### The Little Boy and His Dream.

The Little Boy smiled in his sleep that night, As he wandered to Twilight Town; And his face lit up with a heavenly light Through the shadows that drifted down: But he woke next morning with tear-stained in the light of the gray dawn's gleam, And out from the stillness we heard him cry: "I've lost my dream—my dream!"

And he told us then in his childish way.
Of the wonderful dream he'd known:
He had wandered away from the land of play
To the distant Land of the Grown:
He had won his share of the fame and fight
In the struggle and toil of men:
And he sobbed and sighed in the breaking light:
"I want my dream again!"

For he dreamed of the Yesterdays of Youth,

### DID THEY DIE CATHOLICS?

-GRANTLAND RICE in Catholic Columbian

Antigonish Casket.
A good deal of negative testimony A good deal of negative testimony has been offered from time to time to prove that Shakespeare was a Catholic. The absence of Protestantism in his writings is certainly very noticeable, but in this respect some of his contemporaries resemble him. Macaulay argues from this that the great mass of the English people at that time was neither Catholic nor Protestant. "They were sometimes Protestants, sometimes Catholic nor Protestants, sometimes Catholic nor Protestants, sometimes Catholic nor Protestants." sometimes Protestants, sometimes Catholics: sometimes half-Protestants, half-Catholics," he writes in his essay on Burleigh and his Times. And again: "The religion of the English was a mixed religion, like that of the Samari-tan settlers, described in the Second and served their graven images: 'like that of the Judaising Christians who blended the ceremonies and doctrines of the synagogue with those of the like that of the Mexican Indians, who during many generations after the subjugation of their race, continued to unite with the rites learned from their conquerors the worship of the grotesque idols which had been adored by Montezuma and Guatemozin." The brilliant essayist seems not to have seen that he was giving his country-men a very bad character in religious matters. We have often dwelt upon the spirit of compromise which makes the Englishmen of to-day either half-Protestant and half-Catholic or half-Christian and half rationalist. But we would have hesitated to compare him with the Samaritans or the Mexican Indians. At any rate, it is this mixed religion which Macaulay believes led Shakespeare to make his Friars holy men and represent the Ghost in Hamlet as speaking of Extreme Unction and Purgatory. He suspects that these lines would have raised a tremendous storm in the theatre at any time during the reign of Charles II. They were clearly not written by a zealous Protestant, or for zealous Protestants. Yet the author of "King John" and "Henry VIII. was surely no friend to Papal supremacy." As to "King John" the

As to the question of Milton's having died a Catholic, we regard it as of more importance, not that it would make him, any more than Shakespeare, a Catholic poet, but because Milton was a strenuous opponent of the Catholic Church, which Shakespeare never was. To find such a man as this acknowledging his religious errors, in those last days of life when he can have no worldly motive for doing so, is a notable trium h for Catho-The reason for suspecting that Milton became a Catholic in the end. we laid before our readers a few weeks ago, namely the statement made by Sir Christopher Milton, younger brother of the poet. Sir Christopher was a Judge in the reign of Charles II., and on the of Warwick he told several gentlemen that his brother the poet was a Catholic for some years before his death. One who heard Sir Christopher make this statement was Dr. William Binks or Binckes, Dean of Lichfield and a Fellow of Peterhouse College, Cambridge. On November 5, 1704, thirty years after the poet's death, Dr. Binckes preached a sermon before the House of Commons, at St. Margart's, Westminister, in the course of which it back.

was anything. Great minds are strong-

ly tempted to hew a path for themselves

says Newman, has always been a rebel against God. We know that Shakes-

peare's father paid fines for not attend-

ing Protestant worship, and a Church of

the poet "dyed a Papist."

ounty of Gloucestershire declared that

for his own sake, but as far as literature

is concerned it matters not; although Carlyle called him the flower of Catho-

licism, he can never be counted a Cath-

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he said that "a Popish Judge in the late reign declared publicly of his own knowledge that the great Champion of the Puritan cause, and who is supposed to have writ himself blind in defence of it, was a Roman Catholick." This sermon was printed at the request of the House of Commons, and the statement just quoted was made more definite by the following footnote: "Judge Milton, a professed Papist, in his cir-cuit at Warwick, affirmed to several gentlemen and justices that his brother Milton, the famous author, was of his re-

length by Monsignor Barnes in the June number of the Cambridge Review. He notes that besides the statement of Sir Christopher Milton, there is a second line of tradition, which comes second line of tradition, which comes through Lord Dorset, a patron of men of letters, and a friend of Milton's, who often told Prior, the poet, the same thing. Mgr. Barnes then turns to consider how these statements agree with what we know of Milton's last years from other sources. The late Professor Masson, of Edinburgh University, was considered the greatest authority of our sidered the greatest authority of our time on matters concerning Milton. He tells us that in his last years "Milton ceased to attend any church, belonged to no religious community, and had no religious observances in his family. This is exactly what would appear on the outside, if he was secretly practising the Catholic religion, at a time when the penal laws were in full force. For all the violence of his language, Milton never seemed to have any hankering for the martyr's crown. The pamphlet, "Of True Religion," which he published in 1673, shows that he could not have been 1673, shows that he could not have been a Catholic at that time, but its tone was so moderate compared with his earlier writings that Professor Masson calls it "diluted Miltonism indeed." And, as Mgr. Barnes points out, "the publica-tion of such a document at the begin-ning of 1673 is by no means irreconcileable with a reception into the Catholic Church before November 1674, eighteen or twenty months afterwards. It is no uncommon phenomenon that a man on the verge of a great change of opinion or belief should issue to the world a pamphlet on the other side, arguing against the tenets which are steadily forcing themselves upon his unwilling mind and trying to find an unwilling initial and try and anchorage where he may ride out in anchorage where he may ride out in safety the storm he sees approaching."

The Tablet adds: Milton's tract, "Of True Religion," may have been what Newman's article on "The Catholicity of the Catholic Church was, his arrow." It is to be hoped that the occasion of the Milton Tercentenary and Exhibition, now being held at Cambridge, may help to throw further light on this interesting question.

#### THE ROMEWARD MOVEMENT BY A DISTINGUISHED CONVERT.

DR. MCGARVEY POINTS OUT TRUE MEAN-

Rev. William McGarvey, until recently rector of St. Elizabeth's Protestant Episcopal church, Philadelphia, writes as follows in an article on "The Purpose of the Catholic Movement in the Episcopal Church: Pope is merely resisted on the ground

Pope is merely resisted on the ground that he is encroaching upon England's political independence, and such passages in "Henry VIII." as that in which Cranmer predicts the future greatness of Elizabeth are now credited by the critics to Fletcher, not Shakeby the critics to Fletcher, not Shakespeare. In the case of the great dramatist we prefer to take Newman's view, He is a foolish man who closes his eyes by the crities to Fletcher, not Shakespeare. In the case of the great dramatist we prefer to take Newman's view, that Shakespeare's "great mind did not condescend to the direct inculcation of a private or sectarian creed." In the approach of James I. an unfriendly representation of Catholic ministers and sentation of the direct inculation of mark I was a helples and precise of the Catholic party will be brought to an end, and the labors of wears given to the winds. So by mani-That Shakespeare was a Catholic if he was anything, we have always believed ment had had its day and that reformation must now begin. It is a reformation that will not rest satisfied with the but we have never felt so sure that he doffing of a biretta. It will insist upon going down to the skirts of the clothing. It will tune the pulpit and hush therein in religious matters : man's intellect. the call to penance and the claims of sacerdotal authority. In due time, how-ever, slowly, it will eliminate everything which may offend the susceptibilities of Protestants, for whose com-England parson in the neighboring panionship the Episcopal Church is so

earnestly stretching out her arms.

This disposition to turn to the Protestant bodies, and to make common cause with them, is not confined to the Episcopal Church in this country. Throughout the world, where Anglican festing itself. In England, in Canada, in Australia as well as in the United States, it is toward the churches of the Reformation that the Episcopal Church is everywhere turning her face. At first it seemed that this was the result of the ascendency of a new and foreign prin-ciple with Anglicanism: that broad churchism had simply by the force of worldly influence captured the Episcopal church and was committing her to line of action contrary to her essential life. A careful reading of history, and the consideration of the whole phenomenon of the Anglican communion will convince the thoughtful student that this is not so. The Episcopal Church in moving towards the other Protestant churches is but instinctively surrendering herself to the logical current of her own real life. That life has long been pent up behind the dykes of High Church theories. But those theories are giving way one by one before the pressure of an energy impatient to be free. And before very long Anglicanism will be rushing onward to the end to which its origin predestined it, and from which no power can any longer hold

without a purpose? Have all the prayers, and tears, and sacrifices been in vain, and as water poured upon the earth? Most certainly not. Nothing which is done in God's name and for the advancement of His glory can ever be in vain. It all contributes to the working

out of the final purpose of the divine will. But that purpose may be mis-understood or be entirely hidden from our eyes. Ofttimes we work on in the darkness with no glimpse of the ultimate object which God has in view in making use of our efforts. So it was in the case of the apostles. They accepted the heavenly calling and surrendered their all at the bidding of Christ. But they conceived that the end for which, with their Divine Master, they were laboring was that the kingdom might again be restored to Israel. Such however, was not the purpose of Him Whom they serve. His aim was to merge into the world-wide kingdom of the Catholic Church. Israel's glory was never to be restored. Israel itself was to be lost in an empire wherein nationality would count for nothing. How overwhelming was the disappointment of the disciples when the crisis of Maundy Thursday and Good Friday made it clear to them that the hope which they had cherished would never be realized. It looked as if the movement which Christ had inaugurated had ignominiously failed. Failed indeed had all the dreams of racial pride and exclusiveness. But the purpose of God, which was that He might gather together into one the nations that were scattered abroad, had not failed. Through the grave of earth-ly sorrow and disappointment those were redeemed from rejected Israel passed into the new kingdom of the Catholic Church, where there is neither Jew, nor Greek, nor any other

novement in the Church of England.

Those who have been identified with it have dreamed that it would result in a restitution of the ancient glory and beauty which was the Church of Eng-land's before she fell away from the faith which once was hers. In time of apparent success and of temporary quiescence of the Protestant spirit we thought that our expectations would be realized, and that the Episcopal Church would accept the whole cycle of Catholic faith and practice. Again and again we seemed on the eve of triumph, and, like the disciple of old, we asked: "Lord, wilt Thou not at this time restore again the kingdom of Israel?" Again and again God tried to show us that such was not His purpose. The gift of permanency has never been bestowed upon any work of the Catholic party in the Episcopal Church. The land is dotted over with the churches and in have toiled with an unsurpassed heroism, and for which they have even laid down their lives. But when these men were gone their work was brought to an ING OF THE CATHOLIC MOVEMENT IN CHURCH OF ENGLAND. shepherd, and the material fabric which they had so laboriously reared was turned over into the hands of those who cared nothing for the principles which the buildings had been designed to perpetuate. The same fate awaits every parish and institution High churchmen hear His voice saying to them: "This is not your rest," and to lift up their eyes to the vision of that kingdom whose bounds are to the uttermost parts of the earth. At length God's grace has demonstrated to those who have eyes to see that it was never the purpose of God to make the Episcopal Church as a body what we would fain have had her to be. It is clear now that the Catholic movement was not for the rehabilitation of the Church of England, but was the breath of the

> Anglicans and carrying them onward, little by little, to be gathered into the kingdom of the Catholic Church. And now that divine breath has brought those who have been yielding themselves to its influence so far that they are standing before the City of God. At the gate of this city stands Peter, living on still in his successor, to whom the Lord gave the charge, "Feed My lambs," "Feed my sheep." And through him the good ;Shepherd speaks in the accents of divine compassion, "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden," "Come for all things are now ready." Multitudes are hearing the voice of Jesus. Multitudes are in the valley of decision, and in every land many are the souls who, obedient to the heavenly calling, are braving the world's scorn and pen itently passing into the one fold of the holy Roman Church and therein are finding the certitude, the peace and the joy which they sought for in vain outside the City of God.

Spirit of God breathing upon individual

May the Divine Spirit open the eyes of all Anglicans to see the real purpose of the Catholic movement. And may those whom God in His mercy and goodness is now leading to the door of the

Has then the Catholic movement been nal loss but of them that in the simplicity of faith believe to the saving of the had happened.

### THE HOLYWELL MIRACLE.

A PROTESTANT'S REMARKABLE CURE OF PARALYSIS, -STORY OF HOW THE CURE WAS EFFECTED.

In our last issue we gave a brief account of the case of Mr. Daniel Mad-dock, a miner, living at Booth Street, Wereton, Audley, Staffordshire, who having suffered from paralysis for nearly five and a half years, regained the use of his limbs after bathing in St. Winefride's Well on Wednesday, July

On Saturday, one of our representa-tives visited Holywell, and had an interview with Mr. Maddock. That—whatever might have been the case in the past—Mr. Maddock was no longer a helpless cripple was evident from the fact that he was out walking when our representative called at the hotel. However, he soon returned in company with his wife, both being full of joy and gratitude for the great won-der that has been wrought in their

In the conversation that followed or of the most singular features of Mr. Maddock's cure came to light. Neither he nor any member of his family is a Catholic, and it was through the kindness of the Protestant Vicar of Audley and other non-Catholics that he had been enabled to travel to St. Winefride's

"is a Protestant. Some of us are Church people, and some belong to the chapels; but I never heard of a Catholic living in it. In fact, there is no priest or Catho lic church nearer than Newcastle-under Lyme, which is six or eight miles away.' "Catholics," remarked our representa-tive, "come to Holywell on account of their faith, but what induced you, a non-

Catholic to come here?"

"Faith brought me too," was the answer. "About four years ago I read in the papers that a man named Harrison had been cured, and, after that, of the cure of a little boy. I thought that what had been done for others might be done for me, and in Novem might be done for me, and in November of that year I came and bathed in the Well, but without any result.

The following July I came again, and after bathing felt some slight improvement. This strengthened my faith. although—having made up my mind that I was to be completely cured—I returned to Audley almost heartbroken at the thought that I was bringing my crutches back with me. I had hoped to come to Holywell every year since, but the strain of my long illness made it impossible to raise the necessary funds till this year, when our vicar, the Rev. Mr. Paulli, with Mrs. Paulli, and other

friends came to our assistance." "Did they share your faith?" "Well, now, I wouldn't say that. They thought the change would do me good, but I am nearly sure they did not believe I would ever walk again." Asked how he came to be paralysed, Mr. Maddock said: "I am a baker by trade, but about six years ago work became very bad at Audley. I might have found employment further on but have found employment further on, but I did not care to leave the village as my wife was ill. So I decided to go into the pit, and got work as an under datal-ler at Hapedale Colliery. One day, when I had been there six or seven months, a fall of timber took place everything for me in fact.'

What about the doctors." "What about the doctors.

"They did everything they could, but nothing was of any avail. Both my legs were very bad, but the left was absolutely useless, and I had literally to drag it after me when I managed to hobble about on crutches. Now, thank God, I am done with the crutches—they are below at the Well—and though I feel at times a bit nervous and weak, I am improving every day, and, as you see, am well able to walk with just the help of a stick. Oaly once since the 8th have I even thought that I wanted the

What were the circumstances of the

"On Monday, July 6th, I came into Holywell, dragging my leg after me. On Tuesday, I went to the service at the well and bathed. On Wednesday I went again." "Yes, interposed Mrs. Maddock, " I

didn't want him to go that day because it was raining; but he would go, and our little boy, who had but he would never been at the Well before, went with him. I was sitting at the window watching for them to come back when the boy came running up the stairs with the cry that his father was cured. The surprise made me quite ill."

Mr. Maddock, continuing, stated that

when he bathed in the Well on the Wednesday a peculiar sensation-one that he impossible to describe—came over him, and on emerging from water he discovered that he could dispense with the crutches, though, on lay-ing them aside, he found himself as helpless as a child who had never learned to walk, and had to be supported till he got into the way of using the feet that had so long been useless. The little boy, struck with astonishment, began to

had happened.
"I came after him," said Mr. Maddock, "and I will never forget the thanksgiving service that was held in the house, and at which everyone but ourselves were Catholies. Between the crawless of the growth of the growth. excitement of the cure and the crowds of people coming to congratulate me, I was so tired that I had to go to bed, but I was able to lie down without assist-ance—which I had not done for more

than five years."

The miracle has caused intense excitement at Holywell and in Audley When Mr. Maddock's relatives heard that he was able to walk they refused to credit the tale, and several cycled into Wales to find out the facts for themselves returning home quit satisfied as to the genuineness of the cure. People visiting St. Winefride's Well have called upon him in scores to get details of his case, which they have sent broadcast over England and Scot-

"I am glad my cure is to receive such widespread publication as you will give it," he told our reporter, "because the knowledge of it may reach many other poor creatures, who, suffering as I did may be given the courage and the faith to come to Holywell and be refaith to come to Holywell and be re-warded as I have been."

### "THOU SHALT NOT KILL."

It is impossible not to be struck, in aking up the morning papers, with the terrible increase in crimes by which and women deprive each other of Editorials declare that not within many years has the phenomenon of so strong a tidal murder wave been noted

in the country.

As a result of this wave of crime, at least five-eighths of the newspapers are filled with police news of a more or less tragical kind.

Of a newspaper, the news-sheets of which numbered eight, the writer re-cently counted the articles which dealt with criminal items of some sort or another. He found that they exceeded any other form of news in the propor-tion of seven to one. In other morning papers the proportion seemed to be about the same.

From all time, the crime of murder has been regarded as the most atroci-ous of which the human heart in its

outburst of wickedness, is capable.

The Almighty's first order to men. when the earth was cleared of the deluge. was that they should not imbue their hands in each other's blood. Again, among the precepts of the Old Law expounded by our Lord, the commandment not to kill, holds the very first place, it being certain that the disposition of man to remove from his path, those whom he hated, has ever been latent in his heart when the spirit of wickedness lured him on to the fullest expression of that

"I will require," says the Almighty,
"the blood of your lives at the hand of
every beast and at the hand of man."
There is a two-fold development in the

obligation; the one forbidding the depriving another of life, the other com-manding us to cherish sentiments of charity, concord and friendship towards

There are no injunctions, however, in regard to the killing of animals which are intended for the food of man. "When," says St. Augustine, "we hear the words that we are not to kill, it is to be understood that this prohibition does not extend to the fruits of the

human life, the magistrate's power to wield the sword is sacred and lawful in the case of murderers. The soldier, too, is without guilt who kills in his coun-

try's cause. Again if a man kills another in defence of his own life, having taken what precautions he could to avoid killing, he loes not violate the commandment not to kill. Unwilful ignorance that causes death is not murder.

It is strange, as the cathechism of the Council of Trent tells us, that the Jews were under the impression that to abstain from shedding human blood was enough to satisfy the obligation imposed by this commandment. Nevertheless, the Christian knows that the command is also spiritual, and that hatred and murder must be kept from our hearts. Many are, indeed, guilty of murder, if

not in act, at least in desire.

In the Holy Writ, God pours out the deepest execrations against the mur-derer, declares that of the very beast of the field he will exact vengeance for the life of man and commanding the beast that sheds human blood to be put to

The murderer, says the Psalmist, is the worst enemy of the species, and consequently of nature; to the utmost of his power, he destroys the universal work of God by the destruction of man for whom God declares He created all things. It is the crime which, born of hatred, the Spirit of Darkness prompts the weak heart to commit. To show how energetically the murderer is precipitated by the impulse of the devil into the commission of such an enormity, the Psalmist says: "Their feet are swift to shed blood."

der-lust. Says St. John: "He that hateth his brother is in darkness and one sheepfold have the fortitude to cry, and whilst the people at the Well walketh in darkness, and knoweth not enter therein, so that they may not be crowded round his father, offering up whither he goeth, because the darkness of the children who draw back to eter-thanksgivings and congratulations, he hath blinded his eyes. Hatred has been Catholic students.

called the "sin of the devil:" the devil was a murderer from the beginning, and God says of murderers "they were begotten of their father, the devil.—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

#### ANGLICAN BISHOP PRAISES CATHO-LIC TOLERANCE.

SIGNIFICANT EPISODE OF SUNDAY OBSER-

VANCE OF QUEBEC TERCENTENARY.

The Duke of Norfolk and other prominent visitors attended the solemn open-air Mass celebrated on the Plains of Abraham in honor of the Que-bec tercentenary. It was one of the most impressive as it was the most significant of the exercises of the week.

The Prince of Wales attended services at the Anglican Cathedral, The Anglican Bishop in his sermon thanked God for Champlain and for the French Catholic missionaries and settlers who came to the Canadian shores, teaching the country the things pertaining to the

kingdom of God. "As to the general spirit of our lives in this old city of Quebec," he said, "I would simply remind you of the fact that when the first English Bishop, Dr. Jacob Mountain, arrived here the French Bishop of that day, Msgr. Briand, went down to the wharf, and kissing him on both cheeks, said: 'It is high time Monsigner, that you came high time, Monsignor, that you came out to look after your people. It is in the same kindly spirit of charity and say, we have both lived together ever

#### CATHOLIC NOTES.

Rev. A. H. Easton, B. A., late curate of St. Peter's, Folkestone, was received into the Church at St. Augustine's Abbey, Ramsgate, on Sunday, July 13, by the Very Rev. Prior Egan, O. S. B.

A fund of fifty thousand pennies is being raised by the Catholic children in England for the erection of a monument to the late Cardinal Manning in the Westminster Cathedral.

The Catholics of the Archdiocese of St. Louis are about to erect a cathedral that will cost \$2,500,000. Half a million has already been subscribed by the different parishes.

Misses Pardee and Bullock, until reknown as Mother Edith and Sister Marianna, of the Protestant Episcopal Sisters of St. Mary, of Peekskill, N. Y., were received into the Church at St. Elizabeth's convent, (Mother Katharine Drexel) Cornwells, on Sunday evening, July 19, by Archbishop Ryan. They were given condi-tional baptism and were confirmed, and on Monday morning they received their first Holy Communion

The library of the Vatican was comenced 1417 years ago. It contains 40,-000 manuscripts, among which are some by Pliny, St. Thomas, St. Charles Bor-romeo and many Hebrew, Syrian, Arabian and Armenian Bibles.

The Rev. Denis T. O'Sullivan, S. J., formerly of Boston College and later president of St. Joseph's College, Phila-delphia, died suddenly July 20th at the College of the Holy Cross, Worcester, where he had been staying for the benefit of his health.

It is understood, according to a correspondent in Rome, that the Pope has drawn up a universal encyclical recomof the principle of love for one's neighbor as the only means by which the brotherhood of nations may be main-

Archbishop Bourne, of Westminster, London, has commissioned Father Her-bert Vaughan, D. D., one of the diocesan missionaries at Willesden Green, to proceed to the Apostolic Mission House at Washington to study the methods of with a view of making the diocesan mission work still more effective in Eng-

Count Albert de Mun has issued an appeal to the Catholics of France for the promotion of a religious revival. He says that only by social action can the Church in France recover contact with the people. Ever since the passing of the Jules Ferry education laws, the French masses have become more and more estranged from the Church, and they are now so organized that they can-not be induced to listen forth with to religious discourses

The Cathedral of the Holy Ghost in Constantinople recently witnessed a notable ceremony, when the Apostolic Delegate residing at that city united in marriage the daughter of the Turkish Minister of Agriculture, Selim Pasha Melhame, and the German Baron Wilderich von Fuesstenburg. The Turkish dignitary, although minister of the Sultan, the head of the Mahometans, is a Maronite and he and his brother, who also holds a high position at the court of the Sultan are practical Catholics.

Catholic students are winning high honors at Glasgow (Scotland) sity. A few years ago such students were not numerous. Now in every de-There are many material evils that follow in the train of hatred and murder-lust. Says St. John: "He that hatth his brother is in the same of the last majority major vast majority of the lads come from the Jesuit College, St. Aloysius, and St.

### THE YEARS BETWEEN.

A Novel by William J. Fischer.

Author of "Songs by the Wayside," "Winor Other Stories," "The Toiler and Other Poems," Etc. CHAPTER XV.

IN THADY'S STUDIO. heat of summer was intense and crowds were leaving Billington for the sea-shore. Dr. Mathers also longed for a holiday. He wanted to get away from work, from his office, from the hospital from everybody. Overwork and his many daily operations had unnerved him, and he needed rest badly. And where do you think he went to recuper-ate? It was to Stanford that his heart had so often turned during the past weeks, and to Stanford he went, now that there was a short holiday in store for him. And he was glad to return again to the home of his childhood. I had been a long time since last he had seen the place. Imagine then the pleas-ure such a visit would afford him.

Dr. Mathers found that Stanford had changed little in all these years. It was practically the same Stanford he had known in his boyhood—the same little, busy place of factories and mills. His father's old mills were still hives of industry, sending their smoke into the air. His home, too, recalled many mem-ories, whenever he chanced to pass it, but, now that his mother was gone, he did not care to enter it. Father Flynn's rose-garden was just as beautiful as ever. Hundreds of roses wafted their perfume into the air, but the gentle Cure, who had tended the precious blooms so faithfully, had answered the call of the Master and passed into fairer regions. He visited his mother's grave -only once. It made him feel so sick at heart that he did not think it wise to

go again.

Long before Charles ever thought of visiting Stanford, he had heard great and wonderful things about that first chum of his childhood—the cripple, Thady Charlton. He had sent him regular letters in the days gone by, and thus the old friendship thrived and grew. In his young days Thady had alway given evidence of fine, artistic taste. When a mere child, he was busy with his miniature set of paints, and, as he grew older, his love for painting waxed Then he became a cripple and was forced to remain indoors than ever. Other boys played and romped about the streets, but Thady sat at home before his easel painting won-derful pictures. He loved nature—the sun and star-kissed skies, the flashing rivers and lakes, the grand, old mount ains, the green, grass carpets, the gor-geous flowers and lordly trees; the white dawns, the warm noons, the crimson dusks and lone, moonlit nights. He loved the animals of the earth. the men and women and children who looked up to God in trust. He had a poet's pure soul, and he depicted the poetry of life on canvas—real, natural convincing. He never painted a picture of earth without bringing in sun or moon illumined skies, and he never made a illumined skies, and he never made a friend without bringing heaven very near to his heart. Though he was crip-pled for life, he never murmured, never complained. His mind had an opti mistic turn, and his canvasses as well, for he always viewed life through rosy

In time he drifted to Europe, where he spent two year's walking the grea art galleries and studying under Stanford and in a short time his pic tures commanded high prices, and he be returned to

came famous.

Dr. Mathers had been in Stanford only a few minutes, when he stood be-fore Thady Charlton's studio-door. He gave a slight rap, and in an instant the door was opened by a rather sweet-faced girl of twenty—one of the artist's

'Good-day, sir !" she remarked, some what brusquely.
"Is Mr. Charlton in?" asked

Mathers in a low voice.

"Yes, sir," came the answer like a hot. "Your card, please!" Charles handed her his card and she disappeared behind the heavy

In an instant she returned.

"Mr. Charlton will see you in his

studio in a few minutes.' Thank you!'

Five minutes later Charles was ushered into Thady's work-shop. Thady sat at his easel, and, when Charles en tered, he threw down brush and palette and exclaimed in wild excitement 'Ah, Charles, I'm so glad to Come, sit down beside me so that I can get a good look at you! How you have

grown—so strong and robust, and quite good-looking too, old boy, eh? Believe me, I would never have known you."

Thady, too, had changed since last they met, and, as he sat there in his long, gray gown, he looked like a in contemplation. He was very tall and thin, but he had a kindly face with dancing, brown eyes and heavy black eye-lashes. He wore his hair long. It touched his shoulders.

For a long time the two friends recalled old scenes and faces in and about Stanford. Then both recounted their various experiences abroad, and every once in a while loud peals of laughter floated through the room

"You see, Charles, I am still helpless.

My legs refuse to do their work. While in Europe, I consulted a number of eminent physicians and surgeons, but they all told me the same story. They not relieve me in any way. So I am content and make the best of it. My crutches are all in all to me now.

could not do without them."

"You are very sensible, Thady,
What's the use of worrying and fretting
and storming against a barrier that God has placed in your way for som sour has placed in your way for some surpose? Perhaps if it wouldn't have been for this affliction, you would not be the great artist you are to-day. There ways a compensation somewhere,

"Great artist, did you say? Well! And Thady laughed like a

the two weeks I ship it to Paris, where I hope it will win a prize."

Charles' eyes stole to the picture on the easel. It was a landscape — rivers and mountains and trees bathed in willight allow.

twilight-glory.
"It is very beautiful," the doctor re-"It is very beautiful," the doctor re-marked, as his eyes drank in the wondr-ous glory of those crimson skies. "It is ous glory of those crimson skies. "It is not a scene in Stanford, Thady, is it? It does not seem familiar to me." "No, but it is not very far away— only a few miles down the river." "Then, you sometimes go elsewhere for fresh ideas."

Stanford offers nothing new to m now. I have sketched and painted all her delightful places, and my soul longs continually for new material. I some-times go hundreds of miles from Stanford to places where nature wears a differ-ent look. But come, Charles, let me show you some of my work! Kindly hand me the crutches, there in the Kindly

corner. Charles did as he was told, and, as the artist, rose from his chair, a feeling of suffering stole into the doctor's responsive heart. "He will never gain the us of those limbs, poor fellow!" he whis-pered to himself as Thady led the way

to his large gallery of pictures.

It was a beautiful spot to linger in—this wonderful room of studies, sketches

and scenes.
"Most of these are sold," Thady re marked as the two entered the room I always ship them in lots to the art I am sure you will recog-

nize some of the scenes and characters I have portrayed here in Stanford." The first picture they came upon was narrow street scene in Stanford, just

harrow street scene in Stanford, just is evening was setting in. Charles gave a cry of delight as he ecognized the old familiar street. "That's Mott street, isn't it, Thady? Why, there's the old Italian-let me see,

what was his name? Oh, yes—Cellini. Any one would know him standing at the door of his old fruit-store," remarked Charles.

They moved to the next picture. An

old man, bent in years, was selling papers at a corner street in the glare of an electric light. "Ah! there's old Tim Slade brought

back to life again," joyously exclaimed the doctor. "Really, Thady, I can hear the doctor. "Really, Thady, I can hear him now calling—'Ev-nin' News, Star— Tel'gram! las' edition! What has be-come of him, Thady?"

"He sold papers for many years at the

street corner and, as he grew older deaf-ness came upon him. One day—it was just when spring was setting in—a street car knocked him down and they carried him to the hospital. He had not heard the motor man's bell. That evening the papers were full of Tim Slade. You know, Charles, he was a precious soul. Every-Charles, he was a precious soul. Every-body loved him even though he walked the paths of the lowly."
"Did he die soon after his injury?"

No. He lived a few days and time after he was buried, we only found out that he had managed to save a goodly fortune in the years that God had

"Yes. He bequeathed \$5,000 to the

'How good of him! But then, he was e father of them all.'

Some of Stanford's most prominent usiness men to-day, Charles, were news-oys at one time, who often felt the shel-

tering wing of Tim's kindness."

Another picture that caught Charles' eyes was a garden of roses, in one corer of which an old gray-haired priest at, breviary in hand, lost in contemplation. It was no other other than Father Flynn in his garden of flowers, near hi

beloved church.
"Thady, this is by far the prettiest thing I have yet seen. Is it sold?"

Then I shall buy it."

"You may have it, Charles. But I shall make you a present of it. I know Father Flynn was a great friend of yours, and this picture will mean a great

Thady, however did not remember that in that very rose garden years ago Charles' mother had met her death This was really the meaning the picture carried into Charles' heart,

The two friends were now gazing a the last picture in the gallery. ly they came upon another landscape or somewhat larger scale. It represented a little cottage on a hill with pine-trees in front of it and a neglected garden be hind. The face of a woman was visible over the rain-washed fence.

"Great heavens! where have I seen that face before?" exclaimed Charles almost wildly as his eyes stole over the canvas. "It is so familiar. Let me see

His head sank into his hands and for nent he stared to the floor, wrapped deep thought.

"Surely you do not know her, Charles?" interrupted Thady. "She is ot a Stanford woman." Yes, I do know her. I have it now.

he exclaimed. "It's the face of Mrs. Atherton a little thin perhaps, but the ome eyes, the same expression. Where she, Thady? Where is Mrs. Ather-For God's sake tell me and speak quickly! I've looked for her all these

Charles did not know at all what he saying. His mind was too busy hinking and he was so overcome with surprise that he could have cried for

"I do not know who the woman is Charles," Thady interrupted. "I could not tell you her name. She never told me, but I painted that picture at—at what's the name again-yes-Beresvale.

"Beresvale?" whispered Charles. "Ah, yes, I know the place, but go on with your story."
"Well, I went to Beresvale for the

"Yes, Thady. For a long time I have been reading wonderful things about you in the papers. Only a few days ago, I saw somewhere that one of your ago, I saw somewhere that your ago, I s

pictures had won a prize at one of the great art exhibits in London, England."

"Ah, yes, it was my canvas. "Where Sky and Land Meet"—a delicious bit of coloring that pleased me immensely. I was just putting the finishing touches to this picture here, when you entered. In two weeks I ship it to Paris, where I hope it will win a prize."

Charles' eyes stole to the picture on the easel. It was a landscape—rivers the picture of the little village in the valley, and when I reached the top, the scene you see depicted on that can-vas greeted my eyes. My fingers fairly as well. So I set to work. The lady you see looking over the fence was the only occupant of the house, and I gave her a couple of dollars for standing still in that spot until I painted to get a glimpse of the little village in the valley, and when I reached the top, the scene you see depicted on that can-vas greeted my eyes. My fingers fairly you see looking over the fence was the only occupant of the house, and I gave her a couple of dollars for standing still in that spot until I painted to get a glimpse of the little village in the valley, and when I reached the top, the scene you see depicted on that can-vas greeted my eyes. My fingers fairly you see looking over the fence was the only occupant of the house, and I gave her a couple of dollars for standing the first of the little village in the valley, and when I reached the top, the valley, and when I reached the valley, an her. She was poorly clad -looked sickly, and I'm sure the mone

came to her at a very opportune time.

"The poor woman!" uttered Charle
"I'm sure it's Mrs. Atherton. She ha uttered Charle felt the bitter sting of poverty. Did she speak at all, Thady?"
"Just a little. She told me she wasn't well and that she suffered great pain."
"But that was five years ago, Thady was it not? I am sure she is dead then by this time" sadly exclaimed Charles.

was it not? I am sure she is dead then by this time," sadly exclaimed Charles. "Do you know I feel positive that the woman is Mrs. Atherton. There can be no mistake as to her identity. Her face is stamped indelibly upon my memory. I knew that woman very well once upon a time, but one day she drifted away. a time, but one day she drifted away. That was many years ago and up to the present I have not been able to find her. I have searched for her all this time and had almost given up forever. Believe me, dear Thady, the memory of all of this is the one great arid desert in my life."

Then Charles related briefly how Mrs. Atherton had come in contact with his

Atherton had come in contact with hi

"So you knew the woman who pose for that picture," Thady remarked when the little story was finished. "It all seems like a dream to me. I am sure you will want that picture now as companion to "The Rose Garden."

I would give all I possess to own for I feel that through it I have been led to the discovery of this noble friend of mine, whom I had almost given up of ever seeing again in this life." "It all seems very strange to me indeed. But that picture shall be yours. Let me hope that it has helped

ou to find your friend!"
"Thanks, Thady. I shall repay yo for all of this some day. Oh, I am so glad I came to Stanford. I little dreamt that I would be the recipient of

so pleasant a surprise."
"Nor did I," interp "Nor did I," interposed the artist.
"I suppose you will now dispatch your-

self post-haste to Beresvale."
"Yes. There's no time to be lost, shall leave on the evening train. Mrs. Atherton is still in that cottage Billington with me to spend her remain ing days in peace and q

#### CHAPTER XVI. THE COTTAGE ON THE HILL.

When the train pulled into Beresvale

Dr. Mathers could hardly contain him self for joy. His heart beat violently and sent the blood tingling through his musles. At last! at last! he thought the mystery would be unravelled. In a few moments Mrs. Atherton would stand before his very eyes and tell him all. Then he would fly back to Billington with her and try to make her comfortable and happy. It was a debt he owed her. He knew he could never repay her for all that she had done for him. For days and nights, through long, bitter years, he had thought of her— the great benefactress of his life—and now, at last, he was to come to her in time of plenty, come to her own little time of plenty, come to cottage in its sweet solitude there or the hill and reclaim her as his very own Only last night, waking in his sleep, he had thought he had heard her calling for help. Then the vision floated past his eyes, and there, in the moonlight she stood—a weak, stooped, little owed with suffering and anguish. A shudder passed over him and he brushed the picture from his eyes instantly Surely that was not the Mrs. Atherton he knew, so he argued it was only a picture of his irritable, excited imagination, and slowly and quietly drifted off to sleep. As Charles walked up the narrow path

what his thoughts were. A cool breeze swept lazily through the stately pine trees, and on the green grass the shadows nested in the warmth of the quickening, morning sunshine. Volumes of delicious bird music floated from the bushes and trees around. On the cottage dooran old crow sat cawing to its mate. It was the only solitary note in the beauti tiful Lorelei, that bird and wind drew out of the harp-strings of the glorious morning.

Slowly he mounted the steps that led to the cottage-door. His heart fairly sank within him as he rapped gently. In an instant he expected to see Mr. Atherton open the door. One minute passed—two—five! Again he knocked, out still no answer. He waited a and knocked again. A passing breeze wandered over the grass. He heard it light footsteps. For a second it seemed to pause and listen for the sound of numan voice. Then it sighed and ere away down into the deep valley Charles' eyes wandered to the tw front windows. The curtains were closely drawn. Then he walked to the ide of the house and entered. The door stood wide open—an invitation that Charles could not well refuse at present. He went from room to r ealling out loudly, almost wildly Mrs. Atherton! Mrs. Atherton But his footsteps on the creaking flo alone made answer. The curtains wer drawn in every room. Not even a r of sunshine pierced the strange quiet the little cottage. In the kitchen t cooking utensils lay sbout as if t evening meal had just been con On the table a lamp stood drained to th last drop. Dr. Mathers examined everything closely in the rooms, but nothing brought him any light as to the strange occupant of the little cotta wandered out into the neglected where the lawns and nights lingered garden, ioons and uccession all the year round, and put ting his hand to his mouth, calling loudly "Mrs. Atherton! Mrs. Atherton!" Bu the echo came back from the valley be

and for the moment he wished himself thousands of miles away from Beresvale. He called again and placed his hands to his ears to shut out the echo that was sure to follow from the valley below. Then he retraced his steps to the cot-tage, entered it, and returned again in a minute. For some time after he made a thorough search of the grounds but to no avail. He had failed to find any living being on the place. Then he left, heavy at heart and disappointed, and slowly threaded his way down the green grassy hill. When he reached the bottom he Then he retraced his steps to the cotnill. When he reached the botto followed a little path on the edge of the river to its destination. It brought him face to face with a blacksmith shop. men busy, and outside a half dozen horse awaited their turn to be shod.

Charles entered the smithy and, uttering cheery good morning, remarked with an airtof simplicity: "Gentlemen, is the oroprietor of the smithy amongst you?" "Yes, sir!" came the loud answer from

Abe Murray as he stepped out from in under the horse he was shoeing. Charles walked over to him, asking

softly :-"Could you spare a few minutes, sir?" "Certainly," Abe answered carelessly

as he lifted his pipe from the corner of his mouth, "the horses can wait awhile." Thereupon the two walked back to the smithy door.
"I am Dr. Mathers from Billington,

Charles remarked. "Here's my card." "Dr. Mathers from Billington — the great surgeon — shaking hands with a poor fellow of a blacksmith! Well! well! Abe exclaimed. Then he turned and whispered to the other men in the shop: It's Dr. Mathers come to town think of it! Take a good look at him

Charles overheard this remark and could have smiled at the old blacksmith's sincerity. The latter, however, contin-ued as he faced him again: "I am Abe Murray of Beresvale — blacksmith pro-prietor, but always plain Abe, sir. Ain't boys? But, doctor what brings you beresvale, may I ask?" inquisitively emarked sturdy Abe.

"Surely you have not come to take the rhuematics out of poor Bill O'Loane's legs or the yellow janders' out of old Phil Huston's system. Both have been bed-Huston's system. Both nave been bedridden this long time. BIL

"No, no. I come on an! altogether different errand. I am looking for a Mrs. Atherton who I am told lives in the

cottage on yonder hill.'

"A Mrs. — who, did you say ?" A Mrs. Atherton. sir."

"I never heard the name. Did you, boys?" and he turned questioning the other men who had in the meantime gathered around. No," came their answer promptly.

"A Mrs. Vale has resided in yonde cottage this long time," began Abe. Charles drew back, greatly surprised. Then it was not Mrs. Atherton after all, the thought. But the woman on Thady's painting was the image of her. No one would have disputed that fact. There was the same garden, the same cottage, the same pine-trees. But might it not have been only a mere coincidence, after

"Did you say her name was Vale questioned Charles, eagerly.

"Yes, she always signed it so. But she was a strange character. She would do such funny things, and nobody knew the reason. She never mixed up with the villagers at all, but when they went up to see her, she was always very grac-ious and kind." "Has she always lived here?" Charles asked quickly.

"No. She came here quite a number

of years ago—just a few weeks before Ellen Allan died. She nursed poor

Ellen through her sickness and the woman, in gratitude, bequeathed her the cottage and her other earthly belong-"Was she a relative of the woman who died?" "I cannot answer that question. No

one ever seemed to know who she was or where she came from. The majority however believed she was Ellen's come from England to live with her.

Were you up at the cottage ?" "Yes. I just came from there" "And did you see Mrs. Vale?" "I could not find a soul in the pla I searched the house through through and the garden and grounds as In the kitchen the dishes stood well. as if the evening meal were just over, and on the table I found a lamp with the last drop of oil burned out. It all looked to me as if the house had been vacated

"Ah, I see. It is all clear to me now I'm sure Mrs. Vale has one of her spells on."
"One of her spells did you say? What

some time in the evening.

do vou mean ? "Well, for months past she seems to wander a kind of in her mind and she walks away from home, they say, not knowing whither she is going. Those who have seen her say she looks very thin and that she talks little. They have even heard her mumbling strange sounding words to herself. In fact, they think she'e not all there-but harmless body. I'm sure, doctor, she's wandered off again somewhere—the poor woman! 'Twill be the death of her yet ne of these days.'

" I am beginning to feel now, Mr. Murray, that this is not the woman I am looking for," Charles said at last, after the last flickering hope had gone. "The woman I am looking for is Mrs. Ather ton, and you say the occupant of yonder cottage is a Mrs. Vale — two different cottage is a Mrs. Vale—two different persons altogether—different names, you see. I thing the best thing I can do is to go back to Billington and give up the to go back to Billington and give up the chase forever. I know I shall never have the heart to take it up again."

"Perhaps some of the people in the village can give you more satisfactory nformation, doct

"Thanks, Mr. Murray. I shall go and see some of them before leaving." And he did. But the same story came to him everywhere. Nobody had ever heard of Mrs. Atherton living in Beresvale. There was a mistake somewhere. Mrs. Vale had come to nurse her niece, they said, and, after Ellen Allan's death, had

CHAPTER XVII.

MRS, ATHERTON. That evening just as Dr. Mather's train pulled out of Beresvale, a woman could be seen in the moonlight making her way up the lonely hill that hung her way up the lonely hill that hung over the quiet village. Her face bore deep lines of suffering, her hair was snowy white. It was no other than Mrs. Atherton—known to the villagers as Mrs. Vale—returning home after a two day's absence. The thin pale face of the unfortunate woman looked ghastly in the moonlight. The Angel of Pain had often visited it and left upon it deen lines which the years upon it deep lines which the years

when the sick woman reached the top of the hill, she was almost overce with exhaustion and she sank upon an with exhaustion and she sank upon an old bench nearby and, placing her head in her hands, cried out loudly to the lonely night around her: "O God my head my head—my head! The pain will set me crazy. Where have I been? Where; am I now? What has happened? She seemed dazed, just waking out of a stupor. It was all like a dream she could not recall.
Old Abe Murray was right. Mrs

Vale had had one of her spells. She had left the cottage two nights before and had walked along the edge of the river in her mental excitement, until she had reached the forest. And here she had remained for nearly two days until a faint glimmer of reason shone in again over all the vague, strange, inco-herent imaginings of her diseased

made her way to the cottage and en-tered it. Within, it was dark and cold, No lamp glittered, no fire burned, and she was hungry and needed nourish-ment. The poor woman held her head tightly in her hands and cried out in

suffering.

A year and a half passed. Mrs Atherton's mental condition was growing rapidly worse. One day she suffered a severe attack, and almost instantly her mind became a blank. She wanted her mind became a blank. She wanted to get away from Beresvale, Voices were calling her everywhere; others were driving her out with terrible oaths, she said. She wanted to get away. If she stayed at Beresvale much onger she felt that she would meet cer death. These gloomy thoughts haunted her continually. naunted her continually. They were the productions of a diseased mind. Early one morning in the throes of her wild excitement, she quit her bed, dressed hurriedly, threw her yel-low shawl about her and made her es-cape just as fast as her feet could carry her.

er. One hour later she reached the station, but she did not seem to recognize her surroundings. The early morning train was just coming in. Hurriedly she entered one of the passenger coaches. The next minute being carried miles and miles from Beresvale.

The train did not stop at any of the

small stations on the way. Billington was the first stopping-place for it was a through train. When it pulled into Billington in the evening the conductor yelled at the top of his voice;—"All change cars at Billington!" His strong voice seemed to arouse Mrs. Atherton out of her lethargy, and when he mentioned Billington, her eyes opened a little and she rose and went to the door with the other passengers and made good her e

ape. But she did not understand.

When the poor woman stepped ont the Billington platform her mind was again lashed with heavy hurricanes of thought, and she went groping through the snow and wind that winter night—ignorant of her surroundings and everything else. She walked on hurrically first the state of the state riedly for a few steps. A hundred demons seemed to be pursuing her. The wind fairly whistled through the empty trees. For a moment she paused and seemed to listen for the sound of voices. Then, pulling her thin yellow shawl about her, she disappeared in the darkness

Poor Mrs. Atherton, if Charles but

#### CHAPTER XVIII. AN UNEXPECTED MEETING.

" Mother, how do you like my hair a la pompadour?" spoke Dorothy Fair-fax as she entered her mother's drawing er mother's drawing room. "Does it become me, do you think?" she questioned, with just a little touch of vanity.

"Yes, child. I think you look just lovely."

lovely," answered her mother, a kindly, queenly woman of about fifty, as her eyes wandered from the book on her lap to the beautiful figure of her daughter in the curtained door-way. "Really, Dorothy, I don't know what I'll do in the opera-house this evening. It all the opera-house this evening. It all seems so strange to see you parading there on the stage before thousands—but ah! I'enant adorable, I am proud of you to say the least. I wonder if you will seem my 'Dorothy' when I see you decked in rare laces and fine diamonds. Child, I never expected to see you in all this glitter and shine, but my heart's at rest, when I know that you're a good girl. And it's easy to be that, Dorothy, when one's thoughts never Dorothy, when one's thoughts never wander from the path that leads into the heart of God.'

Dorothy had returned to Billington only a few days previously. Signor Lampert's company were billed for a two week's engagement—the last of the season. The signor season. The girl was the picture of loveliness as she strode over to her mother in her rich silken heliotrope gown. "Ah, little mother mine!" she said

I love the stage—that sweeping sea of faces, the anxious looks, the smiles and tears, the thunders of applause. Ah! Tis glorious, mother—glorious!" "Dorothy, I've not felt well at all

"Dorothy, I've not left well at all since you come back from England,"
"Why, what's the matter, mother?"
"I don't like to tell you, child. I am afraid what I will say will hurt you." Dorothy sank upon her knees and looked straight into her mother's anxious eves.

"But you must tell me mother-you

There was silence for a few minutes. Dorothy stared into her mother

anxious eyes, land slowly she drew the secret from her lips.
"Dorothy," Mrs. Fairfax began, "I am glad to see you harpey. glad to see you happy, but you don't know how I have missed you since you left to fill your various engage with Signor Lamperti's company. engagemen you wrote from Leipzig that you were coming home, ah, child, I was happy. I felt that you would come home and remain with me always, but you stayed only a short time and then yo away again. Oh, I grew so away again. Oh, I grew so lonely.

Many a night I woke and wondered
where my Dorothy was. Then I saw
your face before the foot-lights, and I
felt like rushing onto the stage and snatching you in my arms and carrying you back to Billington. I was really you back to billington. I was really very lonely although I never mentioned it in my letters."

"That was too bad, mother, but just

think of it I'm home again now, and per-haps I'll never have the chance to appear in grand opera again. But Signor Lamperti told me the other day he was pleased with my work all season—and then, mother, you know what the papers said about me. Did you receive the clippings I sent you daily and the let-"Yes, Dorothy. You were a good Your father

child to write so often. Your father and I read all your lines together, and they always brought you very near " Every night when the performance was over, mother, I rushed to my dressing-room, and a letter went speeding to vou some ten minutes later.

short sometimes, but sincere nevertheseems strange that I should sing before the Billington people to-night, and I really feel just a little nervous. I am afraid I'll have a very critical audience before me. Oh mother! I hope I shall do well!" "Never mind, Dorothy, I am sure you

will. I am so glad 'Faust' is the opening bill. Your 'Marguerite' seems to have evoked splendid criticisms ever

Just then the door opened and Mr. Fairfax entered with "Hello, father!" the girl cried lov-

Do: to tre to

sin and Wh tin tim and

"Hello, sweet! You look so different

this afternoon. What's the matter? Dorothy's eyes met her mother's and both laughed just a little.
"Well really, for the life of me, Dorothy," the father continued, "the something about you that isn't all right, and I don't know what it is."

"Look again sharply, father."

"Ah, yes. I see now," he answered somewhat slowly. "Your hair is done

up strangely."
"Strangely, father? Why no! beautifully—that's a better word. Mother's just been in raptures over it, and I am quite proud of its a la pompadour wist as well.' "A la what? Well! well!" laughed

her father. "Is this some new tinental fad, Dorothy?" "Yes, father—Parisian." "Well I don't like this a la pompadour business at all."
"Perhaps you'll like the braids better

then. then. To-night you will see me with two pig-tails dangling down my back tied with blue ribbon."

"So you're one of those blue-ribbon Marguerites. Really, I never saw a Marguerite yet that didn't have a blue her hair. By the way, Dorribbon in othy, whom do you think I met just a few ninutes ago?' "I have no idea, father."

Well, it was your old nurse, Mary Carroll. Goodness! Is she alive yet? She must be eighty.

"Eighty-two, and just as sprightly as

"Is it possible?"
"Well, she came up to me just as I

was turning the corner. 'I see by the papers that Dorothy has become a great lady,' she said to me, 'and she's to sing here to-night they tell me. Ah, bless your old heart! it's a proud man you want be the carry. must be this night to know that your daughter's become a great singer like Patti and Albani, and, to be sure, its glad I'd be to have a seat near the lights to hear her sing, but I can't afford it. A dollar's a whole heap to give away when you haven't got it, but oh! I'd like to hear the dear child sing.' 'Would you really like to hear Dorothy sing, Mrs. Carroll,' I ques-tioned, and she nodded her head. 'Well, you shall, I answered. I shall send you some tickets after tea. She thanked me kindly and, pressing my hand, remarked: 'I always thought hand, remarked: 'I always thought Dorothy would become a great singer. When she was but a babe in her mother's arms, no matter when she cried, there was always a good bit of music in her voice.' So, Dorothy, I'm going to send over tickets for herself and Michnel after tea. Bridget, the cook, can take them over."
"But why should Bridget take them

over, father? I'll go myself. It is only four o'clock and I'll soon be back. Where does she live?" "In the same old cottage, just two

"The same one coverge, some blocks from here.
"Then I'll go. Poor Mrs. Carroll, I
am sure, will be glad to see me," and she hurried to her room and in a few minutes was dressed and out in the street making her way to the Carroll home. Mrs. Carroll recognized her at once and threw her thin trembling arms

about her. "Ah, my dear child!" she exclaimed.
"Tis glad I am to see you. You're such a big—such a great lady now, Dor-

othy, I thought you would really be too proud to call on us poor people, but I see your heart's still in the right spot, lassie. Come and be seated, child!" "No, Mrs. Carroll-not to-day. I only

thought I would run in and see you for a minute and bring you the tickets for this evening's concert." "Ah, 'tis very good of you, indeed. I'm afraid however, I won't be able to

go after all." 'But father said-" "Yes, Dorothy," interrupted the little gray-haired woman, "when I met your father I could see nothing in the way of my going, but just think of it, when I came home, I found Mike lying on the bed, moaning dreadfully. Several men stood around him. He had fallen on the hard pavement, and I am afraid he has broken a bone for he is crying

thers. He is upstairs now."
'Dr. Mathers?" Dorothy whispered to

Oh, Dorothy, do not leave me so quickly.

You must see Mike. I am sure he'd never forgive me for not bringing you

up to see him."
"But the doctor—" interrupted

"Never mind him. Sure, I knew him when he stayed with Mrs. Atherton." "Mrs. Atherton? Ah yes, that's the

woman Dr. Mathers has been looking for all these years, is it not?" "Yes, child. She was a second mother

to him and she was always so kind to me

"Did not the doctor ever find her?

"No. He gave up the search some months ago. He now thinks her dead." "But what about that painting in an

artist's studio the papers fussed about

a short time. It was found that the woman in the picture was a different

person altogether. But come along,

Presently Dorothy entered the quaint

'Mr. Carroll, I am sure, does not re

ember me," Dorothy began, nervously "Ah yes, I do. To be sure—why it"

Dorothy Fairfax, the great singer, come to see us," and he stretched out his trembling hands to greet her.

Just then Dr. Mather's eyes wandered

Dorothy! Let's go upstairs to Mike and then I'll introduce you to the

little bed-room. The poor, old man smiled as she entered.

Ah, that only kindled new hopes for

asked Dorothy inquisitively.

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vhen I met ing in the hink of it, like lying

:hild!

to the prima donna. He had recognized so different her face from the posters on the adverother's and

"Dorothy, shake hands with Dr. Mathers!" said Mrs. Carroll, goodof me, Dornaturedly.

Dr. Mathers stepped forward gracious 't all right, y and took her hand, saying pleasantly I am delighted to meet you, Miss Fair

x." And he really meant it for he uld not remember when he had seen This is the great singer, doctor, who sings grand opera to-night—a girl born and bred right here in Billington. and bred right here in Billington When she was a baby," Mrs Carroll con tinued, "I held her in my arms many a

time, and for years and years I loved her and saw her grow into womanhood." A slight blush stole into Doroth'y cheeks. She cast a searching glance at the doctor. Their eyes met for a moment, and a pleasant smile came to his

face.
"I am sure you are glad to be home again Miss Fairfax," he said goodnaturedly, "and I know that a large audience will greet you this evening. I seldom go to the opera—time is precious you know, but I try never to miss an evening of grand opera. I think it is all so delightful—tne gorgeous costumes and shining lights, the stirring choruses and artistic solos. I am passionately fond of 'Faust' to say the least. Gounod has invested Goethe's words with charming melodies.'

I hope you will not be disappointed then this evening, doctor," Dorothy answered shyly. "I know it will be very trying for me to appear before a Billing-

"You know, Mike," interrupted Mrs.
Carroll as she folded her hands in her
gingham apron. "Dorothy has been good
enough to bring us two tickets for the concert, but I'm afraid we will not be able to use them. You are sick in bed

would really keep him from falling into that long, eternal sleep. It is such a pleasure to listen to her tales and anecdotes, and then—the big jaw-breakers of words she uses! Why, I believe old Webster himself could have taken a few lessons from her. She uses words that are not to be found in his do!" appealingly.
dictionary."
"Jest give it to her straight, that's

"Well, after all, that speaks volumes for trusty Bridget," Dorothy exclaimed as she passed through the door. "I shall run over to see Mr. Carroll again to morrow," she said to be a said t to-morrow," she said to Mrs. Carroll as she shook hands with her in parting.

"By the way, Dorothy, what do you ink of the doctor?" Mrs. Carroll

"Oh, I think he is just lovely—so perfectly calm and unassuming. He is the nicest man I ever met," continued Dorothy. "He is very handsome too

"Handsome and just as good as he is handsome, Dorothy," interrupted Mrs. Carroll. "The people around fairly idolize him. He is very kind to the poor. There's a great chance for some lucky girl now, lassie. Goodness only knows, perhaps you will think a whole lot of him some day, my girl."

Dorothy's cherks flushed crimson.

"Perhaps!" she answered. The next minute the old iron gate closed with a bang that had some significance in it.

FIt's about as hard to keep a good man down as to help a poor one up. In putting your best foot forward, be sure you don't overstep yourself.

### JOHN'S DAUGHTER.

There was the usual morning bustle round the small station at Finley, non-"I feel so sorry, Mrs. Carroll," Dorothy said tenderly. "The poor man! Have you sent for a doctor?"

"Oh, yes. When I came home one of the men rushed down street for Dr. Wethers Ho is upstairs now." descript teams of horses and mules com-ing and going, or backed up against the platform with loads of oranges and truck; dle negroes slouching contentedly about bantering talk with anyone who would otice them, and jeering such of their number as had accepted a job and were hurrying through it with an exaggerated show of zeal and activity; grunting razorbacks and mangy cuts disputing favored positions under the platform, or hersell.
"I must be going, Mrs. Carroll," she continued. "Let me hope that your husband's fall will not lead to anything moving listlessly across the hot open sand between the station and the isolated utlying stores.

On the platform itself were long lines of neatly packed crates and orange boxes, and among them the owners with stencils and paintpots, making sure that heir markings were right, and wait-

their markings were right, and waiting for their receipts.

Presently there was a perceptible hastening of movements and the loungers in front of the store came leisurely across the open space and ranged themselves comfortably about the platform.

These was a root and quiver, and the There was a roar and quiver, and the great, gasping engine rushed by and came to a slow stop as the passenger cars glided opposite the platform.

Among those to alight was a young girl of seventeen or eighteen plainly but expensively dressed, and with a bright eager air of expectation. A quick glance about the platform brought a shade of disappointment to her face. After a noment's hesitation she approached an with a broad, low-flapping hat, who was leaning against some orange boxes he had just finished marking. "Can you direct me to Mr. John Aus-

in's place ?" she asked.

"Mr.—John — Austin,' he repeated reflectively; "why, no, I don't—oh, yes, of course; Boozy John—"He stopped abruptly, as he noticed the inquiring look or, how force." Yes I among the course in the stopped abruptly in the stopped abruptly. ook on her face. "Yes, I reckon know. Are you some o' his kin?"
"I am his daughter," she replied.

wondering a little at the startled whistle which came to his lips and which she noticed he choked back apologetically. I have been at boarding school ever ince I was a little girl. This is my first isit to Florida."

"An' does your paw, Mr.—John—Aus-in, know you're comin'?" He spoke in evident perplexity, and with a look of consideration on his good-natured face. "No; but I haven't heard from him in year. Father doesn't like to write, but he never allowed my letters to go

unanswered so long before. I feared something might be the matter with him or the boys, and he would not write. I just had to come. I am glad you know him." She hesitated, and then asked in a lower voice, as though she feared her nestion would be answered in the nega-ve, "Is he—well?"

question would be answered in the negative, "Is he—well?"

"Yes, fur as sickness goes. Your paw is one o' the ruggedes' and healthies' men I know. I 'low he and the boys never had a sickness in all their born days. They're puffectly well, all on 'em I know, for their place jines mine." He spoke rapidly, as though glad to be able to say that much, but his eyes roved uneasily about the platform, and roved uneasily about the platform, and never by any chance met hers. "Why, really?" Her face grew radi-

ant. "Their nearest neighbor! And you know the boys and all about them? You see, when we left town, father sent me to the boarding school and ther south. That was twelve years ago. and I have been at the school ever since Little Tommy is almost nine, and Fred —let me see—Fred is seven. Is the place far?" eagerly.

"About half a mile."

"And are you going out soon?"

"Arter the train leaves."

"Well of course, I can go with you. I'll go and see about my baggage and be back directly. Won't they be sur-prised!" And, leaving him staring at a prised!" And, leaving him staring at a knothole in the platform, she hurried away to look after her trunk and valise.

"Then, I am sure Mrs. Carroll at least will be able to attend the opera this evening. I shall send Bridget over to keep Mr. Carroll company."

"And Bridget will be first class company, Dorothy," chimed in old Carroll. "If a man was to did, her cheery voice would really keep him from falling into that long, eternal of the surface of the company of th an' that he'd been sent to prison most a year ago for stealin' an' that the boys was in the poor-house, an' that the place wasn't wuth the bringin' out of the auctioneer to sell it? For goodness sake, Thompson, tell me what am I to

At this moment the train began to move away from the station, and the girl watched it until it disappeared in the mass of palmettos and cabbage palms, then she walked eagerly toward

her new acquaintance. "Your landscapes are so quaint and beautiful," she said, with flushed cheeks and sparkling eyes. "I know I shall like to live here. Well, I am all ready. Can you take my trunk and

valise in your wagon?"
"Yes," gruffly. He was glad to get away from her, and made the work of away from her, and made the work of transferring the baggage as long as pos-sible. Somehow, he could not bring himself to tell her the whole brutal truth. If it had not been his money that had been stolen, and if he had not been the one who had complained of the worthless drunkard, it would have been less difficult. He had been sorry for his justifiable act ever since he had made the complaint, and now-well he

natural cheerfulness and buoyancy, and

he smilingly motioned for the girl to climb into his wagon.

"Ever ride in sech a wagon afore?" he asked, as he left the animal's head and climbed up on the seat beside her.

"No". They here for the seat of the seat here. No." Then her face grew wistful.

Do you suppose father and the boys are at home to-day?" His countenance fell, and he twitched the reins irritably. Why could she not ask about something else? he asked himself. His wife would explain all the disagreeable things after they reached

"I 'low they won't be there jest now,"
he said evasively. "You see, they
didn't know you was comin'so they
happened to be off for a spell. But you mustn't let it put you out any," with more animation. "I'll take you home,

more animation. "I'll take you home, an' my wife 'I fix you up mighty com-fo'table till they get back." "Thank you. But why can't I go right to the house and wait for them?

"No, no!" he objected with sudden energy, "by no manner of means. Bachelor livin' ain't apt to keep a house fixed, and just now 'tain't no place for you. I know that. You must do jest like I say any like I say, an' come to my house for a spell. You ain't used to Floridy ways, and my wife can give you a heap of

Well, if you think best." She was silent for some time, watching the unfamiliar plants along the roadside and the curious, bright colored chameleons that flashed from the warm sand in front of the horse, and disappeared with marvelous rapidity among the palmettos and wire grass hummocks. "Cur'us ain't they?" said Williams as

he followed her glance; "jest like bits of rainbow, strung on lightnin." But they're mazin' fine things for pets. Your brother, Freddy, used to have one hat would scoot from under some queen hidin' place whenever he'd whistle. Great hand, Freddy, for pets." At the mention of Freddy she lost in-

terest in the plants and chameleons, and turned to him with a tender, tremulous smile on her lips.

"It will so pleasant to have one's own olks to live with," she said softly. folks to live They were all nice to me at school, but none of them belonged to me. I used to get very lonesome when the girls went home vacations. It will be almost like—live heaven to live in the same house with father and the

norse viciously, but she did not (no-ice. She was looking straight ahead apparently at the house and father and apparently at the house brothers her imagination was picturing. "I suppose everybody round here likes father; he is such a good man," she went on in a tone that was an asser-tion rather than a question. "I almost envied the boys having lived with him

"He kept you to school pretty stiddy," ventured her companion. "I knew he had a gal up north, but had an idea she was stayin' mong her kin. Boozer—Mr. John Austin wa'nt much of a brad to take he had to head to head to he hand to talk 'bout hisself."

hand to talk 'bout hisself."

"Father has done everything for me—everything," said the girl with a tender light in her gray eyes. "He was not rich, for he once wrote that I might have to wait a few days for my year's tuition, as money was hard to get. But it came the very next day, and he always sent me plenty for hooks and always sent me plenty for books and dresses and everything I wanted. He wrote for me never to stint myself in anything, and that after I graduated I was on no account to come home, but to keep on with my music and drawing and other studies until he could send me for a trip to Europe. Dear, dear, father! I hope I my be able to make it up to him some time."

Williams gave a quick, sidelong glance at the earnest face, and then gazed steadfastly at the road ahead. concert, but I'm afraid we will not concerned able to use them. You are sick in bed and I—I cannot leave you."

"You can go as far as I am concerned said the injured man.

"Are any bones broken?" Dorothy kindly asked the doctor.

"No," answered the surgeon. "I find it is only a bad sprain."

"Then it is nothing very serious," continued Dorothy.

"No, nothing alarming at all, only that the condition is quite painful," answered the condition is quite painful," answered the condition is quite painful," answered the condition is quite painful, "Are the time of the condition is quite painful," answered the condition is quite painful," answered the condition is quite painful, "Are the time of the complaint of the condition is quite painful," answered the condition is quite painful, "Are the time of the complaint of the condition is quite painful," and the condition is quite painful, "Are the time of the complaint of the condition is quite painful," and the was afraid that stream would be borown to the dramshops, and supposition made them regard the man with extreme disgust, for his home was a mere hovel and his boys were wholly neglected and unto the day schools the principles of holy religion were still taught. He wanter that the time of the complaint of the complaint of the time of the complaint of the complaint of the time of the complaint of the complaint of the time of the complaint of the complaint of the complaint of the time of the complaint William had regarded his act as a ben-efaction to the neighborhood, but now, with his girl beside him and with the unexpected disclosures of a white spot in a character that was supposed to be utterly black, his feelings underwent a sudden change. The pitiful drunkard who had been too weak to look after himself and his boys, but whose better nature had planned and provided so lavishly for the girl and her future, even while striving to keep from her the knowledge of her father's degradation, suddenly became more of a man to him. He could not understand the and hardships that Boozy John must have gone through in order to provide for such an education. Even he with his orange grove and truck farm, had never been able to do half as much for

> When they reached the cheery cottage in front of his orange grove he carried in the trunk and valise, and presently called his wife aside and made a whispered explanation. Then he went to the barn to unharness his horse. But he made a much longer job of it than was necessary, and when it was finished he leaned upon his fence and gazed with unobservart eyes at his fields of sweet potatoes and pineapples and bananas. His wife came to him there.

"Did you tell her?" he asked.
"Yes," in a low tone. He noticed that her lips trembled.

"Take it hard."
"She's highstrung, Jim, an' then kind don't make no fuss. She wouldn't believe me at first, an', when she did she' jest turned white an' stared at nothin, would take the girl home to his wife. She had more tact than he, and would know just what to do.

This mental throwing of responsibility from his own shoulders brought back his out a while and leave her alone."

passed down on the opposite side of the fence. Williams could scarcely recog-nize the white-faced shrinking figure as the enthusiastic girl who had sat beside

him an hour before.
"She's goin' over to look at the house now," said Mrs. Williams, in a low voice. "I told her 'twa'n't fit to live in but she said the'd live in it an' she could. And when I told her we 'lo on keepin' her a spell she jest thanked me an' shook her head."

When the girl came back they were n the piazza. She went directly to

"When does my father come home?"

"His time's out—er—that is, he'll ome home in 'about three months, I

"And how much does he ov "Oh, nothin"—nothin' at all," hastily,
"How much does he owe you?" the
girl repeated, in a tone that he felt ould not be disregarded.

"Wall, \$50. But you needn't bother 'bout payin' it." "I cannot just at present; but everything must be straightened out before comes home. There must no the girl repeated, in a tone that he

now, "can I go after my brothers; I shall fix up the house, and we will live there until father comes."

"It's quite a long drive," said Williams, reflectively. "I can go to-

'That will do." She stood gazing out at the vista of pines and palmettos afforded by an opening in the trees, her face white and stricken, but calm, with a strong, determined purpose.

What kind of employment is there for

I don't reckon there's any," he an-ered. "Stores gen'rally git men clerks, an' there's ten applicants to the one job. Folks round here don't hire

cin' an' servin' an' everything. The work that's plenty an' hard to git for is washin'; but only negroes do that. Mebbe you'n git a job a' school teachin' this Fall."

"I must have work now. Father must not find anything against him when he comes home. Do you think I can get

Mrs. Williams looked at her blankly It's negroes' work," she objected.
It's work that I will do gladly if I can et it," a sudden passionate sob bringing the color back to her cheeks. "I will scrub floors—anything that will help father a little. He has been workng and making sacrifices for years that I might remain at school, and I—I never suspected—I ought to have been here watching him, and earing for him and

the boys."

It was nearly two months later before

Thompson Williams again encountered Thompson on the station platform, "Wall, how d'ye make out with Boozy

John's fine darter?" Thompson asked.
"That's just what she is," he said,
"Boozy John's fine darter. "Ive been round with her consider ble lately, down to the price twice the said. to the prison twice to see her paw, an' took her to town several times in my wagin." At first her paw was all broke up—never wanted her to know how low down he was, I s'pose. But she brought him around, an' now he can't keep his eyes off her when she's nigh. Soon't he' out they're goin' over and take up a homestead in Hernandy county—twenty miles or more from town, I be ieve—on account o' his failid' an' I reckon she or the boys'll do all the tradin'. Boozy John ain't much of a man, an' never can be; but I tell you," impressively, " jest all the man there is in him that gal's oin' to bring out-mark my words on

And the price for retaining the Bible there was that they should recognize the right to give denominational teaching in some of the schools in various parts of the country. They could not expect Romanists and Anglicans to recognize the Cowper-Temple teaching ("simple Bible teaching") if they on their part were not willing to recognize the wishes of the Roman Catholics and the High Anglicans. He regarded those people as citizens quite as much as non-Conformists were. These Roman Catholics paid their taxes just as non-Conformists did. Then why should non-Conformists insist on those people paying rates and taxes and then say to them that they should not have the religious instruction which to them was a matter of principle? He contended that if it could be laid down with regard to religious teaching that no child should be taught that with which the parents did not agree, then they, as non-Conformists, should allow those on the other side what they had a perfect right to demand. If the conscience of the non-Conformist parent was not violated why should they not respect the conscientious convictions of those opposed to them? He had fought all his life for equality. Every

man's conscience should be respected.

But the majority at that United Methodist Conference would not agree that "every man's conscience should be respected," so far at least as regards Catholics, and so the fair and just arguments of Rev. Mr. Rowe were of no avail.—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

By one keeping the heart free from stain, virtue and right and wrong are seen clearly as forms in a mirror.

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LETTERS OF RECOMMENDATION.

Apostolic Delegation. Ottawa, June 13th, 1905.

Mr. Thomas Coffey:

My Dear Sir.—Since coming to Canada I have
My Dear Sir.—Since I have noted with satis My Dear Sir.—Since coming to Canada 1 nave 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 sprint. It strenuously defends Catholic sprint, and stands firmly by the teachings and authority of the Church, at the same time great authority of the Church, at the same time great authority of the church, at the same time great the same time is the same time of the same time in the same time of the same time is the same time of the same time in the same time in the same time is the same time of the welfare of religion and country, and it will demore and more, as its wholesome influence reaches more Catholic homes. I therefore, earnestly recommend it to Catholic families. With my blessing or mend it to Catholic families. With my blessing or Yours very sincerely in Christ,
Donatus, Archbishop of Ephesus,
Apostolic Delegat

University of ottawa. Ottawa, Canada, March 7th, 1900.

Ottawa, Canaua, Share.

Mr. Thomas Coffey:

Dear Sir: For some time past I have read you estimable paper, the Catholic Record, and congratulate you upon the manner in which it is published its manner and form are both good; and a tru! Catholic spirit pervades the whole. Therefore, wir pleasure, I can recommend it to the faithful. Blesing you and wishing you success, believe me to remain the property of the success.

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

LONDON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 15, 1908

THE ROMAN CONGREGATIONS

As the text of the Papal Bull, chang-

ing the Congregations of Rome, and so

reconstituting the administration of the Church, we pass from the general prin ciple of these Boards to the new arrange ment. Last week we had promised to explain each of the Congregations. Since these are different in power and number it is perhaps more advisable to consider the new list. The change is quite important and shows the wonderful power which our present Holy Father has for government. It is characterized by greater simplicity and economy Instead of there being fifteen Congre gations there will be only eleven. Here we may mention that the decree goes into force on the third of November next. The one dominant feature of the reform is the reign of canon law, which in English-speaking countries means its introduction. As the constitution established by Sixtus V. remained for three centuries so it is likely that the

new one introduced by Pius X. will for many centuries remain the ground-plan of the central government of the Cath olic Church. The Curia is divided into Congregations, Tribunals and Offices whose work is more clearly arranged so as not to clash. Thus legislative and disciplinary matter is carefully distinguished from purely contentious matter. The former belongs to one or other of the Congregations, the latter of religious societies. With this we to one of the Tribunals. A large part close for the present, reserving the of the world, and in fact most of the

from the Propaganda to the different Congregations, with the consequent application to them of the common law of the Church. A reduction of fees the gratuitous assistance of procurator and advocates for those unable to pay, and the right to plead their own case are the important changes in the Tribunals. Another important change is the establishment of a new Congregation whose duty it will be to attend to the Discipline of the Sacraments. "Rome" observes that whilst English-speaking countries will henceforth be governed by the common law of the Church an exception is to be noted that rectors of missions do not become ipso facto canonical parish priests with all the rights and privileges attached to this state. No innovation will take place until the publication of the Code which will contain some entirely new provisions upon the subject. The Congregations are: (1) The Holy Office over which the Holy Father himself presides, and whose function is to guard the teaching of faith and morals: (2) The Consistorial Congregation which consists of two parts. To the first appertains chiefly the founding of new dioceses, the election of Bishops and the division of dioceses in

those parts of the world not subject to

the Propaganda. Thus the election of

Bishops in Canada will rest henceforth

with this branch of the Consistorial

Congregation. The second part of the

Congregation is charged with all those

matters which concern the government

of the different dioceses not subject

to the Propaganda, and which hitherto

belonged to the Congregation of the

Bishops and the Council: (3) The

Congregation of the Discipline of

the Sacraments, to which is assign-

ed all the legislation concern-

ing the discipline of the seven sacra-

powers in the sacrament of matrimony speaking portion of the community.

English-speaking world, is transferred

which belong to the first Congregation, that of the Holy Office. Nor is this Congregation concerned about the ceremonies to be employed in the adminis tration and reception of the sacraments. These are the function of the Congregation of Rites. (4) The Congregation of the Council. All that relates to the universal discipline of the secular clergy and the Christian people devolves upon this Congregation. Hence it is charged with providing for the observance of the commandments of the Church, the government of parish priests, all things affecting pious odalities, pious works, honorarium of Masses and matters of a similar nature. (5) The Congregation for the Affairs of Religious. As the name implies this Congregation decides only those matters throughout the world which relate to the affairs of religious of both sexes, whether they are bound by solemn or simple vows. (6) The Congregation de Propaganda Fide. The jurisdiction, of this Congregation is limited to those regions in which the

sacred hierarchy is not yet established, or, if established, is only inchoate. The Decree withdraws from this Congregation the following countries, placing them under the mmon law: in Europe, the ecclesias tical provinces of England, Scotland Ireland and Holland and the diocese of Luxemburg: in America, the ecclesiastical provinces of Canada, Newfoundland and the United States. In districts subject to the Propaganda it is to hand over to the other special Congregations the matters pertaining to them. (7) The Congregation of the Index whose province it shall be not only to examine diligently the books delated to it, to prohibit them if this should seem well, and to concede dispensations; but also officially to investigate whether writings which should e condemned are being circulated; and to remind the Ordinaries how solemnly they are bound to condemn pernicious writings. (8) The Con gregation of the Sacred Rites. This Congregation has charge of examining and decreeing all things which relate proximately to the sacred rites and ceremonies of the Latin Church. Amongst its other powers is the right to deal with everything pertaining in any way to the beatification and canoniza-

tion of the saints or the Sacred Relics (9) The Ceremonial Congregation This congregation regulates the ceremonies to be observed in the Pontifical Chapel and Court, and of the sacred functions which the Fathers Cardinals perform outside the pontifical chapel. It also takes cognizance of the question affecting the precedence both of the Fathers Cardinals and the Legates whom the many nations send to the Holy See. (10) The Congregation for Extraordinary Ecclesiastical Affairs, and (11) The Congregation of Studies. To this last Sacred Congregation is committed the regulation of the studies which are to be gone through in the major athenaeums known as Universities or Faculties, which depend on the anthority of the Church, including those which are administered by the members

LORD LOVAT IN NOVA SCOTIA.

other points for next week.

The visit of Lord Lovat to Nova of the Province, and more particularly by the Catholic portion of them, who recognize in him the leading Catholic noblemen of the Highlands of Scotland, He attended the Quebec celebration on the invitation of the Governor General. Accompanied by his kinsman, Sir Kent Fraser Bart., he arrived in Halifax on Wednesday the 22nd, and during his two day's stay in Halifax e they were guests at Government House. On Wednesday the dis tinguished visitor was entertained at dinner at the Halifax club by Mr. Joseph A. Chisholm, K. C., and besides Lord Lovat, Sir Kent Fraser, Archbishop McCarthy Lt. Governor Fraser, Mgr. Daly, V. G. Premier Murray, Hon. Wm. Chisholm, Judge Drysdale and others were present. On Thursday Lord Lovat addressed the Canadian club at luncheon, and gave an able and instructive speech. In the evening he was again entertained at dinner at the club by Lt. Governor Fraser, and all the prominent Scotsmen in the city were present. Friday morning the party proceeded to Antigonish. Addresses of welcome were read by Mayor McDonald, Dr. W. F. MacKinnon of the Highland society, and D. C. Chisholm, parrister, of the Clan Chisholm, O. SC. To these Lord Loyat made a graceful reply. In the afternoon he called on the venerable Bishop Cameron who received him most University of St. Francis Xavier, where, degree of Doctor of Laws on Lord Lovat. In the evening the party left for New Glasgow. During his stay there he was presented with an address from the Clan ments. This does not prejudice certain Fraser and one in Gaelic from the Gaelic-

pression wherever he went. He left for Montreal on Saturday.

Our esteemed contemporary the Antigonish Casket says of this distinguished nobleman:

"Lord Lovat's brother and heir, Captain the Hon. Hugh J. Fraser of the Scots Guards, was, like his Lordship, educated at the Abbey School, Fort Augustus, and also served with dis tinction in the South African War An uncle, the Hon. Alexander Fraser who died in 1885, was Lieutenant Colonel in the Scots Guards. His widow is noted for her diligence in good works, and is the founder of a Training Home for Young Servants in London Another branch of the Fraser family is headed by Baron Saltoun. He is not Catholic, but his wife is, being a daughter of the late Thomas Grattan Bellew, sometime M. P. for Galway Bellew, sometime M. P. for Galway who took the name Grattan on marrying the grand-daughter of the famous Irish orator. Fort Augustus, where Lor Lovat and his brother went to school takes its name from the notorious William Augustus, Duke of Cumberla who used it for a garrison. It was ac-quired from the Government by the present Lord Lovat's grandfather, and present Lord Lovat's grandfather, and was presented by the late Lord Lovat to the Benedictine Order in 1876."

THE AMERICAN MARRIAGE MARKET.

Perhaps one of the most scandalous conditions of our modern life is revealed from day to day in the divorce courts of the United States, and many there are who hold to the opinion that our non-Catholic friends who are engaged in missionary work in China, Japan, and India, spending abundance of effort and millions of money, should devote more of their attention to the crying need of implanting Christian principles in the minds of thousands at their own doors, who, while professing Christians from the teeth outwards, are in reality people who deserve not the name, and whose lives are a reproach. American papers tell us that Madam Anna Gould has married another representative of the haute noblesse of France She married him in London, and the organist, who we think must be an Irishman, played with all his might and main the familiar old hymn "Abide With Me." It seems as if the lady had always been getting married to Frenchmen, but, after all, this is only the second time. It has been, a Nev York paper says, spread over so much time and so many pages of newspapers that it seems more like the tenth. Our contemporary goes on to say that marrying members of the French nobility becomes in time a habit the strength and basis of which the experience of ordinary persons does not qualify them to understand. Neither Boni nor Helie would commend themselves to the ordinary understanding as profitable mates, but, with some persons marriage is a speculation, and as Fox said of gambling, the next best fun to winning is losing. Perhaps there is an aleatory charm about these titled French persons, in that with them one is sure to get a run for one's money, and either win or lose definitely. That may suit a sporting taste better than merely

The American Republic is noted fo its stiff protective policy, having for generations maintained a heavy duty which renders it difficult for foreign na tions to dump their wares upon it. It may not be feasible to enact a protective law that would keep at home out-at- British Empire will be all the stronger. bows continental princes who are seeking marriageable American girls. whose parents have given them a bulky bank account. Such a law would no doubt be evaded because there is nothing to prevent the American title hunting butterfly crossing the ocean. Our American cousins might, however, be en abled to keep a great amount of Ameri can money in their own country were they in some manner to bring about th creation of American princes. The sons and daughters and uncles aunts and cousins of present and tired presidents might be declared law of royal blood. The average pet prince of the continent is not a suc morally, physically, intellectually financially. He is married to the American girl in some fashionab church. The couple live together for time, then a divorce is obtained, and the prince is put away in the rummage room of some old curiosity shop, his wife usually settling upon him enough to keep him in food, clothing, cigarettes and cocktails

dodder along without sensations.

A press dispatch from Vienna gives u omething brand new in this connecti Reports obtained from Russian source say that King Peter of Servia intends to marry his two sons to American women of great wealth. Emperor Nicholas of Russia is said to be agreeable to such unions and even has promised cordially and accompanied him to the be the godfather of the first son born to either of the princes, and Gen. Arthu as chancellor, he conferred the honorary T. Tcherep-Spirlovitch, president of the Slavonic League at Moscow, has already started for New York to look around for heiresses in America.

There will now be a flutter in a cer tain class of American society and much speculation as to who will be the lucky schools.' That was done, and we have Royal.

Lord Lovat made a most favorable im- ones to draw these two prizes offered by the King of Servia. Shortly after the sound of the wedding bells has died away, however, we will have the same round of yellow newspaper reports and pictures of the princes and their brides and the family jars, the procession to the divorce court, the annulment of the marriage and scandal's tongue fluttering at break neck speed. All this is species of "Modernism" from which ou non-Catholic brethren should pray the good Lord to deliver them.

AN ENGLISH "HARVEY DUFF.

There are a few people in England who hate the Irish all the time, and hate them strongly. If asked the reason why, they could not tell. Such a person appears to be the Gentleman Usher of he Black Rod in the House of Lords, Sir Henry Stevenson, who has, we are old, forbidden the Irish national cos ume to be worn in that House. Mr Hazelton, the member of North Galway. was the cause of the prohibition. He had taken a friend, who was wearing the Irish costume, to tea on the terrace of the House of Commons. There the costume gave no offence and attracted no notice. Indeed why should it? asks Mr. Hazelton His description of it is "a most incon spicuous kilt of saffron color, plain down he front, with a saffron shawl over the houlder, a silver gilt waist belt and silver buttons inscribed with an Irish notto." And yet, when he took his riend to the strangers' gallery in the House of Lords, Mr. Hazelton was couched on the arm by an attendant, who said:

"Black Rod instructs me to say, sir. that he does not think your friend's dress is a proper one to wear in the

Mr. Hazelton has written to Black Rod, and has received a reply which he does not consider satisfactory. So he has written again. Next session the vote for the salary of Black Rod will come before the House of Commons. If e does not bend before that will be Mr. Hazelton's opportunity. What makes natters worse is that the Scotch kilt has never been subjected to any such discrimination. Only a few weeks ago a dozen officers of the Cameron Highland ers, clad in all their glory of kilt, spor can and shawl, sat unquestioned in the distinguished strangers' gallery of the Commons to see Winston Churchill take nis seat for Dundee. Moreover, a sor of Lord Ashbourne, ex-lord chancellor of Ireland, wears the Irish kilt constantly, and as the son of a peer has the right to take his position on the steps of he throne in that dress.

It is to be hoped the Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod will be duly taken to account for this impertinent interference with Mr. Hazelton. Why, it may be asked, should he single out the Irish costume, worn by an Irish gentleman, for prohibition, when it is custom ary to permit in the House the national costume of people from every other nation in the world. But we must re member that Ireland has always beer an exception to almost every rule in the minds of certain of the governing class in England. This feeling is dying out but it is dying hard. When it become extinct, and when Ireland is permitted to transact its local business in its own way, there will be a better understanding between the two peoples and the

CATHOLIC SCHOOLS IN NEW GLASGOW, N. S.

They appear to have a school ques tion in New Glasgow, N. S. We are somewhat surprised to be told that in that town the Protestant ratepayers. who are in the majority, impose conditions upon their Catholic neighbors, so far as the schools are concerned, similar to those which exist in the United States. They say that as the Public schools are good enough for Protestant children they are good enough for Catholic children. From the Protestant point of view this may be deemed quite reasonable. But the Eastern Chronicle follows this with the reply of the Catholics : "Your schools are good schools as far as secular schools go, but there is a Protestant atmosphere about them to which our religious teachers object." In this connection, however, the editor suggests that it would be more correct to say that the atmosphere is atheistical rather than Protestant. He continues :

" Is there any ground for the allega testant atmosphere A Protestant will at once answer. 'No. But, let us reason together, or better let us recite an instance where the shoe was on the other foot : In Antigonish where the majority are Catholics, the Protestants objected to the Catholic atmosphere in the schools of the town It was open to the majority to say,-The schools are not Catholic schools but public schools, and as they are good enough for our children, they are good enough for yours.' But, as reasonable men, they did not say that. They said, the teachers are Catholics and what you allege may be true. Take your own taxes and your own share of school monies and build and maintain your own

not heard that education suffered or that Protestantism was endangered thereby. Invariably has this theory been adopted in Quebec to meet such conditions as exist and must be dealt with as they exist."

We hope our Protestant friends New Glasgow will adopt a different node in dealing with their Catholic neighbors. A course of action dictated by prejudice is a bad asset in the Dominion. Catholics will have their Catholic schools, whenever and wherever possible. The imposition of a double tax upon them by their Protestant neighbors is something which gives a wrench to the golden rule. Prejudice dies hard. Those who are responsible for its existence should be ashamed of themselves.

AMERICAN DIVORCES AND CAN-ADIAN LAW.

The subject of marriage and divorce being under the jurisdiction of the individual States of the American Republic, there is an absence of uniformity in the laws governing those important subjects in the several states of the Union, and unless all the facts and in cidents are stated it is not possible to express a reliable opinion. In a case submitted by a correspondent the parties were married in Maryland and lived in that state for eight years. Maryland was consequently their domicile. It is a well recognised principle that the domicile of the husband is that also of the wife. If, after separation, the wife moved to Michigan with the object of obtaining a divorce, the husband continuing to reside in Maryland, then the divorce would not be recognised under international law. If, on the contrary the husband had followed his wife to Michigan and taken up his residence there, even if not living in the same immediate locality as the wife, she would be properly domiciled in Michigan, and if then the proceedings in the application for divorce were strictly followed under the laws of that State the divorce would in that case be recognised under international law, and consequently be valid in Canada. It will be noted that the legality of the divorce would depend mainly on the question of domicile and strict observance of the laws of the State.

Toronto bigots in choice fashion. Coming from the pen of a Protestant writer is has all the greater force. The editor refers to a Toronto paper making objection to the placing of Champlain and Cartier and French words on the tercentenary postage stamps. "Perhaps its righteous rage may be modified," the Gazette says, "if it is promised when he Queen City has its tercentenary here will be an issue of stamps with pictures of Dutch King William and an bstructed street car thereon." A pity it is that there are papers in Toronto which will, instead of educating a certain class to higher ideals, pander to their baser instincts, and promote disunion where there should be concord. The Quebec celebration has given them an opportunity to say some things which bring them no credit The Montreal Herald well says that our amiable Toronto friends seem to object to any reference to Quebec except that Wolfe captured it.

THE MONTREAL Gazette hits off the

are well nigh inconceivable. The most rabid enemies of the Catholic Church in other sections of the world are beginning to look with disfavor, even with horror, upon those men who have cast to the winds all thoughts of a future life. all thoughts of responsibility either to God or man. A Paris message says that in order to show his contempt for religion in any form, the Mayor of Thoinette ordered that a ball should be held in the parish church on the eve of the National fete. At nightfall, accompanied by a number of men and women friends, the Mayor unlocked the doors of the church, and, having himself rung the bells summoning the population, started the ball. Under the Separation Law the parish church becomes the property of the commune, and the Mayor asserts that he is empowered to use the building for any purpose that he may think suitable.

LE CANADA, of July 21st, published actice of a French library in Montreal where immoral books and books on the index can be read by any one who goes there. We will not give the names of the works because we do not desire to be an advertising medium for those few miserable people in Montreal who rejoice in the present condition of affairs in France-who glory in license and defy the Church. A few red flag folk have always lived in the metropolis of Canada. They are the great-grand-children of the Revolution, who look at priests askance, and would, were the power placed in their hands, level the churches and convents and crown the "Goddess of Liberty" on Mount

THE GOVERNMENT of Japan has taken course of action in regard to literature which might with advantage be copied by Christian countries. It has forbidden the sale of a translation of some of Zola's works. Zola ranks high amongst the filthiest class of French writers. But this did not prevent the present Infidel Government of France from having his remains interred in the pantheon. No need for surprise have we, however, because they are birds of a feather. The Japanese Government has also condemned some of Tolstoi's works and several of those of Maxim Gorky. There is pressing need for prompt action on the part of Christian countries to deal with the plague of mmoral literature.

FROM TIME to time there appears in the public press, the product of the sensational reporter, a rumor that the Pope is ill. A despatch to the New York Times, one of the most reliable of the papers of that city, states that at the very time of the last announcement of the illness of the Pontiff he was receiving in his private room some very distinguished American visitors. He was, the despatch states, extremely kind, and the impression made upon the minds of the callers was that he was in perfect health.

AMERICAN CATHOLICS, and, we may say, the people of America generally, will hear with regret that His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons, of Baltimore, who is now in Rome, has been compelled, through illness, to retire to his apartments and seek medical advice. The prayers of the faithful all over the continent will ascend to the Most High that this great churchman may be spared many more years in the service

### ALCHEMY AND THE CHURCH.

At a time when the scientific world is eginning to realize that the aspirations of the alchemists were not idle dreams, 'the Catholic Encyclopedia" publishes, nost opportunely, an article on alchemy in which it states that St. Thomas himself was interested in the subject. " Alchemy" says the Encyclopedia, "is

the art of transmuting baser metals into

of the modern science of chemistry, for

gold and silver. It was the predeces

the first steps in the developments of the modeIn science were based on the work of the old alchemists. Chemistry dates from the latter half of th eighteenth century. About this time the idea was formulated that the formation of an oxide was an additive process; that an oxide was heavier than the original metal, because something was added to it. The discovery of oxygen is often taken as the date of the birth of chemistry. It established the fact that red oxide of mercury is composed of nercury and oxygen. The lack of this seemingly simp y simple conception gave its definite existence. From old Egyptian times men had studied the chemical properties of bodies without establishing any tangible or tenable theory. The name alchemy applied to the work of all early investigations. By their means were determined a vast number of facts, which were only classified and reasonably explained by the new science of chemistry. Many of the alchemists were earnest seekers after truth, and some of the greatest intellects of their time figure among them. Two motives actuated many investigators: the hope of realizing the transmutation of metals, and the restial immortality by the discovery of the elixir vitae. The fantastic element apparent in such desires operated to give alchemy a bad reputation, and it is not science to which it is entitled. As the belief in the possibility of the transmutation of metals was almost universal, much of the work of the alchemists was directed to the production of gold. Often the work was perfectly honest, but many instances of charlatangold. ism are on record. Dishonest men practised on the greed of rulers. If discovered to be guilty of fraud, capital punishment was sometimes administered. Henry IV. of England exhorted the learned men of his kingdom to study alchemy, and pay off the debts of the country by discovering the philosopher's stone. In the sixteenth century practically all rulers patronized alchemists.

Many clerics were alchemists. Albertus Magnus, a prominent Dom can and Bishop of Ratisbon, is attributed the work "De Alchimiâ," though this is doubtful of doubtful authenticity. Several treatises on alchemy are attributed to St. Thomas Aquinas. He investigated theologically the question of whether gold produced by alchemy could be sold as real gold, and decided that it could, if it really possessed the proper-ties of gold. A treatise on the subject is attributed to Pope John XXII, who is also the author of a Bull "Spondent quas non exhibent" (1317) against disnonest alchemists. It cannot be too strongly insisted on that there many honest alchemists. Chemists have never given up the belief that the transelements might effected, and recent work in radio-activity goes to prove its possible accom-plishment in the case of radium and

To get in touch with God is a great thing. It is likewise a great thing to get in touch with human needs and conditions. And who succeeds in this has grasped the great gain.

nelium.

Humility is the genuine proof of Christian virtues; without it we preserve all our defects, and they are only crusted over by pride, which conceals them from others, and often from ourselves.—La Rochefoucauld.

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#### A CONTROVERSY.

A prominent Catholic gentleman of Idaho sends us the following article, being a synopsis of an oral and written on which took place between himself, and a Presbyterian clergyman, the result being that the latter has embraced the Catholic Church.

THE UNITY OF FAITH !

If the God of the Isrealites, in the time of His Prophet, Isaiah, could call His people to "reason together," why can we not, at least, lot and in all candor and charity, proceed to "reason together?" This is not done for vainglory or to wound the tenderest feelings, but in the name of truth and the culture of all that is good and holy.

In answer to a question propounded, "What is the object of the Sects or Denominations," I shall say, no matter, if, like the Jews, their object is salvation, when in conflict with the divine plan of salvation, how can their motives saye them?

Speaking to the Romans St. Paul says, "Mark them which cause division earned and avoid them." And to the learned and avoit them.

Galatians the same writer puts strife, sedition and heresy — which are divisions — side by side with adultery, idolatry, murder, and says, "they which do such things shall not inherit the kingdom of heaven." The King James version of the Scriptures is referred to

here there are divisions, it is self Where there are divisions, it is self evident that faith has been sundered, disrupted, pluralized, else there would be no divisions or heresies. The in-spired, inerrant St. Paul declares faith is one; the uninspired, errant and in-dependent question St. Paul, overrule him, set his words at naught, and dedi-cate their temples to a divided, sundered, puralized faith.

FAITH DEFINED.

And what is faith?

In a few words, St. Mathew explains it when telling of the commandment it when telling of the commandment laid upon the disciples to "teach all nations, \* \* \* teaching them to ob-serve all things whatsoever I have commanded you." Faith is the doctrine embraced in teaching them "to observe all things, etc.;" or as St. Paul says, "the doctrine which you have learned." Kindly notice that this charge was

given to a divinely commissioned, organzed body or ministry, and that they are he teaching force.

It is not that each one is to teach

self or have recourse to any written or printed matter or set up an opinion as to what he would accept and what he would reject, but simply, each one is to be taught. In other words, "Whatsoever I have commanded you" signifies that they—His ministry—are the storehouse and are in undisputed possession of the unbroken faith, and are, therefore, duly qualified and enjoined to teach. And the teaching must be thorough and complete; it must em-"all things" the Savior had in

To teach a few things or even many things would be an infraction and viola-tion of the Savior's orders, as the commandment requires the teaching "to observe all things."

As the ministry is under duty to

teach all things commanded, we, the laity, are under obligation to hear and observe all things, else, says the scrip-ture, "he that will not hear the church" (which is the Savior's lawfully-authorized ministry) "let him be to thee as heathen and a public .n."
"TO OBSERVE ALL THINGS!"

How few there are, I dare say, who pause when they come to that very important but little word of three letters A-L-L. Run back, if you will, to the apostolic era, watch that word being written and catch the inspired purport

And, now, pause and consider, please the obsoleteness this mighty and essential word obtains among divisions or sects. They do not teach alike, wherefore there are divisions, and hence they do not teach "all things whatsoever I have commanded you.

INSCRIPTURALNESS OF DENOMINATIONS. From cover to cover the Bible no here has one word in favor of a cleft or divided faith; but looking at the prolifieness of Sectarianism or divisions one would naturally suppose that the Good Book fairly teems and bristles with, and begs and pleads for a disembodied unity of faith; that salvation, if attained at all, must come through a diverse, sectional, pluralized faith. In fact, in the minds of many, the Lord's plan of salvation is so obimperfect or incomplete that nearly every little town and hamlet has its sages and solons who add to or sub-tract from the original from the original or modify or

ANALOGOUS TERMS OF UNITY.

Writing to the Ephesians, St. Paul intedly and specifically affirms, Lord, one faith, one baptism, one God and Father of all." If St. Paul means any thing as to oneness in this Biblical narration, he means unqualifiedly everything that oneness implies and stands for. To preclude any possible misunderstanding, as to the unity of each of the above terms, they are relatively grouped and associated together and each term singly is modified by the numeral one, making the strongest and tersest analogy of terms found in the construction of language. Four terms used to emphasize and entrench each term in its relative unity. Is no other object or reason for it.

How strange it is, as will be shown, that whole schools and races of people have stricken out this ordained harof relations and substituted dis-ONE LORD, ONE FAITH, ONE BAPTISM,

ONE GOD.

Few there are who refuse to recognize or defend the oneness of God, or the oneness of the Lord, or even the oneness of baptism, butwhen it comes to defend and uphold the oneness of faith, from the highest to the lowest, from the sanctified to the unsanctified, every one of our sectarian brethren will, anology or peremptorily "delivered unto satan?" distribution of his wealth that if fol-

no anology of terms, draw the line good and tight, object, protest, revolt. The other three terms are "lovely" but to pin a person down to "one faith" is absurd, unreasonable and is beyond the forbearance of human nature and an enlightened age. Au revoir, St. Paul, till we meet on more congenial grounds.

But all of us are not ready to dismiss St. Paul, for in our hearts we know that as stated the oneness of faith is just as intact as the oneness of God. God is one, faith is one; that is, both are inseverable. God can not be divided; He is one. Faith cannot be divided; it is one. What an intimate relation-

ship!
In God there is no division; in faith, likewise, there is no division, con-sequently faith is just as undividable as God is undividable. If God is one and God is undividable. If God is one and unchangeable, faith too, is one and unchangeable. The unity of faith corresponds with the unity of God, for God is numerically one. Faith is numerically one and, therefore, it cannot be denominationalized or sectarianized any more than God himself can be riven or denominationalized. nominationalized.

To denominationalize faith is to destroy its unity, and where there is no unity of faith, the relative parity between God and faith is broken and lost The equity being the same, why does any one favor the unity of God and dis-

favor the unity of faith? To reverse the terms, what less infraction and viol-ation of the law would it be to confess one faith, but to belong to some one sect of two or three hundred deities?

If a plurality of Gods' is forbidden, so also is a plurality of faith; and, there-fore, one religion cannot be as good as another, because this implies a sundered faith, denominationalized to fit any style or fancy. The oneness of faith is just as essential as the oneness of God, and it is just as biblical, and just as im-

Sectarian pietists are horrified to know of a ball game on Sunday, but a ruptured faith costs them no more thought than a bursted air bubble. And the Christian world is overflowing with sects or divisions, every one of which is a denominationalized faith, a sundering of that unity comparable to God Him-

Question-If the unity of faith cor responds to the unity of God, with whom does the severance of faith cor-

In our Lord's time and the apostolic age, faith was one; divisions were in tolerable, and they are not less intoler

able to-day.

Could you imagine anything more ab surd and inconsistent than to see St. John a Methodist, St. Paul a Lutheran, St. James a Baptist, St. Mathew a Presbyterian, and each one advocating and expounding his own peculiar doctrine? If you could imagine it, it would be Protestantism, pure and simple; but the very diametrical opposite was the reality, for their faith was one, and their

It is the strangest, most unaccount able feature contrary to and condemned by Holy Scriptures, that our Protestant brethren recognize and support divi-sions, sects, and an ununified faith, while their Catholic brethren, with St. Paul, stand for the unity of faith, and refuse to recognize or approve sects or any divisions of faith. Their principles are their reasons for not attending any worship but their own.

Another thing surpassingly strange is that our sectarian brethren would take a spiritual "fit" if any one would with-draw one jot or title from the sacred passage in question, but, be it pride o progress of Protestantism, they experi ence not the least conscientious quali to set up, vertically over and above the objectionable, numerical unity, a mammoth steam pile driver, and, with a rythmical and uninterrupted motion, and potency of that magnetic mono-syllable. Your very salvation is wrapped up in it. Will you question drive, shiver and shatter the second term of the quotation into atomical frag-

operates outside of the Church of God-not in it.

In every day parlance, they seem to "have it in" for St. Paul on this particular score. Their estimation of him would have been octupled, had he written thus: "One Lord, one Bible, one baptism, one God." Why didn't he substitute Bible for faith? Well, if he did

not, there are those who do.

Faith is not the Public Domain, subject to homestead entry in 40, 80, or 160 acre tracts, free to reject or choose from. Faith is "one," integral, "unfeigned, precious, most holy," and without it, God is implacable. Faith is not what any man chooses to make it as it is the Divine Will planned for our salvation. And the Divine Will is one, indivisible

and unchangeable.

Faith is one as matrimony is one, and neither can be sundered, for they are both concrete, joined together, and th Good Book says, "what God has joined together let no man put asunder." But we know irrefutably that they are both sundered. Yes, unfortunately, and there are those who are conscious of the fact but reealcitrant, electing to violate God's holy ordinances with impunity at the cost of their everlasting peril.

HYMENAEUS CITED.

Would not the faith have been rup tured and unity destroyed, if Hymena eus, mentioned by St. Paul in the epistle to Timothy, were permitted to deny or misconstrue the "Resurrection," bemisconstrue the "Resurrection," be-cause the "Resurrection" as lawfully defined is an article of faith?

Faith would also have been ruptured and unity destroyed, if Hymenaeu were permitted to deny or misconstrue the "Incarnation" or "Redemption," because both are articles of faith.

Faith would likewise have been ruptured rath would inkewise have been ruptured and unity destroyed, if Hymenaeus were permitted to deny or misconstrue the "Forgiveness of Sins" by man as a lawfully ordained, qualified Confessor, because the forgiveness of sins by man in the Tribunal of Penance is an article

of faith coeval with Christianity. If Hymenaeus for denying or misconstruing the "Resurrection" were delivered unto satan, for denying or misconstruing the "Incarnation" or "Redemption" or "Sacramental Confession," would be not have been equally and presented by the same of the sa

That the forgiveness of sins by man in Holy Orders is an article of faith, I refer to the Gospel of St. John, chapter 20, verse 23. "Whosesoever sins ye remit, they are remitted unto them; and whosesoever sins ye retain, they are retained." Thousands there are who deny it or misconstructive it yet the deny it or misconstrue it, yet the article of faith remains and it as binding as ever; but are the objectors and protestors any better than Hymenaeus who,

"Resurrection," lelivered unto satan? Stop, reader, please, and think this natter over seriously! It concerns you and all of us!

Faith is one and was one; and there-fore St. Paul could brook no interfer-ence or denial or misconstruction of any single article of faith. Were he among is today it would keep him busy launch ing upon the fracturers and disturbers of the unity of faith, fulminations and anathemas. All of St. Paul's epistles breathe the spirit of unity, sound doctrine, exaltation of faith and woe upon divisions.

In several instances St. Paul tells his adherents, "Be of one mind." Need I say that St. Paul does not mean to be of "one mind" politically, commercially or pathologically? On mind presupposes and correlates with "one faith," one church, one religion.

"Be of one mind!" Behold the plain

and simple language, but to many, it seems, it is not plain enough, or that the inspired language is irrelative, ob-solete or imposs ble of fulfilment; and therefore, long ago it has been consigned to ante-diluvian chambers.

Among our sectarian brethren, it has

no force or merit or application, for they are not of "one mind," neither among themselves nor with Mother Church ; but, on the contrary, it seems each one takes a pride and a pleasure in being independent and having mind of his own. True, this makes them and the apostle, antipodean. But, what of that, even if it be Hymenaeu over again!
In the belief concerning the Lord's

Supper, or the Indissolubility of marriage, or the Atonement, or the Infant Baptism, et aliis, a Lick telescope could not discover wherein our sectarian friends are of "one mind."

But, if it goes as hard on them as it did on Hymenaeus, it would take a good mathematician to estimate how many special trains St. Paul would need to harter in making deliveries. Summarizing, we know our premise

are right and our conclusion is correct as regards "One Faith," one Church, one Religion, because it follows, if there is more than one Faith, more than one Church, more than one Religion, it gives rise to divisions, heresy, etc., which are severely dealt with and punishable with the seclusion of heaven itself. It is, however, a noteworthy and con

soling fact that there is an organized body, semiternal in nature, with which we can affiliate, whose members are of "One Mind, One Faith, One Baptism," and who worship "One Lord, God and Father of all," F. J

### EXAMPLES FOR RICH CATHOLICS.

Instances are multiplying to enforce the teaching laid down by His Grace the Most Reverend Archbishop, in the circular letter issued to promote the annual collection for the Seminary, on the obligation of the rich and well-to-de to give to the Church in proportion to their means. The other day, Mr. Clifton Stanislaus West, of Southport, England, and a leading manufacturer, of Manchester, died leaving an estate approximating a million dollars in our

After setting aside comparatively moderate sums for a nephew and brother and for two local charities, he left the mmense residue to his parish priest to be expended according to instructions. The example of Lord Brampton, better known as the famous Sir Henry Hawkin Brown as the tamous Sir Henry Hawkins of the English Bench, and of Lady Brampton, his wife, who died within a few weeks of each other, both converts to the faith, in leaving absolutely to Archbishop Bourne of Westminster their mmense fortune aggregatin y over half a million dollars is still fresh n the public mind.

Wills such as these old Catholic spirit which prevailed in England the days before the Protestant Re-volution of Henry VIII. and which, thank God, is reappearing after the lapse of centuries. One has only to read the "Eve of the Reformation" by pom Aidan Gasquet, that remarkable portrayal of pre-Reformation life in England, to understand with what frequency people in those days remembered the Church in their last testament.

The truth is, that before the Reforma-tion the sense of absolute ownership over money and possessions which pre-vails to-day had no place in the minds of the people. They looked upon wealth as a trust committed to them by God, to as a trust committed to them by God, to be employed for noble purposes, for the use of which they would be held strictly accountable by the Supreme Judge. The idea that they could do with it what they pleased, regardless of their obligations as Catholies to the Church and to the poor, was alien to Catholie thought and feeling. Hence that admirable series of wills extracted from the mediaeval parish records with which Abbot Gasquet illustrates the temper and spirit of the times.

This was a true ideal and one which the present generation of Catholics the present generation of Canonics might well copy. But what is particu-larly praiseworthy in this modern in-stance is that Lord Brampton showed also in his last will the great good sense that was his distinguishing characteristic throughout his whole brilliant career. He and his wife left their bequest absolutely to the Archbishop, the one person in the community who, from his intimate knowledge of the conditions and needs of the different charities and public works of the diocese, is best fitted to use to advantage and where most needed, resources that may be committed in this way to his keeping. Lord Brampton with his wife came into the Church late in life, but in his death he has left an example of wise Catholic foresight in the

lowed, would contribute greatly in fur-thering the work of the Church and increasing her efficiency in many ways which are now prohibited to her because of the crippled means at her command.

### BETTING.

CONDITIONS UNDER WHICH IT MAY MORALLY JUSTIFIABLE.

Rev. T. Slater, S. J., in the Catholic A bet may be defined as the backing A bet may be defined as the backing of an affirmation or forecast by offering to forfeit, in case of an adverse issue, a sum of money or article of value to one who, by accepting, maintains the opposite and backs his opinion by a corresponding stipulation. Although these though there are no Federal statutes in the United States on this matter, many of the States make it a penal offense when the bet is on a horse race or an election, or a game of hazard. Betting contracts are also frequently made void. Similarly in Great Britain forbidden by law, and wagering con-tracts are null and void. Such laws are just and useful, inasmuch as they serve to keep within the bounds of decency the dangerous habit of gambling, and sound morals to prevent me from entering into a contract with another to hand event come to pass, with the stipulation that he is to do the same in my favor if the event be otherwise.

This may be an innocent form of quire the following conditions: The parties must have the free disposal of what they stake, and both must bind n morals as it is in law. Both must inderstand the matter of the bet in the same sense, and it must be uncertain for them both. If, however, one has absolutely certain evidence of the truth of his contention, and says so to the other party, he is obstinate. If a bet fulfills these conditions and the ob-ject of it is honest, so that the bet is an incentive to sin, it will be a valid contract, and therefore obligatory in conscience. Debts of honor then are also debts that were bound in concience to pay if they fulfilled the cor ditions just laid down. It follows that the avocation of the professional bookmaker need not be morally wrong. It is quite possible to keep the moral law and at the same time so as to arrange one's bets with different people that though in all probability there will be some loss, still there will be gain on the

### CATHOLICS AND THEIR PRESS.

The late James Ryder Randall, author of the famous war lyric of the South, "My Maryland," in one of his letters

" Our own people, in the mass, neglect their papers and will, unless the improbable occurs, continue to do so. This seems a shocking thing to repeat, but it s absolutely true. They as a class not only do not subscribe for their papers which exist, but do not, as a rule, advertise in them. I tried to get a friend of nine to advertise, but he refused. is one of that class who think that Catholics are bound to trade with him because of his name. He is a staunch Catholic, is worth about \$2,000,000 and has no children. His business is hriving and he said that he did not advertise in any religious paper—he must be courting only the patronage of free thinkers. He admitted that the Catholic paper was an excellent one, much improved and ably conducted, but beyond subscribing for a year he would not go further, no matter what prelates and priests advised along that line. If all or nearly all Catholics subscribed to a Catholic paper, and Catholic business men advertised in it in the same propor-tion as the non-Catholic business men what a splendid press we would have I am sometimes astonished at the excel-lence of some of our papers, under existing circumstances. Some Catholics are of the notion that, because everything Catholic paper contains does not just suit their fancy, they will have nothing to do with it."—Intermountain Catholic.

### SAYING THE ROSARY.

Few Catholics know how to say the Most of them imagine that i osary. they pass the beads through their fingers and say the vocal prayers they havefully practiced the devotion. But the beads and the vocal prayers are the least part of it. The meditation on the fifteen mysteries of our redemption, is the main

The mind should be occupied with houghts of the wonders wrought by God from the time when the Angel Gabriel saluted the Blessed Virgin as the mother of the Messiah to the hour when she was crowned by her divine Son as Queen of Heaven. The joyful mysteries and the glorious mysteries should have their turn for rumination and the remembrance of them in all their details should be companied with acts of faith and love contrition and hope, and with the renewal of good resolutions. If this were the chief concern of the rosarian, how those mysteries would sink into the heart and how they would burst out thence into the bloom of pious action! The slip-ping of the beads through the hand would then only measure the time and the "Hail Mary's" would only occupy the lips to serve as music to the lovely

thoughts within.

Think of the mysteries! Let memory. imagination and will be absorbed in them. Then will the devotion have its perfect fruit in loving sentiments and practical conclusions.—Catholic Columbian.

### THE CATHOLIC IN SOCIETY.

The late Mrs. Craigie, (John Oliver Hobbs,) in her last and partly unfinished book, "The Dream and the Business," writing of the Catholic-convert we and what she has to endure in non-Catholic society, says:
"If a Catholic woman is obliged to

If a Catholic woman is obliged to live in a Protestant family, or entirely in a non-Catholic atmosphere, she men-tally starves to death. In her effort to live up to what she knows is right, but which appears like tyranny to her family and friends, her life becomes a sort of martyrdom. And what makes it harder is that those who surround her act as if she were wrong, they right, and that her peculiar ideas are tolerated because they like her personally. One of the reasons why a Catholic can never be in-definite and uncertain in her belief, or a prey to shifting opinions, is because Catholicity is a positive religion; it is not a thing of negations, of giving salvation to those who have not done or believed certain things. betting in streets and public places, Catholicity leaves an indelible stamp and the keeping of betting houses are upon the soul. It is not enough that Catholies should not do such and such a thing, or not to believe certain doctrines, but it is a matter of positive doing as well as believing, of works as well as faith. It lays down positive laws the many evils which are usually associated with it. Although betting is to be discouraged as being fraught with danger, and although it may be moraldanger, and although it may be morally wrong, still in particular cases it is
money of which I have the free disposal to another, so there is nothing in
sound morals to average as being fraught with
the danger, and although it may be moraluttered, every thought forged in the
mind. \* \* \* It will not be long before
she discovers that the real Protestant
mind and the true Catholic mind can
never come together at any point. \* \* The Catholic woman in ing into a contract with another to hand over to him a sum of money if an assertion be found to be true, or if a certain life sum to passer to make the sum of money if an assertion be found to be true, or if a certain life sum of the sum of t with such a question as 'Why is it better to go to Church early in the than any other time?' And when she explains about Mass and the fasting explains about Mass and the fasting recreation, or a ready way of settling a dispute. However, the practice is very liable to abuse, and that it may be morally justifiable theologians reposition to bear these things with calmless. But the constant insinuation that she is fooled, deceived or cajoled wears on her mind in the course of time and she must be almost an angel to stand it. themselves to stand by the event and she must be almost an angel to stand it. she must be almost an angel to stand it. If her friends do not imply that she is suffering from temporary aberration of mind, they hint that she is 'influenced by some designing priest or Catholic friend. Then if she shows any disposition to lose her temper or resent their remarks, if she is discouraged at the coldness at home, it is said she is un-happy and regrets her step.
"Catholicity — thank heaven—is not

fashionable. It is the religion of the poor, the humble and ignorant, but its detractors forget that being universal, it is also the faith of princes, the rich and the intellectual."

#### CARDINAL GIBBONS RECEIVED BY THE POPE.

TREATS HIM LIKE AN OLD FRIEND.

A despatch to the New York Times A despatch to the New York Times, dated August 1st states that Cardinal Gibbons was received in private audience by the Pope that morning. The Pontiff was most cordial and affections to These additional and affections to These additional and the state of the state tionate. The audience lasted an hour. When I entered Cardinal Gibbon

oom he was still deeply stirred by his audience with the Pope, and exclaimed:
It is most delightful. The Pontiff greeted me as a bosom friend — as if we had lived together since childhood."

Indeed, when the Pope was informed

that Cardinal Gibbons was in the antechamber, instead of waiting for him to be ushered in, he went to meet him at the door of the library and, preventing him from kneeling, embraced him paternally. His Holiness then had the American sit next him at his writing desk.

Cardinal Gibbons, describing the audience, said: "The kindness of the

Pope was so great as to be almost embarrassing. He said he wished me to ask for anything I wanted and everything would be granted."

Although the conversation was carried on in Latin, as Cardinal Gibbons is not sufficiently affluent in Italian, while the Pope does not understand French it was of the most animated description and touched all the most vital which concern the Catholic Church.

The Cardinal and the Pope agreed to meet again soon, wishing to discuss several questions in regard to affairs in America before the Congregation of the Propaganda meets for the last time to consider some of these questions, which will afterward be dealt with according to the common law of the Church. It seems Cardinal Gibbons is particular-ly anxious to have Dennis O'Connell appointed Auxiliary Bishop of Baltimore to replace Bishop A. A. Curtiss as Vicar General, who died not long ago. It is understood Cardinal Gibbons intends afterward to have Father O'Connell pro-

## THE FRUITS OF THE EARTH

Seem To Be Nature's Provision For Keeping Man Healthy and Warding Off Disease.

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

Careful investigation has shown hat all the common fruits act on the Liver, Kidneys, Bowels and Skin. These are the organs that rid the body of dead tissue and waste products, and the fruit juices stir them up to

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

posed as his coadjutor with the right of

The general condition of the Church, particularly in the United States and South America, was discussed. The Pontiff expressed great satisfaction with the condition of the Church in America as well as with the Catchelia America, as well as with the Catholic University, and the Mission House under the direction of Father A. P. Doyle

of Washington. Speaking of the changes made recently in the organization of the Roman congre-gations, Cardinal Gibbons expressed his admiration for the activity of the Pope in this matter. In reply the Holy Father said :

"You and I are of the same age, and we are still quite young."

Cardinal Gibbons is the recipient of nuch attention on the part of high dignitaries, both ecclesiastic and lay, who, besides honoring him, wish in this way to demonstrate their admiration for the United States.

He occupies at the Sulpician House He occupies at the Sulpician House the same quarters as when he was here last time for the conclave of Pius X., that is after he had been shut up in the Vatican for the actual election of the Pope At that time the House of the Sulpician was rather crowded, as besides Cardinal Gibbons there were several French mem-bers of the Sacred College there, includ-ing Cardinal Richard, late Archbishop of

Father Herzog, the rector of the Sulpicians, has now put the whole house at the disposal of the Archbishop of Baltimore, but Cardinal Gibbons has insisted on having only the same rooms that he had in 1903. There he has been visited by nearly all the Cardinals of the Curia. eads of religious orders, rectors of ecclesiastic colleges, and many other pre-

The presence in Rome of Cardinal Gibbons is considered especially important for the solution of several pending American matters in ecclesiastical

The world is a desert. Caravans from all quarters of the sun meet at from an quarters of the sun meet at the crossroads. One gives the other food or drink or medicine and then all move on again. And all grows dim with time. And the camel drivers are forgotten; but the crossroads and the medicine and the cattle helped each caravan upon the way.—Gilbert Parker, The Weaver.



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

FEAST OF THE ASSUMPTION.

Of the many feasts which Holy Church celebrates in honor of the Mother of God there is none which brings more of there is none when brings more joy to the Christian soul than the Feast of the Assumption of her blessed and virginal body into Heaven. For although immaculately conceived, living from the beginning of her existence in grace and beneath the shadow of the Holy Spirit, all this sanctification, great as it was, was beginning, the onward as it was, was beginning, the onward progressive step of a supernatural life which was crowned by the prodigious miracle of her assumption. Even though the Church has not defined the Assumption as a dogma of faith, nevertheless of account of its universal acknowledge ment, its supereminent fitness, it would be nothing less than temerity for any to deny that God bestowed his crowning reward upon His blessed Mother.

Consider for a moment who the Blessed Virgin was, the intimate relation between her and her divine Son, and our faith in assumption will become not firmer, more enlightened, our love for her more quickened, our rejoicing greater Immaculately conceived through the anticipated merits of Jesus Christ, she subject to original sin. Now, as original sin brought corruption to the body, and the penalty of death, Mary was freed from it. She died indeed, not the victim of sin, but in obedience; and as through the magnitude of God's justice and power when living she was elevated beyond the estate and condition of all flesh, so in passing from life she was lifted up, glorified in body and soul, into

Moreover, if we consider her unique work as mother of the God-man, the be-stowing on him of our human nature, the intimate and sacred relations of her life to His, we shall the better see how fit-ting, how necessary was it that the union on earth should continue in heaven. Hers were the arms that gently carried the divine Child, the breast that nourished Him, hers the heart that beat in unison with His. How, then, could this tabernacle of the Most High be dissolved? How could the Tower of David, built of imperishable cedar, moulder and tion, and the darkness and exile of the tomb in her, who is all fair, without a spot or wrinkle? As she was the mother of Jesus, God honored her with the dignity and the reward becoming such a mother. In childhood, in manhood, in His public life, in His death, at His ascension, Mary was ever present.

As she followed Jesus from His child-

hood to the last sigh upon the cross, so also, enwrapt in the embrace of God's affection, body and soul she followed Him after a brief exile to heaver There she reigns in the majesty being; there, too, she pleads with out stretched arms before her Son, averting His anger and obtaining innumerable graces for us, if we but call upon her with pure and loving hearts.

Let us, then, dear brethren, become

worthy of such an intercessor. Let this the feast day of the Assumption of our blessed Mother bear new fruit into our souls. Let us rejoice in this exceeding grace with which she is crowned. Let s avail ourselves of her powerful aid. Let us too look for this reward which Jesus has merited for us, as for her, that in obedience, in purity of soil and body, in submission to trials, we may come at length to the reward of heaven, to the sight and knowledge of Mary, its glorious queen, to the possession and enjoy-ment of God the Father, Son and Holy

### THE ATTITUDE OF DR. BRIGGS.

The great purpose of everything Dr. Briggs writes nowadays is Christian Unity. He has consecrated his life to bringing Christian bodies more closely olic theology have made him an inter-preter of Catholic teaching to the thouands of Protestants who read every thing he writes, nothing is farther from his mind at the present movement than to identify himself with the Catholic He feels that if he became Catholic he would ruin his apostolate, and he considers his apostolate that of bringing all Christian bodies more close-

ly together of paramount importance. It is undoubtedly true that he is accomplishing wonders in that direction. There is no Protestant theological writer who is so widely read as Briggs is and the host of readers who follow his articles accept him literally. He is doing, in the very midst of Protestant-ism, a work that a hundred missionaries to non-Catholics, could not accomplish because they have not his opportunities. because they have not his opportunities. He is perfectly sincere in his own concenscience in laboring along these lines and not submitting to the divine authority of the Church. Undoubtedly his eyes are withholden as to his duty in the circumstances. We can only pray that when his task is accomplished and all the barriers between Catholicity and Protestantism are leveled, at least theologically. Holy, Mother Church may logically, Holy Mother Church her arms with joy to receive child who has been away from home so valiantly fighting her battles. In a re-cent article, among other statements concerning the Church, Dr. Briggs has

The more advanced Protestant scholars have been working for half century and more to lead Christianit back to Jesus Christ, and have only partially succeeded. If now the Pope, as the head of the Roman Catholic Church, owing to the reverence and obedience given him by that whole Church as the successor of St. Peter and the living representative of our Lord, can succeed in raising up Catho lies throughout the world to this exalted position of reforming everything in Christ, there will be ere long the greatest revival and reformation known to history, and the Protestant Churches will have to bestir themselves to keep

"There are many Protestant theo-logians who think it (the dogma of the Immaculate Conception) an inevitable consequence of the doctrine of original

"The infallibility of the Pope, as defined by the Vatican Council, limits infallibility and so hedges it with condi-tions that infallible decisions in the past are hard to find and not likely to ccur in the future except in great em-

"The Catholic Church made an portant reform in dogma when Leo XIII. directed that Thomas Aquinas should be used as the standard authority in all Catholic colleges and seminaries."
"It is doubtful, to say the least,

there would have been such an anti thesis between Protestant and Catholic dogma if Thomas Aquinas had been the universal standard of doctrine in the

sixteenth century."
"A more thorough study of the Bible has shown that the reformers were, all of them, greatly mistaken in their in-terpretations. Protestant theology has for the most part, abandoned the high Augustinianism of the reformers. The common doctrine of the present Pro common quoetrine of the present Pro-testant theologians would not be recog-nized by any of the reformers. The dogmatic differences with Rome either no longer really exist or are in different forms, and concerned with different

"It it of the highest importance that the reform movement has been renewed with so much promise under a Pope of such spirituality, simplicity and openmindedness; a man who impresses thos admitted to his presence and convers as being possessed of unusual grasp mind, insight and real moral power. The Missionary.

### THE CHAPLAIN'S STORY.

BY REV. RICHARD W. ALEXANDER. Visiting a friend who was chaplain of famous hospital, the conversation

turned on God's great mercy to wander ing souls in their extremity.
"Let me tell you, Father Alexander," said the chaplain, who had been many years at the hospital, "of an extraordin-

ary case under my own observation. It will prove how true are your words that God's love for souls surpasses all under standing, and may encourage any doubting one you meet always to trust in We had an ambulance call about 10

clock one night from the railroad depot, saving that a man had been struck and off to the scene, and in less than half ar on to the serie, and the surgeons and nurses were ready, and rushed out to meet it. When the door was opened a man stepped out of the ambulance, and although he was pale and looked dazed, he walked into the corridor. "Where is the patient?" said the

ad surgeon. " Here I am,' said the man. "'But I thought it was a railroad

accident,' said the surgeon, amazed. "'And so it was,' said the resident doctor, who accompanied the ambulance This is the man who was knocked down

by the train. He must be examined.
"The doctors led the way to operating room, the patient walking along with them. As they entered the white-lined room, with its white tables

white belongings, dazzling with elec-tries, the patient spoke.

"'What are you going to do to me?' he

fully to see where you are hurt. Have ou any pain ?'
"'I cannot say; I feel dazed.

first of all I want to see a Catholic priest. Is there one around?'
"The question was addressed to the Sister in charge of his case.
"There is one in the house," said the

Sister, stepping forward. 'Of course, you can.'

"I wish you would give us a chance to see what is wrong with you, said a sur-geon. 'We will help you on to the

" 'You won't cut, or probe, or do anything till the Sister " 'No, if you say so,' replied the sur-

n. "Perhaps there is not much ing. Come, now." 'Yes, there is,' said the patient. 'I'll

et you look, but I must see the priest before you do anything, and he walked to the table, while the Sister left the om to search for me.
"It was between 11 o'clock and midnight, but of course I arose and went at

once. When we arrived at the operating room the surgeon said : 'Father, we have examined this man

from head to foot, and there is not : cratch on him, nor a bone displaced. But he is still calling for you, so we will wait till morning for a more thorough examination. Sister will give him oom where he can be comfortable, and hope he will have a good night's rest."
"The surgeons left the room, leaving

the surgeons left the room, teaving the man, who was wrapped in a long bath-robe, sitting on the operating table. "'Father,' he explained, 'thank God you have come! I need you very much.

Thank you, Sister. "I made a motion to the Sister, and she left to give directions about the patient's room. I was a long time with the man, and how my heart went up in thanksgiving to God for him. I heard his confession, which he made with most edifying sentiment, and then I sent for

"Sister," I said, "I am going to give this man the sacraments; will you get

the things ready?"i
"Naturally she was astounded.

"Naturally she was astounded.
"His own room is ready, father,' she remarked. 'Don't you think he had better come to it? It is not far.'
"Yes,' said the patient, slipping to the floor, 'I would rather do so,' And as he seemed to stagger, she called an orderly and he was assisted to his room. while she prepared a table, placing upon it all things necessary for the adminis-

tration of the sacraments.
"'Father,' said the Sister, t'do you think his case is so serious?'

"Something impels me to give him the last sacraments,' said I. 'It may be a special grace. God's goodness is past all comprehension.'

"She said no more, and while the orderly was assisting the man to bed we went to the chapel, whence I brought the Blessed Sacrament, while she carried the lighted candle through the long cor-ridors to the room of this unusual pati-

He was anointed, and received Viaticum with extraordinary fer-When I gave him the last blessing, he crossed himself and folded his hands reverently. When all was over and I had prepared to leave for the night,

he turned to me:
"'O father, how can I ever thank God
for this night? I think I can sleep "I saw a tear steal down his cheek.

We bade him 'good night,' or rather 'good morning,' for it was long past 2 o'clock, and then left him. " At 7 o'clock the nurse met me, and reported that the surgeons would be with the man in an hour. 'Give him a

light breakfast if he wants anything. more thorough examination when we get there.'
"I went with her to the patient's

room. He was lying in a stupor. The orderly said he had never spoken or orderly said he had never spoker moved since he bade us good night. examination it was found that his brain had been injured, and in the opinion the specialist who was summoned he would never regain consciousness.

" And he never did!
" For nine days he lay there without one glimmer of reason. Some friends came; they called in other specialists. Various remedies were proposed; som were tried, but without the least effec On the ninth day he died. God's tender mercy again. God's great and boundless love. And then I recalled the night he walked into the operating room and insisted on seeing the priest. If he had not done so then, his last chance was gone.

"Some days afterwards a lawyer and a priest came to the hospital and asked for a certain patient. We had never heard the name. But on being shown the photograph of the party sought, I recognized the man who had died unonscious after making his peace with God. He had given an assumed name, which his relatives had never heard. He was of a fine family, but had lived : vild life for some years. The lawyer was his brother and the priest was his When I told them of the ne received before his death, of his fer vent reception of the last sacrament they joined with me in thanking God.

### FATHER O'LEARY AND DR. JOHNSON

It is recorded of the Rev. Fathe O'Leary, the famous Irish wit, that he became a friend of Johnson the lexico-grapher, as the result of the intrepid attack which he delivered on the stern barrier of the literary king's prejudice says the Cork Examiner. The witty Irish priest was introduced to Johnso by Edmund Burke, and their initial con-versation turned to the Hebraic records

But as Father O'Leary did not mani fest a thorough acquaintance with the Hebrew tongue, Johnson, who was in one of his uncontrollably savage moods, turned to Burke and said : a minister of the Gospel who doesn't understand our oldest language. What a stupid man is this that you have brought in to me." Father O'Leary's treatment of the re-

tuke did honor to his reputation for umor, resourcefulness and versatility.

He turned on the irate Johnson and poke to him in the soft, mellifluous ongue of the Gaedhal; but never a

A feigned expression of horror and lisgust crept over the features of the Irish priest, as, with a deprecatory shrug, and with finger pointed at John-son, he remarked to Burke: "Here is the English writer of an English dic-tionary, and he does not understand the language of the sister country. What sort of a dunderhead is this you have brought me to?

The effect was electric. An insensoftened into a warm predilection, and tho Arthur afterwards became fast friends.

### ANARCHY'S SOURCE.

EDUCATION, NOT LEGISLATION, THE REMEDY FOR THE RED TERROR. Ave Maria.

While we cordially approve, in cor with the great mass of the people of this country, of our President's activity in the matter of suppressing Anarchistic periodicals, we cannot but recognize the ruth of the following observation he subject, contributed to the London Catholic Times: "President Roosevelt may reduce the

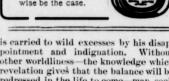
evil to small proportions; and, in calling for more stringent legislation against Anarchist publications, as well as refus-ing to allow them to be carried as part of the mails, he is taking effective meas ares to hinder the Anarchists in recruiting their ranks. But unless the country s thoroughly Christianized-and this is theroughly Unristianized—and this one can scarcely hope for so long as religious teaching is excluded from the primary schools—it may be doubted whether he will succeed in absolutely suppressing anarchism. The man who looks around him without having his mind illuminated by the light of Christianity can scarcely avoid being assailed by doubts and despair with regard to the justice and utility of society as it exists. We cannot wonder that he who and who sees wrong without redress, suffering without hope, wickedness un-chastized, the unscrupulous thriving and the virtuous their ill-treated servants,

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extract more nutriment from foodswith which it is mixed than would otherwise be the case.



orehensible mysteries."

It is, in its last analysis, the old story —you cannot legislate people into morality. But you may educate them into it, provided you begin soon enough. The growth of socialism increases the neces sity of religion in the schools. Not all Socialists, of course, are Anarchists, but all Anarchists began by being Socialists, and anarchy is hardly anything more and anarchy is hardly anything more than socialism carried out to its logical

### HOW FIUS X. WAS INDUCED TO INSURE HIS LIFE.

The last number of the Pro vita fratres, the bulletin of the Life Insur Verona, tells an amusing story the truth of which is guaranteed by the Marquis Crispolti describing how the Holy Father was inveigled into in-suring his life. While he was Patriarch of Venice he was beseiged by importunate agents so fiercely and so perseveringly that he absolutely refused to see any of them, or even to have the word "insurance" mentioned in his presence, until one day a real diplomat in the business found occasion to have

conversation with him on some other to the tabooed topic. The Patriarch told him how much he had been pes-tered, and how he had succeeded at last in getting rid of his persecutors. The wily agent cordially agreed with him, adding: "Of course, it would be absurd for your Eminence to insur-your life; you have no near relative de pending on you for support." The Patriarch, however, corrected him: "That is not exactly true, for I have relatives living with me, and for whom relatives living with me, and for whom
I must make some provision." "In
any case," replied the man, "Your
Eminence has no need to insure, for,
of course, you have saved something,
and your relatives would be provided
for in any case." "Saved something,"
said the Patriarch, "I've never saved
anything and I wesses rething." The

FRENCH PRIEST ARTISANS ABOUT TO DISPLAY PRODUCTS OF THEIR TOIL,

which the French priests have shown in the losses which the separation act has brought upon them, says Rome. Out of the fifty thousand priests in France nearly forty-five thousand were practi-cally dependent on the Government stipend for their maintenance, therefore, that this has been away, they are dependent on the charity of the faithful for their support, except in so far as they are able to do something other than the performance of their sacred ministry to help themselves. On this account it occurred to the Abbe Ballu, of the town of Parnay, to suggest a means by which priests could be free

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anything, and I possess nothing." The agent simply added: "And then? And a few minutes later he was in structed to make out a modest policy on the life of Joseph Sarto, for the benefit of certain persons closely re lated to him

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### of priests who were willing to use their hands as well as their heads for providing themselves with an income. The idea was taken up, and there are now some six hundred points had been as their heads for providing themselves with an income. The idea was taken up, and there are now some six hundred points had been as the provided by was that an association should be formed

The association has an office, where orders for work are received, as well as an official circular which it issues, ad-Surplus.....Security for Policy holders ..... vertising what its workers have for

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ing the rearing of fowls and rabbits, the cultivation of vegetables and the pre-HON. JOHN DRYDEN. Sec. & Manag. Director. President.

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Lord Dillon's Heir a Catholic.

Sunday last received into the Catholic Church by Father Bernard Vaughan, S. J. Mr. Dillon is the eldest son and J. Mr. Dillon is the eldest son and heir of Viscount Dillon, and is a J. P. for County Roscommon. It will be re-membered that the Dillon estate, por-

tion of which in Longford and Westmeath was in possession of the family since the time of King John, was re-

cently purchased by the Congested Districts Board. Since then the family

has severed its connection with Ireland. The thirteenth Viscount in 1766 con-

formed to the doctrines of the Church of England. Previous to that the family

CLEAN BODY, SOILED SOUL.

We glean from a non-Catholic maga

zine the following: How common a thing it is for cultivated people, on arising.

to take a bath, array themselves with scrupulous regard for purity and neat-

ness, sit down to a table which in its furnishings and food is the embodiment

furnishings and food is the embodiment of cleanliness, and then deliberately take up a paper and read with apparent inter-est and avidity column after column of matter which gives the details of every

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### CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN. HOW TO WORK YOUR WAY.

we would advise our young men to read carefully the following article from the New York Herald. It contains a lesson, which, if taken to heart will be of much profit to young men who are possessed of a laudable ambition to make

possessed in a hadden their mark in the community.
"Ninety-nine per cent of the men in charge of the highest branches of railroad operation to-day are men who came of operation to-day are men who came from the ranks, advancing step by along the straight, hard road and not by any short cuts.
"To-day the chances for advancement

of the workmen in the ranks are immeasurably greater than when these men were climbing upward. "To-day there are more division

"To-day there are more division superintendents than there were con-ductors in those days; there are more general managers than there were super-jntendents, and more presidents than there were general managers. And, because of his practicality, the working-man is the man to whom these increased

opportunities beckon."
These statements were made to the
Herald by William C. Brown, senior Vice President of the New York Central Lines, who thirty-nine years ago began railroad career as a section hand, hard work, untiring industry and "making a business of every task that came to his hand" this man to-day occu-pies a position as one of the nations fore-

ost railway authorities.
To every workingman, especially in
e present conditions affecting the ads, his career reflects the truth of the rule that the best interests of the individual workman lie in his cordial cooperation with the interests of his em

HIS RECENT ACTIVITY.

prominent in the public eye because of his extended statements dealing with the situation faced by the railways, as presented vividly in the Herald's "arteriosclerosis" editorials, comparing the material resultants to that human disease which halts the life giving blood by hardening the arteries. He has pointed out, through analytical figures, that a 10 per cent increase in freight rates would remedy the trouble, add but a women remarks the trouble, and but a mere fraction of 1 per cent to each yard or pound of commodities generally used by the consuming; public, and avert the curtailing of the people's purchasing power by the alternative reduction of

That the workingman, especially the railway employe, is vitally interested in this present impossible condition, which forms the most pressing problem facing the country to-day, is apparent," said Mr. Brown. "Of the population of the United States to-day more than onefortieth is composed of men who are employed by the railroads. Put in another way approximately one-tenth of the adult male population are railway em-ployes. These men are thinking, earnest men, as a rule, and they can be counted upon to the man in any great public crisis. They judge problems for themselves and seldom is their judgment very far from the right.

"There is no doubt that the personal interests of the earnest individual workman lie in constant co-operation with the best interests of his employer. The man who is loyal to his work and to the man who provides him with that work is the man who success. the man who succeeds. And to-day the pportunities for individual success the advancement of the man in the ranks to the highest posts of responsi-bility and authority—are greater than ever before in the world's history. "My initial statement proves how the chances of advancement have increased

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immeasurably. Now, if you take a cor-responding increase in all other grades of railroad service, aside from the positions mentioned, you will get some idea of the magnitude of this business field alone and of the constantly multiplying chances of upward progress that it offers. In the first place, wages are double to-day to each man what they were for the same hours of work thirty years ago. That very fact equips each workman, no matter how seemingly humble his present task, with greater initial assets with which to make his way in

DEMAND IS GREATER.

"Another factor that makes for rapid promotion is that the demand for men who accomplish things is greater than ever before. The business mechanism grows bigger and more complicated with each turn of the clock. That growth constantly creates more places that must be filled by men who have proved themselves. The tension is greater, too, and no longer do men stay in their jobs until they are simply played out. They can't do that now. More energetic men are crowding them on every hand and the incom-petent and the indolent soon are

"It is the practical man who is wanted in these responsible posts that demand men who 'do things.' The problems to be solved have become more formidable. They require the utmost of skill and knowledge for their solution. The day has passed when a railway director could walk into headquarters and ask that his nephew or son be placed in one of the chairs near the top. Therefore, I say, it is the practical, energetic has the greatest chance to

elimb to these positions.
"The man who has worked himself up, from the 'depths,' performing the minor work of the bottom with loyalty and efficiency, is the man of practicality. He has known possibly how to drive a loco-motive, how to throw switches, how to distribute cars on a 'siding,' how to hustle a freight truck in a shipping station, how to direct flying trains from a despatcher's constant a despatcher's office. That has given him a first hand insight into the multi-tude of small tasks that make up the great working industrial whole. He great working industrial whole. He brings with him to a higher and responsible position a training that is of immeasurable assistance to him in solving the enlarging problems that confront him. And, let it be understood, in this country it is the workingman who starts at the bottom who climbs up to the big posts at the top of the industrial concern and the big railroad system. The

day of favoritism or of 'family influence' has gone. Advancement to the very top depends solely upon the man him-self." "You began as a workman 'on the sec-

"You began as a workman on the section,' did you not?" was asked.
"Yes," came the laughing reply, "I was a hustler at a shovel, all right. That was thirty-nine years ago. Then I got an idea I wanted to learn telegraphy. It was that which controlled the shuttling of trains over the roads. They used wood burning locomotives in those days, and it was the custom to unload this fuel haphagard along the tracks. They used wood burning locomotives in those days, and it was the custom to unload this fuel haphazard along the tracks and later have it stacked up in piles, Well, I agreed to pi'e wood for nothing provided I was allowed to practice on the telegraph instruments at the station. That was out in Thomson, Ill., a little will have a well-are will have to the Chi-are Millarge as the Chi-are Mi little village on the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul. Thomson hasn't progressed much beyond the village stage for I believe the last census credited it with a population of three hundred and

seventy-four souls."
"So, in other words, you had to work

"So, in other words, you had to work to 'loaf'?" was suggested.
"That was about it," laughed Mr. Brown. "However, I picked up telegraphy. I finally got a regular job at a key. Then, believing that greater opportunities lay among the pioneer lines then straggling through the west I went to a road in lowa. After that it was the same old story—hard work just was the same old story—hard work, just sticking to it and making a business of my business, filling every job as well as I knew how."

"How about the stormy winter night when you helped get an army of cattle into shelter and saved the Burlington road a big loss?"

"Oh, that's an old story now," returned Mr. Brown, who always is reluctant to talk about himself. "I'd finished my 'trick' as train despatcher at midnight.
We had had a succession of heavy snowstorms, and 'Jerry' Hosford was having
trouble in getting the cattle into shelter
at the stockyards at East Burlington. I just turned in and helped him. That was all there was to it, really. We did succeed in saving all the cattle, though."

"Well, the late T. J. Potter, then connected with the Burlington and later vice-president of the Union Pacific, fre quently said before his death that it was

"Oh, I don't know about that, came the reply. "There was much hard work after that, but in each position in which I found myself I just tried to make a business of the task assigned to me. And I believe that 'just sticking to it' is a good rule for every earnest work-ingman. I believe that it may not be best for any worker to set for himself,

as some suggest, a specific goal.

"Too many men who do that degenerate into 'office politicians' and waste time figuring up how they can step over somebody else when it would benefit them more if they devoted that time to performing to the best of their ability the business at hand.

"The man who is energetic, loyal, honest and untiring in his industry cannot be kept back-not in this day, when not be kept back—not in this day, when opportunities are greater than ever before and when industry, in all its activities, is calling for able men to fill positions of trust and responsibility."

By application of these rules Mr. Brown "climbed the ladder." From a way telegrapher he became a train despatcher, then a chief train despatcher, then a chief train despatcher.

patcher, then a chief train despatcher, later a trainmaster, an assistant superin-tendent, a division superintendent, a general manager and lastly the step took him into a vice presidential office. "Just sticking to it" loyally won the

### OUR BOYS AND GIRLS. BOYS WHO ARE MEN.

"Boys are good for nothing."

I thought we had done away with this falsehood. Yet people will keep on repeating some falsehoods, untill they set peating some falsehoods, untill they set us wondering what foundation they can have for their sayings. As a matter of fact, in the present case, whether a boy is good for anything or not, depends upon himself. It is hard to see what upon himself. It is hard to see what upon himself. It is their their sayings at higher than the same good for but it is their their saying at higher than the saying at higher than the say of the some boys are good for, but it is their own fault.

Learn—learn before it is too late, the dignity of your being, the worth of your undying soul, your possibilities for all that is magnificent in the eyes of God and of men. If you are not conscious of ever having committed a mortal sin know that your soul is like a fair lust rous pearl, and strive to realize the beauty—the entirely priceless beauty—of that robe of baptismal innocence, which still clothes your soul, so that when the cruelly cheating Tempter comes to offer you glittering counterfeits in exchange for if, you cast all allurements back with scorn into the face of the deceiver, saying, "What shall a man take in exchange for his soul?" You will not give a priceless gem in exchange for a clod of earth, or pure gold for dross, will you? No one rous pearl, and strive to realize the pure gold for dross, will you? No one in his senses would. Look here then! Let us keep our senses about us, when temptation comes our way. Unmask it! It is a deception.

A wretched miserable deception And yet we cannot be strong enough to unmask it to ourselves unless we pray I am anxious to suggest to boys, younger or older, how they may keep the sweet freshness of their innocence, or at least come to lead spotless lives hereafter. Mind well. I do not want to preach to you, dear boys, I know how wearying continual preaching is. But please read on, loving your own souls at least as much as I love them, and trying to rea-lize how our Lord Jesus loved them to the shedding of His Heart's Precious Blood.

We need, then, the exericise of the Fortitude, the strength I told you of be-fore, but God must help us to this, and

universal custom in seeking to obtain treasures of various kinds to go to those who possess them. This is mere common sense, nay, an instinct. We go to the learned to obtain learning, to the skilful learned to obtain learning, to the skilful to gain skill, to the rich for material treasures. And this is the simple reason why, we fly suppliantly to our Lady, the Queen of Virgins, for the precious gift of purity of heart. Mary is held up by the Church as the purest of creatures, the one exception in the blight upon the world, the whole, unbroken vase of stainless purity and unsullied grace before God. Our young saints realized to the full Mary's young saints realized to the full Mary's power to get them stainless purity of life. I wish to call your attention, dear boys, to two in particular, with whom, doubtless, you will feel especial sympa-thy. How dear to the angelic Aloysius was the name, the very thought, of this ever blessed Lady, Queen of Virgins! "Macula monest in te,"—"There is no stain in thee," were words that often formed the subject of his rapt, loving

contemplation.

But St. Stanislaus, the boy of seventeen, seemed, if possible, to surpass all in his deep unaffected love for and devotion to his Virgin Mother, and we devotion to his Virgin Mother, and we know what was the rare purity of his youthful heart. So pure was he that on more than one occasion angels brought him holy Communion, when it was im-possible for him to communicate, at the hands of a priest. And what a blessed wivilence that was—do we not envy him privilege, that was—do we not envy him, dear boys, when the infant Savior was given visibly into his loving arms by the Queen of Heaven! And it was not weakness, but his overpowering horror of the least shadow or breath that could tend to dim the luster of holy purity of thought, that caused this child of God to faint away, struck senseless at the least word, that seemed indelicate or unbecoming. Oh, would dear boys, that we had but a little of this heavenly fragrance of the sweet flower of Christ Stanislaus; only a little of this spirit which he imbibed in its fulness by living ever in the presence and the smile his heavenly Mother, the Virgin virgins, and of her Divine Child!

'Oh-but he was a saint." Well-what of that?

'I cannot possibly be like him." dentity said before his death that it was that act of yours in not hurrying home out of the storm, but rushing in and helping unload the stock at the yards instead of going to bed, that really started you upward," was remarked.

"Oh, I don't know about that," came "Oh, I don't know about that," came your soul. He was anxious to avoid all single area, "Those was a way to a great feet." sin—aren't you? I know you are, for who would not be anxious to avoid offending our Lord who died to show He loved ing our Lord who died to show He loved us? See then that you are already like Stanislaus: only I want you to become more so, especially by love for our Blessed Mother.

We look on death as sad. But St. Stanislaus' death was not so. He died of too great love of God and His Blessed Mother, if we dare say this could be too great. When his last hour came, the standers-by knew, this pure soul had the standers-by knew, this pure soul had taken its loving flight th God only when the picture of Mary, brought before his dimming eyes, failed at length to produce the wonted smile of tender love on his border, except his boyish countenance. Ah! He wa already gazing on his Mother's face in Heaven: nay, that Mother was pressing to her bosom His pure soul, never sullied, whiter, than the most stainless

Dear boys! Aloysius was but a youn man when he died: he died a hero o God's Church. Stanislaus was the Boy saint, and I wish to call the attention of all boys to him in particular for he shows us how boyhood may be angelic yes, not weak or unmanly, but angelic Would not this be the crown of perfection of true boyhood—to be all that one can be in dignity, truth, nobility, and to add to this the priceless possession of an angelic purity? What treasures in the world can compare with the happiness of one whose character is such as this

There are a thousand and one things to weep over in this bright world. Have we never known boys who seemed to us worthy of love and friendship, un-til on a sudden, we learned to our dismay that they were, indeed, living boys but with dead, withered souls? Oh, the

-strong, athletic, fond of healthy out door games and innocent fun. no use for a boy with the spirit of a Let a boy have, however, a proper of books and study, at the same girl. love of books and study, at the same time, and let him learn from Stanislaus to be pure, angelic, in thought and deed, and—well, dear boys, I cannot picture a more worthy, lovable being outside of God's angels than such a true boy. "Oh—he's a dream!"

I say he is not either a dream or an imagination. No, indeed, for there are not a few such in our Catholic schools and colleges, and elsewhere. I knew the quarter-back of a certain college team, who was just about perfection in that difficult position (by the way, was there ever such a game as football!) and yet who, on all premium days returned blushingly to his place be-medalled and be-ribboned to suffocation! He was, moreover, a weekly communicant, and respected by all, students and professors alike, for his manly piety. He is only an instance: there were numerous others of the same stamp, in college, with him. These were boys who might well included here. with him. These were boys who might well, indeed, be called men, for they were noble in the sight of heaven and earth. Not only in schools, either, but in our offices and shops and even factor-ies, you will find boys who make you thank God from your heart for them, they are so sterling true, of such high manly worth. We all know some of them ourselves.

them ourselves.
Will you now wonder if I say—perhaps I am repeating—that a true, manly Catholic boy is a veritable blessing in the world worth thrice his weight in earth's purest gold ?- The Christian

Money talks-but the lack of it is a

To flatter a good man is needless; a

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matter which gives the details of every horrible and repulsive happening of the so-called civilized world during the preceding day. They would become offended and repelled by the least suggestion of dirt on their persons or in their morning meal, and yet they allow the fetid tide of material sense to surge through the corridors of their thought without a qualm. The moment one of its disadvantages to true progress The temptations to mental va by the average person is quite startling when one comes to figure it up, and yet how trivial a matter is his compared with the desceration of the temple of without a qualm. The moment one looks these facts fairly in the face, he can not but be deeply impressed with the utterly discreditable nature of such thought defilement and the seriousness consciousness, the rioting mob-rule with in, to which we have all so largely sub

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Please Mention this Paper.

#### REV. FATHER POWELL PREACHES ON SIN

IN ST MARY'S CHURCH ON SUNDAY MORNING.

Rev. Father Powell, of the Assumption College, Sandwich, occupied the pulpit at nine o'clock Mass at St. Mary's Church, Sunday August 2nd. He spoke on sin,

particularly on the sin of omission.
"In order to commit sin," he said, "it is necessary that we have the understanding of the flesh and the consent of of the will. Our sins may be secret to us in that we do not realize that they us in that we do not realize that they are offenses, or that we may sometimes forget them. There is one sin which is often secret to us. The first principle of the moral law is that good must be done and evil avoided. The sin of omission is leaving good undone. It arises from one of the seven deadly sins seleth."

He gave, as an example of his meaning, the man who was created by Almighty God, and who grew up without doing any good. He is like the barren fig tree which was cut down because it bore no fruit. So also the soul. It will be cut down. It is made to know, love and serve God. If we fail in that object, we are like the fig tree.

We are bound by sacred precept to love and serve God, but there are two other precepts which are fully as im-portant. Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with thy whole soul and thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.

love thy neighbor as thyself.

!! These are precepts we are bound to
obey. If a man does not love his
brother whom he seeth, how can he love
God, whom he seeth not. In concluding, the reverend gentleman exhorted all present to pray that they may be given the grace of charity, and that they may overcome the sins of omission, and that their secret sin may be made known to them.—London Advertiser.

### ON "RADICAL" SOCIALISM.

Rev. Dr. Stafford, in recent Philadelphia ser The radical Socialists are opposed to Christianity, said the speaker, because they do not understand the Church. They say: "You Christians live in eternity. You make this world a hell and look for your heaven hereafter. You are guilty of social vices most monstrous, and your doctrines make a man not think of the things of this world We want to bring about a condition which will make this earth a heaven. In order to bring this about we must tear down. We wish to bring about a condition in which every man, woman and child will be blessed with peace and plenty, and not to be forced into the world to eke out a miserable existence. That is our cult, our religion, our

To that the Catholic Church is opposed, and we must oppose it. We must show them what is the true Catholic teaching and show them that the Catholic Church is the highest socialism that the Catholic Church is the totality of socialism, which contains for humanity not only what is best in eternity, but in me. Her desire, as that of her Divine ounder, is that when the children all cry for bread they shall shall cry for bread they shall not receive a stone. He and she prays: "Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven"—that is, that justice shall reign on earth as it does in heaven. And again, "Give us this day our daily bread." God intended that man should have bread to sustain this life as well as the bread of the soul. He in-tended that every child of God should have food for his in-tellectual, spiritual and physical needs. Any other intention is not Christian. Christ broke bread with the multitude. We he went down to Cana to the mar-He went down to Cana to the mar-riage feast of Hishumble neighbors to add to their happiness. All the necessities of man are holy things. God did not intend that he should physically starve any more than He intended him to spiritually starve. That is the doc-trine of the Catholic Church. That is the highest socialism that can be enunciated. That is the doctrine of the Catholic Church, which is for the highest happiness of mankind, both here and

### WHO GIVETH AWAY THIS BRIDE?

Right Rev. Bishop Ludden., in Syracuse Cathol

This question is asked while the nup tial parties are standing before the altar to be united in marriage. Whatever be its origin it is foolish, unmeaning, and savors of paganism and barbarism. I resavors of paganism and barbarism. I re-member when visiting old Cairo, in Egypt, a full grown Mohammedan girl, dressed in Moslem fashion, who approached our party to solicit "bagsheesh' — alms. Before we could respond to her petitions, a strong, rough-looking Turk rushed upon her and in rapid succession rained blows on the poor creature with a heavy stick. It was the use of the "Big Stick" stick. It was the use of the "Big Stick with a vengeance, while she rushed away screaming. A crowd witnessed the reprised at such public treatment of a female. volting scene and no one seemed sur

Before Christianity, woman was a slave and still is where Christianity does not prevail. Even in the most refined, edusaying my Rosary for the holy souls durcated and philosophic paganism her life and death were in the hands and at the disposal of her lord and master, her husband or father. Christian civilization freed her from such dependence and bondage, made her her own mistress and possessor of her own soul, her own free will, her own body, so that any "giving away" of herself is to be done by herself absolutely and independently.

saying my Rosary for the holy souls during the afternoon in the Grotto. It was apparent diameters of the moon. There were no clouds near the moon; the sky was blue and free of vapor. The eross had no ragged edges: it was perfect in proportion and outline, and it remained in evidence a full half hour.

The following residents beheld the phenomenon, viz.: Mrs. John J. Holland, away" of herself is to be done by her-self absolutely and independently. Outside the Catholic Church the

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### PIANOS

91

ished panels, has full trichord over trung scale. 7 1-3 octaves, ivory and ebony keys, in splendid order. Original Price, \$375. Sale Price

198

An exceptional bargain by this well known, reliable New York concern, in rosewood case, plain panels, double repeating action, ivory and ebony keys, etc. A choice 'musical instrument. Original Price, \$550. Sale Price \$550. Sale Price.

GERHARD HEINTZMAN-71-3 octave Upright 255

ebony keys. etc. Just like new. Manufacturers' price, \$425 Sale Price.....

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have recourse to the divorce court. here their marriage bond is disrupted with a facility that puts to shame the drivers on the canal concerning a pair of worn-out, exhausted beasts of draught. Such is the depth and degradation to which unbridled passion, infidelity, here-sies and schisms have lowered this Divine institution, the first of the sacraments, the foundation of the home and family, the cornerstone of society and the State.

a sort of mock surprise, a hide-and-seek, at which children play. It would seem that the groom and best man should do the bride the honor of calling for her, the occasion, at her parents' home and form an honored part of the joyous cortege. It is to be hoped that none of these unmeaning customs will prevail among our Catholic people.

ONLY ONE EXPLANATION OF REMARKABLE OCCURRENCE DURING THIS YEAR'S PILGRIMAGE.

Miss Noemi Nightingale was one of the English pilgrims to Lourdes in May last. For ten years she had suffered from deafness, and since November, 1907, she had been totally deaf. The best amistics in Fig. 1907. best aurists in England were consulted, but in vain. Her account of her cure is

away " of herself is to be done by herself absolutely and independently.

Outside the Catholic Church the sacramental character of matrimony is destroyed, its unity, indissolubility and sanctity unceremoniously wiped out. It is degraded to the level of an ordinary civil contract, and the mutual giving away of the parties, instead of being "until death do them part," means only as long as suits their sweet wills, whims or fancies, or until they get up some quarrel, real or fictitious, as a pretext it seemed as if I had fallen asleep and was dreaming; I could see nothing around me; I cannot remember anything that happened then until they had intoned the 'Magnificat.' That is the first sound I remember hearing. Naturally I wondered what it could mean, not being able to believe that I had been cured; and yet there was no mistake. It is true, quite true: I was healed. My father, who had remained in London, can hardly realize the cure which we have announced to him by letter."

The London Catholic Weekly adds The most incredulous scientist ought to allow that neither hysteria, nor ne suggestion ' can sud denly repair a perforated tympanum.

### A CROSS ON THE MOON.

On Tuesday night, July 14th, some of the people of St. Columban, Ontario witnessed a remarkable apparition There was a cross on the moon. The number that beheld the phenomenon was not large, owing to the fact that the great majority had already retired for Cstholic Church, which is for the highest happiness of mankind, both here and hereafter, and it is a pity that it is not understood by men who work laboriously for the uplifting of humanity, and yet oppose the Catholic Church. If they only understood her charity if they only understood her social point of view, they would be her allies.

The State.

Another silly and foolish-looking custom the marriage ceremony obtains in many places. It is the custom of the groom betaking himself to the neight. When the moon rose above the horizon about 10 o'clock, a large cirro-cumulus cloud was fretting the attendant, and, like a Boloman in ambush, prepared to make an attack. It is stored, they would be her allies. cumstance prevented many from beholding the lunar phenomenon in all its splendor. At intervals, however, the unusual appearance of our bright, ter-restrial satelitte arrested the attention of belated visitors wending their way home ward. Now the moon appeared to be twice its apparent size. Then a cloud intervened. these unmeaning customs will prevail among our Catholic people.

AN ENGLISH GIRL CURED AT LOURDES.

Then "the man in the moon" appeared to be swinging his arms. Again many filaments of cloud spread out like fans. One said: "look! the moon is divided in halves." Another said: "See, the moon is fastened to a be swinging his arms. Again many filaments of cloud spread out like fans. moon is fastened to a big pole in the sky." But the clouds grew denser and at 11 o'clock the moon became entirely at 11 o'clock the moon became entirely hidden from view. By that time nearly all the watchers had said their prayers and retired for the night. Only a few remained on guard and before long a wonderful transformation scene rewarded their patience.

At 11:30 the blue embroidered veil that hid the moon from view was suddenly rent in twain leaving a cloudless also.

ly rent in twain, leaving a cloudless sky in the east. Affixed to the moon was a copper-colored cross. In height the cross seemed about fifteen feet, or ten apparent diameters of the moon. The

The following residents beheld the phenomenon, viz.: Mrs. John J. Holland,

DR. CHASE'S OINTMENT, Social questions, as, for instance, the

T. L., the parish priest of St. Columban In the early years of the fourth century Constantine, the Emperor, and others beheld in the sky, after mid-day, a lumin ous cross, bearing this inscription in Greek: "En Touto Nika" (Conquer by What the St. Columban cross presages.

we do not presume to affirm. One thing is certain, for our Saviour tells us, that before the end of the world "there shall be signs in the sun, and in the moon, and in the stars." (St. Luke xxi., 25.)

#### CHURCH IS AROUSED OVER IN SPAIN.

BISHOPS, BECOMING AWAKE TO NEED OF SOLVING SOCIAL PROBLEM, GROW ACTIVE IN URGING GREAT REFORMS.

Recent days a new spirit has come upon the Church in Spain. The Bishop of Madrid, Right Rev. Jean Marie Sal vador y Barbara, is one of those Bishops who are strongly convinced of the neces sity of a social apostolate to be exercised by the Church. He personally presides over the permanent committee of the Spanish Social Weeks meetings being held from time to time in Spain on important social questions.

With indefatigable energy this distinguished prelate endeavors to develop among Catholics all kinds of social enterprises. He has established in his Grand Seminary a regular series of lectures on social economy, which have been very favorably received. These lectures were originally established for seminarians, but several laymen who had expressed the desire to attend them have been permitted to do so. Several other Bishops have since fol-

lowed the example of the Bishop of Madrid and have organized in their seminaries similar lectures.

Seminaries similar lectures.

Other organizations on social questions are also rapidly developing in Spain. These organizations have been commenced in the north, especially in Navarra, where they are already very flourishing. In the southern parts they are also very promising already, as in Castille and Andalusia. Thus mutual societies and syndicates are fast multi-

plying.

The Bishop, well aware of the importance of the Catholic press, has founded and patronizes several periodicals on social questions, as, for instance, the

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There is also a monthly parochial bul-letin distributed free to all the parish priests of Spain. This bulletin contains a careful review of the social movement and of its workings, it initiates the clergy into the practical manner of creating by degrees all the necessary institutions concerning social questions
The social weeks, or social congresses as mentioned above, have until now been as mentioned above, have until now been a great success and the next congress is to be held in the south. There are also smaller congresses to be held, which might be called provincial congresses. These are intended to form and propagate these ideas on social questions all over Spain and thereby assure a united action throughout the country.

### ALL FOR THE GLORY OF GOD.

It is very obvious to say that if we always knew what God wished, it would be a great help to us in serving Him. We should not surely throw ourselves into open rebellion against the express will of God. Yet practically, in by far the greatest number of our actions, we do not know this; and in all of them, if we do not know what He would have us do, we know at least the motive from us do, we know at least the motive from which He would have us act, whenever we act at all. "Whatever you do, whet-her you eat or drink, or whatever you do, do all for the glory of God." St. John tells us that God is charity. Thus in the whole of the almost infinite and complicated system in which we live God has contrived all things, quite wonderfully, for these two ends, if they might not more properly be called one end than two: He has arranged every-thing first, so that He may be loved; and secondly, so as to enable us to love Him. If we may dare thus to speak of the Almighty, He seems to have no Postmaster J. J. Holland, his brother Leo Holland, Miss Margaret Devereux, normal teacher; Mrs. Jos. Melady, Miss N. S. Devereux, normal teacher; Jos. Melady and other reliable witnesses, whose testimony has been carefully examined by the Rev. Albert McKeon, S. T. L., the parish priest of St. Columban.

### St. Joseph's Hospital, Chatham.

ssion, every Rev. J. Meunier, administrator of the se, presented the diplomas to the graduate Lillian Richardson, Miss Mabel Jenner, Mis a Reigling Miss Lillian Long, Miss Grace Hoy and Miss Loretta Kelly Grace Hoy read the valedictory. unquets innumerable were showered on the graduand the large crowd in the spacious hall apled vigorously as each came forward to receivell deserved honors.

cEvoy.—In Ottawa. on June 24th, at 120 Cumbe nd street, Mr. Edmund J. McEvoy, aged sixty twears. May his soul rest in peace! McGregor—On July 26, at Massey, Algoma, S-sanna Bellemore, wife of Mr. Richard McGrego aged forty-four years. May her soul rest in peace! Harris—On Monday, July 27, at Guelph, On Mrs. Maria Harris, widow of the late John Harris, e-mayor, aged ninety years. May her soul rest

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