counts

more.

1 quantities

once.

ices

itself that life may be found. When such

things have come—and may we not say they are in sight?—it will not be long

before another great world-movement takes place, and the Holy Eucharist is

AFTERMATH OF THE CONGRESS.

CLOSING INCIDENT MARKS BEGINNING OF

ENGLISH CATHOLIC CAMPAIGN.

It is very evident, from a perusal of our English exchanges, that as the effects of the Eucharistic Congress will extend

far beyond the gathering itself so the unfortunate cowardice of the English

government which marked its close is government which marked its close is only the beginning of an agitation against Catholic disabilities in England which will be felt throughout the empire. In Canada, where Catholics comprise 43

per cent. of the population, in Ireland,

where they form the bulk of the populace,

in Australia, where they are very strong,

n every part of the British domain

indignant murmurs are heard against the action of the government in submit-

ting to the demands of bigotry.

As one of the distinguished visitors to the Congress sagely remarked, the government's prohibition focussed on the Congress the attention of the world as nothing else could have done. As for the English Cathelias the processor.

the English Catholics themselves

their devotion was so stirred to white heat by loyalty and indignation that he

thought a vote of thanks should be ten-dered to the fifty-one objecting Protest-ant societies for their large share in

making the Congress a success.

A FORTUNATE MISTAKE.

The English Catholic Times draws

similar consolation from the effects of

forced at any moment, is to challenge the Catholic forces of the country and incite them to an agitation for the re-

there has been aroused a degree of in-dignation which indicates that the en-

oval of Catholic disabilities generally,

and especially for the abolition of the

organizations into one confederacy

AN UNGRATEFUL COUNTRY.

"When religious liberty is spoken of in England it is well to bear in mind

that the Catholic population has strong

claims to have its wrongs redressed. In

glowing tributes were paid to any

section of the army during the recent Boer War than to the soldiers from the

Sister Isle, many of whom helped to save

person whatsoever.

ONLY CATHOLICS ARE INSULTED.

having this definite object in view.

that an obsolescent statute is tive, says the editor, and may

once more put in possession ward glory which is its right.

### **VOLUME XXX.**

LONDON, ONTARIO, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 17, 1908

The Caged Songster.

Deep in the city's heart, Pulsing with toil and traffic— Why should I stop and start? Something—a song seraphic— Tones of a silvery sweetness, Tones like a golden bell, Rich in their round completeness, Full on mine they fell!

Only a bird's song, only The song of a skylark lonely, Far from the meadow and croft, Caged in a cobbler's loft.

Sing, little lark, oh, sing ! E'en though your heart be breaking, Forth from your bosom fling Music of God's own making! Cruel the hand that sought you Deep in the meadow's breast. Cruel the hand that brought you Here from your peaceful nest!

Yet while your voice remaineth, Yet while your heart retaineth Even one dream of spring, Sing, little lark, oh, sing !

Deep in the city's heart Pulsing with toil and traffic, Far from the fields apart Many a soul seraphic, Many a poet sadly Pent in the busy throng, Sings till the people gladly
Pause and applaud his song.

Ah, 'tis a bird's song only-That of a skylark lonely, Far from the meadow and croft, Caged in a cobbler's loft ! -Denis A. McCarthy.

### THE BLESSED SACRAMENT.

A SPECIAL HELP FROM GOD IN ALL AGE

His Lordship the Right Rev. Dr. Hedley, O. S. B., Bishop of Newport, England, issued a pastoral letter which was read in whole or in part Sunday, Sept. 6, in all the churches of the diocese. In the opening pages the learned and eloquent prelate points out that every age the Church has had it peculiar character, its dangers and its opportunities and that the character of the charact ities, and that in every age the Blessee Sacrament has been the means of special help from God and of seasonable benediction. As it was in the past, so it is in the days in which we live.

THE BOND OF UNITY.

At the beginning of the Church, continues His Lordship, the Blessed Eucharist was the bond of the Church's unity. By it, Jesus drew His followers around His table, and made them realize that they belonged to His flock. He had given them a law, and provided for a succession of divinely protected teachers. He had marked out the mystical and spiritual enclosure which He called His "fold." It was to gather them within that enclosure—to bring them, in bodily presence, and with devout and lowly hearts, where the voice of faith could be heard and the pastor might make his word prevail—that He made His unbloody sacrifice perpetual and His Supper a precept for ever. When they met around the sacred table they were all in one communion. To be outside of that holy banquet was to be outside of the fold; to be cut off from it was to be outside of the Body of Christ. As the Church spread and increased, that Communion, which was always the Communion of the same Blessed Body, bound together every freshly formed association, every founded Church, into the same society that began with the apostolic "breaking of bread" in Jerusalem. There was one Communion as there was one baptism and one faith. more; the faith was hidden in the heart and will; but the Holy Communion that followed the sacrifice was a permanen and perpetual Sacrament and symbol o the one belief, the one worship and the one obedience. Christian was known to Christian by the common participation of the Table of the Lord. The pastor knew his flock by their taking from his hand the Body of Christ. The world knew the Church of the Christians by august banquet which the august banquet which on the seventh day, and oftener, drew together, sometimes in secret places and cata-combs, often in danger of prisons and death, the followers of the religion of

THE STRENGTH OF MARTYRS. When the Church had grown and the worldly power could no longer ignore ner, then began the era of persecution In the presence of the scourge, the rack and the fire, the Christian instinct magnified the Holy Eucharist. To the bishops and saints of the first three centuries the Eucharist. uries, the Eucharist was the pledge of that strength of God by which alone the martyr could hope to triumph. The little flock that met together under the shadow of bloody proscription, parook with eager spirit and humble heart of that holy Flesh which had gloriously risen from the dead. The hallowed risen from the dead. The hallowed Bread was carried from the altar to the home, and reserved and partaken of with loving reverence by faithful hearts prepared for death. To the father and nother of the Christian family and to their household it was the sign of fellowship with the scattered Church whose holy rites were forbidden, and the Bread of Life to strengthen them in the hour of trial. It was carried to the confessors in prison, by stealth and in peril, and it was the secret of that courage and joy which shone in the eye of the martyr when he faced the trimartyr when he faced the tribunal and the torture. Even when a servant of God had lapsed and betrayed his Master, the Blessed Sacrament was not denied on the sinner's repentance; there was no long penance or probation, but the sacred Gift was given without besitation in the presence of a danger the gallows.

which threatened every moment, and which the Eucharist alone, as the Church was persuaded, could enable flesh and blood to meet. It is through hesn and blood to meet. It is through the same Christian instinct, strength-ened by the traditions of those times of conflict and peril, that the faithful, from the earliest times, have looked to the Blessed Sacrament to secure them at the hour of death. Death, whether it comes in the terrors of persecution, or in sufferings sent by God, in the trouble of temptation, or in the peace of Christ, is always an hour of danger and of anxiety. Thus, as the Church concrete the control of t emerged from persecution and great Christian communities formed them-selves in the cities and towns of the civilized world, the Blessed Eucharist had already taken its place as the Sac-rament of write and the second rament of unity and the sacrament of strength. Everywhere the faithful flocked to the sacrifice and the banquet in most places daily, in all places fre quently. The general custom was to receive at every attendance. The Blessed Sacrament was the sanctification of life, the sign and mark of a Christian, the pledge of a death in God's holy fear.

God's holy fear.

The Pastoral goes on to review the process of building up, from the sixth century onwards, the public and solemn worship of the Sacramental Presence and shows how since the Council of Trent two grand movements of devotion have year by year been assuming wider and stronger proportions—the visiting of the Blessed Sacrament in the churches where it was reserved and its solemn where it was reserved and its solem exposition in the presence of adoring crowds. And now we have the solemn pronouncement of the present Pontiff, practically laying down the doctrine that ordinary good Christians should make it a duty to receive every day.

THE COMING EPOCH.

This is going to be the characteristic note of the coming epoch of Catholic history—frequent and daily Communion. At first, it is possible that even good Catholics may be somewhat surprised, or even scandalized, at what seems to be an encouragement to laxity. On reflexion they will see that a Christian who partakes of the Body of the Lord in a state of sanctifying grace, and with the actual devotion of a conscious good intention, cannot be irrever-ent to the great Sacrament, and, at the same times gives to his Saviour the occasion and opportunity which He has ordained and arranged for increasing the spiritual life of the soul and drawing it ever nearer to Himself. We may look forward to a generation of Catholics who will be far more thorough than ourselves or our predecessors. The daily communicants, who will be the great majority of those who keep free from mortal sin, will be more zealous for the Church and the faith, more assiduous in daily prayer, and less ready to compromise with the world and the devil, than we are. Good Catholics will devil, than we are. Good Catholies will be braver, simpler, and more self-sacri-ing than they are now. They will more habitually put their religion before everything, stand up for the Holy See and teach their children to be proud of being Catholics. For this good prospect we may confidently trust to the present

advance in the Church's use of the great

acrament of life and strength.

NEEDS OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

No one can deny, adds His Lordship,
that the Catholic Church, at this moment, s truly in need of all that the Blessed Sacrament can effect for her help. The Church is at present so despoiled and so interfered with, that she has nowhere else to look. It is natural and right to expect that as the Holy Eucharist has been in every age, the refuge, the strength, and the life of Catholicism, so it will continue to be, however changed may be the conditions of the world. All that t has done in the past, it will continue to do in the present and in the future. As in the beginnings of the Church it was the bond and the symbol of unity, so it is and will be now. In the early days the Church was unearly days the Church was un-supported by the State, unable to organize itself publicly, hampered in the exercise of its divine powers and forced to make head against a crushing dead weight of worldly opinion. These conditions have come back and are daily growing worse. No longer can the Church be kept together by State patronage, or by public recogni-tion. Even synodical action, the pronouncements of her pastorate and the exercise of her legislative and judicial functions are impeded in every direction. If the voice of the Holy Father were to be stifled—as it might pe for a time-what should we have to keep us together except the Holy Eucharist? But that, please God would be enough, until the crisis were past. The Mass will not cease, even it churches are taken from us and our altars broken in pieces. The faithful will throng to the Holy Table, even if it has to be set up in hired lodgings, as in the Acts, in caves of the earth, or in catacombs; and every man, and woman and child who partakes of the one Eucharist will know that he belongs to the army of Christ, the one Kingdom of God on earth, the one dispensation of truth by which Jesus saves the world. If martyrdom comes in the Christian's way he has still the Sacrament that filled with brave joy the souls of the martyrs of older times. The martyrdoms of the present day are martyrdoms without blood, but none the less painful: contempt, sacrifices that demand our money and means, loss of credit, anxiety for our religion, the unfair deprivation of just and equal rights. But there need be no cowards, no lapsed Catholics, no shirkers, no base idolators of gold or respectability, if the Table of the Lord is thronged with the Lord's servants. The power of the Lord's body is still what it was when judges frowned and execu-tioners handled the fire, the steel, and

ANOTHER GREAT WORLD-MOVEMENT.
It may seem that we have lost, or are on the point of losing the splendor and Christendon, is capable of giving a dispensation whereby deceit may be practiced and untruths told. But, shocking as this part of the formula is, consolation of that public worship of the Blessed Sacrament which has shed such even more outrages is the portion in which the King is made to assert that glory on the Europe of the past. That may be so. It may be that we shall have to undergo a long period of eelipse during which the sun of the Eucharist will not shine on high and to wait for a new era. But even if we have to confine our he doctrine of Transubstantiation, the invocation of the Blessed Virgin, and the sacrifice of the Mass as now used in the Church of Rome are 'superstitious and idolatrous.' In the British empire there are all sorts of creeds and beliefs, Lord's honor within walls, there will still be churches of of some kind, and the Christian and pagan; those who profes them have many strange ceremonies and functions; but it is only the Catholics glory of those churches will be the crowds that will fill them. panners, no flowers, no festal music, no who are insulted, only against them are narsh epithets used, only to restrict incense, can honor the Holy of Holies like the devotion of a loyal Catholic multitude. No glorious High Mass or hem are obsolete laws revived and put nto force outdoor procession can be worthy of Jesus Christ as the ceaseless coming and going of rich and poor, young and old, in the sanctuary where He waits to give Himself to His children and to

may be taken for granted that Catholics will no longer patiently bear his intolerance."

TWO MEMORABLE IMPRESSIONS As a final word on the Congress itself transform them into Himself. With this we may be well content, whilst we wait for better times. But truly the eaders of the Universe will be glad to ead the graphic and moving descripon of its most memorable scenes by times will be good and acceptable when the devout frequentation of daily Mass and daily Communion shall have formed Rev. Vincent McNabb, O. P. shows better than anything else sult was borne by the disciples of a re-sult was borne by the disciples of a re-igion whose watchword is obedience the great Christian body into a compact, resolute and disciplined army of Jesus resource and disciplined arm, of this World, militant on behalf of the Kingdom of Christ, and not afraid to lose even life nd who are ever the bulwark of civic

and who are ever the bulwark of civic order and authority:

"Two impressions I shall bear with me through life," he writes, "one of a wast meeting of men in a building, the other of a vast crowd whom no man could imber in the streets. I had neve been inside the Albert Hall before last Saturday. When I arrived, an hour before the time for the meeting, there was a slight crowd about the doors, quietly oving inward or standing in little quie handfuls to discuss the doings of the lay. The vast building almost stunned ne at first sight. Its tier upon tier of circles, even then filled with men reached a height and distance suggesthe of immensity. The faces of men in the far-off galleries corniced the vast had with pale diaper. Had the men been absent the hall, with its multitudnous red hangings, would have been dead. But when the meeting sat quietly waiting for the Legate of His Holiness Pope Pius X.—Cardinal Vannutelli—it was alive. It waited dumbly like a battleship. And probably few of those who were in the midst knew the thunder of its broadside. When the Legate came down the red-carpeted stairs and upon the platform I can only say the great still building leaped into passionate life. still building leaped into passionate life.
The moving bodies, the fluttering kerchiefs seemed to give the huge levia-than the dreadful power of motion. From the hands and the throats of the men went up a great sound as if the spell of its silence had been loosened

and it had found tongue. TWELVE THOUSAND HISS. "It is a fearful experience to hear twelve thousand men hiss. I do not want to hear it again in life. I can imagine it had a subtle pyschic power of eaching a country house in Scotland.
"I have impressions of a scarlet

robed figure, once a quiet professor of philosophy, now a Cardinal Archbishop, reminding us almost in the government's action. To maintain an undertone that Jesus hid on the altar is the Prince of Peace. I have impressions of a man of letters and of politics dealing with a delicate case o loyalty to a Heavenly and earthly chief moval of the grievance. He calls the government's blunder a "fortunate mistake," the results of which will be -choosing staccatoed words as a hillclimber might pick his steps, and con-cluding it all by reminding us in two very far-reaching.
"For," says the representative Catholic journal, "throughout the country languages that the world is still at war with the Church, and obedience alone

can speak or dream of victory. "I have impressions of a great army of men passing out of the brilliant hall into the night, and bearing memories

tire Catholic body without exception of class or race are determined to com-bine in a movement for the repeal of bine in a movement for the act, for the they cannot forget.
"On Sunday afternoon it was not a hall—and that one of the world's vast est—that was alive; it was a whole quarter of a city. Most of the anger King's offensive declaration. What has taken place will knit all the Catholic that had stabbed the Albert Hall with that had stabled the Albert Hall with hisses had died away; but none of the pain. A Scottish proverb says 'He who tholes, wins.' The tens of thou-sands of Catholics round Westminster were tholing. My people from Leices-ter had risen in the small hours of the morning, had taken a long, tiresome journey, and stood four deep, and one hundred and thirty strong, nearly three times of national danger, when the army needs to be recruited, the military hours in the streets. I mention them only because I was proud of them, because I was with them, and because every other priest would authorities call to mind at once the valor of the Irish soldier, and through-out all the wars of the British Empire he has been in the vanguard. No more be proud to say of his people what I say of mine. The only words akin to a murmur I heard were towards 4 p.m., when we had been standing two hours: 'I hope they will soon come.

the honor of the flag at the cost of their lives. For this inestimable service to OUR LORD STILL A "FELON."
"They stood in the streets as quietly the Empire little gratitude has been shown; the men who have made sacri-fices to extend British territory and inas they kneel in church before Benedic-tion. Only a few hours before, when their Archbishop nearly broke their hearts by telling them that Our Blessed Lord was still a 'felon' on the streets fluence are wounded in their consciences by bitter and reproachful references to their creed. near the mother parliament of the world, he had calmed them by asking "It is time that this ill-treatment should cease, that the Catholic should them so to behave as to make 'the whole of Westminster one great sanc-tuary of the Blessed Sacrament. be placed upon an equality with the non-Catholic and that all classes of citi-zens should feel that they have the Never was a father's wish obeyed with same duties to discharge and the same rights to preserve. What could be more hurtful to the Catholic than the more childlikeness. Men trod the nar-row streets around the Cathedral as silently as if it was a carpeted sanc tuary. Once they had taken thei terms in which the King is made to refer to the head of his Church? 'I do places they kept a sanctuaried silence, solemnly in the presence of God tes-tify and declare that I do make this de-claration in the plain and ordinary except when great outbursts of song broke almost unconsciously from their lips. They sang all the well-known simple hymns to Jesus, to His Mother, and to the faith of our fathers, which sense of the words read unto me, as they are commonly understood by English Protestants, without any evasion,

more than the poet's vision, equivocation, or mental reservation whatever, and without any dispensation 'Gives them sight beyond the stars,' If they stood quietly, it was not that they were still with 'the limbs of fear.' already granted to me for this purpose Pope or any other authority or "Here is a public attestation that the uler of the realm believes that the Holy Father, the most august figure in 'city sent to guard them from fanaticism.' Berlin, Vienna and Rome.

THE SPIRIT OF MARCHERS AND WATCHERS "I can hardly bring myself to say they were disappointed. They had not come from every parish of London, and from Leicester, Birmingham, Salford, Leeds, and many other parishes of England; Europe, Asia, Africa, America, Australia, i. e., from most parishes of England and l. e., from most parishes of England and every country of Europe; they had not foregathered in their thousands to see a sight, to serve a king. Their Blessed Lord had commanded them to come. They came. He commanded them to wait. They waited, He commanded them to make the King's progress without the King. They made it. He commanded the laymen not take part, but went home quietly at His word. And went home quietly at His word. And thus they made a sanctuary of West-

"I have seen many processions, but one as this. Nearly every cleric in it was a man of manly and often of noble mien But their bowed heads and the hymnsthey sang or the psalms they chanted made the procession what it was—a great Eucharistic prayer. Once I heard them chanting 'Parce, Domine,' in weird tones that brought back memories of Josue and the walls of Jericho. Alas! the events of a few hours before were proof that when walls have fallen ignorance may still last. But I do not say this in bitterness, for I wish to live and die in the spirit of the men who sang the

"It was a danger to life and limb to stand amidst the crowds outside the great porch of the Cathedral. It is perhaps a blessing of the Master that no limbs were broken or lives lost in no limbs were broken or lives lost in the dense throng, for the power was

THE BENEDICTION. "My eyes were riveted on the in-scription over the great doorway, in strong, simple Roman capitals: Domine Jesu, Rex et Redemptor noster, salva nos per Sanguinem Tuum. Over the inscription had been erected a little tribune in tion had been erected a little tribune in scarlet—empty, awaiting its occupant. The huge cathedral seemed listless. Even the two flags of Pope and King floating lazily over it, and the scattered groups of boyguards and boy-trumpeters upon its roof, hardly gave it life. The people had been again and again filling the streets with great swelling hymns. Suddenly there was a sigh, and silence fell upon them as if it were from on high. Then the little scarlet tribune was filled by the snow-white glittering figure of the Legate of His Holiness Pope Pius

X. The people would have knelt down if they could: for high over their heads he held their King and Redeemer, to bless them for their love. There was a lull of deep silence. Then a man from the crowd cried 'Hurrah!' And the pent-up feelin s broke all dykes— Hurrah! Hurrah! It was not a liturgical hymn, but it was a cry from the crowd, and the King for whom it was meant took it as the voice of praise.'

### PROMINENT KNIGHT TEMPLAR BE-COMES A CATHOLIC.

The Catholic Transcript of Hartford, Ct., gives the following interesting acof George L. Rockwell of Ridgefield, Ct,: On August 15th, feast of the Assumption, George Lounsbury Rockwell was received in the Catholic Church. and because of his prominence in social and political life throughout the State, his reception into the Church excited considerable publicity. Mr. Rockwell is the nephew of two former Governors of Connecticut-Phineas C. and George Lounsbury—was a vestryman for years in the Episcopal church, and received many honors of the republican party, of which he is the leader in his town. For years this step was anticihis reading and his inclination to dis-cuss all questions bearing on Catholic studious in disposition, he gave no intimation to casual acquaintance of his changing views, and, as a consequence the step he has taken excited no little Seeking to explain his motives, the state papers give various, and, in some instances, ludicrous explanations, whereas the truth is the step he has taken is the result of years of patient research and study, and affords the example of a man hesitating, and fearful of maling finally convinced and obliged to yield when reason and conscience claim the mastery. Mr. Rockwell was elected a delegate-at-large to the republican state convention from the twenty fourth senatorial district. He has been identified prominently with Masonic affairs and is a member of Crusader Commandery Knights Templar of Danbury, in which the majority of templars esiding in Ridgefield have membership.

### Able Woman Doctor to Enter Sister-

Dr. Laura A. C. Hughes, of Boston, according to a press dispatch, has applied for admission as a novice into the community of the Sisters of the Holy

Cross of South Bend, Ind. At first it was the intenton of Dr. Hughes to devote her life to the cure of lepers, but early association drew her to the South Bend community.

Dr. Hughes is the best known woman physician in Boston. As a surgeon her patients have numbered members of the exclusive society of the Back Bay, and she has given her services free to the

She first studied medicine with Dr. Mary Stafford Blake, a famous physician. they were still with 'the limbs of fear.'
Nothing held them, or could have held
them, but a great loyalty, child of a
great love. They were as disciplined
and as restrained as the force that the
this she went abroad and studied in

### 1565

The Dublin, Ireland, city council has decided that all its public notices should be printed in Irish, as well as in Eng-li:h, and that all its official publications should be bi-lingual.

CATHOLIC NOTES.

The Brooklyn Catholic Federation has arranged a series of free lectures from the Catholic standpoint and under Catholic support to all classes, colors and creeds.

As the result of a disturbance created As the result of a discurpance created by Socialists during a Eucharistic pro-cession on Sunday last week in connec-tion with the Catholic Congress at Budapest the crowd came to blows with the police, who arrested fifty of the rioters.

Very Rev. Dean Harris, who is now engaged in writing an early history of Catholic Missions and Missionaries in Utah, finds from ancient documents preserved in the Washington library, that missionaries visited Utah as early as 1770.

Few people are aware that Artemus Ward, the noted humorist, than whom there was no more genial wit in American letters, became a Catholic shortly before his death. The Catholic Encyclopedia notes this fact, and accords him a brief but comprehensive biography.

Four Canadian Jesuits left for Alaska during the past month to work for the conversion of the Eskimo and Tinneh tribes along the Bering coast and the Yukon, and two Gray nuns of the Cross, Sisters St. Julia and St. Hilaire, left Ottawa recently to labor amor Cree Indians near Hudson's Bay. among the

Work has begun on the construction of a new million-dollar Catholic University in Chicago. The foundation for the first of the group of buildings planned for the big institution in charge of the Jesuits is completed. This is the academy building, situated near the centre of the sixteen-acre tract bought for \$160,000,

A woman, wearing a nun's garb, was arrested a few days ago in New York. In her the police think they have gotten hold of "Sister Cecilia," who, posing as a nun, has been giving the Church authorities a great amount of trouble. This is probably the "nun" who so highly recommends a patent medicine humbug in Ohio.

The Irish poetess, Miss Emily Hickey, has been awarded a grant from the Royal Bounty Fund, to be applied as an annuity, in recognition of her services to literature. Miss Hickey is a convert, and, both as an Anglican and as a Catholic, has enriched Anglo-Irish verse with many notable poems. She is the author also of several prose works, in-cluding translations from the Anglo-Saxon tongue and was one of the founders of the Browning Society.

Cardinal Moran, who was seventy-eight years old last week, has been interviewed at Sydney, N. S. W., re-garding the prohibition of the carrying of the Sacred Host procession at West-minster. The Cardinal said it showed want of liberality on the part of the British Government. He added: "If I had been there, I should have addressed a hundred thousand London Irishmen, which might have caused trouble."

The Pope's appointment of Lord Denbigh as representative in England of the Order of the Holy Sepulchre, is an evidence of the high favor in which this important peer is held in Rome. The late Earl Denbigh was converted to the Church, and the present earl married into the Catholic family of Clifford of Chudleigh, which has given several nuns
sisters of Lady Denbigh to the

Caruso, the celebrated Italian opera pated by intimate friends who could not fail to observe the course of his reading and his inclination to discuss all questions bearing on Catholic teaching and practice. Reserved and studious in disposition, he gave no insurance of the course of the cour entered upon his term of military service an officer with a musical taste took him in hand and he was allowed to practice in peace. At that time he could barely read and write. Now he is the most famous tenor of the day, never singing for less than \$500 a perform-

On Sunday last the Rev. Father Vezina, parish priest of Notre Dame Church, Kenora, had the happiness to receive into the Holy Catholic Church, Mary Jessie Anderson, who, brought up in the teaching of the Church of Eng-land, had become convinced of the beauty and truth of the doctrines of our beauty and truth of the doctrines of our religion. Miss Anderson is a bright young girl of nineteen years of age. This speaks highly for the influence for good which Father Vezina, during the hort time he has had charge of Notre Dame parish, has established by his real and good example. Last Friday the Holy Father received

in audience the united delegations of the Catholic Young men's Societies of France and of French-Canada, accomaddress was read congratulating His Holiness on attaining the golden jubilee of his priesthood, promising him and his representatives the most loyal obedience, and asking his blessing for them-selves and for the 2169 branches of which their combined organizations are composed. His Holiness replied at length. He urged the young men of France not to be dismayed at the sight of so many of the young men of their country prov-ing false to the religion of their fore-fathers—God would give the victory in His own good time, and one of the means for attaining this victory must be the good example of the Catholic young good example of the Catholic young men who belonged to the organization. He quoted for them the story of Matha-thias and Antiochus to prove the value of perseverance in faithfulness even when the situation looked most desperate.

### CHILDREN OF DESTINY.

A Novel by William J. Fischer.

hor of "Songs by the Wayside," "Winona of Other Stories," "The Toiler," "The Years' Between," etc. etc.

CHAPTER XIII. THE STOLEN CHILD.

When Gravenor reached the hotel the clock in his room pointed the hour of four. Already the Dawn was creeping over the eastern hills with her crimson cloak about her, and the birds were beginning to stir in the trees. Arthur felt tired—very tired and he was glad to be able to stretch himself on his soft comfortable bed. Soon he was fast

The past few hours had been trying ones for him, but he gloried in the deed that was about to be done. Mazie had ruined his life, he argued, and now he had a perfect right to ruin hers. Why had he not called upon God to help him in those dark hours? Now it too late too late! The last ver e of goodness had crumbled away, was fast losing his mind. His He was fast losing his mind. His thoughts no longer sought the spiritual. They clung only to things earthly—and were changed and dirt-bespattered. The influence of religion was missing. His mind was filled with mad impulses, wild desires. He was now Arthur Gravenor, hero of his own fancies, wronged man of the world, turned conqueror at last. Had he been in his right senses, his heart would navor have senses, his heart would never have dictated the details of such a crime, but when one's mind becomes deceased and wanders along a certain narrow groove all interference and pleading is useless. What did it matter to him now, whether the mill at Kempton was running or not? What did it matter, whether Aunt Hawkins inquired after him, saying this and that, or whether Muriel worried about his condition? He cared for nothing, now that he was about to ruin the life of the woman he had once loved. To drive a dagger into her heart was a satisfaction his hungry, jealous

soul revelled in.
Several times he woke in his sleep with nervous startings and called ou laughingly:

ur is come and Arthur Grave

nor triumphs at last."

About nine Muriel stole to his bedside. He had slept soundly for some

"I am so glad that you slept so well, dear," she said as she brushed his hair from his forehead. "See, I have brought you a cup of cocoa. It will refresh you." "Thanks Muriel, it is very good of

you."
Muriel could not help noticing the vacant stare in her brother's eyes. Shalso perceived that his face had become er; but she said nothing

"Have you received the morning's paper?" the girl asked gently.
"Yes dear, it is there on the table The hour has come they say and I am-"What is that you are saying?"

"Oh, nothing, nothing, sister."
His mind had wandered along the groove of his old delusion, but he sudden-

ly summoned his senses.
"What's this?" exclaimed Muriel as sh

picked a red wig and beard from off the table, while looking for the morning paper.
Arthur bit his lips and a crimson blush

stole to his face. He had placed the disguise there thoughtlessly upon his return from Mad Nance's rendezvous. Ah! Muriel had discovered him—what was he to say?

Instantly the words came to him.

"It belongs to one of the actors at the Olympia, Muriel," he answered. "I am to take it back to Madam Amyot's at Kempton for him. Some changes have Muriel placed it on the table, settled

herself in a comfortable arm chair and began to read the morning paper.

After a few minutes' silence her brother began :

Muriel, we shall have to pack our trunks to-day.'

"Why so soon, brother?"

"We leave to-morrow morning at one-thirty. The steamer arrives about one o'clock and is generally on time. "My, this is sudden," exclaimed Muriel somewhat disappointed—"and all

our plans for the week upse you not remain another week? ek upset. Could "No, I must away. Every day brings

me more suffering. So ask no questions, but be contented like a good girl!" "Very well, we shall get ready," the girl remarked, a touch of unwillingness in her answer. She knew it was best not to cross her brother in any of his plans now, for she could not help feeling that hourly almost he was becoming changed man. She was beginning to divine in him another self—a selfish, scheming spirit—and her heart ached for she knew not what the outcome of it all might be. So she and Kitty set to work

sister:
"Muriel, I have decided to adopt that little, fatherless girl and take her back Kempton with me."
"Where is she? I would so like to

"You shall see her soon. I shall go for her before we sail. It would be too bad to ask the woman to bring her here

"By all means go for her. Oh, it will just be lovely to have such an angel with us always at Bleur House."

About midnight Mad Nance, deeply disguised, stumbled out of her cottage door, the breath of whiskey on her lips

Mag stood at the door lighting the way with a candle.

"Make a good job of it!" the corpulent Mag called out to her, "and for heaven's sake look out for the police, or you'll

swing, you'll swing!"

It did not take Mad Nance long to reach her destination. It was lucky for her that not a star was visible in the wide expanse of heaven. When the child was safely in her arms she would cross narrow street not far away and wend he way along the water's edge to the spot where the stranger was to meet her. All would be darkness there. No one would ever discover her. Then by another secret road she would hurry home through the woods. She had often gone

this way when on some errand of crime,

Mad Nance tip-toed stealthily to the window. The blind was partly drawn and she could see clearly into the sleeping chamber. A light stood on a table restless and vast, alone thundered in his ing chamber. A light stood on a table flickering quietly. In one corner of the small room stood the bed in which Mary Sorel, the deaf-mute, was sleeping; in the other the two children smiled in

"Everything's nice and quiet now," she said to herself, "and I'll get through hat kitchen-window. She turned and hurried around the

"Good! it's open," she whispered. The next moment she stood in the Lescot cottage facing the three sleepers. She tip-toed over to the children's bed. Then her nose began to bleed. Some of the blood trickled unto the white bed cover. When the bleeding ceased she put her hands upon the sleeping girl and lifted her into the blanket on the bed.

lifted her into the blanket on the bed. Just then Mary Sorel stirred, stretched herself and yawned slightly. Mad Nance's fingers quickly turned down the light. She waited a minute. The child was sleeping soundly in her arms. When the deaf-mute was settled again she turned up the light and hurried out of the room, and onening a side door, disappeared and opening a side door, disappeared into the darkness of the night.

On and on Mad Nance stumbled through the darkness, over uneven ground, until she reached the edge of the river. The child was now wide awake. The sound of the waves stole awate. The sound of the waves stole into the woman's ears like so many voices, accusing her of the crime she had just committed. But her conscience was hardened and she paid no attention

Presently the child began to cry.
"Mama, mama!" it called sorn

fully.

The old wretch drew a soiled rag out of her pocket and stuffed it into the little girl's mouth. "There you little devil! there's a sugar plum for you," she whined heart-

Soon she reached the bend in the river, where Arthur in his red wig and

beard stood awaiting her. "I see you are on time, Nance," he said as she stumbled up to him in the

darkness. Thereupon he lit a candle. "You can bet your life," she contin-ed, "when Nance Drowler takes it into her head to do anything she does it up to the queen's tastes."

"Is the child sleeping?" Gravenor

asked nervously.
"No, she's been crying most of the way, so I stuffed a rag into her nasty, little mouth," Nance said breathlessly.
"I see it is thinly clad. Here, woman, are some clothes for it." Arthur had sent Muriel to purchase them in the

early afternoon. Constance, the child, cried loudly, her cheeks bathed in tears: "Mama!"
But neither paid any atten-

in a main and the little one.

"Is the child dressed now?" the man asked excitedly.

"I'll soon hush that crying. By the way, here is the other hundred," he said as he gave her the

money.

Thereupon Mad Nance handed him
the child. He poured a clear liquid
upon a tiny handerchief which he held
to its nose and then remarked: "There, that will send you to fairyland in a few

Quickly the child's cry died into a sob, then into a sigh—soon the breath came slowly and quietly.

"I must go," Gravenor exclaimed.

The steamer will be pulling out short-Remember woman that you keep ly. Remember woman that you keep this a secret! Remember it will cost you your life, if you should ever reveal it." Mad Nance sank upon her knees, Mad Nance sank upon her knees, grabbed his arm and moaned:—" I swear

—I swear that I shall keep this secret until my dying day-my dying day !

she repeated.

Arthur threw the burning candle into the water. It hissed for a moment and then disappeared. Turning, he said good-bye to the woman whom he hoped

he would never meet in this life again. Thus the two little children of Mazie Lescot were parted—the little son still fast asleep in his cosy bed, and the

country among strangers.

Arthur reached the steamer just a few minutes before it pulled out of the wharf. Hundreds of guests were leaving that morning. Quickly he hurried

to the stateroom, where Kitty and Muriel awaited his return. When the door opened the two women rushed over to meet him.
"Let's see the little dear!" cried

Arthur handed her the child. She lifted the heavy blanket and pre-ently the child's beautiful face greeted

"She is just a perfect dear," observed "The little darling," exclaimed Kitty

she seems just fresh from the hand of to prepare for the homeward journey. Later in the day Arthur said to his Muriel kissed the little face wreathed n sleep.
"I smell chloroform, Arthur, on the

Arthur's face betrayed signs of fear.

"That's not chloroform," he replied.

"The lady told me the child had a bad cold on the chest and that she had rubbed it well with some liniment."
"The poor little dear! How soundly

she sleeps.' Arthur was hoping that the child might sleep for hours, so as the the attention of the passengers.

"Oh, I almost forgot. Wh child's name?" asked Muriel. Arthur was on the verge of answering Constance." Then a strange light

came to his eyes and he answered: "Gracia," repeated Muriel thoughtfully. "What a pretty name!"
"It is not too pretty for the sweet

et," chimed in Kitty.
"I think you had better lay the child "Ithink you had better lay the child down, Muriel," commanded Arthur. "She is sleeping so nicely, it would be a pity to wake her." When later the steamer was speeding

over the blue waters, a feeling of re-morse stole into Arthur Gravenor's heart and he murmured to himself:
"Oh, God! what have I done? Have I fallen so low? I fear I shall never be able to rise again. After all it is Mazie Lescot's child—and now it all seems so

that moment of introspe Arthur Gravenor had realized the gravity of his crime but it was too late to turn back.

> CHAPTER XIV. IN THE HOUSE OF PAIN.

When Mazie Lescot returned to her home early in the morning she was sur-prised to find the kitchen door wide open. Hurriedly she ran into the house with strange misgivings in her heart. The sitting room was just as she had left it and from the adjoining room came the breathing of the sleepers. came the breathing of the sleepers.

Again she passed through the kitchen door into the open air. Noticing fresh footsteps on the ground, she traced them to the street, where she lost track them to the street, where she lost track of them. She was very restless, her heart beat wildly within her and her breath came in interruptions. Retracing her footsteps she noticed some glittering object lying before her on the wet ground. Bending down she picked it up. It was a tiny cross of gold with two initials "C. L." upon it.

"Great heavens!" she shrieked, "it is Constance's little golden cross—her

is Constance's little golden cross—her father's last birthday gift to her. Only last night I tied it round the child'

Back to the children's room she ran Back to the children's room she ran, wild distraction in her eyes. Feeling now that the worst had come she hurried to the children's ted. The boy was still sleeping soundly. Constance was missing. A wild cry escaped her lips. Then she sank to the floor, her heart breaking with convulsive sobs. In a minute, who was on her feet again, her minute she was on her feet again, her face white as death and in her eyes the sorrow that was too deep for speech.

"Constance ! Constance - child Where are you?" Her cry sounded loudly through the room, and presently the little boy awoke. He raised himself in bed, rubbed his eyes and yawned. Mary Sorel also woke, and, seeing Mrs. Lescot shedding bitter tears, she dered what it all meant.

"Where is Constance? Speak for

God's sake, child!" the mother commanded the boy.

The boy looked at his mother and then

at the empty place in the bed.
"I don't know, mama," the child sobbed. "I dust woke now an' I heard no noise all night." Then he called: "Tonstance! Tonstance! tum to yer

brodder! The deaf-mute's eyes stole from the empty bed to the woman's face.
"Where is Constance, Mary? Tell
me! tell me! Did you hear anything

during the night?' Mary seemed to understand what the trouble was all about. She pointed to the empty place in bed and tried to speak, but she could not. The sad silnces which God had given her still

Mrs. Lescot's eyes stole to the white blanket on the bed. She bent over and xamined it more closely.

"Great heavens!" she shrieked, "there

is blood upon it. Constance has been murdered—murdered! See—there's also blood here!" she moaned as her eyes

The little boy looked at his mother, his little face all sadness. Mary Sorel's eyes, too, were filling with tears. She

seemed to understand.

Mrs. Lescot grew weak and sank upon
her knees a second time. She folded
her hands and for a moment prayed fer-

vently.

She rose and threw a shawl over her sheldren." she shoulders. "Stay here, children," she cried, "I'll not be gone long."

As she passed out into the quiet

norning air the sound of her sobs stole back into the little room. From door to door, the distracted mother ran, begging the neighbors to come to her aid an help find the missing child. In a few minutes scores of kindly people poured into the Lescot home. The men stood around, took in the surroundings and argued and pondered and the tried to speak consoling word

grief-stricken mother. grief-stricken mother.

"Constance! Constance!" she sobbed
continually, "Why did I leave you over
night? You poor little thing! Oh God,
I shall go mad if my Constance is dead."

Sympathetic friends would whisper messages of hope into her ears. Her eyes would brighten a moment, then the look of sorrow would return.

Crowds of men and women and children thronged to the spot, many through sym pathy, some through sheer curiosity. The morning glided into the afternoon— and still no clue to the mysterious crime The detectives were utterly at sea. N one in the neighborhood had heard o seen anything, and the only two, who might have been witnesses to the crime were too young to give assistance. Th boy was only a mere child of four and Mary Sorel was a deaf-mute.

The strange mystery was the genera topic of conversation. On the street corners, in the shops and in the hotels originated all manner of theories. In he hearts of hundreds genuine pity w felt for the Rose-Queen. The people were hopeful that before sunset, a glean of light would be thrown upon the mys sterious tragedy. The detectives, how ever, were the most hopeless of all. In their hearts they felt that the murderer —for they had expressed the opinion that it had been a case of murder — could not be caught for weeks or months -perhaps never. They had not the meres

shred of a clue to work on.

That evening in their secluded room,
Mad Nance and Mag, her colleague in
crime, were chatting briskly. Upon a
table in front of them stood glasses and an empty whiskey bottle. The air reeked with the odor of the intoxicant

"Come, drink Nance!" cried out the jovial Mag in her drunken voice. "There's lots more here—enough to soak your wrinkled hide. That two hundred comes in headured. omes in handy, eh?' " Pour me out another mouthful," Nance demanded.

Raising the glass to her lips she said Ah, 'tis delightful stuff — fit drink for a king. And how glorious to feel that you own the whole world! By the way, Mag, did you get the evening paper?"
"Yes—I'll get it for you."

The corpulent woman rose from her chair, staggered into the adjoining room and soon returned, paper in hand. Seating herself, Mad Nance asked nervously: Any mention of the Lescot affair?"
"I don't know, but 'twill take only

minute to see.' There was a momentary silence and Mag's small, blood-shot eyes wandered

over the paper.

"Ah, yes," she exclaimed. "Here is a half page. Shall I read the head "Every line. Go on."

Mag drew a little closer to the candle light, wrinkled her forehead, placed the newspaper at the right distance from her eyes and then proceeded:
"The Lescot Tragedy—Four Year
Old Child Missing—Foul Play Sus-

"Great heavens!" burst in Mad Nance, somewhat frightened. "Child probably murdered—Drops of Blood Found on Blanket and on the

Floor—"
"Drops of blood?" Nance interrupted. "Ah! the old fools. As I was about to lift the child out of bed my nose began to bleed and some of the blood must have trickled unto the blanket and the floor. Read on !"

"Here it says," Mag repeated; "the murderer is supposed to have carried the child out of the house, as a golden cross, bearing the latter's name, was found in the path that led to the road." "I remember quite well seeing the ross on its breast. It must have been torn off in my excitement when I carried the child in my arms."

"Fresh footprints," Mag read slowly,
"have been traced from the kitchen
door to the road. They are thought to
be those of the murderer. Measurement proves conclusively that they are the footprints of a man and he have worn a number eleven shoe.

Thereupon Mag gave vent to an out ourst of laughter.
"Pretty hard on you, Nance. Think

f wearing a number eleven shoe. Any ne could make skating rinks out of our footprints in winter. Ha! ha!

"Is there any more startling news," nxiously asked Mad Nance. "Yes, listen! The detectives spend day in vain. Still no clue. They

fear it is a hopeless case,"
"No clue—fear it is a hopeless case,"
repeated Mad Nance. "Ah, I'm glad.
Come, fill up the glasses again! Never
mind reading the rest. That 'no clue'

enough for me." The glasses were filled, and again the The glasses were filled, and again the two drunken women drained them.

"Listen, Nance!" Mag began, after a few minutes, "here is what Detective Griven thinks of the case. I know it will interest you. 'Detective Griven feared that the tragedy would never be cleared up, that the guilty party had every precaution so as not to leave any clue to the crime.' Poor, old Grivy! Many's the time you've been fooled."

"Oh, Griven be hanged!" hissed Nance indignantly, "the old woman! He'd better be doing fancy-work and pealing potatoes than hunting mur-

pealing potatoes than hunting mur-derers. Yes, I've outwitted him many a time. This Lescot affair's another in-

the detectives been listen ing at the wretch's window, they would have discovered a clue to the strange mystery, but they had not looked with Wortley and Lancaster Road, and its two wicked occupants. And, on that account Mad Nance could feel secure. So far her name had not been implicated in the mysterious affair, and she hoped that the unexpected would happen.

CHAPVER XV.

SEEING THE DAYLIGHT. It had been the longest dreariest day in Mrs. Lescot's life. People came and went continually. All the excitement went continually. All the excitement had been too much for the suffering woman. In the afternoon a doctor was hastily summoned. He found her heart quite weak and ordered entire rest. All day therefore, she lay in bed, but she could not sleep. There was such a heavy weight upon her brain. She had thought dreadful thoughts and they stood before her continually with hideous, mocking faces. In the early morn-ing she had expected that her child would be restored to her within a short time. Now that evening had set in and there had been so much talk of murder, hope had given way. One by one her friends gradually disappeared. Several however lingered, loath to depart, and declared that they would stay over night, but Mrs. Lescot begged them not night, but Mrs. Lescot beggetter to remain as it was not necessary.

"I am very tired," she said, "and I know I shall sleep. It cannot be otherwise. I shall try to worry as little as possible

So they bade her good night, and she and her little soft were alone. It was very lonely without Constance, and, as Mrs. Lescot looked at the empty place Mrs. Lescot looked at the empty place in the bed, hot, bitter tears came to her and again she wept. Shortly after she retired for the night, her son nestling sweetly in her arms. Sleep—soothing, tender sleep—seemed to be far away. Her mind was being tossed about in the frenzy of wild imaginings. Very woon she oversioned difficults in Very soon she experienced difficulty in breathing. At times this necessitated her sitting up in bed. Through the growing hours Mrs. Lescot's thoughts dwelt continually upon her lost child. Vainly her brain had searched for a clue that might lead her out of darkne clue that might lead her out of darkness into light; vainly she had asked the detectives all manner of questions, hop-ing to receive the consoling answer that at last they had tracked the murderer.

The clock struck the hour of mid night—and still no sleep. Presently she sat up erect in bed. Her mind was pondering over some weighty problem-a problem upon which life and death de

"At last! at last!" she gasped. " feel that I have the correct clue Quickly her thoughts stole back to that evening long ago at Kempton that evening long ago at Kempton, when Arthur Gravenor cursed her and all she held most dear, and swore that some day she would suffer for all the wrong she had done him. Then she pictured that second meeting but a few nights ago at the garden-recital and

heard again the self-same words. She remembered distinctly having heard him swear: "I shall never forget nor forgive you!" Might he not have heaped all this sorrow upon her just for the sake of satisfying the impulses of his jealous heart? He hated her bitterly for the cool reception she had given him the other evening. The longer her mind dwelt upon these memories, the stronger grew the belief that readers after all Arthur Grayenor. memories, the stronger grew the belief that perhaps, after all, Arthur Gravenor was the man who knew more about this tragedy than any other being. He was the only man in the world whom she had any reason to fear, the only man who had ever dared to curse her—the only man who at the present moment carried a deadly hatred in his heart. And now it seemed strange to her that she should not have thought of him long before. In excitement very often the mind plays strange antics. This had mind plays strange antics. This had been Mrs. Lescot's experience. She had thought out many motives, but had overlooked the most probable one. At last she felt as if she had her fingers on

the culprit.

She jumped out of bed greatly agitated and began dressing. "I shall go to Detective Griven at once and tell him the whole story. Arthur Gravenor will not feel so spiteful when the law fastens its iror chains about him. But perhaps he has left the Clarendon. However they will be able to trace him. Thank God! I am beginning to see the day-light."

The woman staggered a little. "It is very late," she said, "I should not go

She threw a long cloak over her shoulders. "I feel so strange," she gasped faintly. "My head is dizzy—and—I—cannot—catch—my—breath. I—am—choking."

Her lips took on a bluish tint. She

asped for breath and swayed to and ro several times.
"Water! Water." she whispered

"Water! Water," she whispered faintly, and then sank to the floor.
"I am dying!" sounded the faint, weak voice. "Ah! I see—the— daylight—God— is—good— God— is—good," she repeated slowly again. Then her head sank back, there was the faintest smile, and the struggle was over.

Sometime after the little boy awoke. Noticing that his mother was gone, he cried pitifully. Then he crept to the

cried pitifully. Then he crept to the edge of the bed.

There on the floor lay the mother who

had fought life's battle bravely, beauti-In a moment the child was down be

side his mother's form sobbing bitterly in the moonlit room. He called loudly in the moonlit room. He called loudly to her and tried to rouse her, but there was no answer. Then the two little lips sought the tender cheeks. They were already cold.

Again the pleading, child-like voice sounded. The wind outside alone sent back answer. Poor, little fellow! He was all alone new in the wide reald.

was all alone now in the wide world. He seemed to understand. Lovingly he laid his curly head against hers and folded his trembling hands.

In the morning they found him asleep

on his mother's breast, his tiny arm about her neck. He looked like one of God's angels, guarding the precious

TO BE CONTINUED.

TRUE LOVE.

Along dusty clay roads, fringed by feathery fir trees, past great tracts of undulating land where recumbent groups of cattle "rested on their cuds" over rocky elevations and again through still, rugged canyons, a solitary horseman pur-sured his meditative journey. His sun-tanned face was shaven clean, and he wore his nut-brown hair cropped close. There was an unmistakable air of breed ing about the stranger in the blue flannel shirt and corduroys. And it needed but a glance to see that he was no native but a man proposed to shirt and consider to see that he was no native but a man prepared to live like one. Carstairs was still under thirty, though the had already begun to line person ha his face had already begun to line per ceptibly. His eyes, as he glanced up from beneath a wide sombrero from time to time, to take inventory of the sun, ed alternate gleams of cynic

with a studied expression of calm.

An only son, a college pet—and a handsome young fellow of unlimited means, Carstairs had not been content with anything short of the full length of the string. His release had left him jaded and skeptical. But on the whole, he considered himself fortunate to have emerged from his numerous escapades with an intact neck. The death of his mother changed him somewhat. His father's health was failing, besides; and the family exchequer was sadly dwindled. He must begin to look out for his future. He must begin to look out for his future. With the legacy his mother had bequeathed to him, he acquired a fourth interest in the "Lady Lucie," a malachite mine of rich promise, in Arizona. And as soon as he could wind up his affairs in the metropolis, he went West. Soon after Carstair's arrival in Mari-

copa county, he met Letitia Ainsley. Her quaint, unconscious beauty; her youthful naievete; her frank, enthusiyouthful naievete; her frank, enthusiastic interest in him, appealed to the man of the world. And attracted by his culture, his handsome face and irresistable magnetism, the girl gave him her heart without ever knowing it—till Carstair's offer of marriage showed her the

It was of Letitia he was thinking now, as he pursued his lonely journey through the wilderness. He was happier than he had ever dreamed it possible that he nad ever dreamed it possible that he could be. He was inexpressibly glad he had chosen the life he had; it had brought to him what no other life could have—this girl. She was very young, she was brave and honest—and she loved him. It would be no very difficult task to mold her to his own ideal.

Suddenly his horse shied sharply, startling Carstairs from his reverie. He gave a swift glance up, tightening rein as he pushed back his sombrero, and peered sharply into the bushes on the left side of the road.

A tinkling laugh rang out, echoing in usical cadence down the ravine, as Letitia stepped out from behind a clump of shrubbe

Carstairs dismounted and stood looking down at her, one hand stroking his

horse's glistening coat.

Letitia lifted her eyes to his with a new expression of wonder and delight. She had never seen him look so well. He leant his arm on Tenderfoot's neck. "I'm glad you failed of your purpose, if that is the case," he said, "because this old boy is a bit dangerous. He might have gotten tricky and—"

Letitia interrupted him with her musi-cal laugh, and for an instant, regarded him with a touch of satirical question-

him with a touch of satirical questioning in her gray eyes.

"And have you such a poor opinion of me as that? Dear me, Preston, I've ridden and had to do with more beasts like that than you ever heard of!" She put up her hand to stroke the bay's silky coat, and Carstairs captured it in his, holding it fast. Abruptly he bent down and kissed her twice on the line. down and kissed her twice on the lips.

Letitia caught her breath under the

sudden force of his passion; her eyes fell and swift roses opened their crimson petals in her cheeks. "I'm foolish, of course," returned Carstairs, looking away, but I can't help it. It's because I love you so. I was thinking awhile ago how much I really did love you, and how all unworthy I am of

such a creature as you are. I've realized at last, that to love a woman is not merely an accessory, but the vital principle in a man's life. You—you've made An awkward pause fell between them. Evidently he had said something not altogether comprehensible to the girl, and he shifted the subject by an adroit

little laugh and a kiss.
"Let's sit down by the roadside, here, sweetheart; there's something I want to say to you."

Letitia turned her eyes upon him in

puzzling surprise. She was not used to anything of this sort, and the gravity of her lover's remark had sounded portent

bus to her untutored ears.

He smiled, reading her thoughts like

in open page.
"It is just a little confession, that's all. As we are to be married so soon, and I am so eminently in the mood for it, I think I ought to tell you some things. I tan't come to you unsullied, as you are giving yourself to me. But I can be honest, and I mean to live right here-after. And—and if you really love—"
"If!"

The interpolation came in a hurt, almost a pierced tone. With the little gesture that belonged to her, the girl suddenly lifted herself on her tip-toes and laid her arms about his neck.

Carstairs kissed her again, quickly, but did not, at once, speak. He fastened his horse to a tree-limb, then led Letitia to a plat of grass by the roadside, and hey sat down. Upright and alert, a strong young

tree, she sat beside him, never speaking till he had finished. At last she looked up,
"But all this, dear—all this has no thing to do with our future, has it?

"Nothing in the world, if you will have it so, little girl."
She smiled and gave him her hands. She sought his face with wondering eyes. It was different, illumined. The shadow had fallen away, leaving joy in

its place.
"Oh, by the way, Letitia," he broke out irrevelantly after a pause, "I wish you'd promise me one thing."

"Any number of them," she cried gayly, glad of an escape to lighter

ings. "It's occurred to me several times, about your riding alone in these woods. I don't want you to do it."

A transitory gleam of annoyance crossed the girl's face, but she argued down her irritation with a laugh.

"Good gracious, you silly boy! What
difference does it make in the country? One feels so stupid and uncomfortable with a booted and liveried individual

Arizona, you must recollect, and not New York."

"It makes this difference," the other answered sternly, "that you are a woman and I rather you wouldn't. Is not

etitia could not repress a shrug at her lover's persistence. But then, he was an Easterner and had a different code for women. She yielded to what she termed his ridiculous "whim." She determined to give the thing no further

thought, except to say :" Dick Haskell did start out with me, but had to return early on account of pressing business." Carstair's comment to this occasioned her a shock of sur-"Good heavens!" he broke out angrily, "Will that fellow never cease

to persecute you with his attentions, not even when he knows we are to be married within a month?" She met his displeasure quietly, though not at all understandingly. Haskell had been her friend since childhood, and she could conceive of no reason why they should not still be companions, in a way. "Oh," she said, "I did not know. I'm sorry—" She broke off, her face scarlet, her hands clasping and unclasping them-She met his displeasure quietly, though

ner hands clasping and unclasping themselves nervously in her lap.

A strange revulsion of feeling had come over Carstairs. His eyes were deeper and graver than ever; his lips curved in sudden bitterness. The iron look about his jaw half frightened Leting and her toware about it. tia, and her tongue choked in her throat. As her eyes met his he flushed to his temples. But in a little while, he had mastered himself and his tone, when he

spoke, was apologetic.

"Forgive my abruptnesss, little girl. But I could not help it, honestly. When I see that fellow Haskell looking at you I see that fellow Haskell looking at you the way he does—just as though you belonged to him—it makes my blood boil. I suppose it's unreasonable in me to be so jealous but when one considers how

much I love you—"

Letitia laid her hand, cool and soft as a roseleaf, over his lips. "There, there," she said, "you are an unreasonable fellow, I verily do believe, but you need nt worry your foolish old head about that any more. If it is so distasteful to you, I'll not ride with Dick any longer. We used to be sweethearts as how and girl. used to be sweethearts, as boy and girl, but all that's past and gone."

of shrubbery.

"It was the edge of my red skirt," she said, "that challenged Tenderfoot. I was just preparing to jump out and surprise you."

but all that's past and gone."

"With you, perhaps. But not with him, I can tell you." He rose as he spoke, and looked about for Letitia's pony. He was grazing in a knoll to the

One glance showed us he was dead!

There was silence for a moment: the

I looked at the Sister and said, for my heart was touched; "Who can hesitate

to believe in our Redeemer's special in-dividual care for each one of His crea-

tures in the face of such an event a this."—Rev. Richard W. Alexander.

WHAT OF OUR DEAD?

ERMANENCY OF RELATIONS AND AFFIN-

It is in the Catholic Church alone that

the heart of man finds all its spiritual longings satisfied, and its tenderest affections enkindled at once, and ele-

vated by the possession of privileges not subject to time, and by the exercises of duties which do not terminate in the

grave. In the Church, relations and affinities once formed endure forever. They

s, the Church on earth, is the channel

and means of our union with the Church invisible, that is, with the souls who de-

parted this life in friendship with God. When by one baptism, and the one faith, we are united to the company of the

from the communion of the Church, visible and invisible—either excommunication, or a death and mortal sin. The former cuts us off from the Church, visible and invisible and invitable a

visible, at once; and by death in mortal sin we fall away from the friendship of Christ, the hope of heaven, and the fellowship of redeemed souls. We have if on the Word of God that nothing defiled and defiled soul.

no defiled soul, can enter into heave

and the Holy Ghost in the epistle of St

Jude and in the second general epistle of St. Peter tells us that the reprobate

and mortally guilty are in the unseen world detained in everlasting chains

imprisoned in the pit, and that for them the "mists and storm of darkness are reserved forever." For these we do not

pray. Many of the baptized, let us hope the great body of the baptized, are not

committed in the flesh, nor have the

made ample atonement to God for these sins. The Catholic Church teaches that

God has provided a state—St. Paul calls

satisfaction may be made for mortal sin

the guilt of which is already pardoned and the eternal punishment remitted, or

for venial sins or voluntary stains found

on the soul when it separates from it

In what way the soul, which leave

this world in a state of grace, yet with

remain of sin, will be prepared for its ultimate destiny in the kingdom of God,

nto which nothing defiled or that de

fileth can enter, we know not. It may

period of suffering in order to its purifi

cation. It may be that sin, once admitted into the soul, cannot be eradi

cated without the application of sever

remedies external to itself. Sin has substantive existence, besides its oppos tion to the will of God, which seems b

the consent of the sinner to be wover into the very texture of the soul itself

so that we cannot entirely get rid of i

by any effort of our own. After we have repented, after absolution, while

we are striving against it, still it haunts

marks survive our earthly existence. may survive God's most gracious pardo

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have to pass through a longer or short

place-in the other world where

ITIES AFTER DEATH-LIVING AND DEAD, MEMBERS OF THE SAME CHURCH.

rear of them and Carstairs went to untie his bridle. When Letitia was safely mounted he unfastened Tenderfoot and sprang easily into the saddle. A momen sprang easily into the saddle. A moment later they were cantering down the road neck and neck. Neither spoke till they reached the girl's gate; both had been busy with their own thoughts. They drew rein and sat talking a bit before

separating.
"You will remember about Haskell, "You will remember about Haskell, will you not, Letty. I think I observe ra'her more than you do. He follows you about continually, pretending to meet you by accident, and all that. Isn't that enough," he added, with a final touch of spleen, "that he should own three-fourths of the "Lady Lucie" and held that over my head, but he would hold that over my head, but he would like to get you besides!"

Twilight had fallen, and Letitia was

glad that he could not see the swift tea that welled in her eyes. Instinctively she felt that Carstairs was wrong, unjust; but her sense of loyalty to him forbade the thought to take definate shape. Her was characteristic, gentle :

If you feel so strongly about it Preston, I'd rather never see him again than to have you unhappy."
"As that is out of the question, we

shall have to compromise. Let's drop the subject and agree not to mention the fellow's name again. You will, I know, respect my feelings as far as is consistent, and I promise not to be so grumpy again. Do you agree?"
"I promise." Letitia slid lightly out

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"I promise." Letitia slid lightly out of her saddle and shook out her riding skirt. A second later Carstairs had touched the crop to Tenderfoot's flank and was lost to view in a cloud of dust.

The girl walked slowly up the gravel path and on into the house. The buoy-ancy seemed gone from her step. Her mind was in a turmoil. It was the first she had ever seen her lover in so difficult a mood, and his vehe worried her; she could not at all under-stand it. It brought such, a hateful little cloud to the horizon of their hap-piness. If only she had not mentioned Dick's name! But then, considering the state of Carstair's feelings, she was bound to discover it sooner or later, and she ought to have been glad of the to save him further annov So with a little half-laugh at her own lack of worldly knowledge and consequent sensitiveness, she ran upstairs and began to take off her riding-dre

Carstairs came home after a trying day at the "Lady Lucie." Things had not gone well at the mine since Haskell's death, and he reviewed the possibilities of a threatened strike.

He found Letitia daintly gowned, seated in a low rocker with a book 'n her hands and cushions behind her head. At his entrance, she rose and held out her hands to him. He took them perfunctorily in his cold clasp and kissed her absently. It was the first time he had ever treated her so, and the girl's heart contracted with instinctive apprehen-sion. Her hands dropped to her side and her eyes filled. Quick to see her agitation, Carstairs jerked himself to-gether sharply, smiled and took her in

Don't mind my moods, little girl," he said a trifle awkwardly. "I ought not to bring business cares into our home, but there has been a lot of bother at the mine to-day, and somehow I can't quite shake off a feeling of depression—" Letitia interrupted him swiftly. "It's

a pity I'm such a shallow little goose," she said. "Aren't you half sorry you chose me, instead of some capable, brainy woman who could really be of some aid to her husband at a time like this?" Her voice quivered perceptibly under its veneer of badinage. When Carstairs spoke, his tone was

shaken with sudden passion. Don't—don't talk like that to me, tty. You know as well as I do that I'd rather have your sweet, loyal, im-maculate self than all the so-called brainy women in the universe. A man ouldn't have a greater stimulus and inspiration than a girl like you!"

Letitia's face shone luminously. Praise from her husband's lips was the sweet of life to her. There were things about him that she felt she should never quite comprehend, but she knew he loved her,

special to-day, dear?"
"Decidedly. The men are all discontented. Since the manager's death things have seemed to go to pieces. As soon as his heirs are made known, there will have to be a reorganization of the stock company. In the meantime, the work has to go on—" he stopped sudden-ly and looked curiously into Letitia's eyes. Her gaze faltered under his, an l perceived instantly that she was bling all over.

What is the matter?" he demanded,

an unconsciously curt tone.

The girl hesitated; she abhorred dissimulation, vet the alternative of a onfession was none the less distasteful But she lifted her eyes valiantly now, and though troubled, they were un-

"It is about Dick Haskell," she said;

o you wish me to tell you." Involuntarily, Carstairs put her aside He went over and stood by an open window, battling fiercely with the demon of jealousy that his wife's words had once more roused to savage life. When he felt that he had gained outward poise sufficient he turned and went back to

the fireplace. "Of course," he said, making his tone as matter-of-fact as possible. Letitia he knew, was innocent; he did not wish wound her wantonly. To further establish his equanimity in her eyes he took out a cigar and lighted it leisurely. Then he looked down into her flushed face with his keen peremtory

Well?" he prompted.

would have told you before-no that it amounts to anything much-still, I would have told you at the time, only only we agreed not to mention his name again, so—I didn't. It was your wish, you know," she added, in explanaion, a trifle disconcerted.

Carstairs shifted uneasily. She hur-ried on, as though anxious to have done

was brought to me from his brother-", was calm and recollected and seemed to

uncompromising lines.

"He+he wanted me to come to him.
To be with him at the—end." She paused and glanced up, the hot blood flooding her face. Carstairs' anger was quite about. quite obvious.

"He wanted me to marry him," she

added abruptly.
"To marry him!"

"Yos," she replied, "and Preston," she said with a swift gesture of appeal, "don't be displeased! You are skepti-cal, and I believed you misjudged him. I know you were honest, but your jealousy blinded you to Dick's real character. He knew it was you I really loved, and although he had never ceased to care, he had ceased to hope. But he wanted to see me happy—he wanted to see us both so!" Looking up suddenly, wanted to see me happy—he wanted to see us both so!" Looking up suddenly, she caught the glitter in Carstairs' eyes. His face hardened, but she went on bravely: "He wanted to leave me his interest in the 'Lady Lucie.' All that he asked was the privilege of calling me his wife just once before he died—"her voice broke and she stopped short, struggling for self-control.

Carstairs started. The breath came jerkily between his parted lips. There

carstars started. The breath came jerkily between his parted lips. There was a moment of intense silence. The man was the first to break it. "And you —did it?" The words broke through his lips, hoarsely. The color fled from

s face. Letitia rose slowly and laid her trebling fingers on his coat sleeve. "No," she said, "it was terribly hard—you will never know how hard—it was to refuse him, and he was dying. It seemed such a little thing to do, no real thing at all. But—but you were gone, and I had give you my word."

ou my word."

The look of premature age, the old expression of harshness and nickly effaced by something young and ardent as he bent toward her, breathir fast. "To please me—to gratify jealous whim," he said unsteadily, "ye

freely gave up hundreds of thousands!"
Letitia stood motionless for a second;
her breast rose and fell hurriedly. She looked up abruptly, and their eyes were

An instant later he was crushing he passionately in his arms, all the old un-aith obliterated forever.—Nellie Cravey Gilmore in The Springfield Republican

### THE NIGHT NURSE'S STORY.

"For five years I had been night nurs at the 'Misericordia,' said the good Sister of Mercy who was speaking to me, "and I could fill a volume with my

experiences of wonderful conversions— of wonderful examples of the patience love and mercy of God, of the power sacrifice and the efficacy of petitions sent up to heaven in behalf of some straying soul. Let me tell you one that straying soul. Let me tell you one that happened a short time ago, Father Alexander and you will agree with me it was a visible proof that faith and prayer are never unrewarded, and that the most unexpected events follow each other at times so naturally that the mar-velous seems to be the ordinary course

of affairs.

"There was in the hospital a young man of twenty-four or five, who had a serious throat disease. The trouble had not progressed far, and was by no means deemed incurable. He was not particularly religious, and had no idea of dying; in fact, had every intention (!) of living and supporting his widowed mother and young sisters. Their pray-ers for him were unceasing. His mother particularly offered constant prayers for his recovery, although, as she said to me: 'Sister, he is inclined to be : little wild and, though he is so dear to me and I have no one else to support me, sooner than know he would forsake his God or his religion I would give him up a thousand times, if he were only ready

to go!"
"Time passed on, and he seemed to be rime passed on, and he seemed to be getting a little better. Still, every night he suffered so dreadfully with spells of suffocation that it alarmed me; but in the morning I would find him up and dressed, sitting in the sun parlor, amusing himself: sometimes chatting and she wanted to hear him say it every day. After a silence, she asked—
"Was there anything new—anything always returned. After one of these with the convalescents; sometimes playing cards. At night his agonizing pains him my fears and asked him to look at the patient and talk to him. He did so and when he left the young man he cam to me.

"'Sister, I want you to put that man to bed; I mean to give him the last sac-

"'Why, Father, I said, 'he is bette to-day than he has been this week; why, that the sun parlor in his arm chair playing cards !'
"So I found him,' said the chaplain,

but I have been talking to him and one of those unaccountable inspirations or intuitions warns me that I had better him, Sister, and when he is in bed I will go to his room.

"A male nurse was sent to tell him he as wanted in his room. I was there and I told him gravely that the chaplair wished him to go to bed; that he would administer the last sacraments. He

thought his case serious.
"'Why, Sister, I don't feel worse; I ate
my breakfast,' asked the astonished man; I can't receive the sacraments.'
"I tried to tell him that sometimes

priest is supernaturally enlightened; that God often makes known to him His will by an inspiration that must not be

ignored; that he had better obey.
"'Well!' said the poor fellow. 'I'll
give in to the priest; maybe he's right. But it seems strange to me, when I'm feeling all right—But I'll go!"
"And he went to bed, it being about

10 o'clock in the morning. The chaplain came, and with great fervor the patient made his confession and received Holy Viaticum and Extreme Unction. After all was over he said to me: 'Sister, what have I ever done that God should be so good to me? There must be some one praying for me, for the moment the Sacred Host touched my tongue it be-came a conviction that I would die soon and oh! how I prayed to be ready! I would like to see my mother and sisters with the subject:

"A little while before he died—it was the day you went up to Phoenix—a letter went out again to the sun parlor. He

"Yes?" He had come a step closer to her, and his lips were set in the old uncompromising lines.

"He—he wanted me to come to him. To be with him at the—end." She paused and glanced up, the hot blood in glanced up, the hot blood is glanced up, the h

The Catholic Church from its begin asked if I saw any change I had to con-fess I thought him even a little better, and she said they would visit him early the next morning. "The day passed on, and that night as I made my rounds his sufferings began as usual. I gave him the customary medicines and he seemed relieved. I passed on to the other patients. In about twenty minutes there came a nurse hurrying to me. 'Sister ing has taught and teaches now that he temporal punishment due for un-toned sin is modified and the time of affering shortened by the operation of dulgences, prayers, alms and especial-the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. And hat this was the belief of the Church of odd before the Incarnation or birth of patients. In about twenty minutes there came a nurse hurrying to me. 'Sister, No. 45 is very much worse; won't you come to him?' 'Why, he seemed better fifteen minutes ago,' I said. But I hurried down the corridor and opened the door of his room. By the dim night lamp I saw a white figure stretched on the floor. I hurried to the switch, turned on the electric light and the ar Divine Lord we know from the hisar Divine Lord we know from the his-ory of the people of God in the time of udas Machabeus. After his victory ver Georgias, the Governor of Idumea, udas ordered a collection to be taken p among his officers and soldiers, and sent twelve thousand drachms of silver Jerusalem for sacrifice to be offered turned on the electric light, and the o for the sins of the dead. . It is perefore a holy and wholesome thought pray for the dead, that they may be nurse and myself raised his face from "And this was the man who was laugh posed from their sins." (II. Mach., xii. 3-46.) Here is an evident, an undeniing over his harmless game on the sun porch in the morning; hesitating about walking to bed to receive the last sacrale proof—even as an historical fact— the practice of praying for the dead der the old law which was then strictments! Whence came this inspiration to the chaplain; this last and priceless grace? Was some one praying for him? Or was it God's unasked and unspeakobserved by the Jews, and consequent-could not be introduced at that parti-lar time by Judas, their High Priest able goodness to His suffering creature? Who can tell?" d Commander.

It must be frankly acknowledged that Holy Scripture contains no direct the Holy Scripture contains no direct and explicit command to pray for the dead apart from the living. Indeed, Holy Writ says very little about the state of the dead; it seldom refers us to the hour of death as the termination and end, and the final finishing of our moral training and discipline. "The Coming of the Lord," "The Judgment," is that to which it directs our attention as to our goal, and the consummation of our our goal, and the consummation of oudestiny. St. Paul seems to speak of the work of grace as continuing in the re-deemed soul when it is in an intermedi-ate state or in Purgatory. "Being con-fident of this very thing, that He Who hath begun a good work in you will per-fect it until the Day of Jesus Christ." Phil. i., 6.)

"Waiting for the manifestation of our ord Jesus Christ, Who also will confirm ou unto the end that you may be with-at crime in the Day of our Lord Jesus

hrist." (I. Cor., i., 7, 8.) But we have plain directions to pray are not for this earth alone, not continue, because they do not arise out of earthly associations, nor depend upon the of human existence. They But we have plain directions to pray one for another, to make prayers and applications to God for one another, o pray for all Saints. Now if all who have been and are lawfully baptized be-ong to the same body of the Church, if there be One Body and One Spirit, if that One Body be Christ Himself, from whom no faithful soul can be separated the laws of human existence. They pass beyond the bounds of time and have their perfect realization only in Etern-ity. These relations do not cease when death enters. The visible Church, that that One Body be Christ Himself, from whom no faithful soul can be separated by death, it does not appear how any one soul redeemed by the Blood of esus Christ and united to Him by race can be excluded from the prayers hich the Church offers for the Living and the Dead, or from participation in the virtues of the adorable Sacrifice of the Mass. All who belong to the "housefaithful on earth, we are also joined to the spirits departed, so that the living hold of God," wherever they are, share in the Communion of Saints.

and the dead are members of the same Church, united to one Head, Jesus Christ—the Lord and Ruler of both worlds—subjects of the same kingdom and members one of another in the same community. Nothing can separate us from Christ—"neither death, nor life, things present nor things to come"—nothing but that which cuts us off from the community of the Church When St. Paul begged of God (11 Tim., i., 18) to show mercy to the soul of Onesiphorus, he certainly was praying for the dead, and in doing so professed his belief in an Intermediate State, and in the possibility that remains of evil yet lingered with the soul of Onesiphorus, his friend, which the unknown dis ciple would cleanse away. The soul of St. Paul's friend was not dormant; it was in a state of conscious exister and its powers were actively exerted some way. The same may be said of every soul in the Intermediate State, that is, Purgatory. Thought is of the very essence of the being of a soul, in the body or out of it. It must think, it cannot exist and be inactive. The soul in Purgatory is sufficiently be sould be sufficiently as the soul of the sou exist and be inactive. The soul in Purgatory is waiting for the voice of Jesus Christ summoning it to "possess the Kingdom," it is preparing for the Beatific Vision. What may be the nature of its sufferings, the intensity of its long ings, its lonely regret for its sins, or the duration of its exile are known to

God alone.

This much we do know, that the Church of God, in the Holy Sacrifice, wilfully and obdurately sinful; but when about to die they know that they have not made satisfaction to God for sins appeals to Him to have pity and mercy on the souls of her departed children, and that the faithful from the beginning prayed for their dead.

The most unexceptionable authority

is to be found in the early Liturgies, o

points of Catholic faith and practice which they embrace. No documents of proof can equal them in importance, and when they all agree, as they do in this matter of Prayer for the Dead, we be certain that we have attained the mind of all the churches, not in one age or country, but in all ages and in all countries where Christ has been worshipped. Liturgie are the voice and words, not of one Doctor or Father, however great, but of Doctor or Father, however great, but of churches which with one consent have approved a form of rites and prayers. In every Liturgy extant, prayers are found for the dead, they form a part of the great Intercession for the Church and the world, for the Living and the Dead. It is beyond the limit and the Scope of this introduction to quote the scope of this introduction to quote the words in which Liturgies commemorated and prayed for the Dead. We find these prayers in the Liturgy of Malabar, in those of St. Mark, St. James, St. Clement, St. Chrysostom, the Sarum, and even to-day among all the churcher of the East, among the Nestorians, Mon of the East, among the

us; we feel it as the presence of an evi being which will not let us alone. Its ophsites, Armenians and Copts. There are some other doctrines dis tinetively Catholic that space will not and require means not attainable in this life for its extermination. All our experience leads us to believe that there permit us to enter upon. There is the doctrine of the Communion of Saints, that of the Immaculate Conception, incan be no real, thorough conviction of mortal sin without the deepest anguish of mind. And if it were so that the soul vocation and veneration of saints devotion to the Blessed Virgin Mary had to pass through some fiery ordeal, internal or external, for its cleansing whose ineffable nearness to Christ an her immaculate purity, draw a clea line of distinction between her and all from the devil-marks which have bee woven into it by former sins, it would others, even the holiest creatures, so a to exempt her from the conditions which surround the pious dead. The not be so much penal suffering as the moth-worn charge that Catholics ador the Virgin Mother of God is practically dead, killed by the intelligence of sane men. Of God we ask mercy and pardon, of the Blessed Virgin and the Saints in Heaven we ask for prayers and inter-cession for us with God. All history, sacred and profane, offers us no charEducational.



cter worthier of our admiration, wor ship and reverence than Mary as child, maiden and mother. The poet Words-worth, inspired by faith and poetic genius, sings of her :

Woman above all women glorified, Our tainted nature's solitary boast, Fairer than eastern skies at daybreak strewn With fancied roses; than the unblemished m Before her wane begins on heaven's blue co Maiden whose virgin bosom was uncrosse't

Nor may any Catholic pay a higher tribute of respect and reverence to the sinless virgin than did the Protestant poet Longfellow when he addressed her n reverent and devotional verse :

No man who adores God may hesitate o exclaim with St. Bernard

Mother of our Lord Jesus Christ, pray for me

### IS IT NOT SO NOW?

Newman, in attributing conversion in is day to the secret stirrings of grace, bids us lay our hopes mainly upon those unseen influences which are responsive only to prayer: "Fifty years ago," he says, "religion seemed almost extinguished. To the eyes of man, it was simply declining and wasting away all simply declining and wasting away all through the eighteenth century. The political power and social influence of religion was ever less and less; and, then, at last a European revolution came, and in man's judgment all was lost. But in its deepest misfortunes began its most wonderful rise; a reaction set in, and steadily has it progressed; and th same phenomenon, I say, reveals itself which we read of in former times. While the Church has been praying and labo ing on her own field, converts, beyond that field, whom she was not contemplating, have been added to her. The special seats of her enemies are the very scenes of this spontaneous accession. To the surprise of all that know them, often to their own surprise, those who fear the Church or disown her doctrines find themselves drawing near to her by some incomprehensible influence year after year, and at length give them selves up to her and proclaim her sovereignty. Those who never spoke to a Catholic priest, those who have never entered a Catholic Church, those who have learned their religion from the Protestant Bible, having in matter of fact by the overruling Providence of God been brought through that very reading to recognize the mother of saints. Her very name, her simple claim, conler very name, her simple claim, con strains men to think of her, to enquire about her, to wish her to be what she says she is, to submit to her; not on any ssignable reason, save the needs of uman nature and the virtue of grace which works secretly, round about the Church, without observation."—(Sermon on the Secret Power of Divine Grace.)

### THE CHURCH AND MOTHERHOOD.

\* \* \* But woman has a still higher duty, and that is to become a mother Here she not only becomes a helpmate of man, but she becomes a helpmate of God She serves to perpetuate the race. God honors woman; He honors marriage; but above all He honors the mother Under God the holiest thing the Chris tian eye beholds is a mother—the Mother

Motherhood has always been honored n the Church. The Catholic bride has always been told on the day of her wed-ding that she was expected to bring forth children and educate them in the nowledge and love of God.

Motherhood is not honored in our day

Women are willing to become wives Oh, yes; marriage was never more popular than it is to-day. Every young woman to-day wants above all things to get married. But outside the Catholic Church few want to become mothers.

To indicate the spirit of the Church nd to show her respect for Christian motherhood, I may cite a custom in the most Catholic and most glorious country in the world to-day, Spain. By the laws St. Jerome's College, BERLIN, CANADA

REV. A. L. ZINGER, C. R., President





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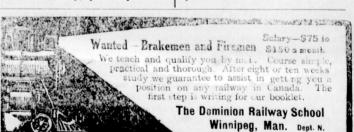


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and customs of Spain women become queens in marrying a Spanish king.
There is a special graveyard in the
Escurial for all the kings of Spain; but
only such queens as bear an heir to the
Spanish crown may be interred therein. The Spanish queen who is not a mother cannot be buried in the Escurial.—From a sermon by Rev. D. S. Phelan, LL. D.

### The Catechism at Mass.

How many adult Catholics remember the questions and answers of the little catechism taught them in their Sunday chool days? One of our valued exchanges has an earnest editorial upon the duty of Catholics knowing the truths contained in the little catechism. It bewails the vast amount of ignorance concerning this little book and the disinclination of so many people to address themselves to its study. It suggests: "If our city pastors would announce that astead of the usual sermon at the late Mass the priest would call upon those present to answer some simple of from the catechism, it would be questions ting to observe how the pews would be occupied. The early Masses would become, if possible, more popular."—The Spectator.



### The Catholic Record

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ed and recommended by the Archbishops Kingston, Ottawa and St. Boniface, to of London, Hamilton, Peterborough, a rg, N. Y., and the clergy throughout to

ers changing residence will please give old

LETTERS OF RECOMMENDATION.

Apostolic Delegation. Ottawa, June 13th, 1905.

is Coffey
r Sin.—Since coming to Canada I have
der of your paper. I have noted with sain

Ottawa, Canada, March 7th, 1900. Dear Sir: For some time past I have read your estimable paper, the САТИОЦЕ RECORD, and congratulate you upon the manner in which it is published. Its manner and form are both good; and a truly Catholic spirit pervades the whole. Therefore, with pleasure, I.can recommend it to the faithful. Blessing you and wishing you success, believe me to remain.

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

LONDON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 17, 1908.

CHILDLESS AND GODLESS. We have before us an interesting and forceful letter addressed to the Star Journal by the Rev. Mr. Ker, Anglican Rector at St. Catharines, whose stand upon many questions we have often adnired and whose discussions upon France we have always respected. We cannot quote this able letter at full length. The opening sentences contain the gentleman's fidelity to the truest principles of Christian family morals and an honorable protest against those who rejoice in the separation of Church and State in France. "I am." he writes one of those who believe firmly that a Godless and Childless nation cannot long survive. Many ill-informed people, led by an unreasonable spirit of bigotry, worked themselves into a high state of enthusiasm when it was anunced that France had broken with the Papal concordat. Such jubilation was discreditable and, apparently, as now appears, premature." cordial thanks to the Rev. Mr. Ker for such language. They are the words of a man whose heart is right and who has the courage of his opinion. It is better that the Star-Journal should publish the letter than for us, for its lessons will reach those who need them. If more of the different ministers would hold and proclaim opinions similar to these they would not have to bewail the laxity of morals and the decay of religious sentiment. Unfort mately these "discreditable jubilarians," who are always rejoicing in Rome's discomfiture, are more numerous and less conscientious than men of Mr. Ker's stamp. At least one Canon was quite officious in giving his experience of French anti-cleric Catholicity in France was dead. Fed and nourished by the monarchism of felt sure, could not thrive on republican board. When, therefore, the French Government manoeuvred against religion, massing its educational and economical forces, these bigots throughout the world shouted; and when the same government broke the faith of a solemn treaty these same bigots became hysterically mad with joy. A godles, republic had in thirty years done what they and their fathers could not accomplish in three hundred years. But, as Mr. Ker remarks, their exultation was premature. French Catholicism was not extinguished, nor could it be so promptly obliterated from the hearts and homes and history of the people. Let these bigots back to their holes. Is any Christian man justified in the joy he expresses upon the action of the French Government against the Catholic Church? It is discreditable; for it is the federation of hypocritical bigotry with atheistic persecution. It is premature, for the patient Church is winning back and will hold with stronger grip the children of St. Louis and the flock of the saintly Cure d'Ars. A nation which insists upon being godless, which prides itself in extinguishing the lights of heaven, and whose men and women provide for the barrenness of their married life, whose death rate is boastedly above its birth rate this nation is on the decline. We agree with Mr. Ker that any godless nation will be childless and unpatriotic. and any childless people will be god- Through the disputes which followed less and nationless. They go hand in Rome's authority was still acknowledged.

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ceive the tradition of faith or to wave the country's flag. When we reflect upon the decreasing birth-rate in France we may rejoice that the Church is free and no longer the paid servant of a State whose law is atheistic and whose social fabric is worm-eaten with the most dangerous and suicidal crimes of nationdestroying sins.

THE GREEK CHURCH.

would be little use in contradicting him We might try to find out his idea of the sun and also what he meant by trans lucency and other optical terms. The cases are not dissimilar. Here is the bare, bald proposition: "The Greek Church was never subject to Rome.' What do those who deny it mean by the Greek Church, for it is indefinite in time and extent of space? The predicate is also obscure. What is clear that subjection to the See of Peter is an historical mark of all the churches of the east. Now the fault we have to find with the proposition lies chiefly in the subject. The term Greek Church has a meaning at the present time in contrast with the Roman Church There was a time—the first three centuries-when the term was impossible incomprehensible. The centre which first attracted that group bearing this title was the imperial court of Constantinople. Before the fourth century the centres of Eastern ecclesiastical groups were Asia Minor, Egypt and Antioch. When the Roman Empire definitely settled down and Constantinople became the political capital of the civilized world it withdrew from Alexandria and Antioch the glory which had clustered for centuries around the very churches. The city of the emperors soon eclipsed these other centres, and assumed in ecclesiast cal affairs a role unwarranted by Divine institution and sacred tradition. Constantine and his successor were able to establish a new political Rome. To create a second Roman Church, to invest it with the powers the old, is beyond the power of emperor or bishop or council. It comes from higher source. A Byzantine Church thus grew up leaning more upor political support than upon apostolic authority, tending towards separation and fostering a spirit of schism which had, and could have, but one termination. Even'so, even with all the subtlety of the Greek character, with all the intrigue of a corrupt and corrupting court with all the disastrous policies of icono clastic emperors, the Roman primacy was acknowledged. This primacy was furthermore considered not a mere form Greek authors and Greek councils recognized the right and duty of the Pope to exercise a general supervision over religious affairs. In questions of dogma and ecclesiastical communion the papal assent was deemed necessary for a definite solution. The Greek Church might for a shorter or longer time withstand Rome. It always concluded by conforming itself to the Holy See. Suprem authority in doctrine, the Papacy was also the final court of appeal. To follow the divisions and heresies which rose nd fell upon the Byzantine Church, fro Arianism and Semi-Arianism in the fourth and fifth centuries, down to the the Bourbons, Catholicism, these men Fourth Council of Constantinople in the tius and Photius, would take not a newspaper column or two but a whole volume. Strangely like Modernism does the Greek Church stand out in history. The authors of this great schism are to be found in those who opposed the Couneil of Nice upon the great question of the divinity of Jesus Christ. It was by Eusebius of Nicomedia and his accomplices that the autonomy of the Byzantine Church first showed itself. This autonomy manifested two dangerous tendencies. At the beginning of its history this Greek Church struck the war-note against all Catholic tradition upon the absolute divinity of our Lord. Secondly, it coquetted with imperial despotism Whatever other conflicts may have characterized its history from that beginning down to the final rupture with Rome, all might have been arranged amicably-peace and union might have prevailed. But Arianism brought blindness, and court-coquetry brought cor. ruption. All this is ancient history. There is no Roman Empire to-day hardly a patriarchate of Constantinople Hellenism is long ago past. The guardian of unity and truth is the same Rome of St. Peter. We have kept the best of Greek sanctity, Greek learning and Greek patrology. There can, when we untangle the many threads, be no doubt that in the beginning and before Arius the Greek Church was one with Rome.

hand. There will be no young to re- We conclude that the Greek Church orizing Canons.

was subject to Rome. As for the Rus converted to Christianity by missionaries from Constantinople after the schism. This is not correct. They were converted while the Greeks re mained in communion with the Holy See, and were very good, zealous Catholics. Indeed the Russians did not separate from Rome when the patriarch of Constantinople did, nor till long afterwards. It was not till the reign of Ivar the Terrible, (1553-1584) that the schism in Russia was complete.

We take up the second point to which correspondent referred, as given in last week's issue. He wishes to know ANGLICAN SYNOD. Greek Church was ever subject to In the General Synod of the English Rome. Let us see. Supposing a blind Church held at Ottawa last month man was to tell us the sun did not shine, what would be our reply? There amongst other questions a resolution was introduced " providing for the adoption of a prayer in the administration of the sick." The resolution did not carry. The debate preceding the vote was in teresting, for it showed how wofully deficient the lopped and lonely Branch i in consistency of doctrine and practice Another point was largely in evidence : the cleavage between the High and the Broad Church. They did not forget to give the erring Sister of Rome a cut as a satisfaction for their own contradictory attitude towards Extreme Unc-What is troubling Anglicans i that Christian Science is taking some of its members, chiefly the sick, the blind and the lame. Some provision must be made to stop the leakage. Here is the very thing-the anointing of the sick with oil. It is a wonder they never thought of it before. Nor would they have thought about it then had not the novelty of Christian Science started to ensnare the unwary. The mover "urged that the original purpose of anointing the sick was the restoration of health, and con tended that the Roman Church had erred since about the ninth century in holding that anointing was for the forgiveness of sins, and only in rare cases for the healing of the body." Steady Canon Scott, not so fast. Your preju dices are running away with you. Truth is a virtue worthy of every man, to be practised in theological arguments as well as in daily conduct. We fail to see the connection between Roman doctrine and the Anglican demand for Extreme Unction. It would have been, to say the least, more dignified to leave Rome out of the questions. Since, however, Rome has been made to figure in it we protest against the plea about our Church. We are happy to assure the Canon and the General Synod that what Rome held in the ninth century she had held in the first and other centuries preceding the ninth. Let us examine Rome's case more at length. Every sacrament is for the soul-to blot out sin or to increase sanctifying grace. No matter how often we may read in the Fathers about the unction doing good to the body, their expressions never exclude the spiritual effect. Nor can we entertain for one moment the idea that Our Lord did anything, performed any miracle or established any rite, except for the benefit of the soul and with the soul positively in view. By this we mean that He intended the sanctification of the soul. At no time did the Church regard Extreme Unction as a mere remony intended simply to benefit the body. From the beginning the Church has held it to be a sacrament established by Christ. Origen, St. Chrysostom, St. Innocent and St. Augustine, without -bumble, big and little, may as well mentioning others, speak of the effect stop their buzzing. Deeper down than most directly as remissive of sin. In their prattle can ever reach, stronger the works of St. Gregory the Great the mode of administering this sacrament is year 869, and the quarrel between Igna prescribed. Liturgical works of the seventh century state the rites to be used. We have the testimony of the Greek Church, which in the Council of Florence subscribed to Extreme Unction as one of the seven Sacraments. Hieremias, Patriarch of Constantinople, replying to the Confession of Luther, remarks that there are no more, no less than seven sacraments. Amongst these he places Extreme Unction, which he calls a Divine Sacrament. We pass on Synod was one of non-committal pru-Canon unwise for the Synod to deliver an ex-cathedra utterance on the question of divine healing. Quite right. He might as well have included all other questions of divine subjects. The Synod utterances of any kind. It may express tinent Episcopal Anglicanism is now opinions: authoritative declaration, none. So far, so good. How does the to the Anglican Church the less definition the better: no authority, no defini-"It seemeth good to the Holy issue from an Anglican Synod or a Lambeth Conference to solve present doubt or provide for future

contingencies. Anglicanism itself needs

the unction and prayer of sacerdotalism

to save it from disruption and its temp-

BAPTIST DISCOLORING.

The Canadian Baptist undertool

lately to give an explanation of Corpus

Christi, or La Fete Dieu. Whether by

evil intention or perverted judgment

the comments passed by this journa

upon Catholic matters are more calcu.

lated to insult the children of the house hold than to instruct strangers. This is no exception. It may be that the Blessed Sacrament is the centre of attack, as it is the centre of faith and devotion. What pride will not admit, this it turns into greatest scorn. Ceremonies appeal no more to some than pictures to iconoclasts. It eems that "B"—whoever that is—a bright genius no doubt-stood last Fete de Dieu upon the steps of Molsons Bank, Montreal, and saw the processio of the Blessed Sacrament pass. "B's" spirit was aroused, although he kept it in check for a long time. We daresay that had it not been for the Eucharistic Congress in London "B" would not yet be heard from. He says with more sarcasm than truth : " This is the most mportant festival in the Romish church and is intended to inspire the faithful with zeal and the unbelieving with terror." How absurd and misleading. That "B" does not understand the spirit of this or any other feast of our Church is no surprise to us. That this agnificent festival should fill him with terror is an unexpected witness of his cowardice and prejudice. Triumph, says Father Faber, is the character of the Feast of the Blessed Sacramentthe triumph of faith over reason, spirit over matter, of heavenly truth over loubt and heresy. It is the most public profession Catholics can make of their faith-in the public streets and pefore the world. It is not any national victory. It is the triumph of the supernatural. Because triumph is its special character, procession is its special expression. There is less thought of prayer than of praise and thanksgiving. It is more the thought of the joy of home than the trying shadow of exile. Wherein lies the terror to the unbeliever? It is not surely the real presence of God which gives such tremendous solemnity to the whole and makes Catholicism so distinct from any of the so-called forms of Chris tianity. What terror can there be in the Blessed Sacrament-which is not one thing out of many, but all things-Odor of His name, sign of His Cross, fringe of His garment-Jesus Himself? He is terror to none save to those who. closing their eyes, see Him not as He passes by. Bigotry may feel its unreasonable fear in Montreal or prevent the procession in London. Truth remains. For seven hundred years the Feast has repeated its annual sermon of the Real Presence and the devotion of the living Church to its Lord abiding in her taber-

"We cannot," says "B.," witness this imposing spectacle without being overwhelmed with the sense of the great difficulties of Christian work among a people so blind in their devotion, and so given away to the spectacular in religon." Practical, if not courteous, and ignorant, if not considerate, "B" misakes the circle for the centre, the honors bestowed for Him to whom they are offered. It is a gratuitous statement to speak in general of the bline devotion of a procession in whose ranks are numbered the learned and the elite of a large city. Yet "B," and all the B's than their sneering or their bribes, lies the faith of virtuous and learned piety in the Real Presence. "B" knows no politeness when he speaks of that which Catholics hold most dear. His religion is easily defined. It is typified in the ancient Pharisee-replete with selfrighteousness and contempt for Catholie faith and practice.

AUSTRALIAN CHURCH UNION.

The Anglican Church must feel its solitude most keenly. It is always makto Canon Cody, whose position in the ing an effort towards extending its borders: Romeward if possible. Failing dence. It was according to this Toronto this, it manifests a disposition to turn in the opposite direction. In this as in so many other matters the Anglican Church does not act as a unit. How could it? Its action in the present case is local, and concerns the Australian has no cathedra from which to deliver branch. Away off in that southern conwedded to Presbyterianism. The Prim ate of the Church of England in Aus Canon maintain "that too much defini. tralia and Tasmania extended to the tion is not good for a living, growing Moderator of the Presbyterian Church Church?" All depends upon the power of Australia the right hand of fellowinvested in the Church. If this refers ship, as a sign and token of the union of the Church of England with the Presbyterian Church of Australia. Then after the members of the two bodies are Ghost and to us," can presented to the heads, the Primate and the Moderator, each holding the right hand of the other, say that this union is now consummated. The understanding is that all future candidates shall receive episcopal ordination. Comment upon the whole affair is unnecessary.

handshaking, to trifle with matters which all people regard as sacred, is descending lower than we would even expect Anglicans to fall. This new union is very well named the Kangaroo scheme. The rocks of Protestant Federation are close, and Anglicanism is breaking to pieces upon them.

THE SORT OF WORK DONE by so-called missionaries in Catholic countries has little to commend it to those who are sincere Christians. It would appear as if the desire of these people were more for the purpose of creating hatred in the minds of Catholic youth for the Church of their ancestors than for making them good Protestants. This is what a correspondent of the London Times says of these well-salaried officials of the missionary societies:

"The boys they educate go away to drift into religious indifference. . . . . Some missionaries have come to the conclusion that all they do is to unsettle such Christian faith as their pupils have, and are drawing back from the work. . .
It is highly doubtful, to say the least, whether either the Iglesia Espanola Reformada of Bishop Cabrea or the Evangelica of Don Cipriano Tornos, or Evangelica of Don Cipriano Tornos, or the Plymouth Brethren could exist without foreign help.'

And so it is all along the line. The character given by the London Times to the Spanish missionaries would fit perfectly those gentlemen who receive bulky salaries from certain Canadian denominations to "carry the tidings" to those whom they call the "benighted French-Canadians" of the Province of Quebec. Those who supply the funds must surely recognize the futility of the work the colporteurs are engaged in. When motions are brought up at the annual meetings to cut off the supplies a spirit of pride procures a majority against them. There is a "hold-thefort" cry, and the waste of money goes

IN LAST WEEK'S ISSUE We made refernce to a despatch from Rome in which it was stated that Cardinal Merry del Val was about to resign his position because of displeasure with the action of English and American prelates. Archbishop Ireland upon being interviewed stated that "the story is a falsehood made out of whole cloth. The Avanti is the chief representative of the 'yellow press' of Italy: it is an avowed enemy of the Vatican; invented stories, deliberate falsehoods, are its stock in trade, when facts, or even appearances of facts, are wanting. As to the statement that English and American prelates sent to the Pope complaints against the cardinal because of his war on modernism, nothing could be more viciously false." The Archbishop further assures us that the war against religious modernism is the Pope's own war, as it is the war of every good Catholic-indeed, of every sincere Christian. Modernism is, in its arguments and tendencies, the denial of the supernatural in the Christian religion-the elimination of that divine element in the Christian revelation, in the Scriptures and in the Church. A strange accusation to bring up against the Cardinal Secretary of State-that he wars too strongly against modernism." Is it not time that the managers of the Associated Press brought to book those news -gatherers who quote from the Italian yellow papers.

WE ARE PLEASED to see in an American exchange that during "the past summer Nova Scotia has been the return to their homes of many of the young men and vomen who had gone to the United States during the past four years in search of employment. One express train from Boston which ordinarily has only eight cars arrived one day recently with seventeen cars, and though many tourists were on board, the bulk of the passengers were natives of Nova Scotia, who had decided on account of the hard times in the United States to come back home and work on the farms." This is pleasant intelligence indeed. The opportunities for advancement in the Dominion of Canada are every year becoming more marked, and it is to be but the young man with the sterling hoped that we will now not only hold our own but bring back those who bulk of his time to character-building strayed away a generation ago when life was a struggle, particularly amongst the industrial classes. Furthermore, we would like to see Canadians bring Americans with them. We have a great country.

THE 5TH OF OCTOBER brought us despatch from Rome, the intelligence conveyed in which is quite characteristic of those in whose hands has been placed the government of the city. The nayor is what is known as an "anticlerical," and also a Jew. The posting of bills and advertisements on the walls of Rome is a municipal undertaking. Heretofore a private firm secured these contracts, but the usage of all ages prohibited the placarding of the churches The mayor has over-ruled this custom and bills of all sorts will soon cover places of worship. It cannot be expected that the mayor of Rome would neptial bond, upon which are dependent individual and national happiness and To make Church Union consist in mere have the same respect for Catholic prosperity."

churches as he would have for Jewish synagogues or Masonic temples. Doubtess he is possessed of the same hatred for the Church as that which actuates the enemy of mankind. We hope to hear that he will ere long be voted out of an office which he has disgraced.

A CORRESPONDENT writes us that a very warm discussion is going on in the eastern section of the country on the question of marriage. "Why there are not more marriages" is the subject of controversy. We may remark that there are two sides to this question and that both sexes are blame-worthy. If we were asked to dis-tinguish we would feel inclined to place the greater amount of blame on the young men. Many a time we have heard some of them declare they could not afford to get married on account of the extravagance of the fair sex We have in mind at present one in particular who made a statement of that kind. He was in receipt of a very liberal salary, but his savings were nil because he was a sport. In his leisure hours he was faultlessly dressed. The gents' furnishings storekeepers knew him well. He owned an expensive dog. He carried a gold-headed cane. He smoked the most expensive brand of cigars, drank the most costly liqueurs, and in the heated term he very fond of showing a Panama hat for which he paid forty-five dollars. And this is the young man who could not get married because the girls are too extravagant. The probability is he is looking for a girl with great expectations. Such a young man is a poor asset in any country, and fortunate is the girl who does not give him her heart and hand.

WE SEND our congratulations to the Most Rev. Archbishop of St. Boniface on the opening of his grand new cathe dral, one of the most splendid sacred edifices in the Dominion. The missionary zeal which has prompted the erection of such a magnificent place of worship gives us proof abundant of the warm faith and untiring zeal of the clergy and laity under the jurisdiction of Archbishop Langevin. Indeed. throughout the length and breadth of the greater Canada in the North West the active and whole-hearted work of all the missionaries is an object lessson most consoling to those that have at heart the spread of God's kingdom upon earth. God's blessing must surely be the portion of His Grace of St. Boniface and his ever faithful clergy and loyal laity for the sacrifices they have made in the cause of religion.

ARCHBISHOP O'CONNELL, of Boston. has made official announcement of the purchase of the Boston Pilot. In a signed article His Grace says :

"Unless we be willing to sit by in-active and indifferent spectators while the faith is threatened with weakness from a thousand influences about us, we must bestir ourselves and do something more than praising the past, which, how-ever good and excellent it was, is past; and which after all was the achievement and which after all was the achievement not of ourselves, but of our fathers and mothers. . The Pilot makes its ad-vent modestly and without boast. Under diocesan control, however, it will be no uncertain voice, and no unsteady force for Catholic life and action."

In its career of well over half a cen tury The Pilot has always been the staunch defender of the Church and has also done yeoman service in the cause of Ireland. Under the new arrangemen we doubt not its influence for good will e increased.

AN AMERICAN EXCHANGE asks what is becoming of our Catholic young men. He assigns various causes, all of which are more or less worthy of consideration. We may add to this list the reading of bad books and the over indulgence in sports, some of a character having nothing to recommend them. We have seen young men become fairly frantic over certain sporting events, who are in many cases mere nonentities in the activities of life. Legitimate sport has its place in spare time, metal in his composition will give the and the reading of good books. A place at the top will be his in the com munity.

OFTENTIMES we hear the Catholic Church commended by our separated brethren for its condemnation of the divorce evil. A few weeks ago Governor Swanson of Virginia, speaking at the diamond Jubilee conference of St. Vincent de Paul society, at Richmond,

"In this age of luxury and wealth, when men are seeking to return to the policy of the pagan world, which permitted dito commend the Church which still places around the marriage vows the sanctity of religion, and stands as a barrier in the path of those who would destroy marriage, and with it the home, the main source of modern progress and civilization. May the Catholic Church

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A CRAFTY MOVE.

A short time ago the editor of a Socialist sheet, called the "Appeal to Reason," proclaimed that he was about to begin a war on the Catholic Church in the United States by the issue of

in the United States by the issue of millions of copies of pamphlets showing how it was getting control of things generally. He seems to be keeping his word, and it would be not at all ridiculous to surmise the motive for the attack

lous to surmise the motive for the attack is not the promotion of the Socialist propaganda so much as the interest of either one of the two great political parties that is really aimed at. Thousands of homes are having the paper thrust upon them—Protestant homes—with the view that when the householders shall have scanned the contents they are the paper on to their servants.

pass the paper on to their servant

most part, that they may learn first what

that the Catholic Church here is "in alliance with the capitalist buccaneers

to keep the working class, Catholic working men included, under the iron heel of the exploiter." That the indictment

is an attack upon the Catholic religion the editor denies: he merely attempts

establish a connection between the

enslave the working man forever, as well as to exhibit the reasons for "the hostillty of the Pope and his American agents toward Socialism." One million copies of this artful concoction, the

editor states, are to be immediately dis-

In whose interests is this enterprise

undertaken? is a question that may very well be asked by every intelligent voter. We believe the men who are managing the campaign on either side would do

well to repudiate any connection with the undertaking. It is a most uncalled

for, an audacious—nay, an infamous—at-tempt to inject the poison or religious rancor into the Presidential campaign—

new development of Burchardism. The defunct A. P. A. would appear to

have been galvanized and resurrected and joined hands with incendiary Social-

of the voters against the Catholic Church

and Mr. Roosevelt's, in regard to the settlement of Church questions in the

Philippines would seem to point to a

design to have the manifesto regarded

such a supposition may be altogether groundless. Whoever is responsible for it evidently attempted to draw a red

herring across the trail for some sinister

rpose of his own. Money has been d to have it done—for millions of

pers cannot be printed and distributed addast for nothing.

We have ever deprecated, and still deprecate, the introduction of the relig-ious question into political struggles. In a country situated as this is with re-

gard to religion, such a resort is wanton, wicked and inexcusable. The people, if left alone, will fight their battle on impartial lines and settle their own busi-

ness on business-like principles. We tell our Catholic readers there is no religi-

ous issue in this contest, notwithstand-

ing what Dr. Schariff or any other un-

authorized busybody may say—for we see with regret that Dr. Schariff is quoted by the editor of the Socialist sheet.

Individual Catholic ecclesiastics may

lavor this candidate or that: every

citizen has the right to form his opin-

lons and give voice to his preferences just like the citizens of every other free country. Ministers of every denomin

ation will act in a similar way. Still

the Catholic clergy will not turn their pulpits into hustling platforms, but will keep them solely for the preaching of the Gospel and the exposition of the doctrines of the Church. This is what

lie clergy, nearly every one of whom utilizes his pulpit for a political propaganda at election times.

We perceive a fresh attempt on the part of certain meddlers to drag the august name of the Holy Father into the

political arena over United States
affairs. The Sun (New York), for in-

Globe (London) a statement which is manifestly an invention: "Mgr. Aversa who is now in Rome, is said by the

Globe correspondent to have informed the Pope that his conviction is Taft will

be elected. The correspondent adds that it is known the Pope strongly

We would again remind such readers as might be influenced one way or the other by such subterfuges that when there was a rumor that the Holy

Father was about to move to avert war

with Spain, a loud shout went up from the jingo press here that "the Pope must keep his hands off." So now, if the

same press desires to invoke the Pope's health to carry this election it must be told that the Pope's

name must be left out of the pre-elec-tion discussion. The Pope is free, we

suppose, to think as he pleases, but he

erns of the United States.

not going to give any one an excuse say that he meddles in the temporal

This seeming "Appeal to Reason" is simply an appeal to religious rancour under the guise of a Socialist manifesto.

The Socialists deny that they attack re-

ligion just as they deny that they attack religion just as they deny that they attack marriage and the sanctity of the home, while their great leaders by their lives and their private action proved that the denials were false and intended to dealing.

If either of the great political parties

favors the Republican candidate."

for the purpose of exciting the mass

nany references to Mr. Taft's action,

work of the Bryan managers, but

ization of the Catholic Church and

"oligarchy of wealth," who would

Catholic hierarchy are, and next

GATHER STRENGTH FOR THE TEMPEST. CHURCH KNOWS SOCIALISM IS ENEMY AND

MAKES PREPARATION FOR CONFLICT WHICH SHE F. ESEES.

Socialism with us is not yet a for-midable political power, but there is all the more reason, before it becomes an aggressive and organized force, to build up an army of federated associa-tions actuated by principles which are antagonistic to or corrective of those dangerous doctrines we have been condangerous doctrines we have been con-sidering; a great conservative body of men, who can always be relied on as of men, who can always be relied on as the champions of law and order, who, far from being a soul of apprehension for their fellow county men will be recog-nized as staunch and orders of justice and right; men who believe in the gights of property, the sanctive or garrrights of property, the sanctity of mar-riage, the love of country, the right of liberty and the rational pursuit of happiness, and who base all these claims not on convenience or expediency, but be-cause the light of reason and the light of religion reveal them as springing from

what a dangerous, because too simple, person Mr. Taft is as a canadidate for the Presidency. The latest issue of this insidious publication prints a long rigmarole headed "Betrayed to the Roman Hierarchy: How the Philippines were Bought From the Pope and Then Given Back to Him for Favors to the Republican Machine." The argument is to the effect that the Catholic Church here is "in religion reveal them as springing from the eternal laws which reason and revel-ation keep constantly before our eyes. The Catholic Church pays no heed to the calumny that she favors the rich. Her distinctive trait, as well as her glory, is that she is the church of the poor. She has covered the world with her institutions of honoral pages as the poor. She has covered the world with her institutions of benevolence, and she has never ceased her care for the orphan, the sick, the abandoned, the fallen, the ignorant, the outcast and the crim wherever they could be found, in the hospitals, in the orphanages, in the slums, in the prisons, and even on the scaffold, and her claim was never so much in evidence. much in evidence as on the day when the Socialist government of France drives out from their country two hundred thousand admittedly men and women whose only purpose in life was to devote themselves to the suffering members of humanity. The Church would have won too much esteem and power had such love been allowed to be lavished on the people. That the poor were to suffer in consequence was not considered for an instant. With her, poverty is no disgrace; it is an honor, and the rich and poor meet on the

same level at her altars.

Finally, she alone is the apostle of liberty. From the time that Paul pleaded for the fugitive slave, she has been strik-ing off the shackles of the serf, and she alone to-day can save the workingman from a worse servitude than the one from which he is striving to emancipate himself. She alone preaches a true equality for all men, and the humblest can occupy and have occupied the most splendid posts of her hierarchy. Nor ould it be otherwise, for she was established by the Son of God, who sounded the depths of human suffering and pov-erty, who was born in a stable and had not a grave of his own to be buried in.

-Chicago New World.

DOUBTFUL ADVERTISING.

By Rev. J. T. Roche, LL. D.

There are a number of smooth genthemen going up and down the country engaged in the task of getting out parish souvenirs. Some of them are Jews, but the Jew is an enterprising mortal and must not be blamed. They make a business of getting out such souvenirs, and rumor has it that it is a very profitable line of business. The proceeding is simplicity itself. They enter a city, secure the permission of some good-natured pastor, and go about amongst the business men soliciting "ads." The pastor has agreed beforehand to supply the local copy, and they agree to do the rest. These souvenirs when printed go to a very limited circle of readers. Circulation cuts a very important figure in other lines of advertising—in the "souvenir business" it plays a minor part. The advertising rates are ridiculously high: but the business men submit to the ex tortion under the impression, insidious tortion under the impression, insidiously conveyed, that they are helping the local pastor. It frequently happens that the souvenirs are never distributed amongst the people for whom they are intended. The smooth gentlemen collect the money from the advertisers, get out differentiates them from the non-Catho- of town as soon as possible, and leave the distribution end of the business to take care of itself. The good-natured pastor is frequently surprised to find that he has a collection of cheap souven-irs on his hands which he is expected to distribute. He is fortunate indeed, to find himself with enough to go around. I have heard of instances in which there were scarcely enough of copies to supply the advertisers; and the souvenirs, as gotten up, were nothing more or less than fraudulent schemes for extorting money from friendly business men. I do not wish to be understood as finding

do not wish to be understood as maining fault with parish souvenirs honestly gotten up and honestly distributed. It is the fraud souvenir gotten up by the smooth gentlemen in question that is doing the harm. PRACTICALLY VALUELESS. Recently I attended a meeting of the Catholic editors, at Buffalo, N. Y., for the purpose of forming the American Catholic Press association. The question of advertising naturally came up, and it seemed to be an almost unani mous opinion amongst those present that much harm was being done to legitimate business in Catholic papers by a great variety of doubtful advertising schemes. It is scarcely necessary to go into particulars here. The average reader is sufficiently familiar with the subject to understand just what I mean. The local field, particularly in the larger cities, has been worked for all it is worth in the interest of Catho-olic mediums which are practically valueless, from an advertising standpoint. Some of them are "holdaccept the help of the Socialists in the present political struggle—open or covert help—they will surely live to regret the fact. The enemies of God annot ever be the friends of man.— Philadelphia Catholic Standard and Times.

Assan them assant them assan them assant them assan them assan them assan them assan them assan them as

paper. The lack of visible returns, at the same time, has a tendency to con-vince business men that there is very little use in patronizing Catholic publications. There is no reason in the world why results should follow from dvertising in mediums which have little standing, and less circulation amongst the Catholics of a community. The failure to obtain results is set down against legitimate Catholic periodicals, and as a consequence, the whole Catholic press .s put under the ban.

Two sides.

There are many editors who regard the parish calendar as one of the great banes of Catholic journalism. There are two sides, however, to this question and in the interests of fair play, I believe it is well to state the pros and cons These editors argue that the parish calendar is generally a monthly, indiffer-ently edited, short of matter, other than local happenings and destitute of all local happenings and destitute of all those things which go to make up a real Catholic paper. The principal objection, however, to my mind lies in the fact, that many people use it as a pretext for not subscribing for Catholic weeklies. "We have the parish calendar," they say, "and that is enough." On the they say, "and that is enough." other hand, pastors argue that the calendar is an excellent medium for paris announcements. They make the point too, that if it were not for such calen dars, a large percentage of their par-ishioners would never come in touch with Catholic literature of any kind. Such advertising as they receive is purely local and in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred would never go to the Catholic paper. John Jones, the grocer, lives within the confines of the parish, and the calender is an excellent medium as far as his particular line of business is concerned. It is so with the business is concerned. It is so with the rest. The Catholic paper would never, in the ordinary course of affairs, re-ceive any of this advertising patron-age. Lastly, the calendar is constantly doing a certain amount of good. It is instilling a certain amount of Catholic truth into the hearts and minds of all who read it, and in many other ways contributes to the spiritual and temporal well-being of the parish taken

as a whole. This is a matter which is well worth looking into. If the same energy which is put into the parish calendar were put into the distribution of Catholic papers there might be a different story to tell as far as their general circulation is concerned. The welfare of the Catholic press, taken as a whole, is too important to be jeopardized by any undertaking, no matter how praiseworthy from the local and narrower standpoint

THE GREAT FUNCTION IN WEST-MINSTER.

From the Daily Telegraph, London

"Thither the tribes go up, the tribe of the Lord." And very eagerly they went up yesterday morning, with reso-lute faces and determined will. It might have been said of Westminster cathedral just then that all nations were flowing unto it. Certainly many peoples were represented in that ever-increasing and excited crowd. The tongues of France and Germany, of Italy and Spain, were audible as one passed along, and it would not have been very surprising had strangers "from the parts of Libya about Cyrene" declared themselves. But against this variety may be set a respect have been said of Westminster cathe against this variety may be set a respec in which there was no difference at all. The multitude were unanimous in striv-The multitude were unanimous in striving to enter in at the strait gate, and their struggle was made with might and main. They were no respecters of persons. Priests of many orders and grades; women with mantillas, which are awkward things in a crowd; young men and maidens, old men, children—there they were, pushing and struggling towards the doors; while some good fellows of the Metropolitan Police, when a weak person was in difficulties, plunged to the person was in difficulties, plunged to the

Inside there was peace. People cam breathless from the crush, but they troo lightly in aisles and nave, and surrend-ered placably to the attentions of the watchful and courteous stewards. The genius of the place had its finger on its lip, and was obeyed. From the west gallery it was easy to watch the filling of the cathedral, and to wonder at the speed with which that sometimes diffi-cult operation was accomplished. What was at one moment a bare array of benches appeared at the next as dotted with the bald heads sombre mas of men and the behatted figures of women who rejected the mantilla. The congregation soon became imposing and there were those who for a little from an impressive prospect, examined the flowers which that morning had come from France, and been placed as "trophies" along the fronts of the galler ies. They were pretty, but they gave the bare brick walls and arches a somewhat pathetic appearance. But so it i what pathetic appearance. But so it is everywhere in a measure. Art lags; Nature goes calmly and inevitably about her processes. At length the altar candles are lighted, and the organ is heard. It may be, however, that few recognized the composition which the skilful fingers of the organist gave to the great congregation as a prelude Enough that it was proudly joyous, as Enough that it was proudly joyous, as befitted the moment, and as became the procession of ecclesiastics, which, head by the choir, filed out of the dim, re ligious light of the south aisle, crosse with slow steps, a part of the nave then turned and moved towards the altar. It was not so effective as might have been the case had the long array marched up the nave from the west doors, when nearly all its parts would have been together under the eye at one time. But here was, at any rate a demonstration of the use to which the standpoint. Some of them are "hold-up" games pure and simple. Others receive a considerable amount of business, because they fall under the heading of that beautifully indefinite term known as "charity." The Catholic papers cannot come out openly and assail them collectively or individually, for the good people who are back of those schemes are perfectly innocent of any intentional wrong doing. It is a purity of white. The most imposing

ascended the steps leading towards the altar, and their altar, and their mitres, one above another, seemed a golden path, irregular but resplendent, to the religious My stery about to be celebrated. The stery about to be celebrated. The great display was evanescent. It broke into pieces on the broad space before the altar, and soon its darts appeared in long rows of calm and decorated figures

awaiting the next aspect to be assumed.
Following the Gospel, a red figure,
"attended," detached itself from the crowd in the sanctuary, came down amongst the people, and ascended the pulpit. This was Cardinal Gibbons This was Cardinal Gibbons scribed as "Primate of the United States," on whom the distinction of preacher at this famous service had been conferred by the Archbishop of Westminster. The choice was happy, and naturally suggested to the Cardinal the uncontroversial subject to which he devoted his eloquence. Unfortunately, Cardinal Gibbon does not possess a voice of the strength required by the voice of the strength required by the big Westminster church, and a large proportion of the congregation must have lost much of what he said. The sermon, however, had beforehand been printed for the press, and will, no doubt, soon be in the hands of the public. Then it will appear, with all necessary fulness, that the preacher enlarged, with earnestness and eloquence upon the many ties which unite England and the United States—ties of blood, of common laws and liberty, and as regards the Catholics in both lands of a common religion. On the point of religion, Cardinal Gibbons dwelt upon the steady growth of the English-speaking Church, which he described as "phenom-

enal," and went on to say: "At the Council of Trent, held in represented. The American continent had but recently been discovered, and Australasia was a terra incognita. There are now upwards of two hundred bishops ruling dioceses where English is Indies and Australasia. And should

Proceeding, the American Cardinal IV. pontifice litteras, nonne fuit Britanecame enthusiastic about the greatness of the British Empire :

"I need not dwell on the vast extent "I need not dwell on the vast extent of the British territory, which embraces about ten millions of square miles, or about one-fifth of the surface of the globe. The old Roman Empire was colossal in proportions. It extended into Europe as far as the river Danube, into Africa as far as Mauritana and into Asia as far as the Tigric tana, and into Asia as far as the Tigris and Euphrates. Yet the Roman Empire formed scarcely a sixth part of the dimensions of the British dominions. Daniel Webster, one of America's fore-most statesmen, thus speaks of the British Empire: 'She has dotted over the surface of the whole globe with her possessions and military posts, whose morning drum-beat following the sun, and keeping company with the hours, encircles the earth with one unbroken strain of the martial airs of England.' The preacher put in a word for Ire-

"I am sure that you will all agree with me, that the Sister Isle has done her duty in the cause of Catholic mis sionary labour. Whatever have been sionary labour. Whatever have been the unhappy causes that have led to the expatriation of so many of Ireland's sons and daughters from their native soil, "Almighty God has made their exile subservient to higher and holier purposes. I can safely say that there is searcely a city or town in the United is scarcely a city or town in the United States or Australia where the Catholic religion has not been proclaimed by priests and supported by laymen of Irish birth or parentage."

Nor was France forgotten, despite the present position of the Catholic Church

present position of in that country: Channel, which has set an example of noble zeal to England and America At the close of the eighteenth century many of the noblest elergy of France, driven from their native land by the French Revolution, sought refuge in England, where they were graciously received and hospitably entertained. And it is well known how they endeared themselves to the British people by their refined manners and gentle Christian deportment as well as by their apostolic zeal and the edifying example of their private lives. For three centuries after the discovery of the American safer the discovery of the American can continent, heroic missionaries from Catholic France were labouring in evan-gelizing and civilizing the aboriginal tribes of North America, traversing the

country, always at the risk, and often at the sacrifice, of their lives." Referring to the missionary advantage gained by the discoveries of scientific

men, the preacher thus expands:

"Yes, we bless you. O men of genius;
we bless your inventions and discoveries. We hail you as agents of God; we will impress you into the Royal Prophet, 'Sun and moon, bless the Lord; fire and heat, bless the Lord ; lightnings and clouds, bless the Lord; all ye works bless the Lord, praise, and exalt Him

above all for ever. foregoing extracts sufficiently indicate the character of the Cardinal's sermon, which, as all must admit was worthy of the occasion, and most worthy in that it contained no word which could call forth resentment or stir up con-troversy. Following the discourse came the more solemn part of the Mass. These are scarcely matters for public discus-sion, or even description, but the beau-

of performance which have come down from the hoary past, and are the choirmaster's safest guide. Before "this unsubstantial paegant faded" there wa substantial paggant laded there has another glimpse of Rome's processional splendour, but hardly can the memory of the Catholics present lose the impression made by the entire service.

COARSENESS AND BIGOTRY.

If Mr. Birrell could read the Presbyterian Witness he would assuredly assign to its editor the first place among the "handful of vulgar fanatics" who, he says, are the only ones that speak irreverently nowadays of the Mass. The Eucharistic Congress has annoyed this reverend gentleman horribly, and he expresses his annoyance in his own peculiar way. "God bless him" is a beautiful expression in itself, but we have heard a man use it in a tone that meant the deadliest hatred. And there is the ost unmistakable sound of gnashing the teeth in this reverend editor's us of the "Divine Wafer" a dozen times i a three-quarter column article. This a three-quarter column article. This phrase, like the others, is all right in itself; but words are only symbols, and we must attend to what they signify. Falstaff could call King Henry V. "most royal imp of fame;" Roger Ascham could call King Edward VI. a "righteous young imp;" but if any one were to call little Prince Edward of Wales an imp to-day his loyalty would be suspect, for the word has come to be used in an evil sense exclusively. Similarly, in mediaeval England the word arly, in mediaeval England the word "wafer" was used just as "altar-bread" is used to-day; the expression "divine "At the Council of Trent, held in the sixteenth century, there were present only four bishops who spoke our tongue: one came from England and three from Ireland. Scotland was not represented. The American continent had but recently been discovered, and offensive core to signify some to offensive sense, to signify a contemptu-ous disbelief in the Real Presence, and in that offensive sense our Presbyterian editor deliberately employed it. bishops ruling dioceses where English is the prevailing language. An English-speaking hierarchy is established in England, Ireland and Scotland, the United States and Canada, the East that "any Christian should feel that he was warranted in using an and Australasia. And should Ecumenical Council be held bit of hypocritical pretence. He knows as well as we do that the word is as well as we do that the word is as well as well as we do that the word is as well as well as well as the doubt that every division of our globe only for offence, and that on this account no Catholic would use it. The sentdoubt that every division of our globe would be largely represented by English-speaking prelates professing the ancient faith, and paying spiritual allowing to the Sovereign Pontiff of lows in the Latin in which it was deligated to the Sovereign Pontiff of lows in the Latin in which it was deligated to the Sovereign Pontiff of lows in the Latin in which it was deligated to the Sovereign Pontiff of lows in the Latin in which it was deligated to the Sovereign Pontiff of lows in the Latin in which it was deligated to the Sovereign Pontiff of lows in the Latin in which it was deligated to the Sovereign Pontiff of lows in the Latin in which it was deligated to the Sovereign Pontiff of lows in the Latin in which it was deligated to the Sovereign Pontiff of lows in the Latin in which it was deligated to the Sovereign Pontiff of lows in the Latin in which it was deligated to the Sovereign Pontiff of lows in the Latin in which it was deligated to the Sovereign Pontiff of lows in the Latin in which it was deligated to the Sovereign Pontiff of lows in the Latin in which it was deligated to the Sovereign Pontiff of lows in the Latin in which it was deligated to the Sovereign Pontiff of lows in the Latin in which it was deligated to the Sovereign Pontiff of lows in the Latin in which it was deligated to the Sovereign Pontiff of lows in the Latin in which it was deligated to the Sovereign Pontiff of lows in the Latin in which it was deligated to the Sovereign Pontiff of lows in the Latin in which it was deligated to the Sovereign Pontiff of lows in the Latin in which it was deligated to the Sovereign Pontiff of lows in the Latin in which it was deligated to the lows in the Latin in which it was deligated to the lows in the Latin in which it was deligated to the lows in the Latin in which it was deligated to the lows in the Latin in which it was deligated to the lows in the Latin in which it was deligated to the lows in the Latin in which it was deligated to the lows in the latin in the latin in the latin in the latin in the norum in more positum Sanctissiman Eucharistiam per urbium vias solemn pompa deferre?" which reads in English pompa deferre?" which reads in English "Even before the date of the Pontifical Letters granted by Urban IV. was it not a custom among the people of Eng-land to carry the Holy Eucharist in solemn procession through the public streets?" The fact that the phrase "divine wafer" appeared in some press despatches could not impose on an old newspaper man of fifty years standing who knows as well as we do that whether it be through ignorance of malice the non-Catholic press is notor-iously inaccurate in describing Catho-lic ceremonies. We expected him to be grieviously annoyed by the Congress, just as the Scribes and Pharisees were annoyed by the first palm Sunday pro-cession, and if he had expressed his annovance in ringing tones of anger we should have thought his action per feetly natural. But to think that he and such of his brethren as enjoy reading his paper wreak his spite against us by calling us nasty names among themselves, while at the same time they wear a smile of friendship and offer us the hand of fellowship whenever they meet us, is something to cause sad and disquieting reflections. - Casket.

HOAXING A PIOUS EDITOR.

"Delenda est Roma"-"Rome must be wiped out"—is a cry that has so tickled the editor of The Watchman, ar Australian Orange organ, Rev. Dill-Mackay, that he has set everybody else laughing as well as himself over the fun of the thing. He came out lately with a grand "scoop," procured he did not deem it wise to say where or by whom. It was to the effect that "Hilaire Maraud-Safran, one of the most gifted of France's polemical writers, has written an article in the Revue des Deux Monde advocating the resumption and purchase of every inch of the city of Rome, with a view to its complete destruction—and with it the destruction of the Papacy. Reasonable compensation is to be paid to the present owners—a matter to which the Protestants of the world would gladly subscribe. Even the name of the cit and the Roman Catholic uld vanish, Church would then become a homeless ereed cut away from the root." So de lighted was the Rev. Dill-Mackay wit the idea in his Watchman that he en couraged his informant to go ahead and give out some more. He seemingly got what he desiderated, for he wrote in the

vigilant Watchman as follows: That—given publicity—the Protestants of the British Emire, Europe America, Scandinavia and the Continent of Europe would come forward with sum sufficent to carry out Maraud-Safran's scheme, and that within less than a half decade, is obvious from the fact admitted by the rabid little Romanist rag, the Era, published from Oscott College, that in the last nine months four French papers and two Swiss ones have alone collected £40,000. We are also informed that "37,500 francs were collected during the last two months in the little Canton of Bale by the local Protestant organ and forist rag, the Era, published from Oscott College, that in the last nine months warded to the Eclair to add to its fund for the destruction of Rome. French papers (we are assured) have thrown themselves into "the cause" are "meeting with good success."

sion, or even description, but the beautiful music cannot be passed without a word. The Catholic Church is indeed rich in the possession of this masterpiece, and many more which if not of equal value are entitled to high respect. But there are not many choirs so able as that of Westminster to satisfy their exacting demands. They call for a special study, not only of the music, but of the traditions are "meeting with good success."

There are some humorists on the Australian press, as well as some who are in the full enjoyment of the blessing of good health "—more press, as well as some who are result is that I am once more in the full enjoyment of the blessing of good health "—more press, as well as some who are result is that I am once more in the full enjoyment of the blessing of good health "—more press, as well as some who are result is that I am once more in the full enjoyment of the blessing of good health "—more press, as well as some who are result is that I am once more in the full enjoyment of the blessing of good health "—more press, as well as some who are result is that I am once more in the full enjoyment of the blessing of good health "—more press, as well as some who are result is that I am once more in the full enjoyment of the blessing of good health "—more press, as well as some who are result is that I am once more in the full enjoyment of the blessing of good health "—more press, as well as some who are result is that I am once more in the full enjoyment of the blessing of good health "—more press, as well as some who are result is that I am once more in the full enjoyment of the blessing of good health "—more press, as well as some who are result is that I am once more in the full enjoyment of the blessing of good health "—more press, as well as some who are result is that I am once more in the full enjoyment of the blessing of good health "—more press, as well as some who are result is that I am once more in the full enjoyment of the blessing of good health "—more press, as well as some w

THE FRUITS OF THE EARTH

Seem To Be Nature's Provision For Keeping Man Healthy and Ward-Ing Off Disease.

Cereals, vegetables and meat supply the elements needed for man's nour-ishment. Yet fruit — though it has very little food value—has proved to be absolutely necessary for perfect health.

Careful investigation has shown that all the common fruits act on the Liver, Kidneys, Bowels and Skin. These are the organs that rid the body of dead tissue and waste products, and the fruit juices stir them up to more vigorous action, thus keeples and the fruit Julees stir them up to more vigorous action, thus keeping the whole body clean and healthy. But few people eat enough fruit. Realizing this, after several years of experimenting, a prominent Canadian physician succeeded in combining the julees of apples, oranges, figs and prunes in such a way that the medicinal action is many times multiplied. Then he added valuable tonics and made the combination into tablets called "Fruit-a-tives." They are really Nature's cure for Constipation, Indigestion, Biliousness and Stomach Troubles. Mild as Nature itself — but more prompt and effective. Sold by dealers at 50e. a box—6 boxes for \$2.50—trial size box 25c. Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

publication, went after him in this

terrier way:
The bland suggestion that the capital city of a great European Power be "obliterated" by total strangers on a point of religious prejudice may pass muster. The insectarian paper's schemes are mostly along grandiose lines of that sort. \* \* \* As a fact, there is no such person as "Maraud-Safran!" "Safran" signifies "yellow" in French; "Maraud" means "pup." A French; "Maraud" means "pup." A Gaul afflicted with a name like Mr. Yellow Pup would destroy himself.

\* \* \* The paper has had its leg
dragged badly by some one, and the
solemn reference to Mr. Yellow Pup is
a hilarious item." a hilarious item."

But the fun was not to stop there, for we learn some more from The New Zealand Tablet, whose editor recognizes a good joke as well as any one living. Following the trail up, it says:

"A correspondent of the Catholic Press, who 'knows every yard of the Duche country' declares in its issue of August 6 that "(1) there is no paper named L'Eclair published in or near Dijon; (2) that Dijon would not support an anti-Catholic publication for a near of the country of the catholic publication for a near of the catholi Dijon; (2) that Dijon would not support an anti-Catholic publication for a moment." He also adds that Oscott "has been closed as a college for many years." The name of the editor of L'Eclair is, by the way, another gem of nomenclature. He is called M. Henri Singemoine—which, being interpreted, meaneth (in English) Mr. Henry Monkey-Monk!"

These postiforers increases

Those pestiferous, irreverent wags are everywhere alike. They love to tickle a dull field till it laughs a harvest of yellow guineas, with stories of yellow pups.—Philadelphia Catholic Standard and Times.

THE HOLY ANGELS.

October is dedicated to the holy

ngels.

The blessed spirits who are the messengers of God, His adorers in heaver sengers of God, His adorers in heaven and our friends, deserve our esteem and admiration. Their intellects are so bright, their nature so noble, their grace so marvelous, their love so intense, their power so wonderful, that they are worthy of awe and reverence and affection. If we were to see one of them now in their splender we one of them now in their splendor, we would fall down dead. They are glorious beings, resembling the perfections of

the Almighty. They are our fellow-creatures. They help us in our struggles with the powers of darkness those evil spirits, once good em, now malicio They expect buman beings to fill up the number of followers of satan and to take the thrones left vacant by them. They watch over the good. They see with delight the development of the likeness of Christ in those who are to be saved and they beget for them a feeling of kin-ship, knowing that they are to be associ-ated with them in heaven for all eternity. They are pleased to be remembered and to have their intercession in-

voked. Angels of God-angels, archangels, virtues, powers, principalities, domina-tions, thrones, cherubim and seraphim pray for us.—Catholic Columbian.

To Digest the Food

Bile in the intestines is as important to digestion as are the gastric juices in the stomach and bile is only supplied when the iver is in active condition

The serious and chronic forms of indi-estion are cured by Dr. A. W. Chase's Cidney-Liver Pills because of their influence

Here's the proof—
"I was for many years troubled with indigestion and headache and derived no benefit from the many remedies I used. A friend advised the use of Dr. Chase's Kidney Liver Pills and after taking four boxes the result is that I am once more in the full enjoyment of the blessing of good health."

### FIVE-MINUTE SERMON. Nineteenth Sunday after Pentecost

BAD COMPANY.

"I am the Angel Raphael, one of the se

The history of Tobias, one of the mos beautiful narratives of the Old Testa-ment, teaches us many lessons. There we find a charming picture of home-life. The father of the family is at once the example and teacher of virtue to his young son; the son, a model of filial devotion to his aged parents, succoring them in their need, submissive to their will, delighted to give them pleasure.

The life of the family is full of peace

Even in affliction they recognize the finger of God, and His blessing rests upon them. He is the sunshine of their home. To serve Him—to keep themselves free from sin—is their chief care. When, therefore, it became necessary When, therefore, it became necessar, that the younger Tobias should make long journey, the first thought of his father was to find him a suitable companion. He would not trust his child to the guardianship of every man. He felt the necessity of great care in the choice he made. Such a choice is indeed not a trifling matter, not so unimportant ar affair as some seem to think it; the happiness of a whole lifetime, perhaps even eternal salvation itself, may be a stake. Young people especially are very susceptible to the influence of those who are about them. They are open-hearted, unsuspecting, too ready often to give their confidence and friendship to those unworthy of either. They are slow to abandon those upon whom the have bestowed their regard, unwilling to believe evil of them because of their affection for them. And so the danger to their virtue is very great when they fall into bad company, their ignorance of the world and their guilelessness leaving

them open to many temptations.

The bad companion is he who is trying to rob us of our virtue—to rob us of

the best we possess.

Virtue is a precious thing. It is a treasure beyond price. To have virtue is to possess nobility of soul, elevation of mind, a close likeness to God. To have habits of virtue marks us out as imal nature subject to reason through God's grace. Virtue is not acquired in a day. The getting of it means work, constant work for a time, perhaps a long time; but it is worth all it costs. When we have virtue, we have something of a great value; and because it is so valu able it must be carefully guarded lest we lose it, for we may be robbed of our virtue as well as of our money. The bad companion wants to destroy

our innocence; he wants to disturb our peace of soul; he wants to unman us, to make beasts of us. Where are these bad companions? How shall we know them? "By their works you shall know them." You shall know them when you hear their filthy speech, when they make their dirty jokes and tell their smutty stories. You shall know them when stories. You shall know them when they invite you to low drinking saloons to places where purity is lost; when they tell you how to make money at the expense of honesty; when, in a word, they suggest evil to you. Flee from them; they are robbers; they are worse: they are murderers; they seek to take the life of your soul.

The Angel Raphael on the other hand,

teaches us the offices of a good compan-ion. We find him guiding his young charge, warning him of dangers, instruc-ting him how to overcome difficulties He is by his side in the hour of need his counsel is always at his service; hi advice is good; his example is good He is constantly striving to advance the best interests of Tobias and to further the object of his journey. This is true friendship; this is right companionship. It is unselfish, conscientious endeavor t promote the friend's welfare. Young people, find yourselves a Raphael bu trust not every man.

## A GOOD PLAIN ROAD TO CATHOLI-

The following is a clipping from our valued contemporary, Father Price's Truth. It is part of a story of a con-

"But I was not prejudiced to any great extent, and so I took all my little ones and went to the services that were held every Sunday at St. Mary's Catholie Church. It was all so new and my sterious, but for some reason or anothe it attracted me, and I kept on going constantly. At last I took instruction in the catechism. Now here is another point that I wish to draw attention to. was not in the least interested in ogmas, doctrines and catechisms. I could hardly endure to read them, and must have been considered rather a strange subject for conversion. But there were two other studies that did awaken me. One was the 'Life of Father Hecker,' and the other the Sacred Heart. The former has been a guiding light for many long years, though at first I did not comprehend all that Father Hecker wrote; but his mental suffering, his earnest quest for truth appealed to me. Afterwards his references to the guidance of the Holy Snirit work a constant of the Holy Snirit work as a second of the Spirit were a source of much consola-

"In reading the life of blessed Margaret Mary the life of Christ began to dawn upon me; His simple kindness His poverty and humility were like beacon lights that have always under the greatest difficulties, kept me from forsaking the Church; for I was not their results or does directly easily converted, though always attracted, and the greatest stumbling block was that Christ positively asked His Apostles to follow in His steps in regard to poverty. No doubt He knew that all the evils in the Church, past, present and future, have been caused his argument etill elements.

holds dear—home, husband, the friend-ship of all relations, and a comfortable living—my life was from henceforth one of great difficulties, and I often wonder how I kept the faith at all. Yet I see the reason as I look back. It was the love of the Sacred Heart which followed me about in my wanderings. I could not escape it if I would. Often I felt inclined to turn aside and follow a more desirable, broader path, but always before me stood our Lord, telling me to persevere, to take up my cross and follow Him, and follow I certainly tried to do, though often a most ing victim."—The Missionary.

### ENGLISH CATHOLICS VOICE THEIR INDIGNATION.

INTERFERENCE WITH EUCHARISTIC PRO-CESSION WILL HAVE FAR-REACHING RESULTS.

The temper of the Catholics of England in the humiliating position in which they were placed by the govern-ment's eleventh hour interference with the Eucharistic procession may be judged by the following editorial com-ment by one of their leading organs, the

London Catholic Times.

"What blindness and folly have seized the rulers of this country, that they should be ready at the beck and call of an insignificant knot of noisy, cackling lot of bigots to drag England's re putation through the mire? With shame every Englishman must open the pages and read the comments of the fo-eign journals. Not in the backwoods of the Wild West, not in the most civilized island of the Pacific could there be a more contemptible exhibition of intolerance contemptible exhibition of intolerance than there has been in London, the British metropolis, London which boasts of its love of fair play, London which sees and permits all sorts of non-Catholic demonstrations, Chris'ian and pagan? What shall we say now to the Americans who cry 'shame?' What to the British colonists, who have always looked to the centre of the empire for looked to the centre of the empire for an example of broad-mindedness and for light and leading? What to the German Emperor, who took care that every the procession of the Blessed Sacrament England has deliberately placed herself on a lower level, has earned their contempt. How can the British people talk of enlightenment and feeedom and pro-gress when by an act which has aroused the attention of the whole world th national policy has been proved to be benighted and narrow and reactionary?

"Though the prohibition of the Euch-ristic procession has wounded Catholie feeling to an extent unprecedented in this generation, it may be confidently affirmed that it will have beneficial re sults. In every quarter Catholics are demanding that an agitation should forthwith be commenced for the removal of the grievances under which they at present labor. The king's offensive declaration and the penal clauses of the Emanicipation Act must alike go by the board. We must win for ourselves that equality with non-Catholic citizens before the law, which prevails in the United States and in other free countries. Every ves-tige and remnant of the old disabilities ust be swept away. Measures must be taken at once to give practical expression to sentiments that all Catholics 'The Prime Minister's action. says the Bishop of Salford, 'has strengthened our determination to work for the abolition of penal enactments which are objectionable to us, including the Royal Declaration. Upon questions of this kind there will be no divisions or differences in the Catholic ranks. All will join hand in hand, wherever he interest the control of th whatever be their nationality or politics. It is not improbable that out of the new movement will arise a powerunwelcome surprise to the fanatics and will establish fair play for adher ents.of all creeds upon a firm and en during basis."

### ARGUMENT FOR MIRACLES.

It is interesting to find a writer in Protestant paper quoting approvingly a Catholic priest's argument for miracles. Says C. H. Wetherbe in the Baptist Standard

"Skeptical people have always conten sceptical people have always conten-ded against miracles, one reason being that a miracle would be a direct viola-tion of a law of nature, and perhaps more than one law. They argue that miracles and the laws of nature are not onsistent with each other, and that hey never can be. Rev. L. A. Lambert. they never can be. Rev. L. A. Lambert n his book on The Tactics of Infidels,

and in replying to an infidel, says:
"But you will ask, does not this but you will ask, does not this higher power, in producing a miracle, abrogate or interfere with or change the forces of nature? Here we have in a nutshell the objection of infidels to miracles. I reply that God in working miracles does not change, abrogate for interfere with the forces of nature. He simply intervance by the research He simply intervenes by His power be tween the action of those forces and their results or does directly what those forces could not, of themselves do. He intervenes between

His Apostles to follow in His steps in regard to poverty. No doubt He knew that all the evils in the Church, past, present and future, have been caused by laying up treasures on earth, though of course, I understand that there must be substantial churches and schools, and that we should do all in our power to assist the priests in bringing this about. Another great perplexity was that Christ went out in the highways to teach, even in the byways and mountains and at the river side. In all places He ministered to the poor and desolate; and as I looked about me in after years and saw misery on every hand in the darkened slums, the busy factories, the

wretched poor, the dusty highways, I felt that I must give vent to what was oppressing me and call upon the Catholic Church to take the place of the Salvation Army, which they could do so effectively, and teach mankind the way of truth.

Self. Do I vary the result? Yes, for I prevent it from falling. Now, whether I lift the pound weight or the Almighty lifts the Rocky Mountains from their bases, and holds them suspended in space, the law of gravitation is not varied or abrogated: but the still more general law of forces is affirmed, name of truth.

The great festival closed on any the anniversary of the last apparition day. Not a cloud overshadowed the sky, not a single accident in that immense gathering of people marred the beautiful fete. Every house in Lourdes was decorated with the colors of the Blessed Virgin, except the Government ly, the law that force yields to superior lift, the pound weight or the Almighty lifts the pound weight or the Almighty lift the pound weight or the Almighty lift the pound vershadowed the sky, not a single accident in that immense gathering of people marred the beautiful fete. Every house in Lourdes was decorated with the colors of the Blessed Virgin, except the Government ly, the law that force yields to superior laws gar-landed with flowers, and the road which led to the grotto was a veritable pathecause the force manifested is evidentv above nature.'

"I have presented his argument at ength, for I regard it as being unanswerable. Perhaps some readers can use it as a reply to skeptics."

### MASS AT 60'CLOCK IN THE EVENING.

DESCRIPTION BY AN EYE-WITNESS OF THE UNPRECEDENTED CELEBRATION AT CLOSE OF LOURDES' JUBILEE.

Rev. A. M. Barbier, rector of St. lincent de Paul's Church, New Orleans, who has been spending the summer in his native France, writes for the New Orleans Morning Star an interesting count of the magnificent celebration held at Lourdes this year in honor of the golden Jubilee of the miraculous apparitions to Bernadette Soubirous. A feature of the celebration, as has already been briefly noted in The Catholic Standard and Times, was the unique and unprecedented celebration of Mass at 6 o'clock

in the evening.

Father Barbier says that seventy thousand pilgrims from all portions of France thronged the city of Lourdes during the festival. Every night they would gather before the grotto, pilgrim-age by pilgrimage, and over the hills and vales, far beyond the lofty rocks of Massabielle, could be heard their voice inited in the singing of the "Credo," I Believe in God." It was the answer of France, true, traditional Catholi-France, to the hideous mockery of a conce noble nation which the present in ous Government is holding up to the

A PROOF OF FRANCE'S FAITH "No," says Father Barbier, "France, Catholic France, is not dead! A nation s not even on the verge of death when he can show to the world such vitality, such energy, such powerful and indestructible zeal and apostleship and such de-votion to the faith as was evidenced

during the great celebration which has just passed into history."

At 10 o'clock each morning there was Solemn Pontifical Mass in the magni-icent church which crowns the cave, and which was far too small to accommodate

The people knelt on the green sward. on the river banks and on the mountai sides. As far as the eye could reach there was one dense mass of humanity. all kneeling with faces upturned towards the wonderful grotto where fifty years ago the great Queen of Heaven and earth showed such favor to a pure and innocent child.

delivered by one of the duly appointed Bishops and the great procession of the Blessed Sacrament took place. Every by concerted action, offered this magday the sick were brought to the grotto and bathed in the miraculous waters, and each day recorded some wondrous miracle wrought through the intercesmiracle wrought through the intercesmade the tour of the city in carriages Blessed Sacrament took place. Every ion of Mary Immaculate. WITNESSED A MIRACLE.

Father Barbier was the eye-witness to he great miracle when a woman blind from birth had her sight restored by from birth had her sight restored by bathing her eyes with the wonderful water of Lourdes. "What a glorious vision," says he, "was that which greeted her eyes as she opened them for the first time upon the world. There was the magnificent church, the hundreds of lights, the kneeling multiple God's heautiful heavens short-

way of flowers, waving banners and arches from which the colors of Mary Immaculate floated. Lourdes was in-deed the "city of Mary," so beautiful and fair that even the infidel officers of the French Government felt their hearts touched by the zeal and devotion of the populace. All night the moun-tain sides were thronged with people, all night the praises of God resounded in the churches. With the first rays of the the churches. With the first rays of the rising sun the city of Lourdes turned toward the grotto. The pilgrim throng was augmented by the arrival of over six thousand from Italy, under the guidance of Mgr. Mander, and presided over by His Excellency, Mgr. Grasselli, Archbishop of Veterbo, who was delegated by our Holy Father, Pope Pius X. to celebrate the Mass of 6 o'clock in the evening which had been especially the evening which had been especially authorized by the Pope to commemorate the day and the hour of the eighteenth

or last apparition of the Blessed Virgin to Bernadette.

With Mgr. Grasselli came a great number of Bishops and priests. They proceeded at once to the grotto, around which it was almost impossible to pass, so great was the throng. At 10 o'clock Mass was celebrated by His Eminence Cardinal Andrieu, who was especially delegated to represent Pope Pius X. THE EVENING MASS.

At 5:30 o'clock all the Bishops and clergy repaired to the grotto for the Mass at 6 o'clock. It was a privilege without precedent. Mgr. Grasselli, Archbishop of Viterbo, of the order of Friars Minor, representing our Holy Father the Pope, officiated. The ser-mon was delivered by Mgr. Schoepfer, Bishop of Tarbes, in whose diocese is located the city of Lourdes.

The scene in and around the grotte surpasses any attempt at description.
As far as the eye could reach stretched the great sea of human faces. The fields and gardens and hillsides, the banks of the Gave, the road to Pau, the heights on which stands the Church of Carmel seemed to have been turned into one vast amphitheatre, and yet there was not a sound, not a whisper as the great sacrifice of the Mass proceeded. All were wrapped in the great thought of the mystery that was being celebrated. At the close of the Mass the "Magnificat" and the "Te Deum" were sung.

Mgr. Schoepfer then mounted the pulpit and in a few brief words told of the eighteenth apparition of the Blessed ears Virgin to Bernadette at that very hour, and His Eminence Cardinal Andrieu then and gave the Papal Benediction.

At 8 o'clock in the evening the City Every day at 3 o'clock during the solemn Triduum the Vespers were chanted in the open air, a sermon was not a house, not a place of business, not a hamlet that was not illustrated. minated. The scene was one of sur-passing splendor. The entire city, as if and admired the illuminations. Everywhere they passed they were greeted with cheers by the crowds. At 9 o'clock every one repaired again to the grotto. It was a final demonstration of faith and love towards Mary Immaculate and he Divine Son.

"CREDO!"

"Credo in Unum Deum," "I Believe in One God," chanted Cardinal Andrieu Seventy thousand voices took up the cry. "Credo! Credo!" resounded from and His lovely world around, and every heart paying homage to Him who had so blessed mankind in His precious again the heart of Catholic France challenging the infidel hosts that would

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As the great echo died away a salute of one hundred guns pealed forth over the hilltops of Lourdes; the illuminations seemed to redouble their brilliancy and beauty; every street seemed an avenue of light; bonfires were lit on the mountain sides, and once again that mighty throng spontaneously burst into the magnificent Credo, as though it wished the very heavens to register the cry of the believing heart. "Oh," says Father Barbier, "It was a sight that I can never forget. May we all be worthy children of God and our Blessed Mother Mary."

In Pre-"Reformation" Days.

Then, as Richard Davey tells us in The Pageant of London, Christ was recognized in the streets as the great King. In the fifteenth century every \$4.50 and keep the balance, \$4.50, for your house on Corpus Christi day was hung with wreaths of flowers and verdant gar-lands, whilst showers of fresh rose leaves and golden genestra or Plantagenet blooms fell thick as snow before the Host, carried, lost in a mist of incense, under a glorious canopy of white and due us. The American Art and Medal gold, by the Bishop of London in full 45, 691 East 57th street, Chicago, Ill. pontificals. The eight golden poles of this splendid screen were upheld by as many noblemen, their armor elaborately damaseened in gold and silver. On either side of the Metropolitan walked their Graces of Canterbury and York, and in advance of them, two by two, all the Bishops that chanced to be in London, their mitres glistening and their pastoral staffs flashing in their gloved, zem-sparkling hands.

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## CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN. Making the Best of Whatever Happens.

Some people are thrown off their balance the moment anything goes wrong with them. They do not seem to have the ability to overcome impedi-ments and to do their work in spite of

Anybody can work when everything goes smoothly, when there is nothing to trouble him: but a man must be made of the right kind of stuff who can rise above the things which annoy, harass, and handicap the weak, and do his work in spite of them. Indeed, this is the

test of greatness.

As a matter of fact, the greatest achievements in all time have been accomplished by men and women who have been handicapped, annoyed, per-secuted, misunderstood, criticized. But they have been great enough to rise above all these things and to do their

above all these things and to do their work in spite of them.

Few people are large enough to rise above their aches and pains and disappointments. The majority are always talking about them, projecting their dark shadows into your atmosphere, the off your sunshine with their cutting off your sunshine with their clouds. Their ailments and their hard luck and misfortunes seem to be the biggest things about them. You never meet them but they thrust them into

man who is not big enough to who can not overtop his aches and pains annoyances and disappointments, so that they are of little consequence in comparison with his great life aim, will

never amount to much.

There is an unwritten law for people who are thoroughbred—the real gentle-man and the real lady—which compels them to keep their troubles, their ailments, their sorrows, their worries, their losses, to themselves. There is a fine discipline in it. It mellows the character and sweetens the life. But when these things are not borne heroically. they mar the character and leave their ngly traces in the face; their hideous forms appear in the manner and dis-figure the whole life.

Learn to consume your own smoke If you have misfortunes, pains, diseases, losses, keep them to yourself. Bury Those who know you have them will love you and admire you infinitely this suppression. A stout heart and persistent cheerfulness will be more than a match for all your

## The Demoralizing Influence of "Pull."

One of the greatest delusions that ever crept into a youth's head is that his advancement depends upon having a "pull" with people who are influential. His future is wrapped up in himself; the opportunity he is looking for must be born in his own brain: his future must be wrought out from his own mind and with his own hands. It is wholly a question of self-help, self-resolution, self-faith and grit.

Everywhere we see young men who seem to be waiting for somebody to discover them. They feel that they have ability; but they seem to think that some condition, circumstance, or person is going to take hold of them and give hem a boost. They think that the could make progress if somebody would only give them a push; but they do not seem to be able to start themselves.

How many people there are who are just waiting for something to happen—they do not know what, but anything that will change things and give them a

If there is any fact which nature emphasizes more than another, it is the fact that inertia is always death. Not to move of oneself, to stand still, is paralysis—paralysis of faculty, ambition, whillies the standard of the sta

tion, or ability.

Isn't it a shame to see strong, well-educated young people in this land of opportunity waiting for somebody to help them, many of them idly standing around for years hoping that somebody will give them a boost? Even while they are waiting, poor boys with fewer opportunities and advantages forge opportunities and advantages lorge their way unaided, and reach the goal first. No other lesson a youth ever learns is as valuable as the one that, whatever he makes, whatever he becomes the still in the principle of the still in comes, he will, in the main, make himself. If we analyze the success of self-made men, we find that a very small made men, we find that a very small percentage of it has come from outside help. They have blazed their own paths, forged their own way. Self-help is the key to all power. Help yourself and be strong; wait for others to help you and be a weakling.

It is pitiable to see the sons of wealth lifted into positions which they have no strength to hold, because they have not developed the necessary mental

have no strength to hold, because they have not developed the necessary mental and moral muscle by climbing to them. And there is no other way of developing mental and moral muscle but by climbing. For one to be lifted into a position without any previous training or preparation for it is positive cruelty. I know young men who are nominally heads of great concerns, who are constantly mortified by the consciousness stantly mortified by the consciousness that men below them deserve the posi-tions which they hold, and are infinitely more capable of filling them.

Nothing in this world can compensate for the loss of self-respect; and no man can respect himself for accepting that which he has not earned. No man can feel that he is quite honest when he is given, through a "pull" or influence, a position that others have honestly earned. He can not help feeling mean every morning when he goes to the office or factory to take a position which some one else ought to have. His sense some one ease ought to market of furnities of furnities protests; his self-respect is wounded, his independence crippled, and he is so much less a man than he would have been if he had squarely and honestly earned the position in equal competi-

complishment of which he had been kept by a terrible accident that had left him out any training whatever, was put at the head of a department of his father's business, and he so fully realizes that there are employees under him who are infinitely better fitted to fill his position that he has never been happy, and he is consequently shorn of complishment of which he had been kept by a terrible accident that had left him when one has much to do. The end of the course at the industrial school was now in sight. Out on the farm a man with early all the way with bent form, old before his time, was along.

Three years is not a very long time the graduation exercises were over, when one has much to do. The end of the course at the industrial school was now in sight. Out on the farm a man with bent form, old before his time, was looking forward to the time when his son should come back to him with all the knowledge in one of the front seats at the

when he felt like it, when he is suddenly

her he will acquit himself like a man

whether he will hold his head up and

be somebody in the world, or will be

content to be a nobody. His pride is touched, his ambition aroused, his deter-

mination comes to the front, and, if h

is made of the right kind of material

he finds within himself a wonderful power coming to his aid which he never before knew he had. Now he must plan for himself; no more leaning, no more

following, no more depending upon others. He knows he must stand or fall by himself, and he wants to show all

who know him—some of whom, perhaps, predicted that he would never amount

to anything-that there is something in

world, resolve that it shall be your own, every bit your own, all your own. One of the saddest delusions that ever de-

ceived a youth is the idea that some-body can help him, that he can gain

something by being boosted into a posi-

tion instead of getting there through the drudgery of earning it.

our sense of manliness or womanline

How it increases your self-respect,

o know that you have leaned upon

nobody, imitated nobody — that in the climbing you have developed the strength that will make you stand

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be won, not by any one deed of courage or any one indication of superior skill at

the bench or elsewhere, but by an all

ence, save that in a general way they are to be made to understand that at the

do not wish that there shall be any hard

I go. I do so love to watch a company of young men when they are not consci-

lows shall not go unrecognized."

firmly in your position !- Success.

Whatever you accomplish in the

cut off from his home and thrown upo

do any better.

"But you see I have given you the use of the best of tools. I have had an ambi-There is only one way for a youth to grow strong, and that is by depending upon himself. What a miraculous change we often see in a boy who has tion to gather about me the best kit of been pampered at home, allowed to lie abed as late as he wished, and to work farmers have a better lot of them.

"And you have let me use them too."
"I have not meant to keep you from "How many I have spoiled! But you ever scolded me, father. I thank you

"Tools are only things. We can love them and care for them, but after all they are not like these human bodies of ours If one is injured or spoiled we can make it good again. Once a body is hurt it is

fore."
"Was father thinking of his own poor crippled body when he said that?" Edward felt that this might be true. He put his arm about the mishapen shoulders and drew the one he so well loved closer to himself. He could feel under the coat the hard lines of the iron frame that his father was compelled to wear all the time to keep his body in anything like an upright position. Even with the help of this support he was bent far forward and often it cut Edward to the very heart to hear the boys on the street call his father "Old Humpy Mc-Elroy." Many times had his hand clenched tightly as he listened to this

unfeeling cry.
"Never mind, laddie," was always the patient word of his father. "The not think what they are saying.

will not care!"
But what made Edward really care, was that his father should be compelled to work at all on the farm. He knew it was with pain that all he did was accomplished. He did all he could himself to e could do he seemed to be growing less and less able to carry on the farm operations. There were days when he was compelled to give the work entirely into the hands of others and lie quietly

Edward knew this, and the hardest thing he had to bear when the time came that father felt he should begin "I think you understand now the purhis course at the school was that father was not able to work as he had in the oose I have in offering this prize, if it pose I have in offering this prize, if it may be called that."

The principal of the school, with whom Mr. Stoebel was speaking, glanced at the memoranda he was making on a past. For a long time he hesitated about going at all; but the father's heart was set upon it, and he was willing to undergo any sacrifice if only his boy might gain the power to achieve what piece of paper which lay on his desk.

"Let me go over the details as I have jotted them down. The amount is to be ne himself had not been able to do.

"But can nothing be done for that father?" Mr. Stoebel asked, his face the young man, who, by the vote of his fellows, is best entitled to it, and is to lighting up with the interest he felt at the story the professor had been telling him. "It seems as if some of the great hospitals should be able to make

around development of character, cover-ing the entire course of three years. The young men who are to be eligible to He and Edward both think that and the young man had told me that the one desire of his life is to reach a place where the necessary operation may be performed. He knows that his father is too cramped in his finances to permit end of the course the pupil who gains the high mark of the approval of his felof such a thing now. It is all they can do to keep Edward in school. He do to keep Edward in school. He knows that; but I know a little more Mr. Stoebel listened attentively and about it than he does himself. From then added: "And I wish it to be further understood that there shall be of the father's best efforts things are slipping back. There is now a debt on the farm and it is growing worse every absolutely no striving after this token of recognition on the part of any—for the sake of winning it, I mean. And I hope you will carefully discriminate against

day.

The professor's face grew serious as he thought of it.

"And is there no one

any who may be guilty of such unfriendly competition."
"I think I know what you mean. You else at home to share the burdens?"
Suddenly the shadow fled from the face of the professor. "Come here, feelings on the part of any after the award has been made, on account of diswhere you can look at the other end of the room. There! Do you see that tall fellow just now adjusting the blade appointment of ambition."
"You have my idea. And now may I of his plane? Yes, the one with the marked face." look in on the young gentlemen while they are at work a moment? Not to dis-turb them in what they are doing at all. But I would like to see their faces before

"I see him, professor."
"That is a brother of Edward Mc-

Elroy!"
"Indeed!" "Indeed!"
"You would not think they ever saw one another, would you? So unlike in every way. It shows what a wrong life will do for a man. "That young man came from the same home. His father is the father of Edward North ous that they are under surveillance! If we could go in without their knowing that we were present it would please me "That will make little difference. My is the father of Edward McElroy. When a mere lad he left home on acboys will scarcely know that we are in the room if we go in and stand by the door. They are all so much interested in their work! But from a gallery above count of some trouble into which he fell through bad company. For years he was not heard of. His mother grieved the workroom we shall be able to look down unobserved." her heart out over the boy and died, and the father mourned his son as lost down unonserved."

Professor Winters led the way up a pair of stairs to the gallery he had mentioned, and together he and Mr. Stoebel forever; but at the beginning of this term he came to us. I do not kno he manages to support himself, but he does, and keeps up his work in school. Do you see how well he uses his tools? He has a natural faculty in that direc-

are true brothers-brothers in deed as

well as in name. And Edward is such a help to his brother. In the short time they have been together again I

time they have been together again I can see a great change in Neil. I believe the day will come when he will take his place in the old home. Then he will help to bear the burdens. So

far as I know the father does not yet

know that Neil is here. That is the one thing upon which the young man

"I no not want my father to know where I am or what I am doing till I am

worthy to be called his son again.'

room below.
"What a difference there is in the way they handle their tools is there not? I was just now thinking of that tion. In the short time he has been here he has acquired what might really young man over at the south end of the room—the one with the white apron. See! How well he holds that bit-stock be called skill in doing this work."
"And he and Edward—are they friends?" friends?"
"I was present when they first met, and I shall never forget the day. Neil—that is the brother's name—with his face so scarred by the life he see: How well he holds that off-stock as he bores the holes in the stick on his bench! I could not help being struck by the accuracy of his sight as he brought the auger to a perpendicular and the steadiness of his hands as he turned face so scarred by the life he had led; Edward with his good, clean, manly countenance. They did not look any more alike than they would if they never had seen each other. But they

the auger."
Professor Winters smiled: "This is Edward McElroy. He is one of our best students. He has a history. He is right from the farm, and he has not been swallowed up by the maelstrom of the city. Most of these young men have not had the advantage he has had. They have spent their lives in the city. Edward has a fine influence over his fel-lows. Step back to this seat for a moment and let me tell you something

So the story of Edward McElroy was told. Out on a little farm not far from the city a crippled father was working away to give his boy a chance to take the course of manual training in the Southfield Industrial school. A most gentle spirit, seemingly the more so through his suffering in body, he had early determined that his boy should be prepared to do some of the things he had wanted to do himself, but from the accomplishment of which he had been kept

his power. This position has been a perpetual humiliation to him. He is conscious that, when he goes around among the employees and give orders, he does not know half as well as they what to do.

This position has been a very poor excuses for tools. If we wished to grind an axe we were compelled to go the time he and been away from home. It would be a great day for him when he went down to the city and saw the was a good man. He simply could not graduation exercises. That would be graduation exercises. That would be do any better.

This position has been a very poor excuses for tools. If we wished to the time he ad been away from home. It would be a great day for him when he went down to the city and saw the graduation exercises. That would be do any better.

The position has been a very poor excuses for tools. If we wished to the names as they were called one after another, and the young men rose to receive the diplomas they had earned. Eagerly he listened for the name of worth all the years of toil and sacrifice.

The thought made the thin, pale face light up with a new joy.

But down in the city two boys were looking forward with no less of pleasure to the time of graduation. In their room on the eve of the eventful day they were talking the matter over.

" Father says he will be here, Neil. The letter came this morning. He will be at the room in the morning at half-past eight. You will be here to meet him? Don't you think the time has

come when he ought to know?"

Neil flinched a little, "O Edward!
You cannot tell how I shrink from it! Our father is such a clean, pure, true man! And I have been—"

"Now, brother," broke in Edward,
"let's never think of that again in all
our lives! Father will not, I know.
His heart is so kind and forgiving!
You don't know him. You were so
young when you went away. But as the
years have gone by he has grown more years have gone by he has grown more sweet in spirit, more tender, more for-giving. You need not think that he giving. You need not think that he will not take you back just as you were."
"But my face-O Ned! What a

looking face it is! That never can be made over! The scar is there to stay. And to think I received it as I did!" Edward took both the hands of his brother in his. "I call that a pretty good looking face, now, Neil. It looks fine to me!"

Neil broke away and went over to a

glass where he could look at the re-flection of his features. "It is a better looking face than it was when I came here, Ned, isn't it?"
"Ten times better looking brother!"

"You have helped to make it so, Ned! God bless you, old fellow! How you have helped me! If you had turned against me when I came here all broken down, but with a big hope in my heart that at last I had found a way to make good once more, it would have killed me. But you were so true to me! When the rest of them laughed at me and made fun of my face and said all the mean things they could about me, you stood right by and pulled me through. I never will forget it of you,

over. Just as soon as they could they would earn the money and send father would earn the money and send father away where his poor crippled body might be cured. The shadows were falling when there little tyrst was over "I am going down to the turning room a little while, Neil," the brother said at last. "I'll be back by nine. I want to finish a bit of work."

"I have been thinking that I would

come down too, after a little. But don't wait for me. I will find my way there." The full class, with a few exceptions, was in the room where the lathes were when Edward reached the place. He went to his locker, hung up his hat and coat, and put on his apron and went over to his lathe. For half an hour he

worked steadily, unconscious of much that was passing about him. Neil McElroy wrote a letter in his room and then he, too, hurried to the workroom. He had just stepped inside the door of the lathe room when a strange sound came to his ears. He knew some thing was wrong with the machinery.

From the end of the room wher liar slapping sound, as if one of the many belts had slipped out of place on many belts had slipped out of place on its pulley and was flying about the shafting. He saw Edward hasten to the spot and put his hand to put the belt back in place. Then a sharp cry fol-lowed. With a heart fairly standing still he saw his brother lifted from the floor and carried to the ton of the room floor and carried to the top of the room. The pitiless belt had caught him and he

he would lose his own life. The students had rushed to the place and stood horror stricken at the sight of their fellow thus

being dashed to destruction.
"Back, Neil! Don't dare to touch the belt! You will be killed if you do!'

came from the throats of many.

But Neil had taken the flying belt in his hands. Like a flash he braced him-self against the bed of the lathe and nerved himself for the strain that came upon him. The belt straightened in his fingers. Those who stood watching expected that he would be drawn to the ceiling where his brother was, and some of them turned away to shut out the sight. But Neil's muscles were like steel. The lacing of the belt snapped in his hands and the belt ceased to revolve. He had conquered. With a body all bruised and bleeding Edward dropped to the floor. It was an awful ordeal, but he had been saved by the

That night the school voted on the man of their number who was in their estimation entitled to the place of honor for the manly character he had worked out during the course of three years. They did not know what lay back of this vote. The principal had simply to d them that their expression would mean much to the one upon whom the choice fell. And their decision was to be announced by the president of all the classes on the day of graduation.

Lying in his room that day Edward, knowing that he would not be able to attend the graduation.

attend the graduation exercises, and knowing too, how great a disappointment it would be to his father not to see The two men stood there and looked at the young man for a long time in silence. "It is a serious handicap," Mr. Stoebel said at last as he turned to him among the members of the class, and also wishing to shield him from the sorrow of knowing what a serious accident had befallen him, dictated a note to Mr. McElroy, stating that things go down the stairs. "If young men only knew!" over which he had no prevent his meeting his father till after

Eagerly he listened for the name of Edward McElroy. But the name was slow in coming. Nor did he see the slow in coming. Nor did he see the face of his son anywhere among the com-

pany sitting on the stage. At length the principal asked for the decision of the school as to the member who was, in their opinion, entitled to

"Have you made your decision?" he

"We have, sir," was the firm response. And going across the stage the class president took by the hand a young man and led him forward.

The face of the man who stood before the audience was deeply scarred. But there was a clear look in the eye, and the young student met the gaze that was bent upon him without flinching. It was the face of one who has met the world in many a hard fight, who had known the sting of defeat, but who has at last come off victor.

"We have chosen Neil McElroy as the man most worthy to receive this honor, sir. He has made the most of himself in every way! We were a long time in learning to know him. We have not always done the right thing by him, but he has been a true, earnest, manly man, and we have come to love him more the better we have known him ! He is worthy of the best we have to

At the name "Neil McElroy" crippled form rose down on the floor of the hall. A white face, shining through tears, was turned first in doubt, and then in a perfect glory of certainty upward toward the tall young man standing in the full light on the stage.

A moment later Neil made his way down and took in his wide-open arms the poor, bent form of his father, while cries and sobs burst from them both.

Then the sunshine came into lives which had been for a long time under the cloud.—Edgar L. Vincent in Our Young People.

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### A Remarkable Fact.

A remarkable fact with regard to the Catholic parents is given prominence in the sixth volume of the report of the Commission on the Care and Control of the Feeble-minded. In the section dealpopulation, it is pointed out that "the race whose birthrate is not on the de-cline produces fewer defective children by half than the race whose birthrate is declining." In the Irish Catholio schools the mentally defective were 4 per 1,000; in the School Board schools they were 8.2 per 1,000.—From the London Catholic Times.

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are seeing this advertisement. Many of them will idly pass it by, while the thoughtful few will ponder awhile

and wonder whether there is really anything in it. "It seems almost impossible," some will say.
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### REAL FREEMASONRY.

Of a Pantheistic nature are the tenets of Masonry. Nature is deified. Humanity (whatever that looks like in the concrete) is substituted for the worship of God. High-sounding and meaningless words are used as shibboleths to win the sympathy of the masses. And while a man contending for Masonic ideals, fancies that he is doing a noble work for his fellowmen he becomes a work for his fellowmen he becomes a worshipper at the shrine of a vague, meaningless word.

As a natural result Masonry is op-posed to any sort of religion. Religion, according to the common acceptation of the word, implies a personal God, to whom we are accountable for our good and evil deeds. But Masonry is first and foremost the standard of revolt. Its great cry is the emancipation of the human race. The idea that we are slaves to some higher personality than our selves is a degrading conception of the destiny of the race. We are one and the same with the necessary being; why should we consider ourselves subjects? Another result of Masonry is devil-worship. Lucifer is the champion destiny of the race. We are one and

Another result of masonry is devil-worship. Lucifer is the champion of revolt. He first refused to serve. He emancipated his followers from slavery in heaven. Whether or not the higher degree of Masons believe in a personal devil is a matter of con-jecture. Startling stories have been written about their meetings. And certain it is that they have paraded the streets in many large cities of the world carrying the image of satan. But the devil is at any rate the exponent of their cause. And for that reason they honor him just as we honor the great heroes of the world.

Masonry, therefore, is a religion in self—the religion of Pantheism. itself—the religion of Pantheism Everything is God, and humanity is the thing worth working for. The philosophy of materialism is alone the path to morality and right-doing. To this end the Masonic ritual is directed and conformed. For this purpose their meetings are held away from the eyes of men and their secret services over the dead are enacted where none of the uninitiated may enter in.

It is not hard to understand, there-ore, why the Church is opposed to Freemasonry. Nor is it strange that the French Masons should wish to rid their country of its priests and churches. The teaching orders especially must be driven out of the country. The orders mold the youthful mind-to slavery of the intellect and will. They prepare the intellect and will. They prepare the young against the specious argu-ments of Masonry. And so they are the strongest foes of the lodges. They must be removed if the grand vision of the Orient is to be substituted for Christian Then will the world be made free and mankind brought to the consum mation of fraternal sacredness.

The Masons in other parts of the world would not dare to expose the secrets of their order, but in France and in the South American republic they have become strong enough politically to boast and to encourage one another in public. Hence in France, it was an easy and safe proceeding for the masters to declare before the world that the lodges proposed to de-Christianize the country and that there was incomatibility between Christianity and the dea of Freemasonry.—Providence Visi-

### THE POWER OF THE NOVEL. THE NOVELIST INFLUENCES WHERE POLI

UNDERESTIMATED AGENCY.

A leading article in the London Tab let, with Newman's phrase, An Eye for the Times, as its heading, begins by stating the fact that two recent French novels, translanted into English, are loing more to convince Frenchmen and Englishmen that religious orders have been persecuted in France than any other sort of writing has done. "It may well be thought amazing," says the Tablet writer, "but so it is that novelists have been successful where other men who ought to have great influence have utterly failed. Eloquent and unanswerable speeches of Catholic politicians, dignified pastorals and weighty men who ought to have great influence Papal allocutions just touch and pass by The novel finds the way to the It is thought 'convincing'; it compels belief and sympathy : it rou a real desire to do something on behalf of right and truth. We are merely stating what seems to us to be facts beyond all question. We are entirely unqualified to examine and decide whether politicians and prelates are in any mea-sure themselves to blame for having so little power over the public mind-whether there has been on their pa any slowness or unreality, or aloofnes from what comes home to 'the business and bosoms' of our generation. We per ceive only that in point of fact a great deal of power in our day has passed over into the hands of the literary man, and of the novelist in particular. Hence we begin to ask ourselves if a great future is not opening out before the Catholic novelist and all Catholics who wield the

essay in which Macaulay expresses his belief that if John Wesley and the Countess of Huntington had been in the Church of Rome the " profound policy of that "very masterpiece of human wisdom" would have shaped them into another St. Francis and St. Teresa From this the Tablet infers that is Macaulay were living to-day he would expect to see a Catholic Hall Caine and Marie Corelli doing special service for the Vatican.

"When Canon Sheehan's 'Luke Delmege' appeared," comments the Antig-onish Casket, "we were asked by a uni-versity professor who admired it if we did not think that the Pope had instructed clever priests here and there to write novels, since the novel was that Boccaccio did not snare the late of Giordano Bruno, and the writings of Pabelais did not meet the censure given At best, these cases are far from edify-Glordano Bruno, and the writings of Rabelais did not meet the censure given to those of Abelard. Whether they ing, but the fault generally lies farther carried with them against their oppressor. In God's good time they will be His instruments in de-

realize the power of the novel even at the present day is at least an open question. Men who have never been moved by a novel, perhaps have never read a novel themselves, can scarcely be brought to believe that other men are moved thereby. Macaulay who read everything, knew what influenced him most. While he was in India he read the works of St. Athanasius, St. Chrysostom and St. Augustine, and they left no impression upon him. But when he read Manzoni's 'I Promessi Sposi' he wrote in his journal: 'If the Church of Rome were really what Manzoni represents her to be, I should be tempted to follow Newman's example.'"

### MISSIONS TO NON-CATHOLICS.

The following Apostolic Letter has been received by Cardinal Gibbons from His Holiness Pius X., and it carries more than ordinary interest because it is the seal of Rome's approbation on a new and special vigorous work that is reaping great results for the Church in the United States: Pope Pius X.

To our Beloved Son, James Cardinal Gibbons, Cardinal Priest of the Title of "Sancta Maria trans Tiberim," Archbishop of Baltimore.

Beloved Son,-Health and Apostolic Benediction. Truly solicitous as we are concerning all measures which may contribute to the progress of the Church among the nations, we have received with joy the information that, in the United States of America, there are very many who are every day more powerfully drawn to the study of the doctrines of the Catholic Church by the labors of zealous missionaries, especially of those who have been trained at the Apostolic Mission House at the University of Washington.

In the fruitful work of these mission aries two things are particularly approved of by us. First, that apostolate bands of these missionaries, established bands of these missionaries, established in the different dioceses, are subject immediately to their own Bishops, and by their direction and under their uspices, the missionaries teach the doc trines of the Faith, not only to Catholics but also to non-Catholics. Then, again, it pleases us that they show no bitterness in their preaching, and their own purpose is a complete and true exposition of Catholic doctrine; which method much more easily opens the door of the true Faith to non-Catholics, for great is the power of truth, and nothing more is required to make men love it than to know it intimately. Accordingly, let these devoted missionaries know that their work and method correspond entirely to the desire and hope of the Apostolic See, and strengthened by the testimony of our approbation let them continue their labors, always remembering that their zeal is approved by us and by the Church, to the end that the work of the missionary bands may be extended to each and every diocese and be multi-plied therein. God will give the in-crease to those who sow with zeal the seed of the word in the vineyard of the Lord, and will repay with the most joy-ful harvest in this life and an eternal reward in the pays, all the labors of the reward in the next, all the labors of the faithful workers.

As a pledge of these blessings and as

a witness to our paternal benevolence, we very lovingly bestow our Apostolic Blessing to you, our Beloved Son on the above mentioned labors and their coad-jutors, and on all those who attend these

fruitful gatherings.

Given at Rome at the See of Peter, on the fifth day of September, 1908, in the the fifth day of September, sixth year of our Pontificate.

MARRIAGE CASES THAT SCANDALIZE.

WHERE THE CHURCH APPARENTLY RECOG-NIZES DIVORCE, BUT IN REALITY DOES NOT DO SO.

From The True Voice It is hardly necessary to explain to Catholics that the Church does not recognize the power of the State to dis solve the bond of a valid marriage. Yet Papal allocutions just touch and pass by given prominence in the Omaha papers the ears of the people like the idle during the past week. The explanation is simple enough. The former marriage of the divorced person was null and void from the beginning, and was so declared by competent Church authority. That left the person in question free to marry —not by virtue of the civil divorce, but because there was no former marriage to

> The Church recognizes or established certain impediments as a bar to valid marriage. Where such impediments exist and have not been removed, the parties may go through the form of entering a marriage contract, but they are not married. Some of these impediments the civil law does not take account of. Hence a marriage pronounced valid by the courts and divorce granted for other reasons may be invalid from the beginng in the eyes of the Church and before God. Where a civil divorce has been granted in the case of a pseudo-mar-riage that is really invalid from the beginning, there is nothing to prevent one of the parties from marrying again after the fact of the invalidity of the former marriage has been established.

There will always be some who do not inderstand the facts in such cases when they do arise, and who are scandalized when one who has ever been divorced is married with the sanction of the Church. That cannot be helped by those whose business it is to interpret the law and apply it to individual cases. Perthere is some reason, too, the fault-finding, inasmuch as

parties in the case of an invalid marriage take advantage of a pen-alty imposed upon them and turn it to their own profit. But they are compara-tively rare, thank God! Most of them are



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back than the last act in them. The

societies did not dare to appear in their true colors before the world. The mem-bers of these societies have posed as upright, conscientious citizens in the different countries of the world. Their members were to all appearances honest. respectable men, so that even Catholics used to wonder why the Church was so determined in her opposition to the lodges. There was, moreover, an air of poetry hovering about a Masonic temple wherever a temple loomed up against the sky in the big cities of the country. And those who were not of the elect wondered what could be going on inside the walls. With the religious war in France, however, the curiosity has been taken away. Guesses have melted away before the facts. And from the very mouths of the masters them-selves we have heard the mission of Masonry. It is the same in principle both in America and Europe; it differs

only in method.

It is indeed a great mission. But it is not a new one or one taking its rise with the beginning of the lodges. Nature worship, or the substitution of a universal, impersonal being for the intelligent God and Creator of the universe is not a conception of our own times. Pantheism goes back to the beginning of history, and perhaps ven to the beginning of the world. There has never been any controversy

as to the necessity of a first, eternal cause. There must be something from which the world has taken its origin. The controversy arises only when we begin to determine the nature of the first cause. Is it a personal being to whom we are responsible for our actions here in the world? Here the schools of philosophy divide. The Monists and Dualists array their forces and the thinking public read and decide for thomselves

The Monists necessarily follow some form of Pantheism. If there is no per-sonal God, then we are all emanations of some sort from the primordial matter. As that matter is necessary, we shall exist forever, not as at present, of course, but by returning back and be coming once more identified with that prime substance from which we took our origin.—Providence Visitor.

### THE DAWN AT LAST.

where he is at present, in which he sets forth in the most happy words his firm belief that the day dawn is at last nigh when Ireland shall be allowed to make her own laws and to govern her own people. Says Mr. Griffin:
"Oh! Ireland is a beautiful and bountiful land! No wonder her children have loved here with each city."

have loved her with a devotion un-exampled in history. It is a land worth loving and dying for. Her poet-patriot, has said:

'The great God never planned For submissive slaves a home so grand

"The far-off visitor soon realizes the truth of this. Nature seems to have given Ireland the grandest and most sublime manifestations of her power. This, perhaps, made her sons in the long past centuries love her with an intense devotion, causing her to be the seat of learning and the abode of sanctity, the home of saints and scholars. The many ruins of abbeys, monasteries, churches yet remaining, attest unto our day all this, though these storied records, of bygone ages prove 'man's inhumanity to man,' which have caused countless thousands, aye millions, to mourn. All that nature has done must have, in latter and in our own days, been the inspirative source of all that deathless devotion and life-sacrificing love which have been mani-

fested even in the present generation.

"While there is cheer and gladness for all that has been won, and an ardent hope that even greater good will come, everywhere there is a sad, a doleful note, almost a wail, that all that has

been secured may after all be fruitless.
"Ireland's heart is hopeful, bouyant, yet, almost defiant. It bounds with en-thusiasm and devotion, but, alas, in that brave heart there is a valvular leak. Her blood is dripping away. Forty thousand a year of stalwart sons and daughters, the flower of the land, are to write novels, since the novel was now the most effective form of writing. We certainly thought nothing of the kind. That the Church authorities anderrated the power of the novel in times past may be inferred from the fact that Boccaccio did not share the fate of Giordano Bruno, and the writings of the converts who, let us charitably suppose, did not realize the consequences of contracting an invalid marriage. Any Catholic worthy of the name would rather face death than incur them. Very few Catholics can plead the invalidity of a first marriage as an excuse for a second Giordano Bruno, and the writings of venture.

g the flower which has the woes of their dearly loved trouble is that most people at the rouble is the scattered trips.

Lord, and the scattered trips over are now, and will be more so, His over are now, and will be more so, His instruments by which retributive just it instruments by which retributive just is some of His attributes. Endeavors are widespread to provide industries so as to hold the people to their native land. Every such effort will stay the dripping of Ireland's blood.

There always is to any Irish aspect. Ireland is sunshine and tears. Let us enjoy the sunshine of the present and indulge the hope that now cheers her resolute sons.

resolute sons.

"Difficulties and trials are yet in her path, but if her resolutes do not 'cross the bows' of each other all will be well. She will stumble, but never fall, in working out her self-goverment, but let not Americans harshly condemn her mistakes, but ever remember, if they know aught of their country's history beyond school book recitals, that the United States, now great, powerful and grand, off stumbled, too, in making her way and establishing her constitutional form of self-government. Ireland will benefit by her examp The battle for liberty, continued for over seven centuries, can never end

### THE FINAL BENEDICTION.

until it is won."

LAST GREAT SCENE OF THE MEMORABLE EUCHARISTIC CONGRESS IN LONDON.

The distant rumble of cheering an-The distant rumble of cheering announces the return of the procession, and soon the leading clergy are again before the cathedral. They were to have gone into Morpeth place, but that road has now been seized on by the swaying crowd. The priests are caught in the rush, and many, with surprised faces, are helplessly hustled. The onlookers are grieved that this should be so, but they are helpless. The Legate returns, and is greeted with the frantic acclamation of fifteen thousand voices, and as his stately figure passes into and as his stately figure passes into the sacred precincts once more the cheers gradually die away.

They are replaced by the solemn strains of a hymn. The vast multitude carried away with religious enthusiasm, grow more and more fervid, and the ear is greeted with strains which clearly are the outcome of deep religious emotion. The scene in front of the cathedral is now one difficult to de-scribe, for added to the huge numbers are the numerous priests and orders who have participated in the proces-sion. These stand in Solemn Mass before the cathedral doors chanting with deep emotion "O Salutaris Hostia." They are re-inforced first by the students Providence Visitor.

The great Catholic historian, Mr. I. J.
Griffin, has written a letter from Ireland, the set of the Little Oratory, and the Brothers of the Brothe so the time passes by full of stirring incident, rich in constant variety.

A sudden stillness falls on that crowd, and all eyes are reverently turned upward, for on the balcony high over the ward, for on the balcony high over the great cathedral door the last great scene of the memorable congress is to be enacted. They do not see what is going on, but they know. A temporary altar covered in white has been erected. Standing on it is a small throne, flanked on either side by three tall candles and massive candelabra. In front there is a green plush carpet with gold braid, resting on which is the faldstool for the Cardinal. A temporary platform approached by six crimson-covered steps, the first three wider than the others, from which there depends a brilliant scarlet cloth of velvet, is seen from be-

Two attendants appear on the balcony with lanterns, and stand on either side of the platform. The lights on the altar are kindled, and the Cardinal preceded by the peers already mentioned, comes forward. He is now clothed in his magnificent vestments of white and gold. Naught but his face is seen, and that is ashen pale, for he seems laboring under deep emotion. The stillness below is intense, for the people know what is passing. He carries the monstrance to the altar, where he reverently places it. In deep, solemn tones he utters: "Panem de coelo praestitisti eis" (Thou didst give them bread from heaven) and the few who are privileged to be present reply: "Omne delectamentum in se habentem" (Containing in itself all sweetness.) He then reverently utters the heartiful the beautiful prayer: "Deus, qui nobis," and proceeds to the dramatic climax of the congress.



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His tall, commanding figure appears before the assembly below. In hands he holds the monstrance taining the Blessed Sacrament. Slowly he raises it and lowers it, moves it to the left and right, denoting the sacred cross. Which is the more striking, that noble figure, laboring there under deep motion or that cross the control of the c noble figure, laboring there under deep emotion, or that great gathering below, hushed, reverent, deeply stirred to its inmost depths? It is over, and he de-scends. A blast of bugles from below, echoed from the balcony above, and yet again from the increased heights of the cathedral, proclaim the fact that the Benediction is again to be given, this time on the western side of the building. There is the same reverent attitude, the same reverent hush, and the same solemn act. Yet a third time this is given, now on the eastern wall of the sacred edifice, and then the Cardinal Legate descends.

The solemnity was intense, and the reaction is correspondingly great. Cheer upon cheer rends the air—the people are lost in the depth of their emotion. They cheer each other, they cheer the priests; and they are fain to leave the scene of the day's triumph. And so we leave them, happy in their faith and happy in this open expression of it.

Christianity is not a theory or a specu ation, but a life-not a philosophy of life but a life and a living process. Coleridge. The door between us and Heaven car

not be open while that between us and our fellowmen is shut.

## ARCHDIOCESE OF ST. BONIFACE.

NEW EDIFICE BLESSED BY ARCHBISHOP LANGEVIN

Winnipeg, Oct. 4.—The magnificent cathedral of the Boniface was dedicated this afternoon with a

together.

Included in this gathering were :—Mgr. Duhan Archbishop of Ottawa; Mgr. Ireland, Archbishop of St. Paul; Mgr. Gauthier, Archbishop of Kingsto Mgr. Larocque, Bishop of Sherbrooke; Mgr. Shan Bishop of Fargo; Mgr. Brunault, Bishop of Nicol Mgr. Legal, Bishop of St. Albert; Mgr. Scolle Bishop of Sault Ste. Marie; Mgr. Racicot, Auxili Bishop of Montreal; Mgr. Roy. Auxiliary Bishop of Montreal; Mgr. Roy. Caudiary of Mgr. Royleau of Quebgr. Richard of Rogersville, N. B.; Canon Adam Montreal; Canon Lafeche of St. Anne de la Peracanno Bellemere, Sorel; Canon Beaudry, St. Hjunthe; Canon Piette, Joliette; Canon Villeney. Que.; Father Halde, St. Hyacinthe: Father Manses St. Felix de Kingrey, Que.; Father Belanger, Mo treal; Father Menard, St. Isidor; Father Fouch Montreal; Father Brunelle, Nicolet; Father Nau sens; Father Lestance; Father Rainville, Sale U. S., Father Desrosiers, Father Paradus, Fath Richard, Father Desrosiers, Father Paradus, Fath Charbonneau, Keesville; Father Deigneault, Sio City, U.S.; Father Lee; Father Hermans Langev brother of Archbishop Langevin; Father Ouelett Father Perrault, Cote des Neiges, and Father Dubi Montreal.

The beautiful Byzantine pile, which overlooks the cities of St. Boniface and Winnipeg, was the Mecc for thousands of faithful who thronged to the sacredifice throughout the day. At 9 colock this morning the celebration began. At that hour the procession proceeded from the Archbishop's palace in the new cathedral, where the actual ceremony oblessing the sacred edifice began. Outside the great west front Archbishop Langevin, attended by acolytes in black and red, invoked the blessing of Almighty God upon the new eathedral, reciting the litany of the saints, the collects and psalms set apart for this solemn office. The Archbishop blessed the inside and outside of the church. Holy water was sprinkled on the walls of the four sides of the cathedral, around which the procession wended its way. After the blessing Pontifical High Mass was celebrated, in Gregorian plain chant.

In the afternoon there was a great parade of the leaty of Winnipeg, upwards of five thousand men being in line. Upon their arrival in the cathedral Mgr. Roy of Quebec delivered a sermon, and Archbishop Gauthier of Kingston pronounced the Benefiction. Archbishop Langevin and Ireland and Bishop Shanley also addressed the worshippers. Vespers were sung by Bishop Legal and the sermon was delivered by Archbishop Ireland.



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