

THE CATHOLIC RECORD

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 Throes in War," etc.

CHAPTER X. A DASHING NAVALER.

Only half a mile of blue water, the beautiful, swift-flowing Strait, separates the American city of Detroit and the Canadian town of Windsor. From the eastward 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.

The two places being thus closely connected, and there being no regular garrison here on the British frontier, it is not surprising that the four hundred English refugees in Detroit who favored Canadian independence, and other enthusiasts, looked forward to an invasion 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 the river being frozen over, and as usual this season, since men and feral beasts would have to be transported across the ice. But 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, hardly 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 small fort. The British command 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 Orleans.

On 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 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, 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 of him in explanation of this extraordinary conduct was, "Ah, m'sieur will see. We shall soon have fine doings, eh?"

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 refugees, 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 from the Lake of Ste. Claire to Lake Erie.

I no set of words the note, 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 in the bar of the tavern conversing with the other guests, the landlord hastily entered from the kitchen.

"Gentlemen," 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 Devil, the demon of the Strait, showed himself last night, 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 tall, keen-eyed fellow in elkskin trousers and fur coat and cap, he bore the very picture of an old-time courier de bois.

"M'sieur," he began in French, turning to me when I had addressed him in his own language, "three Hurons, led by one Magee, have come across from Malden to make trouble and thus keep the Americans at home. My wife saw them. They went toward the Indian villages near Flat Rock."

"Mereful heaven!" interrupted the landlord, wringing his hands. "Are the horrors of the days of Pontiac the massacre of the River of the Vineyards to be repeated?"

"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?"

"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 subterfuge.

The girl, suspecting no ruse, conducted us to the lodge of the chief, raised the deer-skin 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 deer-skin and enveloped in a thin cloud of smoke, which he imperturbably blew from his pipe. As I stepped forward, he looked up at me.

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

My blue coat, cut somewhat in the fashion of a military dress uniform, and the glimpse he caught of the armed men who attended me, evidently confirmed 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 river by the rains. We waded across it, the heavy waters being above our waists. But still, through all our difficulties, the aged chief pushed on in advance with a marvellous activity and endurance.

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 the great tepee built of boughs and skins, in a cleared space of the wilderness, 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 the council.

"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 has 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 hunting-grounds and their horses."

Magee's back was toward us, but as he turned his head from side to side we saw that he was almost white, though his cheeks and brow were daubed with ochre and vermilion.

The warriors who faced us, seeing us approaching with Split-log thought us enemies. Luckily for us, their muskets 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 me at his side.

The others sprang up, and the fact that they were trapped disarmed upon them. They leaped forward to recover their muskets, only to be confronted by our leveled pistols. To be friendly was their best policy, at least until they 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 snarled 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 surrounded by Long-Knives (United States troops), he told them, but 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 strangers."

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

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 train 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 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 eyes were gray, and though he strove to pull his smooth-shaven face down to a proper gravity, its natural expression of good humor seemed 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 boyish face. The forehead was broad 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 possessed will, courage, and decision. His nose was prominent; the chin and jaw betokened force and determination, yet the expression of these features was somewhat softened by a youthful mouth, his 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 was 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 I have come down to see what you are doing. I hope you can give an account of yourself, otherwise I shall have to order Marshal Ten Eyck here to take all of you back to Detroit and clap you into goal."

Having exploded this bomb among us, he turned to his escort and bade them to await his call outside in the bar. The sergeant of the posse hesitated. The young man met his uneasy glance with the stern surmise 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, his 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."

"And you, sir?" continued the 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 me.

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

"A little wine?" repeated his excellency, 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 drank down the golden draught, 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 condescension 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 more.

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

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

With a cheer the company sallied forth to meet the new recruits. Not being a member of the projected expedition, however, I remained where I was. Because of the necessity for caution, the cheer was not repeated on the river bank, nor was there any demonstration from the camp.

The candles in the sconces on the walls of the tavern parlor had died down, but I continued to sit by the fire, smoking my pipe, and prepared to be an interested spectator of what might follow the return of those who had gone to the wharf.

Always on the eve of action my mind was wont to revert with a rush of strong emotion to Jaquette, the lady of my heart, to my dear comrade, and to St. Denis. So it was at present. Now the charming picture 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 hearth.

The shadows cast by the firelight seemed to take on the graceful contour of "la jolie Canadienne," gowned in grey homespun as I saw her last, or the soldierly 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 gleaming look out at me from the gleaming frame of the blazing hickory wood on the hearth.

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 was aroused by a quick tread on the step outside. I heard the landlord greet a stranger, and in another minute some one crossed from the bar and opened the door of the parlor.

Involuntarily shifting my position, I turned my gaze toward the new guest. He was a man of good physique, and his alert bearing showed that he was young, but he was still muffled in his cloak and his high collar concealed the lower part of his countenance, while a fur cap, pulled well down, almost hid his eyes. A certain feeling that here was some one confused 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 flames of fire caused my brain to waver, like its flaming light? Assuredly, my fancy was playing me a trick. Was I ill? It must be so; for that gazed at me from the other end of the room, not only did not vanish now in the flood of light from the hall, but appeared more distinct and vivid."

I passed a hand over my brow and studied in unbelieving wonder the face of the man before me, as I felt I had but a few seconds earlier seen pictured in the shadows, the man who now stood before me in the flesh. Surely my reason tottered.

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

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

"Only Toussaint, our old acquaintance of Chambly, you recollect. Hearing he was in this neighborhood, I sent him a small sum of money I owed him and mentioned that I might see him soon, as I was coming to join the volunteers at Sandusky."

"His antics of this morning are explained," 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 actualities 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 and sympathetic interest to the other's story.

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

While we were discussing these, we were brought face to face with the rest of the world, and more by the trooping back of the company who had hurried to renew the candles, and the room now blazed with light.

Among the last of the refugees to return was Captain Davis of the Ann. He was accompanied by a man on the sunny side of forty. Tall and dark eyed, with the bronzed complexion and black hair, the latter must have weighed something over two hundred pounds, and presented a magnificent appearance in his picturesque semi-military uniform, which consisted of a Kentucky hunting-shirt with garish epaulettes, and bright blue trousers. Notwithstanding his fine presence, 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.

"General," this is Mr. Adair, a stranger who declines to join us while we are on American soil," said the general captain. "Adair, let me present you to General Sutherland, who is named by the leaders at Navy Island to command 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," he exclaimed, turning toward me, for his vanity could not brook my coolness. The taunt cut like a sabre thrust, but I would not let him know he had wounded me.

"Sir," I answered, smiling evasively, "he who waits and gathers stones will find 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, I 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 forests near Chambly, in the cave above the Richelieu, and in the great four-poster 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 subordinates hastened the embarkation of his men. For Campau the scout had brought in word that he was regarding the camp having been officially set before Governor Mason on his return from Gibraltar.

While they were leaving the shore, the smoke of the steamer that carried him and the marshal's posse could be plainly seen up the river. As soon as the refugees had crossed the boundary line, Ramon and I followed in a row-boat, and by the time the governor and his party reached the wharf, our little craft was speeding across the current at too great a distance to be perceived by them.

The expedition had rendezvoused in the Canadian waters in sight of the British force on the Island of Bois Blanc. As we neared the island, which was surrounded by the brilliant sunshine, we saw a new and prominent fluttering in the breeze from the topmast of the Ann, a large tricolor 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 hundred men, Indians, negroes, and volunteer militia.

we had a good pull of some three miles before us.

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

"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 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 message.

"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 amenable to discipline. No woman could be more contrary or more bent upon having her own way."

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 to us.

There were two unmounted pieces of artillery on board. These we placed one on each side of the schooner, making them point to her quarters by means of ropes. We loaded them with canister and prepared, 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 canoe with 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 deserted; 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 soldier is to obey his superior officer. I shall comply with the command," I announced.

"By old Nereus, suppose we fight our way through the channel rather than tuck about at this late hour? Otherwise it will take until morning to reach our comrades," grumbled the captain.

It was a bold scheme, but I was nothing loth. Weighing anchor we once more set sail. The men, chiefly English-Canadian refugees, were well armed with bayonets and muskets, and emboldened by an indomitable spirit. Selecting thirty among them I bade these lie down main below, but to keep in readiness to rush above on the instant should necessity arise.

The dusk was setting in, the wind was blowing from the lake toward the Canadian shore. On board we were as silent as if all were asleep. The low whisper could be heard as the helmsman steered directly toward the head of Bois Blanc. Moving slowly along we perceived that our course was arousing great excitement among the inhabitants of the mainland. Across the water came the sound of church bells ringing to gather the people together. We heard also the roll of drums summoning 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 about to make upon the frontier. As we approached Malden we saw the wharves and the banks of the river lined with crowds of men who were, plainly, ready to repulse us. We were so close that we could almost hear their breathing.

"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 gloom.

"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 friends on shore may be, he must not be betrayed.

The breeze had progress against the river was slow, the time to reload and passed another made in one of damage was done. spouse, but a honest in the sharp. At a third volley ence in course, could be with diffi. "By old Nereus the captain to me slap!"

"Steady, men, wait for your order from the Queen's or now put out of served our fire of shot from the of our men was d. ly wounded. The conflict roused. We little bands were, tion to bring one or bear upon the c. "Now," I ch dogs of war.

The effect of not tell, but it have or fear. As a drummer musicians struck "Yankee Doodle speed the steed. Ing away altered one or two shot as if in chase, of getting about. We afterwards the shore at her crew and teered against.

As for us, and discover in Sutherland had the smaller isle time it was ne. TO

As the pass the station a to the platf thirty, a boy square should. The newc about him. garded him to a stout man endeavoring on a box of f. "Station M. The man I. "Yes. "I want to the best way to shoes. "Min' e. "Yes. "The plac tough gang they're all the old sup let some near came near. They th' min. The stran on. When he a stout man short in stac. "Hullo," Mr. Haskin might talk. "The sto. "That's said. "The s toward the. "That's. The you curiously. "That's. "How soo. "The he went i. "Get in. "All r took his. "That' he said. "The st. "They engaged. "Get in! longer. "Very. "Hanc. "The st. "What. "Yes. "Go in. "I hop. "The s. "I d. "They boys ar. "Old sup. "And such a tenden. "The swered. "Cause he wuz down t years. "—an' He o on the ing ar. "Some feeling. "Sh. "presen. "At. "No. "quick side had. "Si. "team don't. "I'm fellow deal. "I'll. "The

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LETTERS OF RECOMMENDATION. Apostolic Delegation, Ottawa, June 13th, 1905.

Mr. Thomas Coffey. My Dear Sir—Since coming to Canada I have been a reader of your paper.

My Dear Sir—I have read your paper with satisfaction and above all that it is imbued with a strong Catholic spirit.

Yours very sincerely in Christ, DONATUS, Archbishop of Ephesus, Apostolic Delegate.

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

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

LONDON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 7, 1909.

A NEW RELIGION.

The ex-President of Harvard University, Dr. Elliott prophesied the other day the advent of a new religion. Whether this is a prophecy in the strict sense of the term, or whether it is simply defining what is now going on, we leave our readers to judge.

CATHOLIC LITERATURE IN PUBLIC LIBRARIES.

The Catholic World for July contains an interesting and suggestive article upon the above subject. Although the writer addresses himself directly to our co-religionists of the United States, it has its importance in our own Dominion.

fact in analyzing what one knows to be a fraudulent coin at the first sound. 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.

ANOTHER SERMON TO ORANGEMEN.

Pulpit eloquence goes on parade every twelfth of July or thereabouts, with as much noise as the big drum in the procession itself. It may be the summer heat which rouses so much fervour. Religion it cannot be; for nothing in Orangism is symbolical of that or any other virtue.

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.

THE BIBLE IN THE METHODIST COLLEGES.

The Hon. S. H. Blake has renewed his attack upon the teaching of the Bible in the higher institutions of Toronto. This time he directs his attack against Victoria College, the Methodist federated branch of Toronto University.

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. "Our 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.

shrubs and fragrant flowers. The use of ordinary books from Public libraries 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.

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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.

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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.

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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.

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.

THE BIBLE IN THE METHODIST COLLEGES.

The Hon. S. H. Blake has renewed his attack upon the teaching of the Bible in the higher institutions of Toronto. This time he directs his attack against Victoria College, the Methodist federated branch of Toronto University.

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THE GOOD FAITH. Moyna, has passed mark in his price for the great esteem for is held, price near to offer the hearts of his loving regard was celebrated being celebrated Father Coyle. The sermon, a preached by F. the ceremonies sent with a generous pur parish. The touching add. Father Jeffco accompanied. Father Moyna dresses was m. cal tokens of loved will, v. appreciated, the kindly de will remain v. endures. Th with his ma gratulations.

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 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 welcome; have tried to force the little remnant of means from them by the basest threats and extortion, 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. Indeed, there is scarcely one of us who has not been badly treated by persons whom we have in one way or other befriended.

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 brought the poor fellow safe on shore. 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 remorse 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 careless 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!

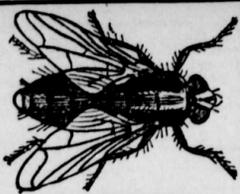
Well, my brethren, if we treat each other so, we treat God no better, not even so well. Now where did I get my good home, and my dear friends, and my plentiful means, and my good bed? From God, who certainly does require at least thanks in return. Did I ever give them? Did I ever so much as acknowledge 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 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 novenas 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 afflictions He sends 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 predestination to eternal life.

MODERNISM AND SECTS.

The Presbyterian Church in this country is entering upon a struggle which promises to be fraught with momentous consequences to American Presbyterianism. The leaven of the so-called higher criticism, which has been at work for years in all the Protestant sects, is producing results which are beginning to 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 openly expressed disbelief in our Lord's resurrection, in His virgin birth and in biblical miracles generally, has brought home to many Presbyterians a realization 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 Presbyterianism, 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 Bible or the men who should be thrown out. The Presbytery throw out the Bible in endorsing the denials of 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. Seeley 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, introduced from Germany in the name of 'scholarship,' and appealing to the



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

The danger here referred to would not be so threatening if it were not that the very persons to whom the defence of Presbyterian doctrine has been entrusted 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 besieged fortress whose defenders 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 scholastic apostasy, entrenched 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 the Presbyterian Church. If the Christian 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 this. They cannot fail to perceive that if the propagation of anti-Christian doctrines 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 past.

That the forces of unbelief at work within the Presbyterian Church are busily employed in preparing the way for such disastrous results to Presbyterianism 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, and heard what they have to say. President William Phillips 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 minds of multitudes of men. Even the ministry of the Word, in many cases, is becoming or has become, ministry of unbelief in all things supernatural and divine. A great apostasy is in active progress. Its leaders, being already entrenched 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 formerly were considered the cardinal doctrines of the Presbyterian Church. We quote his words:

"It would be hard to overstate the gravity of the situation, with all the 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 institutions of all grades."

The testimony we have adduced is that of persons who are thoroughly conversant with the perilous situation, from a doctrinal point of view, the Presbyterian Church is called upon to confront. Presbyterians like Dr. Seeley and Dr. Gregory, should now be in a position to appreciate the serious issue X. rendered to the cause of Christianity when he gave to the world his encyclical 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 Catholic Church.

But the Catholic Church has in the successor of St. Peter a source of authority capable of dealing with and crushing error, whatever shape it may assume. It is the lack of this species of authority which constitutes the essential weakness of the Protestant sects. Take the case of the Presbyterian Church. The opponents of the ordination of young men who reject the teachings of the Bible threaten to appeal from the New 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-

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mission such as was intrusted to St. 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 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 safeguard these teachings 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 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 of Christendom":

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

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

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

The unlettered toiler seldom has any other ambition than to see the close of the day.
A minute may suffice to commit a deed whose influence will extend into eternity.

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CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

Not the Salary, but the Opportunity.

If the laborer gets no more than the wages his employer offers him, he is cheated, 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 in strategy and diplomacy which later were used so effectively for his country. He worked so conscientiously, 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.

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 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 a larger, broader, more efficient man.

The opportunity for growth in a disciplinary institution, where the practical faculties, the executive faculties, are brought into systematic, vigorous 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, unformed 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 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 larger, more important salary, which they can pay themselves, they prefer the consequent arrested development, and become small, narrow, inefficient, ratty men and women, with nothing noble, progressive in their nature. The leadership faculties, their initiative, their planning ability, their ingenuity and resourcefulness, inventiveness, 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, complete men they might be.

I have known employees actually to work harder in scheming, shirking, 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 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 he can pay himself in increasing his skill, in expanding his experience, and making himself a better, stronger, more useful man.

The few dollars he finds in his pay envelope are to the larger salary he can pay himself as the chips which fly from the scamp's chisel are to the angel which he is trying to call out of the marble.

You can draw from the faithfulness of your work, from the grand spirit which emanates from you in its performance, a recompense so magnificent, that what your employer pays you will seem ridiculous beside it. He pays you in dollars; you pay yourself in valuable experience, in discipline, in increased efficiency, in self-expression, 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."

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 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 he balloting be suspended for a few minutes. He then explained 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 he could 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 conclusion of the yell they crowded toward the rostrum. One delegate took the little fellow's big straw hat and put into it a half-dollar. This was followed by nickels, dimes and

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by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out of the tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever, unless cases of this kind are treated immediately.

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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 acclamation for chief page in the next General Assembly of North Carolina," and the motion was carried with unanimous approval. 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 brevity.—Success.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

The Factory Boy.

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 behind 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.

The very first day, however, he met with an experience which to a boy of thirteen was a severe trial. Scarcely had he begun to work when some of the men beside him demanded that he should "pay his footing," the meaning of which was that they expected him, as a newcomer, to pay for a bottle of whiskey, to be provided by his fellow-workers in the factory.

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 time he 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 pay for out of his first earnings, according to a sort of unwritten law of the factory, because he knew that the other 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 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, Paul was a mere baby, the wretched man, while reeling home one night, had fallen into the river and been drowned.

Paul had never been told this tragic story; but now his grandfather thought it best to tell him, that he might take warning from his own father's terrible fate.

The poor boy was deeply moved at the sad recital, and resolved that never

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under any circumstances would he touch 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 do so.

He grew up a steady, sober, industrious, thrifty man, the comfort of his grandfather in his old age and a credit to his native 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 rebuke profanity was once shamed by a king who had been himself rebuked for profanity. Hiding 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:

"I am sorry to hear a young gentleman swear."

His Majesty took no notice of it, but swore again. The soldier immediately said:

"I'll pay part of this, if you please, and go; for I so hate swearing that, if you were the king himself, I should tell you of it."

"Should you, indeed?" asked the king.

"I should," was the emphatic reply of his subject.

Not long after the king gave him an opportunity to be "as good as his word." Having invited some lords to dine with him, he sent for the soldier, and made him stand near him, in order to serve him. And deferentially the soldier immediately said:

"Should not my lord and king fear an oath?"

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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 swearing, 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 paper. In this paper was an article by Archbishop McCloskey on "The Authority 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 began by trying 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 the Catholic Church, and many of them listened and studied and prayed, and in due season were baptized as children of the one true Church. One of Dr. Monk's grand-daughters is now a Sister of Mercy, and a grandson recently joined the Benedictine Order at Belmont, N. C. Until Dr. Monk and his family became Catholics there were no Catholics at Newton Grove, Delaware. Now a goodly part of the settlement are Catholics.

This is a striking illustration of the power of the printed word. All these conversions flowed from that one article read by Dr. Monk twenty-five years ago. Catholics who are not trying to spread information about the Church, in printed form, as widely as possible, are not alive to their opportunities. Catholics who subscribe for Catholic papers are doing well; but they would do better if, after having read those papers, they should send them to non-Catholic friends. Instead of letting the usefulness of the paper end with themselves, they should send it every week to non-Catholic friends who they know will be instructed and uplifted by its many excellent articles. A conversion may not result in every case from the reading of a Catholic paper, or an article about the Catholic Church, in a secular paper, but at least some misconception of the Church's teaching, some prejudice against her doctrine or practise, will be removed.—Sacred Heart Review.

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