



### THE CATHOLIC RECORD

## THE EXODUS.

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AUTHOR OF  
 "The Cure of St. Philippe," "Gilbert Franklin,"  
 "Curate," etc.  
**CHAPTER III.**  
 THE GROWTH OF AN IDEA.

It was two days later, on a strangely mild evening of early spring, that Pierre Martin got off the train at Port aux Marais, 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 Monsieur Demers would counsel you to do so."  
 "He did, Monsieur le Curé," answered Pierre. "Then anxiously: 'How is my father?' he asked. 'Madelaine did not say much in her letter, and these others,' 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 mind to it. It is for the worst we say, but Dieu sait for him it is for the best."  
 "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 momentary pause.

"Well, I suppose I had better tell you," said the Curé, thoughtfully. "You will have to know, Lawyer Desaulniers threatened to foreclose the mortgage," he explained briefly, coming to the point at once, as was his way on all occasions. "Then my fees—" Pierre could say no 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 than those of Pierre's life, without learning to read thoughts as well as characters. 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 shoulder. "Your fees at St. Joseph," he went on, "would make no real difference one way or the other, and Lawyer Desaulniers tells me he will wait. It 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 know 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 Monsieur 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 perhaps most characteristic of the whole than any other, the lack, namely, of capital among the habitants, and the fatal case where, when the inevitable pinch came, it could be obtained on terms ruinous alike to the borrower and the country. Whereupon, much as he regretted the depopulation of the rural districts of his beloved 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 duty years, when he 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 as well, after God knows what talk in private, between these two, who for nearly thirty years had been married 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, before 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 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 him, though he shook his head in mild reproval, said nothing. What, indeed, could he say? How could he tell whether it would be so? What, in a 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 Madelaine, 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.

steady wages, than casual labor in the slums of their own cities.

"Matthias comes to-morrow," said Madelaine, 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, 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 Middlehampton in the States," answered Madelaine. "He wants us to go there too," she added, "if, when, her eyes filled with tears at the thought 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 he had come into the life of many others he had 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 be 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 either case from all that the habitant held dearest, that made his life worth living? And all in a moment the thought—instantly banished as presumptuous folly—passed through his mind, leaving, in spite of him, an indelible impression, 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, many years if he need be, toiling, meanwhile, in the New England factories as his master had toiled in the carpenter's shop at Nazareth?

Presently they reverted to the mortgage, and Madelaine 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 returned. When was the last interest paid?" he asked; "two years ago, was it not?"

"Eighteen 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, reluctantly. 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." "It is better so," Madelaine repeated.

There was silence after that for several minutes, broken only by the crackling 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 all events would not have to leave the house he had built to which he had brought 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, Madelaine 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 factories—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 Quebec, to be sure, but that means 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 Madelaine, 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 Tui," though none, surely, could have been more fitting or more helpful. But, before putting out his light, he opened the imitation that Monsieur Demers had given him, and read a certain chapter which, also, seemed to apply to his case. Then, as youth will and must, to gain strength for what the coming day might bring.

It brought Matthias, his eldest brother 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 husbands, 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, 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 is to regret it; all the more that it lies at the very root of the eternal, still unsolved race question, on the solution of which hangs the very existence of Canadian nationhood.

It is a question, moreover, if such a digression may be permitted at this point, which by no means admits of an easy or speedy solution, least of all of

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 politics, 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 extent, outside the innermost centre and secret of their lives. Apart, however, from some such approximate understanding, there can be no solution of the race question, nor will even the angel of peace on the Plains of Abraham symbolize, much less effect the end so greatly desired until each race learns that only on the basis of a citizenship higher 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 destiny, not only here, but in the City of God. Other than that, there is no bond as there is no outward token, no matter 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 more than the usual 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 where he will understand his friends even more fully and lovingly than he did here; "honor hath gone, and left his wages." The rest may well be left to be inferred from the events themselves, hereafter to be recorded.

"Jean is right, ma mère," said Matthias, 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 strange places'—he meant foreign parts in the peasant's sense of all unknown localities—"And Dieu dit, I would gladly pay the mortgage, if I could. But—well, I shall be chauceux if I don't have to mortgage myself. Or sell," he added, after a momentary pause, "and go to Manitoba."

"But," Pierre interposed, thoughtfully, "it costs money, on 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 Middlehampton—some day. But see you, Pierre," he went on, hurriedly, wishing to 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 in some way be harder than for his 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, 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 all others, in the Great Northwest, but from this moment may be dated his serious consideration of the possibility of his having a share in the return of the exiles, however humble. It was the very vision, indeed, on which he had dwelt with an eloquence rare in one so young, and of so narrow an experience.

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 No-Whwest. And 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. But 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 Manitoba.'"

And, once more Pierre wondered to hear his own thoughts put into words by one who must, he felt, 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, those that he should know? One must, or in close touch with them, like Monsieur le Curé in order to get at the truth of things.

"Jean says the wages at the factories are good," put in Madelaine, gently, astonished at her brother's vehemence, "better, that is," she corrected, "than any we can make here."

"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 firm grasp of what was 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 encouragingly, as the two walked that afternoon to the train that was to take Matthias back to Sainte Marie de Mornoir. And this, as already said, was the real beginning of the work Pierre was to do.

The lad himself was, of course, even 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 North-west 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, falling Monsieur 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, did you not bring others out of the land of bondage into the Land of Promise?"

And Monsieur le Curé's words, though 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 A PILGRIMAGE.

In the life of such a one as Pierre Martin, as in the life of his people, faith must, of necessity, have an influence not 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 habitant owes the qualities which distinguish him from the great mass of modern Frenchmen, in which, in a word, he made him what he is. The present chronicler, therefore, if it seem to dwell unduly on such matters, must be taken as picturing 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 mere record of his life's growth, as well as of his work, since the latter was as ever simply the outcome of the former.

This as it seemed was no more than 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 aspect of the problem of immigration, on the solution whereof the future development of Canadian nationhood so largely depends. It is in this respect that the writer hopes it may prove of some interest to those who take the problem and its solution into serious account.

So much having been said, the narrative may resume its course.  
 Easter came and went but still the paralyzed house-father Paul Martin lingered on. He should see one more Fete Dieu—Feast of Corpus Christi—he would say over and over again, with that same strange preface as to the end of his 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. Monsieur le Curé promised that when the feast came round, an altar of repose, 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 fall of his word. He must wait till the Fete Dieu; he was convinced that le Bon Dieu would not let him do so.

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 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 marvelled, and to the doctor, who endeavoured to do his duty, he seemed little less than miraculous.

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 festival splendor to do honor to her Lord in the Mass over the procession started and in due course came to the altar opposite 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 previous that Monsieur le Curé, convinced that the end was very near, had fed him with the Bread of Life, his food for the journey "to the mountain of God."

But to-day he was to receive a final blessing from the Lord he had loved so truly and served so faithfully.  
 On either side of the bed knelt Matthias and his wife, Pierre and Madelaine, 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 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 veil between flesh and spirit seemed attenuated into transparency and presence felt but unseen, were about him he knew by a consciousness as strange

and clear as that of the dying man himself, 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 conditions must therefore, be clearly understood, if the task for which they were preparing him is to be viewed in its true light, not merely as a racial but as a religious movement. It was an aspect of which Alphonse Biodeau, at least, never forgets it might seem to him however conceivable. He knew as has been said that on the Church, that is, on the faith of the exiled French Canadians, 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 enthusiasm that was indispensable in one who should initiate such a movement, but had instinctively and unerringly picked him out as the destined Moses of this new Exodus. Nor would Pierre's present mood, could he have known of it, have seemed to the Senator anything but an inevitable phase of the preparation 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, San Salvatorem," and as the procession halted outside the house, and acolytes, choristers and people knelt as Monsieur le Curé mounted the altar steps, the words, by some strange coincidence—was not strange when you think of it—were reached:

"Tu nos bona fac videri  
 In terra vivendum."  
 "I shall see the good things 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 transfigured. By an effort, seemingly impossible to one in his condition, he raised himself yet higher on the pillow, and gazed 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 presence—Death. He, too, was there and worshipping 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 when the wife and children raised their heads, they realized in one first glance that all was over. Paul Martin, strengthened 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 Curé 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 none 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 themselves, 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, and was willing, even now, to let the full two years elapse before foreclosing the mortgage which he held on house and farm.

But Pierre who had been to Sa'nt Marie de Mornoir to see Matthias, and who had written more than once to Jean, in Middlehampton, would not bear of waiting. "What use to wait?" he asked almost impatiently for him, but Madelaine and his mother guessed how grief and his new heavy responsibility had worn him out and made allowances, as women spend their lives in doing. "It is like the same in the end," he continued, more composedly, after a glance at the two quiet, loving faces. "Monsieur Desaulniers has been very good, but Monsieur de Sauniers must be paid. We cannot pay three months, three years from now . . . let him have the farm. Oh yes, ma mère—this very gently—it is hard, I know . . . but what can we do?"

"Not till the three months end," the mother pleaded earnestly. "Pierre, cher 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 Madelaine, with a woman's keener, quicker instinct, guessed, nay, understood. Her mother, she felt sure, would have joined her dear one ere the time of exile came.

And Madelaine had guessed rightly. Day by day, the bonne mère, so good, so tender, so loving as she had always been, seemed to fade away before their eyes, of no ailment that the doctor could specify, though perhaps, he also guessed at the cause which Monsieur le Curé had 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 great 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-absorbing love of hers and his which had lasted unchanged, yet ever deeper and fuller, for thirty years and more. But their lives seemed very empty without 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 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 no words could give utterance to. Between them there had been no secrets, no misunderstandings. In these last three months especially, he had talked more openly with her than ever before, more consciously it may be that he would not enjoy this intercourse for very long; 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 face. He spoke of the coming Exodus, of their people, of the coming day, and of the part which he dreamed he should play in it. And o! 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 own, thin fingers. She, too, knew with the insight of those whose eyes are turned homewards, who await "permission" as the Mahometans say, that these were no empty dreams of a young man's vanity. She read clearly the signs of his vocation, his choosing to be deeply even so great, so seemingly impossible a task as that of which he spoke. She 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 he did not seem hard to guess, after his own talks with the lad, the mother knew. For Monsieur le Curé had learned many lessons from his parishioners, 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 inevitable 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 be known, detach himself so far as might be possible, from all dependence on others, and learn to put his trust wholly and solely in Him for Whom this, his life-work, was to be done. It was Madelaine 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 meantime, 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.

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 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 no words could give utterance to. Between them there had been no secrets, no misunderstandings. In these last three months especially, he had talked more openly with her than ever before, more consciously it may be that he would not enjoy this intercourse for very long; 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 face. He spoke of the coming Exodus, of their people, of the coming day, and of the part which he dreamed he should play in it. And o! 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 own, thin fingers. She, too, knew with the insight of those whose eyes are turned homewards, who await "permission" as the Mahometans say, that these were no empty dreams of a young man's vanity. She read clearly the signs of his vocation, his choosing to be deeply even so great, so seemingly impossible a task as that of which he spoke. She 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 he did not seem hard to guess, after his own talks with the lad, the mother knew. For Monsieur le Curé had learned many lessons from his parishioners, 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 inevitable 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 be known, detach himself so far as might be possible, from all dependence on others, and learn to put his trust wholly and solely in Him for Whom this, his life-work, was to be done. It was Madelaine 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 meantime, 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 difficult time, for Matthias had his own farm to attend to, and it cost money to go from Port aux Marais to Sainte Marie de Mornoir, 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 that of many others he had known.

Thus it came about that, after Monsieur Desaulniers had been paid in full, principal and interest, there was enough money left to pay Pierre's and Madelaine's fare to Middlehampton, and to keep them, in economy, for a week or two. There is no need to dwell on their

## Is Your Back the Weakest Point?

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

Look 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 urine after standing, pain and smarting when passing water, frequent desire to urinate, also headache, dizziness 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 indication 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 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 selling many boxes of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills." One pill a dose, 25 cents a box at all dealers or Edmondson, Bates & Co., Toronto.



The Catholic Record

Price of Subscription—\$2.00 per annum. THOS. COFFEY, LL. D., Editor and Publisher.

Advertisement for teachers, stations wanted, etc. 50 cents each insertion. Remittance to accompany the order.

LETTERS OF RECOMMENDATION.

Apostolic Delegation, Ottawa, June 13th, 1905.

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

Mr. Thomas Coffey, Ottawa, Canada, March 7th, 1909.

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

Yours faithfully in Jesus Christ, D. FALCONI, Arch. of Limes, 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."

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 Catholics and have been Catholics since the early colonization of the country.

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.

money supports it and encourages its 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.

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 advertisements.

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.

part of the offence. If there was a well constituted court for the examination of matrimonial cases it would be less objectionable. Even this would lack the jurisdiction requisite. The Church alone is the judge of the validity of the sacrament.

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.

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.

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; St. Linus, 66; St. Cletus, 78; St.

Clement, 91; St. Evarist, 100; St. Alexander, 109; St. Sixtus I., 119; St. Telesphorus, 127; St. Hyginus, 139; St. Pius I., 142; St. Anicetus, 157; St. Soter, 168; St. Eleutherius, 177; St. Victor, 183; St. Zephyrinus, 202; St. Callixtus 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.

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 which had once befriended him.

AN AMERICAN SENATOR has introduced a 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 commended by all Christians.

THAT THIS IS AN AGE of a certain brand 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 England pours sovereigns by the bushel to send bibles and blankets to the little Zulus of South Africa.

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 glory of the Church.

IN TURKEY momentous changes have moved rapidly to a climax. Abdul Hamid, one of the most cowardly and detestable tyrants that ever, in the world's history, disgraced a throne, has been deposed. There are those in

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.

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.

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.

A CORRESPONDENT asks "Flaneur," a 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 newshoys.

"FORGIVENESS OF SINS."

The confessional is a matter which gives our non-Catholic fellow-citizens much thought and not a little worry.

"Whose sins you shall forgive they are forgiven them." (St. John, chapter XX, verse 23) was the subject for an eloquent and forceful sermon delivered in St. Peter's cathedral last evening by Rev. Father Ryan, S. J.

Many times the laity have been charged with introducing the confessional, but it would be more likely for them to oppose this painful, humiliating rite.

"The priesthood have had it frequently charged against them that they introduced it for their own ends and aims."

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 was said that Catholics are superstitious.

Then it was said that the fourth later council of 1215 made the law that all Catholics go to confession.

Then history would have had an account of it, and also the time of the founder should it have been begun since the time of the apostles.

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Doctrines. How is it that otherwise fair-minded, well-disposed sectarians whose shibboleth 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?

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 than they uphold the inspired apostle of the Gentiles and the singleness and unimpairableness of his doctrine.

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—know the practical results to follow, namely: affront, resentment, misunderstanding, misrepresentation and worse.

Therefore, true to that doctrine, true to her principles and in pursuit of St. Paul's instructions, the Church can not, dare not, recognize or encourage doctrinal divisions or doctrinal offences.

As this command has not been repeated, is not mythical or obsolete, in the name of the Holy Bible what other recourse has the Church but to enforce it? That she acts shows she exists, and that she is as rigorous and vigilant as ever.

As to the point of view, it is not that she loves her neighbor, less, but she loves God first and, as His instrument, has a duty to perform.

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Church Decoration. This is our speciality. We decorate along modern lines in a manner strictly in keeping with a sacred edifice. We are prepared to meet Church Commitees to make suggestions and to submit coloured sketches. Correspondence is invited in regard to all matters pertaining to ecclesiastical work. The Thornorton-Smith Co., 11 King St. West, Toronto.

Furthermore, they realized they could not deceive the Son of God; that He was not preaching to them the "acceptance 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.

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

Now I beseech you, brethren, by the name of our Lord Jesus Christ, that ye all speak the same thing, and that there be no divisions among you. (I Cor. 1:10)

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.

From all this it follows that, God being a God of supreme order and perfect system, there must be, and has been, but one, common Christian Doctrine, irrefutable and unalterable, taught 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 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 long continued, integral existence and entire absence of divisions and contrariety of doctrine to the divine protection and abiding assurances of Jesus.

EDITOR OF THE CATHOLIC RECORD: Sir—With the exception of the Antigonish Casket, which had a special claim on your patronage, there is no paper so widely and generally read by the Catholics of the diocese of Antigonish as your excellent journal, the CATHOLIC RECORD. They greatly appreciate its able championship of every thing right, and its selections make it an exceptionally welcome visitor in the Catholic home. It is, therefore, with considerable regret that they notice

the occasionally unkind words about the race to which the great majority of them belong. The diocese of Antigonish is thoroughly Scotch. Of the seventy-nine priests in the diocese fifty-five are of Scotch descent and all these fluently speak Gaelic, the language of their forefathers.

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WILL COMMENCE A TWO-WEEKS MISSION.

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

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 early history of Ontario records that it was French members of their celebrated order who, about 1634, first suddenly appeared among the ferocious savages along the shores of Georgian Bay and successfully Christianized them. This was known as the "Huron Missions."

Fathers Brochof and Lallemon, of the Huron Mission, visited this tribe during the winter of 1640 to preach the gospel, beginning at Lake Ontario, and bestowing Christian names on all the villages as they proceeded westward.

Every village, except St. Michael, near the Detroit, refused the "black robe" 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.

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 circular earthenware like that near Fingal, marking the site of a village, or perhaps bits of pottery, stone pipe bowls, or flint arrow heads found by the settler in the wake of his harrow—these and missionaries are all that was left to tell the tale of the aboriginal inhabitants of this soil.

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 dispatch of some importance to American Catholics. He says he has looked into the religious situation in France with a sincere attempt to understand it, but it is the hardest possible task for an American Catholic even to half comprehend it.

It is time a concerted action be taken by a competent committee at heart the welfare of the generation. That harm has already been done we have no manner of doubt, for on the shelves of some of our book-shops may be found, especially in books, the authors of which were in fact qualities representing all shades of Zola as an example.

A CONTROVERSY DRAWN FROM THE PROTESTANT BIBLE, WHICH, IN PART, BY THE GRACE OF GOD, BROUGHT EXCELLENT RESULTS.

Mark them which cause divisions and offences contrary to the doctrine which ye have learned, and avoid them. (Romans xvi, 17)

According to St. Paul, the Romans unmistakably learned a definite doctrine pure and unadulterated, which was to be universal, unchangeable and essential to salvation.

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 doctrine as taught by St. Paul and his brothers apostles and disciples.

God is one. His Church is one. His Gospel is one. To preach any other Gospel is a gross violation of divine law; to teach any other doctrine or cause divisions in that doctrine is, likewise, a gross violation of divine law.

Do 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 learned." 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, divisions and denominations, whatever have been their origin, title or doctrinal variances, shows indisputably a ruthless contravention of that Holy

FRIGHTFUL STOMACH TROUBLE

For Four Long Years He Suffered—Then "Fruit-a-tives" Brought Relief.

I have been completely cured of a frightful condition of my stomach through this wonderful medicine, "Fruit-a-tives." I suffered for four long years with this trouble. My head ached incessantly. I could not eat anything but what I suffered awful pains from indigestion. 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 "Fruit-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 the wonderful remedy "Fruit-a-tives." My case is well known in this vicinity and you may publish this statement.

ALCIDIE HERBERT. 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, Ottawa.

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 situation 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 tomorrow, but there will be confusion always.

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 today protects spoliation and robbery. The government and its dependent officials vote and count the votes.

It 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 striking 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 the chance, to that obscure place where their unsuspected close awaits us! — Rene Bazin.

WM. SMITH & SON

Manufacturer of Church Seats, Pulpits, Altars Reading Desks, Lecterns Chairs, Etc. CHESLEY, ONTARIO



A Handsome Set of Cruets are Gifts to be appreciated.

THE MASS

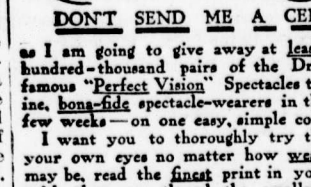
Can never have too beautiful a setting. We carry a large and varied Stock of Altar Vessels and Plac. OUR RANGE OF CHALICES AND CIBORIA WILL SUIT ALL TASTES

W. E. Blake & Son 123 Church Street, Toronto, Can.

Valuable Farm

Property For Sale. Three Hundred and Twenty Acres situated 14 miles from Beatty Station, Sask. and eight miles west of Milford. 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 E. H. Catholic Record, London, Ontario. 1917-W

Gold Spectacles Free



DR. HAUX. 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 ease on the smallest-sized type, and you can get hold of and put them on any text you like in your own home as long as you please.

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 easy, 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, they will particulars of your address and personally and I will give you my own personal attention." Address:—DR. HAUX, (Personal), Haux Building, St. Louis, Mo.

NOTE:—The above is the largest Mail Order Spectacle House in the world, and is perfectly reliable.

FIVE-MINUTE SERMON.

Fourth Sunday after Easter. CHRISTIAN INSTRUCTION.

Brother, 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" 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 wearisome. In addressing you, dear brethren, 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 questions of 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 to the body, the Word of God is to the soul," and if we neglect to nourish our souls with the food, we shall eventually grow weary and cold in God's service, and die through want of strength.

But the important question is this: 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 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 ministers how 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 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 everyday life the lessons and inspirations which have been offered us through the ministry of preaching. For if a man, says he, shall 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 his 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 soul are mirrored, do not 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 in 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 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 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, 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 few 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 sermons to Protestants to explain the Catholic Faith. It was a sermon showing 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 continued his Mission for a week, and to make a long story short by the end of a month I 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 do 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. They tell us when He said: "This is My Body." He meant, "This is I do what He will with His own? 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? 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 Catholics, and who may chance to read these lines. Do make quite sure, before it is too late, that you are in the Church of Christ left. Do not appose your conscience by telling up in a certain Church that must be the right one. If we were brought up as Jews or Mohammedans, 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 informant (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. It is with the hope of encouraging 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 well lost for 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 words of the Queen of Sheba, after visiting Solomon and seeing his glory: "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 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 me and I want you to send me to jail for thirty days so that I can get straightened out. Wish I could go back to the

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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. "Drunkan Jake Decker" is what they call me now; yes, 'Drunkan 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. Culprits 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 you nothing concerning your condition. You want to go to jail. Don't you think I had better send you away for three months?" "That's too long, Joe," returned 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 man. 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.

The blunders of the unsophisticated scribe still furnish Catholics with food for mirth.

The New Zealand Tablet gathers together a number of reporters' blunders, which it finds 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 daily paper told how a priest prevented a panic in his church by boldly throwing a "blazing sacrilege" into the street. It 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 biretts, with cassolets 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 Westminster cathedral, avowed that he had "several thurifers suspended from the ceiling"—forgetting, poor fellow, that the thurifer is the person who carries the thurible or censer.

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: "His Grace was adorned with the amice," and all that was said of the long and solemn function was that "the Archbishop 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 Benedictine monastery by the late prior, the Very Rev. Jerome Vaughan, penned this inimitable sentence: At this point of the proceedings the very reverend gentleman turned round and observed in stentorian tones, "Dominus vobiscum!" "It was an Edinburgh paper," adds our Glasgow contemporary, "which gravely stated that 'the Bishop of Argyll and the Isles sang Haydn's Sixteenth Mass,' and it

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Vertical text on the far right edge of the page, including the word 'CHATS' and fragments of other content.

### CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

**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 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 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 gentleman is the who is never mean or little in his disputes. He never takes an unfair advantage and never mistakes personalities or sharp sayings for arguments."

"He guards against unreasonable allusions or topics which irritate. He never speaks of himself except when compelled and never defends himself by 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, all great concern is to make everyone at his ease and at home."

"In short, he is a man who respects everyone—millionaire, mechanic, laborer or pauper."

"The Gentleman in Rhyme" has it thus:

Takes heed of many bows to you;  
 Is everywhere reserved;  
 Talks out of any, does many;  
 Let it not be observed.  
 With heroes many, lives 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 of the gentlemen." "The true gentleman," he says again, "is tender toward the bashful, gentle to the distant, and merciful to the absurd. He makes light of favors, while he does them, and seems to be receiving when he is conferring them."

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."

Taking the word in its constructive sense, one might say that he is a gentleman whose refinement is pervasive, whose kindness of heart is not superficial, whose word is his bond, whose principles are above reach, 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 the man, so worth also makes the gentleman, no matter how many extraneous qualities go to mould him into what the world considers a finer type.

There is one thing that we should bear in mind, that a gentleman is not a real man, true and generous and brave.

**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 undertaken 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 will make of it a stepping stone instead 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 sooner or later, no matter what stands in your way.

If you are only half committed to your proposition, however, if you are so loosely 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 iron in his blood to enable him to stand up and meet, without flinching 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.**  
 He was always wounding their feelings, making sarcastic 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 his confidence.

He was always ready to receive assistance from them, but always too busy or too stingy to assist them in their time of need.

He regarded friendship as a luxury to be enjoyed, instead of an opportunity for service.

He never learned that implicit, generous 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.

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**He measured them by their ability to advance him.**

### OUR BOYS AND GIRLS. 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 he never came when the sun was shining and everything looked bright. I had only to beckon to him, and he hurried across the street with a cheerful "Here you are! A 'Record', did you say?"

A moment later I had him before the great, 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," was the answer.

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

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

"Why do your papers sell more readily in this neighborhood?"

"No," with a disgusted sniff at my evident lack of business intuition; "scarce ever sell one here."

"Why do you come then?"

"Do you want to know the real reason?"

"Yes, indeed," I replied earnestly.

"Well, one day, pretty near a year ago, I was most done for, couldn't sell any papers and was about broke, and if I'd knowed any place to go, I would have 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 an' to think he was a beggar only a few weeks 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 he's not hard on pluck and the grace of God would ever have brought him through.' 'An, his house is in the next street you say?' 'Yes, you're 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 newsboy, 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 get the place all right; and I'd ask over and over for the 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 began 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 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 youth—philosopher was shouting: "Hear your mornin' papers! 'Tribune,' 'Herald,' and 'Record' 'ere!"—True Voice.

### God's Ways.

Written for the March Missionary. By Rev. Richard W. Andrews.

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 hearted fellow, a true 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 entered a church for fifteen years. They had met in the hospital, and because they were consumptives, had fraternized, so to say, and when they were removed from the other patients, were satisfied in each other's company. The non-Catholic man seemed interested 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 his first Communion, suddenly refused every opportunity of grace. His isolation 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 of heart, and a lessening of the bitter rebellion 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?"

"No, sir," said Cox, "I don't know anything about religion, but I had a man a meal, not 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 Anglican."

"Well," I said, "I am very sure you 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?"

"No, sir," said my father told her to wait till I was of age, and then I could choose my own religion, 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?"

"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 said, "it will be a remembrance of the Mercy Hospital and myself."

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

I was content with the favorable impression made, and rose to go, no without inquiring how Smith felt. He answered in rather a surly voice, "he was all right."

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 Frank J. CHENEY  
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 (Signed) A. W. GLEASON,  
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### He measured them by their ability to advance him.

### OUR BOYS AND GIRLS. A Newsboy's Bank.

Those poor people! Their lot is often so hard, so lonely, so full of misery. We are not to hear 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 heart-sickness is much harder to help than hunger and cold. Light heartedness and sympathy, 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.

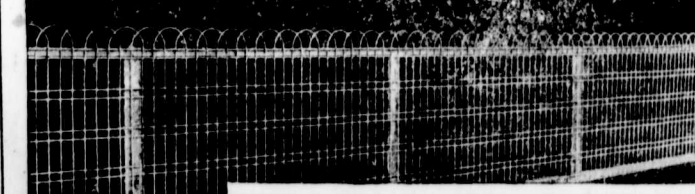
Remember that we all look at life from different standpoints, and what might appear like a grain of mustard seed in your path for you, is an almost insurmountable obstacle to your weaker sister.

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

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### Page White Fences

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 embarrassed, 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?"

"Well, Coxie, I won't interfere; you read the priest's book, and judge for yourself; I can't deny it, it seemed the right thing, but that was fifteen years ago."

"And what have you been since?"

"Nothing," said Smith, "it's the Catholic Church or nothing."

Cox did not reply. The next time I went, this conversation was repeated 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 doctors 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 you are a true Catholic, you go the best way out of it, and beyond it, are you not unreasonable not to heed the beckonings of faith and the voice of your heart?"

"I have been thinking that too."

"Well, here is a little catechism, and 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 week."

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. Cox 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 be baptised. 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 mind?"

"(Of course, I would," he said reproachfully, "do you think I would go back on a man a meal, not 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 Anglican."

"Well," I said, "I am very sure you 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?"

"No, sir," said my father told her to wait till I was of age, and then I could choose my own religion, 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?"

"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 said, "it will be a remembrance of the Mercy Hospital and myself."

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

I was content with the favorable impression made, and rose to go, no without inquiring how Smith felt. He answered in rather a surly voice, "he was all right."

When she entered the room, Smith 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 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?"

Now Sister Ruth had a deep, rich, contralto voice, which was noticeable even in conversation.

"Why, yes I am," was the nun's surprised reply, "but you are a stranger to me."

"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 remember 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—yes, he dug it up, and the sight of you, Sister, makes me want to fix it all 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 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 going to give you a prayer-book, and you will prepare for confession and receive 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 the mention of his friend's name; at last he said:

"I will, so help me God!"

"That's right," said the Sister, "wait a minute," and quickly she went and got a prayer-book and some works of instruction, then she marked the place and with some encouraging and consoling words, left him to his own thoughts.

And joyously she came to me, telling the whole story. Oh! the strength, the depth, the breadth of early impressions! Oh! the ways of God in ordaining that I should meet that Sister, and send her to the lonely man at just the right moment!

My story is told. Smith was instructed again—made his confession and received Holy Communion. It took days for him to get ready—but he was a changed man. He seemed braver, happier and even so much improved in health that he was advised to go West, that at least a few more years of life, might be added to him.

He is now in New Mexico or Colorado; he often writes to me, and is, thank God, a fervent Catholic.

Oh! how wonderful and inscrutable are the ways of God!

### TAKE A CHILD.

What is home without a child? It lacks the sweetest music and proclaims a hopeless and a homesome old age. Why not adopt a boy or girl—or better—a boy and a girl? There are some fine children for legal adoption. Take one, or take two. The bread you cast upon the water will return. An adopted child may prove a staff in old age and a great comfort.

Note what happened lately in New Orleans:

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 mothers were made frantic!

"Give me my baby!" they cried in chorus as, presenting their letters of authority on blue paper, the necessary credentials from the New York Foundling and Orphan Asylum, they shoved policemen aside and invaded the coach 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 foiling 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 whose ambition was to have a daughter. He got one four years old.

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 kindergarten. "All!" gasped the discomfited women. "Where's mine?" they chorused.

"We couldn't bring any more this trip," explained Butler soothingly.

"Give me what's left over," cried a woman clad in costly furs. "I have no children in our home."

"You'll come on the next trip," advised Butler as the woman clambered into the car with her robes trailing in mud. "We will bring some in February."

—Catholic Universe.

**Orange Meat Compared With Bread**

READ and milk make a good food, but usually bread is not baked enough to get the best results. By chemical 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 protein, 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.

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HELL OF TORTURE NOT OF PLEASURE.

IMPRESSIVE SERMON BY REV. FATHER DONAHER.

London Advertiser, April 29.

St. Peter's Cathedral 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 instruction which was given by Father Donaher was a forceful, thought-provoking 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 insinuations of a scoundrel, and he is outlawed by his fellow-men, he is often the sinner himself, from dealing the calumniation 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 name. It is priceless beyond all human value, and it is the thought of everlasting life that alone prevents men from wreaking vengeance on their calumniators.

What is it that holds 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 life."

There was a consciousness in mankind that they will not live, that they must live forever. This is the source, men, and when conscience-stricken it becomes an awful thought to them.

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 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 fool in the eyes of the world, but he is a dauntless hero in the eyes of God."

A HELL FOR THE WICKED. Father Donaher firmly believed that there was a heaven for the blessed and a hell 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 that.

There were two classes of people who did not believe in hell. One class were those who loved their body above all things else, who lived to gratify their sensuality by drink and licentiousness—the impure, who feared death and the judgment.

The other class were those who held other people's property, those who had stolen 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.

"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 hold to this teaching now, 2,000 years old, taught by Jesus himself, and by the best and purest men and women through 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 could 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 splay 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, Brantford, on Monday forenoon, the 18th inst., about 11 o'clock, announced the sad news that the beloved pastor, Rev. Father Collins was dead. His falling 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 ministry would soon be at an end and in peaceful resignation—non mea sed fati deditis—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 he was visited by His Lordship Bishop O'Connor and his brother Bishop John O'Connor, his aged father of Lindsay and brothers came to wish him a last

farewell. His last visit to the church 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 scattered 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 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 tablets 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 his memory.

The Rev. Timothy Francis Collins was born in the township of Caven, near Lindsay, Ont., fifty-three years ago last 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, 1880, he was ordained, and spent three years at Peterborough. He was then given charge at Brighton, from which he came to Brantford 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 denominations among the number who held him in the highest esteem. On Wednesday a Solemn Requiem Mass was sung in presence of the Bishop of the diocese by Rev. J. B. Collins, brother of the deceased 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 station followed by the chief pastor of the diocese and the following priests:—Rev. Father Collins, Detroit; Dean McMann, 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 procession. The body was then enshrined for Lindsay and was met at the station 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 the Bishop officiated at a Solemn Requiem Mass for the dead. The Very Rev. Arch-deacon Casey delivered a very touching discourse 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.

To Home Seekers.

One of the very best sections of the country in the North-West is Red Deer, Alberta. Those who are seeking homes in that end of the Dominion could not do better than write Rev. Father H. Voisin, O. M. L., Box 341, Red Deer, Alberta.

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

The drawing of prizes in aid of St. Patrick's Church, Biddulph, Ont., took place on Monday, 27th inst. The effort was a grand success in every respect. Following is the result of drawing, giving the names of lucky winners:

James E. Reynolds, Linton; Rev. Mother Angela, London; Miss Mary Flood, Sackville; John Rector, Biddulph; Arthur O'Neil, Moosville; Orla M. Kelly, Biddulph; Miss M. M. McCarty, Biddulph; Mrs. Leo Tisdley, Biddulph; L. H. Dickson, Essex; R. Morrow, Reynston; P. C. Out, A. McIlhenny, Biddulph; Miss M. M. McCarty, Biddulph; Mrs. Leo Tisdley, Biddulph; Senator Coffey, London; Miss M. Harrigan, London; P. F. Downing, London; A. N. Lusk, Lucan.

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In Memoriam.

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Naturally kind, with a 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 tablets of brass or marble to perpetuate his memory—the deep affection of loving hearts.

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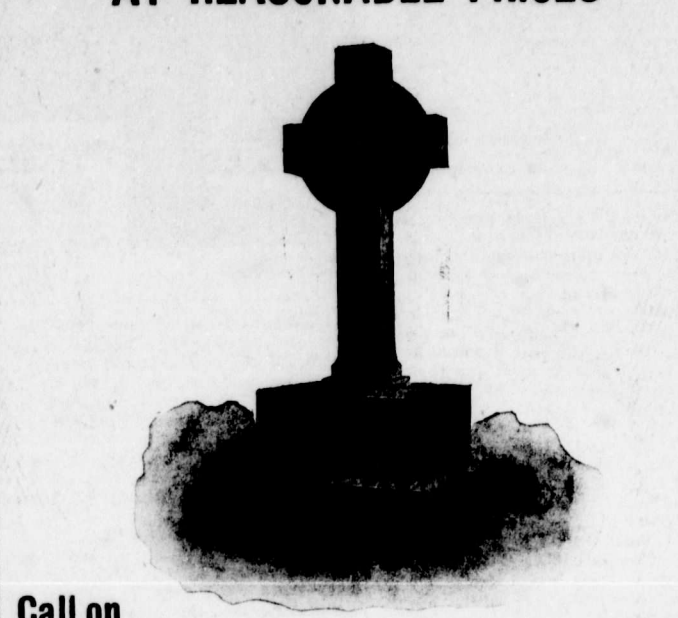
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In Memoriam.

(Lines on the tragic death of Rev. James Kelly, Rector of St. Agnes Church, Westport, N. J., who, on the morning of the 17th December, 1918, was carried overseas from the Arabie in crossing the Atlantic)

Naturally kind, with a 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 tablets 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 his memory.

The Rev. Timothy Francis Collins was born in the township of Caven, near Lindsay, Ont., fifty-three years ago last 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, 1880, he was ordained, and spent three years at Peterborough.

He was then given charge at Brighton, from which he came to Brantford 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 denominations among the number who held him in the highest esteem.

On Wednesday a Solemn Requiem Mass was sung in presence of the Bishop of the diocese by Rev. J. B. Collins, brother of the deceased 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 station followed by the chief pastor of the diocese and the following priests:

—Rev. Father Collins, Detroit; Dean McMann, 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 procession. The body was then enshrined for Lindsay and was met at the station 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 the Bishop officiated at a Solemn Requiem Mass for the dead.

The Very Rev. Arch-deacon Casey delivered a very touching discourse 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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A CATHOLIC SCHOOL WANTED FOR R.C. Separate school section No. 5, Sombra, Holding first or second class professional certificate. Duties to commence after Easter. Apply stating salary, qualification and experience to Michael Condon, Port Lambton, Ont. 1919-4

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EGGS FOR HATCHING. RHODE ISLAND RED EGGS \$100 AND \$200 per setting. See Canadian Poultry Review for my winnings and premiums, or write me for list. S. Charlton, proprietor, Red Feather Farm, London, Ontario. 1919-4

NOTHING TOO GOOD FOR THE BRISH. For sale, golden, silver, partridge and white Wyandottes. Golden bred direct from the famous Gold-Bug cock bird and Lady Golden that won the President's Cup three times in succession at Madison Square Garden. Cockerels of this description for sale from all my varieties. Equally as good. Birds sold on approval. Eggs \$100 per 13. Write for particulars. R. J. Lambert, Essex. 1919-4

Shall warn me of the approach of night, Must grope alone my way. —TIMOTHY HERLEY, D. D.

"N. K." wishes to express her gratitude for a favor received from St. Anthony.

DIED. SULLIVAN.—On April 16th, 1919, at Dutton, Ont., Mr. James Sullivan, aged seventy-one years. May his soul rest in peace.

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