CHERS WANTED.

ATHOLIC MALE TEACHER, econd class professional certificate . Sep. S. S. No. 2. Carrick and to commence Jan 3rd, 1910. Cap-German preferred. Address application and experience to T. J. Kely, Int. 1613-3

MEDIATELY A CATHOLIC cher for the Holy Cross separate Alberta. Apply stating salary to

ANTED BY FARMER GARD-

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rs and the Irish Party. British Budget which self among Irish brewers ers because it places tax upon intoxicating Joseph Devlin said: "We said, and we say it here toe only way to secure the Ireland against the inevitwhich a union with Eng-in its train is an indepensh Government working in entrolling its own resources, the large distillers and eland come to Mr. Redmond Irish Party and say-'Oh, protect us from this great re ask: who lays the hem? The Government of ich they have supported oney and their influence in and the answer I give to men is this: "We, through-uggle, will think of the reland and of the Nationald in the main, and we ad-if you don't like this Budget, your political position in ing at the eleventh hou ters past eleven to ask the money has been us

nd troubles of all kinds one a great lesson—the versal kindness. True tact mpathy. We put ourselves be of another, and try and things from another's point try to feel as he or she or say anything that would

MARRIAGE.

MARRIAGE.

ELL.—At St. John's Church, But.
A. J. Savage, assisted by Rev. E.
Cousin of the bride, Mr. James T
tton to Miss Gertrude Elizabet
tter of John C. and Mrs. Campbel

DIED.

home in Somerville, Mass., Sunday 909. Mrs. Margaret Kiley, wife of erly of Baddeck, N. S., aged seventy-her soul rest in peace! at Antigonish, N. S., on August 19th, onald, beloved child of John and hald, aged eleven months. haid, aged eleven months.

Wine Harbor, N. S., on the 24th
aul P. Cooper, beloved son of Mr.
ooper, aged two years.
t Lanark, Antigonish Harbor, N. S.,
og. Mrs. Margaret Chisholm, widow
nder Chisholm, in her eighty-eighth
oul rest in peace!
Andrews N. S. on August 24, 1999.

oul rest in peace!

Andrews, N. S., on August 24, 1909, yd, beloved wife of Dan. A Boyd. in peace!

Monday, August 16th 1909, Mrs. Shamrock, Ont., aged thirty-eight oul rest in peace!

Catarrh in this section of the counher diseases put together, and until ars was supposed to be incurable, any years doctors pronounced it a prescribed local remedies, and by g to cure with local treatment, protrable. Science has proven catarrhonal disease and therefore requires treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, itutional cure on the market. It is in doese from to drops to a least of the contract of itutional cure on the market. It's in doses from to drops to a tea s directly on the blood and mucou system. They offer one hundre see it fails to cure. Send for circunials.

J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. 3, uggists, 75c. imily Pills for constipation.

Political Society at a Congress this

year referred to it in mournful terms :

Unless a remedy be applied, the force

of things will condemn to invasion, to

depopulating itself, while on the borders

of its already mutilated territory other

populations are visibly growing denser

life or death for the France of to-

By Cardinal Gibbons

have been directed chiefly toward relig-

ious education. In that I have spent a

and pain at the trend of education to-

not only by the effects as recorded in the columns of our daily press, where murders, thefts, divorces, lies, &c.,

stick thickly as currents in our Christ-

mas plum pudding, but also by Mr. Bolce's articles, where one of the im-

mediate causes seems to be unveiled,

A year ago in the columns of The Fimes appeared my views on this sub-

ect, and if still there be hope of win-

The exclusion of religious teaching

from our schools is indeed a great evil,

that bodes mischief to our country and endangers the stability of our Govern-

ment and arises from our mutilated and

defective system of Public school educa-

tion. I am persuaded that the popular

errors now existing in reference to edu-

cation spring from an incorrect notion

of that term. To educate means to bring out, to develop the intellectual, moral and religious faculties of the

soul. An education, therefore, that im-

proves the mind and the memory to the neglect of moral and religious training

is at best but an imperfect system. According to Webster's definition, to educate is "to instill into the mind prin-

It is, indeed, eminently useful that

the intellect of our youth should be de-veloped and that they, should be made familiar with those branches of knowl-

edge which they are afterward likely to pursue. They can then go forth into

the world, gifted with a well - furnished

served it by their statesmanship and defended it by their valor. This knowl-

rights and duties, and contribute to

edge will instruct them in the

in our higher schools.

into education.

morrow."

Catholic Record.

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

VOLUME XXXI.

The Catholic Record

LONDON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 25, 1909.

DEPOPULATION. Few things are fraught with graver onsequences to the future of civilized nations than the alarming decrease in the birth rate. The Civilta Cattolica of Rome calls attention to it. Revolution against gospel, experience against principle, material progress against spiritual resignation - these are the centres of forces arrayed in the modern battlefeld. Facts are stubborn things. They tell strange tales and set men thinking. There is no use denying the state of decadence in civilized society. Neither is this deplorable condition the illusion of pessimism. It is the inexorable evilence of statistics that society is in continuous numerical decrease by reason of the deprivation of the family, and family is dissolved, in direct proportion to the weakening and abandonment of Christian principles and tradition. The code of anti-Christian revolution is the Social Contract. Yet the Social Contract has not taught wisdom to society, nor has it brought society back to that point in the road to evangelical truth and national greatness. Eyes of modern economists are closed to

the traditions which prosperous peoples respect. They waste their efforts to day away from religion, as portrayed create a new society and follow the chimeras which are condemned by the very nature of man. True prosperity and public life of nations must rest on the physical and moral health of the private lives of individuals composing them. Break up the Christian traditions of Europe, weaken the family by decreasing its number or other dissolving methods, forthwith, society is driven into disorder and degeneration. In Holland in the last general elections the diheral-socialist league was routed by the Christian coalition of Catholics and Protestants. The organ of the league afterwards expressed itself upon the subject: "The practice of limiting the number of children is in use chiefly amongst the non-religious and more cultured part of the nation. In a democracy the majority disposes of the political and parliamentary direction of a country. If therefore this direction is not to be reactionary it is the duty of everybody who has at heart the interests of our people to see to it that the most progressive part of the nation do not put itself in a minority compared with the enemies of progress." Thus in Holland, a small nation, the fecundity of the family is in direct proportion to their fidelity to Christian principles. But sterility is not the only evil of social apostasy from Christianity. All the licentiousness, degradation in public and private life from juvenile corruption to anarchy and class hatred, are the natural fruit of this poisonous tree. What characterizes the nation, great in its faults as also in its virtues. A German newspaper compares the growth of Germany with the condition of other nations, rivals of the Empire. This journal calculates that in twenty years they will have passed the 80,000,000. The wonderful increase is attributed especially to

Germany rose from 41,000,000 in 1871 to

56,000,000 in 1900. In the last thirty

years France has been surpassed by

Germany by a third of its population.

In another thirty years the population

of Germany will be twice as great as

that of France. The causes of this con-

tinued depopulation are due to the pro-

gressive diminution of natality. They

cannot, as in the case of Ireland, Italy

and elsewhere be attributed to emigra-

tion, for in thirty years the French

emigration does not exceed 300,000

persons. Nor can it be alleged that the

fruitfulness of the Latin races has be-

come less, because Italy, Spain, Portu-

make them enlightened citizens and de voted patriots. But it is not enough for children to have a secular education; they must receive also a religious training. Indeed religious knowlege is as far above human science as the soul is above the Catholics, among whom the fruitfulness of marriage is 20 per cent. higher than body, as heaven is above earth, as eternity is above time. The little child that is familiar with the Christian cateamong Protestants. In twenty years Germany will have 83,000,000 of inhabchism is really more enlightened on truths that should come home to every itants against France's 40,000,000 and a national fortune of 600 milliards of francs rational mind than the most profoun philosophers of pagan antiquity, or even than many of the so-called philosophers when France will have only half that sum. When the Franco-Prussian war of our own times. He has mastered the great problem of life. He knows his broke out the two countries were equal, each having between 38,000,000 and 39origin, his sublime destiny and the 000,000 of inhabitants. France lost by means of attaining it, a knowledge that can impart without no human science war and the cession of Alsace Lorraine 2,000,000. In 1872 France had 36,000-000 and in 1901 only 39,000,000-while

the light of revelation.

God has given us a heart to be formed to virtue, as well as a head to be enlightened. By secular education we improve the mind; by religious training we direct the heart.

It is not sufficient, therefore, to know

how to read and write, to unde how to read and write, to the rudiments of grammar and asith-metic. It does not suffice to know that two and two make four; we must pretwo and two make four; we must pre-tically learn also the great distance between time and eternity. The knowledge of bookkeeping is not sufficient unless we are taught slso how to balance our accounts daily between our conscience and our G-d. It will profit us little to understand all about the diurnal and annual motions of about the diurnal and annual motions of the earth, unless we add to this science the earth, unless we add to this science the earth, unless we add to this science the capacity! How many mothers have not the capacity! How many, alsa! have some heavenly astronomy. We should the capacity! How know and feel that our future home is not the inclination!

gal and French Canada prove there is

LONDON, ONTARIO, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 25, 1909

tians. We desire for them a training that will form their hearts as well as ex-pand their mind. We wish them to be not only men of the world, but above all, men of God.

A knowledge of history is most useful and important for the student. He should be acquainted with the lives of those illustrious heroes that founded empires—of those men of genius that enlightened the world by their wisdom and learning and embellished it by their works of art dismemberment, to slavery, this blessed land, this fair France, which is madly and seeking for the means of expansion.

works of art.

But is it not more important to learn something of the King of Kings Who created all these kingdoms, and by Whom kings reign? Is it not more important to study the Uncreated Wisdom before Whom all cartilly misdom is folly and to We are face to face with a question of CARDINAL GIBBONS ON EDUCATION EXCLUSION OF RELIGIOUS EDUCATION

RDINAL GIBBONS ON EDUCATION AND RELIGION.

CLUSION OF RELIGIOUS EDUCATION FROM SCHOOLS AN EVIL WHICH BODES MISCHIEF TO OUR COUNTRY—CHILDREN SHOULD BE TAUGHT TO BE PIOUS MEN AND CONSCIENTIOUS CHRISTIANS.

BY Cardinal Gibbons

BY Cardinal Gibbons

REAL STANKS

BY Cardinal Gibbons

To study the Uncreated Wisdom before when all earthly wisdom is folly, and to admire the works of the Divine Artist Who paints the lily and gilds the clouds?

If, indeed, our souls were to die with the body, if we had no existence beyond the grave, if we had no account to render to God for our actions, we might more easily dispense with the catechism in our schools. Though even then Christians. our schools. Though even then Christian morality would be a fruitful source of temporal blessings; for as the Apostle teaches, "Piety is profitable to all things, having promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come." Education is so comprehensive and complex a subject that one dares not pose as a master in all its branches. For just as nowadays students who are professors in our divinity schools are

happy if they can master any one of the many divisions of Bible study, so my aim and work, in regard to education, But our youth cherish the hope of be coming one day citizens of heaven as well as of this land. And as they cannot be good citizens of this country without studying and observing its laws, neither can they become citizens of heaven unless they know and practice the laws of God. Now, it is only by a good religious education that we learn long active service among various classes in different sections of this country; while I may add, I have also at least observed the ways and means for this in fields afar.

Most may imagine then my regret to know and to fulfil our duties toward

our Creator.

The religious and secular education of our children cannot be divorced from each other without inflicting a fatal wound upon the soul. The usual conse-Education is to the soul what food is to the body. The milk with which the infant is nourished at its mother's breast feeds not only its head, but per-meates at the same time its heart and the other organs of the body. In like manner, the intellectual and moral growth of our children should go hand in hand, otherwise their education is ning the field I am glad again to join in the fight for the introduction of religion

growth of our children should go hand in hand: otherwise their education is shallow and fragmentary, and often proves a curse instead of a blessing. Piety is not to be put on like a holiday dress, to be worn on state occasions, but it is to be exhibited in our conduct at all times. Our youth must put in practice every day, the commandments practice every day the commandments of God, as well as the rules of grammar and arithmetic. How can they familiarize themselves with these sacred duties if they are not daily inculcated?

Guizot, an eminent Protestant writer Guizot, an eminent Protestant writer of France, expresses himself so clearly and forcibly on this point that I cannot forbear quoting his words: "In order," he says, "to make proper education truly good and socially useful it must be fundamentally religious. * * * It is necessary that national education should be given and received in the

ciples of art, science, morals, religion, and behavior." "To educate," he says, should be given and received in the in the arts is important; in religion, midst of a religious atmosphere, and that religious impressions and religious chat religious impressions and religious observances should penetrate into all its parts. Religion is not a study or an exercise, to be restricted to a certain place or a certain hour; it is a faith and a law which ought to be felt everywhere, and which, after this manner alone, can exercise all its heneficial alone, can exercise all its beneficial influence upon our mind and ovr life." mind and armed with a lever by which

In this country the citizens happily enjoy the largest liberty. But the wider the liberty the more efficient should be poisonous tree. What characterizes Holland, is to be found still more in France owing to the logical genius and resolute character of the nation, great in its faults as also bers of society. It is also most desir, able that they should be made acquainted able that they should be made acquainted able that they should be made acquainted to the instory of our country, with the origin and principles of its Government, and with the eminent men who have a should be well ballasted. To keep the sorred it by their settlement men who have social planet within its proper orbit, the centripetal force of religion should counterbalance the centrifugal motion of free thought. The only effectual way to preserve the blessings of civil free-dom within legitimate bounds is to inculcate in the mind of youth while at school the virtues of truth, justice, honesty, temperance, self-denial, and those other fundamental duties comprised in

the Christian code of morals. The catechetical instructions given The catechetical instructions given once a week in our Sunday schools, though productive of very beneficial results, are insufficient to supply the religious wants of our children. They should, as far as possible, breathe every day a healthy, religious atmosphere in those schools in which not only is their those schools in which not only mind enlightened, but the seeds of faith, piety, and sound morality are nourished and invigorated. Fy what principle of justice can you store their mind with earthly knowledge for several hours each day, while their heart, which remires the more cultivation, must be quires far more cultivation ntent with the paltry allowance of a

Nor am I unmindful of the blessed inence of a home education, and especially of a mother's tutelage. As she is her shild's first instructor, her lessons are the most deep and lasting. The in-timate knowledge she has acquired of her child's character by constant inter-ceurse, the tender love subsisting be-tween them, and the unbounded confi-dence placed in her by her pupil, impart to her instructions a force and conviction which no other teacher can hope to

But how many mothers have not the

know and feel that our future is the stars of heaven, and to be beyond the stars of heaven, and to be beyond the stars of heaven, and to be beyond the stars of heaven, and the done her duty, the child's training that if we lead a virtuous life here, we have done her duty, the child's training that it will the stars for all eternity." And granting even that the mother mitted France is depopulating because she wishes to. France is dying. There are more coffins than oradles. The President of the Academy of Meral and society, but also consistents. Chair- in the cheerless atmosphere of a school- in the cheerless atmosphere of a school- have to study all the literature of the literatur

room from which the sun of religion is

rigidly excluded?

Therefore whatever lessons I have learned from reading, study, reflection, and experience, at home and abroad, during many years, more and more convince me of the need of religious teaching in our various institutions of duncation. our various institutions of education.

Year cries to year as they pass me by example to example, sin to sin; all write in flaming letters the one deep need, the one ponacea, the most universal and far-reaching remedy for our bleeding body politic, our sin-sick motherland: "Let religion in the schools." And when I say religion, I mean religion—not sentimentality, not philanthropy, not haze, not dreams, but religion; deep, high, supernatural, practical

That this can be done and not offend the particular beliefs of each reasonable group of believers, I think to be possible, practicable. God grant that America may soon see the dawn of this happy day! JAMES CARD, GIBBONS.

N. Y. Times Sept. 11.

FAITH AND REASON.

Mr. Groh: "Consequently, ought not every man equally hear all sides of every question on every religion first, before deciding which is right, and which to promote, for fear of otherwise accepting and promoting the wrong instead of the right

This looks plausible, but as a principle it imposes on man an endless task and leaves him intellectually unsettled during his passage across this present state of existence. The vast majority of mankind have no time to put it into practice; they must work to live. No man—not excepting the great

philosophers of all time—ever came to a knowledge of all truth through investiwound upon the soul. The usual consequence of such a separation is to para-lyze the moral faculties and to foment a spirit of indifference in matters of faith. to know truth undistorted, as the standard of his judgment before he could recognize or know a distortion of it. Then before he can discover an error he must know the truth of which that error is a distortion. And if he knows the truth his question is ended, and he can let error pass by with impunity. When you know the true form of your face by consulting a true mirror you need not squander your time gazing at your distorted face in a distorted mirror. But if you never saw the perfect mirrorthe truth—you would never know the distorted one was distorted; and as a consequence you would have to believe

that your face was that of a monster.

It is clear then that you must know the truth before you are competent to deter

mine what is error.

Before you can judge of the truth of beauty of anything you must have in your mind a true standard of truth or beauty: as to judge correctly of your face you must have a true mirror.
Your mind or reason cannot make this

standard, as your eyes cannot make a mirror. The true standard must be pre-sented to the mind before it can judge; as the true glass must be placed before the eyes before they can see the true features.

Since such a standard or criterion o truth is absolutely necessary to reason and since without it reason cannot know the truth when it shines in its face, it follows that a supremely wise Creator did not create man's mind and leave it like a feather in an inconstant wind, in-capable of directing itself towards or coming to a knowledge of the truth ex-cept by mere accident; did not leave it without a certain means to acquire the truths he requires it to believe as a condition of future happiness after the vicissitudes of this life have passed

It is an impeachment of divine wisdom and justice to say or think that God requires man to believe certain truths and yet leaves him no means to come to vledge of them. Let us now illustrate your theory.

Assuming that you are a sick man. Your friends call a physician. But when he prepares to apply remedies you halt him to say that you want to take no risks. You want time to examine the claims of the various schools of medicine, ancient and modern, and every question ever raised about them; want to examine the medicina qualities and curative virtues of every vegetable that grows and every mineral in the earth, known and unknown; you want to study physiology, diagnosis and prognosis that you may know your actual condition and the probability of your recovery. And finally you want to study therapeutics to apply intelligently the remedies. You want to know all hese things to prevent mistakes. You would say, doctor, I want to borrow
your library. I will send my two-horse
wa on for the books, a couple of loads
will fetch them. After studying them
all—for you know they must all be
heard—I will determine whether you
on the doctor. I want

But what about the pain in your stomach in the meantime asks the doc

"Oh, it is terrible; but I must take no risks, I must grin and bear it till I have made a full course of medical studies." What would the doctor say to you for risks, I r

thes putting your theory into pro He would very likely tell you that he was not the kind of doctor you needed, that your head was more disordered than your stomach, and that the docto from the lunatic saylum was the kind of practitioner you needed.

Now if your conduct in the case of sickness would be considered as evidence that your headpleos was "off-trolley," would it not be considered "off-trolley"

If it were the latter case you would have to study all the literature of the

world on religion. You would have to learn the Chinese language to study the doctrines of Koang-Fu-Tzee—Latinized Confucius—then the languages of India to study the doctrines of Guatama Buddha and Lao-Tzu. The languages of Africa as well as the religions would be a great trouble to you; but you tell us

they should all be equally heard. Then you would have to study the polemical literature, perhaps half a dozen ship-Have you ever thought of doing this? Of course not, and you will never do it; and no man ever has done it or ever will do it, because no man can do it. Such is the principle you lay down as the way to truth.—The New York Free-

A BOOMERANG.

man's Journal.

Rev. P. F. Brannan, the widely known Texas missionary, who has been suc-cessively lawyer, editor, mayor of a Southern city, soldier in the Confederate army and priest, relates the following incident in a letter to the Southern

Messenger: I was giving a mission in a certain town in Texas, and I noticed the Catholics seemed to be distant and reserved toward me. I knew something was wrong, and I took one of them to one

side and said: "What's the matter here? Something is wrong, and I've got to know what it

it. What is it?"
"Well, Father, I don't like to tell it."
"You must tell it. It must be very bad if you can't tell it. And if you won't tell it, is it because you believe it?"

"Well, Father, it's an awful charge, but it's all over town that you—you—

"Go ahead; what is it?"
"That you have been in the peniten-

tiary?"
Then I laughed and said to myself,
"Won't I get even with these liars tonight?" After I heard of this accusation, I heralded it all over town that I would explain how it was. They were led to believe that I had pleaded guilty, and intended to present some extenuating circumstances to mitigate the atrocity of the offense.

I had a great crowd in the court house. Every inch of space was occupied. When I arose to speak everything was as silent as a graveyard at midnight. The older Protestants, whose hearing was defective, leaned over with a hand to one ear. The climax of the intensest expectancy was reached. Then I proeded as follows

"I understand that it is currently reported in your city that I been an in-mate of the State penitentiary. There once lived a man in my town whose name, was pronounced like mine, but, I am glad to say, spelt differently. He was Superintendent of Public schools in my country. He was caught appropriating the money of the school fund to his own personal use. He was indicted by a grand jury and sent to the State penitentiary. He was not only a convicted school superintendent, but he was a Protestant preacher besides! There's your man. Now, how do you feel?

Afther the explosion of this shell and the dead and wounded got back to life, I threw in the hot shot of Catholic truth to them for about two hours, and not a man or woman left until it was all over.

course of his public career and close against him the doors of ministerial indeed have mattered little to Lord Ripon if his conscientious decision had brought with it such exclusion. But there were state-men in England who held more exalted and in the true sens more absolutely religious views than those, and among these statesmen was Mr. Gladstone who appreciated all the more sincere religious devotion in others because his devotion to his own form of faith was absolutely sincere. Glad-stone came back to office and power after Lord Ripon's adoption of the Cath olic faith, and in 1880 he as Prime Min ister appointed Lord Ripon to be Gover nor-General of India. The rule of the new viceroy made itself one of the mem orable chapters in the history of the British government there, and always be held in honor by all who appreciate the true principles of Indian dministration.

Lord Ripon was ever a philanthropist nord Ripon was ever a philanteropise in the true sense of the word, and he consistently and energetically lent his help on behalf of suffering animals as well as of suffering human beings. My Irish fellow-countrymen in the United States will hardly need to be reminded that he was a thorough supporter of Ire-land's claim to the right of national self And this great nobleman, be it re-

membered was a Catholic of the hum-blest and most devout type, loving to practice the sweet and simple devotions in which Catholics of all kinds and of all times have found a way to the heart of Jesus and His Blessed Mother. His scholarship, his statesmanship, his high position as a peer of England and a number of the British Cabinet, did nos 1614

The Lamp of Poor Souls.

Above my head the shields are stained with rust,
The wind has taken his spoil, the

moth his part. Dust of dead men beneath my knees, and Lord, in my heart.

Lay Thou the hand of faith upon my

fears.
The priest has prayed, the silver bell has rung,
But not for him. O unforgotten tears,

He was so young!

Shine little lamp, nor let thy light grow dim. Into what vast dread dreams, what

lonely lands, Into what griefs hath death delivered

Far from my hands? Cradled is he, with half his prayers for-

got. I cannot learn the level way he goes. He whom the harvest hath remembered

Sleeps with the rose.

Shine, little lamp, fed with sweet oil of prayers; Shine, little lamp, as God's own eyes

may shine, When He treads softly down His starry

stairs And whispers "Thou art Mine."

Shine, little lamp, for love hath fed thy Sleep, little soul, by God's own hands set free.

Cling to His arms and sleep, and sleeping, dream, And dreaming, look for me.

CATHOLIC NOTES.

At his own expense the Holy Father is about to restore the flooring at St. Peter's. Its estimated cost is \$20,000.

From Austria comes the news that he late Right Rev. Dr. Doyle, the Catholic Bishop of Lismore, New South Wales, left an estate valued at 35 cents.

Two hundred thousand persons took part in the recent Eucharistic procession at the Cologne Congress. In London last year 100,000 persons participated.

A noteworthy feature of the reception of eleven candidates into the order of the Sisters of Providence at St. Mary's of the Woods, Ind., last Sunday, was the profession of twin sisters, Anna and Mary Hastings of Chicago.

It costs \$9,000 a year to keep up the monastery of St. Bernard in the Alps. Over 30,000 persons cross the mountains at St. Bernard's every year, and were it not for the Hospice hundreds would be lost in the great snows which set in in September.

The most eloquent speech delivered during the Eucharistic Congress in Cologne was that of Bourke Cockran, the Irish American orator at the meeting of the Irish section on Thursday, August 5th, in St Michael's Association Hall. The flery eloquence of the speaker elicited the most enthusiastic applause.

One of the most interesting Pontifical decrees of this month is that concerning the hope which the Holy See entertains of the conversion of the Japanese Empire the distinguished nobleman:

In 1874 he became a convert to the Catholic Church and the impression of most observers at the time was that this decision must change for him the whole course of his public. to the Catholic Faith. This decree grants an indulgence under the usual

Gadenne, in the diocese of Cambray. He was born in Lille, and paptized there on April 10, 1806. He was there on April 10, 1806. He was ordained priest at the age of twenty-six, on June 11, 1832, and has been cure of Maches, near Donnes, since 1846. So this venerable priest has been laboring in God's vineyard for seventyseven years, and has attained the ripe old age of one hundred and three years.

The layman's retreat movement in The layman's retreat movement in New York is proving popular beyond the hopes of its promoters. The third week end retreat at Fordham Univer-sity, which closed Monday morning, was attended by forty men, represent ing all that could be accomodated with the present limited facilities, but only a small proportion of those who applied. It is intended to erect a permanent home to those who take part in these retreats. It will give accommodation to a largely increased number.

A dispatch from St. Louis Tuesday gave an interesting interview on Dr. Cook's discovery of the North Pole by Cook's discovery of the North Pole by the noted Jesuit astronomer, Rev. Charles M. Charropin, S. J., of St. Louis University. "I consider Dr. Cook the real discoverer of the North Pole," said Father Charropin. "Com-mander Peary deserves credit for his work and hardships, but Dr. Cook's records have made me a believer in him. Even if Dr. Cook missed the pole by a few miles by inaccurate readings, I

Dr. Sarah Hackett Stevenson, died recen:ly at St. Elizabeth Hospital. Chicago, was one of the first women to take up the study of medicine and to practice the profession. She was the first woman to become a member of the American Medical Association, having been elected to that honor in 1876. Some years ago Dr. Stevenson was atprevent him from being a loyal son of the C-stholic Church. What a lesson his life contains for some of us who imagine that we are either too highly - pleced or too educated to bother much about being faithful to the teachings of that Church into whose communion we have been had add. Bitsabeth Hospitand in the first being faithful to the teachings of that Church into whose communion we have been had add. Bitsabeth Hospitand in the first better that there are stalling her property affairs, extered it. Bitsabeth Hospitand in the first better the first whore she died. studied it thoroughly and was finally received, and, after settling her property affairs, entered St. Biesbeth Hoppital where she died.

IN TREATY WITH HONOR A Romance of Old Quebec,

MARY CATHARINE CROWLEY. Author of "A Daughter of New France," "The Heroine of the Strait," "Love Thrives in War" etc.

CHAPTER XXIII.

A DAUNTLESS DEMOISELLE.

A heavy snowstorm accompanied by a high wind set in that day; even had we been in a condition to proc travel would have been difficult. fatigued were we, however, we thought it better to rest and take our horses no er. A coach carrying the evening, continue to the lines, and returning to the tavern where we were, go south in the morning. Ramon and I decided to take seats in the coach and hasten to Augusta. While we slept our hosts and his sons watched, fearing that since we were so near the border, es of soldiers might venture across

and capture us.

In the course of the afternoon, from our window of an upper room, I saw two men on foot approaching the house. As they drew near I saw from their dress and features that they were French Canadians. Going down to the door

I hailed them.

"Bon jour, mes amis, are you bound for the next village?"

"We are laborers," answered the older of them, "and having spent the summer hereabouts are going to our homes in Canada for the winter."

"We have just come from there and wish to send back our horses," said I. "You are good honest fellows, I know. If you will agree to deliver the animals I tell you, we will let you ride them me. This will be better for you than trudging along on foot, n'est-ce pas? But we cannot let you start until night. The horses must be well rested."

"N'importe, we will stay," said the other man, nothing loth to take shelter

during the storm.
So far no one had passed who could carry to the lines the news of where we were. Late in the evening the coach stopped on its northern trip. Owing probably to the bad weather, there were

no passengers. The household had re-tired with the exception of one of the boys, who had waited for the stage, and myself. The two Canadians lay asleep the floor of the bar. Before th driver entered, on the impulse of the ment, I caught up the capote and oque of one of these men and put them n. Still smoking my short black pipe, seated myself in the chimney-corner. After some conversation between the driver and the young man the latter said, pointing to me, "This Canadian here talks of riding to the lines."
"Oui, oui," I chimed in. "How much

ax, mon ami, 'spose you take me to Canada ?' "The fare is half a dollar, replied the

Misericorde, c'est trop! And it is a dark night. I will stay here till to-

For the sake of having company will take you for a quarter, if you'll stand the liquor at the tavern," he urged

"No, I tank you. I guess I not go."
"Never mind him," chuckled the borderer. "I'll ride over with you, just for the lark, since you will be here again

Three hours later, when the coach came back, the young man drew me aside and said in high glee, "Oh, sır, the tavern at the lines was crowded with soldiers from Quebec and tories of the neighborhood. They must have found some trace of you, for when we went in they gathered around the driver and asked him if he had seen two men on horseback armed and wearing military caps and cloaks. He shook his head and answered that he had met no such men. Then they turned to me. I told him two travellers of the description had breakfasted with us this forenoon but from the direction they took after wards they must be near Moose village by this time. Ha, ha, Moose village is a good twenty miles from here, sir. If they thought you were so near, I am afraid they would have swooped down

In the morning Ramon and I paid our In the morning Ramon and I paid our friends well for their service and took our places on the coach. The evening of the second day afterwards we reached Augusta. When we were settled in lodgings here I wrote to Jacquette. Thouga I would gladly go to the ends of the earth to claim her as my bride, since she had done her best to get me out of Canada, I begged she would follow me, or for her sake I might be rash enough to return.
"Under the care of old Pascal, and

with your maid for company, you can easily travel to Augusta, deer one," I continued, "and here we will be married. The war and my long imprisonment have indeed played havoc with my fortunes, but there is still a small sum of money well placed to my credit in the States and this will enable me to take care of you until I find occupation. Is not even the cheerless journey at this season better, my darling, than that we should be still separated? The patriots have not yet abandoned their cause as hopeless. If the troubles break out anew we may be parted forever."

How eagerly I awaited a reply! Day after day passed and the uncertainty seemed to eat my heart out. During this interval of suspense, when I was often moody and despairing, Ramon gave me his companionship with a patience I did not half appreciate.

At last my faith and trust in my love were rewarded. The mail brought me a letter from Jacquette, and glad news-When I told my con she was coming. When I told my com-rade that, wanderer though I was, my life was to be crowned with happiness he grasped my hand with all the ardo of his brotherly affection and wished for my darling and me a future as joyous as our wedding day. From this however, he grew restless. Heigh ho a lover can wait with equanimity upon the humors of a pretty woman ! might, it is true, beguile the hours by building eastles in Spain; but what was there to interest Ramon in this little river-city, far from the stirring scenes toward which his thoughts hastened?

I was not altogether surprised when after the receipt of sundry letters, he announced that he must set off at one for northern New York, where the patriot refugees and their friends were again secretly arming. The next day he was a passenger on the coach bound for Boston, the first objective point of his new wanderings alone

his new wanderings alone.

"A soldier does not halt long, even to marry," I said, in taking leave of him.

"Apply for a command for me too, comrade, I shall soon join you. Jacquette will not want me to daugle about her when there is work yet to do for the cause she loves."

when there is work yet to do for the cause she loves."

"Au revoir, then," he replied. "Ah, Nial, I shall not forget that to you I owe the joy of liberty. But for your help, ingenuity, and courage I should never have escaped from Quebec."

Thus we parted as friends part when they expect soon to meet again. they expect soon to meet again.

After Ramon was gone I spent most of my time in loitering around the or my time in intering around the station waiting for the Canadian coach. It arrived late one afternoon, and as I stood at a little distance, fearing the disappointment of hope deferred, yet eager to see if it might have brought the most precious passenger (to my the most precious passenger (to my mind) it would ever have the good fortune to carry, a woman was ass the guard to alight.

the guard to alight.

I took a step forward. Pshaw! She was stout and, I judged from her figure, mature and wore a bright green veil wrapped about her bonnet. Yet she wrapped about ner bonnet. Let such had the air of a lady and could not be had the air of a lady and could not be Jacquette's maid; neither was there any sign of Pascal. Jacquette had not come. I drew back with a sinking heart. Oh, why did she delay? The inside passenger had a great number of bandboxes and packages.

Impatient at seeing them lifted out, I was about to turn away when I caught sight of a little gloved hand thrust out of the window of the coach. In another moment a trim foot shod in a fur boot was on the step and a younger woman sprang out of the creaking old vehicle. Enveloped in a coat of squirrel skins, by comparison with her companion she appeared slight and girlish, and though her face was hidden by her pretty fur hood I knew the stranger could be none other than my darling.
"Jacquette!" I cried, springing for-

the depths of the hood.

Clasping her hands in mine I drew her into the little parlor of the coaching inn, and her companion followed us. Once out of the range of the bystanders, gathered to witness the arrival of the coach, I folded my darling in my arms, greatcoat, hood and "Nial, do you want to smother me?"

cried Jacquette, with her old, gay laugh. Thus warned, I desisted, while she

took off her wraps. But when she sto before me, rosy and smiling in her soft-tinted gray gown, I claimed another kiss. "Enough, sir," she protested in a tone

of mock reproach. "All this time you have not noticed the friend but for whose kindness in accompanying me I Turning to her chaperon, who was

still endeavoring to free herself from the many windings of the green veil, I recognized the good-humored counten-ance that beamed upon me like a sun emerging from the shadow after an

"Madame St. Germain!" I exclaimed Truly, madame, I shall never cease to

be grateful for your kindness."

Ma foi, but Jacquette is a wilful demoiselle, and glad enough 1 shall be to resign my care of her to you, mon-sieur, to-morrow," averred Madame St Germain, with a shrug of her ample

Jacquette blushed rosier, and hastened

to change the conversation.

When the ladies had supped, having made sure that the landlord of the inn had done everything possible for their comfort I went back to the lodgings Ramon and I had shared together.

The next morning, at the little French Canadian church of the town, Jacquette and I were married, in the presence of Madame St. Germain and a few promin-ent people of the town whose acquaintnce I had made.

As we stood before the altar I though of good Dr. Nelson and wished he could have been there and, I venture to say, Jacquette did also. Though there was no one to give the bride away, we were happy in knowing this was no made marriage, but the blessing of God upon our love, the sacred tie that bound our hearts and lives together for all time And, in spite of the dangers and sorrow through which we had passed, notwith standing the absence of friends whom would fain have had with us, our little redding breakfast was as gay as any

have ever attended.

In the middle of the forenoon Madame St. Germain took leave of us, after having favored me, as well as Jacquette with a maternal embrace. We saw her comfortably started on her northern route and two hours later, my wife and took the coach for the metropolis of New England, through which we were to pass on our way to New York City. Ours was a strange wedding journey. In many towns through which we went

the people, having heard of us, welcomed us with congratulations upon my marvellous escape from the citadel of Quebec, and admiration of my darling's loyalty to me and her efforts to help the

imprisoned patriots.

At New York we received an ovation.

William Lyon Mackenzie, who had ought refuge in the States, now edited n newspaper here. Still the leader of the cause," he assigned to me the task of putting it before the people of this great city in a series of addresses.

This occasioned a delay of several weeks before I could carry out my plans but I consoled myself with the knowledge that no further steps had been taken by the patriots.

Friends claimed a visit from Jacquette and it was at last arranged that I should leave her with them and proceed to Odgensburg, the border town in whose vicinity the Canadians and their allies were again quietly gathering.

Meanwhile we were staying Fraunces' Tavern, at a corner of Broad and Pearl Streets,—an old hostelry built

of brick brought from Amsterdam in the lodge because of its many interesting associations with the beginning of the Republic. The day before I was to start or the frontier, Mr. Mackenzie came to lunch with us.

> CHAPTER XXIV. TRIED AND TRUE.

While we lingered at the table, in the very room on the second floor, where, re than once, the great Washington od with his friends, I, who was seated

opp. e to a window, saw a man on horse-back ride clattering up the street. He drew rein at the door of the house, sprang from the saddle, and leaving his mount to the care of a stable boy, entered the bar.

"An express! an express!"
The cry caused us to start to our feel and almost at the same moment messenger, having run up the stairs, pushed his way into the room. Surely I had seen this black-haired, dark-skinned ittle man before now.

"Toussaint," I exclaimed, calling him

by name.

He stared at me for a second, then caught and wrung my hand in delight.

"Major Adair," he stammered, with tears of emotion. "Ah, even the lightning cloud of war sometimes a silver lining shows. It was said I might find m'sieur here. Louisonle, Louison, and the wives and children of all who uphald the cause have pressed for him.

hold the cause have prayed for him.

At the entrance of the express,
Jacquette had slipped away to her own
ittle drawing-room.

"Thank your good Louisone and the boy for me boy for me, Toussaint," I now said.
"Do you bring word from the St.
Lawrence? Am I so unfortunate as to

have missed the first skirmish of the new campaign?"
"That is as m'sieur views it," Terault replied grimly. "If he still finds life sweet, he will be consoled that he was

not called upon to lay it down.

"This is my news, m'sieur," he con-tinued in French. "A party of volun-teers commanded by Colonel Von Shultz vere landed by two schooners near the of Prescott. The leader of the expedition, one General Birge, was to return with reinforcements from Ogdensburg and a good supply ammunition and provisions. But ost courage and the ships were captured by the United States revenue officers, in accordance with the proclamation of neutrality. Abandoned by his chief, and deserted also by many of his followers, Von Shultz took possession of a stone windmill. With a force of less than two hundred, three times he drove the British troops back to their garrison, at Fort Wellington, and for three days defied their bomb-throwing ships in the

river. Despairing of aid, he yet begged his men not to yield, reminding the that death would be better than a hopeless captivity. Driven from the mill at last, the intrepid little band took fuge in the bush refuge in the bush. They had respected the enemy's flag of truce and permitted them to take their wounded from the skirmish field, but now, when the ex-hausted volunteers sent out a white flag ts bearer was shot down, and directly they were captured. Birge was to have brought muskets and powder to the Canadian sympathizers with the cause, As it turned out, the partiots, being without arms, could do nothing to help the friends who fought in their behalf.' Mackenzie, without waiting to hear ore, thrust into my hand a packet that had been inclosed in one Terault had delivered to him, and rushed away to lespatch letters hither and thither in a frenzied effort to save the gallant young Polish aristocrat from the consequence of the treachery of others and his generous adherence to a cause not his own. Noble Von Shultz! Truly he was

hero whose memory should be wreathed with laurels. But not alone for him was I concerned It was to join fortunes with this brave officer, his compatriot, that Ramon had

gone to the front. Toussaint," I cried, "what of Captain Rycerski? Alas, is he again a prisoner and menaced by the fate that hangs like the sword of Damocles above the head of his countrymen?"

"M'sieur need have no fear for m'sieus le capitaine," said the good fellow. "He sleeps as a soldier wishes to rest at last, field where he fought. A letter addressed to m'sieur was found apon his breast. It is in the packet."

I turned away. In my first grief I did not want even Jacquette's swee sympathy to come between me and th riend I loved, at our last comrades tryst. For such would seem the moment when I should read his farewell message ommune directly for the last time with this brave spirit, my other self, whom I thought I knew as I knew my own heart -Ramon, the embodiment of the ideal of chivalry, manly generosity, and hono

that I strove to reach in my own life. Nor could I read his letter anywhere within walls; the room where I was, the house, would have seemed about to close in upon me. Surely, out under the up together, in the days when we were care free, in the boudage we shared, and later in our bold dash for liberty, in God's out-of doors, where the air stirs the pulses and the joy of living is keen-est, would not Ramon's deathless spirit

be with me still? Going out, I walked to Broadway and involuntarily turned my steps toward the beautiful promenade of the Battery But no, its paths would be througed with fine ladies and gentlemen strolling aim-lessly. Wheeling about, I plunged on hessiy. Wheeling about, I bringed our ward in the opposite direction, passed the busy little row of newspaper offices at the southern end of the City Hall Park, where the people several times set up their Liberty Pole before the Revoluon, and continued northward.

In those days lower Broadway was already a crowded business thoroughfare where the passenger omnibuses were s numerous one could almost have walked on the roofs of them from the American Museum to Bowling Green. Then, among the sights on the thronged pavement street venders were much in evidence Some of them bore trays laden with baked pears swimming in molasses; others sold hulled corn. Men with two-

wheeled carts dealt in the white sand used for kitchen and tap-room floors; there were darkies with budles of straw, and an old man cried "door-mats woven of rope," and an enterprizing !ad peddled pure spring water at two cents a bucket. These things I saw in a dazed way, without being conscious of them.

A short distance above "the Canal'

the noise and confusion of the city's commerce, as well as the cries of the itinerant peddlers, were left behind. From here on, the Way was bordered by tail trees, that must have give it a lovely aspect in the summer time, and lined by handsome mansions. Mr. Mackenzie had handsome mansions. Mr. Mackenzie had told me the vacant lot at bleeker Street was a great blackberry patch for the boys, and beautiful were the roses that during June clambered up to the windows of a stone house near by. Giving small heed to my surroundings, however, I continued past Astor Place

to the old powder house in the Square, and beyond it to the Madison Common and the Bo-ton Post Road at its caster boundary. Thenceforth, as I walked on, I was in the open country, a region of farms and farmhouses, beyond which I wandered over hills and little dells until came to the old Bridge where, in former times, when a gallant rode out from the town with his sweetheart on the pillion behind him, he might claim a kiss

From his pretty companion.

Pausing at last, I scated myself on the stone parapet. Once I had come here with Jacquette when the day was bright, when the tones of the landscape were pale gold and violet, and the broad waters of the river were a gleaming azure stream. Now the afternoon was dreary even for the first week in December. The clouds were lowering and heavy with snow; the fields blea and brown; the neighboring woods, leafless and spectral, seemed an army of gray ghosts. The brook, that in summe flowed beneath the bridge and went babbling down to the East River, was frozen fast, the distant current itself vas a cold, leaden-colored flood. But the present environment was in keeping

with my mood.

From my coat I drew out a packet. Tearing off the outer wrapper, I discovered it had been sent by none other than Captain Weston. Being in commend of a party of British who went over the field near the windmill seeking their wounded, he had come upon Count Rycerski, dead, with the letter in the

reast of his surtout.

The note of the English officer ended with a kind message from Phœbe, now his wife. Gentle Phœbe had been, indeed, unable to fulfil the promise she once gave me to aid my friend if as a captive or a fugitive he should again cross her path. Yet it was her husband, once Ramon's prisoner at St. Denis, who had found him, fallen, but unconquered,

upon the field of honor.

Evidently my comrade had written his brave au revoir to me a day or two before he set out on the expedition that proved so disastrous for himself, his noble leader, and the valiant men who followed them. The missive was crumpled and defaced, but it was the econd seal upon it that dimmed my eyes with tears, the crimson seal of the bullet that only too surely found the valiant heart of the writer of the letter and sent the heroic soul to answer in the roll-call of the God of Armies.

When, at length, I pulled myself to-gether sufficiently to break the waxen impress of the proud crest I knew so well, I think it not unmanly to admit that my hands trembled as I unfolded the paper, nor that I was still more un nerved when something inclosed fell to the ground.

Stooping hastily, I caught it up. It was a bit of blue ribbon, a keepsake plainly, and now upon it, as upon the letter, there was a spot of crimson. At first, dazed and uncomprehending, I stared at the bright bit of silk. If this was a love token, why had my comrade sent it to me with his dying farewell some woman who loved him? If so, God help her when she should receive back the gage of her love.

The pretty trifle clung to my fingers

like the clasp of a shadowy hand. All at once, as I gazed upon it, I had a curious sense of having seen it before. Then, uddenly, a recollection flashed me. I saw again a wide harvest field upon the banks of a clear river with a background of woods in the golden and scarlet glory of their autumnal foliage, a great assemblage of people listening spellbound to a gifted orator, and anon marching around a liberty pole, a royally crowned maple from the forest. I saw two ardent young men swearing fealty to now lost cause and vowing everlasting friendship. Again, as these comrades passed beneath a lady's balcony, I saw beautiful girl smile at one, and loosing the knot of ribbon from her neck, throw

it down to the other.

Yes, this was it—the blue ribbon that, on the day of the huskings at St. Charles. on the day of the huselings at St. Charles, Jacquette, in a spirit of girlish mischief tossed to Ramon. Why had he trea-sured the gay gewgaw? Why did he want me to have it? Or—the sword with which grief thrust at my heard seemed pressed closer—was it to Jac quette he had sent back the token?

In these few moments I had forgotten the letter. But now, putting the ribbo back into my coat, I set myself to reach the last words of the man who was to me more than a brother. They were words of generous affection, and showed his thoughts were of me and not of himself, even though he was on the eve of an undertaking that he could not but feel to be extremely hazardous. The closely written pages seemed to reflect the glow and animation with which they were penned. As I read on, my heart thrilled, penned. As I read on, my heart turning, as sometimes it had been wont to do at the handclasp of this best loved friend. They were for myself alone. But to the part of the letter that had to do with the blue ribben Lumil reference.

the blue ribbon I will refer again.

Making my way back to the hotel, I found Jacquette in our little parlor She was white as a ghost as she crossed

the room to meet me.

"Oh Nial, Mr. Mackenzie has told me all," she said, with a sob. "Dear Nial, what shall I say to comfort you?"

I bent my head, kissed her sweet mouth, and with my arm about her led

her to a chair.

"Jacquette, you have not heard all,"
I began. "But first, tell me, was there

ever any love between you and Ramon?
I once fancied you cared for him."
She drew away from me, and her voice was cold as she replied, "No. Notice was cold as she replied, And Ramon never spoke of love to me." And then, enlightened by a flash of intelligence and as if probing my very heart, she added, "Do you doubt the dead, Nial ?"

"Heaven help me, I would if he were any other," I cried passionately. "Yet I would not be less generous than he who is gone. Do you remember this?"

As I spoke I put the little keepsake

As I spoke I put the little keepsake into her hand.

"My ribbon," she exclaimed incredulously, after having scrutinized it a moment, and tears glistened upon her long lashes as she noted its glorious broidery of crimson. "Yes, yes, I recall the day in the meadow at St. Charles when you and he came marching down from the liberty pole past the gallery of the farm-house. Ah, Nial, was not that a happy day for us three?" gallery of the farm-house. Ah, Nial.
was not that a happy day for us three?"
"It was a fateful one, assuredly," I
rejoined; "for on that day, mignonne,
you stole away both my comrade's heart
and mine."

A startled expression crept into her

eyes.
"No, no, not Ramon's," she protested No, no, not Ramon's, she processed with the artlessness of a child. "Yes, Ramon's; so this, his last letter, acknowledges to me. Blind as I was, and absorbed in my own love; strong as was the sympathy between us, I never surmised the truth. I owe it to him that you should know."

Unfolding the letter I read aloud the

paragraph that had been so great a sur-

prise to me.

"Nial, you will never see this letter until after I have passed beyond the picket line of the stars. Therefore I will tell you in it the only secret I have ever kept from you since we pledged our friendship. To you I send the knot of friendship. To you I send the knot of ribbon. I have worn it next my heart since the day of the meeting at the Richelieu. From the moment I first saw her, I have loved the beautiful girl who, with gay coquetry, cast it at my feet. But you loved her, too. Who, watching her as we did, during thos stirring days at St. Denis would not? Had she given me her love, I must inleed have stayed; her soul crying out allegiance. But since she was still fancy free, I went away, leaving you to win her if you could. You would have win her if you could. You would have done the same for me had you known. Jacquette is now your wife; you are both happy. She will never hear of my love for her; but I tell you, Adair, that you may know I have been true to you, my comrade, as you have been to me. You might have escaped from prison earlier had you consented to leave me. It is something for us to remember, Nial, you here, I in the great hereafter, that ven our love for the same woman could not break our friendship.'

As I paused and glanced at Jacquette she rose to her feet with the womanly dignity that surpasses the regal air of a queen. Would it have been better after queen. Would it have been been all had I never read this letter to her? In doing so I had indeed brought about

"Jacquette," I persisted, "nevertheless, had Ramon stayed, would you have given your heart to him instead of to me? If he had asked you, would you have married him ?"

My darling's beautiful eyes gazed

"Nial," she answered proudly, and Ramon were faithful friends. he did for you I, too, believe you would have done for him. But why trouble your peace and mine with idle 'ifs'? ve you, I am your wife. Are you not content?

Years had passed since then, and Jacquette and I have had a happy life. We have three sons. The eldest is named for Dr. Nelon who since his return from Bermud has lived near us in New York, and the younger one for me. But the boy we loved best, I think, is called Ramon. And I am not jealous, though I know Jacquette treasures, above every jewel but her wedding ring, a knot of blue ribbon that a gallant soldier, who was my friend and comrade, long wore next his heart.

French Canada's struggle of 1837 and 1838 is now almost forgotten. Independence she did not win, yet the lives of her heroes were not given in vain. Does not the dawn of the freedom she enjoys to-day date from the protest of the Patriot War?

THE END.

THE COMING OF NORA.

A fine, bright, smiling morn near the and of March. The breath of spring in the air, whispering messages of hope and cheer to many a heart the winter has oppressed and clouded. The signs of spring struggling everywhere to assert themselves after a dark and weary bondage. Men yoking their horses to the plow. Carts rumbling over the lanes that lead to the fields Boys hallooing and waving their hands to hunt away the greedy crows from the lately sown seed. Birds chirping in every bush their welcome to the beautiful apring that is here, and the still more beautiful summer that is to come. Life, light, gladness and an exhilarating freshness everywhere—in the air, on the earth, in the sky; in all places save one sorrow-clouded spot—Dan Maguire's cottage in Glena-Mona.

In Dan Maguire's cottage there is no

gleam of the hope of spring; there is no gleadness, no sunshine, no laughter, no thought of anything only one gloomy, sorrowful subject—the departure of Nora Maguire for America, this very

morning in the glorious springtime.

No wonder old Dan and Kitty—the girl's father and mother—are weeping bitter tears; no wonder they cling to her and fain would keep her near their fond and sorrow-seared hearts forever No wonder they bemoan the black day that brought with it the letter from Nora's aunt in America, which gave birth in her mind to the wild longing for a glimpse of "life" in those grand places far away, of which Delia Quinn (who had been in America) had told her many a time. Delia hadn't gone back to "the other side," as she called America; but, all the same, she never

tired of saying that it was "the only place for a girl to see life;" always adding, with a disdainful shrug of her stooped shoulders, "there isn't much life to be seen in Glen-na Mona;"

So Nora and many of her young con panions had got into their hearts the ceaseless longing "to see life;" and when the letter came from Nora's aunt, offering to pay her passage out, all the entreaties that all the tongues in Ireland could address to her would have been of no avail in striving to keep her

ban and Kitty felt it sorely. She ban and Kitty left it sorely. She was the last of all they had reared (the others had gone out into the world already); she was their pet and the light of their lives; and they fondly dreamed always that when the message came for them to leave earth and its worries bealways that when the message came for them to leave earth and its worries behind, she would be by their side—their own Noirin Ban (fair haired little Nora)—to close their eyes for the last long sleep. That dream is shattered now—gone forever; and only the sad, slow years—few or many, as God willed it—lie before them. Every child they have matched growing up around them, and watched growing up around them, and, above all, their Noirin Ban, gone from them far away, and the old hearth drear

ne far away, and the old nearth drear and lonely!

No wonder, indeed, that they cry aloud this bright March morning; no wonder that, as Nora comes down from her little room, ready dressed for the her little room, ready dressed for the train, looking prettier than ever, but with the hot tears which she cannot restrain burning her cheeks like flames of fire—no wonder the poor old couple's weeping rises to a wild wail that is akin to a dirge for the dead.

"O Noirin, Noirin Ban!" Dan Maguire cries, like one in the grip of despair, as he grasps her little hands tightly in the rough palms that have toiled for her through many a year, while the tears blind his eyes, and his strong face and mouth quiver under the lash of the pain that fills his heart, and his throat seems ready to burst with the something that has welled up into it. "O Noirin, Noirwords fall upon Nora's heart like a scourge, and nearly dislodge the long-ing for the world that is there. Many a time afterward did that cry come to her ears, above all the noises of a great city, and bring into her world weary city, and bring into her world weary eyes the tears of remorse and bitter

"O loved one of my heart!" sobs poor old Kitty, her wasted arms around the young girl's neck, her withered cheek pressed close to the fresh sweet fac her frail frame trembling with the awful grief that has stolen into every fibre of her being. "O darling! shall I ever see your face again this side of heaven? May God look down on us this day, and help us to do His holy and blessed will! O childeen! childeen! childeen! shall I ever see your face or hear you speak again? You'll come back to us—won't you come back to us before we die, and drive the sorrow out of our hearts—the sorrow that will be in them from this day? Won't you come, darling to close our eyes when God is ready for us above? Say you will, Noirin—say it before you go, childeen of my heart!"

It is hard to say it; for Nora is conmost refuse to come. But say it she does, somehow; and with it, too, she says will bring with her shining gold to give them comfort in their declining days; and that she will be their "Noirin Ban" always, no matter where she may go or whom she may meet; and that she will be home sooner than they expect; and that their names will be on her lips and in her heart every time she kneels

to pray. They become more calm after this; and Nora kneels and receives their blessing, spoken as fervently as blessing has even been spoken in this world. Then, with a lingering kiss, she goes from the house to where a little group of boys and girls, who are to be fellow passengers, wait for her at the highroad. One last wave of her handerchief, at the turn of the boreen, one last kiss wafted on the morning breeze, and the old couple standing in the doorway feel the earth and sky grow suddenly dark, and the breeze that was kind a moment before now sharp and cold. Their Noirin Ban is gone!

11. It is two years later, but the scene is far away from Glen-na-Mona. The exact time is the late afternoon of St. Patrick's Day; and the exact place is a grimy, gloomy tenement house in a certain city of America. There are more families in this house than one could imagine possible; but they might as well be half the world apart-some of them-for all they know of one another. They are mostly exiles from other lands, who left their homes in the hope of winning a fortune in the great American Republic, and who have failed in the fight which the attainment of that fortune would entail —a fight through many a year against adversaries trained from childhood in

world of to-day—adversaries drawn from all the cities of the earth. To this house, and to houses like it, the beaten ones have drifted, hopeless and dispirited, to wear out in dismal poverty the remainder of the lives that would have been useful in the leads for poverty the remainder of the lives that would have been useful in the lands for would have been useful in the lands for which the Creator destined them, but which are here a curse to the fallen fighters, and to all with whom they come into contact.

all the wiles and all the craft of the

Away up at the top of this manyroomed and over-crowded tenement there s a poor, bare little box of an attic, not fit for human habitation; but on this St. Patrick's Day it contains a bed, and on the bed is stretched the worn, wasted form of a girl upon whose face and in whose eyes are imprinted the heraldic signs of approaching death. It would be difficult to recognize in this threadbare remnant of crushed and shattered humanity the young, handsome, healthy girl who only two short years ago stood at the turn of a certain boreen in faraway Ireland, waving a white handker-chief and wafting a last kiss to a sad and sorrowing old couple at the open door-way of the house in which she had been born and had spent happy, cloudless years, and which she had just left of hel

own free will, never to return.

It would be no easy task, indeed, to recognize her; but, nevertheless, the

worn creature this wretched b expectation and re wasted and reathing is ha is racked now d persistent worn, dying cre Nora Maguire and hope of the Mona. This is the e false light lure miles of ocean, beside the wind

SEPTEMB

ending: death death without ther or frie Day, above all Her dream had been a wee only as a serv little Nora hea till night bu She s and then wer people, who t inds home t told them in l stay no long America; that stay no place," and sh (it was only necessaries th them the little be with those Glen, every her mind when The month " to see life " came the un home again, i year Nora's she made up the summer. to another, might benefit came worse a day her mist that she 'cou

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many of her young com-ot into their hearts the ring "to see life;" and r came from Nora's aunt, her passage out, all the t all the tongues in Iredress to her would il in striving to keep her

itty felt it sorely. She all they had reared (the ne out into the world al-as their pet and the light and they fondly dreamed hen the message came for earth and its worries beearth and its worries be-d be by their side—their in (fair haired little Nora) eir eyes for the last long dream is shattered now—

and only the sad, slow many, as God willed it m. Every child they have ving up around them, and, eir Noirin Ban, gone from , and the old hearth drear

, indeed, that they cry right March morning; no as Nora comes down from om, ready dressed for the om, ready dressed for the g prettier than ever, but tears which she cannot reget her cheeks like flames of der the poor old couple's sto a wild wail that is ge for the dead.

Noirin Ban!" Dan Maguire a in the grip of description

e in the grip of despair, as little hands tightly in the that have toiled for her that have toiled for her y a year, while the tears s, land his strong face and r under the lash of the pain heart, and his throat seems at with the something that p into it. "O Noirin, Noire can say no more; but the pon Nora's heart like a nearly dislodge the longworld that is there. Many ward did that cry come to ward did that cry come to ve all the noises of a great ring into her world weary ars of remorse and hitt

er wasted arms around the neck, her withered cheek e to the fresh sweet face, ne trembling with the awful s stolen into every fibre of "O darling! shall I ever see gain this side of heaven? o His holy and blessed will! childeen! childeen! shall I ur face or hear you speak 'Il come back to us—won't ck to us before we die, and rrow out of our hearts—the will be in them from this t you come, darling to close hen God is ready for us you will, Noirin—say it to, childeen of my heart!"

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to say it; for Nora is congrief now, and the words alto come. But say it she now; and with it, too, she ring with her shining gold comfort in their declining at she will be their "Noirin , no matter where she may she may meet; and that she he sooner than they expect; her names will be on her lips heart every time she kneels

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will, never to return.
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her; but, nevertheless, the

worn creature who lies helpless upon this wretched bed, who gazes with sad, expectant look toward the door, whose expectant look toward the dock, whose face is drawn and haggard, whose hands are wasted and almost lifeless whose breathing is hard and short, whose frame breathing is hard and snort, whose frame is racked now and then by a merciless and persistent cough — this suffering, worn, dying creature is none other than Nora Maguire—Noirin Ban—the light and hope of the hearts of poor old Dan and Kitty in lonely, far-off Glen-na-

Mona.

This is the ending of the dream whose false light lured her over three thousand miles of ocean, from the peaceful home beside the winding boreen. This is the ending: death in the stranger's land; death without one beside her—priest, mother or friend—and on St. Patrick's Day, above all the days of the year!

Her dream was shattered before she d been a week in America. The aunt who had paid her passage wanted her only as a servant, even a slave. Her busband was a coarse, brutal fellow, and little Nora heard nothing from morning till night but quarreling, oaths and She stayed only two months, curses. She stayed only two months, and then went as a servant to other people, who treated her less harshly. After a time she was able to send a few pounds home to the old people, and she told them in her letters that she would be the server than the people. y no longer than two years in nerica; that, although is was a "grand place," and she was earning much money it was only by depriving herself of necessaries that she was able to send them the little she did), she would rather be with those she loved in the dear old Glen, every inch of which came before her mind whenever she closed bear her mind whenever she closed her eyes.
The months passed on: the longing
"to see life" died, and in its place there came the unquenchable desire to see home again, in the winter of the second year Nora's health began to fail, and she made up her mind to return home in the summer. She went from one place to another, in the hope that change might benefit health; but the cough beworse and worse until, finally, one day her mistress informed her, coldly, that she 'couldn't listen to that horrid that she couldn't listen to that normal cough any longer, and so she had to go. Her health failed completely then, and the drifting process began. Nobody would employ her, and at last her residence became the attic in the gloomy

Lately Nora has been growing worse for the past five days she has not left her bed; and were it not for the kind woman in the room nearest to the attic, who gave her a drink now and then, and who brought the priest to her, she might have died unknown to all the world. Of course the owner of the tenement sent up weekly for her rent; but the messenger who came for it had scant pity for ter ants dying of consumption ; to get the

tenement—all she could afford to pay for. And all the time her cherry letters

and all the time she was "going home

across the sea to the old people.

rent money was his chief concern.

The kind-hearted next door neighbor was with her this morning before she went out to her daily work as char-woman; and she promised to visit her on her return in the evening, and to bring up any letters that might come for her. Nora asked her more than once to remember the latter; for she knew well there would be a tiny box for her, full of shamrocks plucked by her father' hand beside the little murmuring stream in Glen-na-Mona. And, oh, she is long-ing for a sight of the little green leaves, with their message of never-dying love from the fond hearts she had hurt so

It is late in the afternoon now, and every moment seems an hour, as she listens for the woman's footfall on the creaking stairs, and watches for her face at the door. She feels that she is dying, but she wants to see, before she goes, the shamrocks that will tell her of home and of the old times. "O my God," she murmurs brokenly, between her long-drawn breaths—"O my God, let me see them, and then I'll die happy!"

A tiny, trembling ray of sunshine

A tiny, trembling ray of sunshine comes in at the skylight, and falls across the bed. A smile flits over the face of the dying girl as the ray reaches her, and her eyes close. A sort of wakeful slumber comes over her, and all the suffering of the present, and of the weary months of her exile, is blotted out. She is in Glen-na-Mona, and there is no thought in her mind of America, no longing "to see life." The boys and girls are down at the end on the boreen, under the old ash tree—a big, laughing group of them—with hands joined, ready to dance on the grassy sod. Mahon the piper is getting his pipes in tune. Fergus M. Donnell is twining a spray of sham-rocks in Nora's hair, and whispering that "Noirin Ban is the queen of them all." It is the happiest St. Patrick's Day that has ever come. Now the dance is finished, and she is coming up the boreer

ished, and she is coming up the borean to her own home. Her father and mother are standing in the door way. "Dad—mammy — home — at—last!" she murmurs with a smile, as she opens her eyes. "But the place- is -very-

Somebody comes in at the door. It is some pody comes in at the door. It is the woman for whom the poor exile had watched so eagerly. In her hand she carried a tiny box. But she is alone in the room. Just as she entered, a white soul met her in the doorway—a white soul speeding away to Him Who had sent it into the world. Noirin Ban is among the dead.

On this same evening—the evening of St. Patrick's Day — in a little home at the end of a winding boreen in Glen-na-Mona, an old man and an old woman sit beside the fire in the gathering twilight, speaking softly and lovingly of someone far away. They have conned over for the tenth time, at least, a letter that came to them that morning from Noirin Ban-just a few words of love, and the assurance that she is counting the days until she shall come to them, up the winding boreen, in the glorious summer time. And they are happy beyond all talling.

Poor Kitty! Poor Dan! Little do you think, as you smile over the cheery words, that Noirin Ban lies dead in the land of the stranger; that her white soul has been with you for one brief moment on its way to the throne of God.—Brian O'Higgins in Ave Maria.

A LITTLE NEGRO'S VOCATION.

Let me tell you a little story, for your benefit, as touching as it is true.

A few years ago I had among the children I was preparing for their First Communion, a little black named Marko, who came every day to catechism, showed himself very attentive to the instruction and always learned his lesson well. Marko was about eleven lesson well. Marko was about eleven or twelve years old. One day the lesson was about holy

One day the lesson was about holy orders, and, speaking to the class of the sublimity of the priesthood, I happened to ask: "Whom among you would like to be a priest?" Marko, rising spontaneously in the middle of about thirty children, cried: "I Sister, will be a priest." be a priest.

Two months later the examination came. The missionary who was ques-tioning the aspirants asked him: "Tell me, Marko, how do you speak to our Lord when you enter a church." The child, visibly affected, knelt down and, bowing low, said with a firm voice: "Adoremus in aeternum sanctissimum Sacramentum."

It is necessary to say that, having passed after having answered several questions, Marko prepared himself with great fervor and an angelic piety for the great act he had come to the mission

accomplish.
Having made his First Communio the child returned to his family to help his father, who was still a pagan. Taken up with my pupils, whose faces had changed many times, I never thought of Marko or of his resolution, when some time later the little fellow came back to the mission and asked for

"Sister," he said, "do you still think of what I told you? I really want to be a priest. But can I, a poor boy, succeed? Who will help me?"
"Well, Marko, since God has put such an idea into your head, go to Monsignor

Streicher, tell him what you want to do, and he will give you good advice."

The boy soon found means of approaching the venerated Vicar Apostolic, but His Lordship, to try the vocatolic, but His Lordship, to try the vocation of our young friend, thought it prudent to send him back to his village for some time. Marko obeyed without a murmur. When the trial he was undergoing was at an end he went back to His Lordship, who, wishing to give him some hope, spoke to him of his vocation and asked him.

"And what do your parents say about

"And what do your parents say about it, Marko?"
"Oh, Monsignor, my father knows

nothing of our religion and when I speak to him of becoming a priest he doesn't even know what it means, because he is still a pagan. But he is counting on my work, and he will never allow me to leave him to go to the

allow me to leave him to go to the seminary to study."
"Well, my friend," said Monsignor, "if your father refuses his consent I can do nothing for you, as children of your age are under the protection of their parents. Return to your father and try to touch his heart; it is from him that you should get permission to enter the eminary.'

Marko went away very thoughtful, thinking of what he could do to move his father. Monsignor said there was no other way of entering the seminary, and Marko wanted to become a priest. While on his way a divine inspiration while on answay a utyler majorator, illumined the young boy's intelligence, and his well-prepared soul received it with joy. Marko cheerfully enters the paternal home; he knows what he will do to obtain the coveted permission. Far from reiterating his request and of bothering his father with his demands, the boy courageously starts to work. He goes for water to the well, and carries the heaviest burdens, and takes

carries the heaviest burdens, and takes the hardest part of the work. He is everywhere he's wanted. He refuses his parents nothing. One day the father, seeing with admiration the change in his son, calls him and says to him: "My son, you have won. Your religion is better than mine, since it inspires you with so much virtue. Go and be free to become a priest. I can no longer refuse your wish."

The happy child, filled with joy, affectionately thanks his father, and without losing a minute announces the without losing a minute announces the happy news to me. He then goes to Monsignor, who immediately sends him

to the seminary. Marko already knows now to read and write. He calls me his mother, and sends me news of himself from time to time. He is now about sixteen years old. He shows attraction and the best of qualities for his vocation. I recommend you to pray for the perseverance of this child and that of his fellowstudents, who are as self-sacrificing as he.—The African Missions.

HORROR FOR POOR PAYS.

It is our misfortune to know a number of good people who, from time to time, choose to call themselves "Catholic Socialists." Whenever these go over to the cult of Karl Marx one of their favorite criticisms of the Church is that her priests and Bishops and religious orders and various societies are always wanting

We don't know how often we have heard this, but certainly pretty often. The frequency of its utterance, indeed, has practically convinced us that whenever and wherever a "Catholic Socialist" is found, scratch back into his record a little and you will find that, as a Catholic, he belonged to that small and uninfluential class whom Father J. P. Roche once upon a time designated "the Poor Pays." Because he didn't like to sup-port the Church in which he professed to believe the Poor Pay went over to socialism with a shrick, believing he had

ound a cheap thing.

But had he? The leading comrades But had he? The leading comrades are eternally screaming for more cash. Thep want money for political campaigns, for literary propaganda, for speakers, for writers, for the support of their beloved press. There is simply nothing like it. Our esteemed Methodist friends do not pierce heaven with their pleadings in behalf of foreign missions half so poignantly as do socialist journals whenever they desire funds. A favorite plan of theirs seems to be to get a few thousands in debt and then appeal to the faithful to get them out. The New York Socialist Daily is playing this game, so

is the Social Democratic Herald of Mil-

is the Social Democratic Herald of Mil-waukee, and are we not aware that, right here in Chicago the adolescent Daily Socialist has been shouting for months for the comrades to come forward and lift the financial sawlog off its bleeding heart? Rather evidently the Poor Pay is up against it whichever way he may turn. In order that his former brethren in the Catholic Church, which he cruelly deserted, may see how he is now being daily bled for his paltry dimes, we ap-pend the following from the Daily Social-ist of Tuesday:

"For several weeks now we have been trying to clean up the old debt. We have published the result of each day. You have thus been informed as to the progress made.

" Now, with the utmost effort, and by begging and teasing and scolding and crying and pleading and weeping and bleeding, you have coughed up less than

"That is not all you are good for. If this is the best you can do let us know it now, for in that case we want to make a quick job of this fearful, nerve-rack-ing business of trying to continue the

Daily.
"This is not the best you can do, and

"You have simply been sitting around, too lazy to move, while the rest of the comrades have been breaking their

backs.
"You have not appreciated the work we have done. You have not the spirit of a comrade in you at all. With the tremendous revolution right upon us, you have been sitting idly by, willing to let the comrades do the hard fighting, but yourself too contemptibly lazy to

stir.
"You have no right to call yourself a comrade if you are not willing to take hold.
"If, after all that has been done, you

have no more interest in the working-class victory than you have shown up to the present, you are not worth saving.
"Why should the rest of us slave and worry to maintain the Daily when the

great majority of you lie down?
"Out of a hundred thousand readers
of the Daily less than one thousand have responded to the call for cleaning up the debt.

" Is that reasonable? " Does not that make you feel that it

does not pay?
"And this is not all. In the meantime, the other general income has fallen off to such an extent that a new debt is

on to such an extent that a new debt is threatening us.

"Yesterday was Monday, and the re-ceipts were below all proportions. We are simply up against this awful and stubborn fact of meeting the paper bill and the pay day without enough to cover the amount.

"Having no capital, we are helpless. We cannot get the paper, and you know what that means. We cannot pay the wage-earners, and the union steps in and tells us the rules."

Isn't this pretty hot flame from the

factory? Just think how insulted the Poor Pays would be if a Catholic paper wanted to raise \$5,300 by gift from its subscribers! After nine weeks' begging the Socialist has obtained only \$1,300 by the subscribers with the subscribers with the subscribers. ing up of noses if The New World, or any other Catholic weekly, were to say any other Catholic weekly, were to say to even its delinquent subscribers: "You have coughed up less than \$1,500 adding pointedly: "This is not all you are good for. You have simply been sitting around too lazy to move. You have not appreciated the work we have done. You have not the spirit of a Catholic in you at all. You are too contemptibly lazy to stir. You are not worth saving."

Sentences like the foregoing would drive Catholic Poor Pays into a madness

Sentences like the foregoing would drive Catholic Poor Pays into a madness exceeding that of hornets. They would actually write in demanding that the paper be stopped. A few of them would say harsh words. They take such insults from the Daily Socialist because they have to do so. There is no other movement at present cavorting in the religionalities and the social field. If somebody will kindly political field. If somebody will kindly invent something that has no dues, no special collections—in a word, that costs

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for we are making thousands for all parts of the world. These Suits are valued by our customers at \$15. Here are three cardinal secrets of our selling campaign: 1. Our Wooliens came to us from the best British learn.

2. Our own Cutters cut your orders to

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3. Our own Tailors make your garments. One profit all the time.
When you buy your suit in Canada made known that the profits, viz.: (1) The wholesale woollen shipper's profit (who supplies the merchant). (2) The merchant's profit (who supplies the local tailor). (3) The Tailor's profit (who supplies you).

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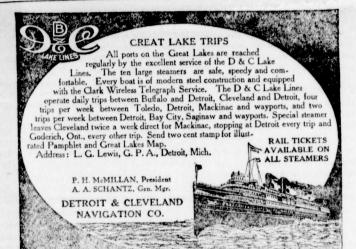
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nothing and preaches nothing that is difficult to practice they will quit social-

ism and join that.

A hundred thousand readers have failed to "cough up" \$1,500 after nine weeks' of tearful shricking and solemn imploring! As a result, their official organ can't pay for the white paper on which it is printed, and the compositors who set it up. There is a death rattle in the throat of socialism. Evidently the Peor Pays have a death grip on the ism and join that. the Poor Pays have a death-grip on the tail of the unholy movement and are jerking it toward the maelstrom.—The New World.

FATHER BERNARD MACKIN.

In the afternoon of the 18th of Octo ber, 1905, after a conference in the home of the Archbishop of Chicago, the Catholic Church Extension Society of the United States of America was born. On the morning of Oct. 19, at the entrance to the Great Northern Hotel, of Chicago, I met Bernard Mackin. "You had a meeting yesterday," he said, "to organize a society for assisting poor missions. I tried to be here in time, but an unlooked-for engagement detained me. I am not too late, however, for the practical part of it. Put me on your list for \$100" a year. I very well remember my ansolic Church Extension Society of the part of it. Fut me on your list for \$100' a year. I very well remember my ans-wer: "We are not in this work to rob people, Father Mackin. You have a heavy parish debt and lots of work yet to do at home. If we succeed in gettin just a little from everybody, it will do all that is to be done." He said: "It is to be \$100 a year or nothing. I have always been poor. I have always had a hard struggle and the struggle and poverty are not over yet. Last year I gave \$100 to missions, and it was my most prosperous and blessed year. I am going to give that hundred annually. I really believe that charity to missions buys God's favor for any priest and pastor and parish. We need to learn the lesson of unselfishness."

Since that interview at the door of the Great Northern, I have, many times, met Bernard Mackin. He was one of 368.29. There would be a frightful turn-ing up of noses if The New World, or any other Catholic weekly, were to say him. He could enter my omee at all times. I had no secrets from him. My home was his home; my table was filled for him, as well as for myself. If I had not learned to respect him by knowing his pure soul, his kind heart and his world-wide sympathy, I could not have numbered him thus among my real friends. He knew my hones and my defined as the knew my hones and my denumbered nim thus among my real friends. He knew my hopes and my de-sires, my many faults and my few vir-tues. He never feared to gently coun-sel when counsel was called for, and when a defender was needed he weighed only the truth of my position and sprang to the front.

Only a short while ago, we, together, knelt at the feet of the Holy Father. My friend was sick, very sick. The illness was in his blood which, at the end, closed his hopeful and tender eyes for-ever. The scene was one I shall never forget. I think it is one that he must forget. I think it is one that he must be added to the sacrament. For instance, a the white-robed Shepherd blessing his children who crowded about him. When the Pope left the room to go to other pilgrims, we all stood up. Father Mackin came over to me. He said: "I ment of penance. Must he therefore Mackin came over to me. He said: "I ment of penance. Must he therefore ment of penance white one penalty of the sacrament is of course equally true of its constituent parts.—N. Y. Freeman's Journal. Mackin came over to me. He said: "I want to give something on behalf of my people in Burlington for the sufferers of Messina." He held out \$100. I said, "Hand it to the Pope yourself." "No, I do not want to do that," he answered. "You give it to him and say nothing." "But," I urged, "the credit would then be mine, not yours at all." He just smiled as if he understood that the credit would be his in a better way and place—that God knew. I refused and place — that God knew. I refused and he had to offer the money himself; and I remember with what modesty he placed it in the hands of the Holv Father, and how he was rewarded by a smile that had the tears of the Pope's sorrow for Mes-

For two months we went about Europe. For not one day of that two months was Father Mackin spared some suffering; yet, I never saw him angry; I never saw a frown on his face; I never heard a complaint. To every appeal. even where the beggar seemed unworthy, he had an answer in some sort of a coin. When we parted, he for Carlsbad as a last hope, and I to return to America, he was still thinking of others. The scene of our parting was Dublin. On the day before the weather was very inthe day before the weather was very in-clement, and he should have remained in the notel, but the thought of a little commission given him by some Sisters at home and, in spite of his sickness, he

ent out to the Hospital for the Dying to attend to it.

Bernard Mackin was an unselfish priest. He was a pastor after God's own heart. Living and working for the parish his superiors had placed him in he did not dam up the floods of his sympathy for the poor and neglected in other fields. He was a member of the Board of Governors and of the Board of Auditors of the Catholic Extension Society. He never missed a meeting that he could attend. He

never refused a call that he could answer. From his congregation was taken up the first collection, in any parish, for the work in the United States. It is a distinction that Bern-

ard Mackin well merited. The poor missions of the United States have lost, in this priest, whose name they may never have heard before, a good, a true and a wise friend. His parish, in the diocese of Davenport, was small in ex-tent, but he made a parish for himself as wide as the needs of missionary work in ers in Burlington are weeping, because they loved him, and they had reason to love him. His associates in the work of Church Extension have bowed their heads in someone and the second to be also in the work of the control of the second to be also in the work of the second to be also in the work of the second to be also in the work of the second to be also in the work of the w America could make it. His parishionheads in sorrow and prayed for him. They, too, loved him and admired him, though he was of the kind who never seemed to seek either love or admira-tion, but never failed to appreciate them when they came unasked. Last week six of these associates were together — three Bishops, two priests and a layman. The news had come of his death. None of us could go to his his death. None of us could go to his funeral. We sat together that evening and chatted, but after a while silence fell over the group and no one ventured to break it. I was thinking of the friend whose noon of life had so soon slipped into darkness. At last a Bishop said, simply: "Let us have a rosary together for poor Mackin." No answer was made in words. None was needed. We knelt about the little chapel altar together and gave him our prayers. All together and gave him our prayers. All had been thinking the same thought.

Dear friends of Extension's family,

FRANCIS C. KELLY.

PENANCE.

will you, too, say a prayer for therepose of the soul of the true-hearted, noble, generous, unselfish priest — Bernard

A correspondent asks:
"Would you kindly oblige a reader of your paper by answering the following question: Is it true that there prequestion: Is it true that there prevailed a rather common opinion in the Church up to the eleventh or twelfth century that the sacrament of penance was not the exclusive means of obtain-

ing pardon from God for sin; even when recourse to it was possible?" No; such an opinion never prevailed in the Church at any time. The sacra-ment was instituted by Our Lord for the remission of sins committed after baptism; this remission being effected by the absolution of the priest, joined to true supernatural sorrow, true purpose of amendment, and sincere confession on the part of the sinner. He was fails to have recourse to this who fails to have recourse to this divinely instituted means when it is at hand, is in contempt of the divine will, and consequently not properly disposed to receive the forgiveness of his sins. How can he hope to be forgiven when he is in a state of revolt against the divine ordinance? Penance, then, in

fact or desire, is necessary to the sinner for salvation.

"We say" in fact or desire" for it may be at times practically impossible to receive this sacrament, and then, the earnest desire to receive it, joined with sorrow and resolution of amendment supplies the place of the actual recep-

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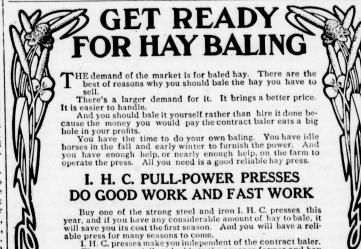


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practically possible. Penance consists of three parts, namely, confession, contribion and satisfaction. All that we have said of the



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Obituary and marriage notices cannot be inserted except in the usual condensed form. Each insertion so ceats. When subscribers ask for their paper at the post office it would be well were they to tell the clerk to give them their CATHOLIC RECORD. We have information of carelessness in a few places on the part of deliyery clerks who will sometimes look for letters only.

LETTERS OF RECOMMENDATION.

Mr. Thomas Coffey My Dear Sir.—Since coming to Canada I have been a reader of your paper. I have noted with satisfaction that it is directed with intelligence and ability, and, above all, that it is imbued with a strong Catholic spirit. It strenuously defends Catholic principles and rights, and stands firmly by the teachings and authority of the Church, at the same time and an analysis of the Church, at the same time.

sgs and authority of the Church, at the same time promoting the best interests of the country. Following these lines it has done a great deal of good for the welfare of religion and country, and it will do more an more, as its wholesome influence reaches more Catholic homes. I therefore, earnestly recommend it to Catholic families. With my blessing on your work, and best wishes for its continued success, Yours very sincerely in Christ, Donatus, Archbishop of Ephesus, Apostolic Delegat

UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA. Ottawa, Canada, March 7th, 1900.

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

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

LONDON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 25, 1909.

HOME INFLUENCE.

The twentieth century is pre eminently the century of change. Other centuries have been subject to evolutions and in them great things have been accomplished. Nevertheless the present is acknowledgedly the time that stands out before all others as that in which things once considered as permanent are being swept away and other things before undreamed of are brought to light in conspicuous numbers.

Amongst the things most prominent as in the class rapidly losing hold upon the human race, is the home sentiment, that love for a common centre around which the family gathers and where the most sacred joys and sorrows are discussed and kept inviolate from the vulgar gaze and knowledge of the outside world-a sentiment which in other times was held among Christians as something deserving of highest reverence and by Pagans was regarded as an inspiration to the laying down of life itself in its defence. So complete has been the destruction of this sentiment, however, particularly in the New World, that in the countless large centres the home, according to our old notion of this once revered institution, has completely vanished. People live now for the most part in hotels, apartments or rooms, frequently sleeping in one house and taking meals in another in company with those oftentimes total strangers to them. Under such circumstances, there can, it is evident, be little family intercourse, and the influence of father and mother or other members of the family one upon the other is comparatively small or altogether inactive.

To the thinking portion of mankind

these conditions in the manner of living are causing serious thought and anxiety and efforts are being put forward to effect a halt before the evil becomes too great for remedy. And to no class of the community is the sweeping away of home and its influences more pernicious in its results than to the children of old Mother Church. This too for reasons obvious to even the casual observer. To the perfection of home life religion is necessary and for the Catholic the word religion means Catholicity. Catholicity, however, is not a religion for certain times of places. It is not something meant for Sunday parade or to bring out for review at intervals on specified occasions Catholicity seeks to surround its members from the oradle to the grave, to live with them through every moment of their existence, and so to permeate their life that no part or action is ever entirely separated from its influence. This all-pervading element is not something that comes of itself. It is the result of cultivation. It finds its birth in the home, and there too It attains its best development. If there is no home, if family life is disintegrated and fitful, it is evident that religion, its most necessary accompaniment, must also be wanting. Family devotions, the folding of childish hands and the lisping of childish prayers at a mother's knee the fatherly carees or admonition, the teaching of the catechism, the inculcation of religious doctrine and principle, are all liable to be forgotten, or at best dealt with in a desultry manner, when

family circle and to its most sacred

But this is not all. To the educative standpoint of secular education how much does the destruction of the home portend? The familiar intercourse at table, the conversation of the common living room, the interchange of affectionate courtesies once thought essential amongst members of the same household, these and much more are largely passing from the scene of everyday life. Men of affairs are so engrossed in the multiplicity of matters which claim their attention that their own flesh and blood, those nearest and who should be dearest, are for the most part relegated to the ministrations of strangers. The wealthy live in palatial hotels, where they are catered to by paid servers, while the majority of others are so taken up with the bare struggle for existence under the congested conditions of boarding and rooming, that all the finer amenities are quickly vanishing into the past and are known to have had an existence only by the records handed down to us in the history and fiction of other days.

There is no earthly gift comparable to that of a good father and mother, and next to this comes the blessing of a good home s home in which religion, kindness, love and the cultivation of books, together with intelligent conversation on men and things, form part of its everyday life. That there are many such yet is a truth to be pleasantly and gratefully recorded. But the hammer of the iconoclast is everywhere busy, the conditions already outlined and many others operating premeditatedly and otherwise to destroy the great and only harbor in which society in all ages could find sure and safe anchoragefamily life in the home. Where homes exist they should be fostered and revered in order that their influence may go out and revivify in others the almost lost sentiment, which in bygone days gave to poets and patricts ideals amongst the holiest of which the human mind is capable and to millions who pre ceded us the sweetest of earthly contforts-the peace and consolation of a happy Christian home.

THE PREFERRED SCHOOL.

Into the student life of Canada a certain element has gradually crept with unceasing pertinacity, until what was originally but a small and scarcely perceptible rivulet has expanded into a stream of no small proportions, finding its ultimate outlet not in our native waters, and ceasing only when it reaches resting place on the shores of other lands. To drop metaphor and come to the terms of everyday life, we have with us a certain percentage of people, a percentage which daily increases, who appear to think that the best which the schools can give is to be found not in the institutions near at hand, but in those more remote, which are to be reached only at the expense of much outlay in the matters of time and money In fact one is almost tempted to believe that the word money is the secret in the proceedings of those who think to find good things only at a distance, and who go through life perfectly oblivious to the treasures placed close at hand.

There was a time in the history of Canada, as in that of all new countries, when schools and colleges were few in number and to a certain extent inferior in quality. That day is now left far behind, and without claiming for our educational establishments the quality of we at the same time assert that except for the universal imperfections which mar the education of the day, Canada for Canadians presents the very best educational advantages that the world affords. That exceptional cases exist in which for special reasons it is best to seek the opportunities and environment of other lands, we do not try to deny, but for the ordinary pupil in ordinary circumstances-and in this class we include even the son of the man with money-there is no school and no training equal to the school and training of the country in which the greater part of his life will be spent.

The days of youth are the seed time of life. The things planted then are those of which the harvest may be expected. The boy taken from home and set down in the midst of surroundings differing altogether from those to which he was accustomed, has for the time being lost his bearings, but he gradually adapts himself to his new setting, and in most cases so admirably does he succeed that by the time he has reached the end of his scholastic course he has imbibed so fully of the new atmosphere that his native land and all belonging to it have taken the place of things al most alien, and when he graduates from the foreign school and comes back to take his place among the men of his native land, he feels himself a stranger, not in sentiment alone, but to the manners and customs of those with whom he must daily associate. The fact that he is master of a foreign language or two, or the place of residence is subject to that he has acquired a working knowperpetual change or is environed by the ledge of art amongst the galleries of the presence of those strangers alike to the old world, will not compensate for the

lack of kindred intercourse which everywhere confronts him. He finds now when too late that the gain is not worth the outlay—that the mistaken idea of parent or guardian has made him a good deal of an outsider, if not altogether an outcast from the familiar and desirable association of those who are joined to him by the ties of kinship and nationality, but whom he now meets as for the first time he meets those of tastes and interests altogether foreign to his own.

Catholic institutions that offer the

best that the country and the day offer

are scattered plentifully over all the populated parts of the continent. Yet by many their claims go unrecognized. A large class have a fashion of disparaging things seemingly for no other reason than because they are local, carrying out in their attitude the proverb of the unappreciation of the prophet in his own country. Still others have a habit, and a very ugly one it is, of disparaging institutions simply because they are Catholic. Anything Catholic, in their estimation, is of an inferior grade. They allude to it in an apologetic way, and because they are Catholics think themselves fully authorized and perfectly within their privilege in doing so. This is not right in justice, nor is it gracious. We complain if others without reason depreciate or misrepresent our Church or its appurtenances. It should be much more a matter of censure that the unjust criticism comes from members of the nousehold. And yet those amongst us who send their children far afield to acquire an education, are by their very attitude placing a slight and the bar of their disapproval upon the education provided for them at much trouble and placed conveniently at their very door. If the children are sent abroad to Catholic schools or colleges the greatest detriment is the lost opportunity of making lasting friendships with those amongst whom the greater part of their after life will be spent. If the institutions chosen are non-Catholic then the dangers are numerous. Loss of Faith is possible and even probable and in any case the Catholic atmosphere is lacking. And this in itself is a great loss. One accustomed to observe can almost unfailingly lay his hand upon the young men and women of a company and tell in what atmosphere they have been reared. The manners and bearing are different and by common consent in favor of those from th Catholic school. This is easily accounted for, because manners like religion are on the curriculum of every Catholic place of training from the Kindergarter up, whereas, speaking generally, these subjects are not specified on the course of outside schools and at best are considered optional subjects.

There have been times and circum stances when it was advisable and ever necessary that children and adult stud ents should exile themselves from home and friends in pursuit of knowledge, but to-day this is seldom the case. Canada for Canadians and the Catholic schools to hand in every province are the best developers for those who find themselves in their vicinity.

CHARLES C. STARBUCK DEAD

From the Sacred Heart Review w learn that "Charles Casey Starbuck. whose learned articles in that paper. during the last fifteen years, have done so much to teach Protestants the true history and doctrine of the Catholic Church, has been called, in the eightysecond year of his age, to his reward."

It will be remembered by our readers that during a considerable portion of the time mentioned, Mr. Starbuck's articles appeared in the CATHOLIC RECORD. Referring to the work done in the cause of Catholic truth by the deceased, through the columns of the Review, the editor says:

"How we were able to induce My through the pages of the Sacred Heart Review for the enlightenment of Protestants is an interesting story. We had seen in various publications many proofs of his scholarship and fairness Casas, in which he held that the Spanish friar, voicing the teaching of the Canon Law of the Church, proclaimed all those principles of civil freedom which we are customed to credit to Thomas Jeffer-m. At that time we published the

article. Here is one sentence:
"Two centuries and more before
Thomas Jefferson wrete, this Spenish friar (Las Casse), not as a new doctrine but simply as a revival of the old doc trine which every Christian is bound to accept, proclaims to the monarchs and the people every proposition which was ound thereafter from the Phile delphia state house : government rest ing on the free consent of the governed the right of a people, not out of mer-caprice, but by free and reasonable choice, to change its form of government or the persons of its governors the invalidity of all taxation withou representation; life, liberty, and the pursuit of a national happiness as es-sential ends of government, which if it contradicts them loses all claim to allegiance, and all these things as the expression of the divine wisdom and will, and therefore an essential part of

religion. "The average Catholic may see no thing wonderful in that sentence. 'It simply states what every one knows,

he would say. But how few of our non-Catholic fellow-citizens know this! They look to the declaration of inde-nendance not to the Capon Law of the pendence, not to the Canon Law of the Church, as the source of those sound principles on which rests our civil free dom. The generally erroneous idea which Protestants have regarding the relation of the Church to this free dom is only one of the many misunder standings which Mr. Starbuck had planned to remove.

A few years ago Mr. Starbuck pre pared a short autobiography of his life for the Sacred Heart Review. The family is of English stock, and came to the new world in the very early days when the Puritans were the dominant power in New England. How Mr. Starback became a defender of the Catholic Church is told in the following extract from the sketch of his life published in last week's Sacred Heart Review: "I have been asked how I cam

have so good a knowledge of Catholic theology. I am not deeply learned but I think I may say that what knowledge I have is accurate. A clear understaning, and what a friend has called 'a jes ous sense of justice, aided by early familiarity and later correspondence with Catholics, Bishops, professors, editors and priests, secular and monastic, have commonly — not always, of course—restrained me from making unadvised statements concerning Catholic history, doctrine, or polity. Of the inward currents and great Church it will be observed that I speak sparingly, as an outsider ought to speak, especially when writing in a Cath-olic paper.

"Add, that for a quarter of a century I have enjoyed constant access to one of the largest theological libraries of the country, and that I have given myself up almost wholly to the study of Catholic matters, taking great pains to com-pare and correct, to distinguish opinion from dogma, and reigning from dubious opinion, and to pursue the intricacies of jurisdiction so far as easily possible for a New England Protestant. Of liturgies I have little knowledge and at my age never shall have much.

" In the country of the blind the one eyed man is a king," and therefore I hope I am not guilty of a very alarming vanity in giving myself considerable airs of superiority in this direction above my fellow-Protestants. One of these in eed (now dead) has signified to me that too much about the matter to be trusted to write of it, evidently believ ing that for a child of the Reformation gnorance is the mother of efficiency ndeed, my knowledge of these matter imputed to me in all form, by A. P. A. acquaintances, as a misde and almost a crime. One or two of them and almost a crime. One or two of them (not acquaintances) have threatened to hang me for knowing too much for the good of the cause. We see then that Luther's great maxim: 'Never le afraid of a lie,' is still in vigorous life, and not merely at Heidelberg.

" As to my own theological position, am a thoroughly supernaturalist Trini-tarian Christian, accepting unhesitating-ly the determinations of Nicrea, Constantinople, Ephesus and Chalcedon. I of polity, I am more Protestante Protestants, inclining to the P ymouth Brethren, with whom, doctrinplatform of the Evangelical Alliance i too Catholic for me

And may God give us ever greater light, and bring us ever more fully to-gether in His Son!"

THE FIRST plenary council of Canada opened at Quebec city last Thursday. Masses were celebrated in the various churches of the city by the visiting Archbishops and Bishops. The day otherwise was devoted entirely to preliminary work. We will refer at length to this important event in the history of the Dominion in our next issue.

WE DESIRE to have a little talk with our friend the Orange Sentinel. In a late issue the editor said that when Separate schools exclude Protestant eachers, the Public schools supported by Protestants have a right to demand teachers of the Protestant faith. Our contemporary seems to forget that Separate schools are Catholic schools in which the Catholic faith is taught the children. He must surely recognize that a Protestant teacher would be out of place in such schools. Protestants have no right to demand that Public school children should be taught by Protestants. They are, as their name indicates, public, and no form of religious belief whatever is supposed to be taught in them. Children of Turks, Jews and Atheists may be in attendance and their parents pay taxes in support of these schools just the same as Protest ants. Our Toronto neighbor is not correct in stating that Public schools are supported by Protestants. When writing thus no doubt he had in view the city of Toronto, but we beg to as aure him that Toronto city does not mean all of Ontario. Many thousands of Catholic children attend the Public schools throughout the province. They do so of necessity because Separate schools are not convenient. There are many Catholics engaged in teaching Public schools in the province and they have everywhere given the best satis faction. We know that in some section there is a prejudice against hiring Catholic teachers no matter what thei qualifications. We are sorry to say that this prejudice is fostered by our Toronto contemporary and his constitu ency, the loyal Orange Association. As for Mr. Levee, the hero of the exclusion resolution, we desire to throw the mantle of charity over him. When

the history of Canada is written he will occupy a small nitch therein and it will ot be an honored place.

OUR CONTEMPORARY, the New Century, is a hard hitter. He gives the children of some of the new rich and the old rich a solar plexus blow in the following fashion:

"The worldliness of people, born to a better life, but letting their heritage go in order to poach on the outskirts of shoddy society; their girls gangrened with the crass vanity of social stragglers, their boys prematurely red necked with feetivity, and bloated in soul and body with idleness and debauchery—such worldli-ness brings down upon its votaries a curse in this life so certain, that one has but to ook about him in the local parishes and look about him in the local parishes and see its malignant operation. See the young men of this prosperous Catholic family going to the devil; see the young women of this other wealthy Catholic family, despite the care exercised over their education, utterly worthless, utterly soulless, utterly loveless. Catholic parents should esteem no education a true education for their sons and daugh ters, which does not cultivate public spirit, and no social life worth the gain-ing which inclines their children to turn their backs on the welfare of the congregation and the life of the Church." In almost every case this class of

young people are the graduates of the swell secular colleges, Catholic educational institutions not being quite tony enough for their offspring. It is notice able too, that once these people receive an educational outfit they seem to have no object in life save the spending of the money made by their fathers. They can twirl a cane dexterously on the street, they smoke the choicest brands of cigars and cigarettes, they have a fondness for cocktails and French wines they are the happy owners of expensive dogs, they are groomed in the most immaculate fashion and chatter nonsense in the social circle. In the long run their parents will end their days in sorrow and shame. But it is all their own fault, and they will receive little sympathy, because their sole ambition was the making of the almighty dollar.

REV. J. A. McDonald, editor of the Globe, was amongst the party who made up the Press Conference lately as sembled in England. Before taking passage homeward he paid a visit to Scotland, and in the Globe of Sept. 11th gives us a charming sketch of his experiences. One incident is worthy special eference. A patriarchal Highlander brimful of reminiscences of Scotland's glerious past, said to Mr. McDonald: Sir Wilfred Laurier, when he was it Edinburgh four years ago, made a great speech-a very great speech. In that speech he wanted to pay a compli ment to the people of Scotland. He said that the Highlanders at the taking of Quebec fought as men never fought before." Again and again, he would repeat this sentence. His pride of country was thereby aroused to the utmost. "But when your Canadian Prime Minister spoke these words," he added, " he did not say why it was that the Highlanders fought as men never fought before. It may be that he did not know why. I had a mind to write to him and tell him why. For there was a reason. At last he gave the reason: "Culloden was why. Upon being asked to explain, he said that after the battle, a young Highlander, a Fraser, lay wounded on the field, and the Duke of Cumberland, the English commander, called a young English officer, and ordered him to kill the Fraser. The officer replied: "Your Highness, my commission is at your ommand, but I decline to be a butcher. That young English officer was Wolfe. The Highlanders who fought under him at Quebec well remembered how he had answered the Duke. That is why they fought as men had never fought before

OUR CONTEMPORARY, the Toronto Globe, is to be commended for its stalwart work in the suppression of the business carried on by book-makers and other undesirable citizens in connection with horse racing, but we regret to see it becoming overheated and unreason able in regard to the issuance of license to the Metropolitan Racing Association by the Secretary of State The Hon. Mr. Murphy is a lawyer of repute and in taking this action he gave the matter careful consideration. Not only this, but he consulted the Premier and the Department of Justice, with the result that his only course was to grant the charter asked for. He had no choice. Had he refused the request of those (interested in the Metropolitan Racing Association they could have ecured a mandamus from the court compelling him to do so. "What pity," the Globe says, " Mr. Murphy did not put it to the proof.' This is the point where the Globe be comes unreasonable. The Secretary of State, we take it, finds himself somewhat in the position of a judge on the bench Oftentimes, the latter is compelled to administer a law which he knows to be unjust. But it is the law, and he has no choice. What would be said of a judge who would defy the law and give a Boers. Unfortunately these same decision entirely in accord with his own grumblers have at times had paramount feelings? If this door were opened con-

equences the most disastrous would be the result. The Hon. Mr. Murphy, as we have said, had no choice. He administered the law as he found it. The gambling in connection with horse racing is a great scandal and should be suppressed. If the law permits such practices, the sooner it is changed the better.

A CULTURED GENTLEMAN having paid a visit to Boston, and having heard much of the literary excellence of its people, was anxious for a little chat, Getting into conversation with a rather distinguished looking gentleman, he thought he would start with Shakespeare. "My friend," he said, "what do you really think of Shakespeare in the world of letters?" "Think of him," he replied, "I think a lot of him. That's a powerful book of his'n, and I don't think there's twenty men in Boston could have written it." Upon reading this we are forcibly reminded of the ocean of literary rubbish which is being consumed by so many of our young people of both sexes. They seem to have no taste whatever for the study of those works that will give them a good stock in trade when engaged in conversation with men who are recognized as scholars. Every librarian will tell one that works of fiction, especially those of the baser sort, are in constant demand, but works of history, biography and travel are passed over as something not worthy the notice of the book hunters. This is a phase of our modern life which bodes ill for the future. Be it understood that we do not wish to place all our people in this class. We have reference only to a certain number, which is, sad to say, altogether too large. There is room for missionary work along this line on the part of teachers and parents.

AFTER WRITING the above our eye fell upon a pronouncement by the editor of the Sacred Heart Review upon the same subject. It seems that the Knights of Columbus in the United States are receiving great praise for their work in listing Catholic books in the Public libraries. The Sacred Heart Review itself deserves credit for having taken action in the matter as far back as 1898. In some cases, however, the librarians will be justified in being slow to add Catholic books to their stock, when they find that there is little demand for them. In this connection we will give the words of the reverend editor of the Review: "If Catholics who frequent the Public libraries read nothing but trash and never ask for a Catholic book librarians are hardly to blame if they do not cumber their shelves with what is never wanted." If the Knights of Columbus will succeed in doing something with the pin-head class of young Catholics who are to be seen in a state of nervous excitement watching the bulletin boards for baseball scores, and whose reading matter is almost entirely comprised in the sporting pages of the daily evening paper and the New York Sunday colored abominations, it will add another good reason to its existence. We know many priests who are doing splendid work also in this direction, but the burden is a heavy one. The laity should come to their assistance and make it lighter.

of Montreal have made an attack upon Hon. Rodolph Lemieux, and have threatened to pass a resolution of censure civic administration of that city. We take it that sympathy with the resolution of censure, if it is passed, will not extend beyond the limits of the city hall. Mr. Lemieux has done simply what all good citizens should do. He has set his face against the misappropriation of the people's money. We entirely approve of the course adopted by the postmaster general, and trust it will be followed by many others who desire to promote integrity in the administration of civic affairs. The time has come when citizen's coamittees should be formed, more especially in large centres of population, to combat the systematic wrong-doing of the ward-heeler. If we keep on [as we have been for some time past grafting will shortly become an admitted science. Citizens' committees should give the people each year the names of men of integrity whom it would be advisable to place in charge of public expenditures. As matters stand the average citizen, when election time comes, is at a loss to form an opinion as to whom he should vote for. If we do not soon segregate the grafters from civic affairs a disastrous condition of things will soon stare us in the face.

WE ARE TOLD that several aldermen

THE HON. GEO. W. Ross delivered a splendid-address on the occasion of the laying of the corner stone of the South African monument in Toronto. He drew attention to the fact that grumblers are saying that the outcome of the war is to resign South Africa to the rule of the influence in the government of the British

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when a mere handful of British resi-

dents in Lower Canada fought tooth and

nail for the power to govern that prov-

ince, notwithstanding the fact that the

French Canadians formed the vast

majority of the residents. In Upper

Canada the same conditions prevailed.

The Family Compact, a small majority

of the residents, claiming the right to

be the governing power. Even at this

late day the British residents in South

Africa think that they should be

supreme, irrespective of their strength

changed. The wings of the aristocracy

have been clipped and they are made to

"THE PARTY left me, I never left the

Rosebery as a justification for his depart-

als. Joseph Chamberlain in his time

took a somewhat similar course, although

there is a marked difference between

the two men. Lord Rosebery has been

a consistent upholder of the privileges

of the titled class. Joseph Chamber-

lain was at one time a very ardent home

ruler and said some very bitter things

of England's misgovernment of Ireland.

He was an ambitionist and kicked over

the traces when he found that Mr. Glad-

stone was likely to live to a great old

age. Lord Rosebery is a bitter anti-

Home ruler because he fancies a change

to their means and has lifted a few of

the burdens from the shoulders of the

poor. The patriotism of a goodly num-

ber of the English nobility is mere

DR. PHELAN, a distinguished physician

of Kingston, Ont., and President of the

Prison Physicians' Association, in

Seattle, Wash., lately attended a meeting

of that body. The doctor approved of

the Indians plan of operating upon the

heads of imbeciles and confirmed crim-

inals. He also struck a note upon which

we have been harping for many a day,

namely, the influence of bad literature

upon the rising generation. The doctor

said: "Not only do I suggest the adop-

tion of energetic means to lessen the

number of the already existing crimi-

nals and degenerates, but also the re-

moval as much as possible of the more

remote sources of the evil. Immoral

literature, plays, exhibitions and pic-

tures inevitably have an evil effect upon

the young minds, and especially upon

naturally weak ones." We trust before

long public opinion will compel the

somnolent individuals who have the

administration of the criminal law in

their hands to awaken and do something

along the line suggested by Dr. Phelan.

they have played Rip Van Winkle long

THE DISTINGUISHED Archbishop Fal-

conio, Apostolic Delegate to the United

States, gives an encouraging statement

in regard to religion. Everywhere

of religion is gaining and wickedness is

waning, indicating the steady progress

of Christian civilization. He considers

the prevalence of divorce the greatest

evil in the United States, and the mis-

use of wealth by the brainless rich, who

promote divorces and other evils, its

greatest menace. He is hopeful as to

the future, however, and believes the

Republic will prove capable of solving

these problems. Though the divorce

court antics of the rich and the new

rich are demoralizing, it is a grand

thing, he continues, to find so very

many rich men putting immense sums of

their money to philanthropic, charit-

able, scientife and religious uses. The

misuse of great wealth is generally

found among the rich young people who

THE WORLD over Irish and Catholic

seem to be recognized as synonymous

terms, says the Sacred Heart Review.

Our contemporary is quite right. When

one is introduced to a Mr. Murphy or a

Mr. O'Brien or a Mr. O'Flaherty it is

taken for granted that he is a Catholic.

There are, of course, some exceptions.

Some years ago we noticed the name

Wm. O'Brien figuring prominently in

the proceedings of an Orange celebra-

tion. At the time of the famine in Ire

land some weak persons sold their faith

for a mess of pottage. That accounts in

large measure for our having men bear-

have no brains.

enough.

shoddy.

most disastrous would be The Hon. Mr. Murphy, as d, had no choice. He ade law as he found it. The connection with horse raceat scandal and should be If the law permits such sooner it is changed the

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Empire. Their claim is that in all cases Catholic faith. He says that if you Britons must be the rulers no matter asked a converted Chinaman his religion what may be the size of the majority of ne will reply: "I am not a Chinaman: I the class governed. This is, and has am an Irishman." We hope they will for centuries been the case in Ireland. prove worthy the name. A time there was in this country, too,

A WRITER in the New York Times draws attention to the flag incident which some time ago took place in Toronto. It seems that a United States resident had an American flag flying from his house and two young persons pulled it down and tore it to pieces. The offenders were duly arrested and brought before Magistrate Denison to answer for their conduct. "What do we want of that flag, here, anyway." said His Worship." "The case is dismissed." We beg to suggest to Col. at the ballot box. But times have Denison that he should have dealt with the matter as a case of rowdyism. If the American resident was not justified realize the fact that one man is as good in putting the flag of his country upon as another so long as he behaves himhis house it was the place of the author ities, and not that of a few irresponsible rowdies, to take action. But we suppose a certain amount of allowance will party." This was recently said by Lord have to be made for Col. Denison. What the British Empire will do when ure from the ranks of the English liberhe is gone it were very difficult to conjecture.

A THIRTEEN year old boy in Detroit named John Washburn, killed himself with a revolver a few days ago. With a number of other boys he had broken into a store at a place called Fruitport, and stolen a number of revolvers, shot guns and knives. Rather than be captured young Washburn took refuge in swamp and killed himself in "Wild West" fashion. The report tells us that for some time past, these boys had been devouring sensational dime novels. They had formed an extensive plan to in the system of government in Ireland go into the horse-stealing business. This might bear harshly upon the interests is another terrible warning to parents of his brother lords the landlords. Bewho are careless about the quality of the sides this, he will never forgive the reading matter their children purchase present prime minister because the new at the book stalls. budget forces the rich to pay according

> Boisterous pride of nationality some times leads to ridiculous situations. A lady in Seattle, Wash., has petitioned for a divorce from her husband, who is an Englishman, because he would not permit her to touch off a fire-cracker or display an American flag on the 4th of July. The good lady is still further incensed because he has frequently the first period of the first period lady is still further incensed because he has frequently the first period of the first hinard shell. In the flar inland shell. decorated their residence with British flags and upon occasion sings "God save the king." Common sense does not seem to travel in company with the lady and gentleman who have formed this particular anglo-American alliance. Were Col. Denison of Toronto judge of a divorce court in Seattle, Wash., the lady in the case would certainly be non suited.

WE ARE PLEASED to be able to state that a circular was read in the churches of the diocese of Hamilton last Sunday, from the Bishop, announcing that Very Rev. Dean Mahoney, Rector of the cathedral, had been made vicar-general. The CATHOLIC RECORD sends heartiest congratulations to the new appointee. He is recognized as one of the most exemplary and energetic priests in the Province of Ontario, and well deserves They are waiting for complaints. Surely this high honor conferred upon him by

is of incerest to note that before his crew left St. Johns, Nfld., on their perilous voyage, most of them being Catholics, they were invited to the Archiepiscopal Library, where on behalf of throughout the world, he says, here in lies, they were invited to the Archi-His Grace Archbishop Howley, Right Rev. Monsignor Roache addressed them, admonishing them to observe the duties of religion while in the Arctic wilds, and delivering an impressive address to the men.

> THE ANCIENT order of Hibernians of the United States intend to organize a mammoth excursion to Ireland next year. It will be a peaceful invasion, and therefore there will be reason for the Peelers to refurbish their old accoutrements. The trip is organized solely upon the lines of the home-coming weeks in many of the cities of the United States and Canada.

> THE CHARM OF CARDINAL NEW-MAN'S WRITINGS.

HON. AUGUSTINE BIRRELL'S APPRECIATION OF THE GREAT ENGLISH WRITER. The following admirable piece of literary criticism of the writings of Cardinal Newman is taken from an Cardinal article by Right Hon. Augustine Birrell the distinguished English statesman: The charm of Dr. Newman's style

necessarily baffles description; as well might one seek to analyze the fragrance of a flower, or to expound in words the jumping of one's heart when a beloved jumping of one's h friend unexpectedly enters the room. It is hard to describe charm. Mr. Matthew Arnold, who is a poet, gets

near it: "And what but gentleness untired, And what but noble feeling warm Wherever seen, howe'er inspired, Is grace, is charm?"

ing good old Irish names outside the fold. That splendid priest, Father O'Callaghan, of Montreal, has converted many Chinese in that city to the

obedient and well-trained servant a vast vocabulary and it does so always with the ease of the educated gentleman, who by a sure instinct ever avoids alike the ugly pedantry of the bookworm, the forbidding accents of the lawyer and the stiff conceit of the man of scientific theory.

A sound online most surely, and vet

faintest taint of egotism is a tendency the "Lectures on the Idea of a University and on "University Subjects." These may be followed by "Discussions and Arguments," after which he will be well disposed to read the "Lectures on the Difficulties Felt by Auglicans."

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THE CATHOLIC RECORD

of scientific theory.

Dr. Newman's sentences sometimes fall upon the ear like well-considered and final judgments, each word being weighed and counted out with dignity and precision; but at other three the decrease of the judge are demeanor and language of the judge are hastily abandoned, and substituted for we encounter the impetuous torcent-the captivating rhetoric, the brilliant imagery, the frequent examples, the repetition of the same idea in differ-ent words, of the eager and accomplished a lvocate addressing men of like passions with himself.

Dr. Newman always aims at effect, and never misses it. He writes as ar orator speaks, straight at you. His object is to convince, and to convince by engaging your attention, exciting your interest, enlivening your fancy. It is not his general practice to address the pure reason. He knows (he well may) how little reason has to do with may be explicitly the second of the

may) now income men's convictions.

"I do not want," he says, "to be "I do not want," In an-"I do not want, ne converted to a smart syllogism." In another place he observes: "The heart is commonly reached not through the reason — but through the imagination by means of direct impressions, by the testimony of facts and events, by his-tory and by description. Persons in-fluence as, voices melt us, books subdue fluence vs. voices melt us, books subdue us, deeds inflame us."

A COMPARISON BETWEEN BURKE AND

NEWMAN I have elsewhere ventured upon a comparison between Burke and New-man. Both men, despite their subtlety and learning and super-refinement, their love of fine points and their splendid capacity for stating them in language so spt to make one's admiration breathless, took very broad, common-sense, matter-of-fact views of humanity, and ever had the ordinary man and woman in mind as

they spoke and wrote.
Politics and religion existed, in their opinion, for the benefit of plain folk, for Richard and for Jane, or in other words, for living bundles of hopes and fears, doubts and certainties, prejudices and passions. Anarchy and Atheism are in their opinion the two great enemies of the human race. How are they to be frustrated and confounded, men and

women being what they are?
Dr. Newman, recluse though he is, has always got the world stretched out before him; its unceasing roar sounds in his ear as does the murmur of ocean in the far inland shell.

and reading advertisements in the newspapers. Many of his pages posi-tively glow with light and heat and color. One is at times reminded of

Fielding.

And all this comparing and distinguishing and illustrating and appealing and describing is done with the prac-ticed hand of a consummate writer and orator. He is as subtle as Gladstone, and as moving as Erskine; but wherea Gladstone is occasionally clumsy, and Erskine was frequently crude, Newman is never clumey, Newman is never crude but always graceful, always mellowed

Humor he possesses in a marked de-gree. A quiet humor, of course, as be-fits his sober profession and the gravity of the subjects on which he loves to discourse. It is not the humor that i founded on a lively sense of the incon It is not the humor that is

The kind, though the most delightful of all, is apt, save in the hands of the great masters, the men whom you can count upon your fingers, to wear a slightly professional aspect. It hap-pens unexpectedly, but all the same we expect it to happen, and we have got

In connection with the finding of the North Pole by Commander Peary, it lence and partly because we are glad to find that the

" Pilgrim pale with Paul's sad girdle bound" has room for mirth in his heart.

ompression, which are little short of parvellous in one who has also such talent for expansion, come to his aid and enable him to squeeze into a couple of entences pleadings, argument, judgment and execution.

Had he led the secular life, and adopted a Parliamentary career, he would have been simply terrific, for his weapons of offence are both numerous and deadly. His sentences stab—his invective destroys. The pompous high-placed imbecile mouthing, his platiudes the wordy sophister with his over full of half baked thoughts, the ill-bred rhetorician with his tawdry aphorism the heartless hate-producing satirist, would have gone down before his sword and spear.

Bus God was merciful to these sin-

ers; Newman became a priest, and they privy councillors.

And, lastly, all these striking qualities and gifts float about in a pleasant

atmosphere. As there are some days even in England when merely to go out and breathe the common air is joy, and when, in consequence, that grim tyrant,

lord, "Sits lightly in his throne," so, to take up almost any one of Dr. Newman's books, and they are happily numerous—between twenty and thirty volumes—is to be led away, from "evil tongues," and the "sneers of selfish men," from the mud and mire, the shov " and the " sneers of selfish ing and pushing that gather and grow round the pig troughs of life, into diviner ether, a pure air, and is to spend your time in the company of one who, though he may sometimes astonish, yet never fails to make you feel (to use Carlyle's words about a very different author) "that you have passed your evening well and nobly, as in a temple of wisdom, not ill and disgracefully as in brawling taverns and supper rooms with

is still too much."
A sound opinion most surely, and yet how interesting are the personal touches

we find scattered up and down Dry-den's toble prefaces. So with Newman—his dignity, his

elf-restraint, his taste, are all the greatest stickler for a stiff upper lip and the onsumption of your own smoke could esire, and yet the personal note is fre-uently sounded. He is never afraid to trike it when the perfect harmony that style demands its sound, and so it has come about that we love what he has written because he wrote it, and we love him who wrote it because of what

e has written. Let me give a chance specimen of the precision of his language. The passage is from the prefatory notice the Car-dinal prefixed to the Rev. William Palmer's "Notes of a Visit to the Russian Church in the Years 1840, 1841." It is dated 1882, and is consequently the

"William Palmer was one of those earnest-minded and devout men, forty years since, who deeply convinced of the great truth that our Lord has insti-tuted and still acknowledges and pro-tects, a Visible Church—one, individual, and integral; Catholic, as spread over the earth, Apostolic, as coeval with the Apostles of Christ, and Holy, as being the dispenser of His Word and sacraments—considered it at present to exist in three main branches, or rather in a triple presence, the Latin, the Greek and the Anglican, these three being one and the same Church, distinguishable from each other by secondary, fortuit-ous and local, although important char-

acteristics.
"And whereas the whole Church in its fulness was, as they believed, at once and severally Anglican, Greek and Latin, so in turn each one of those three whole Church; whence it folowed that, whenever any one of the three was present, the other two, by the nature of the case, were absent, and therefore the three could not have direct relations with each other, as if they were three substantial bodies, there being no real difference between them except the external accident of

"Moreover, since, as has been said, on a given territory there could not be more than one of the three, it followed that Christians generally, wherever they were, were bound to recognize, and had a claim to be recognized by, that one ceasing to belong to the Anglican Church, as Anglican, when they were at Rome, and ignoring Rome, as Rome, when they found themselves in Moscow. "Lastly, not to acknowledge this in-evitable outcome of the initial id-a of

the Church, viz., that it was both every where and one, was bad logic, and to act in opposition to it was nothing short of setting up altar against altar, that i the hideous sin of schism, and a sacri-lege. This I conceive to be the formal teaching of Anglicanism."

The most carefully considered judgments of Lord Westbury or Lord Cairns may be searched in vain for finer ex-amples of stern accuracy and beautiful aptness of language.

THE NATIONAL CHURCH OF ENGLAND For examples of what may be called Newman's oratorical rush, one has not far to look—though when torn from their context and deprived of their conclusion they are robbed of three-fourths of their power.

Here is a passage from his second lec-

ture addressed to the Anglican Party in 1833. It is on the life of the national Church of England:

"Doubtless the national religion is alive. It is a great power in the midst of us, it wields an enormous influence it represses a hundred foes; it con ducts a hundred undertakings; it at tracts men to it, uses them, rewards them; it has thousands of beautiful homes up and down the country wher quiet men may do its work and benefit its people; it collects vast sums in the shape of voluntary offerings, and with them it builds churches, prints and dis-tributes innumerable Bibles, books and

parts of the earth. In all parts of the earth it opposes the Catholic Church, denounces her as anti-Christian, bribes the world against her, obstructs her influence, apes her author

ity and confuses her evidence.

"In all parts of the world it is the religion of gentlemen, of scholars, of men of substance and men of no personal faith at all.

"If this be life, if it be life to impart a tone to the court and Houses of Par liament, to ministers of state, to law and literature, to universities and schools and to society; if it be life to be a prin ciple of order in the population, and an organ of benevolence and almsgiving towards the poor, if it be life to make men decent, respectable and sensible, to embellish and reform the family circle, to deprive vice of its grossness and to shed a glow over avarice and ambition; if, indeed, it is the life of religion to be the first jewel in the queen's crown, and the highest step of her throne, then doubtless the National Church is replete, it overflows with life; but the question has still to be answered: life of what

kind ?' For a delightful example of Dr. Newman's humor, which is largely, if not entirely, a playful humor, I will remind the reader of the celebrated imaginary speech against the British Constitution attributed to "a member of the junior branch of the Potemkin family," and supposed to have been delivered at Mos cow in the year 1850. It is too long for quotation, but will be found in the first of the "Lectures on the Present Posi-tion of Catholics in England." The whole book is one of the best humored

whole book is one of the best numbered books in the English language. If I may suppose this article read by some one who is not yet acquainted with Newman's writings, I would advise fools and noisy persons."

THE PERSONAL NOTE IN NEWNAN.

The tendency to be egotistical noticeable in some persons who are see from the

If after he has despatched these vol-umes he is not infected with what one of these charging Bishops called "New mania," he is possessed of a devil o obtuseness no wit of man can expel.

Dr. Newman's poetry cannot be passed ver without a word, though I am ill fitted to do it justice. "Lead, kindly light," has forced its way into every hymn book and heart. Those who go and those who do not go to church, the fervent believer and the tired-out

sceptic, here meet on common ground.

The language of the verses in the intense sincerity seems to reduce all human feelings, whether fed on dogmas and holy rites or on man's own sad heart, to a common denominator.

"The night is dark, and I am far from home, Lead Thou me on."

The believer can often say no more. The unbeliever will never willingly say

Amongst Dr. Newman's "Verses or Various Occasions"—though in some cases the earlier versions to be met with in the "Lyra Apostolica" are to be pre-ferred to the later—poems will be found by those who seek, conveying sure an certain evidence of the possession by the poet of the true lyrical gift—though almost cruelly controlled by the course of the poet's thoughts and the nature of his subjects.

One is sometimes constrained to cry, "Oh, if he could only get out into the wild blowing airs, how his pinions would sweep the skies!" but such thoughts are unlicensed and unseemly. That we have two such religious poets

s Cardinal Newman and Miss Christina Rossetti is or ought to be matter for

sincere rejoicing. Newman's books have long had a large and increasing sale. They stand on all sorts of shelves, and wherever they go a still, small voice accompanies them. They are speaking books; an air breathes

"Again I saw and I confess'd
Thy speech was rare and high,
And yet it vex'd my burden'd breas
And scared I know not why."

BOTH WORKINGMEN'S POPES.

PIUS X. BY BIRTH AND LEO XIII. BY COMMON PEOPLE.

It has become the fashion to laud the simplicity of Pope Pius X. at the cost of some disparagement of the "aristo-cratic" Leo XIII. The Boston Republic, commenting in an article in Mc-Clure's Magazine, resents this unfair

comparison.

"All that is said about the simple and "All that is said about the simple and kindly spirit of Pius X. is perfectly true," says the Republic, "but all that is suggested about Leo XIII. in the same connection is false. It is true that the former was the offspring of modest wage-carners, while the latter was a scion of the aristocracy. Yet, while the present Pope is, so to speak, born to the estate of the plain people, and loves it, it is not less true than his illustrious predecessor became by study and ob-servation what may be called an intel-lectual democrat. Who that is worth while has forgotten Pope Leo's Encycli-cal on Labor, with its keen sympathy with the toilers and its encouragement to them to better their worldly estate by associations for mutual help; his insistence on a wage sufficiently large to maintain them and their families in frugal comfort, as well as on better opportunities for religious instruction, re-creation, and the ownership of their own homes. This Encyclical, associated with that on 'Human Liberty,' 'The Christian Constitution of States,' 'The Christian Constitution of Scates, 'Inc Christian Citizen,' made him by general acclaim both 'The Workingman's Pope' and 'The State-man Pope.'
"Have we forgotten his full and free recognition of Ireland's right to seek

legislative independence by all just means, though a coterie of English Tories, not numerous, but very powerful, were doing their utmost to move him in an opposite direction? Have we forgotten his urgent counsel to the Catholics of France, so numerously and obstinately Royalist, to drop that atti-tude and give a full and free adhesion to the French Republic? If it were un-Christian, he maintained Catholic voters would Christianize it. Alas! that his counsel had not the effect he willed If it had, his venerable successor would have been spared much sorrow, and the best friends and citizens of France, the members of the religious orders, would not now be in exile. Have we forgot-ten the frequently manifested affection of Pope Leo XIII. for the American Republic, and the vigor with which he pre-sented to French Catholics, who feared the Church could never be at ease except with a monarchy, as an example of good government, inasmuch as the Church was flourishing there in almost ut precedented fashion in the genial almosphere of true liberty? 'Nowhere am I more truly Pope than in America,' said Leo XIII.

Idolators" in the British Navy.

It appears there are more Catholics in the British Navy than there are members of any of the "Nonconformist" denominations. In the House of Commons recently in reply to a question on the subject the official figures were thus given. Home Flact Nore division, 715 given: Home Fleet Nore division, 715 Presbyterians, 835 Wesleyans, 905 Roman Catholics; Portsmouth Division. 114 Presbyterians, 377 Wesleyans, 369 Roman Catholics: Devonport Division, 285 Presbyterians, 648 Wesleyans, 1,190 Roman Catholics; Atlantic Fleet, 271 Presbyterians, 610 Wesleyans, 892 Roman Catholics; Mediterranean Fleet 339 Presbyterians, 588 Wesleyans, 1.360 Roman Catholics; China, 203 Presby-terians, 314 Wesleyans, 513 Roman Catholics (including 11 native Roman Catholics.)
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(Signed) JAMES DINGWALL.

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in handy when there is any fighting to be done for the British Empire.—New York Freeman's Journa'.

Rev. Fathers Doyle and O'Reilly concluded a most successful mission in St. James' Church, Seaforth, Ont., Dioceso of London, Sunday evening, Sept. 19th. The clear and straightforward manner in which these gifted sons of St. Alphonsus set forth in their sermons the great truths of our holy religion will the parish and the work was highly complimented by the good pastor, Father Corcoran. On the same day another mission was opened in the Church at Dublin by Rev. F. O'Reilly, who was isined on Monday by Father. who was joined on Monday by Father Doyle. After the mission in Dublin Fathers Doyle and O'Reilly will open a retreat at the Cathedral in Hamilton, and then proceed to Boston, Mass., for a four weeks mission. They will return by way of Montreal and conduct several missions between that city and Toronto, reaching home about the 1st of Decem-



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WHY WE SHOULD LOVE GOD.

"Jesus said to him: Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with thy whole heart, and with thy whole sou and with thy whole mind." (St. Matt. xxii. 37.)

What do people of the world appear to What do people of the world appear to love the most? It is money. And why money more than anything else? Because with money they can procure what they desire, houses, lands, clothing, good fare, to journey around where they will, to amuse themselves, etc. Money represents to them all sorts of temporal goods and advantages. and advantages.

and advantages.

But money cannot buy happiness;
that is, true, real happiness. It cannot
buy health, it cannot buy long life, it cannot buy peace and contentment of mind. The rish man must part with all temporal goods in a short time, as the apostle says: "We brought nothing in this world and certainly we can carry nothing out.

ve riches with his whole heart is a foolish thing. "Blessed is the man who has not gone after gold, nor set his heart on money and treasures."

No! God is her only treasure. He is

the infinite, boundless good. All that is good or beautiful or desirable flows from Him as from its source, and apart from Him there is nothing good, beautiful, or desirable. And He is the eternal good. This happiness which He offers us is not a puff of wind which passes away, but will last for ever. If death fluds us in the state of grace and friendship with God, we will possess, without fear or loss, superabundant riches, joy and happiness for the countless ages of eter-

This is what we are created for. If God had intended us for this world He would not have had an adequate motive for creating us at all.

From all this it follows that we must obey the commandment: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with thy whole bheart, and with thy whole soul, and with thy whole mind." God is entitled to our love, for He is our Creator, "in whom we live and move and have our being, without Whom and His upholding hand we should vanish away into nothingness." He is entitled to our love because He is our last end and supreme good. God is the only worthy object of the love of a reasonable and immortal soul made to His own image and likeness. This is the dictate of our own good sense. If every one stops to question his own right reason he cannot fail to

receive this answer. Mow shall we fulfil this great commandment? This is the question of questions, which should be now before us demanding an answer.

The love of God is not precisely the sensible affection such as we feel to our relations and friends here on the earth. Our affections are not always under our control. We have never seen God, and only know what He is by what He has revealed. This affectionate love we can only have as far as He imparts it to us. It is not what He demands of us. What is this love? St. John answers this question. "This is the love of God, that we keep His Commandments." The love of God consists in true heartfelt chadiage. We must be discoved by obedience. We must be disposed to keep His Commandments and all of them. are fully, earnestly disposed to do this then we fulfil the great command-ment to love God. No matter how great may be our temptations or how great a sacrifice it may invo've, we must be disposed to obey the commandments. Let us not rest satis-fled a moment until we find ourselves fied a moment until we find ourselves solidly grounded in these dispositions; and if we find ourselves weak or wavering, let us pray, and never cease praying. God will help us, and we shall be able to say with St. Paul, "I can do all things in Christ Who strengthened me," and with St. Anthony who, sorely afflicted, exclaimed, "Let God arise, and all His enemies shall be scattered and they that hate Him shall flee before Him."

ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S DAY.

Nothing perhaps is more common, and yet nothing can be more unjust, than to take advantage of the Massacre of St. Bartholomew's Day, to inveigh against the Catholic community and the deed had proceeded from their influence If we consult the authentic and contem-porary documents collected and adduced by those persons who have made a deep and impartial study of the whole transaction-Caveirac, Lingard and Danielwe shall find that religion had nothing to do with it, except to check its course as much as possible, and to weep over the devoted victims of the massacre that the whole affair was merely the effect of a political resentment and of a andden ebuliition of anger; in fine, that a much smaller number of persons per-ished on the occasion than is commonly

The series and close connection of the events immediately preceding the massacre are sufficient to show that it originated in the animosity of the French court against the Protestant party, and was dictated by a violent desire of revenge. The mind of the young king, venge. The mind of the young king, Charles IX., had been frequently har-assed and exasperated by the repeated attacks of the Huguenots against his authority, and by the report of the many cruelties which they had committed throughout the kingdom during the last

Notwithstanding these causes or the dreadful measure, had it not been For the positive assertion of his chief coansellors that he could no longer escape the plots of that party without putting to death, or in confinement, its chief leaders, and that, were he to wait chile next morning, his most faithful officers, his family, perhaps himself, would be sacrificed to their vengeance. The king then gave his consent to the projected massacre; the time was apsointed, and the execution took place

during a considerable part of the fol-lowing day, August 24, 1572.

Thus the odious deed was not the result of a long pre-meditated and general plot, but the effect of a sudden fit of sult of a long pre-meditated and general plot, but the effect of a sudden fit of eager and revenge; it was, moreover, projected against the leaders only of the largement party, and intended to have

taken place only in Paris. If the example of the capital was followed in the cities of Lyons, Rouen, Toulouse and Bordeaux this was owing chiefly to the violent excitement which the conduct and cruelties of the Calvinists, during the preceding insurrections, had produced in the minds of the Catholics.

Far from sending orders to the provinces against Protestants, Charles IX., on the contrary, both in writing and

on the contrary, both in writing and by word of mouth, frequently expressed his intention that the bloody scene should not be repeated, nor extended beyond the limits of Paris. And, indeed, the great difference of the epochs at which the massacres were committed in the cities above mentioned, also shows that they ought to be attributed rather to sudden ebullitions of popular vengeance than to any previously concerted and general plan. Every one may see the detailed proofs of these assertions in the Dissertations of St. Bartholomew by Caveirac and Lingard's writings.

Of the number of victims in all the

towns, including Paris, it is impossible to speak with certainty. Among the Huguenot writers, some reckon seventy thousand: others, thirty or twenty or ffteen thousand; but all these amounts seem to be exaggerated. "The reformed martyrologist adopted a measure of ascertaining the real number," says Lingard, " which may enable us to form a probable conjecture. He procured from the ministers in the different towns where the massacres had taken place lists of the names of the persons who had suffered, or were supposed to have suffered. He published the result in 1582; and the reader will be surprised to learn that in all France he could disto learn that in all France he could discover the names of no less than eight hundred persons. Perhaps, if we double that number, we shall not be far from the real amount." Above all, it is certain that religion

had nothing to do with the massacre, whether as a motive or an encouragement. In the contriving of the wretched scheme the passions of the French court —jealousy, animosity, revenge — were the real and only causes; and the pre-tense was a supposed conspiracy of the Protestant leaders against the king, his servants and his family. No clergy-men were consulted about the adoption of the awful measure; and when they heard of it after its execution, far from obtaining their approbation, it rather excited in their bosoms feelings of horror for the deed, and of commiseration for its victims. The only share which Bishops, priests and monks took in it was to save as many as they could of the Protestants, who, in many towns
—Lisieux, Toulouse, Lyons and Bordeaux—had taken refuge in their hospitable dwe lings.

It is objected that Pope Gregory XIII. publicly returned thanks to God on that occasion; but what was the real object of this rejoicing? Charles IX., in order to palliate the shame of his edict against the Parisian Huguenots, wrote to every court in Europe that, having just detected their horrid plots against his person and authority, he had been fortunate enough to escape from the imminent danger by putting the conspirators to death without delay. The Pope then, under that impression, rejoiced, not for the death of the supered straitors whose rigorous consists. posed traitors whose rigorous punishment he, on the contrary deplored, but for the preservation of the French monarch and of his kingdom from utter ruin; exactly, as in a case of war, and of signal victory against in-vaders, public rejoicings would take place, and every sensible person would willingly share in them, not indeed at the bloodshed in battle, but at the advantages gained over an unjust enemy and who could dare to find a fault in and who could dare to find a fault is such conduct?—N. Y. Freeman's Jour

THE PRICELESS PEARL OF FAITH

How often we hear of persons paying a fabulous price for some precious stone
—a ruby, a diamond, or some beautiful pearl-and we wonder at it when we consider how really of little value these things are in themselves. Their possesors tire of them after a while, and are sors thre of them after a white, and are willing to part with them for much less than they paid. They find them but senseless and disappointing, or in their vacillation they turn to some other ornaments that appeal to their fancy.

What we say of these things we may say of all earthly things-they may

please for a time, but after a little they prove unsatisfying. The rich man fluds disgust with his money the more he hugs his treasures to his breast: the kings and queens loath the power that is theirs, and the incense offered them becomes ungrateful to their wearied souls; the votaries of pleasure sicken with their feasts and turn from one kind to another only to become more and more disgusted; and so it is with all things this world holds out; they prove empty and vain; there is nothing in them; the heart of man finds himself disappointed with them.

There is only one thing that can satisfy man, and that is God—for, as St. Angustine said. "The h-art is made for thee, O God, and in Thee alo e will it be satisfied." All else is vain, creatures, honors, pleasures, all that the world con tains will not put the soul at rest Solomon had everything the world had to give-lands without limit, knowledge without exhaust, power without mea-sure, and yet he was dissatisfied and confessed their utter nothingness when he exclaimed, "Vanity of vanities al is vanity except to serve God and Him alone adore." It was to bring this truth home to man that God spoke by the mouth of Moses and the prophets in

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the old law, and by the divine lips of Christ in the new, and to the Church has been given the mission of recalling this truth to men in conformity to the command of our Lord Who bade her "go forth and teach all nations," saying,
"he that would believe would be
saved," and promising peace of heart
and rest of soul to all who would heat
His words and obey His commandments.
To know and understand these things we need the priceless gift of faith—that gift which comes from Gcd and which leads us to Him; that gift which his practiced through religious observance and which is found in fulness and perfection in the teaching and practice of the Catholic Church. Moses and the prophets established the faith for their day. It was all sufficient for the time and found its ceremonial in the offering up of sacrifices dictated by God. Those sacrifices were but shadows of the great sacrifice that was to come—the sacrifice of Christ, the Son of God—and and their value accordingly.

"Faith," says the apostle, "cometh by earing." God has sent certain ones to hearing." God has sent certain ones to teach it. He spoke to them and sent them to teach others. Our divine Lord said all truth is mine, and He taught the truth by His own lips, and com-missioned the apostles to teach in His It is because men heard the truth that so many have led grand and exemplary lives. In every walk of life we have had models, Godfearing men who have been the strength and glory of the particular occupations or professions in which they were engaged. This we find exemplified in the highest degree in the works of holy men and women in the religious state, as wit-nessed by the countless institutions dedicated to educational work, and the innumerable buildings in which are carried on works of charity and mercy, all which have been founded and con-ducted by them. As faith supposes a teacher, it implies that there are to be hearers, and it is by the hearing of the word, then comes the doing of it, which to-day is realized in the Christian life.

All knowledge is from God. What man knows of truth, spiritual or phy-sical, has come from Mim. If man finds sical, has come from sam. If man hads something new, it is not a discovery for it existed already; he only found what before was unknown. There is much in Nature that man will never know, because he can get along without it, but with regard to spiribual knowledge. God is stricing to make all truth known at is striving to make all truth known at all times and in all places by those He has appointed to teach in His name namely, the apostles and their success ors, because the knowing of it is s necessary for man's peace and happines here as well as hereafter.

Should we not think it to be a hard lot if we were left to ourselves to grope after the truth which the mind seek and to search for peace which the heart eraves? But God has provided against this by revealing Himself to man through the gift of faith and confirming and mak-ing practical this gift through the zeal of His representatives.

We who have the faith should prove

our gratitude for it by practicing its lessons. It is of all things the most comforting and consoling. It binds us to God and brings to us His choicest

graces and blessing.

Let us safeguard our faith as dear as life itself. Let us not expose it to loss by dangerous reading and forbidden company. Faith once lost is hard to regain. It is the pearl without price. We should be ready to die rather than renounce it. It has come down 'o us from Christ Him self. For it the martyrs died and the confessors and virgins toiled and made

It is the best heritage our fathers left us, it is the greatest boon that we can

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you get sick-while you sleep.

leave posterity. It is, as the apostle says, the victory that has overcome the world, our faith. — Bishop Colton in Catholie Union and Times.

THE MEANNESS OF BIGOTRY.

In a paper read before the Eucharistic Congress in Cologne, the Right Rev. Monsignor Brown, V. G., of London, re-viewing the progress of events in Eng-land since the Congress held in London, land since the Congress held in London, last year, noted the wave of bigotry which has swept over England, Scotland and Wales within the pasttweive menths. It is indeed noticeable, and no doubt is a symptom of that alarm which stampedes the lower class of Protestants at any thought of what they choose to call "Papal Aggression." One feature of this wave of bigotry, though not mentioned by Monsignor Brown, is worthy of note as showing to what meanness anti-Catholic bigots may descend. The Catholic bigots may descend. The Catholic Times declares that in many neighborhoods in Liverpool, weeding out the Catholics by intimidation still continues with unabated zeal. The system of identification has now reached a state of perfection. A new tenant takes a house in a "Protestant" street and lives in peace until the first Sunday after his arrival, when the pickets re-port if he and his family are seen going. to Mass, and if that is so, the storm breaks loose and they invariably move again early on the Menday morning. In this way fully eleven hundred people the Times asserts, have been turned out of one well-known parish in the Northend. This terrorizing is not confined to poor or "rowdy" districts; it is going on in streets of smug respectability; and significant feature is that the terrorizing is most vigorous where there are no male members in the family. Even childless widows, charwomen, office-cleaners and book-binders who have been living quietly for years in isolated by-ways are forced to find shelter elsewhere as soon as it is discovered or remembered that they are Catholics. Suspicion is sufficient in many cases. A non-Catholic lady resident in Eirkdale who declined for some reason to accept the literature of a tract distributor who called at her door was immediately marked for expulsion. As no amount of explanation on her part could allay the fury raised against her, she had to go.

THE VICE OF GAMBLING. "There are no words strong enough

for us to warn especially young men against the vice of gambling. There is no vice more insidious, nor that creeps into the soul more imperceptibly and grips it more disastrously with the clutch of death. It seems to combine characteristics from two vices that are diametrically the opposite of each other. The real gambler is a resultant from avarize and prodigality. The must tear it from its moorings. Experience shows us daily the ruin this vice may cause. Honor stained, lives blighted, families wrecked, black de-spair completes the awful picture. It is the abuse that counts; but how quickly the abuse comes on. There are few sources of dishonesty comparable to the thirst for gambling. There is no depth, swayed as the unfortunate alterger us reading and forbidden comfaith once lost is hard to regain.

nately is, by hope and despair, that the gambler will not seek, to gratify the mad passion which is devouring his

"In every community, there is a band of young men who give over much of their earnings to betting; in the larger cities these bands are often many times multiplied. The constant indulgence in petty gambling saps the

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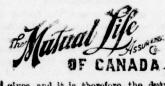
desire for honest labor and awakens hopes and prospects that are doomed never to be realized. It undermines character and unsettles the regularity of life. Many of these young men float in and out of saloons and barber shops all day long like wrecks that are pounded to pieces against the shore. Habits of idleness are formed; evil association is often contracted. They live their lives without purpose of ambition. Petty gambling has not done it all: but it makes one element in creating an idle youth, a shiftless manhood and a dependent old age."— Rev. Father O'Reilly, S. J.

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CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

Ready When the Opportunity Comes.

This is just another talk. With weather conditions anything but inviting, attention to details may seem tormenting enough to ruffle the temper kept on edge only by precautions. We flatter ourselves, however, that we can follow the golden rule of comment, which is to have something worth saying then go ahead and say it,

Our something is a suggestion that

which is to have something worth saying then go ahead and say it.

Our something is a suggestion that young men take more pains to see to it that they are ready when an opportunity comes. What opportunity? Well any opportunity; for once at least you have an opportunity, and where tide leaves you, after it has spent its force and gone out to sea again, depends pretty much upon how it found you. It is like the passionate questioning by the old New England preacher, who used to end up all his sermons on "The Last Day" by asking, "How will it find you, brethren?" I repeat, how will it find you? And he kept repeating it, until his congregation came to know it as well as he did, and could say it backwards while listening to a heated argument, and tell their friends about its application.

It might perhaps be out of place to offend as often as that, but even at the risk of being thought boring, the necessity of being prepared for opportunities should be repeated until impressed. You know Francis Bacon called that one You know Francis Bacon called that one half of genius. He said if a man was prepared he would be in a position to make the most of his chances, and allowing the proverbial one chance to every person, he inferred that the man who had common sense enough to prepare for that chance was in a certain degree of the stuff geniuses are made of. the stuff geniuses are made of.

The suggestion is most valuable. Its application is universal. It knows no profession, it is limited to no calling. Take the office boy who begins his work that the property of the office of the called by a wearing out the office. Take the onice boy who begins his work daily by sweeping out the office. Some day or other things are going to happen which aren't expected. Some day the bookkeeper is going to be outsick; probably he won't get into town through storm or something. Someone has got to fill the place for the day, and if the office how who except for wastion if the office boy who sweeps for vocation and studies bookkeeping for a vocation is called upon he is fit to fill the place. That may be only for a day; but that is the way good things come, by piece meal at first, then altogether. And if the office boy is able to keep books for the day that the bookkeeper is out, you can rest assured that his term as office boy is a limited one, liable to end without notice, with promotion the only change

We know at least five cases, in a very short period of time, too, which have been featured in just this way.

Another instance that is worth re peating concerns a young man who is now one of the New England agents for the Associated Press. He went to work in the Boston office of that great news gathering organization, turning out copy on what they called a cyclograph ma-chine. They employed manifolders in the office; that chair being the beginthe office; that chair being the begin-ning of a career in newspaper work. The youngster who started in at the cyclograph saw that he wasn't in the right line for promotion, and picked up as manifolder. The day when some one was sick came, he was called upon, and to use Thereau's phrase, he "filled in." He learned telegraphy the same way, and he "filled in" under similar cir-cumstances. About two years ago he cumstances. About two years ago he was in regular line for promotion and about six months later he was sent to Rhode Island to represent his organiza-

Now that young man actually had to force those above him to recognize him. For not only did he have to see to it that he would be prepared for the oppor-tunity when it came, he had to let them

know that he was prepared for it.

It's the fellow who's satisfied with being just average that keeps that average very low; and similarly it's the chap who isn't ready to "fill in" when the hole's made who is going to contribute toward fewer promotions.-Boston Re-

The Man with One Aim,

Know one thing thoroughly. Do something useful better than any one else. Have a specialty. There are different ways of saying the same thing. In these days of competition, concentration and specialists, the way to success is by the straight road of a single purpose.

pose:

To succeed to-day a man must concentrate all the faculties of his mind upon one unwavering aim, and have a tenacity of purpose which means death or victory. Every other inclination which tempts him from his aim must be supposed.

suppressed.

New Jersey has many ports, but they are so shallow and narrow that the shipping of the entire State amounts to but little. On the other hand, New York has but one ocean port, and yet it is so broad, deep and grand, that it leads America in its enormous shipping trade. She sends her vessels into every port of the world, while the ships of her neigh-bor are restricted to local voyages. A man may starve on a dozen half-learned trades or occupations: he may

learned trades or occupations; he may grow rich and famous upon one trade thoroughly mastered, even though it be

Even Gladstone, with his ponderous yet active brain declared that he could not do two things at once; he threw his entire strength upon whatever he did. The intensest energy characterized everything he undertook, even his recreation. If such concentration of energy was necessary for the success of a Gladstone, what can we common mor-

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tals hope to accomplish by "scatter-ation?"

All great men have been noted for their power of concentration which makes them oblivious of everything out-side their aim. their

Genius is intensity. Abraham Lincoln possessed such power of concentra-tion that he could repeat quite correct-ly a sermon to which he had listened in his boyhood. Dr. O. W. Holmes, when an Andover student, riveted his eyes on the book he was studying as though he were reading a will that made him eir to a million.

A New York sportsman, in answer to an advertisement, sent twenty-five cents for a sure receipt to prevent a shotgun from scattering, and received the follow-ing: "Dear Sir: To keep a gun from scattering put in but a single shot." Enthusiasm as a Business Getter.

You might as well try to thaw out a frozen pipe with an ice cake as to in-terest a customer in your proposition unless you are interested yourself.

If your heart is in your work your enthusiasm will often cause a weuld-be

customer to forget that you are trying make a sale. Enthusiasm is a great business getter. It is so contagious that before we know it, we are infected with it, even though we try to brace ourselves against it.

Character is Credit.

Financial credit is not based upon property or capital, eleverness or ability, so much as upon character. Reliability is at the base of all stability. If a young man has character combined with ability, he can get credit and backing anywhere. Robert C. Ogden, John Wanamaker's former partner, says that almost any young man who possesses the ability can get credit to start in busi-ness for himself if he has character, if he is absolutely reliable.

Conldn't Afford to let a Man Get a

Bad Bargain. Nathan Strauss, when asked what had contributed to his remarkable career, said: "I always looked out for the man at the other end of the bargain." He said that if he got a bad bargain himself he could stand it, even if his losses were heavy, but he could never afford to have the man who dealt with him get a bad

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS. WELL ENOUGH.

BY FLORENCE L. HALLOWELL.

"Harry," called Mr. Spring, from his library, he heard his son's quick, alert step in the hall, "come here a moment."

"Yes, sir!" Harry appeared at the door, a smile on his frank, pleasant face, and one of the setter pupples in his arms. "Anything I can do for you, father?"

father?"

"Yes; I want this letter taken to Henry Forest's. You are not busy at present, are you?"

"I was just going over to Westly Farm to take Jim Westly this puppy. He's going to give me \$5 for it, you know. But it won't be much out of my way to go past the Forest place."

"Very well; and it will be a great favor to me. I'm going to get Henry

favor to me. I'm going to get Henry Forest a place in the mill." Mr. Spring handed his son the letter

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little Kitty's blue eyes opened lagain

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"We've got to go by way of the For-est place," said Harry. "Father wants me to leave this letter for Henry."

High

n them all.

the old couple at home.

him a definite offer yesterday, when he told me he was out of employment, for of course, I had to

consult with Dayton first. If you had delivered the letter on your way

out as you promised to do, you would have saved me much annoyance, my

"I'm awfully sorry," said Harry;
"but I thought it would do well enough
if I left it coming back."

There were other bars in the tool-

house, but Harry was in too much of a hurry for his supper to go for one.

"I guess it will do well enough if I put a plank up against the gate," he thought. "The cows aren't likely to

cows were not in the yard, and when they were found, after a long search,

they were in a neighbor's cornfields, and had eaten so much green corn that two of them died and the third was ill

for many days.

Harry was almost sick over the consequences of his carelessness.

"I'll never do such a thing again as long as I live—never!" he said.

And for weeks he was so careful and

conscientious that no one had a chance

But a bad habit is not easily broken,

as Harry found to his cost.

He drove up in front of the house one

day to get the whip, which had not been left in the barn, as usual. There

was no hitching strap on his harness, and so Harry contented himself with throwing the bridle over the gate post.

"I guess that'll do well enough. He is a little to sull the sull that the sull that

isn't likely to pull it off, and I won't be gone a minute," he thought, and ran

into the house.

But the whip was not in the hall-rack,

and he had to go into the kitchen to hunt for it; while he was doing so, the rattle of wheels and the clatter of hoofs on the hard road made him rush to the window, with a dreadful fear at his heart—a fear that became agonized

as he saw the powerful, spirited young horse rushing down the road like a mad

norse rushing down the road like a mad creature, and in the light wagon was Kitty, the only daughter of the house. Harry rushed out in the road in wild pursuit, but had gone only a little way, when he saw the wagon suddenly overturned and the child thrown vio-

Never as long as he lived did Harry

Never as long as ne lived did Harry forget the horror and agony of that moment. How long it took him to reach the spot where his little sister lay he never knew; but at length he held her in his arms, her golden hair floated over his shoulder, and the white

still face was upturned to his anguished

He thought at first that she was dead and that her death was due to his crim-inal carelessness in leaving the horse

to find fault with him.

transformed the boy into a man. He couldn't speak when his mother came to him and let him to the sofa on which his sister lay. He only knelt down beside her, and, burying his face in her golden hair, sobbed aloud.

That was the end of Harry's worst fault. Never, even with the most triv-

ial to gs, did he let "well enough take e place of "well done."

LITANY OF JOAN OF ARC.

The Roman Pontiffs in their sovereign capacity have repeatedly warned the faithful to be on their guard and not allow themselves to be deceived either by their enemies or pious "cranks" within the fold. If it were permitted us to unite our voice with that of the Sovereign Pontiff, we would do so most cheerfully to condemn the toolish novelties superimposed upon our most admir-

diseas J mit is or perhaps have a worse and more vicious origin.

Not only years ago a book was published in France in favor of devotion to the blood of the Blessed Virgin; then a hysterical nun gave the public a lengthy pamphlet on the heart of St. Joseph; an English devotee contended in a two hundred page volume that the Virgin Mary was present with her Divine Son in the Blessed Eucharist, and soon after and Harry went out.

At the gate stood Luke Galway, who was going with him to Westly Farm.

Luke had bought one of the setter pupples himself, and so was interested this, appeared a dissertation from a Frenchman contending that the Blessed Virgin, really and physically, lived be-fore the creation of our planet. A Ger-man wrote a treatise to prove that the heart of Jesus was the center of the universe, and that the Holy Trinity was obedient to the voice of the Mother of Our Lord.

me to leave this letter for Henry."

"Bother! It's a mile out of our way!" said Luke. "We'd much better stop on our way back. We won't have the puppy to earry then."

"All right; I guess that'll do well enough," rejoined Harry. "I don't suppose there's any hurry about the letter. So long as Henry gets it some time today, I needn't worry." And now comes a pious fraud who has written a Litany of the Blessed Joan of written a Litary of the Biessed Joan of Arc, with a promise that whoever recites it for nine days will never be damned. The Church is having a hard time of it with her enemies attacking her from without, and her foolish friends,

day, I needn't worry."

The disposal of the puppy and the tour of the Westly farm stables and kennels occupied some time. It was nearly dusk when the boys started for home.

"It's an awful nuisance having to take that letter," said Luke. "I wish from within, subjecting her to ridicule. Within her fold there are those who prophesy and have visions and calumniprophesis and have these visions and prophecies have the approval of the Church. What does it mean? Are now we'd stopped on our way ont."

Harry wished so, too, when they at length reached the old house in which the Forest family lived, and found only the cld waylers he was a second or the second of t these absurdities and hallucinations founded on faith or piety? Decidedly not. They have their origin often in ignorance or in a diseased mentality and Mrs. Forest opened the door for them and insisted on their coming in. ometimes, in perfidy itself. It is de-"Henry's gone to the city—taken a job of work there," she said. "Mr. Spring promised to let him know if he plorable that these productions find their way into Catholic homes where they tempt to superstition, make re-ligion ridiculous and endanger faith, the supreme possession of the Christian.

could give him a place in the saw-mill, for it went hard with him to go away from home. But no word came; so Henry thought there wasn't any use of losing a bird in the hand for one in the bush, and he started off at 6 o'clock." One must read Pusey's "Errors of Romanism," or some late production of infidel France, to understand the loud laughter of the enemies of our Church as they enumerate these absurdities and quote them as if they carried with Harry felt chagrined and mortified when he returned the letter to his father, and explained why he had not them the weight and authority of Ponti-fical encyclicals or decrees of Ecumeni-"It's a great pity." said the mill-owner. "Henry is a thoroughly re-liable workman, and just the man we needed at this time. I couldn't make cal Councils.

The Catholic Church has done and will always do its duty touching these emanations from eccentric men and women. One has but to look over the catalogue of the books on the Index to be informed of the long series of these so-called spiritual or ascetical books, meditations, indulgenced prayers, ex-travagant lives of saints, revelations, false visions, stigmatas and ecstasies, indulgences, invented and sold by printers, and innumerable superstitions, deceits and frauds, condemned by the Church. The Church now and at all One evening, not long after this, when Harry put the cows in the barn-yard, he found that the wooden bar times has condemned and reprobated all these tomfooleries, which is a sufficient answer to those who would hold her re-sponsible for what she cannot prevent. hich always went across the gate, was

Catholics, the world over, are in pos-session of the Bible, the works of the fathers and doctors of the Church, the hurry for his supper to go for one.

"I guess it will do well enough if I put a plank up against the gate," he thought. "The cows aren't likely to try to get out."

But the plank was put up so carelessly, that it fell down when one of the hogs rubbed up against it, and the gate opened at the touch of Brown Betty's horns.

The next morning the family were startled by the announcement that the cows were not in the yard, and when odor of suspicion.-Intermountain Catholic.

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May now the Christian nations seek May now the Christian nations seek the protection of Mary with an ardor growing greater every day; let them cling more and more to the practice of the Rosary, to that devotion which our ancestors were in the habit of practising, not only as an ever-ready remady for their misfortunes. Christian piety.—Pope Leo XIII.

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STARK MADNESS.

DR. LAMBERT'S CAUSTIC COMMENTS ON

A wealthy old bachelor out in Stark County, Onio, announces that he has been studying social economy for fifteen years, and has finally come to a conclusion. The conclusion is that the intelligent and progressive women of Stark county do not want the trouble of raising children, and in consideration of this aversion to trouble he advocates the establishment of a home to which newly-born babes can be taken and kept until they are fifteen years of age.

This system of social economy would, he thinks, result in the disappearance of old maids and bachelors who do not like to face the burden of caring for children.

the to face the burden of caring for children.

This is very simple, but there is yet a simpler plan, says Rev. Dr. Lambert in the New York Freezan's Journal, one which the taxpayers would consider more economic and better for the infantry of the nation.
It is to establish asylums where bach-

elors and "intelligent and progressive" bacheloresses who are avid of the pleasures of life while opposed to the corresponding burdens, might be sent and eared for kindly but firmly. The male and female apartments of said asylums might be senarated by a wall 150 fet to might be separated by a wall 150 feet high with sharp iron or steel spikes at the top, to prevent accidents. The in-mates should be put on a strictly vegetable diet with unlimited use of water, until they showed incontestible signs of moral reformation. On giving satisfactory assurance that they would no longer indulge in foolish notions, they might be let loose on trial. This plan would, more than that of the Stark county onomist, tend to reduce the number of both genders, and leave the care of the infantry to honest, moral, loving, devoted, big - hearted mothers, who see in the appealing little faces in the cradles a precious gift of God; to mothers whose chosen field of social economy is the childful home with its sweet young voices, and not the public hall where childless social reformers love to meet and talk, talk, talk, and have their names and their insipid faces in the

papers.

If we must have asylums let them be for the bachelors and the "progressive" female economists; leave the children

The respectable mothers of Stark county should call the wealthy old bachelor economist to order and give him a piece of their mind, if not a ducking, for his misrepresentation of them.

MISSION TO NON-CATHOLICS.

The mission band from the Apostolic Mission House at Washington, D. C., led by Very Rev. A. P. Doyle, its rector, has completed a wonderful series of missions in this region. Their most notable achievement was the three weeks' mission just ended in the Paulist Church, Old St. Mary's, of this city. This is in the heart of the burnt district. Not only was Old St. Mary's parish entirely destroyed, but all its neighbor-Ing parishes were likewise wiped out for miles in every direction. It is a marvel-ous example of the recuperation of San Francisco that this mission has been the most successful in the history of Old St.
Mary's Church and spacious as the
mewly restored enurch is, on many
mights five and six hundred were turned

away from the mission for want of room.

The most solid attraction of the mission was Father Doyle's appeal, in the name of the Holy Father, for the establishment of the People's Eucharistic League, Three hundred charter members were enrolled, as a result of constant and energetic preaching. These are pledged to frequent Communion, daily when possible. Each mem! er devotes an hour every month to continuous adoration, the schedule being so arranged that this

forms a perpetual adoration.
Old St. Mary's is the chapel of the
Wall Street district of San Francisco. It is the purpose of the Eucharistic League to draw financiers and business men to church during the noon hour. Every Friday at noon there will be Exrmon, and Benediction of Blessed Sacrament.

This undertaking has been specially urged on the hierarchy by His Holiness Plus X. was hopes to see the Eucharistic League organized in every parish, and efforts put forth by churc hes in all the business districts of large cities to draw men away from the cares of the world for a brief season eac't day to adore in spirit and truth their Sacra-

Father Doyle is now conducting a similar mission in the Cathedral at Cheyenne, Wyoming.

THE POPE AND THE BOYS.

The Holy Father, since he ascended the papal throne, has been the author of happy innovations at the Vatican. During the first year of his pontificate he held public audiences on Sunday afternoons in the Cortile di San Damaso when he took occasion to speak to the assembled thousands on the gospel of the day. These audiences were a real treat to the faithful of Rome, who flocked Sunday after Sunday to hear the telling words of the Vicar of Christ. They were occasions when one could see the Pope as the great pastor of the Church of Christ, and no one listened to his simple cloquence without being moved to do better things in the ser-

The zeal of the Holy Father, however, was too much for his strength, and to his regret he was compelled to abandon these Sunday homilies.

Recently he inaugurated another pleasing custom, that of receiving in special audience the boys and girls who have just made their first Holy Communon. The custom speaks much for the beauty of the Holy Father's character and while he manifests in this way his affection for the young, he encourages them at the same time in the path of

Every Sunday the boys and girls can be seen wending their way joyfully up the Borgo Nuovo to the bronze doors of the Vatican to see "il Papa." It is a touching sight; many of them have received the Eucharistic Sacra-

ment that same morning, while the girls wear the white veils which covered their heads when they approached the altar for the first time. As usual, the Holy Father is very gracious and, if not over-fatigued takes this opportunity to say a few words of advice to his young friends. It is another light on the Pope's character, and shows how intimately he is in touch with every phase of the Church's work. — Rome Correspondent, Boston Pilot.

CATHOLIC SOCIAL CENTRES.

An experiment is about to be tried on a large scale in Chicago, which will no doubt be closely followed in other Catholic centres. It is proposed, so news notes from the Lake City inform us, to establish social centres in almost every Cathole, parish in that city in cylor to Catholic parish in that city in order to bring together the younger element of Catholic social circles in closer affilia-Catholic social circles in closer affiliation with the Church and to win their help in the vast work of drawing the poor and lowly into closer contact with her influence. The idea, one of the evidences of the broad progressiveness which has marked Archbishop Quigley's administration of that important see, is not an entirely new one. Here and there and in a restricted and limited way the plan has been modestly carried into execution and always with a measure of success which amply repaid the zealous pastor for the sacrifice the undertaking entailed. undertaking entailed.

The cramped quarters of parish buildings have been made to provide buildings have been made to provide amusement halls where young men may gather to enjoy themselves every night; assembly halls have been somehow secured to be used for parties, entertainments and social gatherings; courses of popular lectures have been arranged for and those most likely to be benefited by such helps have been encouraged to appreciate their influence. But nowhere before has the idea taken form, demanding the erection of many form, demanding the erection of many new and fittingly equipped buildings in different parts of a city and an expendi-

the changes incident to our develop-ing social conditions are beginning to make clear to us the need of new manners of activity in religious work among our people. True, mere material well-being, and the improving of existent conditions in the world's ways ente but indirectly into the comprehension of the Church's ministerial dealing with men, nevertheless the accidental in-fluence of physical conditions upon the spiritualizing of the life of the masses has never been and can never be ignored by those whose duty it is "to renew all things in Christ."

Our non-Catholic friends have long one non-tanone friction in their energetic use of the advantages of social centres in their church life. We social centres in their church life. We may and do honestly criticize many of may and do honestly criticize many of the methods they follow; we must refuse to accept the tendency many of them show to place the material welfare of men among the essentials of their striv-ing, but the theory underlying their efforts is entirely defensible. These centres keep the members in close touch with one another and with the Church, community of parish interests is fostered, and friendliness of sympathy and considerate kindness go out in them to those of the centre especially needing the impulse which sympathy and kind-ness arouse. Through the influence of these centres men and women are drawn within the circle of the higher religious and supernatural life of the Church and the essential power of religious work can then at least be attempted among

The problem facing us Catholics to-The problem facing us Catholes today is to find out how to lessen and eliminate the recognized defects of such centres, and to preserve and strengthen their good qualities. That they are needed in our Church's active life seems almost evident. With eagerness, then, we shall await the outcome of the Chicago experiment announced as actually cago experiment announced as actually under way.—America.

POPE DESIRES HOLY SEPULCHRE IN ROME.

X. MAY SECURE PRIZE WHICH NATIONS STRUGGLED TO POSSESS FOR CENTURIES.

Christianity all over the world will be startled, suggests "Dunois," writing in the Pailadelphia Evening Bulletin, if Pope Pius should astonish the world by securing for Christianity a prize which has caused the death of millions in the has caused the death of millions in the attempt to procure. For it now seems certain that to the Papacy will accrue these priceless possessions which have caused the slaughter of hosts in past cross who caused the standard to wish the second to be seen ages who sought to win back to Christian peoples the relics which are most identified with the origin of their re-

ligion. According to the report, says " Du-nois," the Porte is to be asked to release these treasures and Christianity is o indemnify the Sultanic treasures their return, and if it be true that Pope Pius has set his mind on bringing about the translation of the Holy Places, then the world will soon be immersed in re reading the centuries of history depict-ing the indescribable efforts made from the time of Peter the Hermit, followed by a centary of crusades for the expul-sion of the infidel and the supremacy of the Christians in the birthplace of

Christianity.

The action of Pius X. in reviving the question of the Holy Places has roused mingled emotions among the statesmer of the various countries interested in the future of Turkey. Not long ago the German Emperor gave hints that Germany, as the preponderating power in Europe, ought to take charge of Jerusalem, and it was said to be in furtherance of this view that the Kaiser a few years ago made his spectacular voyage to the Holy Land and founded a Lutheran

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"While I feel deeply the honor and responsibility that have been conferred on

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temple among the sacred edifices identi-fied with the Passion of Christ.

The translation to Rome of all the authentic relics associated with the drama of Galilee involves the transport of such masses of stone, mortar, and sacerdotal objects equal to the remova of a good-sized city. Far among other treasures dear to the faithful are the supposed tombs of Adam, Melchizedek, Joseph and Nicodemus. The tombs of the Crusading Kings, Godfrey and Baldwin, are regarded as almost as sacred as the Nazarene objects. Everything mentioned in the New Testament is shown the pilgrim and these comprising the tomb of Christ, the tomb of Mary the Blessed Virgin-everything in fine connected with the Passion and the Resurrection. The Holy Sepulchre is the heart of all the mysterious relics. The ante-chamber is entered by a low doorway, and there the pilgrim is shown the stone that was rolled away from the tomb. Then comes a cell about $6\frac{1}{2}$ feet in length by 6 feet wide, and perhaps 4 feet in height. Then the eye rests on the "hollow rock" which Joseph of Arimathea made ready for sepulture. Before this forty-three lamps burn from century to century. It is this relic above all others which Pius X. has set his heart upon translating to the city of the Popes.

AN IRISH CHAPEL CAR.

One of the interesting features of the proceedings at the great Eucharistic Congress was the address of Father Ambrose Coleman on the state of religion during the span of time indefinitely indicated in the term " the penal days in Ireland. The pictures of the persecu-tion and the devices resorted to by the persecuted in order that the practice of religion might not die out in the land would form a great theme for novelis

or dramatist, as well as a historical painter. One device resorted to then suggests the origin of our now famous Chapel Car in this continent. The Irish had it a century and a half before us, though their car did not run on rails, as ours does. The people of Carrigabolt, a southern townland, had what they called "The Ark," a travelling chapel on vheels with windows all around, so as to enable the people assembled at the crossroads to see all the action of the priest while celebrating the Holy Sacrifice. This was the plan resorted to at the time when every landlord in the locality refused to allow chapel to be built on the land. Several of the surviving Catholic landlords had private chapels wherein Mass used had private chapels wherein Mass used to be furtively celebrated by some disguised travelling priest. It was in one of those private chapels that the incident which was related by the late Canon Doyle of Ramsgrange, in County Wexford, which resulted in the limbless birth of the late Mr. Arthur MacMurangh, took, place History rough Kavanagh took place. His mother, an English lady, had got into a passion on discovering a private chapel in the family mansion, and in her fury broke the crucifix placed above the

age, a spectacle for pity and wonder for all the world. The literature of the Mass in the Penal Days in Ireland, if collected, would form one of the most thrilling chapters in the history of re-ligion.—Catholic Standard and Times.

THE SOCIETY OF JESUS.

Spokane, Wash., Sept.-Rev. Herman J. Goller, president of Gonzaga College of Spokane, has been selected as provincial of the new province of the Jesuit order, with jurisdiction over twenty-six colleges and residences in southern California, Alaska, Washington, Oregon, Montana, Idaho, North Dakota, South Dakota and Wyoming, with head-quarters at Portland. The district is now the largest province in America. He will be succeeded as head of the college by Rev. L. Taelman, who has been active in the northwest for years.

The elevation of Father Goller marks the retirement of the Very Rev. George de la Motte, who has been superior of the Jesuits in the Northwest for nine years. When the Rocky mounfor nine years. When the Rocky mountain and California missions were merged, two years ago, Father de la Motte, who had been superior of the Rocky mountain mission for seven years, was chosen superior of the consolidated missions. Father de la Motte goes to St. Ignatius mission, in Montana, where he will succeed Father Taelman.

Father Goller was ordained at Wood-stock, Md., by Cardinal Gibbons in 1899, while Father Taelman was ordained at St. Aloysius Church in Spokane, by Bishop Edward John O'Dea, Bishop of Seattle, in 1898. Both have been closely identified with the expansion of Catholicism in the Northwest. Many years have been spent by each in teaching, both having been chosen to teach members of the Jesuit order making

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setting your milk in your dairy and you will find that the MAG-NET continues to take out all the butter fat, as it did at first. If you have a cheap machine, you will find it is wasting your money every day, because it has lost its grip and does not skim as it did at first. Buy a MAGNET and stop that waste.

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me by the general of the Jesuits in Rome, it is not without a pang of regret that I think of leaving my many friends in Spokane, where I have labored for twenty years," said Father Goller yesterday. "I have not yet decided where I will make my headquarters.

"Geographically, Portland should be the center, but I may decide to make

"Geographically, Portland should be the center, but I may decide to make Spokane my headquarters. If I should have to choose Portland because of its geographical advantages, you may depend on it I shall visit Spokane as often as my official duties will allow.

"After leaving here I shall go at once to southern California, where I will inspect the houses of the order. I will

to southern Cantornia, where I will then spect the houses of the order. I will then go to our residences in the Dakotas, after which I shall visit the missions in Wyoming and Montana. I shall then visit Spokane, arriving the latter part of October."

The Christian Brothers Purchase Site for a Novitiate.

Last week the Mother House of the Christian Brothers in Montreal through Brother T. Edward, visitor, paid down the purchase money and were given possession of a 16 acre fruit farm in East Toronto. The property is planted with 1,250 large fruit trees and some 20,000 smaller ones. It is 1 1-2 miles from York Station and quite close to the House of Providence property.

The Brothers will erect a large space ous building early next spring for the young men and boys who are studying for admittance to the order. This insti-tution will be known as the St. Joseph's Junior Novitiate. There are at present twelve students in the temporary quar-ters which were fitted up last year in the rooms loaned by the Separate School Board in the De La Salle Building, 28 Duke street. These will be removed to East Toronto just as soon as the new building is completed.

The vocation of Christian teachers

appeals to all true Catholic hearts as a appeals to all true Catholic hearts as a most noble one more especially as error and irreligion, are waging such a warfare against immortal souls. Our Holy Father, Pope Pius X, as well as his illustrious predecessor, is an ardent friend and protector of religious teachers and has tayon special pains to assure and has taken special pains to assure

them of his fatherly care.
St Joseph's Junior Novitiate will re-St Joseph s Junior Novitiae with re-ceive young men and boys who wish to join the order of the Christian Brothers. They will be prepared for the academic examinations prescribed by the De-partment of Education for teachers' certificates. They will afterwards at-tend the Provincial Normal School be-fore entering upon their religious trainbroke the crucifix placed above the altar. Trampling on it as it lay on the floor, she broke the extended figure of the Saviour, leaving the body limbless. When her son and heir came to be born he was like the dismembered important of the dismember of the dism

> It is of faith that God always answers right prayers, and in a way and in a degree beyond our most enthusiastic expectations; but He does not yet let u see how. We must take it on faith. We are quite sure that in the long run we shall not be disappointed. — Father

There are some whom you would not at first call handsome, whose faces grow on you with constant acquaintance until they become beautiful to you. For you see the soul shining through, you s splendor of a noble character glorifying every feature. A true beauty in the soul will often come out in the sweetness, the brightness, the quiet glory of the face.

ST. ANTHONY'S CHURCH.

CORNER-STONE OF NEW TORONTO EDIFICE IS LAID Toronto Globe, Sept. 13.

Goller Grown Corners of New Toronto Globe, Sept. 13.

"In these days when religion is trembling in the balance, when the so-called higher critics are tearned was the confersion of the faith, here in the Catholic Church there is laid that comer-stone which will never be removed. Times may change but this stone which is the priesthood of Christ, on the higher calling away the corner-stone of St. Anthony's new Roman Catholic Church, on the northeast corner of Shanley street and Gladstone avenue.

Wood-ons in ordain-box and the laying of the corner-stone of St. Anthony's corner of Shanley street and Gladstone avenue.

Archbishop McEvay performed the ceremony at 3 o'clock, Rev. James Walsh, pastor of St. Helen's Church, and Rev. P. Coyle, pastor of the Church of the Holy Family, assisted in the capacity of deacon and sub-deacon respectively and the litanies were chanted by Brother Mundolph. A body of the Knights of St. John also took part in the ceremony. Father J. J. McGrand, pastor of the new church and formerly curate of St. Helen's Church, acted as Master of Ceremonies.

Beneath the corner-stone were placed the current coins of the realm, and newspapers, the Catholic strength is 13 feet and the wind, the way of the new several an mission of the corner stone were placed the current coins of the realm, and newspapers, the Catholic several an mission of the corner stone were placed the current coins of the realm, and newspapers, the Catholic several an mission of the corner stone were placed the current coins of the realm, and newspapers, the Catholic several an mission of the corner stone were placed the current coins of the realm, and newspapers, the Catholic several an mission of the corner stone were placed the current coins of the realm, and newspapers, the Catholic several and mission of the corner stone were placed the current coins of the realm, and newspapers, the Catholic several and mission of the corner stone were placed the current coins of the realm, and newspapers, the Catholic several and mission of

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form to.

Archbishop McEvay then spoke briefly, congratuating the people of St. Anthony's parish on the thurch and pastor.

The Old Class.

Why, Father, is it really you? Or was it June of '89.?
Eh? Surely you remember me?"
The Bishop, questioningly, scans
With kindly eyes the ragged man's
Rude aspect, and essays to trace
Some look familiar in his face.
No?" says the man, and his bleared eyes
Wear something of a pained surprise;
We went to school together then—
Eh? Yes, you've got me now! I'm Ben.
How things have changed since them old days
The old boys scattered different ways—
Who? Me? Oh! yes!'m doin' fine;
Though things is quiet in my line,
I've got a little scheme in sight
That's certain sure to pan out right—
The other boys? They—tell the truth—
Ant tilled the promise o' their youth.
Most all the fellows in our class
Has pretty nearly gone to grass.

Most all the fellows in our class
Has pretty nearly gone to grass.
Has pretty nearly gone to grass.
Bill had his father's store, but failed,
And Johnny Brown's in Texas—jailed;
Jack White was workin' in a store,
But I don't see him much no more—
And so it goes with all the rest,
Good fellows, chances of the best,
Good fellows, chances of the best,
In fact, when all is said and done,
Not one of our old class, not one
Of all them boys that once we knew
Amounts to much but me and you!"

A. Daly, in Philadelphia Catholic Standard an

Clerical Changes.

His Grace the Archbishop of Toronto has bee eased to make the following clerical changes an propointments.

Very Rev. M. Moyna to be parish priest and Dean Wery Rev. M. Moyna to be parish priest and Dean Rev. John J. Egan, deceased:

Rev. James Trayling to be parish priest of Orillia neucossion to Kev. Father Moyna;

a succession to Kev. Father Moyna;

neucoscino to Kev. Father Moyna;

neucoscino to Kev. Father Trayling, appointed to Orilliansead of Rev. Father Trayling, appointed to Orilliansead of R o be assistant at Barrie

JOHN T. KIDD, Chancellor. Toronto, Sept. 13, 1909

The Noontide Hour.

The Noontide Hour.

"Hold the Crucifix before you, and dwell upon he humility, the long suffering, the gentleness of he Blessed Saviour, the tenderness for others. He and only in this way draw all men unto Him, so we must be forgiving."—E. R. S. P.

O Jesus Saviour of the world. Who for our sakes was at this mountide hour nailed to the Cross, stretch forth those hands once wounded for our sins, and be our saving help now, and at the hour of our death. Amen. Pater, Ave, and Gloria.

Brother Benedict of the Crucifix, III O. S. F.

Brother Benedict of the Crucifix, III O. S. F.

A. D. 1990.

MARRIAGE.

FILGIANO-COSTELLO.—On Sept. 15th 1909, at St. Patrick's Church, Hamilton, by Rev. J. F. Coty, Nora Kathleen Costello to Fred M. Filgiano, New Westminster, B. C.

DIED.

SWAIN.—In Kemptville, on Sept Michael Swain, native of county Wi aged ninety-eight years, May his peace! peace1
O'COMOR.—At the residence of her brother-in-law
Andrew O'Comor. Esq., Mayor of Godmanchester,
P. Q., Miss Annie Walsh, third daughter of the late
Walter and Mary Walsh, River Outard, Huntingdon,
Co., P. Q.

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Female teacher for the Holy Cross reparate Female teacher for the Holy Cross separatechool, MacLeod, Alberta. Apply stating salary to ohn Ryan, secretary.

John Ryan, secretary.

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preferred. Duties to commence Jan. 3rd, 1910. State
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