the kidneys are to blame and obtain cure by using Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. Many a man finds that his back is his

weakest point and does not know why.

He cannot do heavy work and even light work, if continuous, leads to an aching back.
Under these circumstances you can

be pretty sure that the kidneys are weak and disordered and that the back pains are really kidney pains. Other symptoms are deposits in the Other symptoms are deposits in the urine after standing, pain and smarting

when passing water, frequent desire to urinate, also headache, dryness and harshness of the skin and pains in the limbs and body.

If an insurance company finds these

symptoms present they will not insure your life. Isn't this sufficient indicaion that there is danger ahead?

Backache soon disappears when Dr. Chase's Kidney Liver Pills are used and kidney disease is thoroughly cured by this treatment.

You can find positive proof of this

statement in almost every community in this country and here is a letter very

much to the point.

Mr. Geo Tryon, Westport, Leeds Co.,
Ont., writes:—"For two years I was
completely laid up with lame back and

completely laid up with lame back and could neither walk nor ride. I tried many medicines and the doctor's treatment did not help me.

"A friend told me about Dr. Chase's Kidney Liver Pills and this medicine completely cured me. I have never had a lame back or kidney trouble since and my cure has been the means of sel-

departure for that is, that hitherto. He friends and in the second secon would speak the little, would go on sight, they vexcept, of Curé and p So many fro the states" these two, t f their pare ably, have of their ra too commo a passing no become as in none knew v Hence the disposition, to engender sieur le Cu da: previou had added, and call or at Middleh He will be assured him

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ny others they had known.

departure from the village, from all, that is, that had been dear to them, hitherto. For a while, at least, the friends and neighbors they were leaving would speak of them. Then the life of the little, self-contained community would go on as before, and, being out of sight, they would be out of mind as well, except, of course, with Monsieur le Curé and possibly one or two others. So many from the village had "gone on the states" from just the same cause as these two, that but for the recent death ly, so empty and so lonely re almost grateful when etter came, notifying them that the debt must be his fresh sorrow, as Pierre ze, and as he saw clearly, been his mother's boy all aned on her, and clung to So many from the village had "gone on the states" from just the same cause as these two, that but for the recent death of their parents the village would, prob-ably, have paid even less atten-tion to their going. The tragedy of their race had, in a word, grown devotion that no words terance to. Between them n no secrets, no misunder. these last three months had talked more openly too common to attract more than a passing notice. Such migrations had become as inevitable as death itself, and be that the would not en-be that he would not en-procurse for very long; fore, to make the most of ege while it remained to become as inevitable as death itself, and none knew whose turn might come next. Hence the seeming indifference of men and women, kindly and neighbourly by disposition, and a strange cheerfulness under conditions which might well tend be said, indeed, to have y be said, indeed, to have st soul bare to her, though read it, with the eyes of a e, in his young, innocent spoke of the exile of of the coming Exodus, of ich he dreamed he should and to all that he said, she to engender a despondent fatalism.

"See that you write to me," Mon-sieur le Curé had said to Pierre, the da, previous to that set for their jour-ney. "Let me know how you fare," he had added, and had bidden him be sure and call on Father Gagnon, the priest at Middlehampton, as soon as possible. "He will be very kind to you," he had assured him. And Pierre had promised.

To Monsieur Desaulniers after these two had gone, Monsieur le Curé had a word of thanks for his consideration, and possibly a word of counsel as well. Not that he held the lawyer even remotely responsible for the gradual de-population of the village, or the all too-frequent migrations to the New England factories. Monsieur Desaulniers was, he readily admitted, merely the sympton of a condition, was as it hap-pened, and as he had lately shown, much more considerate and kindly than he had the reputation of being.

Monsieur Desaulniers accepted thanks and counsel with his customary dry, undemonstrative manner. "C'est dommage," he said, referring to the latest departure, and to others which had preceded it, "but, what would you?
"They come to me to borrow money,
when the times are bad; I lend it at a ower rate than the bank and give them

all the time I can."
"You do" the priest acknowledged, cordially. "And I must live, me," the lawyer,

added, as if it were necessary to call Monsieur le Curé's attention to the fact Monsieur le Curé agreed to this, also "If they will go to the States," Mon-sieur Desaulniers resumed, "instead of the Northwest, is that my fault, Mon-

'No, evidently not;" the admission was as ready and as cordial as before.
No. But the fault of some who will have to answer for it some day: to God,

gros bonnets, the government are at fault. It is easy to make money on the States, they will tell you, Jean. Paul, tous ces gens la are doing well judge, who leaned forward and took it, there — so they say, why not we? Dieu!" he added, thoughtfully, "if they would only go Northwest instead of Southeast, it would change many

things."
"It would indeed," returned the priest, gravely. "But I fear," he added, still more seriously, "they will not think of going till it is too late."
This was indeed, a thought which he is the latest the impress on Pierre's mind,

had helped to impress on Pierre's mind, and which the lad took with him into the land of exile, the need that is of speedy action, if any should prove pos-sible, the hastening of the return of their people before the West should be filled up, and the land which was theirs by right should have passed into the

ossession of others.

Monsieur le Curé, moreover had other grounds for anxiety, in connexion with a possible exodus of which he said no-thing to Pierre Martin, nor, for that thing to Pierre Martin, nor, for that matter, to anyone, for the reason that things dreaded are best not spoken of lest they become realities by being formulated in words. Monsieur le Curé that is to say, trusted his secret fear to no living soul, and thought of it, himself as little as might be. as little as might be.

meantime Madeleine Pierre after a journey which to their in-experience seemed interminable, arrived in due course at Middlehampton. Jean with his wife met them at the station, their welcome proving just such mitiga-tion of the bitterness of their exile as Pierre had felt it must be. It was a welcome for which they were not a little grateful though they found it difficult just at first, to give expression to their gratitude. But Jean Martin and his kindly wife doubtless understood. There had been no one to welcome

"You must stay with us," said Jean cordially, to Pierre, as they made their way through the streets, which, to the way through the streets, which, to the new-comers, seemed so noisy and so crowded. "When you get work, mon cher," he added, "you can pay your board. But, till then, don't worry. Make yourself at home, as they say here," he concluded, laughing.

And Marie, the sister in law, in her

wn way, said as much to Madeleine. "We all work here," she explained. "in the mills, you know. I worked, till the babies came. Once when Jean hurt his back, and was laid up, I had to go to the mills again, and he took care of the children. But he said it was 'dreadful,' and he is so good, my Jean," she continued, proudly, lovingly, "and the children love him so. But the house is no work for a man, and the mill. Jean says, is no place for a woman, least of all for a mother. She should stay at home, Jean says, and mind her children; that is what Saint Paul said, Monsieur le Curé told me. But they laugh at us, these Americans, and some of our own people, too, more shame to them. But Jean is right, all the same. I know, me. It is the children I must think of, those le Bon Dieu may give us,

"But I shall have to work in the mills," said Madeleine, a little sadly, but with resolution. "I cannot live with you, and do nothing."

e shall see, cherie, we shall see,' was the answer, as they neared the little

house in the narrow, airless street, that was yet, unmistakeably, a French Canadian home. And with that Madeleine for the present at all events was forced to rest content. But her determination none the less, remained as firm as ever.

RACHEL AND THE JUDGE

Rachel had been preserving straw berries. She pasted the last little slip of white on the last small jar with a vigorous pat, dropped her hands in her lap and let her gaze wander for a moment out through the wide kitchen window to the wheat field that stretched beyond the orchard. There was a pensive look in her gray eyes, and when a gentle voice called her by name the

"What is it, mother?" she answered as the delicate little lady who paused in the doorway leading from the dining-room repeated her name a second time.

"Your father said that he would like you to bring out a pitcher of lemonade to the stile. Judge Weldon has just driven over to talk a little business, and there is a lady in the carriage with

A crimson wave swept over Rachel's face. Hastily she stood up pulled down her sleeves and buttoned them about her wrists. "Yes, mother, I will right her wrists. Tes, mother, away," she said as she untied her ging-ham apron and hung it on a peg behind the door. Very quickly a clear glass pitcher was filled with an icy drink and

ready to serve.
"What Judge Weldon saw as he sat in his carriage on the highway that ran by the farm was a slim, sweet girl in a light cotton frock, with a fair oval face lighted by a pair of expressive eyes and a small head crowned with soft-brown hair, coming down the rose-bordered walk, holding in one strong young hand a pitcher and in the other a small tray with glasses. He leaned back in his seat and watched the girl as she approached. The woman beside him leaned forward. She had heard of Rachel Shelton a good deal of late, and so studied carefully the little figure as it came nearer and nearer. Rachel paid no heed to either the judge or his companion until she directed one swift glance at her father, which showed that his face was troubled. Then Rachel

bowed to the judge.

"Here, father," she said as she handed him the pitcher and put the little silver waiter with its burden down on the stile,

water with its burden down on the strie, and was about to turn away.

"Wait a moment, Miss Rachel," called Judge Weldon; "I want to introduce you to Miss Seaton."

Rachel bowed in her queenly little way in acknowledgment of the intro-duction, and a scornful smile played around the corners of the older wor and to our people."

"They surely will," assented the lawyer; "but, see you, Monsieur le Curé, our people are foolish, too, if the

judge, who leaned forward and took it, passing it in to Miss Seaton. That lady held it aloft in her small and shapely hand and waited until the judge was supplied, and then said in a voice that was more tinged with sarcasm than pleasantry, although the quotation was accompanied with a ripple of laughter

"'Thanks,' said the judge, 'a sweeter draft From fairer hand was never quaffed.' Rachel smiled a forced little smile, and fancied she saw a shadow of a frown

on the judge's face. "What a beautiful place you have here," said Miss Seaton—an ideal farm-house, and such lovely roses! I suppose it has taken a great many years to improve a country place so much as this

"Yes," Rachel said; "we have lived here many years. It was my grand-mother's place." "Indeed?" And Miss Seaton raised

her brows questioningly.
Oh, how Rachel disliked the woman. She wondered how Miss Seaton dared to pretend that she was ignorant of the particulars of the place, when it was all due to her persistent efforts to secure were so deeply troubled. The delicate little mother as yet knew nothing of the possibility of their losing all they had because of a flaw in the title and a claim that the land belonged to the heirs of wealthy old, miserly bachelor, and who had died many years before her grand-father bought the place. Rachel was her father's standby and confidant. It would be time enough to tell the little mother all about it when worse came to

the worst.
Judge Weldon represented Miss
Seaton in the matter, though he was a
fair and generous man and had assured Rachel's father that he would not push

the claim of his client unduly.

As the judge drove down the road toward his beautiful country place, a mile or two to the west, Rachel slipped ner arm through her father's, and toget-

her arm through her lather's, and together they walked slowly to the house.

"Well, little girl, we must not worry. Judge Weldon is an honest man, and we may trust him to act fairly."

"But that woman, father; I deplose

ner. And they say that Judge Weldon is to marry her shortly, and, of course, you know he will consider her interests

pefore ours! "Tut, tut, child!" said the kindly man beside her. "We must never be too harsh, and we need not believe all we

hear, either." It was tea time next day. Rachel's father stood on the side porch instruct-ing several farmhands in the work he wanted them to do the next day.
Rachel sat on the steps at his feet. Coming over the stile just then was the tall, strong and loosely-hung figure of

tall, strong and loosely-hung figure of Judge Weldon. At his heels was a graceful young greyhound. Rachel sat still, with her hands tightly clasped. She was sure there was something new to disturb her father.

The judge came toward Rachel with an outstrethed hand, and as Rachel put forth here he helped her to arise with put forth hers he helped her to arise with a pleasant little laugh, and such a suggestion of strength in his grasp the girl felt sure at that moment that he

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was the handsomest and most noble looking man of forty she had ever seen. "It was so pleasant after the rain that I thought I would walk over and bid you all good by, as I leave for Europe the day after to-morrow." Rachel's heart gave a little jump.

She knew instinctively that it was to be

The judge seated himself on the steps, and Rachel resumed her place. Her father sat in a wicker chair at the edge of the porch, and Rachel leaned her of the porch, and Kachel leaned her head against his knees. Somehow she felt that when she was close to him the very touch of her would help him to bear any hardship that might develop. But the judge had not come to talk bus-iness. All of this that he touched upon was to say that Mr. Sheldon need not worry about that little matter they were both concerned in; that everything would remain just as it was until his re-

turn from Europe in a year from that day. When the little lady mother appeared

at the hall door to announce supper, the judge responded that he believed he would when asked to join the family. He praised the flaky white biscuits and the new strawberry preserves that Rachel had made, and directed pleasant remarks to the sweet, slim girl who flitted about the table attending to

flitted about the table attending to everybody's want.

When he had gone that night Rachel missed something. There seemed to be no relief for the little tight tugging at her heart strings but tears, and so she

cried until she fell asleep.

But before she went to sleep she had reached a determination. Next day after breakfast she told her father and mother what it was.

Her mother protested, but her father, knowing of an impending misfortune, realized that Rachel was wise, and so told her that her head and heart were

her best guides.

And so it was that Rachel went to the city and learned to be a nurse.

A whole year had slipped away, and A whole year had sipped away, and Rachel had worked very hard. It was a lot harder to sit up with a feverish patient in a hospital ward than it was to put up strawberries in the farmhouse kitchen, but Rachel loved her work, and the doctors in the hospital said of the gentle and soft-voiced little nurse that she was "born to her vocation." But Rac el was very tired, and had gone home for a short while to rest.

She had been home a week, and was

sitting again at her father's feet, after having made her mother comfortable in the hammock at the far end of the

"Have you heard anything from Judge Weldon since his return from abroad?" she asked. It was the first time the old worry had in any way been referred to.
"No," her father answered, "I have

not, except to know that he is at home s at present very ill."
1?" Rachel exclaimed. "Seriously " III ?"

"I believe he is," answered her father calmly. "I was thinking of driving ver there after supper to ask how he is

Just then the judge's carriage turned into the road, and the judge's sister alighted. Miss Weldon was a spinster known far and wide for her distant manner and disinclination to "unbend." Rachel hurried down the rose-bordered walk to meet her. There was no re serve about her manner now. She fair-

ly embraced the girl.
"Oh, Miss Rachel," she cried, "I am "Oh, Miss Rachel," she cried, "I am so glad I found you here. My brother, the judge, is seriously ill. He has typhoid fever, and at present does not know any of us. Dr. Bryson, our physician, said that he heard you were at home for a vacation, and that possibly we might be able to get you to come over and help us care for the judge. We sent in town for a nurse last night,

but have received no answer yet?
"Certainly I will go," said Rachel,
and it was only with a professional air

that she answered.
"How soon?" asked Miss Weldon.
"At once," Rachel replied, and in less than an hour she was beside the judge's sister in the carriage.

It was a long siege, but finally the judge's constitution won the battle. He had recognized Rachel, and was so glad to know that she had learned to be a nurse so opportunely. Rachel told him that she realized that there might shortly be a need of her becoming self-sur porting, so that the little means ed by the family might all be for the mother and father, who were growing

And not until the judge was propped in bed in the midst of a mound of

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pillows did Rachel dare to ask where Mrs. Weldon was.

"Mrs. Weldon?" echoed the judge.
"Why, bless you, child, whom do you

"Why, why," Rachel faltered, "Miss

"Why, why," Rachel lattered, "Miss Seaton of course."

Then the judge laughed so heartily that the little nurse looked up in surprise, and with a professional manner seemed to note in the strength of the laugh a sure sign of returning health.

"Rachel, child, I did not marry Miss Seaton, anyhold else. I made my

Rachel, child, I did not marry shiss Seaton or anybody else. I made my journey alone. But I will never make another alone unless you force me to. Go to my desk over there. You will find it unlocked, and in the left-hand pigeon-hole you will find a package of papers marked 'Rachel.' Bring them here. See?" said the judge, as she handed them to him. "Here are the deeds to your farm, to be held by you if you please, or given to your father, just as you wish to have it. When I aw that the Seaton heirs had a goo claim on the place I offered them a price for it which was accepted. This did before I went away, so that I might give the papers to you as a wedding gift when I returned, provided——"

And here the judge stretched out his arms to Rachel.

A few hours later the judge's sister kissed Rachel on both cheeks, some-thing she had never been known to do before.—The Morning Star.

PAPAL INFALLIBILITY.

AN ANGLICAN MINISTER WRITES OF THE

The dogma of Papal Infallibility, s often impugned by non-Catholics, is, nevertheless, recognized by many earnest seekers-after-the-truth as being on of the glories of the Catholic Church. The following letter, which appears The Lamp, an Episcopalian organ of high merit, furnishes a striking ex-ample of the manner in which an infal-lible teacher of faith and morals is re-

garded : Editor of The Lamp: Sir,—"We crave for an infallible Teacher. This craving for an infallible Teacher in whom people may rest in the perplexities of modern thought is one of the great attractions of modern Romanism. History tells us that such trust is a delusion. But the craving is a real craving." (Serm. Ch. Bells, March 27, A. D. 1903.)

COMMENT. If this craving is natural and persistent there ought to be something in the Christian Church to satisfy it. No other Christian body proclaims any dogma in conformity with this craving or which responds to it, save the Church of Rome. This at least is sin-gular, and the yeary holdness of the pre-

gular, and the very boldness of the pro-clamation must itself arrest the atten-tion of all serious minds. To point to the Scripture, and say as Canon Body does, that they are the "Records of the does, that they are the "Records of the sayings of Jesus Christ, who is Himself the great Revealer of truth, the living Pope besides whom there is no room for any other," will hardly do in the face of modern criticism and the interminable confusion of sectism. But admitting, as I readily do, that the Scriptures contain His recorded utter-Scriptures contain His recorded utterances, I can never be sure without an ances, I can never be sure without an infallible interpreter that I have taken out of them their divinely intended meaning. And my difficulty in this respect will undoubtedly be all the greater when I find myself in conflict with the teaching of a Church claiming to be a divinely appointed infallible interpreter and guide. For it will I think, be readily conceded, that the conscience of many a sincere and thinking Protestant is more ill-at-ease since the proclamation of the Vatican dogma, he proclamation of the Vatican dogma than it had been before 1870. If that is ot so I cannot understand the meaning of all the labor, and time and expense, em

of all|the|labor, and time and expense, employed with ever increasing vehemence by the Protestant world, in its efforts to refute, defeat or confound the force of that dogmatic utterance. The Roman Catholic Church threw down a challenge in 1870 to the non-Roman Christian bodies, and that challenge has never been successfully taken up. It was a challenge involving the whole past of the Church, as well as her future nation of the Church, as well as her future in faith, morals and dogmatic facts, and her bitterest and most skilful foes have ever been able to inflict a wound upon her. All the doughty champions of Protestantism have been worsted in the

For myself I will say that the teachng of the Catholic Church can only be made finally definite, and fixed, when it is declared to the world through one mouth, all the Bishops consenting, and we cannot deny that there was a time when that was so, and that it was so still in the Church of Rome alone.

### PROTESTANT CHARGES AGAINST THE BRITISH PRESS.

A PRESBYTER.

Some Protestant champions in England, notably a Dr. Horton and a Mr. Hocking. have recently been complaining that everything favorable said about the Catholic Church is printed, and everything unfavorable suppressed, by the newspapers, as to which the old charge is suggested that they (the papers) are under "Romish" or Jesuit control. The case is well presented and dealt within a letter to the Daily News (London) in which the writer says that: Dr. Horton and Mr. Hocking seem to have two main accusations against the modern press. The first is that the ut Catholicism are mentioned : the second is that the facts about Catholicism are not mentioned. Touching the first of those charges

that Catholicism should be often men-tioned is (says the correspondent) as natural as that America should be often mentioned; it is a very large thing. What would Dr. Horton say of me if I complained that the United States, with extraordinary cunning, got itself alluded to in many imagazines, encyclopædias and atlases? He would reply that a nan talking freely can hardly help mentioning America.

Neither can he help mentioning

Europe. And Catholicism simply meant Europe for one thousand years and half Europe for nearly two thousand. Such

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an institution could not hide if it wanted to; it is like recommending social self-effacement to an elephant. We do not talk about the Matterhorn cleverly talk about the Matternorn cleverly thrusting itself into prominence. We do not say that the Eiffel Tower has been very successful in getting itself admitted into most photographic views of Paris. If Rome bulks large in newspapers it is not because of Rome's cunning and perfidy, nor because of Rome's courage and wisdom. It is because courage and wisdom. It is because Rome (both Pagan and Christian) must bulk large in the mind of any intelligent

As to the second charge of supp ng anything unfavorable to Catholicism the correspondent says that if it is true that London editors and sub-editors are by this time somewhat shy of printing anti-Catholic scares, it is for the quite practical reason that they so often turn nt to be untrue.

The truth is not that some fact is The truth is not that some fact is found against Catholicism, but is not published; it is published; and is then found not to be a fact. This has been the history of a hundred exposers of "Romish" evil, of the dirty half-wit "Maria Monk," of the fugitive profligate Achilles and numberless others. So when Dr. Horton ways sternly to the when Dr. Horton says sternly to the practical sub-editor: "You have not practical sub-editor: "You have had enough anti-Popery revelation your paper," the practical sub-editor laughs and says: "Thank you, we had quite enough."

In this connection the London Grap-hic (illustrated paper and non-Catholic) hits the Protestant slanderers hard by giving a picture of Mr. Hocking, and under the heading "Stiggins on the Stump" making very plain comment as follows on the complaints of that gentleman and his class.

"His grievance is that conventual establishments are not inspected by Government. We decline to deal with this suggestion, or with the inuendo with which it was supported. A letter from Dr. Lunn, which appeared in the Hocking's notions of courtesy and fair-dealing to discount anything he said. But we have a word to say about his second complaint, that he doings of Free Churchman are not recorded. Free Churchmen are not recorded in the press. The answer is simple. The press exists to interest the public, and the doings and sayings of such as Hocking are not interesting. The public taste is more healthy than to wish to read the outpourings of envy, malice, hatred and all uncharitablenes even when it is wrapped up in the cloak of godliness."

But this will not "suppress" Hocking. He will come up again smiling with further outpourings of envy and malice, for Stiggins is ever on the stump. It is gratifying, however, that even in Protestant England the decent press has found him out in all his uncharitableness and deals with him accordingly by not touching him at all.—N. Y. Free-

### THE SOCIALIST MAYOR AND THE CROSS.

From a decision which has just been

given by the Appeal Court of Riom in France it is clear that the legal tribunals in that country have not yet ex-tended toleration to the violence and wickedness of the onslaughts made upon Catholics by the enemies of Chris-tianity. At Vergongheon all the public emblems of religion were distroyed ome time ago by the Socialist Munici-cal Council. Not content with this pal Council. they decreed that a Cross and a Calvary they decreed that a Cross and a Carvary erected on the wall of a garden in con-nection with the presbytery, regularly let to the parish priest should be de-molished. The priest the Abbe de Terrasse, warned them that they were exceeding their powers and interfering illegally with his property. The protest was disregarded. The mayor M. Robert, with some workingmen boldly entered the ground for which the abbe pays rent and smashed the Cross and the Calvary. The Abbe de Terrasse entered an action. The case came before the Court at Brioude and the charge against the Mayor and the workingmen who acted under his directions was dismissed. The abbe appealed, and the Court at Riom, whilst acquitting the workingmen on the ground that they merely obeyed orders has decided that the Mayor was guilty of an abuse of authority and has condemned him to pay a fine of five hundred francs and all the costs of the action. It is well that there is some means of checking the fury of the petty tyrants and terrorists who endeavor to make the lives of the Catholics of France miserable. But if men like Mayor Robert got their deserts they would be at the galleys in-stead of administering municipal affairs. -London Catholic Times.

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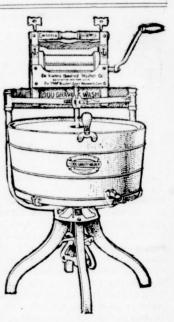
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e same direction you revolve the tub You throw the soiled clothes into the tub first Then you throw enough hot, soapy water over the lothes to float them.

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srs. Luke King, P. J. Neven, E. J. Broderick, M garty and Miss Sara Hanley are; fully author arty and Miss Sara Hanley are fully author-receive subscriptions and transact all other sfor the CATHOLIC RECORD. Agent for New-nd, Mr. James Power of St. John. Agent for of Nipissing Mrs. M. Reynolds, New Liskeard

& LETTERS OF RECOMMENDATION.

Apostolic Delegation. Ottawa, June 13th, 1905.

Mr. Thomas Coffey \ Sir\_Since coming to Canada I ha Mr. Thomas Coffee %
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 ability, and, above all, that it is mbued with a strong Cathonic spirit. It strenuously detends, and rights, and stands firmly by the teachings and authority of the Church, at the same time promoting the best interests of the country. Following tness lines it has done a great deal good for the weilare of religion and country, and it will do more and more, as its wholesome influence reaches more, Justiolic homes. I therefore, earnestly recommend it to, Catholic families. With my bicessing or your work, and best wishes for its continued success. Yours very sincerely in Christ.

Donatus, Archibshop of Ephesus, Apostolic Delegate.

UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA.

Ottawa, Canada, March 7th, 1900. I. Thomas Coffey

Dear Sir: For some time past I have read you stimable pager, the CATHOLIC RECORD, and congrating the you upon the manner in which it is published as manner and form are both good; and a truit atholic spiril pervades the whole. Therefore, with leasure, I can recommend it to the latiful. Bless you and wishing you success, believe me to read the property of the pro

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

LONDON, SATURDAY, MAY 8, 1909.

A MENDACIOUS METHODIST MISSIONARY.

About a fortnight ago, in the neighboring town of Waterford, a wandering Methodist missionary delivered a couple of remarkable addresses upon the religious conditions of South America. Here had this preacher, by name Mr. Ray, labored for thirteen years. The Brantford Expositor, in whose issue of April 20th the account is given, says that he spent this time among the savage tribes of five countries, and that in his lectures he told "some very interesting, startling and marvelous experiences in connection with trips on horseback through these five Republics in South America." We regret that the correspondent did not give any of the very interesting events to which he refers. As far as we gather from the report those thirteen years were much like the thirteen members of Parliament now celebrated in song. Startling most of his statements were, bristling with the usual hatred of Catholicity and playing upon the prejudice of his hearers who with ears erect listened to his tale and swallowed with open mouths the uncontradicted calumnies against a distant foreign people. Mr. Ray does not stop at trifles. Nor is he careful in his utterances. He had sense enough at least not to boast of the numbers of his converts who could be counted on the fingers of his hands. "Even," he says, "in the portions that do claim to be civilized the grossest vulgarity, the vilest conduct and the most disgusting wickedness predominate." The people, he claims, are under the thraldom of the priests who in turn are " among the very worst that can be found." Bible is an unknown book, and you could travel 1,000 miles in a straight line without finding scarcely any one who ever heard of God the Father or Jesus the Saviour." That may mean much or nothing. There are vast expanses in South America through which the traveller would meet only a lonely bird or a solitary crocodile. It is not merely childish to blackmail these poor people who are not present, it is maliciously dragging the herring across the trail. We have no idea how Mr. Ray put his questions or how he go his information. Perhaps he never asked anybody anything. What do Catholics want with a Methodist Bible? If they wish a Bible they go to the proper authorities. The latter statement is gratuitous. Most likely those who were questioned did not understand Mr. Ray; or if they did understand him they did not care about arguing religion with a man who was bent upon proselytizing them. Mr. Ray, if his statement is true, would have done far better to have spent the rest of his life teaching these people than to come away North and throw mud at them. This missionary is very much after the fashion of a briefless lawyer-no cause. abuse the opponent. For a man who spent thirteen years amongst the races of South America he has little informa tion to give and less fruit to show. The first object of worship, according to him, "is the Virgin Mary and the next in importance Joseph. God and Jesus are never mentioned." What is the use of trying to cram such stuff down our throats? A man of Mr. Ray's character would take good care that the names of God and the eternal Son should never

He would shape his conversation so that the Blessed Virgin and St. Joseph would stand forth as it were the chief objects of love and reverence. No man has a right, from brief talks with foreigners, and the class to which he refers, to draw the conclusion or leave the impression that these inhabitants of South America are as he paints them. They are Catholic and have been Catholics since the early colonization of the country. Mr. Ray acknowledges that they are deeply re ligious. They are, he claims, ignorant They may not have titles of graduation after their names or know the history of Methodism and its manifold divisions. They knew too much for Mr. Ray : they would have nothing to do with him. These races of South America derived both their religion and their civilization from an altogether different school than that represented by Mr. Ray. They received it from the missionaries of the cross who united all, of whatever race, nto one household and family. More than a million and a half of the pure aboriginal races live in South America in the profession of Christianity. Far from being diminished their number has increased. Compare these results with Mr. Ray's efforts or with Protestant missions amongst the Indians of North America. Let these people be as ignorant and as dark as this missionary portrays them. How far did he get It was his duty to draw them out of ignorance. He comes North, acknowledges his own failure and insults the people amongst whom he lived for thirteen years. We admire these South Americans. They have never departed from the Catholic faith, and, judging by Mr. Ray himself, cling to it as obstinate ly as ever. Whilst single Jesuit missionaries won whole tribes to the Cross and the Church who have increased and multiplied and who have been preserved for two hundred years in the unity of faith all Mr. Ray's brethren have not converted a single tribe. They have destroyed what they could not convert, and have sown discord and division wherever they went. Mr. Ray is safe, comparatively at any rate, at Waterford. The fervent South Americans are not nigh to contradict him or tell him to get about his business. They have no use for him or his fellows.

THE STATE OF ITALY.

Judging by the Saturday Review, Italy is in a lamentable condition. Society is standing over a volcano which threatens church, kingdom and people with destruction. The account is admitted by Rome to be substantially correct. First comes the press, which like a huge battling-ram is engineered against the walls of religion and traditional society. It is divided into many sections not one of which would be selfsupporting. The powers behind this great engine aiding and abetting it are the Government, the Freemasons and the Jews. On the other side the clerical party take an interest in the press. The dangerous element of the press consists of two factors-one with a remnant of self-respect, one which, while it proclaims far and wide clerical scandals of every kind and does not hesitate to publish Renan's Life of Christ, is still monarchical and avoids obscenity to a certain degree. It is typified by the Tribuna of Rome whose owners are both Freemasons and Jews. Then come "The the papers which are socialistic and narchistic and which have very little more respect for the king and the royal family than for the Pope and the cardinals. The Avanti, or Advance. is such a paper-criticizing the Queen Margherita, hinting at scandals in the Quirinal and scolding at the stinginess of the House of Savoy. One result of this daily pounding is to shake the faith of a large part of the people and to drive them into atheism and socialism. It is a concerted plan. The attacking party is headed by the Freemasons and subventioned by the Jews with the strict understanding that they are, in case of success, to have the greatest part of the spoils. Their plan is to drive the Pope out of Rome and estab-

lish a republic. The Grand Orient of Italy for several years has been at the bottom of things in France and Spain. Discredited at home these Freemasons went abroad Lodge room methods are not subject to revenue tariff or inspection. If their Italian policy were carried into effect it would disintegrate united Italy. Notwithstanding the fact that they are discredited they are very powerful and unblushingly |persistent. At present they are divided into two camps, the one radical demanding the extinction of the Catholic religion and the expulsion of the Pope, the other no less inimical to the Church but more subtle and more poisonous. Socialism is another discredited yet powerful agent against the Church. The most potent enemy is the press-not perhaps the respectable journals, but the vile sheets which no other country would tolerate. Even in Italy the Asino will not be found in be mentioned by these simple people. decent reading rooms. But freemason

display in the shop windows and in the newspaper stalls. It is printed at the rate of 100,000 copies a week, and is one of the worst papers in the civilized world. Unprincipled it heeds no warning except pecuniary penalties, directed against the Pope and the clergy it feels comparatively safe when courts are anti-clerical and powerful advocates encourage it in its wanton indecency. One disastrous result of this continued mud-throwing is to diminish respect for the clergy and alienate the lower classes still more and more. News dealers, when questioned why they sell such a dirty sheet, although they disapprove of it, give as an excuse that they are handsomely paid for so doing by the Freemasons. Thus the Asino is not published for profit but as one of propaganda. Freemasons hope one day, after having de - Christianized the people, to seize power, establish a republic, drive the Pope from Rome, sup press the religious houses, and destroy or close the churches and convert their to secular uses. Again and again has the Asino said that there is no chance for Italy until the Christian religion has been stamped out of the whole peninsula. As in France an aggressive minority takes advantage of the religious indifference which leaves so many countries to the assaults of atheistic democracy and anti-Christian organizations. These, principally Freemasons and Jews, work their sweet will to weaken what they cannot entirely corrupt and efface from the hearts of all faith in Christ and His Vicar.

AMERICA.

The successor of the Messenger has made its appearance under the title of America A Catholic Review of the Week. It comes forth in magazine form and consists of thirty-six pages, twenty six of which contain excellent reading, the rest being devoted to advertise ments. We may be presumptuous in wishing our new contemporary succes or in claiming any equality; for America with a wave of the editorial hand dismisses all the other Catholic journals of the continent. "They neither attempt to chronicle events of secular interest or to discuss questions of the day in the light of Christian principles. They are for the most part diocesan or local journals, many of them excellent in their way, but limited in the range of subjects and circumscribed in territory." We do not think this a gracious remark from a young journal. Notwith standing the name of our ambitious peer it may find extent of dominion not the only need of a Catholic review. We do not wish others, except our superiors, to tell us we do not discuss questions upon Christian principles. We have never attempted their solution by any other standard or thought of any other unit for their measurement than that of our faith. There is room for a journal, or rather review, similar to the Tablet n England. It cannot be claimed that the Tablet has been uninterruptedly and upon all subjects, an organ such as lemocratic America demands. Circumstances are quite different in the two countries. In England there is much stronger Catholic public opinion than in the United States. Education is a rallying cry for the Catholics of England. The foreign policy as well as the home policy appeals more directly to the the United States do to the American people. If the new weekly will succeed in forming and consolidating the public opinion of Catholics upon this continent it will do a great work. Its start is made in the greatest centre of a great nation. Its road to success may be lone and wearisome. The standard under which it marches, the hopes which animate it in its first steps, the cause it has in hand will, by stimulating its courage, make up for trials and discouragement which too often mark the career of Catholic journalism in broad America. We wish it many years of success

DIVORCE DEBATE.

Quite a little passage at arms took place the other day in the Senate between the Hon. Mr. Cloran and the Hon Mr. Ross (Halifax). Academical halls are not the only scenes of Biblical controversy. The sedate chamber of the Canadian Senate was one of these when the Hon. Mr. Ross of Halifax quoted from Deuteronomy that Moses sanctioned divorce. To this the theological Senator replied that Christ abrogated the Mosaic law. This stroke was parried by Mr. Ross who stated that Christ referred to the law of Moses granting a divorce. Again it was pointed out that our Lord did away with the law of Moses. This repeated attack was too much for Mr. Ross who declined proceeding with any Church argument and closed by stoutly maintaining the correctness of his quotation from the Old Testament. It is really a pity that this divorce question should be admitted at all in Canada. The Senate is no better fitted for it than a high court. It admits the principle: which is the worst St. Linus, 66; St. Cletus, 78; St.

part of the offence. If there was a well constituted court for the examination of matrimonial cases it would be less obectionable. Even this would lack the jurisdiction requisite. The Church alone is the judge of the validity of the sacrament. Its policy and its equitable decisions have justified the wisdom of its power. All other courts-whether as in Canada or in the United Stateshave proven their weakness and are exposing society to greater dangers.

MR. McDOUGALL'S LETTER.

It is with pleasure we publish a letter from one of our Scotch friends and co-religionists in Nova Scotia. Its complaint needed only to be made for us to assure the writer that nothing was farther from our intention than to wound the sensibilities of any of our Gaelic friends far or near. We recognize with pride the sterling qualities of the Catholic colonies from Caledonia stern and wild. Nor are we unmindful of what our own Province of Ontario owes to the same race. Our first Bishop was a MacDonnell. The Glengarry settlement was the nursery of Catholicity in Upper Canada. And Bishop MacDonnell's foresight and administrative ability laid broad foundations for the Church. The birthplace of St. Patrick is another question. Our criticism arose from the argument which a lecturer, a Rev. Mr. Mackie, advanced concerning the Scotch origin of St. Patrick as a conclusive proof that the religion which the apostle preached was pure Presbyterianism. Once more we assure our correspondent of our sincere admiration of, and good will towards our Gaelic friends. They are to be found all over the world. And as D'Arcy Magee once observed concerning them: "So much the better for the world."

HARNACK RECEDING. Harnack is the leading apostle of rationalism, a German of the Germans laborious as a student and critical in the extreme. All that he could do to destroy the supernatural character of religion and Scripture he has done with courage and without remorse. Whilst consistent in denying the supernaturalness of Holy Scripture, his estimate of ts literary and historical character has changed, He is coming out now as a defender of the constant tradition of the Catholic Church and its best Biblical scholars. His latest criticisms concern the date and apostolic origin of the gospels. Strauss in the earlier half of the last century formulated the theory that the Gospels were composed between the middle and the end of the second century. This he based upon the assumption that our Lord was a myth, and that it would require nearly two hundred years for the myth to grow. The Tubingen school admitted the reality of Our Lord's Person and history, thus contradicting Strauss in his myth theory. But the leaders of the school agreed with Strauss as to the date of the Gospels. Harnack twenty years ago showed that these dates were much later than they should be. His reasons were unsound. He placed the Gospel of St. John between the years 80 and 110; the Acts of the Apostles between 80 and 93; the Gospel of St. Luke between 78 and 91. These figures were more conservative and were drawing nearer the mark. The arguments by which he arrived at his conclusions were comwhole people of England than those of pletely poisoned. One of his reasons for cency has already reached such a pitch placing the date of St. Luke's Gospel after the year 70 was that the "legends" of the Resurrection and Ascension of Our Lord could not be easily explained before the destruction of Jerusalem by Titus and the ruin of its temple in Aug. A. D. 70. Harnack was not sure of himself. He continued his studies. As a result he establishes the date of the Acts of the Apostles between 60 and 63. These are figures given by Catholic tradition. Their importance is grave by reason of their influence in deciding the dates of the synoptic gospels. If, as a learned Jesuit, comnenting upon this latest work of Harnack, says, "the Acts were written according to all external and internal probability towards the year 63, it follows in the first place that the gospel of St. Luke, which is anterior to the Acts, must have been written about the year 60. The gospel of St. Mark, which was prior to that of St. Luke, was written before 60. Furthermore, tradition is unanimous in admitting that St. Mark wrote his gospel in Rome, having been the interpreter of St. Peter, and having availed himself of the preaching of the chief Apostle as his primary source. Even Harnack can find no solid reason against the chief points of this traditional opinion. Catholic tradition is more and more vindicated as false assumptions

> position. LIST OF POPES.

A correspondent asks for a list of the Popes from St. Peter down to St Stephen. We give it herewith:

St. Peter's See at Rome, A. D. 42

Clement, 91; St. Evarist, 100; St. Alexander, 109; St. Sixtus I., 119; St. Telephorus, 127; St. Hyginus, 139; St. Pius I., 142; St. Anicetus, 157; St. Soter, 168; St. Eleutherius, 177; St. Victor, 193; St. Zephyrinus, 202; St. Calixtus I., 219; St. Urban I., 223; St. Pontianus, 230; St. Antherus, 235; St. Fabian, 236; St. Cornelius, 251; St. Lucius I., 252; who was followed in 253 by St. Stephen.

THE INTERPRETATION of the word Romanish, as given by the late Dr. F. G. Lee, a churchman of the Anglican communion, given in his Glossary of Liturgical Terms, should be noted by those controversialists who are prone, on the slightest excuse, to attack the old and true Church. "Romanist," Dr. Lee says, " is a vulgar word, used chiefly by the uneducated to designate a member of the ancient and venerable Church of

THE FAMILY HERALD and Weekly Star should exercise a little more carefulness in its news columns. Referring to the late Sir Alexander McDonald, of the Klondike, it stated that, although a staunch Presbyterian, he built a fine Catholic Church for a priest at Dawson who had once befriended him. Mr. T. B. May, of Vancouver, writing to the paper above referred to, has corrected this mistake. Mr. McDonald, it seems was a devout Catholic, and Mr. May truly remarks that the one thing in life which he held most dear and valued above all else was his membership in that Church.

AN AMERICAN SENATOR has introduced resolution proposing an amendment to the constitution of the United States acknowledging the Deity in the foundation of the government. This is most becoming and the action will be comnended by all Christians. But it leads to a sad reflection-the large percentage of the people of the Republic, from Rockefeller all the way down to Emma Goldman, or, as the anarchists would put it, from Emma Goldman all the way down to Rockefeller, who give little heed to their obligations to the Deitywho give full scope to the baser passions and whose god is the dollar. There is a long catalogue of the sins of omission to be laid at the door of the little red school house.

THAT THIS IS AN age of a certain orand of civilization no one will deny. Neither can it be denied that it is also an age of robust hypocrisy. From out the coffers of the wealthy class in Engand pours sovereigns by the bushel to send bibles and blankets to the little Zulus of South Africa. But here is a picture that came to us in a press despatch from England a few days ago. One of the most conspicuous features of London life are the women, who, at certain hours, particularly at night, hang about the doors of public houses drinking, with children in their arms or in perambulators. This, is of course, not seen in the West End or in the better residential quarters, but is universal in the other and far greater portions of London, where mischievous ingenuity has developed a new trade in this connection. Old women assemble at the doors of the public houses and hold babies while the mothers of them drink inside. This violation of public dethat an outery for its prevention may b expected soon."

THE TWO WEEKS' MISSION concluded last week in St. Peter's cathedral by the Jesuit Fathers, Donaher and Ryan, was one of the most successful ever given in this city. Such evidence of devotion gives testimony abundant that the Catholic people of London retain in their heart of hearts all those traits of character which constitute the g'ory of the Church. From 5 o'clock in the morning until 90'clock at night at the different services there was an outpouring of the aithful which was truly edifying, not only to the good Jesuit missionaries and to the priests in the palace, Rev. Father Aylward, Rector, and Rev. Fathers O'Neil, Goetz and White, but further more, our non-Catholic fellow citizens many of whom attended the sermons were impressed beyond measure by the brilliant discourses of the preachers and by the fervent piety of the faithful May it be that a quest for light will take possession of them and that the claims of the Church established by Christ on the immovable rock of Peter will be examined corscientiously and dispassionately, in which case the light will surely pour upon them. We congratulate the missionaries and the cathedral clergy upon the happy outcome of the crumble and study takes a less biassed

> IN TURKEY momentous changes have moved rapidly to a climax. Abdul Hamid, one of the most cowardly and the 12th of July, when "the boys" hold detestable tyrants that ever, in the up Toronto's street car system and world's history, disgraced a throne, has make a Roman holiday in honor of the been deposed. There are those in glorious, pious and immortal memory.

plenty who think a just punishment would be" walking the plank." What is called the "Young Turk Party" has brought about this great revolution. It has been aptly said by a great scholar that there were two detestable tyrannies in the world, those of the Sultan of Turkey, and the French Republic. The Young Turk party has removed one of them, Will there be a Young French party who will wipe out the other? It may come to pass. The sooner the better It would have been done long ago were it not that the rulers of France have an iron grip on the electorate because of the Government ownership of public utilities. There are signs now, however, of an awakening of the people to a full realization of the condition to which the infidels, who make their salaams at the shrine of Voltaire, have brought un fortunate France. We trust the next election will result in their expulsion from positions to which they have brought little but incompetence and disgrace.

IT IS EXPECTED there will be an extraordinary spectacle in Rome on the occasion of the beatification of Joan of Arc. The number of French people who will be present will break all precedents, and an object lesson will be furnished to prove that the heart of France is still Catholic and glories in Mother Church. Such an outpouring of the faithful will be gall and wormwood to the coterie of Freemasons and Jews who still hold the reins of power in their hands, having successfully manipulated to their advantage the immense voting machinery of industries under government control. Forty-four special trains filled with French people will proceed to the Eternal City to witness this grand event in which the people of France have such an extraordinary and intense interest. May it come to pass that the beatification of Joan of Arc will usher in a new era for French Catholics, and lift them out of that dreamland in which they have been groping for so many years.

Rev. Father Le Jeune recently preached a sermon in the Sacred Heart Church, Ottawa, in which he made reference to the quality of the books in our public libraries. He condemned bad books under three classes. In the first class he put those which were opposed to religion and creed of all kinds; second came those which were immoral and dealt with subjects judged not fit for discussion; third were those which were immoral in tendency. The rev. gentleman said he had received a letter from the librarian of the Carnegie library at the Capital stating that he would be very glad to stop the distribution of any such unfit books among these whom they would harm and that he would be willing to have Father Lejeune state his claims in connection with the matter. We believe a like disposition is felt by the gentlemen who control the other libraries throughout the country. It is time a concerted action was taken by a competent committee who have at heart the welfare of the rising generation. That harm has already been done we have no manner of doubt, for on the shelves of some of our libraries may be found, especially in fiction, books, the authors of which were notorious for qualities representing all that is base in human nature. We may mention Zola as an example.

A CORRESPONDENT asks "Flaneur," & writer in the Saturday edition of the Toronto Mail, who is a sort of understudy to the editor-in chief, to give him some information in regard to the mobbing of William O'Brien, in Toronto, about fifteen years ago. The answer is given in the most playful manner. To save the reputations of Toronto's Orange rowdies he deals with the subject as if it were a little ruction among a number of Toronto's newsboys. Not a word of condemnation for the murderous mob who attacked an Irish gentleman who came to Toronto to explain conditions in Ireland. Mr. O'Brien and his companions were given a banquet in the Rossin House. While it was in progress thousands gathered in the streets and broke the hotel windows. Not a word of condemnation for this conduct either. "Next day," the understudy continues, "'William' ventured on the street. He was recognized and given an interesting run along King street, down Bay and over a garden wall on Front street, where ne found shelter in an old workshop, being ultimately guided to his hotel by a Fenian cobbler." We remember very we'l at the time of the occurrence that the Mail referred to the riot in a half dozen line paragraph. It is a pity to see a prominent daily newspaper coquetting with that wild and boisterous element of the Orange order whose riotousness is always on tap, particularly on

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"FORGIVENESS OF SINS."

The confessional is a matter which gives our non-Catholic fellow-citizens much thought and not a little worry. The annexed synopsis of a lecture upon this subject, delivered at the mission recently given in St. Peter's Cathedral, London, by Rev. Father Ryan, S. J., and which we copy from the London Free Pree, will be of interest to those who have not the rock of Peter as a foundation for their religious beliefs:

"Whose sins you shall forgive they eloquent and forceful sermon delivered in St. Peter's cathedral last evening by Rev. Father Ryan, S. J. are forgiven them." (St. John, chapter

in St. Peter's cathedral last evening by Rev. Father Ryan, S. J.

"Go where you will into any part of the world and into any country, and you will find Catholics and when you find Catholics you will find the confessional," said the speaker. There is always the question, How did it save? Who inaugurated it? This will be the kernel of our discussion this evening.

"Many times the laity have been charged with introducing the confessional but it would be more likely for them

charged with introducing the contession-al, but it would be more likely for them to oppose this painful, humiliating rite. "The priesthood have had it frequ-ently charged against them that they introduced it for their own ends and

Many times, the preacher said, he had heard that the cunning Catholic priests wanted to pry into the business of their people, to know all about their families, what was in their souls, and therefore it what was in their souls, and therefore it was said that Catholics are superstitions. Men had even said that the priests did it for money, but they could not and would not introduce it. A Catholic priest, said the preacher, is

Catholic priest, said the preacher, is not so inhuman, unscrupulous, as to impose on his fellow-men.

Cunning and as keen sighted as the Catholic priests are accused of being, they would have at least exempted themselves from it. Yet every priest, Bishop, Archbishop and the Pope must go to confession just as the humblest of laymen. Every week His Holiness the Pope kneels to a priest, a man like himself, and confesses his sins; and to the situation priests. self, and confesses his sins; and to the priest, also, nothing is more laborious than for him to sit in the confessional all day and listen to a story of sin, de-gradation and sorrow. If it were optional, and not a law of Christ, would priest humble himself to go to con-

A conspiracy of priests throughout the world it had been said started the confessional. That, said the preacher, was also absurd. It would be the same as asso absurd. It would be the same as saying that all the merchants and doctors of the world were leagued together to rob and cheat the people. One idea was just as absurd and impossible as the other.

other.

Then it was said that the fourth lateran council of 1215 made the law that all Catholics go to confession. But, said the speaker, their legislation was that every Catholic should go to confession once a year, but that does not say that the Catholics before that time did not go.

Gregory VII. is blamed by unscripping

Gregory VII. is blamed by unscrupu lous persons for the starting of the con-fessional, but it would have been im-possible for him to do so, at the time he

possible for him to do so, at the time the was Pope he had a continued battle with all the covereigns of Europe.

Then history would have had an account of it, and also the name of the under should it have been begun since the time of the apostles. And so, said the preacher, it could not have been started by man. The speaker then said that confession must then be a divine institution started by Christ while He

PROTESTANT BIBLE, WHICH, IN PART, BY THE GRACE OF GOD, BROUGHT EXCELLENT RESULTS

FISSURES IN FAITH FORBIDDEN.

oure and unadulterated, which was to be universal, unchangeable and essential to salvation. No reforming or chleriforming it; no denominationalizing or sectarianizing it either. It was and is the Christian Doctrine, unalterably one and immutable, consequently, impossible to denominationalize or sectar ectar. lanize; i. e., if we are in keeping with the teaching of St. Paul and we accept and recognize him as an inspired Bible

Note well the nature of the divisions and offences. They are not divisions and offences contrary to ethics or even discipline, but they are contrary to doc-trine as taught by St. Paul and his bro-ther apostles and disciples. Therefore the divisions and offences referred to must be understood as doctrinal divis-ions and doctrinal offences, proving con-clusively that the stamp of authority is given to but one doctrine-or faith" as is elsewhere recorded by St. Paul and that is the one doctrine estab lished, which the one Church founded by the one divine Lord is commissioned

God is one. His Church is one. His Doctrine is one. His Gospel is one. To preach any other Gospel is a gross vio-lation of divine law, to teach any other doctrine or cause divisions in that doc-trine is, likewise, a gross violation of

divine law. " MARK THEM."

Doubtless the apostle anticipated those prurient innovators who thirsting for variety or notoriety would not even scruple to "cause divisions and offences contrary to the doctrines which ye have Adding to or taking away from Holy Scripture is an offence, and, in like manner, adding to or taking away from, changing that Holy doctrine or changing the meaning of it, constitutes an offence, a transgression, a sin against

that doctrine.

The very fact that there are sects,
whatever the very last that there are divisions and denominations, whatever have been their origin, title or doctrinal variances, shows indisputably a ruthless contravention of that Holy

Doctrine. How is it that otherwise Doctrine. How is it that otherwise fair-minded, well-disposed sectarians whose shibboteth is "Search the Scriptures," read Romans xvi, 17, but do not search into this vitally important text or yield compliance therewith, but practically, as a dead letter, from book, heart and mind, expunge the whole idea of oneness of doctrine and the two-fold injunction in behalf of that oneness? This is not all, however. When this essential part of holy revelation is once expunged, it is but the beginning and more follows in quick succession.

Not only then is confusion precipitated, peace disturbed and charity estranged, but the defenders of that doctrine suffer and have suffered for no other reason

The scriptures must be fulfilled.
"Mark them which cause divisions," etc.
"Mark them"—this is what brings us
into trouble, but St. Paul knew the difficulties and embarrassing position of the doctrinally faithful—knew the frie tional results to follow, namely: affront, resentment, misunderstanding, misrep resentation and worse. But no account is taken of entanglements to ensue, con flicts waged or martyrdoms suffered, the

doctrine must be preserved in all its purity, integrity and indivisibility. Therefore, true to that doctrine, true to her principles, and in pursuance of St. Paul's instructions, the Church can not, dare not, recognize or encourage doctrinal divisions or doctrinal offences Divisions, although making up the ag gregation of Protestantism, are not in her fold. She has never countenanced them and never will. This is her his tory and it covers nineteen centuries.

"AVOID THEM." Referring to the founders of doctrina divisions, St. Paul does not alleviate the burden laid on the Church with respect to its attitude toward those teaching doctrines curtailed or reformed. But in furtherance of his denunciation of doctrinal divisions and in terms more scath ing than the first he charges anew: "Avoid them."

As this command has not been repealed, is not mythical or obsolete, in the name of the Holy Bible what other recourse has the Church to enforce it? That she shows she exists, and that she is as rigorous and vigilant as ever. It is not that she loves her neighbor less, but she loves so loves ner heighfor less, but she loves God first and, as His instrument, has a duty to perform. And this duty was by no means nominal or optional but posi-tive and obligatory upon the Romans; and as God's holy doctrine is unchangeable and universal, the duty of the Church in the United States is as fresh and as clear and as binding as it was in the day of St. Paul.

the day of St. Paul.

To possess the sacred doctrine in toto is essential. To safeguard its identity is not less essential; hence, we are commanded to "avoid them which cause divisions," and, it follows, not only those which cause divisions, but the divisions themselves and all those who aid or abet themselves and all those who aid or abet Therefore, in the sense intended by St. Paul, which is the sense intended the St. Paul, which is the sense of the Church, we certainly do "avo' them." No Catholic as is well known is permitted to attend their service or wor

ship.

Do not call him bigoted, please, or brand him narrow and illiberal; for he is a conscientious, consistent follower of St. Paul, and regards him as an inspired

authority.

Could the situation be reversed and had sectarians the Christian Doc-trine in all its purity and integrity, they could not be so broad and liberal. In such event, they would "mark" and they would "avoid; but as it is they are sects manifesting and recognizing divisions and contrariety of doctrine.

They cannot both be a division recognizing this idea of the same time.

For the CATHOLIC RECORD.

A CONTROVERSY DRAWN FROM THE

A CONTROVERSY DRAWN FROM THE

and avoiding them.

so the unbiblical, unscriptural stand is the stand of their common adoption, leaving as it does a wide open, unbridgeable gap between them and St. Paul.

A SIMILAR AND DISSIMILAR COMPARISON,

"Mark them which cause divisions and offences cand avoid them." (Romans xvi, 17)

According to St. Paul, the Romans unmistakably learned a definite doctrine unmistakably learned a definite doctrine remodeled. So they say, "We have out-

grown dogmas, forms and formulas."

To meet this modern exigency the pulpit thunders and the welkin rings enjoining the "personal acceptance of Christ." The doctrinal acceptance is

under an opiate.

If prejudice be not too strong and judgment not too weak, it will be seen that Holy Scriptures, in John the sixth chapter, furnishes a particular instance

Christ had disciples and they walked Christ had disciples and they wanted with Him personally and they accepted Him personally, until the Lord of Hosts disclosed to them the mighty mystery of giving them His own Body to eat and His own Blood to drink. This was too much for many of them and their acute the system of the state of of the s

much for many of them and their acti-men—too mysterious, supernatural and above all too preposterous.

They wavered, they withdrew, they walked with Him no more.

They wavered, they withdrew, they walked with Him no more.

At least, we must give them credit for a measure of consistency. If they could not accept Him doctrinally they would not accept Him personally. A strange phenomenon presents itself today. We have among us divisions of the faith which are both like and unlike those apostatizing disciples. Like them in that they are heartily willing to accept Christ personally, but not doctrinally: unlike them in that they do not intend to desert Him on account of any doctrinal "hard saying," but resolve to preach Him, profess Him, and propose to accept Him as a Personal Saviour.

Those fugitive disciples were not as resourceful and expeditious and compromising as many enlightened ones are today. They did not understand the sufficiency of personal acceptance and the elimination of doctrinal acceptance.

They were too short sighted, too cools, afforded and in a twenty century

elimination of doctrinal acceptance.

They were too short sighted, too easily offended and in a twenty century business sense, too grossly obtuse, else, like denominational divisions, at least, like denominational divisions, at least, they could have met the Son of God halfway, i. e., they could have accepted Him as a "Personal Saviour.";

But they realized that to exclude the doctrinal and accept the "Personal Saviour" was mockery and duplicity.

Saviour" was mockery and duplicity.

W. The Park



Furthermore, they realized they could not deceive the Son of God; that He was not preaching to them the "accept-them belong. The diocese of Antigonwas not preaching to them the "accept-ance of a personal Saviour," but in the most striking and emphatic language, coercive under penalty, the terms laid down for His divine acceptance were unqualifiedly and uncompromisingly doctrinal. Therefore they quit him,

doctrinal. Therefore they quit him, cutting off thereby the very means of life He vouchsafed them. To be without the doctrinal acceptance of Christ is to be without the means of "Life."

As doctrine among divisions has largely begun to wain and decline, it follows that its source—the Bible—commands less confidence and recognition. It is not surprising, then, that an East-It is not surprising, then, that an East-ern sectarian minister has this to say: Whilst in a former day the Bible am our number was a fetish, it is many o now a fable."

now a fable."

To an extent, the doctrine of commercial, social and elite prominence has supplanted St. Paul's stern and inexorable doctrine of no divisions.

Note the hue and cry raised, in certain instances, if a man be morally run down; but if he be doctrinally a knave,

CONCLUSION.

"Now I beseech you, brethren, by the name of our Lord Jesus Christ, that ye all speak the same thing, and that there all speak the same thing, and that there be no divisions among you." (I Cor.I,Io.) Who fails here to note the urgency and earnestness of St. Paul to maintain concord and unity? How serious, imconcord and unity. How schools have portant and essential when St. Paul beseeches "by the name of our Lord Jesus Christ that ye all speak the same thing, and that there be no divisions among you." And yet the prominence denominate the prominence of the prominence inational organizations gives to variance in doctrinal matters and their recogni-tion and support of divisions shows their utter disregard of St. Paul and his

On earth as a penalty those who cause divisions and offences contrary to doctrine are not only marked and anyoided, but according to College (which is included in the phrase "this country") put forth "their best" to assist their Irish neighbors in religiously honoring the avoided, but, according to Galatians v, 20-21, they are bracketed with other capital offences under the head of

capital offences under the head of "variance, sedition, strife, heresy and such like" and "shall not inherit the kingdom of God."

From all this it follows that, God being a God of supreme order and perfect system, there must be, is and has been, but one, common Christian Doctrine, irreformable and unalterable, tanght by one infallible Church contaught by one infallible Church containing no sect, variance or division and

recognizing none.

And it follows, also, that this one, infallible Church as "the pillar and ground of truth" is permanently founded and divinely commissioned by Christ; that her exalted mission is and has been to her exalted mission is and has been to teach both the personal and the whole doctrinal acceptance of Christ; that she recognizes no branches, except they be unsevered, organic and constituent living in intimate union and communion with her; and, finally, that she owes her with her; and, maily, that she owes helping continued, integral existence and entire absence of divisions and contrariety of ductrine to the divine protection and abiding assurances of Jesus.

Her name the world over is the Catholic Church .- F. J. F.

### SCOTCH LOYALTY. Editor of THE CATHOLIC RECORD :

Sir,—With the exception of the Antigonish Casket, which had a special claim on their patronage, there is no paper so widely and generally read by the Catholics of the diocese of Antigonthe Catholics of the diocese of Antigon-ish as your excellent journal, the CATH-OLIC RECORD. They greatly appreci-ate its able championship of everything Catholic in its editorial columns week

ish is thoroughly Scotch. Of the seventy-nine priests in the diocese fifty-five are of Scotch descent and all these fluently speak Gelic, the language of their forefathers. The first bishop of the diocese, the late Bishop Fraser, was born in Scotland; his successor, the late Archbishop McKinnon was of

Scotch descent, and so is our present venerable Bishop, Right Rev. John Cameron, D. D., who is a thorough master of the Highland tongue and has written in that language a beautiful work on Christian doctrine. The recently appointed Bishop of Victoria, B. C., Rev. Dr. McDonald and Archiver of the control of bishop McDonald, who a few years ago retired from the See of Harbour Grace, both natives of this diocese, are also of Scotch descent. Our forefathers came from several parts of Scotland, more particularly the western isles and the mainland of Invernesshire, where they suffered many cruel persecutions for suffered many cruel persecutions for their faith, and were as much down-trodden as were the Catholics in any part of Ireland. To day we love and cherish the memory of our faithful Scotch forefathers, who preserved for us the true faith taught them by the us the true faith taught them by the great St. Columba, as we love the Irish rece for their fidelity to the faith given them by St. Patrick. When the seventeenth of March comes around every year the Scotch Catholics of this diocese are just as demonstrative in their religious celebration of the memory of St. Patrick as their Irish neighbors, not St. Patrick as their Irish neighbors, not St. Patrick as their Irish neighbors, not because there are those who, through historical research, put forth the claim that St. Patrick was born in Scotland, but because, with a true Catholic spirit, they venerate the memory of one of the greatest saints of the Church, wherever he may have been born. They read, therefore, with

utter disregard of St. Paul and his solemn appeal.

God is perfect, He "is not the author of confusion," therefore He is not the author of "variance, heresy," sects or denominations "and such like," which are divisions and offences contrary to doctrine.

When divisions broke out in heaven as a penalty those who caused them as well as their adherents were cast out of heaven. Thus, they were marked and avoided, too.

They read, therefore, with "sincere attempt to understand it, but it much surprise the unkind words in your is the hardest possible task for an American Catholic even to half comprehend it.

SITUATION IN FRANCE A PUZZLE.

"We are so used to fair play," he said to the Daily News correspondent to-day, "so satisfied with our kind of septons with their endeavors to be witty." The Scotch Catholics of this diocese (which is included in the hardest possible task for an American Catholic even to half comprehend it.

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"their best" to assist their Irish neighbors in religiously honoring the memory of St. Patrick, and you are so unkind as to tell us that "our best" is "poor," insulting and "vulgar." If Protestants of Scotch descent are insulting and vulgar towards Catholic practices and celebrations, the whole Scotch race cannot be held responsible no more than the whole Irish race for the Orange celebrations held in the the Orange celebrations held in the city of Belfast and the rank orations delivered at like celebrations in Canada and the United States by some that are of Irish descent. In your issue of April 10th, commenting on the birthplace of St. Patrick you say: "The Lord be good to us, poor Irish, these hard times. They are trying to take our apostle from us—some doubting if ever he lived, and last of all, trying to make him out a and last of an, trying on make mouse Scotchman." It would seem from this that if it were positively proven that St. Patrick was born in Scotland, he could not be regarded as great a Saint as if born in Gaul or Wales or any

as if born in Gaul or Wates of any where else, notwithstanding the fact that neither Gaul or Wales, can testify to so great a devotion to him as Scot-land, where over fourteen churches bore his name and many have given the designation to the parish in which they stand, such as Kilpatrick, Temple-Patrick, Ard-Patrick, Dalpatrick, etc., etc., and where in some places the saint was so esteemed that a general holiday from labor was observed on his feast until about the beginning of the last

In the calendar of saints we find some who were born in Scotland, St. Blaan, St. Merchard, St. Cadroe, St. Duthac, St. Nathalan and several others. Surely, it will not be contended that these occupy? lesser placein heaven by reason of their birthplace.

Yours very truly, 3

WILL COMMENCE A TWO-WEEKS' MISSION

MEMBERS OF FAMOUS RELIGIOUS ORDER, SOCIETY OF JESUS, TO HOLD SERVICES AT HOLY ANGELS' CHURCH.

St. Thomas Times, April 29, 1979 At 8,30 and 10.30 a. m. and 7.30 p. m., Sunday, May 2, two members of the famous religious order known as the Society of Jesus will commence a two weeks' mission at Holy Angels' church. The Rev. Fathers Ryan and Donaher of Chicago who will conduct the mission and preach at all services, are completing a mission at St. Peter's Cathedral, London, where their preaching has been attracting vast

The early history of Ontario records that it was French members of their celebrated order who, about 1634, celebrated order who, about 1957, first suddenly appeared among the fer ocious savages along the shores of Georgian Bay and successfully Christianized them. This was known as the "Huron Missions." At that time a powerful Indian tribe, called the Attiwandarons, or Neutral Nation, inhabited the whole nor hern shores of Lake Erie. Their Great Sachem, or chief, was Souharrisen, who had conquered all the tribes east of Lake Michigan, and who could at a day's notice put several thou-sand braves on the warpath. A chain of eighteen villages extended from Lake Ontario to the Detroit along the great Indian trail which, 200 years later, be came Talbot Road.

Fathers Breboeuf and Lallemont, of the Huron Mission, visited this tribe during the winter of 1640 1 to preach the gospel, beginning at Lake Ontario, and bestowing Christian names on all the villages as they proceeded west-ward. To a large one surrounded by palisades, the earthworks of which may vet be seen between Fingal and Iona, i yet be seen between ringal and tolla, in this county, they gave the name of St. Alexis. The whole chain of villages they called "The Mission of the Angels," and it is carious that the prin-Angels," and it is curious that the principal Catholic parish established two centuries later upon that Indian trail at St. Thomas should bear the name of

Holy Angels. Every village, except St. Michael, near the Detroit, refused the "black robes "a hearing, and even food, the witch-doctors threatening their lives. An Indian woman, however, boldly gave protection and aided their final return to the Huron Mission. Within ten years that promising mission was completely destroyed by the Iro-quois tribes of Central New York. Breboeuf being tortured, scalped, his heart torn out and devoured and his blood drunk. His companion priest suffered an equally dreadful fate. Two years later they exterminated the Neutrals, a mere handful escaping beyond Lake Michigan.

With the destruction of the Hurons

and Neutrals, the heroic story of those early French missions in this part of Ontario came to an end. Only a few relics of those days remain, such as cir-cular earthworks like that near Fingal, marking the site of a vil'age, or per-haps bits of pottery, stone pipe bowls, or flint arrow heads found by the settler in the wake of his harrow—these and the short records of those forgotten missionaries are all that was left to tell the tale of the aboriginal inhabitants of

## AN AMERICAN PRIEST IN FRANCE.

Rev. Francis C. Kelly, of Chicago who is at the head of the executive department of the Church Extension Society of the United States, is at present in Paris. The Chicago Daily News recently received from him a special despatch of some importance to American Catholics. He says he has looked into Catholics. He says he has looked into the religious situation in France with a sincere attempt to understand it, but it



DON'T SEND ME A CENT

as I am going to give away at least one-hundred-thousand pairs of the Dr. Haux famous "Perfect Vision" Spectacles to genuine, bona-fide spectacle-wearers in the next few weeks—on one easy, simple condition. I want you to thoroughly try them on your own eyes no matter how weak they may be, read the finest print in your bible with them on, thread the smallest eyed needle you can get hold of and put them to any test you like in your own home as long as you please.

Then after you have become absolutely and positively convinced that they are really and truly the softest, clearest and best-fitting glasses you have ever had on your eyes and if they honestly make you see just as well as you ever did in your younger days you can keep them forever without a cent of pay, and

Just Do Me A Good Turn

by showing them around to your neighbors and friends and speak a good word for them everywhere, at every opportunity.

Won't you help me introduce the wonderful Dr, Haux "Perfect Vision" Spectacles in your locality on this casy, simple condition?

If you are a genuine, bona-fide spectacle-wearer (no children need apply) and want to do me this favor, write me at once and just say: "Dear Doctor:— Mail me your Perfect Home Eye Tester, absolutely free of charge, also full particulars of your handsome 10-karat FUE 10 Spectacle Offer, and address me personally and I will give your letter my own personal attention." Address:—DR. HAUX, (Personal), Haux Building, St. Louis, Mo.

NOTE:—The above is the largest Mail Order Spectacle Hoses in the world.

NOTE: - The above is the largest Mail Order Spec-tacle House in the world, and is perfectly reliable.

## FRIGHTFUL STOMACH TROUBLE

For Four Long Years He SufferedThen "Fruit-a-tives" Brought
Relief.

Relief.

Stratford Centre, Wolfe Co., Que, May 11th, 1908.

I have been completely cured of a frightful condition of my stomach through this wenderful medicine, "Fruit-a-tives." I suffered fo. four long years with this trouble. My head ached incessantly. I could not eat anything but what I suffered swful pains from indigesti I used every known remedy and was treated by physicians, but the dyspepsia and headaches persisted in spite of the treatment.



I was told to try "Fruft-a-tives," and I sent for six boxes, and this was the only medicine that did me any good. I am now entirely well, I can eat ordinary food and I never have a headache, and for this relief I thank this wonderful remedy "Fruit-a-tives." My case is well known in this vicinity and you may publish this statement.

AlcCIDE HEBERT.

50c a box, 6 for \$2.50, or trial size.
25c. If, for any reason, your dealer does not handle "Fruit-a-tives," they will be sent postpaid on receipt of price by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Othawa,

to be good without hindrance from the secular authority, that we do not see why similar conditions do not exist elsewhere and especially in France, which so long has been considered a Catholic country. If I must explain the situa-tion I would say that in France to-day there is no basis politically or religiously for anything else than oppression. Now there may be a radical change to morrow, but there will be confusion al-

France is not a republic. It is an autocracy as strong as that in Russia, except that it represents the collective tyranny of the radical majority instead of a single ruler. It is too easy in France to take away the rights and liberties of those who disagree with the ruling power. The law to-day protects spoliation and robbery. The govern-ment and its dependent officials vote

and count the votes.

PREDICTS REFORM OR REVOLUTION. "I may be wrong, but I feel that things strange and terrible are in the air. Here property rights are violated and religion persecuted and here cabinet ministers are insulted in the streets. The government trembles before strik ing functionaries and finally retreats.

Men talk of barricades and revolutions and of a republic which shall be run by trade unions composed of people who have no Christ. What more do you want? Months must see a change or the years—not more than five, perhaps—surely will see the end."

How often do we go carrying our joys with hardly a tremor, in spite of chance, to that obscure place where unsuspected close awaits us! -

WM. SMITH & SON

Church Seats, Pulpits, Alfars Reading Desks, Lecterns Chairs, Etc.

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Handsome Set of Cruets are Gifts to be appreciated.

## THE MASS

Can never have too beautiful a setting We carry a large and varied Stock of

Altar Vessels and Plate. OUR RANGE OF CHALICES AND

CIBORIA WILL SUIT ALL TASTES W. E. Blake & Son

## Valuable Farm Property For Sale

123 Church Street, Toronto, Can.

Three Hundred and Twenty Acres situated 14 miles from Beatty Station, Sask, and eight miles west of Milfort. South half section Twenty-One, Township Forty-Five, Range Twenty. West of second Meridian black loam with clay sub soil. Terms, Three Dollars per acre down, balance at six per cent. For further particulars apply to B. H., Catholic Record, London.

### FIVE-MINUTE SERMON. Fourth Sunday after Easter.

CHRISTIAN INSTRUCTION.

Brethren, I fancy if St. James were addressing the Christians of our day he would be inclined to lay a little more stress upon the hearing of the word; for whatever may be said about the "doers of the word;" in the said about the "doers of the word; the said about the "doers of the word;" in the said about the "doers of the word; the said about the "doers of the word;" in the word of the word; the word of the w whatever may be said about the word" it cannot be denied that the number of those who hear God's Word with advantage might be increased. Indeed, there are many for whom a High Mass sermon, in view of its rarity, would be a luxury, and for whom even a five minute sermon is long and wearifive minute sermon is long and weari-some. In addressing you, dear brethren, some. In addressing you, dear oreafren, it seems hardly necessary to dwell much upon the importance of hearing God's holy Word, for we have reason to believe you value it most highly. But there are none of us who know too much; we are born in ignorance, and as long as we live we must feel the need of instructions and exhortations on the great ques tions and exhorations of the great quarties to the soul—how to live and how to die well. This the Word of God supplies, for, as St. John Chrysostom says: "What food is for the body, the Word of God is to the soul," and if we word of God is to the soul," and if we neglect to nourish our souls with the food, we shall eventually grow wearied and cold in God's service, and die through want of strength.

But the important question is this: no am I to hear the Word of God? Oh! how many Christians have listened to the Word of God, which He Him-self declares to be "words of fire," and have profited nothing, have remained cold and indifferent to warnings of that voice that "breathes where it listeth"— Christians who fancy they are wise enough and experienced enough, and who never think of applying these burning words to themselves.

How can I hear the Word of God with profit to my soul? "With meekness," says St. James, "receive the engrafted Word, which is able to save your soul."
Our Lord frequently likens the Word to
the seed which the tiller sows in the field. Now, he who sows in the seed must first carefully prepare the ground, for the harvest will be in proportion to the care he bestows in the preparation of the ground. The seed is the Word of God; and, dear brethren, your hearts, not your ears, are the ground, and therefore you must prepare your hearts. And how? Just as we must cleanse the ground from all that would prevent the seed from bringing forth good fruit, so must it be with the heart. Is mortal sin there? Turn it out, for it is mortal sin which, like thorns, will choke and destroy the good seed. Receive the Word of God with docility and meekness, with a longing desire to learn from Him through His minsters how to lead a Him through His minsters now to lead a life worthy of our calling. "He who has ears to hear let him hear," says our Lord. Indeed, brethren, we all have ears, and why is it, then, that we do not hear? I will tell you why we do not hear, why the voice of God does not penetrate into our hearts. It is because the soil is not prepared: it is because we come to hear the Word with hearts filled with worldly cares or even evil desires, with deep-rooted attachments to things unlawful, with no intention of learning how to lead better lives. If it were only something new we had to some new doctrine, some new and fanciful creed; but no, it is the same Word that was spoken to the early Christians, only new by its practical application to our hearts.

But now, brethren, mark how St. James would have us not deceive ourselves. It is not enough, he tells us, to come here Sunday after Sunday and listen to the Word of God, but we must be doers of the Word; that is to say, we must carry out practically in our every-day life the lessons and inspirations which have been offered us through the ministry of preaching. For if a man, says he, be a hearer of the Word and not a doer, he shall be compared to a man beholding his natural countenance in a glass; for he beheld himself and went glass; for he benefit hinself and wenthis way, and presently forgot what manner of a man he was. Be not like this man, brethren, if you would save your souls. When listening to the Word of God, wherein the wants, the failings, the defects of your souls are mirrored forth, each of your way forgetful of what forth, go not your way forgetful of what through God's grace, has been revealed to you, but with meekness receive the engrafted Word, which is able to save your souls, and blessed will you be if you hear the Word of God and keep it.

### SCOTCH MINISTER'S WIFE EXPLAINS HER CONVERSION.

I was brought up an Episcopalian, and when of an age to understand, I joined the High Church party, believing that the English Church had come down from the Apostles and having been taught that the Church of Rome was as much a solving the Church as any of the much a schismatic Church of Rome was as much a schismatic Church as any of the dissenting bodies. True, I did wonder and enquire (of a Protestant) what was the meaning of our Lord's words to St. Peter, when he said: "Thou art Peter Peter, when he said: "Thou art Feter and upon this rock will I build My Church," etc., but I was put off for a time by being told that the rock meant Our Lord's doctrine. Then of course, I was always brought up to look upon the Catholic Church as something quite outside our own religion, as something dangerous and not to be enquired into; as one that worshipped images, placed the Blessed Virgin on a level with Christ, and altogether taught very false and erroneous doctrines. Such a thing as enquiring of a Catholic what their belief really was never entered my head. Finally I married a Presbyterian minister, and lived in a place where there was not even an Episcopal Church nothing but three small bodies of Presbyterians, all quarrelling with one another. This state of things went on for nearly eight years; but last summer, in the good providence of God, I went on a visit to England, and the very first Sunday, hearing there was to be a grand service in the Roman Catholic Church. service in the Roman Catholic Church, I thought perhaps there would be no great harm if I went in the evening after so much Presbyterianism, and especially as there were only very Low English Churches in that town. It was a grand service, being the Sunday in

the octave of Corpus Christi; but more than that the sermon was preached by one of the Redemptorist Fathers, the beginning of a course of ser-mons to Protestants to explain the Catholic Faith. It was a sermon show-ing how the Catholic Church was that one which came straight down from St. Peter through the Popes to the present day; the English Church having its beginning only with Henry VIII. In fact, the sermon explained instead of explaining away our Lord's words to St. Peter. (Matt. xvi. 18). Coming out of the church the Rev. Father spoke to or the church the Rev. Father spoke to me, and asked me if I was a Catholic, to which I promptly replied: "Yes, an English Catholic." He then same me that one could not be English Church and Catholic at the same time: the words were a contradiction of one another, as Catholic meant world-wide. I went to see him next day, firmly con vinced I should never become a Catho-lic but thinking it was only fair to hear both sides. The Rev. Father contin-ued his Mission for a week, and to make a long story short by the end of a month was admitted into the Catholic Church having discovered that it was that Church the keys of which Christ had given to St. Peter, and through him to all the Popes in succession down to the present day, and the Church of which He said; "He that heareth you heareth Me.'

There were terrible difficulties to be faced and I knew it would probably mean either the breaking up of our home life, or the loss of my husband's position. It seemed a cruel thing to him after having married him as a Protestant; and withal I was a moral coward. But thank God, He gave me strength sufficient for the day, and the reward has been even now as our Lord promised, a hundred fold. When one sees the true Church, there

is only one thing to be done. Christ has left one Church, not many churches, and if we love our Master, we must follow whithersoever He leads us, and we must unite ourselves to His Body, "the fullness of Him Who filleth all in all." People call us idolaters; and let us glory in the name if by that idolatry is meant the adoration and worship of Our Saviour, the Incarnate Son of God.

Our Saviour, the Incarnate Son of God.
They tell us when He said: "This is
My Body," He meant, "This is not
My Body. "Is He God, and can He not
do what He will with His ewn? Can
He not turn bread into Flesh, and wine into Blood. Who being God from all eternity became Man, and at His first miracle turned water into wine? And He can do as great miracles of grace now in enlightening the darkness of those who know not the truth of the Catholic Faith, and in giving them strength to take up their cross and follow Him, when they feel their conscience bidding them do so. And let me here say a word to any one who are not yet Catho-lics, and who may chance to read these lines. Do make quite sure, before it is too late, that you are in the Church Christ left. Do not appease your conscience by telling it that because you were brought up in a certain Church that must be the right one. If we were brought up as Jews or Mahommedans, we should naturally think we were right but God has given to each of us our intellect and reason, and we must make use of these gifts, as no one of us can answer for another; for "we must all stand before the Judgment seat of Christ." And above all do go for your informa-tion about the Catholic religion to a Catholic priest, and not to a Protestant, who cannot from the very nature of things, know what our religion really is, and from whom one generally hears anything but the truth about it.

and cheering any who are facing perhaps as great as I had to face myself, that I pen these few lines. Since becoming a Catholic, I have met some who have given up everything of this world's goods for the sake of obeying Our Master's voice, and joining His Church and they count it all malls. It is with the hope of encouraging goods for the sake of Johnson His Master's voice, and joining His Church and they count it all well lost for they have gained: "The Pearl what they have gained: "The Pearl of Great Price," Our Lord in His Holy Catholic Church. The best I can wish for others is that they may be led into the peace and truth of the One true Church, and then they will never cease thanking Our good Lord for His mercy and they will make their very own the words of the Queen of Sheba, after visiting Solomon and seeing his clory, "I believed not the words until I came and mine eyes had seen it; and behold, the half was not told me."—E. G. in Glasgow Observer.

### A SCENE FROM REAL LIFE.

The following is no fancy sketch but a scene from real life. It is the New York Sun's account of an incident in a police court in that city, March 8

Magistrate Joseph P. Fitch sent Jacob Decker, fifty-eight years old, one of his boyhood school chums, to jail yesterday for two months. He was sitting in the Flushing police court yesterday morning when a bedraggled individual with flowing side whiskers and tattered garment ing side whiskers and tattered garments entered unannounced. Court attendants sought to intercept the intruder, but he brushed them aside and standing before the magistrate's desk said:

"Say, Joe, don't you know me? I'm Jake Decker. Remember when we went to school and snow-balled each other. That's a long time ago. You're a Judge now, but luck has always been against a way to send me to iail for me and I want you to send me to jail for thirty days so that I can get straight-ened out. Wish I could go back to the

## LIQUOR AND TOBACCO HABITS

A. McTAGGART, M. D., C. M. 75 Yonge Street, Toronto, Canada.

References as to Dr. McTaggart's professional tanding and personal integrity permitted by: Sir W. R. Meredith, Chief Justice. Hon. G. W. Ross, ex-Premier of Ontario.

Rev. N. Burwash, D. D., President Victoria Colego.

Rev. Father Teefy, President of St. Michael's College, Toronto. Rev. Wm. McLaren, D. D., ex-Principal Knox Col-Hon. Thomas Coffey, Senator, Catholic Record

London.

Dr. McTaggart's vegetable remedies for the liquor and tobacco habits are healthful, safe, inexpensive home treatments. No hypodermic injections; no publicity; no loss of time from business, and a certain cure. Consultation or correspondence invited.

# WAKE UP! It's Time for

You wouldn't feel happy if you missed your Kellogg's-even one meal. Kellogg's Toasted Corn Flakes, with Milk or Cream, is a tempting, wholesome dish at any meal-every hour is "Kellogg Time." Served with Fruit, Kellogg's

affords a "gize me some more" taste you'll never want to forget. Try it to-day -no cooking-it's ready to

serve—just add milk. LONDON. CANADA

## TOASTED CORN FLAKES

old schooldays before I knew anything about the booze. It's the stuff, Joe, that's been my undoing. Yes, the 'good old stuff' that's put me on a greased plank and is sending me tobogganing straight to hell.

" Don't be offended with me, Joe. I just got out of the hospital, where I made a fight to shake the stuff, but I'm too weak and no match for old John Barleycorn. He threw me without half trying, and here I am shaking as if I had the ague, without friends, food or place to sleep. 'Drunken Jake Decker' is what they call me now; yes, 'Drunken Jake Decker.

Don't lecture me or give me any advice or waste any words on me, for you can't feel half as bad about my condition as I do myself. You don't know my degradation and I do. Just send me to jail." An interval of silence followed. Cul-

prits in the pen leaned forward with eyes fastened on the magistrate and the pitiful delinquent before him. Decker nervously fumbled an old hat he held in his hands while Magistrate Fitch once or twice ventured to speak, but was unable to control his voice.

"Yes, I recognize you now," he finally said. "I shall heed your request and say nothing concerning your condition. You want to go to jail. Don't you think I had better send you away for three nonths?

"That's too long, Joe," returned becker pleadingly. "That too long. Decker pleadingly. "That too long. Why, spring will be here in another month; and you remember how we went trout fishing early in the spring when the grass was green. Don't make it three months."

"Well," said the magistrate, "I'll make it two months and then the weather will be better and you may have a chance to find employment." Thank you, Joe," and Decker took

his place with the prisoners in the pen. Decker was born in Flushing and had a fine business when he was a young Bad investments and drink wiped out his savings and his wife finally was compelled to leave him. For the last few years he has been gradually getting worse, and he has already served several short terms in jail for drunkenness.

### LAUGHABLE BLUNDERS.

TOASTED

CORNO

FLAKES

W. K. Kellogg

The blunders of the unsophisticated cribe still furnish Catholics with food for mirth. The New Zealand Tablet gathers

together a number of reporters' blund-ers, which it finds amusing enough. It ers, which it inds amusing enough. It speaks of the reporter who faithfully described an evening Mass when he meant vespers, but this is a blunder common enough in the United States. The Sydney Morning Herald spoke of Bishop Higgins as "administering high Mass," but it was in our own country that a but it was in our own country that a daily paper told how a priest prevented in his church by boldly throwing a panie in his church by boldly three a "blazing sacristy" into the street was an American newspaper also which described the entrance of Bishops and clergy to the sanctuary in these words "They wore long flowing stoles and birettas, with cassocks on their heads, which they removed as they advanced to the altar." A historic instance of the blundering that is a joy forever was that of a reporter on an English daily paper who, in his description of the new Westminster cathedral, averred that he

had "several thurifers suspended from the ceiling"—forgetting, poor fellow, that the thurifer is the person who car-

ries the thurible or cens A Scottish Catholic paper tells about a description which appeared in a Glasgow secular paper of the consecration of a Bishop in St. Andrew's cathedral. The vesting of the consecrating Archbishop was summed up in this phrase; ishop was summed up in this phrase;
"His Grace was adorned with the amice,"
and all that was said of the long and
solemn function was that "the Arch
bishop engaged at Mass at the foot of
the altar." The same paper tells of a
reporter of a Highland paper who, describing a High Mass celebrated at the
Fort Augustine Repedicitie monastery Fort Augustine Benedictine monastery by the late prior, the Very Rev. Jerome Vaughan, penned this inimitable sen-tence: At this point of the proceed-ings thevery reverend gentleman turned round and observed in stentorian tones, Dominus vobiscum!" Edinburg paper," adds our Glasgow con-temporary, "which gravely stated that the Bishop of Argyll and the Isles sang Haydn's Sixteenth Mass; and it

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poisons. Generally they win, but sometimes they are overpowered and you get sick. OXYDONOR, a wonderful little instrument

The white corpuscles in your blood are con

tinually fighting invading disease germs and

invented by Dr. Sanche comes to the rescue. Applied at night, while you sleep, it creates in the body a strong affinity for oxygen, which is then absorbed from the air. Oxygen is Nature's great disease exterminator, and when the system is saturated with it, every form of disease is driven out. Oxydonor restores abounding health and energy. Read this testimony.

358 Bathurst St., Toronto, Jan. 15, 1909

Dear Sirs .-I am deeply grateful that I ever heard of your Oxydonor. Seven years I am deeply grateful that I ever heard of your Oxydonor. Seven years ago I was suffering from chronic Lumbago. It Cured me in a very short time, and has kept me in good health. It is the "family doctor" in case of La Grippe, Colds or any incidental illness. I am glad to add my testimony to so many others who have been cured by it.

Yours sincerely,
M. A. Duncan

Swan Lake, Man., Jan. 27, 1909 Dr. H. Sanche & Co.

Dear Sirs,—
I have every faith in Oxydonor, and cannot speak too highly of its Yours truly, W. F. Hartwell curative powers.

Write to-day for our Free Illustrated Booklet, telling about OXYDONOR and its wonderful cures.

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may never burn, but the candle of your life is burning steadily by day and

You have insured your home against loss by fire which may never happen, but have you insured its inmates against the loss of yourself which, sooner or later, is bound to

If you have not insured your life, do so to-day, tomorrow may be too late.

Consult one of our agents, or write the

## North American Life

**Assurance Company** 

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YOUR CHURCH COMFORTABLY Interior Fittings and Panelling

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T Every one is a Solid, Hardened, Lasting Mass without a Hoop or Seam - - - -

¶ And, beside, many other Exclusive Features are yours, too, if

you positively persist in geting Eddy's. Always, everywhere in

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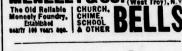
supplemented this remarkable item with the statement that 'the thurifer was swung gently to and fro in front of the altar.'"

"A poet," writes Father Russell, "was "A poet," writes rather Russell, was gazing one day at a beautiful rose tree. 
'What a pity,' said he, 'that these roses have thorns!' A man who was passing by said to him: 'Let us rather thank our good God for having allowed these thorns to have roses. Ah! how ought we also to thank Him for so many joys that He grants to us in spite of our sins instead of complaining about the slight trouble He sends us!

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Moose Jaw and Lethbridge District PRICE OF SCRIP \$1200 For further information and scrip

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was the net amount of insurance on the Company's books December 31st. 1908 and the year's operation showed



made very substantial gains in other departments of its business:

(a) It gained in Assets \$1,329,098 " " Reserve 948,268 " "Income 302,571 (c) \*\* (d) " " Surplus 348,296

> while its ratio of expense to income was smaller than in previous years.

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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 Ceneral Debil-

For Sale at Drug Stores

W. LLOYD WOOD, Toronto, - Canada

MAY 8 CHATS

The Balti gentleman i how diversi type of mai there we ar is a manly ble degree as nearly as life. If he And this

is as gentle a man." ( "Several y an old lady man compr great deal definition those word little boys. or little in personaliti ments. "He gua

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Who is a Gentleman?

"He guards against unreasonable al-

h.s great concern is to make everyone at

his ease and at home.
"In short, he is a man who respects everyone—millionaire, mechanic, labor-

er or pauper."
"The Gentleman in Rhyme" has it

Takes heed of many; bows to any; Is everywhere reserved; Talks not of any; does for many; Let it not be observed. With heroes many, brave as any, Yet gentle as a dove; As good as any, great as many, In honor and in love.

Cardinal Newman says "that it is almost a definition of a gentleman to say he is one who never inflicts pain." "The

true gentleman," he says again, "i

gentle to the distant, and merciful to the absurd. He makes light of favors,

while he does them, and seems to be re-ceiving when he is conferring them."

nelting charity."
Taking the word in its constructive

sense, one might say that he is a gentle-man whose refinement is pervasive, whose kindness of heart is not super-

the man, so worth also makes the gentle

man, no matter how many extraneous qualities go to mould him into what the

world considers a finer type. There is no finer type of gentleman than a real

Can You Take Your Medicine?

A man should start out in life with a

firm understanding with himself that he is going to succeed; that he has under-

taken to do a certain thing, and, no

matter how long it takes, or how difficult the process, he is going to do it. He should resolve at the very outset

that if he fails in anything he will make the best possible use of his failure, get the best possible lesson from it; that he

goal, that you are going to get there sooner or later, no matter what stands in

your way.

If you are only half committed to your

proposition, however, if you are so locally attached to your vocation that the least opposition will shake you from

it, you will never get anywhere.

A man needs stamina, grit, a lot of iren in his blood to enable him to stand

Why He Lost His Friends.

He was always wounding their feelings, making sarcast'c or funny remarks

at their expense.

He was cold and reserved in his

manner, cranky, gloomy, pessimistic.
He was suspicious of everybody.
He never threw the doors of his heart

wide open to people, or took them into

He was always ready to receive as-

man, true and generous and brave.

whose word is his bond, who

e candle of your by day and

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sured your life, may be too late.

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D AND BODY ore readily assimilated,

sistance from them, but always too busy or too stingy to assist them in their time of need. He regarded friendship as a luxury to enjoyed, instead of an opportunity for service.

He never learned that implicit, gen-

erous trust is the very foundation stone of friendship.

He never thought it worth while to

spend time in keeping up his friendship.
He did not realize that friendship will not thrive on sentiment alone; that there must be service to nourish it.

He did not know the value of thoughtfulness in little things.

He borrowed money from them.

He was not loyal to them.

He never hesitated to sacrifice their

reputation for his advantage.

He was always saying mean things about them in their absence.

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN. Read a about better ceilings. Tells of two thousand designs for every sort of structure from a cathedral to a warehouse—proves why

Book. Ask our nearest office. Who is a Gentleman?

The Baltimore Sun is conducting a little public inquiry as to "What is a gentleman? Who is a gentleman? Why is a gentleman?" Some of the answers are very interesting, showing how diversified are the ideas on this mooted question. Many of them still leave the question unsolved, as for interesting a gentleman is God's perfect. **PEDLAR People of Oshawa** 

He measured them by their ability to

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

how diversined are the ideas on this mooted question. Many of them still leave the question unsolved, as for instance: "A gentleman is God's perfect type of man." This gives us pause to inquire about the "perfect type," and there we are again.

Here is a good answer: "A gentleman is a manly man, with at least a reasonable degree of intelligence, who lives as nearly as possible a truly Christian life. If he is all this, he will possess all the lesser essentials."

And this: "A gentleman is one who is as gentle as a woman and as manly as a man." Or this one from a woman: "Several years ago I read in a book of an old lady, who said: "The word gentleman comprises all of morality and a great deal of religion.' I thought the definition perfect and mean to instill those words into the training of my two little boys."

A longer one goes more into detail: A Newsboy's Bank. He was very little and his clothes were ragged and his hands were red with cold whenever he came spinning around the corner and paused before the handsome house across the way. One funny thing about it was that he never came on pleasant days, but I grew accustomed to see him take up his position and call his papers while the snow whirled around him and the wind tried its best to take him off his feet. At last I became curious, and determined to find out why h never came when the sun was shining and everything looked bright. I had only to beckon to him, and he hurried

little boys."

A lenger one goes more into detail:
"A gentleman is he who is never mean or little in his disputes. He nevertakes an unfair advantage and never mistakes personalities or sharp sayings for arguments. across the street with a cheerful "Here you are! A 'Record,' did you say?'

A moment later I had him before the grate, and his eyes resembled those of a great mastiff as the warmth penetrated his shivering body.
"It's terribly cold," I began.
"Yes, rather; but I've seen it worse,"

"He guards against unreasonable allusions or topics which irritate. He
never speaks of himself except when
compelled and never defends himself
by a mere retort. He is scrupulous in
imputing motives to those who interfere with him and interprets everything
for the best. He carefully avoids whatever may cause a jar or jolt in the minds
of those with whom he is cast; all clashing of opinion, all collision of feeling,
h.s great concern is to make everyone at was the answer. was the answer.

"But don't you find it hard selling papers this weather?" I continued.

"Ye-es, sometimes; then I hustle over there as fast as I can," nodding at the house across the way.

'Why, do your papers sell more read-ily in this neighborhood?" "No," with a disgusted sniff at my evident lack of business intuition;

Why do you come then?" "Do you want to know the real rea-

scarce ever sell one here."

"Yes, indeed," I replied earnestly. "Yes, indeed, I replied carries of "Well, one day, pretty near a year ago, I was most done for; couldn't sell any papers and was about froze, and if I'd know any place to go, I would have erawled off somewhere, and give it all

crawled off somewhere, and give it all up. While I was thinkin' of all this, a couple of fellows passed me, and one of em says, "He's richer'n Croesus now 'em says, "He's richer'n Croesus now an' to think he was a beggar only a few years ago.' 'A beggar?' says t'other fellow. 'Yes, or what amounts to pretty much the same thing—a newsboy—and I've heard him say dozens of times that nothing but pluck and the grace of God would ever have brought him through. 'An, his house is in the next street you

Robert Louis Stevenson's immortal definition: "to be honest, to be kind, to be gentle, to be generous," is always with us; and we might say of a gentleman with Shakespeare, "he hath a tear for pity, and a hand open as day for melting charity." say?' 'Yes, we go right past it.'
"I followed 'em till they came to the house over there, and while I stood looking at it something seemed to say to me that, if that man could build a house like that when he'd begun by being a news-boy, I could too. Then I wondered over what the men had said. They'd one on out of sight, and I said over and over, Pluck and the grace of God.' Then I made up my mind I'd got the pluck all right; and I'd ask over and over for the fleial, whose word is his bond, whose principles are above represent, and who lives as near to the lofty ideals which he cherishes as it is possible for a fallible human being to do. For as worth makes grace of God. I didn't know just what that was, but every time I was alone I'd just say what I could remember of the Lord's Prayer, and finish up with 'An' give me the grace of God.'

"If you'll believe it, I begun to get along right away. I'm saving money now to go to school with, and whenever I get discouraged—it's always on stormy days, you see—I just come in front of that house and think it all over and say, Pluck and the grace of God over to myself a few times. Then I go back, and you wouldn't believe how fast the

and you wouldn't believe now has the papers sell after that."
He rose, shook himself together like a big dog, and said: "I must hustle along and get rid of my papers, but I'll be round whenever I'm down in the mouth, for that house is my bank, and I come to draw on it when I'm hard up. I expect it's a deal more comfort to me than the man that built it.'

And a moment later the youthful.

This "Month of our Mother should be observed in a manner most pleasing to her. If she were near you, one of your neighbors, what would you do for her each day! You would try to be kind; where and to whom?

Many children act as if " to be kind' meant to speak pleasantly to every one outside of their homes. They use their "cross voices' when talking to their brothers and sisters and sometimes when iren in his blood to enable him to stand up and meet, without faltering or turning aside from his purpose, any kind of obstacle or trouble that comes along. And he must make up his mind that a great many disagreeable, unfortunate things happen in the life of every man who amounts to anything. He must resolve to be like the oyster, which when a grain of sand gets into its shell and annoys it, covers it with a pearl.

Why He Lost His Friends.

brothers and sisters and sometimes when speaking to their fathers and mothers. Do you use a "cross voice" at home? What does the Blessed Virgin think of you? What does your Guardian Angel think of you? Alas! what does Almighty God think of you?

Many, many children are so far from a church that they cannot assist each day at the May devotions conducted by the pastor. They must have May devotions at home, before a statue or picture of our Mother. They can say the Rosary and sing sweet hymns in her honor.

Jesus Christ loves His Mother and it pleases Him to see us show her our love.

pleases Him to see us show her our love. Be Sympathetic.

We must all realize that this life is full of sorrow, and if you personally have

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had the good luck to escape your share of it you are very fortunate. But do not on that account allow yourself to grow cold hearted and unsympathetic to others.

Those poor people! Their lot is often so hard, so lonely, so full of misery. We are here to "heal the wounds and bind the broken heart," and the only way we can do this is by being kind,

loving and sympathetic.

A few words of love will do more to help a sufferer than money sometimes, for heartsickness is much harder to help for heartsickness is much narder to help than hunger and poverty. Show inter-est in others; try to help them; go out of your way to lighten the burden of the heavily laden.

Do not hesitate to whisper your kindly

thoughts in their ears. Don't pass by on the "other side." If you are strong,

then be merciful.

Remember that we all look at life from different standpoints, and what might appear like a grain of mustard seed in your path for you, is an almost insurmountable obstacle to your weaker

The more she shrinks the more nece sity for you to step in and help her on her way with genuine sympathy and loving sisterly words and acts.

GOD'S WAYS.

ritten for the March Missionary. By Rev. Richard

Night and day the racking cough that knows no cure, fell on the air! My heart ached for the two men, and I

went to them on my rounds, and tried to comfort them.

They were isolated cases in a great hospital; men doomed!—for the "White Plague" had marked them for its prey. One was naturally a merry, light heart-ed fellow, a non Catholic; in him the progress of the disease was more rapid; the other, was born of Catholic parents, had been reared in the faith, but had fallen away from his religion, and had not extend a church for fitteen years. not entered a church for fifteen years They had met in the hospital, and be cause they were consumptives, had fraternized, so to say, and when they were removed from the other patients, were removed from the other patients were satisfied in each other's company The non-Catholic man seemed interest ed in everything he saw in the hospital and even accompanied the patients to the chapel for Mass, but the man who was reared a Catholic, who had made was reared a Catholic, who had hade his first Communion, sullenly refused every opportunity of grace. His isola-tion from the other patients made him irritable at first, and his fellow-sufferer had a hard time to make him satisfied with the necessity. This man, Cox, forced a smile from his room-mate, many a time, and I saw a gradual softening eart, and a lessening of the bitter re-

bellion which possessed him.

One day I sat down with them, and Cox and myself talked pleasantly for some time. The other man, Smith, gloomily smoked his pipe.

"Mr. Cox," I said, "were you reared in any religion?"

"Ne sit," said Cox," I don't know

in any religion?"
"No, sir," said Cox," I don't know
anything about religion, but I had a
mother who never refused a hungry

mother who never refused a hungry man a meal, nor a poor man the best she could give him. Her religion was kindness, and that has been mine, to the best of my power."

"Was your mother ever baptised in any Church?" I continued.

"She used to say she thought she was christened in the old country. She was an Alsatian."

of a stumbling block. He should resolve that every setback shall ultimately prove an advance.

There is everything in starting out with an understanding with yourself that there is nothing else for you but the goal, that you are going to get there some or later.

May Thoughts.

Expect it's a deal more comfort to me than the man that built it.'

And a moment later the youthful have Catholic blood in you; and to meet your dear mother in heaven, you must be christened too. Did she never speak of your being baptised?"

May Thoughts.

"No, she said my latter told her to wait till I was of age, and then I could choose my own leligion, but I never went to church then, and when she died, I was too broken up to care about it. But let me tell you sir, there must be a lot of good in a religion, that makes people as kind as these Sisters are."
"Would you like to read something about their religion?"

"Sure! What will I get?" "Sure! What will I get?
"Why I have a book just here, that I will give you, and it will tell you the whole story," and I drew out of my pocket a copy of "Faith of Our Fathers," by Cardinal Gibbons, which I happened to have with me that day. He was pleased with the offer and thanked me warmly. Illness makes a man grateful for any kindness shown him by his fellowman.

"That book is yours, Mr. Cox," I "That book is yours, Mr. coa, as aid, "it will be a remembrance of the Mercy Hospital and myself."

"Thank you sir," he said again, "I will read it with pleasure."

was content with the favorable impression made, and rose to go, not without inquiring how Smith felt. He answered in rather a surly voice, "he was all right." I was content with the favorable im

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ST. JOHN VANCOUVER VICTORIA 228 When she entered the room, Smith

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even in conversation.

with his arms on the table and his face buried in them, was shaking with sobs.

" My poor, poor fellow," she said, in a low, tender voice," how my heart aches for you!"

He lifted his head quickly and dashed away the tears, he looked earnestly at

Now Sister Ruth had a deep, rich, contralto voice, which was noticeable

"Why, yes I am," was the nun's sur-

prised reply, "but you are a stranger

" Maybe I am, but all the same, you

prepared me for my First Communion years and years ago; you have taught so many Smiths, you never could re-

member me."

"Is it possible!" said the nun. "Did
I prepare you for your First Communion?

Then you are one of my boys. But, how is it I hear, that you are not a Catholic?" Smith hung his head and was silent.

"I guess I always was a Catholic in my heart," he muttered at last, "but

Sister, knocking about in the world without friends takes the heart and soul out of you. I haven't been to church

for fifteen years, and got so hard hearted on religion that I hated the name. But poor Coxie here, has dug it all up!—he

choked and had a terrible coughing spell—y s, he dug it up, and the sight of you, Sister, makes me want to fix it all

going to give you a prayer-book, and you will prepare for confession and re-

ceive Holy Communion, like you did when you were in my class, long ago. Come, you will—say you will. Cox is surely praying for you in heaven. Won't you, now?"

The poor man's face quivered at he weatter of his faind's name at last he

nention of his friend's name; at last he

"That's right," said the Sister, wait a minute," and quickly she went

and got a prayer-book and some works of instruction, then shelmarked the place

And j yously she came to me, telling the whole story. Oh! the strength, the depth, the breadth of early impres-

ing, that I should meet that Sister, and

end her to the lonely man at just the

My story is told. Smith was in-

structed again — made his confession and received Holy Communion. It took

days for him to get ready—but he was a changed man. He seemed brig ter,

Oh! how wonderful and inscrutable

TAKE A CHILD.

lacks the sweetest music and proclaim

a hopeless and a lonesome old age. Why

may prove a staff in old age and a great

Note what happened lately in New

Seventy-eight women, most of them accompanied by their husbands and

many riding in automobiles or carriages stormed the Illinois Central passenger

station to-day to get a baby. There were only sixty-six youngsters to go around, and the disappointed would-be

What is home without a child? It

are the ways of God!

right moment!

Oh! the ways of God in ordain

"I will, so help me God !"

I did not return for a few days, but I was told that Cox began at once to read the book, and now and then referred to Smith for explanations. Smith seemed embarrs ed, but gave some answers from time to time, which caused Cox to

say to him one day:
"Why Smith, I believe you are a Catholic yourself!"
"I was once," said Smith, "but I have forgotten all about it."
"Was it the right thing."
"Wall Coyle I won't interfere you

the Sister. The voice seemed to awaken echoes of long ago. He said: "I haven't heard a voice like that, since I was a boy. Aren't you Sister Ruth." "Well, Coxie, I won't interfere; you read the priest's book, and judge for yourself; I can't deny, it seemed the right thing, but that was fifteen years

"And what have you been since?" "Nothing," said Smith, 'It's the Cath-olic Church or nothing."

Cox did not reply. The next time I went, this conversation was reported to me before I entered the room, but I did

not intend to show I had heard it. "How are you getting on with the book?" I said pleasantly, after I had shaken hands with the two men, and lighted a cigar, as I was advised by the

octors to do when I was in the room. Both the men were smoking.
"Why, I like it first-rate, and I am beginning to think it's the only religion.

Smith here helps me out—and—
"Cut me out," interrupted Smith.
"Anyhow," continued Cox, "I am satisfied that it is true and reasonable, and something in my heart turns to it."
"It is the grace of God, Cox," I said solemnly, "you are not long for this world, and if the Catholic religion shows you the best way out of it, and beyond it, are you not unreasonable not to heed the beckenings of faith and the voice of

with the merciful Lord that is, if He remembers a poor, dying wretch like me!"

"Ah!" said the nun, in a low, impressive voice, "don't you see how good He is? He not only remembers you but He will not allow another day to vour heart?' "I have been thinking that too." "Well, here is a little catechism, and pass without bringing back to Him your soul. That is the reason why Cox is taken and you are left! God wants to give you a chance—and my poor boy, you are going to make use of it. I am not a question that is necessary in the whole matter, is omitted in this small book. Read it question and answer, and tell me what you think next

He promised, and I placed him in my most fervent prayers and asked others to join me, nor did I forget poor Smith, who still hardened his heart to the idea of repentance and barely saluted me, though I fancied at times I

saw grace working in him too.

The end of it all came abruptly. Con was seized with a violent hemorrhage, which left him weak and failing. He sent for me and I saw his days were numbered. Smith was at his bedside as tender as a mother.
"Father," said Cox, "I had made up

my mind, before this took me, I believe in the Catholic religion, and I want to and with some encouraging and con-soling words, left him to his own be baptized. I have never been christened you know."

How I rejoiced, but I thought I would test him; "but suppose you would get well, Cox, would you be of the same soling words, lett houghts.

"Cf course, I would," he said reproachfully, "do you think I would go back on what I believe to be right?" Inwardly thanked God, then I asked him the necessary questions, and was astonished at the quickness with which he had grasped the truths of faith; in so short time he had understood the value o the sacraments, and the greatness and beauty of redemption. I baptised him beauty of redemption. I baptised nime and as he seemed to be growing still happier and even so much improved in weaker, I anointed him, promising him I would give him his First Holy Combined to the combined to the seemed or govern happier and even so much improved in health that he was advised to go West, that at least a few more years of life,

when the next day.

When the next day came, I found him almost transfigured with the blessed fruits of the sacraments he had received a fervent Catholic.

That at least a few more years of the might be added to him.

He is now in New Mexico or Colorado; he often writes to me, and is, thank God fruits of the sacraments he had received a fervent Catholic.

He got one four years old. she said my father told her to fruits of the sacraments he had received and full of faith and longing for the Holy Communion. He received most fervently, and Smith sat at the foot of the bed with his face buried in his the bed with his face buried in his hands. He had got to love the light-hearted, earnest companion of his sick-ness, his fellow-sufferer. Cox never spoke to him of his own backsliding; it

vas tacitly avoided after the first day was tacitly; avoided after the first day. In the fell into a long, hard agony and died that night. Smith never left him, smothering his own terrible cough, and going to the window frequently to the suffered in body and the water will return. An adopted child reathe, for he suffered in body and

The end was holy and peaceful and deeply impressed poor Smith. When the remains were removed from the room, the empty corner was a strikingly sad reminder of his loss, and returning next day and looking towards it, Smith broke down like a child and sobbed out

broke down like a child and sobbed out loud, as only a man can sob when the roots of his heart are torn up.

"I can't stand it!" he moaned again and again. My heart ached for the poor, sick fellow, and I could only press his hand. Going out, I met one of the Sisters who was sacristan in the hospital and whose duties were not among the patients, but at her presence I grasped. patients, but at her presence I grasped

as a man does at a last hope.

"Sister, if you ever wanted to do an act of mercy, you can do it now. Go to number 92—the isolated—and console the poor man who is left alone; his room-mate died last night. His days are numbered, too, and he is all broken up; I know you are not on this duty, but go!"
"Indeed I will, gladly, Father!" and she went. What followed I heard the

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Nearest C. P. R. Agent or R. L. Thompson, D P. A., Torcito authority on blue paper, the necessary

credentials from the New York Founding and Orphan Asylum, they shoved policemen aside and invaded the coach that brought the little ones South. that brought the little ones South.

Only forty-eight of the children, ranging in age from three to six years, were distributed in New Orleans. The remaining eighteen went to other points in Southwest Louisiana. The husband of one woman who obtained a foundling is rated in Bradstreet's at \$200,000. Another is a hard working but well-to-do man who is the father of seven sons but

When the last of the forty-eight was handed out of the car there was still a mad crowd waiting in mud ankle deep

around the track.
"That's all," announced Joseph C. Butler, in charge of the traveling kinder-garten. "All!" gasped the discomfited women. "Where's mine?" they chorused.
"We could't bring any more this

trip," explained Butler soothingly.
"Give me what's left over," cried a
woman clad in costly furs. "We have no children in our home."

"Yours will come on the next trip. "Yours will come on the next trip," advised Butler as the woman clambered into the car with her robes trailing the mud. "We will bring some in February."—Catholic Universe.

Whatever you are by nature, keep to it; never desert your own line of talent. Be what nature intended you for, and you will succeed; be anything else, and you will be ten thousand times worse than nothing .- Sydney Smith.

### Orange Meat Compared With Bread

BREAD and milk make a good food, but usually bread is not baked enough to get the analysis there is found a great difference between the bread crumb and bread crust. Owing to the action of heat the bread crust contains about one-third less moisture than the crumb, six times more fat, 40 per cent. more proteid, twice the quantity of soluble matter, 60 per cent. more maltose and three times more dextrine, all due to heat action.

ORANGE MEAT (which contains the whole wheat) is so prepared that every ounce will be affected like the bread crust, No kitchen with ordinary apparatus can produce this effect.

Read carefully the private postcard in every package of Orange Meat, giving details of how to win one dollar a week

mothers were made frantic.

"Give me my baby!" they cried in chorus as, presenting their letters of

### OF TORTURE NOT OF PLEASURE.

IMPRESSIVE SERMON BY REV. FATHER DONAHER.

St. Peter's Cathedral was crowded to St. Peter's Cathedrat was crowded to the doors with men last evening, at the services in connection with the mission, conducted by Father Ryan and Father Donaher, two noted Jesuit priests. The

conducted by Father had been been as a forceful, thoughtful exposition, and created a deep impression. His subject was based on the words, "I believe in life everlasting."

He pointed out that man, after standing by the open grave and watching the earth close about the mortal remains of one he loved, was borne up in the days following when sorrow and loneliness and disaster surrounded him by the thought, "I believe in life eternal."

When a man's reputation is destroyed by the calumny, the backbiting, the insulations of a scoundrel, and he is outlawed by the tongue of the calumniator,

sinuations of a scoundrel, and he is out-lawed by the tongue of the calumniator, what is it saves him from dread reprisals, from dealing the calumniator a death blow for his crimes? Nothing but the fact, "I believe in life everlasting."

Human language has failed to depict the sorrow of soul over the loss of a good

the sorrow of soul over the loss of a good name. It is priceless beyond all human value, and it is the thought of everlast-ing life that alone prevents men from weaking vengeance on their calumnia-

What is it that hold the gamblers, the drunkards, when conscious of their sins, after some awful debauch, they would destroy themselves? The words of the creed, "I believe in everlasting

WILL LIVE FOREVER.

There was a consciousness in mankind that they will not die, that they must live forever. This grows on men, and when conscience stricken it becomes an

To gain everlasting life, the Commandments of God must be kept.

Father Donaher quoted the story of the rich young man who came to Jesus asking what must he do to inherit everlasting life. The answer was "Keep the Commandments."

"There is a courage you do not read."

the Commandments."

"There is a courage you do not read of in the daily papers," said the speaker, "there is a bravery not written on the pages of history, there is a heroism not depicted on marble shaft or bronze statue, the courage, the bravery, the heroism of a child of God, Who in the face of a scoffing world, has the courage, the bravery and the heroism to keep the ten commandments of God. The man who scruples to do right may be a man who scruples to do right may be a fool in the eyes of the world, but he is a dauntless hero in the eyes of God."

Father Donaher firmly believed that there was a heaven for the biessed and shell for the wicked.

The idea of hell was considered old

fogey, he said, but it was taught by Jesus in the Scripture, and he believed

There were two classes of people who those who loved their body above all things else, who, lived to gratify their sensuality by drink and licentiousness the impure who found down the sensuality by their sensuality by drink and licentiousness the impure who found down the sensuality by the sensuality the impure, who feared death and the

The other class were those who held

The other class were those who held other people's property, those who had atolen property, burned their property. These did not believe in hell, because they feared the place of torment.

Jesus taught that there was a place called hell, that it was a place of torment not pleasure, that the torment was caused by fire, and that life in hell was everlasting, and it is for those who have disobeyed the ten commandments.

Father Donaher quoted the story of Lazarus and the rich man, showing that the rich man went to hell, that he was tormented by fire, and that he was there forever, there being a great chaos between heaven and hell. THE HIGHER CRITICS.

hold to this teaching now 2,000 year old, taught by Jesus himself, and by the est and purest men and women through ne ages. The modern upstarts stand the ages. The modern upstarts stand before the cross as they did twenty centuries ago, and say, 'If thou be the Christ, come down from the cross.' The belief in hell, taught by the Church throughout the centuries still stands, and I accept it."

THE MODERN THEATRE.

Father Donaher spoke pointedly about the modern theatre. Men, he said, would go to a theatre, where religion was scoffed at, and gave an instance of a certain performance in Chicago where the death of Christ on the Cross was ridiculed and men applauded the blasphemous exhibition. In every city there were theatres for men only, and men who should know better crowd to see the exhibition of filth. They would scorn to take their sisters or mothers to such places. Men had no right to go where they could not take their sisters or mothers. He also condemned the spicy literature of the present day, and said it was a shame to read such stuff.

DEATH OF REV. FATHER COLLINS.

The tolling of the bell of St. Joseph's church, Bracebridge, on Monday foremon, the 19th inst., about 11 o'clock, announced the sad news that the beloved pastor, Rev. Father Collins was dead. His failing health was visible for the last few months, but he hopefully felt that after a little rest from work he would become quite strong again. But it was not to be. His condition grew worse, and after a careful diagnosis the doctors pronounced him incurable. He then realized that his life's work in the then realized that his life's work in the ministry would soon be at an end and in peaceful resignation—non mea sed fiat voultas tua—to the dread summons he calmly prepared his soul to meet his God, and received the last rites of holy Church. As the end was drawing near these descriptions of the press and ask and protruding the press and ask are testimonials in the press and ask are testimonials in the press and ask are testimonials. Church. As the end was drawing near he was visited by His Lordsnip Bishop O'Connor and his brother Father John of Detroit, his aged father of Lindsay and brothers came to wish him a last

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farewell. His last visit to the churo was on Good Friday when he came with the faithful to kiss the cross, the image of Him he so soon was to meet in judgment. His last walk down town was in company with the writer of these few lines—a feeble effort of a fond tribute to his memory—to visit a parishioner who was very ill. The man died and a week from his death the pastor followed him to meet him again, we fondly hope, never to be separated in the bosom of God. It may be truly said that he died in harness. For eleven years and more he faithfully labored in a large and scatfaithfully labored in a large and scat-tered portion of the vineyard, which in pursuing his sacred duties entailed many hardships and sacrifices, and like the good faithful servant that he was, he loved his Master's work and diligently applied himself to his Master's business. Naturally kind, with a big loving heart and charitably disposed, dear "Father Tim" as he was fondly called by those of us who knew him best, has left behind him something more enduring than tabhim something more enduring than tab lets of brass or marble to perpetuate his memory—the deep affection of loving hearts. Cold words on paper are at best but feeble instruments to portray the thoughts of the mind and feelings of the human heart, so I have to stop, and, do not blush to say, drop a silent tear to

is memory.
The Rev. Timothy Francis Coilins was born in the township of Caven, near Lindsay, Ont., fifty-three years ago last August. He received his early education August. He received his early education in the Separate school at Lindsay, and then took up a Classical Course at St. Michael's College, Toronto, and a Theological Course at the Grand Seminary, Montreal. After staying a year in England, in September, 1891, he was ordained, and spent three years at Peterborough. He was then given charge at borough. He was then given charge at Brighton, from which he came to Brace-

brighton, from which he cam's to Brace-bridge over eleven years ago.

All day Tuesday as the body lay in state in the church, it was visited by hundreds of people, many of other de-nominations among the number who held him in the highest esteem. On Wednes-day a Solemn Requiem Mass was sung in presence of the Bishop of the diocese by Rev. J. B. Collins, brother of the de-ceased priest, with Rev. Father ceased priest, with Rev. Father McGuire, P. P., Downeyville, as deacon, and Rev. Father Kelly, P. P., Trout Creek, as sub-deacon and Rev. Father O'Brien, North Bay, as master of ceremonies. The Rev. Father Walsh, St. Michael's College, Toronto, delivered a masterly and eloquent sermon fitting

the sad occasion.

After the absolution was given by the Bishop, the body was taken to the sta-tion followed by the chief pastor of the diocese and the following priests:—Rev. diocese and the following priests:—Ke7. Father Collins, Detroit; Dean McManus, Port Huron; Father McGuire, P. P., Downeyville; Father Kelly, P. P., Trout Creek; Father Walsh, St. Michael's College, Toronto; Father O'Brien, North Bay, Father O'Leary, Trout Creek and Father Fleming, Kearney. A large gathering of people followed in the year. The body was then entraised "I may be a back number when compared with advanced religion," said Father Donaher. "I may be an old fogey in the eyes of the higher critics and the modern interpretation, but I held to this togething now 2,000 year old." by the Very Rev. Arch-deacon Casey and a number of priests, and a large contingent from the C. O. F. and C. M. B. A. On arrival at the Church where the body lay in state all night, the office of the dead was chanted by the priests. Next morning at 9.30 priests. Next morning at 9.30 the Bishop officiated at a Sol-emn Requiem Mass for the dead. The Very Rev. Archdeacon Casey delivered a very touching dis-

course to a large congregation that filled the church. The body was then taken to the cemetery followed by the Bishop and priests and a large congregation of people where the last prayers of the Church were read over the body by Rev. J. B. Collins and all that is mortal of the dear departed priest was laid to rest. Requiescat in pace.

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List of Prize Winners in Aid of St. Patrick's Church, Biddulph.

The drawing of prizes in aid of St. Patrick's hurch, Biddulph, Ont., took place on Monday, 20th st. The effort was a grand success in every respect Following is the result of drawing, giving the ames of lucky winners:

James E. Reynolds, Clinton; Rev. Mother Angela ondon; Miss Mary Flood. Saskatchewan; Joht (vider, Biddulph; Arthur O'Neil, Mooresville, Ont (rs. Joseph Kelly, Biddulph; M. Hamilton, Lucan H. Dickson, Exeter; R. Morrow, Brynstown P. Ohtt.; A. McIlhargey, Biddulph; Miss M. M. Mc Larthy, Biddulph; Mrs. Con Toohey, Biddulph enator Cofley, London; Miss M. Harrigan, Lucan; F. Downing, Lucan; A. N. Lusk, Lucan

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Bell A 5 octave Chapel Organ by W. Bell & Co., Guelph. Has 16 stops, 6 sets of reeds in the treble, 4 sets in addition to sub-bass in the bass, octave couplers, 2 knee swells, etc. Is in very attractive style of case with finished back. Has lever for pumping as well as pedals.

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Karn A very attractive 6 octave Piano Case Organ by D. W. Karn & Co., Woodstock, in solid walnut case with mirror rail top. Has 11 stops, 2 sets of reeds throughout. 2 couplers, 2 knee swells, mouseproof pedals, etc. Just like new. SPECIAL SALE PRICE \$84

Dominion A 6 octave Piano Case Organ by the Dominion Organ Co., Bowmanville, in beautiful walnut case, carved panels, mirror top and automatic folding mouseproof pedals. Has 11 stops, 2 full sets of reeds, 2 couplers and 2 knee swells. Special sale price \$87

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### In Memoriam.

(Lines on the tragic death of the Rev. James Kelly, ketor of St. Agnes' Church, Paterson, N. J., who, on emorning of the 17th December, 1998, was carried erboard from the Arabic in crossing the Atlantict and the Christmas with his friends in Sligo, by former school companies.

Oh! cruel, murm'ring, hollow-sounding sea!
How cans't thou date to lift thy chafing wave,
And sobbing low, in feinted sympathy.
Presume to chant a dirge around his grave,
Who plucked from out my bleeding breast,
And stole upon thy stormy crest
The jewel of my soul.

oulds't thou not well to soft contentment yield o'er all that deep within thy caves and cells he treasures vast thou hast secure concealed?—The glistening pearls and rainbow-colored shells, The starry gems and burning gold, Torn from nations young and old By thy wild and grasping main.

and why not vent upon the rocks and shore
That potent power whose kindled rage can make.
The heavens re-echo to its angry roat
And the solid earth's eternal basis shake,
And leave to me my cherished friend
Whom heaven in kindness deigned to send
As my solace and my guide?

e thousand lordly ships that recfless roam glected and unmanned along the lonely sea, that weltering struggle thro thy splashing for thine by right: I claim thee not of thee —With the cities of a world gone by, With the scenes and halls of revelry Thy waves triumphant hide.

But, why my life of all it prized despoil?
Why quench the light that lit my dreary ways?
Why wreck the work of years of ardent toil
And blight the hopes that cheered my lonely days
By an act of ruthless sport for thee,
But fraught with life-long grief for me,
Bereavement and dejection.

Together were we reared, together grew.
By similar tastes attracted and allied;
And like two apples gilt with rosy hue
We grew, the one into the other's site;
But thy rude hand hath made us part
And my riven and forlorn heart
Droops bleeding from the wound.

even now, oe'r Herod's jealous slaughter r Rachel weeps and will not be consoled

I day within my aching heart it seems if the hope, he lives, should conquer in a strife dat night he wanders thro' my feverish dream all the forms I knew him during life. Now as a youth, now as a boy Redolent of hope and joy.

Now in his manhood's prime.

gain I see his blithe and jaunty air, min see his other and heavy to school this way to school this ruddy face and raven curling lair hed in the Autumn breeze fresh and ci As from Fort Hill's brow his kite he so Or on Lough Gill he plies his oars Or meets the flying ball.

unions and unions below and rills, ng and watching till pass'd that "little while ur Master Shepherd we should see, 'ho from all care should set us free And take us to Himself.

on, I see him pace the trembling deck shed now and then by thy white seething foat thy dread intent how little does he tock his winged thoughts are fixed on those at hor Who, gazing on their wintry fire, Count the lonely hous expire Till he'll bless them with his sight!

a moment of Cimmerian darkness, caught uite unawares, the noble Arabic is right in her beam-ends, by thy wanton wildness brought; and when she rises, hears with sadness and affright. Thy sportive breakers laugh and shout, Dangling him in their arms about.

As they bear her Trust away.

while upon thy crested wave he rides, and stretches forth his helpless arms for aid; hen slowly down thy yielding slope he glides to a fretting, seething watery glade; A moment to and fro is tossed, And then, alas! is quickly lost.

To my tear bedimmed eyes.

But soon, afar, methinks I see him rise,
Laimly reclining on thy rolling billow;
Lorowsy death hath quenched the lustre in his eye
And laid him nerveless on his watery pillow;
Then softly is he drawn into thy deep.
And rocked into a wakeless sleep
Within thy cold embrace.

Ah! the day comes as when the silver cord is broke.
When the golden fillet strinks upon the brow, when the pitcher at the fountain's crushed by hazard stroke
And the dust returns to its mother earth below?
When the Spirit loosed ascends above,
Borne on wings of ardent love,
To the God Who gave her life.

The hope was mine that when our day was done
We arm in arm slowly journey home
And gazing calmly on the setting sun
Dit wistful speak of the Empyrean Dome.
Whence issues that celestial light
Which ne'er shall be obscured by night if
Or setting know no more.

But now before the noontide of our day Behold thee summoned sudden from my side And I (if Heaven decrees that I should stay To guard and watch my flock till eventide) When my evening star's pale glimmeric

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