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CATHOLIC PECOR LONDON

VOLUME XXXI.

LONDON. ONTARIO, SATURDAY AUGUST 7, 1909

LONDON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 7, 1909,

A HOT WEATHER SPASM.

No, dear "Subscriber," we are not of the opinion that public libraries shun advisedly the purchase of Catholic books for their patrons. If, however, you have facts to warrant you in thinking otherwise the remedy is simple. Talk it over with the librarian or invite the representative Catholic to call the matter to his attention. But do not begin to see things. Refrain from whining about rights. Men do not whine about rights: they get them.

THE UNSKILLED.

If there were jobs for all the young men who dote on creased trousers and starched linen there would be no occasion for complaint. But it seems to us that if they depended more on themselves and less on the ward-heeler they might achieve something. It is true that as there are a hundred applicants for one position, influence is necessary to obtain a passport to it. But these positions are, as a rule, of minor importance. If they were equipped for the big prizes this country has to offer they could compete with weapons not furnished by the politician but by the educator. Unhappily many of them are as helpless in a world, where there is a place for the man who can do something well, as a baby in a den of wolves.

WHY NOT TELL IT ALL.

How charmingly some of the Captains of Industry talk about the devices that helped them to get a safety clutch on the money bag. They were economical hardworking, indifferent to sport - in a word, the best ever, and at all times in line for the honors in general deportment and good behavior. And, pointing to the dollars as proof, and to spare, of their prowess in goodness, they exude much platitudinous twaddle. But they refrain from giving information as to how they did amass riches. An illuminating talk on this point would be as music in the ears of those who hunger for money. As it is, however, their speeches are but self-glorification or attempts to prove that a man can be a decent citizen although a millionaire.

DOES NOT WEAR WELL. The creed of fraternity professed by

those who take no account of God is of

too frail a texture to withstand the

storm and stress of life. It is mere sentimentalism, whose handmaid is insincerity. Within a well-appointed room with every desire gratified, it is possible for a thoroughly selfish man to take an the miserable, and to pour out a stream of super-heated and highly - colored words in denunciation of wrong and injustice. But this is but self-indulgence on magnitude of the stream of super-heated and highly - colored words in denunciation of wrong and injustice. But this is but self-indulgence on magnitude of the stream feesor, learning and devotedness—the foundations, these keys and trusts given by the disciples. The Master had come to the study of these foundations, these keys and trusts given by the disciples. The disciples had been with Him, listengated and highly - colored words in denunciation of wrong and injustice. But this is but self-indulgence by the stream of super-heated and highly - colored words in denunciation of wrong and injustice. But this is but self-indulgence by the stream of super-heated and highly - colored words in denunciation of wrong and injustice. But this is but self-indulgence by the stream of super-heated and highly - colored words in denunciation of wrong and injustice. But this is but self-indulgence by the stream of super-heated and highly - colored words in denunciation of wrong and injustice. But this is but self-indulgence by the super-heated and highly - colored words in denunciation of wrong and injustice. But this is but self-indulgence by the super-heated and highly - colored words in denunciation of wrong and injustice. But this is but self-indulgence by the super-heated and highly - colored words in denunciation of wrong and injustice. The disciples had been with Him, listen-justice by the super-heated and highly - colored words in denunciation of wrong and injustice. interest in the down-trodden, the poor, on masquerade-a harlequin hiding his bells and spangles for the moment. For why should a fraternity that denies Christ busy itself about men? Where is the incentive? The successful man has nothing in common with the failure. He may toss him an alms, but acknowledging him as a brother is another question. The devotee of fashion, manicured and scented, is not on the same plane as the squalid and unkempt. Men, blundering and ignorant, unmerciful and ungrateful, bartering their lives for baubles. cannot induce this fraternity to care for them. What motive can it have for enthusiasm in this respect? There is no identity of interests - no se to bind them together. Why should they pity the weak? Why be tender hearted when the law is to be strong-to despise and to crush the weakling. Is not this the teaching in some quarters? Here and there a man emerges from the mass with a message for the miserable, but we either tolerate him as eccentric or dub him a poor fool chasing will o' the wisps. The world's plaudits are for the man, who, treading on-stepping betimes on the upturned faces of his fellowsgrips fortune by the throat and makes it yield him her bounteous store. He may talk about human brotherhood, but when he strips for action he is bent on showing that this planet is for the strong. Many of the Infidel thinkers, though they stand in awe before the problems of

The Catholic Record A MOVE IN THE RIGHT DIREC- their faith rests, the divine authority of

We are glad to notice that some of ou organizations are beginning to realize that they should be Catholic clubs and not merely clubs for Catholics.

for some of our societies. We note their growing membership and are pleased that unity flourishes apace, undisturbed by the clique or the "spouter." What, however, is more significant, is that their sphere of activity is not confined within the precincts of the club-room. Not content with spending money for social and amusement purposes, they are willing to devote a portion of their funds to education. In one or two dioceses, where the burden of a new college presses heavily on the shoulders of the Ordinary, they are coming forward to help him. Our French-Acadian brethren, banded together in an association but a few years old, provide for the college expenses of more than twenty of their youth. Is not this fact alone a magnificent justification of the existence of their organization? They may not be rich in trophies, nor by their members on field and water, but they have what is infinitely more valuable, the consciousness of contributing their quota to our upliftment and progress. They are sowing that the State and Church may garner. Students maintained by them in college prove that they are mindful of the needs of the hour. Twenty students, trained under Catholic auspices, equipped by their money to widen the boundaries of Catholic influence, may well be a source of legitimate pride. This shall endure when social delights and athletic feats are

ANOTHER EXAMPLE.

The diocese of Antigonish is, so far as the support of education is concerned, an impressive object-lesson. To-day the Catholics there have a seat of learning whose reputation is of the best and whose graduates are in the ranks of both clergy and laymen, giving the country the benefit of their training. But not so many years ago a prediction that Antigonish would have a university of far-reaching influence, would be regarded as the optimism of the thoughtless. The people were not rich; the clergy poor, save in the things of the spirit. But the authorities, deeming that a college was of imperative necessity, and sparing neither time nor toil to make its subjects the reflectors of their personality in regard to this matter, had the consolation of seeing a people united and determined to second all their efforts. The foundations were laid, and the edifice with each recurring year assumed more goodly proportions. Each year, however, took its to break the Bread of life to the people. The university is a monument to the zeal of the Catholics of Antigonish. Each stone of the building speaks of their love for the Church's work of education. They have a workshop, modern in every respect, where character shall be fashioned and directed for genera-

A NOTABLE ADDRESS.

Speaking at Boston, before the Catholie Educators' Association, Archbishop O'Connell pointed out in forceful manner the aims of education. He said that educators, weary of experimentalism, are returning to the solid principles of centuries ago; namely, that true learning and real education consists in the building up of the whole man, and in that upbuilding the structure of the moral edifice must have an indefinite preponderance and care, contrasting futile general education with that based on sound principles. He earnestly exhorted educators to remember that the young are entrusted to them for one special and distinctive purpose, that their souls and hearts and minds be instructed, trained and formed upon the word of Catholic faith and Catholic principles. The children of to day will be the Catholic men of to-morrow. They will have to face a world cold in indifference and frigid even in infidelity. The devotions origin and destiny, have but contempt of their childhood will do much to keep for the human race. Some of them them untainted, but in the flerce battle frame this in academic diction: others, which the natural and merely human like Schopenhauer, bubble over in vitri- and humanitarian is now waging against olic epithets when depicting their disdain everything supernatural and divine, nofor men. Without Christ there are no thing but profound and intimate knowcharities that soothe and heal and bless. ledge of the foundations upon which

the Church and the main and salient points in the Church's history, can save them from the ubiquitous perils, which more than anyone else, the professional man and the man in public life, must in-

evitably face. We yield to no person in admiration He also reminded us that Pope Pius X.'s constant cry to all those offering their services and aid in every work, moral, intellectual or social, is, "Stand with your Bishops: seek their counsel and direction and follow their guidance scrupulously."

JUST A WORD. A communication penned at high pressure is sizzling on our desk. It is a document of adjectival splendour and of invective to warm the heart of the most rampant ward-heeler. But the writer is using good paper to no purpose, and this for several reasons. While he may consider that our denunciation of the saloon and criticism of its owner are unwarranted, he may grant us the privilege of being able not to see eye to eye with him on this question. We admit that the saloon, one of the greatest curses in the world, will not be destroyed by verbal onslaughts. However, he must see that the saloon is not in honor, and that the average citizen shrinks from it, as a mode of livelihood, as he would from a pestilence. As for the saloon-keeper, he is merely a gravedigger, paid indeed with money, but with tears and maledictions.

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

WHAT IT STANDS FOR AND WHAT WE MAY LEARN FROM IT.

The following is a synopsis of a ser mon delivered in the Presbyterian Church, Blind River, Ont., Sunday evening, Jene 13th, 1909, the fourth of a series on Churches by Rev. B. A. Rayson, Ph. D.: (Matt. 16:18 19.) "And I say also

unto thee, that thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build My Church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it. And I will give unto thee the keys of the kingdom of heaven; and whatsoever thou shalt loose on earth shall be

loosed in he ven."

The Church of Christ is in its essence eternal; in its outward form from age to age it suffers change; its onward movements mark the growth of thought, and fashion into symmetry and strength the character of nations as well as men. Its retrogressions are the heralds of decay. They tell of coming darkness from whose blight all virtues die, and in which the shapes of vice and error thrive. They who, with hearts malicious, lead their fellow-men astray, are doubly cursed and bear the lasting odium of mankind. To him whose surer sight and stronger purpose guide men back to right and truth, there is the kingship born of right divine, and the

fadeless crown of universal love. My purpose in the study of this sister Church is not to give its historic origin and evolution—that might be a very different history—but simply from their own view point what the Catholic Church stands for and what we may

toll of self-sacrifice. The clergy gave learn from them. And in this we belearn from them. And in this we believe, Fas est ab hoste doceri.

So we come to the study of these young men might be grounded in Cath-olic principles and nurtured and trained ing, learning and applying the truth. So, through the confessional, the Mass; The Saviour, using the Socratic method, through penance and prayers, these are asked them to what conclusions they had come, as the result of what they had seen and heard in their companionship with Him. "Who do men say that I am?" They replied: "Some say John am?" They replied: "Some say John the Baptist, some Elias; and others Jeremiah, or one of the prophets." Then He asked, "Who do ye say that I am?" Peter, who was never slow to speak, answered, "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God." To this Christ replied, "Blessed art thou, Simon, son of Jonas, for flesh and blood hath not revealed it unto thee, but My Father which is in heaven. And I say unto thee that thou art Peter, and upon this rock I build My Church; and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it." In this somewhat enigmatic passage, Christ indicates what is the foundation of the doctrine which Peter had just pro-

Our Catholic friends, and some in the Episco: al church, on the other hand, believe and teach that Peter personally was the foundation of the Christian

Church. Here we have the primacy of Peter and the supremacy of the Popes as the very foundation of the Catholic Church. They claim from this Scripture that Christ made Peter the first Primate in the Christian Church, that He gave him supreme authority, and conferred upon him the right to transmit that authority, to others: that it has come down in long succession of ordinations to the

Cardinal Gibbons, in his "Faith of Our Fathers," page 146, says "that Papal Infallibility is strangely misapprehended by our Protestant brethren. Infal-libility does not signify that the Popes are inspired. The Apostles were endowed

mean that the Pope is impeccable or exempt from the liability to sin. The infallibility of the Pope is restricted to questions of faith and morals. He is not the maker of the divine law, only the expounder; not the author of revelation, but only its interpreter."

Again The Catholic Church stands for

the uplifted Cross of Christ. When the

Master asked Peter, "Whom say ve that I am?" Peter replied, "Thou art Christ the son of the living God." This is the belief of the Catholic Church. It stands squarely on the divinity of Jesus Christ and lifts His cross to the highest place announcing that to it the world must ever look for clearer light and stronger faith. No church has made more of the eross of calvary, no one could think more of this sacred symbol, nor lift it more proudly before the world than more proudly before the work that this great communion. Catholic theology does not teach that there is a mediator of redemption other than Jesus Christ and of His grace, obtain salvation."

7. "Catholics do not believe that Protestants, who are baptized, who lead a good life, love God and their neighbor, and are blamelessly ignorant of the just Virgin on an equal footing with Jesus of Nazareth. If at times we find the language of deep devotion highly colored, some allowance must be made for the warm glow of religious poetry and for the ardent outpourings of fervid souls. This Church holds that Christ is the centre of Christianity. If Cathelics pay a tribute of respect to the saints every well instructed Catholic knows that such reverence grows out of knows that such reverence grows out of acknowledging excellence, whether spiritual or temporal, and all Catholies know that this tribute is of a nature different from, and inferior to, that which they give to God. Medals, beads, scapulars, pilgrimages, shrines, blessed candles and such like form no essential part of Catholic teaching. As a Catholic I am not bound to believe in the wonders of Lourdes nor in the liquewonders of Lourdes nor in the lique-faction of the blood of Sc. Januarius. "Take up your cross and follow Me," is nowhere more earnestly insisted upon than in the Catholic Church. This Church looks up to the Son of Mary as the Redeemer of humanity. Again, this Church stands for confes-

sion of sin and faith in Jesus Christ as the only foundation for justification. As Father Conway says: "Catholicity As rather Conway says. Catalogues, and Christianity are synonymous, and Christianity is inseparable from a Divine Christ. Belief in a divine Christianity without a Divine Christ is a contradiction in terms. Justification a divine act which conveys sanctity and grace and by that grace communicates a supernatural life to the soul. It

is a gift of Almighty God, filling the soul with light and life. The Catholic Church teaches that the grace of justification does not merely cover sin, but blots it out, and remits the everlasting punishment due to it." What difference about the toggery that may be used in explanation, whether we call it "Confession" "Penance" or "repent-"Confession" "Penance or Trepentance" if it means an utter abandon to Jesus Christ for mercy and salvation. What matter, whether it be through the sacrament of penance or through a Methodist love feast, or growing up into Christ our living head through any and every means of grace. The Mass of the Catholic Church represents the sacrifice Catholic Current represents the statement and atoning work of Christ. Father Conway, page 561, says: "Catholic theology does not teach that any one priest or Pope can forgive or give permission to forgive sin, nor that such permission can be bought under any circumstances whatever."
"Faith of our Fathers," page 356:

"The Sacrifice of the Mass is identical with that of the cross, both having the same victim and High Priest—Jesus Christ. Hence, all the efficacy of the Mass is derived from the sacrifice of Calvery." Jesus Christ said: "He that confesseth Me before men, him will I confess before My Father in heaven." through penance and prayers, these are only means to an end, Jesus Christ being the Great High Priest, the real Mass, the atoning sacrifice for the sin of the world. It matters but little how of the world. It indicates but other low Christ's redemption is applied to men, whether through the sacraments or through the ordinary means of grace. The great thing is to see Him Who said: "Look unto Me all ye ends of the earth and be saved." The devont Catholic sees Him best through the vista of the holy sacraments; while the devout Proestant may come nearer to his Master through his own accustomed means of grace. So let not one despise the other s both are looking to the same Saviour what difference about the means used if all see Him Who is their Lord. Better any form of worship, that leads to penance and prayer, than the Godless life and the homeless soul. The confessional in the Catholic Church undoubtedly has been a means of grace to a great host, and a restraining power from sin. The whole burden of preaching in any

and every church is to lift up the Son of Mary as the only hope of a lost world to press the need of confession on every soul. In every service we urge men to confess Him before the world. In every mission and revival service, as well as Mass and meeting, the great aim is to lift men up to repentance and faith. The whole object of the Church, as St. Paul says, Paul, 2, H., is, "That every tongue should confess that Jesus Christ is Lord." As Cardinal Gibbons sies in is Lord." As Cardinal Gibbons says in Faith of our Fathers," page 364: "Let us naite with Jesus Christ in imploring too mercy of Golfor oursins. Let us represent to ourselves the Massas another Calvary, which it is in reality. Like Mary, let us in spirit stand beneath the libility does not signify that the Popes are inspired. The Apostles were endowed with the git of inspiration, and we accept their writings as the revealed word of God. No Catholic, on the contrary, claims that the Pope is inspired, or endowed with divine revelation properly endowed with divine revelation properly endowed with divine revelation properly so called."

Again Cardinal Gibbons says, in the same chapter, "Infallibility does not let us say, 'Spare O Lord, spare thy Joseph!—Cardinal Newman.

people.' Or let us repeat with the publican this heartfelt prayer, 'O God be merciful to me a sinner."

Lastly, we note some things for which this Church stands. To place this in

clearer light we will note some things she does not believe. Page 227 "Cath-olic Belief:"

1. "Catholics do not believe that there is any other Mediator of redemption than our Saviour Jesus Christ. 2. "Catholics do not believe that the

Blessed Virgin is any way equal or even comparable to God." "Catholics do not believe that there is any authority upon earth or in heaven that can give leave to commit

4. "Catholies do not believe that a man can by his own good works, in-dependently of the merits and passion of Jesus Christ and of His grace, obtain

and are blamelessly ignorant of the just claims of the Catholic religion, are ex-

cluded from Heaven." The above is an epitome of what this Church does not believe. Many of these things she is branded with believing and teaching, but we have gone to the fountain head of her teaching, and the only way to understand a Church's position or doctrine is to let her define it, so we have and are now ready to make our conclusions. And we must say, it cannot be doubted that the Cathsay, it cannot be doubted that the Cath-olic Church, as a whole, is sharing liberally in the growing light of this new century. It may be that her doc-trine is technically unchangeable, but interpretation is a great matter; and words may take in one a very different meaning from that which was given to them in a preceding generation. That the Church is gradually changing—becoming more mild and rational, less arbitrary and despotic—can hardly be

doubted.

The present condition of this great
Church is very hopeful. It has had the
good fortune, not altogether of its
choice, to be practically severed from
politics and temporal power in many
countries, and this freedom has resulted doubted. in a wholesome development of its life. Her best gains have been made in those countries where she has been free to devote her energies to the spiritual con-cerns of her people. It is a remarkable fact that the Catholic Church has been making most rapid progress in the great Protestant countries, such as England, Germany and the United States. Her standards of education, intelligence and character are steadily rising among her people and she is exercising a conservavive and salutary force upon the national The Catholic Church stands for the

sanctity of the home and for the protec-tion of the family against all the modern nfluences that threatened its life. There are no adherents in all our com munions that have a greater respect for the Church than Catholics. They look the Church than Cathones. They look up to the Church, they respect her sacraments, they stand by the funda-mentals of family religion. Marriage is a sacrament. The Church puts her the church puts her a sacrament. The Church puts her blessing upon this highest and most sacred of all contracts. She stands by the God-given injunction: "What God hath joined together let no man put asunder."
This is why greater social purity obtains where the Catholic communion prevails. The latest book on social and religious statistics is before me, and I find that Catholic countries and communities, with the same degree of civilization as

Protestants, have far less social vice, a much smaller per cent of illegitimacy, and scarcely any divorce.

Of our own Protestantism I blush to Catholical speak. In comparison with the Catholic Church she is odious. As Dr. Dyke says, more divorces have been granted in the United States than in all the world beside. With this opening central which will be erected statues of famous which will be exercised to the comparison of the comparison with the catholic control of the comparison with the Catholic Church she is odious. As Dr. Dyke says, more divorces have been granted to be compared to the comparison with the Catholic Church she is odious. As Dr. Dyke says, more divorces have been granted to be compared to the comparison with the Catholic Church she is odious. As Dr. Dyke says, more divorces have been granted to Irish antiquities and specimens of Irish art, ancient and modern; and in the comparison with the Catholic Church she is odious. tury comes the deepening conviction that Christianity must rule or abdicate. If it cannot give the law to society, the world has no need of it. The Christian Church is still the body of Christ, and we trust His resurrection life is in all its members, of what ever creed and name, that all may be able to say in the historic creed of the centuries, "I be-lieve in the holy Catholic Church"— holy, because it magnifies the perfection of the life and character of Jesus Chris -Catholic, because its only rule of faith adjusted to the needs of every soul of man—everlasting, because it rests upon the eternal rock, and the gates of hell

Got the Pope's Cap.

shall not prevail against it.

Mrs. Hugh McLaughlin, the aged widow of the late Democratic chieftain of Brooklyn, returned last week with her party from Europe on the Lusitania. The chief object of her visit abroad was to have an autience with the Pope, who last summer conferred on her the title of Marchioness. "The Pope was very gracious to us," Mrs. McLaughlin said. "He received us in his private library in the Vitican and put out both hands to greet us. His manner is very un-affected, and when I knelt to kiss his ring he lifted me up with both hands just as if I had been a baby. There were as if I had been a baby. There were books, and when he saw that two of our party were standing he jumped up and took off the books so that they could be seated. He asked about America, and seemed particularly interested in the like oxign diocese. I had brought a white silk cap with me and I offered it to him. He took off the cap he was wearing and presented it to me. I am going to put the cap in a case."

1607

Are the Children at Home? Each day when the glow of sunset fades

in the western sky, And the wee ones, tired of playing, go tripping lightly by, steal away from my husband, as he

sits in the easy chair, And watch from the open doorway their faces fresh and fair. Alone in the dear old homestead, that

once was full of life, Ringing with girlish laughter, echoing

boyish strife,
We two are waiting together; and oft,
as the shadows come,
With tremulous voice he calls me: "It
is night; are the children home?"

'Yes, love!" I answer him gently, "they're all home long ago,"

And I sing in my quivering treble a song so soft and low,

Till the old man drops to slumber with his head upon his hand, And I tell to myself the number home

in the Better Land.

in the Better Land.

Home where never a sorrow shall dim
their eyes with tears;

Where the smile of God is on them
through all the summer years;

I know—yet my arms are empty that
fondly folded seven,

And the mother heart within me is
almost starved for heaven.

Sometimes in the dusk of evening I only shut my eyes,
And the children are all about me, a

vision from the skies: The babes whose dimpled fingers lost the way to my breast, And the beautiful ones the angels passed

to the world of the blest. With never a cloud upon them, I see their radiant brows: My boys that I gave to freedom—the red sword sealed their vows!

In a tangled Southern forest, twin brothers, bold and brave,
They fell! and the flag they died for,

thank God! floats over their grave. A breath and vision is lifted away on A breath and vision is lifted away on wings of light,
And again we two are together, all alone in the night,
They tell me his mind is failing, but I

smile at idle fears; He is only back with the children, in

the dear and peaceful years.

And still as the summer sunset fades away in the west,

And the wee ones, tired of playing, go trooping home to rest,
My husband calls from his corner: "Say, love! have the children come?

And I answer with eyes uplifted: "Yes, dear! they are all at home!"

CATHOLIC NOTES.

The province of St. Paul has suffered great loss in the untimely death las Friday of Right Rev. John Shanley, D. D., Bishop of Fargo, North Dakota.

The Right Rev. E. M. Duune, D. D., Chancellor of the archdiocese of Chic ago has been appointed by the Pope to the See of Peoria made vacant by the resignation of Bishop, now Archbishop, Rev. Father Story of Brockport, N.

Y, has never missed celebrating two Masses on Sunday during the past forty-six years at his church. He was or-dained fifty-four years ago by the late Bishop Timon of Buffalo.

There is a report that the Society of Jesus have sent a deputation to the Minister of the Interior, requesting permission to re-establish the Order in Russia. The Russian press is much disturbed on the subject and, of course, oppose it.

The new Boston College will have 3 Daniel O'Connell hall, which will be de-Irishmen, with descriptive tablets. Nothing like this has yet been attempt. ed anywhere.

Mgr. Chisholm, Bishop of Aberdeen, who is staying at the Scots College, Rome, recently celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of his ordination in his old college, and said the anniversary Mast. over the tomb of St. Aloysius where he offered up the Holy Sacrifice for the first time half a century ago. During his recent visit to Montreal,

in the interests of his Home for the Aged at Midnapore, Alta., Rev. Father Lacombe, O. M. I., celebrated his diamond sacerdotal jubilee. The ceremony took place on June 13 at the motherouse of the Rev. Sisters of the Holy Names of Jesus and Mary, at Hoche-The recent frequent suicide of boys of

The recent requent suched to boys of the National High Schools of France brought out last week a remarkable speech in the Chamber of Deputies and led to an impressive discussion. Maur-ice Barres, the well known litterateur, took occasion to denounce the materialstic spirit which he charged dominates education in France and is rampant in the high schools.

Mobile, Alabama, has just purchased a large tract of land for public use, and the aldermen of that city have voted to the aldermen of that city have voted to name it Ryan Park in honor of the dis-tinguished priest poet whose memory will be tenderly revered in the South while time lasts. The long deferred monument to Father Ryan will be erected in Ryan Park.

A beautiful story is told in the Catholic Virginian, in describing the life of an aged couple, whose first purchase fix in plaster was given in their home the place of honor over the mantlepiece, where it seemed to reign as the true ruler, the undisputed master over the whole lives of these humble and courageous workers who had asked God to pro

By permission of Little, Brown & Co., Publishers IN TREATY WITH HONOR. A Romance of Old Quebec.

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

CHAPTER X.

A DASHING CAVALIER.

Only half a mile of blue water, the Only half a mile of blue water, the beautiful, switt-floating Strait, separates the American city of Detroit and the Canadian town of Windsor. From the earliest settlement of the river banks a ferry has plied between the two shores whose inhabitants are as neighbors, meeting every day and transacting business together. In many cases also they are united not only by friendship, but by the ties of intermarriage. but by the ties of intermarriage.

The two places being thus closely connected, and there being no regular garrison here on the British frontier, it not surprising that the four hundre English refugees in Decroit who favored Canadian independence, and other enthusiasts, looked forward to an invasion of Canada from this point. Into this ion of Canada from this point. Into this secret I was admitted on the evening succeeding my arrival, after I had repeated my story of St. Denis, St. Charles, and St. Eustache at a meeting in the Steamboat Hotel.

The leaders had counted upon river being frozen over, as usual at this season, since men and field-pieces would have to be transported on the ice. unluckily for their plan, the Strait remained open in the middle of the current. As no preparation had been made for water craft, the whole project was now changed. The refugees and their allies, hardy volunteers from the border, were ordered to gather quietly at Gibraltar on the American shore and descend upon Malden opposite, at the mouth of the river, where there was a regiment of militia under the com of one Colonel Prince. The attack was set for the eighth of January, the day so celebrated in the annals of heroism as the anniversary of the battle of New

Oa the morning of the sixth, when Toussaint came to my room to shave me, which he did as a special favor, he chattered parrot-like as ever, yet there was about him an air of mystery that he made sure should not escape my notice. More than once, posing solemnly before me he leid the bony forefinger of his More than once, posing solemnly before me, he laid the bony forefinger of his right hand against one side of his nose and winked at me significantly. Again, he strutted about with a martial mien, ne strutted about with a martial mien, at the same time keeping his glance upon me "out of the tail of his eye," as he would have said. Frequently he chuckled to himself or broke into an abrupt laugh. Yet all I could get out the said of himself or broke into an abrupt laugh. abrupt langu. The state of this extraord-inary conduct was, "Ah, m'sieur will see. We shall soon have fine doings,

During the forenoon I watched a little schooner called the Ann head down the Strait, her white sails gleaming in the sunshine, and I knew she had on board the re'ugees, well equipped for service, and a supply of arms and provisions. In the course of the day a scout brought word to the city that if these men succeeded in capturing the fort at Malden the people would rise in revolt along the Canadian shore fro a the Lake of Ste. Claire to Lake Eric.

I no v set off down the cote, therefore resolved that, so soon as the new standard should appear floating above Malden, I would cross over and offer my sword for further service to the cause. I reached Gibraltar before the Ann, and the same evening, as I sat Ann, and the same evening, as as the bar of the tavern conversing with the other guests, the landlord hastily entered from the kitchen.
"Gantlemen," he cried in excitement, "a habitant has just brought in news

that several Indian chiefs, known allies of the British, have been seen on this side of the river in full war-paint. Alack, alack, the Red Dwarf, the demon of the Strait, showed hi too. His appearance always portends disaster!"

'Nonsense! Have the messenger in and let us hear his story," said I.

The Frenchman was not slow in responding to the call. A sallow, keen-

eyed fellow in elkskin trousers and fur coat and cap, he looked the very picture of an old time coureur de bois.

"M'sieur," he began in French, turn-ing to me when Lhad addressed him in his own language, "three Hurons, led by one Magee, have come across from Malden to make trouble and thus keep e Americans at home. My wife saw

landlord, wriuging his hands. "Are the horrors of the days of Pontiac, the massacres of the River of the Vineyards

'No!" I declared, starting to my feet and turning to the men about me. "Friends, what do you say to following up the trail of the redskins?"

'Agreed!" they answered with one accord.

I chose only six hardy young men. "We must be fresh for the adventure," I said; "therefore we will take a short rest, breakfast, and then sally forth

Long before dawn we set out, well-armed, carrying two day's provisions. and with Campau the habitant as our guide. The night was dark, a thaw and eavy rain had carried away the snow, and the tramp across the prairie and through the woods, whose bare boughs rattled like an army of skeletons, was no pleasant march. Soon after daylight we came to a cabin built under a knoll protected it from the north wind. it a little stream of water had

been deepened into a pool. the lodge of the old sachem,

Split-log," said Campau. s we paused to form a plan. girl came out of a neighboring swinging a bucket made of cured skin or leather, and went to the spring for water. At first she did not see us, but as she turned back her eyes fell upon our party and she started in

"You are from Malden?" she asked, so Campau told me.

He nodded. He had come over the day before and did not hesitate at the

the girl, suspecting no ruse, conducted us to the lodge of the chief, raised the deerskin curtain at the door, and disappeared within. Returning presently she said in English, "My father will talk with you."

My companions surrounded the cabin.
I entered it. On a bear's pelt spread
upon the floor was seated an old man,
whose muscles and sinews seemed made
of iron. A splendid specimen of his
race, he was clad in deerskin and envelored in a thin cloud of sproke which eloped in a thin cloud of smoke, which ie imperturbably blew from his pipe As I stepped forward, he looked up at

"Split-log," I said, assuming to be leader of the party of English he thought us, "I seek one Magee a half-breed in as, "I seek one Magee as sent with a British pay who has been sent with a message to your people. We wish to re-call him. I want you to lead me to the place where he may be found."

My blue coat, cut somewhat in My blue coat, cut somewhat in the fashion of a military undress uniform, and the glimpse he caught of the armed men who attended me, evidently con-firmed in his mind to Mylder girl's story that

firmed in his mind the girl's story that I was an officer from Malden.
"I will go with you," he said laconically, in English also.
Getting upon his feet he wrapped himself in his blanket, took his musket from a corner, and going out led the way without indicating the least suspicion of our errand. "Magee is near the upper village.

The young men and warriors have gone there to hear him talk," he said as I caught up to him. After this he continued on in silence.

It was an arduous journey for us through the forest, and when we came to the Rigolet des Hurons we found the usually narrow stream swollen into a by the rains. We waded across, it, the icy waters being above our waists. Bet still, through all our diffi culties, the aged chief pushed on in ad vance with a marvellous activity and

After some three hours we neared our destination. As we approached through the woods, suddenly, like the shadow of a tree falling athwart the sunlight, a dark figure obstructed our path. It was an Indian who had been sent to summon Split-log to the council. The meeting at once showed the old chief that he had been outwitted, but red fox that he was and knowing that if the warriors should learn of his blunder his prestige among them would be gone, he on the instant began to dissimulate.
"What will you do at the powwow?"

"We but seek to prevent the half-breed from arousing the villages," I answered.

We want only Magee."
Split-log spoke a word to the mes enger, whom we had covered with our pistols. The brave, plainly understood no English, but at the command of the "Where is the conference taking place?" asked Campau in the Indian

"About two miles farther into the morass in a secret spot. I will take the white chief there," was the answer. We pressed on. When we arrived at

the great teepee built of boughs and skins, in a cleared space of the wilder-ness, I must confess I felt our undertaking to be a desperate one. From a short distance off we beheld through its open door the assembled warriors. In the centre of the semicircle of dark faces and glittering eyes stood a man, dressed like the others, who haranged

"He is telling the Indians," said Campau, who was able to catch a few words, "that the young English queen who lives beyond the rising sun and ha more warriors than there are leaves of the forest is the only real friend of the red man. He says the Yankees are bad men who want to rob them of their to rob them of their hunting-grounds and their horses.

that he was almost white, though his checks and brow were daubed with ochre and vermilion.

That I dee an arrive an arrive arrive and the could hardly have treated me with scanter ceremony.

Thus he went on, questioning the

ochre and vermilion.

The warriors who faced us, seeing us approaching with Split-log thought us as haughtily as he had done to me friends. Luckily for us, their muskets while the marshal stood by with a scowl were stacked together against the wall of the lodge. By a glance I directed my men to get between the Indians and these weapons. The next moment the orator, pausing to take breath, found

them. They went toward the Indian them. They leaped forward to recover their muskets, only to be confronted by "Merciful heaven!" interrupted the our levelled pistols. To be friendly our levelled pistols. "Are was their best policy, at least until the should learn who we were, and they chose it. Though only eight men, we could have shot half of them before being overpowered. The half-breed stood glaring at us like a snared panther.

"Magee," I said quietly, "you are my prisoner. Split-log, tell the warriors in their own language that this man has lied to them. The Yankees are their friends, but soon the woods will be full of soldiers. The braves would better

remain in their villages. Split-log warily did as I commanded.
"We are surrounned by Long-Knives" (United States troops), he told them, fully convinced that we had a detachment of military in the neighborhood. "Only a fool Indian would resist.

Let us offer the pipe of peace to these

After smoking the calumet with them we brought Magee back to Gibraltar. Here the people warmly welcomed us, many saying they had feared we would never return. By this time the Aun and several small boats had come down, bringing the British-Canadian refugees, who went into camp on the prairie, but Davis, the captain of the vessel, put up

at a tavern. I was attracted to him because, with great physical strength, he apparently posessed a spirit not easily subdued.

"We had an exciting voyage down," he acknowledged over a punch of Mon-"Do not be afraid," Campau called to her in her own dialect; "we have come to speak with Split-log. Is he here?" onganeta that I ordered brought to us in the inn-parlor. "We were chased by a British schooner, which I warned off by firing a volley. ritish schooner, which I warned off gentlemen playing dominoes and firing a volley. Our pursuers piquet—is it not the fact, marshal?"

watched us from a distance though, so no doubt we shall hear from them gain.

Before long the captain and I were Before long the captain and I were joined by several gentlemen from the camp. While we were in the midst of a discussion of the patriots' chances of success, there was a slight commotion outside the house. New guests had evidently arrived in a traineau or sleigh. A few minutes later the door of the parlor burst open and all present sprang to their feet as there strode into the room two men followed by an armed

to their feet as there strode into the room two men followed by an armed posse of militia.

The first of the two was perhaps fifty-five years of age, of good height, and his weight was probably not more than a hundred and fifty pounds. His hair, which he wore somewhat long, was the color of straw touched with silver, his pleasant even were gray, and though he pleasant eyes were gray, and though be strove to pull his smooth-shaven face down to a proper gravity, its natural expression of good humor seemed expression of good humor seeme struggling to shine forth, like a sun beam breaking through a cloud.

The other man was much younger; in fact he appeared almost a youth. About five feet ten inches tall, he had a slender, elegant figure and a round, almost boy ish face. The forehead was broad rather than high, and the brown hair fell rather than high, and the brown hair fell in graceful locks about a well-poised head. His eyes, which I think were blue, were radiant and genial, yet I felt they could also show that their owner pos-sessed will, courage, and decision. His nose was prominent: the chin and jaw betokened force and determination, yet the expression of these features was somewhat negatived by a youthfu'lmouth, the full lips being red and smiling. His hands were white and delicate; his feet small and aristocratic. From the deference paid him by his companions and also by our little company whom he had surprised, the younger man clearly the chief in authority.

"Ha, ha, gentlemen," he exclaimed, drawing himself up to his full stature and throwing back his handsome head, "you did not expect me? Nevertheless have come down to see what you are doing. I hope you can give an account of yourselves, otherwise I shall have to of yourselves, otherwise I shall have to order Marshal Ten Eyck here to take all of you back to Detroit and clap you

into gaol. Having exploded this bomb among us, he turned to his escort and bade them to await his call outside in the The sergeant of the posse hesitated. The young min met his une sy glance with the stern surprise of one who would brook no delay in the carrying out of his orders.

"Go!" he repeated peremptorily. I am among my own people."
The sergeant hurriedly gave the

word to the men and they filed out. The newcomer threw his military hat cloak, and gloves upon the table, folded his arms, and bent a searching glance upon the captain of the Ann. Come, my friend," he began, " what

have you to say for yourself? The captain shifted from one foot to the other and averted his gaze. "Your excellency knows I command a

trading schooner," he answered quietly. Taking advantage of the open navigation, I hope to make Sandusky and other ports of Lake Erie." continued the you, sir?"

authoritative stranger, addressing me. My name is Nial Adair."
Have we ever met before?" "Never before, your excellency. I am a stranger in this region, yet the fame of Governor Mason of Michigan is

well known to me."
"Humph!" he exclaimed in return, I never heard of you, sir.' With this he proceeded to interrogate the others, taking no further notice of

I felt the hot co'or mount to my fore Where was the gracious courtesy for which this young chief magistrate, renowned for his extraordinary abilit vas supposed to be noted? An aristo crat from Virginia, where was the courtiness to be looked for in a gentle Magee's back was toward us, but as he man born and bred in the Old Dominturned his head from side to side we saw ion? Had I been an uncouth savage

> others, demeaning himself toward som brow beneath which his twinkled in a manner that contradicted

the severity of his features. All at once there flashed upon me the recollection of a tale I had heard at the Steamboat Hotel. Ten Eyck, although then. They leaped forward to recover their muskets only in the state of the British october their muskets only in the state of the British october among those ordered by Garage December 1997. ave the town. He had not for the hardships of his exile, an

e must perforce do his duty a United States government officer, h was said to sympathize with the Car adians who were struggling for indepen

dence. And the governor too? Had no Toussaint told me that his excellency was said to be at heart friendly to the

As this thought passed through my mind my rage against him cooled. sudden I comprehended the sup reil-iousness that had so stung my pride. By ignoring me this quick-witted boy

governor meant to do me a kindness. "I never heard of you, sir," he had said. "I do not know this Nial Adair," he was ready to say again if, perchance, I should get into trouble here on the border, and Colonel Prince or others

over the way should appeal to him to restrain me of my liberty.

How I had misjudged him! The act, on the surface so brusque, had been chivalrous and generous, and showed a rare thoughtfulness for an official in his perplexing position. Thinking it wise to observe his warning so ingeniously given, I withdrew to the back of the room where I could observe him and yet

ot obtrude myself upon his notice.
"Well, well," he cried at last, having concluded his interrogatories, " numor seems to have been over-officious in hinting that we should discover here nest of plotters likely to make trouble for President Van Buren at Washing-ton. Bah, all I find is a party of

"So it appears, your excellency," replied Ten Eyck, noncommittally.
One of the company had passed word
to the landlord, who now entered, poising aloft a tray laden with decanters

and glasses.
"A little wine?" repeated his excel lency, in response to the captain's urgent request. "Yes, for the air is cold to-night, we must return up the cote

without delay."
Pouring for himself a measure of the red gold Madeira, and nodding to us in his lordly way, he reiterated with a smile. "A quiet party of gentlemen, whom I recommend to return peaceably to their homes as soon as possible."

He deapt down the golden draught

lden draugh He drank down the g and the marshal followed his example The governor then put on his cloak gathered up his hat and gloves, and after a bow that for grace and condes cension could not be surpassed at the court of King James, strode from the room, Ten Eyck marching after him with soldierly rigidity. The landlord had not neglected to

provide refreshment for the men outside, fresh horses were brought from the stables, and almost before we fully realized what had taken place, our unexpected visitors were on the road once

Whether his excellency knew that within half a mile of the tavern encamped several hundred men res tavern were to attempt an invasion of Canada, I have never been able to determine. This much I can certify, however, lost nothing in popularity by not being sharp-sighted that night. When he was gone, we at the tavern drank his health with acclamation in a new supply of the old Madeira.

CHAPTER XL

THE SWORD UNSHEATHED. Shortly after twelve o'clock, when our party was about to separate, Captain Davis, who was seated by a window,

Bavis, who was school by started up abruptly.

"By old Nereus," he exclaimed, "a light on the river! It must be the Erie from Sandusky, bringing us volunteers and supplies" and supplies."
With a cheer the company sallied

forth to meet the new recruits. Not being a member of the projected expedi-tion, however, I remained where I was. Because of the necessity for caution, the cheer was not repeated on the river nk, nor was there any demonstration

om the camp.
The candles in the sconces on the walls of the tayern parlor had died down, but I continued to sit by the fire, moking my pipe, and prepared to be an nterested spectator of what might folnterested spectator of what might fol-ow the return of those who had gone to

Always on the eve of action my mind was wont to revert with a rush of strong emotion to Jacquette, the lady of my heart, to my dear comrade, and to St. Denis. So it was at present. Now the charming piquant face of the girl I loved, and again Ramon's handsome features looked out at me from the gleaming frame of the blazing hickory wood on the nearth. The shadows cast by the fire ight seemed to take on the gracefu contour of "la jolie Canadienne," in grey homespun as I saw her last, or the soldiery form of my more than brother in affection.

Then, as a great log burned through

and fell, making a chaos of glowing embers and letting fly a little flare of sparks, these pictures faded, and instead I saw again the manor by the Richelieu, or still again the battlefield, the church or still again the pattlenetd, the church at St. Eustache, and the figure of the gallant Chenier standing above his men, waving his sword, and anon leaping through the window into the thick of his

enemies. From this review of the happy or stirring days of the past which my thoughts wrote in the book of the fire, brightly or luridly according to the theme, I by a quick tread crunching the aroused outside. Presently there was a in the hallway, I heard the land snow outside. lord greet a stranger, and in another minute some one crossed from the bar

and opened the door of the parlot.

Involuntarily shifting my position, I turned my gaze toward the new guest. ned my gaze toward He was a man of good physique, and his alere bearing showed that he was young, but he was still muffled in his cloak and its high collar concealed the lower part of his countenance, while a fur cap pulled well down, almost hid his eyes A certain magnetic current, however, confused feeling that here was some whom I knew, caused me to spring to my feet. He on his part stood like a statue confronting me in a dazed way. Thus we stared at each other for a moment. Then he silently doffed his cap, and his cloak fell to the floor. Merciful Heaven! Had the flickering fire caused my brain to waver like its flaming light? Assuredly my fancy was playing me a trick. be so; for this sh for this shadowy form, one o those that had gazed at me from the other end of the room, not only did not yanish now in the flood of light from the hall, but appeared more distinct and

I passed a hand over my brow and studied in unbelieving wonder the face of the man before me, a f ce I had but a few seconds earlier seen pictured in the fire, that had smiled forth from the shadows, the man who now stood before me in the florb. me in the flesh. Surely my reason tot-

A voice, his voice, that was like n other in the world, reassured me. "Nial!" he ejaculated, "God of Heaven,

Ramon," I faltered. We rushed into each other's arms, clasping each other tight like schoolbys. In his impetuous fashion he kissed me as ardeatly as though I were his sweetheart, and I on my part embraced him once more. Who shall say

this caress of soldier-comrades was weak or womanish "Nial, Nial, you here!" he cried again, when, drawing back in order the better to survey me, he kept on shaking

my hands and looking into my eyes.
"Ramon! For a moment I half-con-"Ramon! For a moment interests, cluded I had summoned your spirit to bear me company." I said. "You remember we sometimes speculated upon the possibility of the spirit's leaving the body during its sleep? A while ago I pictured you as dreaming of me, perhaps, in some distant camp."

spiasned in the water far behind our boat, and we answered the attack with a derisive cheer. By this time the Ann had drifted so far into Lake Erie that

" No, thank Heaven, I am really here. Strangely enough, you were in my thoughts, too, as we steamed up from the thoughts, too, as we steamed up from the lake. It was the wish to make sure of a corner to sleep in that brought me up to the house without waiting to exchange civilities with the towns people; but had my wildest imaginings hinted that I should find you here, I should have hastened as if upon wings."

Did any one know you were coming to the Scrait ?"

"Only Toussaint, our old acquaint-ance of Chambly, you recollect. Hear-ing he was in this neighborhood, I sent him a small sum of meney I owed him and mentioned that I might see him soon, as I was coming to join the volun-

soon, as I was coming to Join the volun-teers at Sandusky."
"His antics of this morning are ex-plained," I declared with a smile, and went on to tell how he had amused and puzzled me. As we laughed over the incident Ramon and I at last seemed to realize that we were dealing in actuali-ties as well as heroics. Sitting down before the chimney we opened our hearts to each other as of old, each recounting what had happened to him since we separated, and listening with breathless nd sympathetic interest to the other story

" Now, since we have quieted down little, we will have a negus and sand wiches," I said.

While we were discussing these, vere brought face to face with the rest were brought face to tace with the test of the world, once more, by the trooping back of the company who had hurried to receive the volunteers. A servant had renewed the candles, and the room now blazed with light.

Among the last of the refugees to re

turn was Captain Davis of the Ann. He was accompanied by a man on the sunny side of forty. Tall and dark eyed, with bronzed complexion and black hair, the latter must have weighed something over two hundred pounds, and presented magnificent appearance in his pictures que semi-military uniform, which consisted of a Kentucky hunting-shirt with garish epaulettes, and bright blue trous-sers. Notwithstanding his fine pres ence, however, I at once took a dislike to him, for to me his handsome mouth lacked firmness and indicated a vacillating character. How far I was right in this estimate will be seen later.

this estimate will be seen later.

"General. this is Mr. Adair, a stranger who declines to join us while we are on American soil;" said the genial captain. "Adair, let me present General Sutherland, named by the leaders at Navy Island to mmand our forces

I bowed but held aloof, while the others crowded around the general with congratulations, which he received with pompous ostentation.
"So, Mr. Adair, you evidently think

discretion the better part of valor,' exclaimed, turning toward me, for his vanity could not brook my coolness. vanity could not brook my co The taunt cut like a sabre thrust, but

would not let him know unded me. "Sir," I answered, smiling evasively. he who waits and gathers stones will

nd a time to throw them." From that moment he and I were enemies. Ramon had stood by glowering at the vainglorious officer whom, I could see, he disliked as much as I did. Making a sign to him to follow me, l turned on my heel and left the room.

Together we mounted the stairs to my chamber. The day was breaking as we lay down upon my couch. Soon we slept side by side, as we had slept in the forear Chambly, in the cave above the Richelieu, and in the great four-

osted bed at St. Denis. posted bed at St. Denis.

The next day was bright and sunny.
General Sutherland, whose lungs were
certainly creditable, busied himself in the field of oratory, while his sub-ordinates hastened the embarkation of his men. For Campau the scout had brought in word that ne is regarding the camp having been officially set before Governor Mason on his return from Gibraltar, he was coming down the river with a strong force to arrest all concerned in

him and the marshal's posse could be repulse us. dainly seen up the river the refugees had crossed the boundary line, Ramon and I followed in a row-boat, and by the time the governor and hi party reached the wharf, our little craft was speeding across the current at too great a distance to be perceived by

The expedition had rendezvoused in The expedition had rendezvoised in Canadian waters in sight of the British force on the Island of Bois Blanc. As we neared the small fleet surrounded by the brilliant sunshine, we saw a new pennant fluttering in the breeze from the topmast of the Ann, a large tricolored flag with two stars and a legend which I knew was the word "Liberty." The flag was the standard of the patriots. Ramon and I had now no hesitation in

joining the undertaking, desperate as it seemed. The boats pushed on to the attack of the island, which was said to be garrisoned by about three hun red men, Indians, negroes, and "Look !" cried Ramon, pointing to

ward the Ann as we followed in the wake of the leader's batteau, "the schooner is drifting out into the lake. It was only too true. The sails and the little vessel had been rigging of

rigging of the little vessel had been hastily put together as she was not properly ballasted.

"By the Red Dwarf, yes. She is not under the control of her rudder," I said as we watched her, "and though the decks are crowded with men, the few sailors among them seem of no help to the captain in this emergency."
We rowed steadily, keeping our eye

still on the ship. A few moments later, Sutherland called to me over the short stretch of rippling azure that separated us from his skiff, " Major Adair, take an aide, go to the schooner, and try to bring her into action.'

ner into action.

Of course I chose Ramon to accompany me. He had received a commission from Navy Island and was now known as Captain Rycerski. As we passed Bo.s Blanc a volley of musketry rang from the shore. But the shots splashed in the water far behind our

we had a good pull of some three miles

"Who goes there?" demanded the familiar voice of Captain Davis in a peremptory tone, as, at last, we came

" A messenger. Coute qui coute," I answered, standing up in our cockle-shell craft and waving my hand to him, Recognizing me, he lowered his lens Recognizing me, he lowered his lens through which he had been observing us. Clambering up the rope-ladder, we were presently on deck, a sailor took charge of our boat, and I delivered my

"Faith, major, you are indeed welcome to take the military command of the ship," said Davis, heartily, " but I doubt if you will find the Ann to discipline. No woman could be more contrary or more bent upon having her

By tacking about and taking advantage of the evening breeze, the captain was able to run between Bois Blanc and the town of Malden or, as it is now called, Amherstburg, and thus, gradually, to the head of the island. We expected a warm reception from the fort, and this running of the gauntlet with a rickety schooner, through a narrow channel with a hostile force not more than twenty rods off, was, I admit, neither wise nor pleasant. But as the wind proved stubborn, and we knew our ship to be so, no other course was left

There were two unmounted pieces of artillery on board. These we placed one on each side of the schooner, making them fast to her quarters by means of ropes. We loaded them with canister and present the property of the propert pared, as well as we could, for whatever might occur. The Ann now lay on the opposite side of the island from the point where we had left Sutherland and the little fleet of boats some hours before. The firing we had heard on the lake had ceased. Receiving no message from the general, we concluded he had landed on Bois Blanc. But we were mistaken. While we lay idly by, Campau the scout came out in a directions for us to join the forces on a smaller island, where they were to bivouac.

"But all the people have fled to Malden," I exclaimed involuntarily. "With our ninety men we can take and hold Bois Blanc until to-morrow, and then the general can assume possession."
"The general knows the place is de-

serted; nevertheless he bade me come out to you," replied Campau, glumly. Unwilling to set an example of insubordination, I read the order to the men.

"The first duty of a his superior officer. I shall comply with the command," I announced. " By old Nereus, suppose we fight our way through the channel rather than

tack about at this late ho wise it will take until morning to reach our comrades," grumbled the captain.

It was a bold scheme, but I was no Weighing anchor we once Canadian refugees, were well armed

more set sail. The men, chiefly Englishpayonets and muskets, and emboldered an indomitable spirit. thirty among them I bade these lie down The rest I directed to remain below, but to keep in readiness to rush above on the instant should neces-

The dusk was setting in, the wind was blowing from the lake toward the Can-adian shore. On board we were as silent as if all were asleep. The least whisper could be heard as the helms man steered directly toward the head of Bois Blanc, Moving slowly along perceived that our course was arousing reat excitement among the inhabitants of the mainland. Across the water came the sound of church bells ringing to gather the people together. heard also the roll of drums summo the militia to arms. Officers galloped to and fro along the shore, evidently to urge the farmers to resist the attack the authorities believed we were going to make upon the frontier. As we approached Malden we saw the wharves and the banks of the river lined with the plan of invasion.

While they were leaving the shore, the smake of the steamer that carried crowds of men who were, plainly, ready to 'Do you mean to land?' asked Ramon,

quietly, at my elbow.
"No," I answered. "There is a signal that forbids.

He peered through the gathering "What? The waving lantern that now is gone? But there are many lanterns."

Nevertheless it is a signal from some one familiar with the code at the fort, hazarded with the hope that we may understand. By certain chance, no matter how, I learned two or three of the signals at Chambly. So far as I can make out it says, 'Do not land. This is not the time.' I will obey it, come what will. But hush! No one but ourselves has noticed it. Whoever our friend on shore may be, he must not be betrayed.

for an instant, beyond the throng, the light flashed and again disappeared. Ramon raised his head.

1'il wager that light was waved by a Again he said, and even in that woman." moment of danger the fellow laughed a

low, musical laugh.
I drew myself up. Even with him, for the time, I was the commander, not the comrade. "Captain Rycerski," I replied curtly,

"if I thought one of our men nad a sweetheart mong the enemy I should recommend his dismissal from the service as soon as possible."

He glanced at me sharply and at once became grave.
"Who goes there?" cried out some

one in authority from the shore.
"This is none of your affair," I called in answer. "What schooner is that? Are you

friends or foes?' "Look at our flag and decide for your-

selves. "Come to, or we shall fire on you," threatened the same voice.
"Fire away and be d-d," I returned,

in no conciliatory tone.

A volley of musketry here punctuated heads, and those of our men who had never before scented gunpowder learned the strange music made they cut through the air.

The breeze had progress against river was slow, the time to reload and passed another made in one of damage was done. test in the shar At a third voll could be with diff By old Nere the captain to me "Steady, men,
"Wait for your of
From the Quee

AUGUST 7,

er now put out t served our fire of shot from the t of our men was of ly wounded. The onflict rouses little band were ence in curses, tion to bring one bear upon the ci "Now," I sho dogs of war. effect of not tell, but it r havoc or fear. as a drummer musicians struc Yaukee Dood speed the steam us away altered

ing around, mad one or two shot if in chase, of getting abou We afterwards the shore at her crew and teered against As for us, we and discoverin Sutherland ha the smaller isl time it was ne TO

As the pass the station a to the platf thirty, a boy medi square should The newc garded him a stout ma endeavoring on a box of f Station !

> "I want to the best wa The man l to shoes. "Minin'
> "Yes." The place tough gan they're all the old sup let some I Then the But th' min The stra

The man

'Yes.'

a stout ma short in st clad. "Hullo," Mr. Haski The stat mines. The sto said. The s toward th Thet's

curiously

"That's

The ste "All I took ...
"That' he said. The st afeared longer.
"Very
"Hand

> "I d 44 They boys ar old sup such a tenden "Th swered he wu: down -an' He

Wha

"Goi

ing at feelin "Sh quick haul "S don's
"I'm
fello
deal
""

Rector.

1909.

was, I admit, But as the

we knew our urse was left nted pieces of we placed one r, making them neans of ropes. hister and pre-l, for whatever ow lay on the and from the Sutherland and cluded he had

in a canoe with the forces on a they were to ave fled to Malintarily. "With orrow, and then

idly by, Cam

the place is dee bade me come mpau, glumly. xample of insubrder to the men.
soldier is to obey
thall comply with
unced. pose we fight our anel rather than

onel rather than e hour? Othermorning to reach led the captain. He, but I was nog anchor we once on, chiefly Englishe well armed with , and emboldered spirit. Selecting add these lie down t I directed to ret I directed to reep in readiness to cant should neces-

g in, the wind was e toward the Can-pard we were as asleep. The least eard as the helms-toward the head of slowly along we course was arousing ong the inhabitants Across the water burch bells ringing ple together. drums summoning shore, evidently

resist the attack rontier. As we ap-saw the wharves the river lined with ere, plainly, ready to re so close the

and?" asked Ramon "There is a signal

ugh the gathering aving lantern that at there are many

s a signal from some the code at the fort, hope that we may certain chance, no med two or three of ably. So far as I can 'Do not land. This I will obey it, come sh! No one but ourd it. Whoever our ay be, he must not be

instant, beyond the dashed and again dis-raised his head. light was waved by

, and even in that the fellow laughed a

Even with him, for commander, not the ski," I replied curtly,

the enemy I should ismissal from the ser-ssible." ne sharply and at once ere?" cried out some

rom the shore.
of your affair," I called

er is that? Are you ag and decide for your-

we shall fire on you,"

 \mathbf{me} voice. \mathbf{d} be \mathbf{d} — \mathbf{d} ," I returned,

y tone. sketry here punctuated n. It passed over our e of our men who had nted gunpowder learned sic made by bullets as the air.

The breeze had moderated, and as our progress against the current of the river was slow, the attacking party had time to reload and again salute us as we time to reload and again save to reload and again save as a save another street. A rent was made in one of our sails, but no other damage was done. We sent back no response, but a hearty cheer and a prosponse, but a hearty tapping of our drum.

sponse, but a hearty cheer and a protest in the sharp tapping of our drum. At a third volley, however, our men could be with difficulty restrained.

"By old Nerens, commander," cried the captain to me, "let us give them a

slap!"
"Steady, men, and silence," I replied.
"Wait for your orders."
From the Queen's Wharf a small steamer now put out to intercept us. We reserved our fire still, but a fourth round of shot from the town told upon us. One of our men was disabled, another slightly wounded. The sight of blood shed in ly wounded. The sight of blood shed in conflict rouses the wolf in a man. My little band were muttering their impatience in curses, and our ship was in position to bring one of our guns directly to bear upon the crowd ashore.

"Now," I shouted, and let loose the loose the way.

dogs of war.
The effect of this return fire we could The effect of this return fire we could not tell, but it must have spread either have or fear. We had a fifer as well as a drummer among us, and these musicians struck up the stirring tune of "Yankee Doodle." With all possible speed the steamer ordered out to drive us away altered her course and, wheeling around, made up the river. We sent one or two shots after her and followed as if in chase, but only with the view as if in chase, but only with the view of getting about the head of the island. We afterwards heard that she put into the shore at a point far above, where her erew and the men who had volunteered against us took to the woods.

teered against us took to the woods.

As for us, we soon rounded Bois Blanc, and discovering by the watch fires where Sutherland had encamped, we made for the smaller island and landed. By this time it was a search with the state of the st time it was nearly midnight.

TO BE CONTINUED.

NOT AFRAID.

As the passenger train drew alongside the station a slender young man stepped to the platform. He was less than thirty, a boyish looking fellow, a little above medium height, straight and square shouldered.

The newcomer paused and looked about him. The few shabby idlers reabout him. The few sharby laters regarded him curiously. He stepped up to a stout man in an oily jacket who was endeavoring to decipher the markings on a box of freight.

"Station Master?"

The man looked up.

'I want to get to the mines. What's

The man looked him over from derby to shoes. "Minin' engineer?"

The place ain't bad, but it's a mighty tough gang to handle. Jest now, they're all stirred up over the firin' of the old suprintendent. Got drunk and the old suprintendent. Got drunk and let some property get destroyed an came near killing a lot o' the men. Then the old man Guthrie fired him. But th' miners didn't want him to go."

The stranger only nodded and passed on.

The stout man suddenly smiled. "The stout man suddenly similed.
"They understand the bizness they're engaged in," he said with a dry chuckle.
"Gettin' a little old now, an' I'm afeared th' nigh hoss won't stand it much leaves." Like become?" longer. Like hosses?"
"Very much"

"Handled 'em any?"

"Ever since I was a small boy."
The stout man moved his head again.
"What are you—minin' engineer?"

"Goin' to stay for any length o' time?"

"I hope so."
The stout man shook his head.
"I dunno as you'll like it," he said
"I dunno as you'll he is now to

"They gen'ly don't. An' jest now the boys are a good deal stirred up over th' old superintendent bein' fired."

"And why should the miners have such a high regard for the old superintendent." the young man asked.

tendent?" the young man asked.
"They're a queer lot," the driver answered. "They like Jack Barclay cause he wuz a good deal of a man when he wuz sober. Jack was the fust feller down the shaft after the explosion two

years ago. He wasn't 'fraid o' nuthin'
—an' that's what th' boys liked in him." He bent forward a little more, his eyes on the laboring team. They were wind ing around the side of the mountsin, a somewhat stiff grade, and the team was feeling the weight of the load.

"Shall I get out?" the young man presently salved

presently asked.
"Afraid?" chuckled the driver. "No," replied the passenger with a quick laugh. "I'll promise to walk beside the results of the property of the promise to walk be-

quick laugh. "I'll promise to walk beside the wagon. It might make the haul a little easier for the horses."
"Sit still," said the driver. "Th' team's all right. This piece o' climbin' don't last much longer." He paused. "I'm takin' quite a fancy to yon, young fellow." He laughed. "That's a good deal for Jim Haskins to say."

deal for Jim Haskins to say."

"Thank you," said the passenger.

"I'll rely on you to say a good word for ma."

"Why do you want my good word?".
The passenger laughed lightly.

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Huron & Erie

The old driver held in the horses with a sudden tightening of the reins. They topped obediently.

denly grew strong. "You all know me, old Jim Haskins. I've been hurt, and I've topped obediently. "Why? Because I'm the new super-

stopped obediently.
"It's all down hill th' rest of th' way,"
he said. "I always give 'em a little
breather here. You can get out an' walk to the level of you want to."
"No," said George Guthrie. "I'll

ride. "Th' road would be purty good et 'twasn't for th' bowlders, an' we ain't in no condition to stand a sudden jar.

holding them in firmly, his short figure thrust forward, his keen eyes on the

of this emergency down the hill with him many times.

As the team, firmly held back by Haskins, felt their way downward, the nighthorse suddenly slipped and fell. As the animal went down, Haskins, who was leaning well forward, was jerked from horse suddenly slipped and fell. As the animal went down, Haskins, who was leaning well forward, was jerked from his seat and half turning fell heavily across the sharp edge of the dashboard. He gave a low groan and turned white. George Guthrie reached forward and drew the old man back to his seat, his hands still clutching the reins. As the driver dropped the fallen horse scrambled to its feet and both horses plunged forward. The plunge was so sudden that the reins would have been dragged from the old man's hands had not George caught them.

Give him a mighty cheer of welcome, boys. Now!"

A wild roar went up from the excited throng as the old man, limp and trembling, fell back in George Guthrie's arms. "You've won 'em, lad," he gasped. "It's all right now."—W. R. Ross, in Cleveland Plain Dealer.

THE CAUSE OF TOTAL ABSTINENCE.

ARCHBISHOF MOELLER'S STRONG ENDORSEMENT OF THE MOYEMENT.

Most Rev. Archbishop Moeller sent

figure gripping the reins.
"Cut them loose," cried the stranger

"Cut them loose," cried the stranger as he drew the team to a standstill. George Guthrie stooped and lifted the old man to the seat.
"Haskins has been hurt," he told them. "A little brandy will revive him." A flask was quickly passed up and pressed to the driver's lips.

and pressed to the driver's lips.

rve rubbed elbows with dean, and something to tell you. The horse fell on th' hill yonder an' the team ran away —ran away with all that death behind —ran away with all that death behind

" Men," he cried, and his voice sud-

ran away with all that death behind us—an' I was hurt an 'helpless—an' this boy caught the reins away from me'—
"No," said George Guthrie. "I'll tide."
"Th' road would be purty good ef twasn't for th' bowlders, an' we ain't in condition to stand a sudden jar. Bitap."
The horses moved ahead, the driver holding them in firmly, his short figure

—ran away with all that death behind us—an' I was hurt an 'helpless—an' this boy caught the reins away from me'—be looked up—"caught th' reins an' gripped 'em fast, an' I cried to him to jump and save himself—an' he wouldn't do it, men—he wouldn't leave me—he clung fast to th' lines an' kept the team on th' road—an' me lying there helpless an' all that death behind us—an' he swung 'em round the curve, there helpless an all that death behind us—an he swung 'em round the curve, men—you know th' place—an' he brought the team down here." His voice, which had faltered suddenly grew And then something happened. It was not the unexpected. Quite likely the old driver had carried the thought of this emergency down the hill with him

caught them.

"Jump!" shrieked the old man.

"Jump for your life! Never mind man.

"Jump for your life! Never mind more it may be too late. Jump!"

He clutched at Guthrie's coat, his leaves the convention held at Delaware recently:

Dear Friends, — You have banded to grifting with pain. But the young!

may be too late. Jump?"

The stranger only nodded and passed on.
When he neared a wagon under a tree a stout man suddenly confronted him. "Hullo," said the stout man. He was short in stature, unshaven and roughly clad.
"Hullo," said the traveler. "Are you Mr. Haskins."

The station master suggested than you might take me over to the Gloria mines.
The stout man frowned.
"The station master suggested than you might take me over to the Gloria mines.
The stout man jerked his thumb toward the wagon.
The stout man jerked his thumb toward the wagon.
Thet's dynamite in there," he said.
The stout man stared at him. Then he went to the horses' heads.
"Get in," he growled.
"Cleir," said the stranger, and took his seat.
"That's a good team you have there," he said.
The stout man stared at him. Then he went to the horses' heads.
"Get in," he growled.
"That's a good team you have there," he said.
The stout man stared at him. Then he went to the horses' heads.
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"All right," said the stranger, and took his seat.
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The stout man stared at him. Then he went to the horses' heads.
"Get in," he growled.
"All right," said the stranger, and took his seat.
"That's a good team you have there," he said.
The stout man stared at him. Then hor

ing himself for the happiness like the Christian; he does not think and reason like a man; he keeps not his appetie within the bounds of nature, like a brute. What then, is the drunkard? The drunkard is nothing but the drunkard is nothing but the drunkard. There is no other thing in nature to the fall of the control of

drunkard is nothing but the drunkard. There is no other thing in nature to which he can be likened."

Moreover, he brings upon himself temporal and eternal, physical and spiritual misery. He causes beauty and health to wither by his intemperance; he makes himself a physical wreck; he he makes himself a physical wreck; he causes his neighbors to crown his head with scorn; he makes those who are dearest and nearest to him turn away in disgust. Terrible, indeed, are the woes of the drunkard in this life, but who can

describe his misery after death. St. Paul compares the drunkard's sin to that of the offenders against God's law, that of the offenders against God's law, who will be deprived of a place in the kingdom of heaven. "Be not deceived, neither fornicators nor drunkards shall possess the kingdom of Heaven."

One of the best and most effective cures of the vice of intemperance is the practice of total abstinence. We must take care, however, while encouraging and advocating total abstinence, that we exceed not the bounds of charity and moderation, and hurl anathemas at all who refuse to be teetotalers. who refuse to be teetotalers.

He who has unfortunately fallen a vic-He who has unfortunately taffen a vic-tim to the vice of intemperance, is, as a rule, under the obligation of letting all intoxicants alone. It is usually the only way in which he can hope to get rid of the drink habit. He who fears he will become addicted to this vice, especially if he removabers that he has, at times. he remembers that he has, at times, see eded the bounds of moderation, will if he has proper self respect, if he dehat follow in the drunkard's career, if loves his dear and near onesine not to allow any intoxicants to ass his lips. These two classes of per-ons should resolve not to indulge in

y intoxicants.

Most of the members of the Catholic otal Abstinence Union do not belong of either the first or second class of perto either the first or second class of persons enumerated above. Why, then, do they practice total abstinence? Love of the neighbor is the cause. While they themselves are not obliged to take the pledge, they take it in order that their example will induce those to take it, who need it. There is no doubt that their example will do more to reform their example will do more to reform their example will do more to reform the drunkard, than the most eloquent sermon on the vices and miseries of the drunkard. Examples are more potent han words. The lover of the cup, who will accomplish more by example in will accomplish more by example, in reforming the drunkard and banishing ntemperance from our midst, than can be effected by the most rigid total abnence legislation.

I must not close this letter without aking a word of encouragement and agratulation to the women who have ned the Catholic Total Abstinence Union. They realize wore than man, that drinking wrecks domestic happiness, and usually they feel, in all its severity, the misery springing from intemperance. Hence, it is no wonder they should be induced to practice total bstinence, with a view to restore happiness and peace to the home. But this is not their only, and I venture to say, the not their only, and I venture to say, the principal purpose that animates them. The motive, which dominates above all others, is love for God and the neighbor. The women of Jerusalem wept when they beheld our Lord's anguish, and our they beheld our Lord's anguish, and our Catholic women grieve because of the offenses offered to our Lord, and the disgrace brought on the Church by intemperance. They are also filled with compassion for the drunkard, on account of the misery, present and future, which he brings upon himself. To make reparation to God for the drunkard's excesses, they deny themselves what they lead him back to Christ, to place him again on the way to heaven, they impose upon themselves the task of practicing total abstinence. Shame on the father, son, brother, or friend, who will resist such an example of devotion.

Members of the Catholic Total Ablowers, and He will bestow upon you, here and hereafter, the blessings which He has in store for His followers and

I hope the Catholic Total Abstinence Union will prosper, and that many will join its ranks and fight the demon of Sincerely yours in Christ,

† HENRY MOELLER, Archbishop of Cincinnati. DO YOUR OWN BALING

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Half of Ireland Belongs to Tillers.

"The American mind can hardly conceive that less than thirty years ago," said Michael J. Ryan, president of the United Irish League of America, in a recent lecture, "half of the land of Ireland was owned by absentee landlords and companies, and the other half was in the hands of 3,000 owners. The land of 5,000,000 of people was in the hands of about 3,700 persons. The re are today 301,000 tenant farmers in the island, and more than half of the land has "The American mind can hardly conand more than half of the land has passed into the possession of those who

"The penal laws have been repealed The penal laws have been repealed and the tithe system has been abolished. Every tenant that has been evicted in Ireland during the last thirty years has been restored to his old home, and the arrears of rent charged against him have been cancelled. The land courts have adjusted the rental of 360,136 farms and have reduced them more than \$7,500,000 a year. More than 126,000 families have been enabled to purchase farms with money advanced by the government, to be repaid in sixty-eight years at nominal interest. Several thousand families have been removed at government expense from unproductive farms to more fertile lands purchase for them by the government, to be paid for by the farmer within sixty-eight

Plain Enough. An original specimen of a Western human being asks us in all seriousness, "What is the difference between the Catholic Church and the Protestant Church? Are they not all Christian Churches? Well, the answer is not very difficult. The Catholic Church is only one church, and the Protestant Church includes a couple of hundred. The Catholic Church was founded by Christ, the Redeemer, when He came upon this earth; just one Church. The other churches were founded by different men at different times and by some paration to God for the drunkard's excesses, they deny themselves what they might without sin, enjoy. To reclaim a father, a son, a brother, or a friend and lead him back to Christ, to place him argin on the way to heaven, they impose women in recent times, on the blasphem

Remarkable Case.

A remarkable case of healing by a sort of Emmanuel movement was cited the other day by a Boston physician. He said that Dr. Weir Mitchell gave stinence Union, go on with the good work in which you are engaged. The charity which animates you, shows that you are Christ's disciples. The mortification of total abstinence which you practice, manifests that you are His followers, and He will bestow upon you, here and hereafter, the blessings which He has in store for His followers and the said that Dr. Weir Mitchell gave one of the current volumes on psychotherapy to a young lady afflicted with hysteria, told her to study it and learn to cure herself. About two weeks later he received a note from her say-like the properties of the current volumes on psychotherapy to a young lady afflicted with hysteria, told her to study it and learn to cure herself. About two weeks later he received a note from her say-like the properties of the current volumes on psychotherapy to a young lady afflicted with hysteria, told her to study it and learn to cure herself. About two weeks later he received a note from her say-like the properties of the current volumes on psychotherapy to a young lady afflicted with hysteria, told her to study it and learn to cure herself. About two weeks later he received a note from her say-like the properties of the current volumes on psychotherapy to a young lady afflicted with hysteria, told her to study it and learn to cure herself. About two weeks later he received a note from her say-like the properties of the current volumes on psychotherapy to a young lady afflicted with hysteria, told her to study it and learn to cure herself. About two weeks later he received a note from her say-like herself. About two weeks later he received a note from her say-like herself. day I had an attack of the old sort—laughing and crying together—and the trouble was brought to an end in two minutes simply by the use of the book. Mamma spanked me with it."—The Catholic Fortnightly Review.

While he's cultivating a taste for liquor a man is acquiring a liking for its eff cts.

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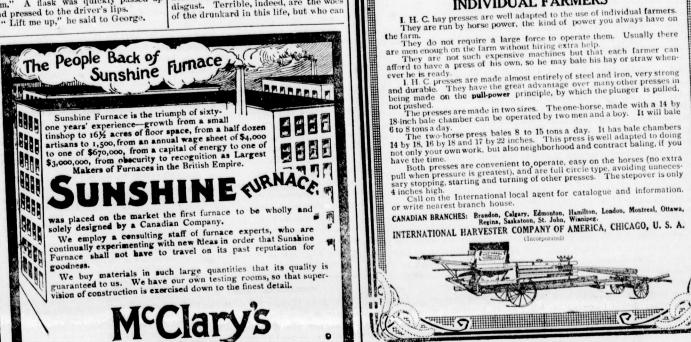
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AUGUST 7

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So cents.

When subscribers ask for their paper at the post office it would be well were they to tell the circk to give them their CATHOLIC RECORD. We have information of carclessness in a few places on the part of deliyery clerks who will sometimes look for letters

LETTERS OF RECOMMENDATION.

Apostolic Delegation.

Ottawa, June 13th, 1905.

My Dear Sir.—Since coming to Canada I have been reader of your paper. I have noted with satisfaction that it is directed with intelligence ability, and, above all, that it is imbued with strong Catholic spirit. It strenuously defends Catholic spirit. It strenuously defends to the continuous and authority of the Church, at the same time promoting the best interests of the country. Followings and authority of the Church, at the same time promoting the best interests of the country. Following these lines it has done a great deal of good for the welfare of religion and country, and it will more and more, as its wholesome influence reaches more Catholic homes. I therefore, earnestly recommend it to Catholic families. With my blessing on your work, and best wishes for its continued success, Yours very sincerely in Christ,

DONATUS, Archbishop of Ephesus, Apostolic Delegat

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

nas Coffey

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

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

LONDON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 7, 1909.

A NEW RELIGION.

sity, Dr. Elliot. prophesied the other

day the advent of a new religion.

Whether this is a prophecy in the strict

The ex-President of Harvard Univer-

sense of the term, or whether it is simply defining what is now going on, we leave our readers to judge. Dr. Elliot himself and all the Emersonian imita tors have been contributing their share to the hastening of this proposed novelty. Like Hiram of old, they have brought their timber to the erection of the temple. In an address before a branch of the Harvard Summer school. Dr. Elliot outlined the character of this new religion. Its chief distinctive attribute is that it is to be a natural religion. There is to be no supernatural element in it. That is enough. We turn away. Elliotism-unadulterated, earthly, unheavenly, uninspiring, non-rewarding gospel. There is a nice message to the poor, a sweet consolation to the suffering, a faded palmbranch to the martyr, a withered lily to the pure and a ruined kingdom to the lowly of soul. "It will not be bound," the President assures us, " by dogma or creed." Certainly not. As well expect old Eolus to forever bind the winds. Who will give it dogma or offer to a natural religion the heavenly gift of faith? Dogma springs from a source higher than the natural sources of truth; and creed is the formal enunciation of things unseen yet believed. Dr. Elliott is wise and candid; wise, in cutting away all supernatural elements from his religion ; candid, in that he admits his lack of mission. We would not expect a new religion in this plenitude of time to be supernatural. Once the Word made flesh dwelt amongst us religion was supernaturalized and rendered perfect. The Church is the immortal, Catholic, holy, supernatural religion. Natural religion is undoubtedly the basis of positive religion. Nature and grace by no means contradict each other. Religion things are from God : and the just man is the servent of the Lord. The universe is a mighty temple the silent, constant praise of all things. This framework of creation, from highest to lowest, and ascending from lowest to highest, ever praises its great Creator. Nature leads higher up : for man is nature's lord. To nature man is prophet and priest-teacher of its symbolism and sacrificer of its gifts. But since the incarnation religion has a new hymn and a new robe. Prophecy and priesthood turn for their realization and jurisdiction, for their fulfilment and hymn-book to Him who is the Truth and Life of the world. Without Him no truth can be taught, no praise be offered, no prayer be heard. To speak of natural religion God, to shut our eyes to the light which to the graces which can sanctify the soul and heal its wounded powers. Dr. Elliott's new religion is to have "no deification of remarkable human beings." It is not Christian. It is quite positive in excluding Christ. It is Elliotism. Please aspirate that last word. This new religion throws up its hands from the start at sorrow and death-having over the latter. There is little satis- ful garden planted with all kinds of hour of trial has come for private judgno balm for the former, nor any victory

be a traudulent coin at the first sound. of ordinary books from Public libraries A man who makes religion natural—who rejects Christ our divine Lord-who offers no present amelioration for sin or sorrow-who brings no fruit of victory from the grave and promises no future reward for virtue, must have the vanity of a peacock and the stupidity of something else. Surely if this is the kind of teaching Harvard University has had for twenty years, it can be no place for Catholics.

ANOTHER SERMON TO ORANGE-MEN.

Pulpit eloquence goes on parade every

welfth of July or thereabouts, with a

much noise as the big drum in the pro-

session itself. It may be the summer heat which rouses so much fervour. Religion it cannot be; for nothing in Orangeism is symbolical of that or any other virtue. Preachers may be pulling wires for another cell; or some other motive equally selfish and equally earthly may prompt them. Neither the sentiments they express nor the cause they support would lead any man to think that they are actuated by lofty motives, or that they are delivering a message from the Prince of Peace. Let us not be too sweeping. Some are not positively bad and discreditable. One to which we lately referred, delivered in this city, must have jarred upon the ears of the brethren. It was negatively good-although that eulogy is more than most sermons to Orangemen deserve. Here is another-the last of our series. It was delivered down in St. Thomas by the Rev. W. A. Graham. The newspaper reports describe it as strong. We are ourselves inclined to think it a little over proof, above the average. Two or three reasons lead us to this conclusion. It contains a minimum of Orangeism-a homoeopathic dose—the word hardly mentioned. The text was sought with great care from the depths of the Old Testament: "Men who understand the times." It looks since no mention is made, as if the cap did not fit the brethren. In other words, Orangemen do not understand the times or know how to order Israel. Mr. Graham deplored the amount of scepticism and infidelity in the various forms of literature. Of course the preacher did not mean this as a rebuke to his official congregation. Orangemen are not literary. Mr. Graham need have no fear that modern or any other literature will make shipwrecks of the brethren's faith. Whatever of this virtue they ever had is lost on lower rocks than those of irreligious literature. One cut at Rome mars this discourse—a blow under the belt one which savours strongly of timeserving. There was no necessity, when opening the knife, to apologize and complain that the subject was painful. He had an unpleasant task to fill. He did it awkwardly. He was preaching to Orangemen. It was his bounden duty to have a shot at Rome; for the Eternal City demands clear views as to its character. Rome, Mr. Graham maintained, was the same now as before the Reformation. "Read history," said he, " as to its effect upon nations, or if not, look at the Romish nations and compare them with those dominated by Protestantism and it needs to be watched." A precious guard the poor man is putting up on the Eternal City. Reading history, we know that there would not be religion law or civilization in Europe or Ameri-

> CATHOLIC LITERATURE IN PUB-LIC LIBRARIES.

Popes.

The Catholic World for July contains an interesting and suggestive article upon the above subject. Although the is the glory and Sabbath of life. All writer addresses himself directly to our co-religionists of the United States, it has its importance in our own Dominion. The gist of the plea is that Public whose unmeasured depths re-echo with libraries are largely administered by non-Catholies, whilst they are maintained by both Catholic and non-Cataolic money; but that the number of Catholic books upon the shelves of these institutions is not nearly in fair proportion to the amount contributed. Little of the blame is to be attached to the non-Catholic members of the administrative boards. At least we do not attribute it to their prejudice. They may seldom think of it. They know nothing about the subjects. They leave such things to Catholic representatives. Indiscriminate reading is a danger against which moralists are always warning the children of the Church. Pastors, thereis to throw away the unspeakable gift of fore, to whose care souls are entrusted, and officials whose duties oblige them enlighteneth all and to close the heart to see to the selection of books, cannot be indifferent to this matter. Two elements are contained in this provision for the soul-protection of faith and guardianship of morals. Both faith and lie libraries may be compared, the and there a stray flower blooming in left," we do not see how an appeal to solitary languor, the latter to a beauti- the laity will save the situation. The that any one who would spend \$25 for

faction in analyzing what one knows to shrubs and frangrant flowers. The use leaves too often the young soul weary and wanting. It wastes spiritual energies and fosters worldliness. Its deeper effects and more lasting are that it tarnishes the purity of innocence and draws down the dove to earth which otherwise had found its true nest high up in the clefts of the mountain top. A pure Catholic soul is a precious jewel in of many. Protestantism has no power the sight of heaven. God help it if its imagination once gets started through the slippery paths of unsieved promiscuous literature. No companions find their way into the heart so readily as books. No friends should be so carefully chosen, and particularly for the young. In spite of all care dangers neet them everywhere. Those who are in charge of libraries can help to form a taste for reading. It should be healthy: for an unhealthy taste is a greater injury than it is a service. That taste should spend itself upon what will stand the greatest cultivation in us and can produce fruit easiest. This is our religion. Nothing will so improve our character, elevate our affections, expand our thoughts, or enlarge our vision as good reading about our Church. Neglect of this kind of literature exposes us to greater weakness. The Church is so deep in learning, so lofty in its aims, so wonderful in its saints, so broad in its gentle morality, so struggling in its long history, that we can never become really learned in any one of these branches. Yet they are all from the same trunk, stretching out their shade, a shelter for the birds of the air. Catholic reading lends strength to the Church itself. Without it little interest is taken in the wants, the troubles and prospects of the Church. Catholic books and newspapers contribute much to the spiritual aid of nultitudes, to their enlightenment as the church's children, and to the dispersion of truth. Public libraries are also educators. In proportion as they help Catholics to live as Catholics, to have a solid taste for Catholic reading, and as long as they afford good literature they serve their purpose as amongst public utilities. Catholics, on the other hand, ought to see that it cannot be justly charged against them that they never ask for Catholic literature.

> THE BIBLE IN THE METHODIST COLLEGES. The Hon, S. H. Blake has renewed his

the higher institutions of Toronto. This time he directs his attack against Victoria College, the Methodist federated branch of Toronto University. He puts the question: "Does the Victoria College Compromise bind the Methodist Taking this compromise to Church ?" mean the appointment of a higher critic as professor in Victoria College of Biblical studies, we fail to see the relation which the matter can have to the Methodist Church. Beyond stopping supplies the laity has no authority over teachers in such colleges. And as for the Church of the whole country is forthe governing body of the Methodist Church, all it can do is to warn the people and take from the professor the lower of exercising his functions as minister of the Church. The body in charge of Victoria College is the sole judge of the character of the teaching. It is not the same, nor could it be expected the same, as in a Catholic Uniter and New York. Montreal still keeps versity. Here the Church has authority, its numbers and its prestige. If the Canon law provides for the adjustment of those delicate relations existing beca were it not for the Rome of the tween professional teaching and Episcopal government. The Bishop in whose diocese an educational institution is situated is responsible for the soundness of the doctrine taught. Since the publication of the Bull upon Modernism this supervision has been made more obligatory and detailed. We do not suppose that Mr. Blake would be willing to take a leaf from Catholic canons. Nor could he, if he would. The difficulty in the way is private judgment. There is no use complaining of the teaching in a Methodist college, whether in Toronto Montreal or Winnipeg. These different professors may all be tainted with higher criticism. Each of them has as much right to his opinion as Mr. Blake Private judgment is the magna charta of Protestantism. It is useless to complain of the tyranny of professors, as it is equally futile to try to save the Bible under teachers who recognize no authority over them. We agree with Mr. Blake that instruction is given in many of these institutions which is subverting God's Word. Men like him may look with dismay at the tidal wave They are powerless. They took the Bible into their own hands. A day came and the rationalists took it also He had as much right to it as his conservative brother. Where in all the divided sects was there power to bid him halt or decide how far he was justified in going? Admitting with Mr. morals suffer by general reading. Pub- Blake—and we freely grant it—that: lie libraries and fully equipped Catho- "If we take the sum of the criticisms of all the critics it is scarcely necessary former to a dusty highway, with here to say that there would be no Bible

ment. Its threatening danger to religion and its unauthorized assumption of power were always manifest. To-day, however, it has turned upon its authors with such force that it will soon have wasted the only treasure of Protestantism and scattered its sacred leaves along the highway of scientific criticism. It is done without pity or con-sideration, beneath the indignant gaze to prevent their action or to direct it. An intellectual inquisition is not the protection the evil demands. Against it Mr. Blake protests. But an inquisition of the laity is no better. In many respects it is worse. Mr. Blake sees the approaching storm. The only ark he can find is the leaky ship of lay contribution. What he needs, though he may not acknowledge it, is powerpapal power, inquisitorial power. These are the only forces which can save the Bible from desecration and de struction. Where all are laity and where no divinely constituted authority exists for the guardianship of faith and morals, then will God's word be exposed to every wind in the compass. It is disastrous for coming generations of Methodists that their leading colleges burn the oil of higher criticism. There is no power in the Methodist Church to prevent it. Faculty and professors have a full and perfect right to private judgment. Mr. Blake should turn where authority alone can be found, and where alone it is exercised. Despise Rome as men may, true lovers of the Bible will find in the Papacy the strongest friend and the lawfully appointed guardain of God's Holy Word. There is no other ship afloat to ride the storm of higher criticism save Peter's bark.

> PROPERTY FOR EDUCATION. We see by despatches from Toronto to

the Free Press of this city that the Catholic Church Extension Society has purchased property for educational purposes. If the report is true, and we see no reason for contradicting it, it is another of the energetic moves which his Grace Archbishop McEvay has made for extending the Church since assuming the government of Toronto. It is stated that sixty acres have been secured to the east of Toronto on the Scarboro heights with the idea of establishing as soon as practicable an insti tution for the training of priests. The main idea is to have a mission college A secondary idea has been introducedattack upon the teaching of the Bible in that Toronto might advantageously be made the centre for the education of English-speaking priests, and that a grand seminary upon English lines might serve not only Toronto itself but also the other dioceses of Ontario. That things have been tending in that direction for several years has been evident to all observers. That an institution of this character is desirable is also generally admitted. Nor should this opinion be taken as a want of confidence in the Grand Seminary of Montreal, to which ever most deeply indebted. This educational institution, founded by the Sulpicians and endowed by France in the pre-Britain days of Canada, still continues to form a large majority of the priests of dioceses in Quebec, Ontario and the Eastern States. Other seminaries have sprung up in Boston, Roches-Province of Ontario seeks t seminary for its priesthood it is an important mark of the progress of the Church and the zeal of the hierarchy to foster vocations for our increasing needs.

THE MONTREAL STAR'S IRISH

CORRESPONDENT. Our attention is called to the character of the letters which appear in the Montreal Star every Saturday from London, Glasgow and Dublin. Irish Letter," as the Star is pleased to call the one from Dublin, is no compliment to the journal or the country whence it is written. The items may be judged by the following headings over the letter dated July 1: "Evicted family recapture house and prepare for another siege. A boy's shocking death, Joseph Annesley to be tried for murder ing Patrick Breen. Paupers have a good time." The letter itself contains some others less objectionable. Why these were selected for headlines could arise only from the too common fashion to offend; for insulting and uninteresting they are. If Ireland can present no more events than such as the Star correspondent gathers together it is indeed a distressed country. Better silence than gossip of that kind. This cannot be the style of material which will satisfy the Irish readers of the Star, when the selections are more likely to be the clippings of Police Gazettes than foreign correspondence of a respectable journal.

REV. JOHN WESLEY HILL, Methodist that any one who would spend \$25 for dynamite to be used in blowing up the

divinity school of the University of Chicago would be doing a good thing. However much we may sympathize with Mr. Hill's antagonism to the Rockefeller University, we are decidedly opposed to his method of carrying on the warfare against it. The words of the preacher may yet be quoted in some of the halls of the anarchists. The proper course for Mr. Hill to adopt would be to make war on the practices of the institution amongst the Protestant community. We should be sorry to hear that even one Catholic would seek cul- of employment, they might be induced much to breed a godless generation of educated men. But after all, the present condition of things is only what Mr. Hill might have expected. The American republic started with godlessness in the Public schools and now we find godlessness in the universities the natural outcome.

THE VENERABLE FATHER MATTHEW THE LATEST example we have of infidel teaching in this institution founded by the Emperor of Oildom comes to us in the shape of an address delivered by Professor Votaw. He considers the story of the creation a myth and tabooes the catechism. Besides this he says that the Bible is not connected with twentieth century life and we should make our own Christianity for our own age. Mr. Votaw is very advanced indeed. And there are several other Votaws in the great republic as well as a few in Canada who should have no place in institutions of learning. We will let the New World of Chicago continue the subject:

"It is evident that Professor Votaw also believes that God did not create the earth, or the sun, moon and stars. These things just happened by chance. Neither did He create man. Man created himself—just hoisted himself nto existence by pulling on his bootstraps, so to speak. However, if the world was created by Chance, then Chance was its creator. If man created Chance was its creator. It man himself, or was created by Chance, still there was a Creator. We cannot get there was a Creator. We cannot get away from a Creative Being. He is away from a Creative Being. If this postulated in whatever exists. If this be true then, the much-tabooed "old-time religion" remains impregnable. And before we engage in any to " make our own Christianity for our own age," moreover, we should reflect upon the flight and fall of Apostle Dowie and other fakirs of his kind. We can understand how Rev. John Wesley Hill should be driven to think of dyna mits should be driven to think of dynamite. Such professors as Votaw, Foster, Triggs, Zueblin and Company make the age of dynamite approach nigher on hurrying feet. People who think as they do prepare others to hurl high ex-plosives and shatter civilization to

OUR IRISH EXCHANGES give us startling accounts of Orange rowdyism, chiefly in Belfast, on the 12th of July. All people dearly love liberty of action and liberty of the press, but when they run into license, then the question comes whether the Government should or should not deal with the matter. The annual fanfaronade of these men, who are for the most part misguided, has become a nuisance. Not alone is it offensive to the Catholic subjects of His Majesty but the more respectable and responsible of our Protestant fellow citizens look askance at these men who are giving us the disquietude of faction It is a matter for much regret that a few men, who wish to be known as ministers of the gospel, posing for prominence give the members of this unhallowed institution countenance and encouragement. We know at least one Protestant firmly fixed on a cabinet portfolio, and an Orange lodge, doubtless with the view of refurbishing a decadent congregation. We know a layman who proved to be a misfit in municipal government, and who dearly loved the limelight, but the ballot box voted him an undesirable. Straightway he became duly installed with the brethren of the Orange order. That he will come to the polls again we have no doubt, because he fancies the brethren will give him their votes And so all along the line. This institution is made use of by the mediocrities that they may be enabled to climb the ladder of prominence in the community.

AN ARTICLE ENTITLED, " Don't Spoil the Boy," in the Antigonish Casket, contains a fund of hard common sense which cannot too frequently be drummed into the heads of parents.

" The young man who is petted too home is seldom any good. What is wanted now-a-days is a al man who can do something else be sides smoke cigarettes and twist a cane. The time to learn to work and to learn usiness habits is in one's youth. who leads the life of a butterfly until he who leads the life of a butterny diff is is twenty-five or thirty years of age and when recognizes the fact that he has made an ape of himself, has precious little to recommend him when he applies for a job. This may be a chestnut, but it fits not a few young men in every community. The boys on the farm are better off if they only knew it, than thousands of the boys who are at large, wandering hither and thither, searching and looking for "rich bonanzas" to turn up. There is nothing like being practical, and there is but one way to be so—acquire business habits and train yourself to do good, honest, hard work. Don't waste your time learning to tie a This may be a chestnut, but

No doubt our eastern contemporary has in mind many of this class in his end of the country. We have not a few up in this part also. They are to be seen on the streets every day. A good education comes to them at the expense of the tax payer. Their fathers have a little money and on that account they are not over anxious to look out for themselves. They are faultlessly groomed, carry a cane and own a valuable dog, and take in all the sports. If something nice were to turn up by way ture in a university which is doing to put in a few hours each day at clerical work. Learning a trade would be considered a debasement. In this modern world of ours there is too much shallowness in some of our young men. Their chief object in life is to spend the money made by fathers who began their careers in work-shops and were never ashamed to wear the apren.

> RUSSELL, dealing with the young man who is in a great hurry to get out before Mass is over, asks the question: "How does he employ the time that he thus saves so carefully?" He says it is madness to hurry over our religious duty in order to have more time for doing nothing, or for doing something immensely less important than the duty we leave half done, or much less well done than we could do it if we gave to it full time and our full attention. It is oftentimes scandalous, especially in rural districts, to note the careless and un Catholic conduct of many of those who go to Mass. One would think that their chief object in coming to church was to have a conversation with their neighbors on the topics of the day. If they arrive at the sacred edifice a few minutes before Mass begins, would it not be meet were they to spend that time in preparation for the hearing of Holy Mass? We were lately told by a priest that those who are guilty of this reprehensible conduct are almost invariably persons who rarely read Catholic literature, who take no Catholic paper, and whose literary food is confined almost solely to the yellow literature which gives them lengthy accounts of the horrible doings of the criminal world. Such persons will, sooner or later, carry the mark of the bad Catholic and the bad citizen.

paper, the Daily Express, says that it is reported that the Earl of Aberdeen will shortly retire as Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. All Irishmen will, we think, regret the change, because Lord and Lady Aberdeen have always been the truest friends of Ireland. Never have they been partial to the anti-Irish proclivities of the Dublin Castle officials, or that miserable coterie in Dublin who strive for a continuance of the union because it gives them ascendency over their Catholic fellow-citizens. The despatch also says that the Earl of Granard may succeed to the office. There will be a smashing of law and tradition if such be the case, because English statutes declare that no Catholic may be appointed to this office. There would be a pretty row in Orangedom were a Catholic to become Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and it might be expected that the dour Dr. Sproule, Grand Sovereign of British North America, who is wont to have one eye the other on the Pope, the Papal Delegate and the hierarchy, would rise to protest in our Canadian House of Commons. The world is moving, however and if the British Government decide to make this change, they will pay little heed to the champions of bigotry and intolerance.

A DUBLIN DESPATCH to a London

IT ALWAYS affords us pleasure to print friendly words of our non-Catholic neighbors regarding the Catholic faith, chiefly for the reason that it breathes a Christian spirit, which is, alas! not cultivated to any great extent in certain sections of the country. Before the class of graduating nurses in Cleveland, Ohio, Dr. Thwing, a Protestant gentleman, President of the Western Reserve Uni-

versity, said : "I speak to many who are members of the great Roman Catholic Church—called Roman because of its place on the banks of the Tiber; but called Catholic because it is universal, belonging to all. But also I speak to some who are members of no communion of the Church. But to you all I wish to say that religion is the mightiest respectively. is the mightiest resource for the soul of man. In the blessed Catholic Church man. In the blessed Catholic Church religion stands for life's great center of life's widest circumstance. the most. Lean back hard upon the great truths of that blessed religion. As your hands are eager in performing the duties that are given you to do, let your heart and your mind confide, as true daughters, in the blessed truths and loyalties of that great God-giving,

man-receiving institution of the race. We commend a careful reading of this extract to the editor of the Orange Sentinel and to Mr. Levee, of Toronto, the school trustee who succeeded in carrying a resolution at a board meeting which prevents Catholic teachers from receiving employment from the Public School Boards of Toronto.

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nothing that is new; it has the ear marks of the Gnostic, the Arian, the

men, and for its votaries the truths of the Gospel spell not the path to eternal

life, but rather the glorification of material pleasure, and utter hopelessness as regards the life to come.—Boston

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE "CURES."

sage he says: Dr. Huber, in the Popular Science

Monthly for October, 1899, relates his futile attempts to obtain from Christian

cases, and in all these twenty cases no cures that would have occasioned a medical man the least surprise. What did

and locomotor ataxia, which had been healed by Christian Science, but the truth compels the statement that my efforts to examine these cases were defeated by the cheapest sort of subterfuge and illusion." After citing a number of wonderful cures obtained by Mrs. Eddy and other Christian Scientists, he asks: "Who are the people that have been cured? What are their names? Where do they live? How can they be found? Will Mrs. Eddy and her followers submit these cases for a scientific are asking, and have for years been asking these questions. We are still awaiting answers."

One is cured of cancer; another of varicose veins, by reading Science and

One is cured of cancer; another of varicose veins, by reading Science and Health. A consumptive is helped from the first time he opened the book; the cure following. A woman testified that her husband was cured of smoking and the liquor habit, and of Bright's disease, propagated by a physicians to be in its

Moyna, has passed the quarter century ern contemporary mark in his priesthood. As evidence of f this class in his the great esteem in which this good pas-We have not a few tor is held, priests came from far and . They are to be Bear to offer their congratulations, and very day. A good the hearts of his flock went out to him hem at the expense in loving regard. Solemn High Mass eir fathers have a was celebrated, Rev. Father Moyna eing celebrant, Fathers Dollard and anxious to look out Cruise deacon and sub-deacon, and hey are faultlessly Father Coyle master of ceremonies. ne and own a valu The sermon, a masterly discourse, was all the sports. If to turn up by way might be induced the ceremonies, the jubilarian was pres each day at clerigenerous purse by the people of the g a trade would be asement. In this rs there is too much Father Jeffcott, and this likewise was his Church. of our young men. n life is to spend the anied by a well-filled purse. hers who began their dresses was most touching. The practiops and were never cal tokens of regard which he had ree apren. ceived will, we feel assured, be highly FATHER MATTHEW with the young man hurry to get out be-, asks the question:

> gratulations. THE LONDON POLICE COURT gives us another instance of people who adopt Irish names when there is nothing Irish about them. We do not know why they have contracted this habit. Possibly it is because Irish names are found so lentiful in the role of honor and glory. In the report we are told that Mrs. Michael Sullivan has the habit of going about the city, selling pictures of her children to raise money to support her family. Her little story is that her husband, Michael, sold the home and left the country, and that her ambition is always well to be slow in arriving at the conclusion that the people behind the names are Irish.

WHAT WOULD appear to be quite becoming in a democratic country gives many people a nervous shock in kingdoms and empires across the great doms and empires across the great ocean. Some of the inhabitants of Rome have been shocked by the conduct of the democratic Cardinal Mathieu. They saw him walking through the streets of the Eternal City. We believe Cardinal Gibbons, too, gave scandal in this manner when he went to Rome for the purpose of taking part in the election of Pius X. To us in this democratic country mannerisms of people in the old land seem years neguliar indeed, and often a source of danger.

against the Moors by that country has been made the reason for an uprising by the anarchists in Barcelona and neighboring towns. As might be expected, the destruction of churches and religion is the one rock of safety for religion is the one rock of safety for religion. convents was the initial work of these France. desperate characters. They congre gated in thousands, erected barricades and made a fierce assault upon the soldiers. Latest accounts tell us that thousands of them have been cut down. At the present writing it is difficult to tell what may happen, as it is found that the ramifications of the anarchistic organizations extend even to the army. It is to be hoped that the outcome of this regrettable uprising will be the extinction of anarchy in Spain.

In NewField, N. J., all the drunkards are posted; that is, their names are given to the wine clerks, who are punished if they give them any intoxicants. In the city of London we have a similar law, but it goes further. The unfortunates are punished if they are seen in close proximity to a saloon. Much good has resulted from this practice and many a poor fellow, degraded because of overindulgence in whiskey, has been reformed. Some have found that the only way to evade the law is to stop drinking, and this course they have adopted, giving much relief to the community in general and especially to

THE CIRCULAR which we print in an other column, from the Catholic Club of Winnipeg, speaks for itself. This movement to bring into closer touch these organizations throughout the country will, if successful, be most beneficial. Indeed, something of the kind is of prime necessity. In these days, when the country is filling up so rapidly, a large portion of the new comers being Catholies, much good may be accomplished by should do so.

THE GOOD PASTOR of Orillia, Rev. M. having, as it were, a head-quarters at each centre of population, where Catholies may obtain information, encouragement and good advice in the matter of location and employment.

A CONTEMPORARY tells us that a young lady has suffered mental breakdown because she took too seriously the chain prayer. All over the continent this work of an arrant fool has created no end of annoyance. The clergy and laity of the Catholic Church, as well as eached by Rev. J. L. Hand. After those of non-Catholic bodies, have used their best efforts to extinguish the ented with an illuminated address and fraud, but nevertheless, once in a while, it will make its appearance. The Cathparish. The priests also presented a olic who takes it seriously is sadly in touching address, which was read by need of instruction in the doctrines of

Father Moyna's response to both ad-THE RELIGION OF CHRIST ITS ONLY SAFETY.

The depopulation of France has occu preciated, and the remembrance of the kindly demonstration in his behalf will remain with him as long as life endures. The CATHOLIC RECORD joins with his many friends in hearty converted to the street the pulpit, says the sides, or rather the obverse of these, have been discussed in print until the subject seems threadbare; but that it is subject seems threadbare; but that it is subject seems threadoare; but that it is a very vital subject indeed, an issue of gravest moral and political importance, we learn from reading a powerful article in a recent issue of La Revue Hebdoma-daire, written by Monaignes, Cibbodaire, written by Monsignor Gibier, Bishop of Versailles, entitled "The Depopulation of France." The worthy prelate tells his readers that they fear cholera, consumption, pestilence, and seek every precaution to avoid contagseek every precaution to avoid containing ion; but the family, which is the granitic base of the world, is attacked by a moral plague which is slowly underminated in the state of the world and additional transfer in the state of the world and additional transfer in the world and the worl ing it in some countries and rapidly in France. Keeping his heaviest artillery for the close of his eloquent essay, Mon signor Gibier makes an appeal notable

for common sense.

He pictures the domestic hearth with left the country, and that her ambition is to buy it back again. An investigation by the Charities Department found that Mrs. Sullivan keeps boarders, and is not in a destitute condition. The Free Press says that it is thought that Mr. sullivan, who are Italians, were collecting enough money to go seek to Italy. When Irish names are ack to Italy. When Irish names are thing, he arrives at the age of manhood seen figuring in police court reports, it is always well to be slow in arriving at luxury; and he soon vanishes, for nature is unsparing with the unfit. A family vanishes too, and because of parental

vanishes too, and selfishness.

The contrary of all this is the house filled with children, happy, or at least contented, never in danger of corruption because of too much money; selfished because of the selfished because of reliant by necessity—they never can count on a ready-made future; the girls

old land seem very peculiar indeed, and doubtless they hold the same opinions regarding us. Looking at the matter from one point of view, we would say that those who have the driving habit require the services of the medical men more than those who walk.

A TERRIBLE CONDITION of things prevails in Spain. The conduct of the war against the Moors by that country has een made the reason for an uprising the anarchists in Barcelona and ighboring towns. As might the dots of the superfluities of the great of the proposed and the propo

THE HOLY EUCHARIST.

Here's a bit of advice from a priest writing in The Victorian, that may be of practical help to those whose instructions for this important duty were deficient when they made their first Holy Communion:

"The hands, face and clothing should be scrupulously clean. Also it is eminently proper to cleanse the teeth at least the night before.

Devout Catholics always approach and return from the Communion rail with the hands reverently joined.

When the wiest approaches with the

With the names reverently joined.
When the priest approaches with the Blessed Sacrament one's head should be well lifted and held as motionless as possible, the eyes closed and the tongue extended moderately over the lower

Remember that the priest does not wish to touch the lips or tongue of any-one with his fingers, and it is only by following the foregoing suggestions rigidly that this can be successfully rigidly that this can be supported avoided. If you are by temperament avoided. If you are by temperament arrows—the closing of the eyes is the

only solution.

Do not drop the head forward immedi-Do not drop the nead forward immediately after receiving; there is danger of striking the ciborium from the priest's hands, and, at the very least, if you are a woman, your hat will brush against the

vestments.

Should there be but a few receiving Holy Communion, or should you be among the last of many, invariably kneel as near the center of the altar rail as possible. Do not insist upon the priest walking the full length of the sanctuary for your process.

for your special convenience.

If you are going to Communion — go.

Do not wait until the priest has practically finished distributing the Sacred ies and then start from your place, Species and their star your arrival and keeping him waiting for your arrival and unnecessarily delaying the service.

The hands should be joined reverently and resting on the rail—not lifted beneath the chin, unless of course, a communion cloth not a card or plate, be

Should the Sacred Host adhere to the palate, moisten with the tongue and swallow. Never under any circum-stances touch with the fingers.

tances touch with the nugers.

It is a recognized custom that after

The modern system of ethics holds. having approached the sacred table you should remain in the church at least fifteen minutes after Mass is ended to

make your thanksgiving.

Upon returning home, it is suitable that a glass of water be the first food or drink to cross your lips.

These suggestions are eminently practical and are drawn from the long arctical and are drawn from the long arctical and are drawn from the long the priest, who makes

practical and are drawn from the long experience of the priest who makes them. We trust that our people will cheerfully put them into practice, and so contribute to the convenience of the priest and the congregation as well as to the reverence which is due our divine Saviour in His Sacramental

PROTESTANT TRIBUTE TO CATHOLIC VIRTUE.

Mr. W. T. Stead, the editor of the Pall Mall Gazette, is well known for his efforts in the cause of social purity. Lecturing on this subject recently at Edinburg, he let fall some remarks which we think must have surprised many of his hearers. "He himself," he said, "was a Protestant, and he presumed most of those present were Protestants: but there was no blinking the sumed most of those present were Pro-testants: but there was no blinking the fact that if they took a Protestant family and a Catholic family, and put them into a London slum they would find that three or four years afterward half of the Protestant family had gone to the bad, while every member of the

Catholic family had retained his or her virtue."

What a tribute from an able and well known Protestant newspaper man this is. It makes one proud to be a Catholic. Mr. Stead went on to say that it is the same with Catholics in Ireland to be a mong the same with Catholics in Ireland to cases, and in all these twenty again to the same with Catholics in Ireland to cases, and in all these twenty again. the same with Catholics in Ireland; no matter what their circumstances are, they are virtuous. On this point and the state of the spint only does the they are virtuous. On this point and perhaps on this point only, does the testimony of Protestant travelers in Ireland agree. "I was astonished," continued Mr. Stead, "to see people in Ireland living in poor cabins, who, whatever else they might be, were most virtuous. This I attribute to the instructions of their priests in the confessional and in the family, and of their insistence on the duties of presents to insistence on the duties of parents to their children and of children to their parents and towards one another. The result is a moral miracle at which we, as Protestants, Presbyterians, or whatever we are, have reason to bow our heads in shame.

shame."

If Mr. Stead, who, we believe is a materialist would be convinced of the effect of the teachings of the priests in developing great athletes as well as pure women, he has but to read over the names of the Irish of the British colonies, the Irish and Irish-American men who, in proportion to their numbers, stand in the prize-ring, on the cinder path, and in the field events, in the very front rank and immeasureably the very front rank and immeasureably outclass the men of all other lands. Welsh, Owen Moran and Jim Driscoll, who came to American a year ago from England and Wales and returned unde-

the liquor habit, and of Bright's disease, pronounced by physicians to be in its worst form. Similar accounts could be multiplied ad infinitum. These are fair samples of what the adherents of Christian Science profess to effect. But what evidence do they produce in support of these cures? For these cases and all others mentioned, there is not a single certificate from any doctor testifying to the existence, much less to the cure, of these diseases. We have no

the storm. And, indeed, it is well that the Catholic Church should be excluded from such a category, for her lines are defined, and her principles beyond ques-

tion. Nevertheless, in the struggle to uproot whatever of religious principles there may yet remain in "the church," the attitude of the new reformers has an element of hostility against us also. It is the struggle of unbelief against Christianity, against the leadership and teachings of Christ. Nor are its attacks confined to the professed atheist; it finds its exponents in men who ascend the pulpits of professedly Christian the pulpits hurches, and there preach a doctrine as videly different from that of Christ as

black is from white.

It is in their tactics that the new reformers are most remarkable. Like the Modernists, they do not speak out in bold language, but veil their intent under a mass of verbiage musical to the ears of the uneducated but containing ears of the uneducated but containing the seeds of error as pernicious as ever entered into the human mind. Not de-sirous of shocking the religious senti-ment, they retain the name of religion, but appended to it a qualification relich led to it a qualification which but apper

but appended to be robs it of its essence.

Christ, they will have no more as a final authority; they rather place their confidence in what they term "the ethical sense," which, when examined, proves to be nothing more than the opinions of certain leaders of public opinions of certain leaders of public opinions of certain leaders of some erudition in

range and limits of religiout belief.

Ethics is a science that has its values, if backed up by religious sanctions.

The effort to build up an ethics that disregards religion is a striving after an abortive rule of human condent. abortive rule of human conduct. It has been tried so often and failed so often that the wonder is how men of intelli-

COMPLIMENTARY FAREWELL.

On Wednesday night of last week, Hope Court No. 695, Catholic Order of tics placed their mystical theories over against the pure teachings of the apos-tics, there has been a continuous line of reformers all building upon the "ethical" Foresters, presented Rev. Father White Foresters, presented nev. Faculty with an illuminated address and a purse of gold, on the occasion of his departure from St. Peter's cathedral, London, to take charge of the parish of Wyoming. Following is a copy of the address: sense of mankind in opposition to the Gospel, and all falling away into oblivion as the truth of God's Church fell upon, and seared and scorched them into noth-

In a powerful article in the Catholic World for June, Francis D. McGarry shows up the hypocrisy and false claims of Christian Science. In a striking pasfutile attempts to obtain from Christian Scientists evidence whereby he might investigate the truth of one of the many cases of cures which they claim to have effected and which are held by medical science as incurable. Not even in one case could an interview be obtained with a person claiming to have been cured of one of these incurable diseases. Let me quote Dr. Huber's own account of the cases he investigated: "I examined in succession, and without exception, the case of every Christian Science cure up to the number of twenty. All

Father White, who has been chaplain of this Court for a number of years, made a touching and very eloquent address. All who know the rev. gentleman will feel sure that in his new field of labor he will earn that large share of esteem which was entertained for him by the congregation of the Cathedral.

You will see in life just what you are cases, and in all these twenty cases no cures that would have occasioned a medical man the least surprise. What did surprise me was the vast disproportion between the results they exhibit and the claims made by Christian Science healers. claims made by Christian Science healers.

* * I heard during my investigation of yellow fever, phthisis, cancer,
and locomotor ataxia, which had been
healed by Christian Science, but the

TOLD BROTHER

One Suffered for Fifteen Years, the
Other for Thirteen.

The convincing powers of a testimonial were never more clearly shown
than in the case of Mr. Hugh Brown. A
brother, Lemuel Brown, of Avondale,
N.B., read in the paper about Hon.
John Costigan being cured by "Fruita-tives." Knowing the Senator would
only endorse a medicine which had
cured him, Mr. Lemuel Brown trad
"Fruit-a-tives." They cured but of
Chronic Indigestion and Constitution,
so he urged his brother to try "rom.



Hartland, N.B., Oct. 28th, 1907.

"Three doctors told me that I had liver Disease and serious Shomach Trouble. My stomach was very work. I took their medicines for thirteen years and grew worse. My brother (who was cured of terrible indigestion by "Fruit-a-dives" after suffering for 15 years), recommended me to try them wonderful tablets. I bought half a dozen boxes and have just finished the sixth. I eat all kinds of hearty foods without distress and am greatly improved in every way. "Fruit-a-tives also cured the Chronic Constipation which was so distressing in my case."

(Signed) HUGH BROWN.

50c a box, 6 for \$2.50; a trial box, 25c. At dealers or from Fruit-a-tives.



"NAZARETH"

The above panel, 8 ft. 6 x 11, has just been completed by

The Thornton-Smith Co., Church Decorators, Toronto

11 KING ST. WEST

FOR THE JESUIT MEMORIAL CHURCH PENETANGUISHENE

and is the first of a series of compositions to be placed in this beautiful edifice.

CURED AT SHRINE OF ST. ANNE.

whole length of the platform. whole length of the platform.

A cure has also been reported at the shrine of St. Anne in the church of St. shrine of St. Anne in the church of St. Jean Baptiste, New York. According to the dispatches, several of the parishioners report that they saw the sight restored to a woman who had been blind for twelve years. The Novena is held annually in preparation for the feast day of St Anne, in this church, which possesses several relics of St Anne. Mrs Mary Brown of 421 Willis avenue, was praying at the a tar when two altar boys Mary Brown of 421 Willis avenue, was praying at the a'tar when two altar boys led in the aged blind woman. The blind woman kissed the relic. Then suddenly she cried out aloud: "I see you, St. Anne, oh good St. Anne, is eyou." St. Anne, on good St. Anne, I see you. She then cried with joy as she declared that she could see as when she was a young girl. She said her name was Mrs Purcell; that she lived in Amsterdam avenue. The cure has not been verified.

der in New York of a Protestant girl missionary by the Chinaman whom she was supposed to be converting, Joseph Smith, who is not a Catholic, writes in the Bos-

ton Traveller:
"There are churches all over the
North and East which have an absorbing passion for converting people to their particular brand of religion; they will neglect their own regular communi-cants any time to round up a Jap, a Chinaman, or any other discovered alien

who happens to be lying around loose; CURED AT SHRINE OF ST. ANNE.

The Moncton, N. B., papers of Saturday, July 10, report the following wonderful cures: Seven cures among passengers on the first pilgrimage excursion train from St. Anne de Beaupre are reported. Greta White of Sydney mines has been deaf and partially blind for fourteen years, and now her affliction is fourteen years, and now her affliction is completely cured. Sadie Gills of Antigonish went to St. Anne on crutches and returned without them. Allie McGillivary of Antigonish has been lame for twenty-four years, almost since her day of birth and is now able to walk as well as any one. Margaret Chisholm of Antigonish has for eleven years been suffering from paralysis and rheumatism and is fully recovered. Mrs. McCarthy of Moncton went away with crutches and the to persuade ourselves that any particular good was accomplished by luring a man away from a faith that has satisfied his fathers for generations and getting his normal allegiance to a faith which its own professors seem to take rather lightly themselves. In our estimation this proselyting passion is all part and parcel of that peculiar instinct in many Christians who believe they are realized. which its own professors seem to take rather lightly themselves. In our estima-tion this proselyting passion is all part and parcel of that peculiar instinct in many Christians who believe they are zealous in their own religion when they abuse the other fellow's religion. What abuse the other fellow's religion. ever our zealous friends may do for these Christian alien, they take the slant-eyed oriental in their bosoms and into their own church and Sunday-school; and while they provide a male missionary with lungs and industry for the weeds plucked from the Pope's garden, only their own daughters are good enough for the laundrymen and dope-fiends of the Flowery Land.



W. E. Blake & Son

Vestments, and Church Furnishings

123 Church Street, Toronto, Cam.

the blessed Catholic Church ands for life's great center of st circumstance. Of it make Lean back hard upon the he of that blessed religion. As their suffering families. s are eager in performing the at are given you to do, let rt and your mind confide, as ghters, in the blessed truths ties of that great God-giving, ving institution of the race." nmend a careful reading of this the editor of the Orange Sento Mr. Levee, of Toronto, the ustee who succeeded in carry-

THE UNBEARABLE GRIEF. and faddists. The Catholic Church is incorrigible because her standards are irreformable, and thus the new reformers, in speaking of "the Church," tacitly exclude her from consideration. "The Church" is thus some vague, indefinable entity, with no recognizable principles upon which to stand, a house built upon the sand, which naturally falls under the stress of the rains and the storm. And, indeed, it is well that

eure, of these diseases. We have no better authority for these cures than Mrs. Eddy herself, who apparently has no other voucher than the word of the

person writing.

"He is a fortunate mourner who finds his sorrow unhaunted by specters darker than itself. Remorse is the one the one intolerable element in affliction. Blessed beyond his knowledge is he who finds himself comknowledge is he who finds nimsel com-panioned only by gentle memories of his dead: he to whom the acutest pangs possible to grief are strangers: he whose love for the living, like the love of the New Testament definition, was

'kind,' while it had the opportunity.

"There is no more pitiable being in rnere is no more pictable being in world than a man who, really lov-ing, or really believing that he loved, yet inflicted upon the living—perhaps yet inflicted upon the living—perhaps in the fire of anger, or perhaps in the facts of thoughtlessness—that for which froth of thoughtlessness—that for which he cannot ask the ipardon of the dead. The hurt may have been slight, if you choose to call it so, but it takes on a mortal character in the retrospect. here was a duel of natures or a war words; there was an hour stained h red which has died the memory through and through; they who loved became as they who hated—and wounds became as they who hated—and wounds slashed where caresses had been; and perhaps the dead forget, but the living

God pity him !—remembers.
"It would be a waste of the emotional "It would be a waste of the emotionar force to dwell upon the element of remorse in bereavement, if it did not carry its own consoling quality with it—and this I think, in a peculiar way it proves to be nothing more than the opinions of certain leaders of public sentiment, leaders of some erudition in their own fields, but entirely out of place in any discussion concerning the range and limits of religiout belief.

Ethics is a science that has its valmourn? What if we did wound her to the death for whom we grieve? In all the world of life and death, he would be the first—she would be the swiftest to forget. It may be well to 'have it out' with our haunted memories once for all, and trust the dearest dead, as we should have trusted the dear living to comfort us for the very wrong that we wrought upon themselves."

A TYPE OF CHRISTIAN ZEAL, Apropos of that much discussed mur-

FIVE-MINUTE SERMON.

Tenth Sunday after Pentecost.

INGRATITUDE.

Ingratitude is a very mean vice, no matter against whom it is committed. There may be some fathers and mothers listening to me who have felt how cruel listening to me who have felt how cruel a sin it is, for there are children, not a few nowadays, who have treated their parents, good parents too, with shocking ingratitude; have cursed them and reviled them; have struck them; have allowed them to live on the charity of strangers; have forced them to play the part of drudges during those sad years of old age when leisure and comfort would be so w.lcome; have tried to so welcome; have tried to would be force the little remnant of means from them by the basest threats and extorthem by the basest threats and exception, and perhaps even violence; there are parents whose hearts have ached to see their children ashamed of their old-country accent and their simple manners. Is not this very abominable? Then, too, all through life we meet with cases where men have lent others money out of personal friendship, only to be repaid by lying, dishonest ingratitude. repaid by lying, disnonest ingrated.

Indeed, there is scarcely one of us who has not been badly treated by persons whom we have in one way or other be-

Perhaps you have heard of the poor man who was walking along the docks one evening, and hearing the cries of a drowning man he threw off his coat, jumped into the water, and, almost drowning himself in the effort, finally drowning himself in the enore, many brought the poor fellow safe on shore. He turned out to be a very rich man. Grateful, as you may suppose, for his life, he turned to his rescuer, he drew from his pocket a handful of silver, and what do you think he did? He asked him if he had change for half-a-dollar

Indeed there are many who towards the end of their lives suffer sharp re-morse for the ingratitude of their earlier days. How many who never pray for their benefactors; who are so proud and selfish that they do not want to have any benefactors; who are just as care-less of benefactors' names in their backbiting as of any others; who think that a little money can pay a debt of affection; who often receive and never give, nor so much as ever thank!

Well, my brethren, if we treat each other so, we treat God no better, not even so well. Now where did I get my good home, and my dear friends, and my plentiful means, and my good bed?
From God, Who certainly does require the Presbyterian Church. If the Chrisat least thanks in return. Did I ever give them? Did I ever so much as actually feel that God had given me these gifts? Where did I get my good health, my clear head, my strong arm, my light step, my happy heart? Brethren, we get such things only from the most loving kindness of our Creator. And every day we get them over again. And every day we receive them, we enjoy them— alas! sometimes in a sinful manner—and we go on our way almost as if there was no God at all.

The truth is that the commonest sin of our lives is ingratitude to God. It is like the very germ-sin, or the poison in the air, or the venom in the blood of fallen man. It is a sin which is rooted in pride, feeds upon selfishness, and brings forth the fruit of spiritual indifference. In truth, it is as much a state of soul as a sin or a series of sins. Hence it is heartily detested by all good Christians. They endeavor to practise the virtue of thankfulness at every turn. They are careful to give at least a quarter of an hour thanksgiving after Communion; they not only make novenas for favors, but noven as in thanks for them; when at table they say at least one mouthful of prayers, in gratitude for the many mouthfuls of each of their meals; they thank God for the allictions He ends as well as for His favors, for He is the same God to their loving hearts in storm or sunshine; in a word, one of the channels of the love of God in their lives is a deep sentiment of gratitude for His favors. I am inclined to believe that this virtue is a mark of predestina-tion to eternal life.

MODERNISM AND SECTS.

The Presbyterian Church in this coun try is entering upon a struggle which promises to be fraught with momentous onsequences to American Presbyterian ism. The leaven of the so-called higher criticism, which has been at work for years in all the Protestant sects, is pro-ducing results which are beginning to alarm sincere Presbyterians who see alarm sincere Presbyterians who see beliefs they hold sacred treated in the most contemptuous manner by Presbyterian ministers. The recent ordination in New York of three candidates for the Presbyterian ministry, who openty expressed disbelief in our Lord's resurrection, in His virgin birth and in arrection, in His virgin birth and in biblical miracles generally, has brought home to many Presbyterians a realiza-tion of the nature and of the extent of the serious danger menacing the Church

to which they owe spiritual allegiance. Thus the Rev. Dr. Daniel Seeley, a prominent member of the New York Presbytery, referring to the ordination of ministers who reject what were once considered essential doctrines of Pres byterianism, said that the ordination "would prove the entering wedge in the disintegration of the Presbyterian Church." In defining the nature of the issue involved he declared: "The three men under discussion denied the doctrines of confession and faith and it came to a final issue whether it was the out. The Presbytery threw out the Bible in indorsing the denials of the men." Strong language this, but not a of the Presbyterian Church. The men." Strong language this, but not a whit stronger than the circumstances justify. Every thoughtful and sincere Presbyterian must see that the rejection of the fundamentals of Christianity will lead inevitably to the dissolution of Presbyterianism. The Rev. Dr. Seely is not the only Presbyterian who recognizes this fact. In the latest issue of the Bible Student and Teacher, the official organ of the Presbyterian Church,

this note of warning is sounded:
"The Christian Church is in the midst of one of the most appalling crises in the history of Christendom. The false teachings of radical criticism, intro-duced from Germany in the name of scholarship, and appealing to the Trench's Remedies Ltd. Dublin



natural man,' have swept over the Church like a devastating flood, destroying faith in the foundation of Christian ity, the Bible as God's authoritative evelation of salvation.

The danger here referred to would net be so threatening if it were not that the very persons to whom the defence of Presbyterian doctrines has been in trusted are the ones who are engaged in undermining "faith in the foundations of Christianity and in the Bible as God's revelation of Salvation." In other words, the Presbyterian Church

resembles a beseiged fortress whose de-fenders find that they have to protect themselves not only against enemies on the outside of the breastworks, but against foes within them. Herein is the gravest peril. The Presbyterian organ from which we have already quoted in dealing with this internal treachery, thus describes it:

"One peculiar feature of the situation is that in the past the destroyers of the faith have commonly been men of the world, outside of the churches; to-day they are inside the churches—leaders in a great scholaria arcetage in in a great scholastic apostacy, in-trenched in the foremost positions of power in its pulpits, its press, its homes, its educational institutions and even in theological seminaries, poisoning all the springs of its life.

" Another dark feature of the situation is that these enemies of the Bible have gained control of the forces that shape the public opinion and conduct of the Church and the world."

We have here a description of a situation which bodes ill for the future of tian truths, which impart to it all the vitality it possesses, cease to influence the minds and the conduct of its members, its days will be numbered. Clear seeing Presbyterians must recognize They cannot fail to perceive that if the propagation of anti Christian doc-trines gain the upper hand, there will be no further need for the existence of the Presbyterian Church which, in that case, will disappear in the limbo that has swallowed up so many sects in the

That the forces of unbelief at work within the Presbyterian Church are busily employed in preparing the way for such disastrous results to Presbyter ianism is attested by any number of witnesses who are fully competent to bear testimony on this subject. We have already quoted some of these witnesses. Let us put one or two more on the stand and hear what they have to say. Presi-dent, William Phillip, of the Bible League.

in summarizing the situation says: "Through this false teaching the faith of the fathers' in the Bible as the inspired, authoritative word of God is being rapidly dethroned in the ministry of the Word in ways cases is becoming of the Word, in many cases, is become or has become, ministry of unbelief in all things supernatural and divine. A great apostacy is in active progress, its leaders being already intrenched in many of the educational institutions and churches calling themselves Christian.

Another distinguished Presbyterian, Rev. Dr. Daniel S. Gregory, who has held the position of professor of Yale and Princeton, is every bit as emphatic as the president of the Bible League in speaking of the assaults upon what o considered the cardina loctrines of the Presbyterian Church. We quote his words:

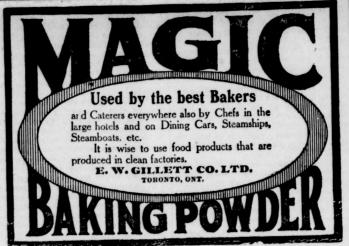
"It would be hard to overstate the gravity of the situation, with all these forces of unbelief organized in the interests of deadly errors, and flooding the world with their books of reference and their literature for Sunday schools families, and students in educational in

families, and students in educational in-stitutions of all grades."

The testimony we have adduced is that of persons who are thoroughly con-versant with the perilous situation, from a doctrinal point of view, the Presby-terian Church is called upon to con-front. Presbyterians like Dr. Seeley and Dr. Gregory, should now be in a position to appreciate the service Plus X. rendered to the cause of Christianity when he gave to the world his encycliwhen he gave to the world his encycli-cal condemning Modernism which sought to propagate within the Catholic Church doctrines similar to those which threaten Presbyterianism with annihilation. The Modernists, just like the Presbyterian ministers who are utilizing Presbyterian pulpits to popularize anti-Christian teachings, hoped to carry on their anti-Christian propaganda within the Catho-

But the Catholic Church has in the successor of St. Peter a source of authority capable of dealing with and crushcame to a final issue whether it was the ling error, whatever shape it may assume. Bible or the men who should be thrown

opponents of the ordination of young men who reject the teachings of the Bible threaten to appeal from the Nev York Presbytery to the General Assembly where the question will be decided by a majority vote. No one claims that a decision so reached is based on a com-



mission such as was intrusted to St.

Peter and his succes Peter and his successors.

Speaking with the authority derived from that divine commission, Pius X. has crushed Modernism within the Catholic Church. The Presbyterian Church, devoid of such authority, is struggling with the form of Modernism which has manifested itself within its fold and manifested itself within its fold and which seriously threatens the existence of the Presbyterian Church as a Christian Church. As the struggle progresses, it may well happen that sincere and devout Presbyterians, who believe in Christ and His teachings, will ask themselves whether a Church, that has no authority to a former those track. themselves whether a Church, that has no authority to safeguard these teach-ings except such as is derived from a majority vote of fallible men, can be of

divine origin.-N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

Holding Civilization Together.

A non-Catholic correspondent of the of Christendom ":

were removed from millions upon mil-lions of our fellow-creatures in Christendom, barbarism and anarchy would rise rampant in the world."

Not a particularly novel assertion, even from a Protestant nowadays; but

Emporia (Kansas) Weekly Gazette writing from Rome, has this to say of what the Rev. W. R. Alger, another outsider, calls "the most imposing organic symbol

"The Holy Roman Catholic Church, whether we like it or dislike, it, still must be admitted by serious-minded persons of every faith to be the cement that is holding civilization together. For if the influence of the Catholic Church

VACATION -TIME-

When preparing for the summer vacation it would be well not to lose sight of the fact that sooner or later a permanent vacation is coming for all, and now is the time to make proper preparation for it.

You will be able to enjoy the summer holidays all the more if you have the consciousness of having fulfilled your duty to those dependent upon

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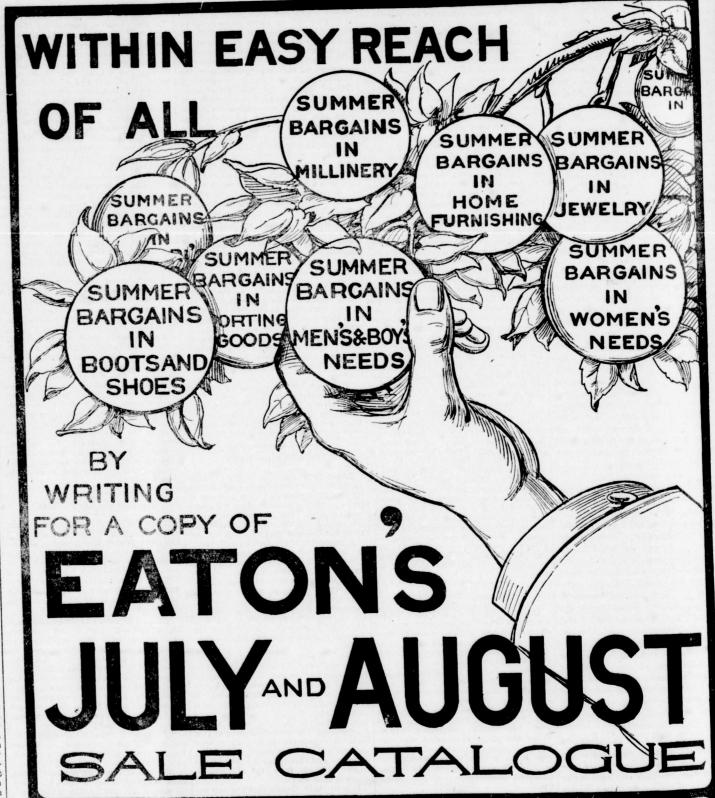
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such declarations are very gratifying, as proof that traditional antipathy or bigoted repugnance to the Church is on everywhere in the United States.-Ave Maria.

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A minute may suffice to commit a deed hose influence will extend into eternity,



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CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

AUGUST 7, 1909.

Not the Salary, but the Opportunity.

Not the Salary, but the Opportunity.

"If the laborer gets no more than the wages his employer offers him, he is cheate!, he cheats himself."

It is said that Bismarck really founded the German Empire when working for a small salary as secretary to the German legation in Russia; for in that position he absorbed the secrets of strategy and diplomacy which later were used so effectively for his country. He worked so assiduously, so efficiently that Germany prized his services more than those of the ambassador himself. If Bismarck had earned only his salary, he might have remained a perpetual clerk, and Germany a tangle of petty states.

states.

I have never known an employee to rise rapidly, or ever to get beyond mediocrity, whose pay envelope was his goal, who could not see infinitely more in his work than what he found in his envelope on Saturday night. That is a mere incident, a necessity; but the larger part of the real pay of a real man's work is outside of the pay envelope.

One part of this outside salary is the One part of this outside salary is the opportunity of the employee to absorb the secrets of his employer's success, and to learn from his mistakes, while he is being paid for learning his trade or profession. The other part, and the best of all, is the opportunity for growth, for development, for mental expansion; the opportunity to become

The opportunity for growth in a disciplinary institution, where the pracciplinary institution, where the practical faculties, the executive faculties, are brought into systematic, vigorous exercise at a definite time for a definite exercise at a definite time for a definite number of hours, is an advantage beyond computation. There is no estimating the value of such training. It is the opportunity, my employee friend, that will help you to make a large man of yourself, which, perhaps, you could not possibly do without being employed. in some kind of an institution which has the motive, the machinery, the patronage to give you the disciplining and training you need to bring out your stronger qualities. Instead of paying for the opportunity of unfolding and developing from a green, ignorant boy into a strong, level-headed efficient man

you get a salary.

Many young employees, just because they do not get quite as much salary as they think they should, deliberately throw away all of the other larger, grander remuneration possible for them grander remaineration possible to them to get outside of their pay envelope, for the sake of "getting square" with their employer. They deliberately adopt a shirking, do-as-little-as-possible policy and instead of getting this sible policy and instead of getting this larger, more important salary, which they can pay themselves, they prefer the consequent arrested development, and become small, narrow, inefficient, rutty men and women, with nothing large or magnanimous, nothing broad, noble, progressive in their nature. The leadership faculties, their initiative their planning ability, their intive, their planning ability, their in-genuity and resourcefulness, inventive-ness, and all the qualities which make the leader, the large, full, complete man, remain undeveloped. While trying to "get square" with their employer, by giving him pinched service they blight their own growth, strangle their own prospects, and go through life half men instead of full men—small, narrow, weak men, instead of the strong, grand, com-

plete men they might be.

I have known employees actually to work harder in scheming, shirking, trywork harder in scheming, sairking, trying to keep from working hard in the
performance of their duties, than they
would have worked if they had tried to
do their best, and had given the largest,
the most liberal service possible to their

employers. The hardest work in the world is that which is grudgingly done. The youth who is always haggling The youth who is always haggling over the question of how many dollars and cents he will sell his services for, little realizes how he is cheating himself by not looking at the larger salary ho can pay himself in increasing his skill, in expanding his experience, and making himself a better, stronger, more making himself a better, stronger, more unseful man.

envelope are to the larger salary he could pay himself as the chips which fly from the sculptor's chisel are to the larger witch the sad recital, and resolved that never oath?"

The poor boy was deeply moved at the sad recital, and resolved that never oath?" angel which he is trying to call out of

You can draw from the faithfulness of your work, from the grand spirit which you bring to it, the high purpose which mates from you in its performance, a recompense so munificent, that what us employer pays you will seem ridic-ous beside it. He pays you in dol-s: you pay you in valuable exllous beside to lars: you pay you in valuable experience, in fin ling, in increased perience, in fin ling, in discipline, in the littling,

perience, in fine living, in increased efficiency, in solution, discipline, in self-expression, in character building. The boys who rise in the world are not those who are always splitting hairs about salaries.—O. S. M., in Success.

"Honesty the Best Policy." "Honesty the Best Policy."

At the State Democratic Convention held at Charlotte, North Carolina, which was in session for a week, a little boy, eight years old, Cicero Alexander by name, sold one of the delegates a paper. The gentleman gave him a dollar, and the boy, not having the necessary change, went away to get it. When he returned the gentleman had gone into the hall and could not be found. The boy, after hunting vainly for some time, burst into tears. Some one suggested that he go upon the rosone suggested that he go upon the rostrum in the convention hall and tell the

chairman, which the boy at once did.

Chairman Parsons took him by the hand, led him to the front of the stage, and requested that balloting be sus-pended for a few minutes. He then ex-plained that the boy desired to return to some one ninety-five cents in change that was due him. The gentleman arose in the rear of the hall, but before arose in the rear of the hall, but before hecould say anything two thousand delegates, many of whom had been accustomed to call out "no change" on the ballots when their respective counties were called, took up the cry in unison and yelled for ten minutes, "no change!" At the conclusien of the yell they crowded toward the rostrum. One delegate took the little fellow's big delegate took the little fellow's big straw hat and put into it a half-dollar. This was followed by nickles, dimes and

Deafness Cannot be Cured

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

uarters until \$19.35 was in his hat, and

quarters until \$19.35 was in his hat, and the boy stood bewildered. A delegate yelled, "Mr. Chairman, I nominate that boy for State treasurer." He was informed by the chair that, as a candidate for treasurer had already been nominated, his motion was not in order. Another delegate then said, "I move that that boy be nominated by ac-clamation for chief page in the next General Assembly of North-Carolina," and the motion was carried unani-mously. Thereupon the chairman told the boy that he must make a speech. Walking to the front of the rostrum, he bowed low and said, "Gentlemen, I thank you," the only speech during the convention that was noted for its brev-

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

The Factory Boy.

ity."-Success.

It was a proud day for young Paul Ellerman when he first went to the factory as a worker. He was somewhat tired of school-life and it seemed to him a great promotion to put child-life be-hind him and go to work like a man. He felt big when he thought that he would wear a leather apron, work with some fifty other boys and men, and at the end of the week get wages of his own.

reself, which, perhaps, you could residly do without being employed the kind of an institution which has bive, the machinery, the patrono give you the disciplining and "pay his footing," the meaning of which was that they expected him, as a new-comer, to pay for a bottle of whiskey, to be provided by his fellow-workers in the

Now, Paul had been brought up by his grandfather in habits of the strictest temperance. Therefore, when this demand was made upon him he hesitated. "Drink is no good for anyone," he said; "I will not spend money for any

such purpose."

This speech was received with jeers and laughter; Paul was addressed as a young saint who was too good for this wicked world; while all the lads gathered around, each with a mocking and insulting word which Paul felt it very hard to bear. He stood his ground for a while, but at last he yielded to his persecutors and consented to go to the saloon for the whiskey which he was to saloon for the winskey which he was to pay for out of his first earnings, accord-ing to a sort of unwritten law of the place. The liquor dealer would trust him, because he knew that the other factory hands would compel payment in

order to keep up the custom. On his way back, however, he felt ill at ease, and he resolved to run home and ask his grandfather's advice. But Paul was scarcely prepared for the violence with which the old man snatched the bottle from his hands.

"Boy," he said, "you shall never be the means of helping your fellows to drink." And he dashed the bottle to the ground where it was broken to atoms.

To account for old Franz Ellerman's

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under any circumstances would be touch drink himself or offer it to others. But drink himself or offer it to others. But when a youth is at work among men and boys who are ready to intoxicate themselves whenever they have the chance, his good principles are terribly tried, as poor Paul soon found when he returned to the factory, without the bottle of liquor. He was taunted and worried, day in and day out, by the cruel comrades for a long time. But his courage was kept up by the memory of his father's dreadful death, by his grandfather's words of cheer, and by his good angel ever at his side to comfort him. He stuck to his resolution neither to drink himself nor to encourage others to drink himself nor to encourage others to

The timidity which hesitates to rebuke profanity was once shamed by a king who had been himself rebuked for "I am sorry to hear a young gentle-

His Majesty took no notice of it, but wore again. The soldier immediately

"I'll pay part of this, if you please, and go; for I so hate swearing that, if

immediately said:
"Should not my lord and king fear an

of Years of Research

research for the purpose of discovering a delicious Cereal which in itself must be a remedy, Kellogg's cess of retaining "The Sweetheart of the Corn " -all the nutritive

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Looking at the heroic soldier and Looking at the heroic soldier and then at his company of obsequious noblemen, the king severely remarked: "There, my lords, is an honest man. He can respectfully remind me of the great sin of swearing; but you can sit here and let me stain my soul by swear-ing, and not so much as tell me of it!"

A TRUE STORY.

Some twenty - five years ago a man named Monk, living at Newton Grove, Del., received a package around which was wrapped a copy of a New York daily was wrapped a copy of a New Tork daily paper. In this paper was an article by Archbishop McCloskey on "The Author-ity and Infallibility of the Church." Dr. Monk read the article, and became so impressed by it that he wanted to read more about the Catholic Church. He grew up a steady, sober, industrious, thrifty man, the comfort of his grandfather in his old age and a credit to his na ive town. He was promoted step by step until he became head boss, and, finally out of his savings that might otherwise have gone for beer and gin, he started a small factory of his own and prospered, while many of his former fellow workmen went before their time into drunkard's graves.

Rebuking a King.

The timidity which hesitates to residue to find the near the possible to find the nearest Catholic priest, who might settle many doubts he had about the Catholic Church. And he found that the nearest priest was Father Cross of Wilmington, Del. Dr. Monk and all his family went to Wilmington to see Father Cross, and in due time the family were received into the Church. Dr. Monk returned to his home, but not to be an idler in the work of the Lord. He went among his neighbors and told them of the worth of neighbors and told them of the worth of the Catholic Church, and many of them listened and stadied and prayed, and in profanity. Riding along the highway in disguise, and seeing a soldier at an inn, he stopped and asked him to drink with him. On an oath which the king uttered while drinking, the soldier remarked:

| Marked | Cathelies there were no Cathelies at the cathelia there were no Cathe Catholics there were no Catholics at Newton Grove, Delaware. Now a good-ly part of the settlement are Catholics.

This is a striking illustration of the over of the printed word. All these conversions flowed from that one article read by Dr. Monk twenty-five years ago. Catholies who are not trying to spread information about the Church, in printed in the printed in t To account for old Franz Ellerman's agitation we must explain the circumstances of the family. He had had one only son, the father of young Paul, who, in his youth, had fallen a victim to intemperance. For years he had been a heart break to his family, and at length, when Paul was a mere baby, the wretched man, while reeling home one night, ed man, while reeling home one night, ed man, while reeling home one night, ed man, while reeling home one hight, ed man, while reeling home one night, ed man, while reeling home one Having invited some lords to dine with him, he sent for the soldier, and bade him to stand near him, in order to serve him if he was needed. Presently the king, not now in disguise, uttered an oath. And deferentially the soldier immediately said:

"Should not my lord and king fear an order to serve the king, not now in disguise, uttered an oath. And deferentially the soldier immediately said:

"Should not my lord and king fear an order to serve the servery case from the reading of a Catholic paper. or an article about the Catholic paper. olic paper, or an article one paper, or an article about the Cath-olic Church in a secular paper, but at least some misconce tion of the Church's teaching, some prejudice against her doctrine or practise, will be removed.—Sacred Heart Review.

A Self-made Cripple.

The Catholic who day in and day ou fills his mind with nothing but the vici-ous principles and the corrupt doings of the world, the flesh and the devil, as so the world, the flesh and the devil, as so exhaustively treated in the columns of the secular press, is not apt to be alert lest he run into pitfalls of false doctrine or lest his soul be defiled. He is not apt to be aroused like a man of true apt to be aroused like a man of true knowledge when his religion is ignorantly assailed and misrepresented, nor is he likely to show courage and valor when the honor and the good name of his mother, the Church, is called in question or made the object of the hollow-headed ridicule of renegades and puffed up worldings. As an inevitable consequence of his course he has become a moral coward and a weakling, whose religious gait is that of a self made cripple, whose taste for what is good and sound and wholesome is something like the devil's reputed liking for holy water.—Philippine Catholic. water.—Philippine Catholic.



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THE LATE REV. GEORGE TYRRELL.

The announcement of the death of Rev. George Tyrrell has renewed the question about his defection from the Church. So far as one can judge from his actions and writings it came about in this way: Father Tyrrell's mental habit was more speculative than pratical. He was not disposed to make, or to follow, the researches and critical studies of modern scholars in the very question upon which he loved to speculate. He was not an expert in historical or biblical criticism, though, strange to say, he had an exalted idea of the experts in these fie ds and attributed unquestioningly to them an authority which he denied somewhat bitterly to the masters of theological study. With the endeavor of the latter to formulate the doctrines of the Church he had little patience, though he constantly dealt in formulas of his own. He was fond of giving new expression to old truths. He labored hard to interpret The announcement of the death of fond of giving new expression to old truths. He labored hard to interpret the teachings of the Church in terms which its opponents had used to sup-plant Catholic belief. It did not occur to him that the few who valued the new terminology would misunderstand new terminology would misunderstand him, or rather interpret his words in their own erroneous sense. As he labored without the large success he had expected, he began to attribute his failure to the inherent difficulty of the doctrine, or to previous futile attempts doctrine, or to previous futfle attempts to express it. But for this he believed that intelligent men generally would enter the Church. For want of such expression of their belief as he had expression of their belief as he had attempted to provide, he feared that thousands were on the point of leaving the Church. Like many other minds, over exercised in one line of activity, he lacked or lost the sense of proportion. He overestimated the disposition of the non-Catholic, and he underestim ated the faith of the Catholic. He attributed under credit to the preter. attributed undue credit to the pretensions of much modern criticism, but he ignored the common sense or wisdom which grows out of faith and which enables the Catholic to keep philosophi-cally cool when others are flurried over every wind of doctrine and every speci-ous assumption made under pretext of science or criticism. He failed to see that what attracts people to the Church is its definite, consistent and obligatory doctrine, just as what repels them from other churches is a vague, shifting and accommodating religious teaching. He appreciated so highly the benefit of teachership is the Church that he did appreciated so highly the benefit of membership in the Church that he did not wish to leave it, even when he was secretly disloyal to it and counselling others in accordance with his own others in accordance with his own attitude. His "Confidential Letter to a Friend who is a Professor of Anthropology," published later under the title, "A Much Abused Letter," is an exposure of views and of methods that make one question the sincerity of his make one question the sincerity of his belief, and wonder what moral standard he followed. It was the detection of this clandestine propagandism that brought his aismissal from the Society of Jesus and later his condemnation by the Church. His defection was not the disaster to religion which some predicted. His death has caused no agitation of the views for which he stood. It is only another evidence that Modernism was another evidence that Modernism was the cult of a clamorous few, whose voices were silenced by the Encyclical "Pas-cendi Gregis." It happens at a moment which emphasizes the fidelity of the Church in safeguarding the faith of those who seek its light from her. When other Christian bodies are licensing as preachers young men who have abandoned the foundations of Christian belief, the Church would rather face the threatened defection of thousands of minds reported brilliant or learned, than sacrifice one iota of the truth confided to her by her Founder. Could the dying priest have spoken for himwould he have retracted his errors? Perhaps; but unfortunately those about him were interested in having it appear that even in death he favored their heresy, and they are responsible for his non-Catholic burial.—America.

BENEFACTRESS OF IRISH GIRLS.

FOUNDER OF HOME FOR IRISH IM-MIGRANT GIRLS IS DEAD IN IRELAND, WAS CONVERT TO CHURCH.

was of a very benevolent disposition and was the means of founding homes in Queenstown and New York for girl emigrants from Ireland. Her death is deeply mourned in the district, where

women, and that other effective measness be adopted for their confort and s sety. Other companies were great polly trought to follow the Waire Star

the meeting of the Irish Catholic Association was held in the spring of \$883. I related to the directors the ory of Miss O Brien's labors and won over to her project. The intrinsic secret of the project commended it to DR. CHASE'S OINTMENT.



them; but, in truth, it must be said, the charm of Miss O'Brien's name and of her father's memory was also a potent argument in its favor.

The directors unanimously voted to give \$1,000 a year, during a term of five years, as their contribution for the establishment of the home, and co establishment of the nome, and commis-sioned one of themselves, the Right Rev. Stephen V. Ryan, Bishop of Buffalo, to consult with Cardinal Mc-Closky of New York as to whether a priest, from the clergy of that diocese, could not be chosen who would devote could not be chosen who would devote his time to the good work, and, by strong, continuous appeals to the Catholics of America, obtain the means necessary to a successful issue. Bishop Ryan had the good fortune, on his arrival in New York, to meet Rev. John Riordan, who, on hearing of the project, at once declared his willingness to take it up, if the approval of the Cardinal could be obtained. The Cardinal gave his approval, and the good work was begun. Father Riordan invoked the generous charity of the Catholics of New York and of the country at large; his words met with a ready response, ould not be chosen who would devote his words met with a ready response, and "The Mission of Our Lady of the was established.

Miss Charlotte O'Brien was not a Catholic when she sailed from Queens-town on her self-imposed errand of charity, and had then no thought of be-coming one. What she observed on board the sceamer among the Irish emigrant girls, in a New York lodging house kept by a Catholic Irish woman, in a convent of the Sisters of St. Joseph, of St. convent of the Sisters of St. Joseph, of St. Paul, where she boarded while visiting that city—I am repeating her own words from a letter written to me—shed light upon her mind, and shortly after her return to Ireland, the daughter of the patriot was received into the bosom of the Catholic Church—the Church of her the charles forefathers. own Irish forefathers.

LOST LAURELS.

THE CHURCH HAS MISLAID THE PANOPLY OF SONG.

(From Francis Thompson's Essay on Shelley.) The Church, which was once the mother of poets no less than of saints, during the last two centuries has relinduring the last two centuries has reili-quished to aliens the chief glories of her poetry, if the chief glories of holi-ness she has preserved for her own. The palm and the laurel, Dominic and Dante, sanctity and song, grew together in her soil; she has retained the palms, but foregone the laurel. Poetry in its widest sense (that is to say taken as the general animating spirit of the Fine Arts.) and when not professedly irreligious, has been too much and too long among many Catholics either misprised or distrusted; too, much and too Cook or distrusted: too much and too g ally the feeling has been that it is at best superfluous, at worst pernicious, most often dangerous. Once poetry was most often dangerous. Once polerly was as she should be, the lesser sister and helpmate of the Church; to minister to the mind, as the Church of the soul. But poetry sinned, poetry fell; and in place of lovingly reclaiming her, Catholicism cast her from the door to follow the pagen seducer. The separation has separation has CHARLOTTE GRACE O'BRIEN, the pagan seducer been ill for poetry; it has not been well for religion. Fathers of the Church (we would

Miss Charlotte Grace O'Brien, daughter of William Smith O'Brien, died at her residence, Ardanvir, Foynes, Ireland, a few days ago. Miss O'Brien and say) pastors of the Church, pious laics of the Church: you are taking from its walls the panoply of Aquines; take also from its walls the parameter of Aughness take also from its walls the parameter of Aughness take also from its walls the precedents of the Church's past; recall to your minds that Francis of Assisi was among the precursors of Dante; that sworn to poverty he forswore not Beauty, but discerned through the lamp Beauty the Light God; that he was The second by everyone.

The second by everyone.

The second belongs the honor of initiating the movement for the establishme of a home in New York for trish emigrant girls known as the "Mission of Our Lady of the Rosary for the Protection of Irish Immigrant Girls." Archbishop Ireland, in a letter to Father Henry of the Mission, tells the story of the mission and Miss O'Brien's part in it in this wise:

Miss O'Brien visited St. Paul in the month of October, 1882, imploring me in the name of Christian charity, to do something towards the establishment in New York of a house where Irish eminor what the correction of the second provides that he was even more a poet in his miracles than in his melody; that poetry clung round the cowls of his Order. Follow his footsetps; you who have blessings for men, have you no blessing for the birds? Recall to your memory, that in their minor kind, the love poems of Dante shed no less honor on Catholicism than did the great religious poem which is itself pivoted on love; that in singing of heaven he sang of Beatrice—this supporting angel was still carven on his harp even when he stirred its strings in Paradise.

What you theoretically know, vividly

New York of a house where Irish emigrant girls on their arrival in that city might find temporary shelter and friendly counsel white seeking employment or awaiting the appropriate to be considered. friendly counsel while seeking employment, or awaiting the opportunity to be
put in communication with relatives or
acquaintances who had preceded them
to America.

power, that it is only evi when divorced
from the worship of the Primal
Beauty. Poetry is the preacher to men
of the earthly as you of the Heavenly
Fairness: of that earthly fairness which Previously to her coming to St. Paul
Miss O'Brien had spent much time and
labor in securing for emigrant girls

the Lord has made, and she exults and
the Lord has made, any she the Creator improved accommodations aboard the rejoices in it. You praise the Creator for His works, and she shows you that trans Atlantic steamers. White Side is the state of the vary good. Beware how you ber request that special quarters be set aside aboard its steamers for unmarried the art of Giotto and Dante; beware the vary plenting this incidious for form how you misprise this insidious foe, for

hers is the art of modern France and of Her value, if you know it not God knows, and know the enemies of

Eye her not askance if she seldom sing directly of religion; the bird gives glory to God though it sings only of its innocent loves. Suspicion creates its innocent loves. Suspicion creates its own cause; distrust begets reason for distrust. This beautiful, wild, feline, poetry, wild because left to range the wilds, restore to the hearth of your charity, shelter under the rafter of your faith; discipline her to the sweet restraints of your household; feed her with the most from your table, soften straints of your household: feed her with the meat from your table, soften her with the amity of your children; tame her, fondie her, cherish her—you will no longer need to flee her. Suffer her to wanton, suffer her to play, so she play round the foot of the cross!

SHE WISHED TO CONVERT THE POPE. ered Heart Review

The American Catholic Historical Researches (Martin I. J. Griffin's magazine) is always full of interest and in-The latest issue (July) is formation. The latest issue (stry) is particularly so. In the department entitled "Catholic American Historical Notes" we find a rather amusing account of a good woman of old-time Philadelia and the strength of the strengt delphia who was so convinced of the truth and force of Protestantism that she felt competent to convert the Pope himself if she should ever have a chance to talk religion with him. Mr. Griffin quotes the facts concerning this Protestant apostle from Mr. George Hazlehurst in the Ledger, Feb. 3, 1907. It is interesting to note what became of the zealous Protestant lady and her Protestant opinions in the end. WAS CONVERTED HERSELF.

This devoted Protestant lady was the wife of the British Consul, Mr. Peter.

wife of the British Consul, Mr. Peter.
Mr. Hazlehurst says:
She was Sarah Worthington of Cincinpati, the widow of Edward, youngest son of Rufus King, and a great-aunt of Nicholas Longworth, the husband of the President's daughter. Among other things, Mrs. Peter, after she was a widow for the second time, conceived the idea that she had received from heaven a message to convert the Pope heaven a message to convert the Pope into a Protestant, and accordingly, after borrowing the necessary funds for a jour-ney from her brother-in-law, James Gore King, she set out for Rome on her arduous mission, I can well recall the story told me by one of my aunts, who was in me by one of my aunts, who at the time and who sat next to Mrs. Peter at a midnight Mass in St. Peter's. In the middle of the Mass Mrs. Peter turned to my aunt, asking her what her impressions were of the ser-vice. Of course my aunt, being a Protestant, replied in the usual denunciatory language so common even among educated people at that time. Mrs. Peter made no reply, but three weeks from that time was seen walking bare-Peter made in the control of the property in Church of her adoption, and ended her Church of her adoption.

A Tribute From Ian Maclaren. To the list of non-Catholic writers To the list of non-Catholic writers who, impelled by a mysterious impulse, have paid tribute to the ever-glorious Virgin Mother of the Eternal Word must now be added the name of the Rev. John Watson, a Scotch Presbyterian minister, who was stationed for many years in Liverpool, England, and who aigmed his novels with the non-name "land signed his novels with the non-name "land". signed his novels with the pen-name "Ian Maclaren." The Athenaeum, one of the leading literary weeklies published in London, after mentioning the fact that his mother's ancestry was Catholic, goes

"Something of a mystic, 'Ian Maclaren' was attracted by the asceticism of the Roman Church, and there is a pathetic tale of his conversation with an Italian Roman Church, and there is a pathetic tale of his conversation with an Italian peasant woman, ending thus: 'I take back all I have said. Forgive it, and forget it. Do not let any word of mine

forget it. Do not let any word of mine stand between you and your prayers to the Mother of our Lord."

"It is not known," writes Dr. Robertson Nicoll of Ian Maclaren in a biography of the deceased novelist, just published, "that during the early years of his ministry he adopted much of the Catholic discipline. He observed the fasts; he wore a hair shirt; he aimed strenuously at self-conquest and self-knowledge as well as knowledge of books and men."

O'Connell's Inner Life.

"I have often regretted," writes a correspondent of the London Catholic Times, "that the subject of the inner life of O'Connell is generally dismissed in a few words by his biographers, the most of whom dwell rather on his zeal for various good causes—emancipation, repeal, liberty for Negroes, etc.—while leaving out of sight the deeply religious leaving out of sight the deeply religious motives that inspired him throughout his public career. When in Dublin he generally attended Mass in Clarendon street Carmelite Church, and though one of the busiest of men in 1810 (about ten years after his call to the bar and when still a stuff gownsman his profeswhen still a stuff gownsman his profes-

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In real life it was there Michael Davitt desired to be brought after death, while in fiction Luke Delmege and other creations of Canon Sheehan find their way thither. When the penal laws became somewhat relaxed sodalities were established to prompt monthly Communication. somewhat relaxed sodalities were established to promote monthly Communion. However, O'Connell was so far in advance of his time as to be then a weekly communicant. As he grew older he approached the holy table even more frequently." frequently."

Miraculous Cure.

A despatch from Kingston informs us that Miss Amelia Ross, a cashier in that city, has returned with evidence of having been miraculously cured, at the shrine of Ste. Anne de Beaupre, of la ness, the result of an injury which she sustained at Maynooth, Hastings County in a logging accident a year ago last February. In the church a strange feeling came over her; she threw her crutches aside and walked about, and is now around as well as ever.

A GOOD MOVEMENT.

Winnipeg, Man., July 15, 1909. Dear Sirs,—At a recent meeting of the executive of our club a suggestion was made that a movement be started to organize a federation of all the Catholic Clubs in Canada.

For the present our proposal is that any member in good standing of an allied ctub should be supplied with a travelling card, which would entitle him to the privileges of any other club, while a visitor there, or a transfer card, admitting him to full membership without ting him to full membership, without payment of initiation fees. Later on we might arrange for a convention at which delegates from the various clubs might discuss problems of Catholic Club life, and plans for mutual advancement and

We enclose a list of clubs now known to us, a glance at which will, we think, show the advantage and desirability of such an organization as we propose. If you know of any other clubs in Canada not on the list we shall be obliged if you will pass the suggestion along, and send us the names and addresses of their

Per. O. Morrin, Pres., J. T. Dugse, Hon. Sec.

LIST OF CANADIAN CATHOLIC CLUBS.

Mary's Club—Halifax, N. S.

eum Club—Sydney, N. S. Club—Halifax, N. S.

ub—Sydney, N. S.

Ub—North Sydney, N. S.

Club Toronto, Ont.

Jub—Kenora, Ont.

Jub—Cobalt, Ont.

Club—Uninipeg, Man.

Club—Brandon, Man.

Club—Bary, Alta.

Club—Edmonton, Alta.

Sak.

Sak. Club—Edmonton, Alta. Club—Forget, Sask. Club—Moose Jaw, Sask. Club—Regina, Sask. Club—Prince Albert, Sask.

sional income was over £8,000 a year)
he heard it every day.

"This church was built in penal times down a narrow land off Grafton street. In real life it was there Michael Davitt desired to be brought after death, while ROOD

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Miracles at St. Anne's Shrine.

ankakee, Ill., July 28.—Lillian, the three-year-ol-ghter of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Fountain, 5 ion street, Kankakee, was cured of blindness or occasion of the annual pilgrimage to the shrin t. Anne at St. Anne, Ill., marking the close of

the occasion of the annual pligrimage to the shrine of St. Anne at St. Anne, Ill., marking the close of a nine days' novena. Led to the altar by her mother, the child suddenly staggered back in affright as her closed eyelids of the property of the mother pushed her way through the crowd of cripples and friends and hurried with the little one to a nearby home. At the age of seven months the child became blind from the effects of blood poisoning caused by whopping cough. Two years ago a partial cure was effected at the shrine of St. Anne, but blindness resulted again two months ago and the mother determined to make the pligrimage a second time.

Mrs. Michael Joyce of Essex, cured a year ago of running sores on the left leg, received similar benefit to-day to sores on the right leg.

Martha Colpinsky, seven years old, of Kankakee, suffering from a dislocated hip, appeared benefited. It was reported that a young son of a Chicagoan, affected with hip trouble, was able to walk for the first time, but this could not be verified.

Three thousand pilgrims thronged the streets of the little village, including one thousand one hundred on an excursion from Kankakee and vicinity and four hundred from Chicago, Father Bergeron of Notre Dame Church, Chicago, and Father Fortin of Brighton Park assisted in the closing services.

Notice to Merchants

button to be the best sea pearls. Pocket combs in a case 4 to 5 inches in length, big sellers at 10 cents our price 3 doz. for 95 cents. White cotton thread 3 doz. spools for \$1.007 silk thread 30 cents a doz. spools. Tooth brushes 40 cents a doz. Men's white linen handkerchiefs 3 doz. for 90 cents. Taylor's shaving sticks in a nickle box 80 cents a doz. Playing cards 40 cents a doz. Compare our prices to what you have been paying. Carnations any color \$1.75 a gross. American Beauty Roses and Chrysanthemums, 3 doz. for \$1.00. Electric light shades. \$1.75 a doz. In a couple of weeks we will give you an entire new list on other goods. Send in your orders at once to the Brantford Artificial Flower Co., Box 45, Brantford, Ont. 1607-2,

DIED. MURRAY.—At Cayuga, Ont., on July 24, 1909, Mrs. ustina Murray, wife of J. J. Murray, Esq., Reeve of layuga. May her soul rest in peace!

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clean MAGNET. Drop us a postal card, and we will show that the MAGNET will do all we promise

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A TEACHER WANTED FOR SEPARATE school No. 7. Tilbury North, capable of teaching French and English. Salary \$450. Apply Jule Duquette, Sec.-Treas, Tilbury, Ont. 106.3 TEACHER WANTED FOR PUBLIC SCHOOL No. 20, Josephsburg. German speaking preferred, State salary. Apply to Micol Kettel, St, Agatha, County Waterloo, Ont, 1666-3.

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Inch. Ont. Duties to begin August I
State qualifications, experience and salary,
before August 9, 1909. Address John Wa
Treas, Arkell, Ont.

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