

MILES WALLINGFORD

By James Fenimore Cooper

CHAPTER XXV

"O! I have chances to lay me on, if kingly fields were once my aim; WI! the moor-cook on the mountain-side, But hardship na'er can daunt me."

Scottish Song

There was an air of cool deliberation about Lord Harry Dermont, which satisfied me I should have to pass through a trying ordeal; and I prepared myself for the occasion. Nothing was said until all three of us were in the after-cabin, when Clements and his visitor took seats on the sofa, and a motion was made to me to occupy a chair. Then Lord Harry Dermont commenced the discourse, in a manner more serious than I could have wished.

"Mr. Wallingford," he said, "there is little need of preliminaries between you and me. I recollect your ship, when the Black Prince and Speedy were in the act of closing with the Frenchmen, three months since; and I need scarcely say that the manner in which she got back to the place where I then saw her, requires an explanation at your hands."

"It shall be given to you, my lord. Being you had no right to send in the Dawn, and knowing that a detention of any length would prove my ruin, I regained possession of my own by the best means that offered."

"This is at least frank, sir. You mean to be understood that you rose on my people in the night, murdered them, and that you afterwards lost your vessel from a want of force to take care of her."

"This is partly true, and partly a mistake. I certainly should not have lost my ship had I been as strong-handed in the gale in which she was destroyed, as she was the day she left home; and she would have been as strong in that gale had we never fallen in with the Speedy."

"Which is an indirect manner of saying that the wreck was owing to you?"

"I shall very directly say, that I think it was; though by indirect means."

"Well, sir, on that point it is not probable we shall ever agree. You cannot suppose that the servants of the King of Great Britain will submit to your American mode of construing public law; but will easily understand that we leave such matters to our own admiralty judges. It is a matter of more moment to me, just now, to ascertain what has become of the officers and men that were put in charge of your ship. I saw the vessel, some time after I put Mr. Sennit and his party on board you, in your possession; and that we ascertain by means of our glasses; and you now admit that you retook your vessel from these men. What has become of the prize crew?"

"I briefly related the manner in which we had regained the possession of the Dawn. The two English officers listened attentively, and I could discern a smile of incredulity on the countenance of Clements; while the captain of the Speedy seemed far from satisfied — though he was not so much disposed to let his real opinion be known. I said then, "This is a very well-concocted and well-told tale, my lord," said the first, with a sneer; "but I doubt whether it will find many believers in the British service."

"The British service, sir," I coldly retorted, "is, like all other, liable to reverses and accidents."

"Not exactly of this nature, Mr. Wallingford, you will yourself admit, on reflection. But I beg pardon, my lord; this is your affair—not mine; and I have been indiscreet in speaking."

Lord Harry Dermont looked as if he concurred in this sentiment. He had the pride of official rank, and that of private rank, to the same degree; and did not exactly like the notion that one so much his inferior in both should take an affair so peculiarly his own out of his hands. He made a cold acknowledgment, in reply, and paused a moment, like a man who reflected, ere he continued the discourse.

"You must be aware, Mr. Wallingford, it is my duty to inquire closely into this matter," he at length resumed. "I am just out of port, where my ship has been lying to rest, several weeks, and it is not probable that either of my officers would be in England without reporting himself, had he reached home."

"It is quite probable my lord, that neither has reached home. I say then that I picked up, with my own eyes, and what appeared to me to be an outward-bound West Indian. In that case, they have, most probably, all been carried to one of the West India islands."

Here Clements handed Lord Harry Dermont a paper with something written on it, in pencil, which the latter read. After a moment's gaze on it, the captain nodded his head, and the lieutenant quitted the cabin. While he was absent, my companion, in a polite manner, gave me the particulars of the combat I had witnessed, going so far as to direct my attention to a paper he had brought on board, to show to Captain Rowley, and which contained the English official account of the whole affair. On glancing at it, I saw that the presence of the Dawn, on that occasion, was mentioned in the report; the name of the ship being given, with an allusion that was not very clear to the general reader, but which was plain enough to me. It was not long, however, before Clements returned, and, without much ceremony, he informed me that the gun-room mess waited my appearance to sit down to dinner. On this hint, I rose and took my leave, though I had time to see Marble enter the cabin, and Neb standing by the scuttle-but, under the charge of the sentinels, ere I dipped my head under hatches.

The dinner lasted near an hour, and Lord Harry Dermont civilly walked out the time, before he again summoned me to the cabin. I was surprised to find Marble in the outer cabin, Neb near the door, in waiting, and the two officers with pen, ink, and paper before them, where they had been left by me.

"Mr. Wallingford," Lord Harry commenced, "I hold it to be no more than fair to let you know that your mother's account of the manner in which the Speedy's people got out of the Dawn,

and your own, do not agree in a single particular. Her is the statement, taken down by myself from his own words; if you are disposed to hear it, I will read you what he says."

"I do not well see how Mr. Marble can contradict me and tell the truth, my lord—but it were better I should hear his statement."

"I was first mate of the Dawn, of New York, Miles Wallingford master and owner, captured and ordered in by Speedy, as known. Three days after parting company with the frigate, with Mr. Sennit as prize master, Captain Wallingford and I commenced reasoning with that gentleman on the impropriety of sending in a neutral and breaking up a promising voyage, which so overcame the said Lieutenant Sennit, in his mind, that he consented to take ship's yawl, with a suitable stock of provisions and water, and give us up the ship. Accordingly, the boat was lowered, properly stowed, the most tender anxiety manifested for the party that was to go in her, when the English took their leave with tears in their eyes, and heavy good wishes for our safe arrival at Hamburg."

"Am I to understand you seriously, Lord Harry Dermont, that my mate has actually given you this account of the affair, for fact?"

"Most seriously, sir. I believe he even offered to swear to it, though I dispensed with his oath. Here is a statement of the black. Perhaps you would wish to hear that also?"

"Anything, my lord, it is your pleasure to communicate."

"Nebuchadnezzar Clabbonny says, 'he belonged to the Dawn—was left in her, when captured by Speedy, and was in her when wrecked. Captain Wallingford ordered Mr. Sennit to quit his ship, or he would make him; and Mr. Sennit obeyed Master Miles, of course.' But I will read no more of this, as a slave's statement can hardly be relied on. Perhaps we ought not to have received it, Mr. Clements?"

"Your pardon, my lord; it is our duty to protect his majesty's subjects, in the best mode we can."

"That may be true, sir; but certain great principles ought never to be overlooked, even when doing our duty. You perceive, Mr. Wallingford, that your companions contradict your own account of this affair; and the most unpleasant suspicions are awakened. I should never justly myself to my representation of mine will induce you to change your decision."

"I carry it off well, sir; and I hope you will maintain the same appearance of innocence to the end. The lives of the king's subjects are not to be taken with impunity, nevertheless."

Nor is the property of an American citizen, I trust, my lord. I had I need to regard the ship, and had I thrown the prize crew into the sea, I conceive I would have been doing no more than was my duty."

"This is well, sir; and I hope, for your sake, that an English jury will view the affair in the same light. At present, I prepare to go on board the Speedy, and to be separated from the important testimony we can find in that ship. As for the citizens you mention, they are bound to submit to the decision of the admiralty courts, and not to take the law into their own hands."

"We shall see, my lord. When this case reaches my own court, we shall probably get a more of it."

I then held this in a sufficiently magnificent manner; and, to own the truth, I felt a little magnificently at the time. I was then young, not three-and-twenty; and I thought of my country, her independence, her justice, her disposition to do right, her determination to submit to no wrongs, and her disregard of the opinions when principles were concerned—much as young people think of the immaculate qualities of their own parents. According to the decision of judges of this latter class, there would not be a liar, a swindler, a cheat, or a mercenary scoundrel living; but the earth would be filled with so many suffering sinners that are persecuted for their virtues. According to the notions of most American citizens of my age, the very name they bore ought to be a protection to them in any part of the world, under the penalty of incurring the republic's just indignation. How far my anticipations were realized, will be seen in the sequel; and I beg the reader to be particularly moderate in strain his natural impetuosity, until he can learn the facts in the regular order of the narrative. I can safely promise him, that should he receive them in the proper spirit, with a desire to ascertain the truth only, and not to uphold bloated and untenable theories, he will be a wise, and probably a modest man; for an instruction that is to be thus gleaned from the incidents it will be my painful office to record. As for Lord Harry Dermont, the threatened indignation of the great American nation gave him very little concern. He probably cared a vast deal more for one from the admiral who commended at Plymouth, than for the virtuous resentment of the President and Congress of the United States of America. I am writing of the close of the year 1803, it will be remembered; a remote period in the history of the great republic; though I will not take it on myself to say things have materially altered, except to be in the news-papers, in this particular interest. The order to prepare to quit the Briton was repeated, and I was dismissed to the outer cabin, where was Marble, while Mr. Clements attempted to shut the door that separated us, though from some cause or other, he did not exactly effect his object. In consequence of this neglect, I overheard the following dialogue:

"I hope, my lord," said Clement, "you will not think of taking away the mate and the black. They are both first-rate men, and both well affected to his majesty's service. The negro was of great use aloft during the late action, while the mate fought at gun, like a tiger, for the better part of an hour. We saw some other of hands, and I have counted on including both of these

men to enter. There is the prize money for the Frenchman under our lee, you know, my lord, and I have little doubt of succeeding."

"I'm sorry duty compels me to take all three, Clements but I'll bear what you say in mind; perhaps we can get them to enter on board the Speedy. You know it."

Here Mr. Clements discovered that the door was not shut, and he closed it tight, prevented my hearing any more. I now turned to Marble, whose countenance betrayed the self-reproach he endured, at ascertaining the injury he had done by his ill-judged artifice. I made no reproaches, however, but squeezed his hand in token of my forgiveness. The poor fellow, I plainly saw, had great difficulty in forgiving himself, though he said nothing at the moment.

The conference between Lord Harry Dermont and Mr. Clements lasted half an hour. At the end of that time both appeared in the forward cabin, and I saw by the countenance of the last that he had failed in his object, as for me, very uninterested, with the few articles we possessed, to the Speedy, on board which ship our arrival made as much of sensation as the discipline of a man-of-war would permit. I was put in irons, the moment we reached the quarter-deck, and placed under the charge of a sentinel near the cabin door. Some little attention was paid to my comfort, it is true, and a canvas screen was fitted for me, behind which I ate and slept, with some sort of retirement. My irons were of so large a sort that I found means to take them off and put them on at pleasure. I was disposed to think that the officers were aware of the fact, and that the things were used as much for the sake of appearance as for anything else. Apart from the confinement and the injury done my affairs, I had no especial cause of complaint, though this imprisonment lasted until the month of April, 1804, or quite five months. During this time this Speedy arrived as far south as the line, then she hovered the Canaries and the Azores on her way homeward. I was permitted to take exercise twice a day, once in the gangway, and once on the gun-deck, and my table was actually supplied from the cabin. On no head had I any other cause to complain than the fact that my ship had been wrongfully seized in the first place, and that I was now suffering imprisonment for a crime of which I had not been guilty, and which I certainly had not been obliged to commit.

During the five months I thus remained a prisoner on the gun-deck of the Speedy, I never exchanged a syllable with either Marble or Neb, nor with either of them occasionally, as I had seen them both on board the Dawn, and exchanged significant looks, but never any words. Occasionally I had a visit from an officer—these gentlemen sitting down and conversing with me on general topics, evidently to relieve the tedium of my confinement, without making any allusion to its cause. I cannot say that my health suffered, a circumstance that was probably owing to the cleanliness of the ship, and the admirable manner in which she was ventilated.

At length we went into port, carrying with us a French ship from one of the islands to the eastward of Iloilo, a prize. The Speedy captured this vessel after a smart chase to the northward of the Azores, and Marble and Neb, having volunteered to do so, were sent on board her, as two of the prize crew. That day I got a visit from the purser, who was the most attentive of all my acquaintances, and I took the liberty of asking him if he had any possible means of sending me to my own country. He said, "Why, not exactly that," he said, "though they seem to like us, and we think both will ship rather than lose their services in the Briton. Your old mate, but my lord, fancying you might meet some French cruiser in the chops of the Channel, thought it better to send these two chaps in the prize, lest they should take the studs and refuse to fight at the pinch. They have done duty, they say, to keep themselves in good health; and we humor them, to be frank with you, as so well as not to wish you quit us."

This gave me an insight into the true state of the case, and I felt much easier on the subject. That Marble ever intended to serve under the British flag, I had not supposed for a moment; but I was not sure that regret for the blunder he had already made, might not lead him to some other equally serious import, under the impression that he was correcting the evil. As for Neb, I knew he would never desert me; and I had not, from the first, felt any other concern on his account, than any apprehension his ignorance might be imposed on.

The day we anchored in Plymouth Sound was thick and drizzling, with a fresh breeze at southwest. The ship came to just at sunset, her prize bringing up a short distance in-shore of her, as I could see from the port, that formed a sort of window to my little canvas state-room. Just as the ship was secured, Lord Harry Dermont passed into his cabin, accompanied by his first lieutenant, and I overheard him say to the latter—

"By the way, Mr. Powlett, this prisoner must be removed to some other place in the morning. Now we are so near the land, it is not quite safe to trust him at a port."

I was still musing on the purport of this remark, when I heard the noise of a boat coming alongside. Putting my head out of the port, I could just see that the prize master of the French ship had come on board, and that Marble and Neb were two of the four men who pulled the oars. Marble saw me, and gave me a sign of recognition, though it was so dark as to render it difficult to distinguish objects at a trifling distance. This sign I returned in a signal manner. It was this answering signal from me that induced my mate not to quit the boat, and to keep Neb with him. The other two men were so accustomed to do duty with the Americans, that they did not scruple to run up the frigate's side, after their officer, eager to get a gossip with their old messmate on the berth-deck. Almost immediately after instant the officer on the deck called out—

"Drop Le Minerva's boat astern, out of the way of the captain's gig, which will be hauling up in a minute."

This was on the larboard side, it is true; but a smart sea slapping against the starboard, Lord Harry was willing to dispense with ceremony, in order to escape a wet jacket. I cannot tell the process of reasoning that induced me to take the step I did; it was, however, principally owing to the remark I had so lately heard, and which brought all the danger of my position vividly to my mind. Whatever may have been the moving cause, I acted as follows:

My irons were slipped, and I squeezed myself between the gun and the side of the port, where I hung by my hands against the ship's side. I might be seen, or I might not, caring little for the result. I was not seen by any but Marble and Neb, the former of whom caught me by the legs, as he passed beneath, and whispering to me to lie down in the bottom of the boat, he assisted me into the center. We actually rubbed against the captain's gig; it was hauling up to the gangway; but no one suspected what had just taken place. This gig was the only one of the Speedy's boats that was in the water at that hour, it having just been lowered to carry the captain's baggage. In another minute we had dropped astern, Neb holding on by a boat-hook on one of the rigging. Here we lay, until the gig pulled round, close to us, taking the direction toward the usual landing, with the captain of the Speedy in her.

In two minutes the gig was out of sight, and Marble whispered to Neb to get his hold. This was promptly done, when the boat of the prize began to haul itself up to the gun-deck. A fair tide, and impelled by a stiff breeze. No one paid any heed to us, everybody's thoughts being occupied with the shore and the arrival at such a moment. The time was fortunate in another particular; Lord Harry Dermont was a vigilant and good officer; but his first lieutenant in what is called on board ship "a poor devil"; a phrase that is sufficiently significant; and the moment a vigilant captain's back is turned, there is a certain ease and neglect in a vessel that has an indifferent first lieutenant. Everyone feels at liberty to do more as he pleases, than has been his wont; and where there is a divided responsibility, the nature of the former becomes more duty than they can help. When "the cat is away, the mice come out to play."

At all events, our boat continued to drop astern unobserved, until the ship itself became very faintly visible to us. I arose as soon as we were fifty feet from the rudder, and I assumed the direction of affairs as soon as my feet. There was a mast and a lug-sail in the boat, and we stepped the former and hoisted last as soon as far enough from the Speedy to be certain we could not be seen. Putting the helm up sufficiently to bring the wind on the quarter, I then stood directly out to sea. All this was accomplished in less than five minutes, by means of what the French call a sudden inspiration!

To be sure, our situation was insufficiently awkward, now we had the semblance of freedom. Neither of us had a single shilling of money, or an article of clothing; but those we wore. There was not a mouthful of food of any sort in the boat, nor a drop of water. The night was lowering and intensely dark, and the wind was blowing fresher than usual last as soon as we got a few miles out of the land, trusting our common fate to Providence. I hoped we might fall in with some American, bound in or out; should that fall us, France might be reached, if we had good luck, in the course of less than eight or forty hours.

Our situation afforded nothing to occupy the mind but anxiety. We could see a redoubt of light on the horizon, and I thought of other guides on our way than the direction of the wind, and were totally without the means of refreshment or shelter. Still, we managed to sleep by turns, each having entire confidence in the skill of both the others. In this manner we got through the night, feeling no apprehensions of being pursued, the darkness affording an effective cover.

When the light returned, we discovered nothing in pursuit, though the weather was too thick to admit of our seeing any great distance around the boat. All the morning we continued running to the northward and eastward, under our single lug reefed, only keeping clear of the sea that chased by dint of striking the wind. As for the question: though we began to make some little provision to slake our thirst by exposing our handkerchiefs to the drizzle in order to wring them when they should become saturated with water. The coolness of the weather, however, and the softening of the wind, after the night's exposure to the elements, and I knew that I felt any great desire for either food or water, until toward the middle of the day. Then we began to converse together on the subject of dinner, in a jocular way, however, rather than with any very great longings on the subject. While thus employed, Neb suddenly exclaimed, "Dere a sail!"

Sure enough, a ship was meeting us, heading up west, as she stretched in toward the English coast. I can see that vessel in my mind's eye even at this distant day. She had two reefs in her topsails, with spanker, jib, and both courses set, like a craft that carried convenient rather than urgent canvas. Her line of sailing would take her about two hundred yards to leeward of us, and my first impulse was to luff. A second glance showed us that she was an English frigate, and we doused our lug as soon as possible. Our hearts were in our mouths for the next five minutes. My eye never turned from that frigate, until she was well in store for me. My god-mother made me promise that I would be faithful to my religious duties.

Landing in this country without money or friends, ignorant of the language, and with but little education, I had a hard struggle for existence. Many times did I wish I was back in Germany. I was thrown among all sorts of the nearest Catholic church, I soon began to neglect my religion, and in many things became as careless and reckless as the rest. Would you believe it, for the period of eighteen years, I attended

undertakings, without any direct agency of this sort.

Our next adventure was of a more pleasing character. A good-sized ship was made astern, coming up channel before the wind, and carrying topmast studding-sails. She was an American I think ourselves in her track, we ran off on her course, knowing that she must be going quite two feet to our one. In twenty minutes she passed close to us, her officers and crew manifesting the greatest curiosity to learn who and what we were. So dexterously did Marble manage the boat, that we got a rope, and hauled alongside without lessening the ship's way, though she nearly towed us under water in the attempt. The moment we could, we leaped on deck, abandoning the boat to its fate.

We had not mistaken the character of the vessel. It was a ship from James River, loaded with tobacco, and bound to Amsterdam. Her mate heard our story, believed it, and felt for us. We only remained with him a week, however, quitting the vessel of the coast of Holland, to go to Hamburg, where I fancied my letters would have been sent, and whence I knew it would be equally in our power to reach home. At Hamburg, I was fated to meet with disappointing results. There was not a line for me, and we found ourselves without money in a strange place. I did not deem it prudent to tell our story, but we agreed to ship together in some American, and work our way home in the best manner we could. After looking about us a little, necessity compelled us to enter in the first vessel that offered. This was an old ship, called the Sohykill, on board which I shipped as second mate, while Marble and Neb took the berths of foremast Jacks. No one questioned us as to the past, and we had decided among ourselves, to do our duty and keep mum. We used our own communications on the subject of our true characters.

I found it a little hard to descend so much on the ladder of life, but an early and capital training enabled me to act dourly ever again, with some credit; and before the ship went to sea, our chief mate was discharged for drunkenness, and I got a lift. Marble was put in my place, and from that time, for the next five months, things went on smoothly enough; I say five months, for instead of sailing for home direct, the ship went to Spain, within the Straits, for a cargo of barilla, which she took up to London, where she got a freight for Philadelphia. We were all a little uneasy at finding that our story, with sundry perversion and exaggerations, was in the English papers; but by the time we reached England, it was forgotten; having been crowded out by the occurrence of new events of interest, at a moment when every week was teeming with incidents that passed into history.

Nevertheless, I was glad when we left England, and I once more found myself on the high sea, homeward bound. My wages enabled me, as well as Marble and Neb, to get new outfits, suited to our present stations, and we sailed for Philadelphia with as good a stock of necessities as usually falls to the lot of men in our respective positions. These were all that remained to me of a ship and cargo that was worth between \$80,000 and \$90,000.

The passage proved to be very long, but we reached the capes of the Delaware at last. On the 7th of September 1804, or when wanted a few weeks of being three-and-twenty, I landed on the wharves of what was then the largest town in America, a ruined and disappointed man. Still I kept up my spirits leaving my companions in ignorance of the extent of my misfortunes. We remained a few days to discharge the cargo, when we were all three abid with Neb, who had passed on board the Sohykill for a free black, brought me his wages, and when we had thrown our joint stock into a common bag, it was found to amount to the sum of \$132. With this money, then, we prepared to turn our faces north, Marble anxious to meet his mother and little Katty, Neb desirous of again seeing Calio, and I to meet my principal creditor, John Wallingford, and to gain some tidings of Mr. Hardings and Lucy.

TO BE CONTINUED

THE BROTHER'S CONVERSION
A TRUE STORY

We were assembled at our evening recreation. Outside it was cold and stormy, but within everything was warmth and good cheer. We had been teaching in the Catholic High School, and although the work was congenial, after the day's little worries we found great relief and consolation in this community gathering.

There were eight of us in all, including good old Brother Edward, who, although retired from active life, rendered himself useful in many ways. He was a father, a monitor, a model to us all. He seemed to us younger members beside with us. This evening he surprised us all, for he rarely spoke of his past life, by asking: "Brothers, did I ever tell you how I was converted?" We urged him to tell us, and this was his story:

"I was born in Germany, in that part known as the Black Forest. I was a mischievous lad and disliked very much to go to school. However, I succeeded in getting a fairly good knowledge of my religion. At the age of thirteen I received my First Communion, and the following year I left home for America. My parents were very much opposed to it, but I was determined to see what the new world had in store for me. My god-mother made me promise that I would be faithful to my religious duties.

Landing in this country without money or friends, ignorant of the language, and with but little education, I had a hard struggle for existence. Many times did I wish I was back in Germany. I was thrown among all sorts of men, sometimes fifty miles from the nearest Catholic church, I soon began to neglect my religion, and in many things became as careless and reckless as the rest. Would you believe it, for the period of eighteen years, I attended

mass only once, and that was more out of human respect than out of devotion. However, I managed to say my prayers pretty well, and occasionally to think of my religion. When war broke out I joined the army, and was in some rather fierce engagements. I was taken prisoner once, and suffered untold hardships. After the war I enlisted in the Quartermaster Department, under General Porter, who was engaged in building forts throughout Texas, which was at that time infested by Indians. We pitched camp about noon one day at Mountain Pass. The mules were turned out to graze in the valley, and it was my turn to herd them. I saw that they were eating quietly, and were not likely to give me any trouble, so I tethered the mule I had been riding and scaled a nearby mountain. When I reached the summit, merely out of fancy, I cut off two small trees with my large soldier's knife, and by means of buckskin thongs made a cross, which I planted on the highest peak.

"Then my thoughts turned towards God. I sang 'Holy God' in German, and all the other songs I knew. In the distance I saw something that looked like an Indian camp. I noticed also that some of the mules were at least three miles down the valley. So I hurried down, but it took me much longer to go down than it had taken me to come up. Before very long I had the mules in camp, but there was one large gray miscal, for which I received a severe reprimand from Brown, the wagon-master, who scored me for neglecting my work. Six men, including the wagon-master and myself, were sent out to recover the mule. When we came within a mile of the camp I had sighted from the mountain, we saw about twenty-five Comanche Indians, and there also was the mule. Some of us were for charging on them, for we had the carbines and the swords. The Indians saw us likewise, and the two parties stood facing each other for a moment. Brown, who was trembling from head to foot shouted 'They're Indians. Ride for your lives,' and turning about, put spurs to his mule and fled. The Indians, seeing us retreat, set up a wild whoop, and pursued us. My mule had a trick of trying to throw me whenever I wanted him to run, so taking the bit in his teeth he bucked and jerked the reins from my hand. I then clenched his mane with my left hand and got my right arm around his neck. In so doing I dropped my rifle. Hanging on in this manner I gave the mule spurs with my feet. He plunged forward at a terrific rate, up and down hills, over rocks, through underbrush. It was all I could do to keep from being thrown off as we dashed through the tangled thickets. My arms and legs were terribly torn and ached. The Indians had almost overtaken me before I got well started, and they kept in hot pursuit. It was indeed a race for life. Bullets whizzed within an inch of my head. Twice the mule, an adept at dodging a lasso, dashed through the loop. You can imagine how I felt with those bloodthirsty Indians so close I could almost feel their breath. I thought it was all up with me. Strange, to say, I did not think of the act of making an act of contrition. I rarely do in such extreme danger. When I think of it now, I realize that someone—you will soon know who it was—must have been interceding for me before the throne of God. On and on we sped, at length my mule flew rather than ran down a steep hill at the edge of our camp. The Indians dared not venture farther, and beat a hasty retreat, taking with them some of the mules that had thrown their riders and were easily captured. All of us reached camp, but some who had been thrown and had been hiding in the underbrush, did not return until two hours later. I was near collapsing. My nerves were unstrung, and I suffered severe pains all over my body. My faithful mule also was foaming and exhausted. I did not want any supper, but stole off to my bunk in the wagon. Being nervous I did not sleep well. So what happened might have been a dream, or it might have been a vision. I will tell you just what did occur."

"All at once I was conscious that my mother, who had died several years before, was standing beside me. She was dressed in black, just as I used to see her at home."

"Why, mother, how did you get here?" I exclaimed, although without fear.

"You are dead."

"No, I'm not dead, mother. The Indians did not kill me."

"But your soul is dead. You did not keep your promise. I have been praying for you or you'd now be dead, body and soul. I was praying for you this afternoon, or you would have been killed. I will send your little brother to you."

"And sure enough, my little brother, who had died at the age of eleven, before I left Germany, was standing beside me, looking just as he did when we used to play together. He put something—cannot say what it was—into my mouth."

"Mother, I will do whatever 'you wish,' I said fully resolved."

"Go at once to Austin and make your peace with God, and henceforth be faithful to your religious duties."

"I promised and immediately both disappeared. I cannot express how I felt the remainder of the night, but the next morning the mule found me in a trance, and all gave me up for dead. For several hours I remained in this state, conscious of everything that was going on, but unable to move a muscle. By degrees, to the astonishment of all, I revived, and after a little medical attention was myself again. The events of the previous night, as they were, came to me, and I felt an inward force impelling me to keep my promise. I told the Quartermaster that I wanted to resign. He tried to persuade me to remain, so I told him the whole story. Seeing I was determined to go at any cost, he at length gave me an honorable discharge and my pay to date. I bought a pony and, after a short preparation, set out alone through the wild prairie, a distance of three hundred miles, to Austin, Texas. I reached Austin without any serious mishap, after several days of wearisome travelling. At this time it was a town of about two thousand inhabitants. I sought the priest, and told him I wanted to settle my spiritual account. It was only when

making my confession of a lifetime spent in deadly sin that I realized in what an awful state my soul had been. My sorrow was in proportion to my guilt. After so many years estrangement from God, I again experienced the great joy of receiving my loving Saviour into my heart. I was now a real Catholic, and a friend of God. Thereafter I made it a point to live near the church, and endeavored to make up for my past life, but I felt that interior force urging me on to a more perfect life. Several years later I chanced to meet some of the Brothers of Holy Cross at Austin and their peaceful and devoted life appealed to me as representing the ideal for which my soul yearned. So I came to Notre Dame. It was a long trip to Indiana in those days, but, Brothers, the peace I have enjoyed since, repays me for all I ever suffered. God has been very good to me, and I trust I have at least in part made amends for my past life."

"Indeed you have," we replied.

ADDRESS ON CHRISTIAN UNITY

Delivered by Rev. A. P. Doyle, rector of the National Mission House, Washington, before the National Women's Circle.

Christian unity is one of the most attractive subjects of the day. Its attractiveness lies not so much in the constructive condemnation it gives to the fierce religious contentions that were the rule of the last centuries, though there is a peculiar gratification in doing something to reverse the trend of history, but in the real charm it has in the fact that it is a Christ-like. Almost the last thought of His life, was "That they might be one." In His mind it was to be the distinctive sign of His followers. "That they all may be one, as Thou Father in Me, and I in Thee, that they also may be one in Us, that the world may believe that Thou hast sent Me." (St. John xvii, 21.)

Longwell in the "Courtship of Miles Standish, speaking of the lives of John Alden and Priscilla, says that: "Even as rivulets twain, from distant separate sources. Seeing each other afar as they leap from the rocks and pursuing. Each one its devious path, but drawing nearer and nearer. Rush together at last at their trying place in the forest; So these lives, that run thus far in separate channels. Coming in sight of each other, then, as a river and flowing saunter, Parted by barriers strong but drawing nearer and nearer. Rushed together at last and one was lost in the other."

So, our lives in a spiritual sense, as "rivulets from different sources" each one his individual course pursuing, have been "drawing nearer and nearer" in religious things; in the highest relation of the soul, come together at this trying place. Live, that have been lived in each other's sight, yet "swerving and flowing saunter," because they have been parted by barriers of misunderstanding by the dark hidden shoals of intolerance, by the sharp jagged rocks of religious animosity, are now coming together and commingling as they flow into the ocean of Christian Unity.

It is pleasing to note that the movement toward Unity is as strong on one side as on the other. Up to the 25th of last July, eighteen commissions had been appointed by as many different communions to co-operate in bringing about a great world conference on Christian Unity. One of the greatest of the Encyclicals of Leo XIII, was a call to all Christian Denominations to give up their dissensions and come together in a united Christendom. The Encyclical was uttered on the morrow of the wonderful celebration of the Fiftieth Anniversary of his priesthood. When that grand old man in Rome, who was honored by non-Catholics as well as Catholics, with far-seeing wisdom, through his progressive, and Christ-like sanctity—that man whose first act almost was to place the crown of laurel on the majestic brow of that ideal scholar, John Henry Newman, and whose second command was to throw open to scholars, non-Catholic and Catholic alike, the vast storehouse of important historical manuscripts in the Vatican Library, and bid them use its treasures in the interest of historic truth, who had chided Kings and Princes while at the same time drawn to him the heart of the working men of the world, whose eyes fondly looked towards this young giant republic of the West and who saw in America's future the brightest signs of the elevation of our race, whose liberty and intelligence have met and kissed—it was a pathetic thing to feel that seer of the age turn away from the heaps of costly presents and from the thousands of congratulations as a child tired with its playthings turns with longing look for its mother's face, to see him cast an eager longing look to the "other sheep" that were not of His fold and with eager heart invite them to return to that Christian Unity "that there may be one Fold and One Shepherd."

Whipping Up Tired Nerves

His ringing call for Christian Unity was answered in no less kindly spirit by the Grindelwald Conference of Protestant Churchmen, who said: "We gladly and affectionately join in your appeal for united and continuous prayer for the Trinitarian God in His great power and mercy. He may overcome all things to the end that the visible unity of the Church may be lengthened by His gracious gift according to His purpose." The sentiment for unity within all Christian bodies has grown during the decade of years and we are to-day on the eve of a great world conference that seems to be so strongly possessed with the desire for unity that we may hope for practical results.

Two such great forces powerfully and mutually attracting each other must certainly come closer, and it will be difficult to prevent the confirmation of these desires in a close Christian union as to stop the onrushing of the rivers to the sea.

In order to secure a reunion of the Churches, the more quickly it is necessary as a first step to come together more frequently, to unite often for some common purpose, to establish a community of interests in some way or other, for most of our animosities and misunderstandings come from not knowing each other well enough, or of having a proper appreciation of each other's motives. It is necessary to build the bridge over the streams of prejudice, ignorance and error that run between the various bodies of our common Christianity. These streams are the great barriers that keep us apart.

The stream of prejudice is the broader and the more difficult to bridge because it is filled with the poisonous acids of hatred. It is this spirit of prejudice that makes the malicious charges, throws mud hoping that some will stick. How often have we all heard charges inspired by malice against different churches, made in magazine and from platform. The self-satisfied guardians of liberty believe and say so, that the Catholic Church is in a high conspiracy against the liberties of this country, that as soon as it gets into power it would unite Church and State, when, truth to tell, there is no Catholic who loves the system that declares that State has no power in religious affairs and vice versa. Prejudice knows no boundaries and other than postponing the blessed day of Christian unity, slanders the character do no harm. Bridge this stream! No longer will our feet tread in the mud of prejudice, nor will our lips be wet with its poisons. The other streams, ignorance and error may be more readily bridged. A better knowledge of each other's life purposes and closer acquaintance with the fundamental convictions of all will eliminate many misunderstandings. Josh Billings, in his homely way, used to say that "it is better not to know so many things than to know too many things that are not so."

These streams of ignorance, error and prejudice must be bridged over, and to do it we must have some common ground to stand on, whereon we can place the pediments, and from which we can swing the arches so that a broad and unobstructed roadway may be made, over which the children of the next generation may pass. We may not hope that this generation will consent to forego their traditional beliefs, but it is an easy thing for us to come together on some neutral ground for some great civic purpose—come together so that we may know each other better, so that we may appreciate each other's integrity of life and nobility of purpose.

Then we shall find there are infinitely more points in common than we ever dreamed of, and instead of harboring suspicions of each other's good will we shall see how little there is to be yielded, in order to be one soul and one body.

The next step will be to find some doctrines that are common to both, to go no further, we may take the great vital doctrine of our common Christianity—the acceptance of Christ and His teachings. There can be no doubt that the true union between Christians is that which Christ instituted. "There is no other name under heaven given to men whereby he must be saved, and lifted up from earth." He said, with divine assurance, that He would "draw all things unto Himself." "Father," again He prayed, "keep them in Thy name, that they may be one in Us." This Christocentric religion I am sure will be readily accepted as the common starting point by every one who pretends to be Christian. As in the creation of the world, the primordial matter was first made and endowed with certain vital principles whereby in the process of evolution the beautiful forms of nature were wrought out, ascending from grade to grade until the highest was reached, so accepting Christ as our starting point, in place of the principles of the fittest, we may substitute two other principles whose vitality will ultimately evolve a common religion in which we can all stand as one. These principles are an unswerving devotion to the truth and a fidelity to conscience.

Truth alone can command the intellect. What is true is but a manifestation of the Divine Being, and on it alone can the soul feed. The attraction of the iron for the magnet is no surer nor stronger than the attraction of our minds for the truth. To attain to the whole truth has been the incentive to all the great achievements of humanity. Truth is a sweet and tender maiden, and every man given up to the joys of this world that they may woo and win her. To reject her advances is a species of atrophy that brings with it darkness and despair as gloomy as the denial of God Himself. All an-all-consuming devotion to her that will leave one infinitely discontented unless one possesses her fully, that will lead one to search through earth and sky until one finds her, that will fill one with a hatred of the false and the untrue, that will never allow one to rest until the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth is in possession—this all-consuming passion that will brook no half-measures, that will permit no earthly tie to stand in the way of its realization, that will readily sacrifice all that this world has of pleasure and profit for its attainment—such an all-consuming passion will not only start us on our path to a common goal, but will never let us rest until we attain it.

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One of the good effects of coming together more frequently is the dispelling of that suspicious mistrust that separation engenders. We get to realize that for all of us conscience in the last analysis must be our guide and the fidelity to conscience has developed many beautiful examples of devotion and self-sacrifice that demand our admiration. There is no religious field so absolutely barren in which some beautiful flowers of devotion to conscience may not be found, and in most Christian fields the landscape has been literally covered with them, generation after generation.

It is quite true then, that the presence of a strong, yet delicate conscience that loves God and the right, that hates sin and the wrong, that seeks the higher and better paths of Christian virtue for righteousness sake—it is quite true that such a conscience is found in Christian hearts throughout the various denominations. Herein lies a great, strong and all-pervading bond of sympathy. The Deologue is the same for me as for you. I worship in spirit and truth the same Lord that you do. The road to heaven for me is obedience to my Christian conscience, just as it is for you; and when we reach that most desired end through fidelity to our consciences, in the land of many mansions there will be no distinction of rank or race.

This principle of conscience because it is the voice of God speaking in souls is absolutely supreme for me as well as for you. As Cardinal Newman says: "It is the aboriginal Vicar of Christ, a prophet in its information, a monarch in its peremptiveness, a priest in its blessings and anathemas, and even though the eternal priesthood throughout the Church should cease to be, in it the sacerdotal principle would remain and would have sway."

It may seem somewhat in the nature of a sermon to some of our non-Catholic friends, who think that the Church cramps the Catholic in his liberty by crowding conscience aside and usurping its place, to say that it is a decree of the Fourth Lateran Council that "He who acts against his conscience loses his soul." "Quiaquid sit contra conscientiam scilicet ad Gehennam."

So, like the markers on the broad bosom of the deep, with eager eyes they scan the horizon for the flash of the beacon, and by watching it steadily and following it closely, they come at last to the harbor of refuge, so to men of every religion, and to men of no religion, conscience is the beacon light, and only by following it faithfully and steadily can we be guided to a place of safety.

Here then, are the two great principles that, working themselves out to their legitimate consequences will ultimately bring about the one fold and one Shepherd that we so earnestly pray for. Our immediate duty then, while seeking and loving the truth at every risk, and following the light of our conscience at all hazards, is to emphasize and keep on emphasizing what we already hold in common. By these means we shall be forebridged, and the children of the next generation will mingle in the great field of a united Christendom.

AN ANGEL OF PURITY

By T. A. D. in the Catholic Times

One day far back in the fourth century ominous rumors of the devastation of oncoming hordes of savage woodmen from the wilds of Northern Europe were proclaimed to the luxurious-living Romans by pale-faced scouts guarding the frontier of the Roman Empire. Those who had some knowledge of the world as it was then constituted were loud in saying that, sooner or later, agricultural conditions must dislodge the nomad tribes from the North upon that part of the world where living was possible for men either because of the rich soil, or the security of the organized economic servitude of the rest of the world in its favor. The preachers of God's Word, however, saw in these barbarian invasions the avenging hand of God upon a people that had rejected the opportunity of hearing the truth and living a life according to the Gospel.

THE CITY OF GOD

Modern secular philosophers of history smile at this as a narrow view of life, an effort of priests to intimidate men into believing what they were loath to accept. But the Catholic who alone can understand the one philosophy of history that really explains anything—I mean the "City of God" of Saint Augustine—the Catholic knows that there is a Providence which seldom lets its dew of truth drop twice upon the same fields. He knows that nations are as stable before the Almighty—but, at the same time, men retain their liberty of action. Man action. Man can reject truth—and, sad to say, has only too often done so, to his own detriment. Nations are born and die—death is often accelerated by a willful and fatal choice of their people. A nation that fights for truth and righteousness and seems to go down in disgrace and defeat before the unbeliever has not fought in vain, just as the soldier who has fallen for the cause of justice has died a fruitful death.

Now, when the preacher of the fourth century bade men do penance in order to avert the blows of the Northern woodmen, they were acting according to the Gospel.

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THE SYBARITIC ROMANS

For we know that the Creator would have averted His anger, would have kept back the shower of fire and brimstone, if men would have returned to God in sackcloth and ashes. But they would not! So, too, the sybaritic Romans laughed the preachers of penance to scorn and bade the musicians go on with the music. No wonder the vials of wrath were poured out over them. It is significant and worth remembering that Attila called himself what all the leaders of the savage Northern hordes felt themselves to be—the scourge of God on a stubborn and impatient people. It sounds like a veritable fulfilling of the words of the Catholic interpretation of history to find these savages call themselves the instruments of God's vengeance.

We might almost say that the alternative given the Roman world to choose from in those distant days is put to the nations of the world to-day—we must go with Christ or go upon the rocks. Even more Society to-day throw itself upon the rocks by its own choice and actions. For recent statistics show that the birth rate in certain countries is decreasing year by year. Nations that once promised to last far beyond our own day have gone down into the mephitoid valleys where life is killed off before it has fully developed itself.

RACE SUICIDE

Race suicide is a chronic sin of our contemporary society. It is a modern sin. Immorality has been our only refuge upon its votaries. We do not need Goths any longer to kill and massacre our people because we have forsaken the Gospel morality and have gone the way of the flesh, which is death. Death not only to the soul, but to those whom we ought to be the first to allow to live. Certain countries of Europe, and many people in nearly every country of Europe and the world, have supplanted the Goths in dialoguing the Christ!

Now if we are to return to righteousness it must be through Christ alone. We must part with the world for good, because we know that the world has made certain sins fashionable and excusable in the young. And we cannot draw closer to Christ than in the Eucharist, where He offers Himself to us as the Food of the Strong—and we must be strong to withstand the philosophy of the world—and the Drink of Virginia—and we must be virginal to keep unshattered in this hour when the world is all upon the Saints, who are our poor humanity's boat, in order to get us across the sea to the shore of heaven.

ONE SAINT WHOM ALL REVERE

Now, there is one saint whom all men revere for one reason or another. Scholars—and our age is, perhaps, prouder of scholars than of generalists—look with awe upon the names of the intellectual achievements of Thomas of Aquin. Though most men outside the Church cannot understand the profound depths of his reasonings, they yet bow before him as one of the great pioneers of our modern intellectual culture. True scholars, however, find him as personally fresh and as stimulating as did those men who labored to think in the past before the day when learning had gone to seed in specialism and fragmentarism.

THE VOICE OF CONSCIENCE

There are perhaps few religious or philosophic questions of such tremendous import to serious-minded people as the moral responsibility of man. No matter how skeptical one may be in regard to dogmas and creeds, say sane, level-headed thinker and observer must acknowledge that there is a first cause, and an eternal power and divinity awaying the lives of men, and further, that there is an eternal law written in the conscience of mortals, binding on all nations and ages.

This power of mind by which the moral law is discovered to each individual for the guidance of his conduct is what we variously describe, with more or less accuracy, as the voice of God in our hearts, an immortal and celestial voice which enables us to distinguish good from evil, a divine light or principle placed within us to guide and enlighten us as regards our duties.

Conscience is the essential requisite for the direction of an intelligent free-will agent, and affords the basis for moral obligations and responsibility in human life. While creating us reasonable beings, God naturally gave us the faculty to know His law and His will. This sense of right and wrong implanted in human nature by God approves men when they live loyal to the right as they know it, and it condemns them when they disobey the law which they believe is right.

Conscience is supreme. Its authority cannot be gained. We must always hear and obey with a willing mind the "small, still voice." Our way of act-

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COMMUNION PURELY A LOVE AFFAIR

"Some time ago," writes Rev. L. F. Sohlstoelner in the Catholic Fortnightly Review, "I was requested by several priests to write a small obituary 'baby talk' for the use of parents to prepare their little tots for First Communion. I was vain enough to take the suggestion and tried to make myself familiar with the thoughts of a few of my little daily communants. But I soon dropped the whole matter. Communion with all of us, and especially with the children, is purely a love affair. There is very little of the intellect in it. When the child in a confused way is made aware that it is Jesus, his God, whom he receives, then he knows enough. The rest is a matter of love. And it should be thus. When the child receives his little Jesus in the shape of bread his heart swells, he talks to him about Jesus and he will not answer you at all. A sigh of happiness and love is all you can get out of him, and even a look of wonder that a grown person can talk about and pretend to understand such sublime and lovable things. There has to be some kind of confused knowledge, of course, else the child could not have acquired intention. In this affair of love, as in all love affairs there must be two persons. In most if not all cases perhaps this love is predominantly one-sided, like most human loves are. Jesus is there with His infinite love, and the child with his little love. But Jesus teaches His child how to love, and how to be His friend."

There is no such thing. There is no corporate reason or collective judgment. Men are personal. They have individuality. But they have been placed in social relations with the race and they must exercise their individual judgment for its welfare.

It is this sense of duty to fellowmen which prompts the heroism of the soldier who sacrifices his own life to make life worth living for his countrymen in the fatherland. It is this so-called social conscience that dictates the duty of the fireman, the ship-captain, the engineer, who when in the midst of disaster stares them in the face, stick to their post and their sense of duty and unflinchingly give up their own lives to save hundreds of other lives.

The great moral characteristic of the age is devotion to humanity, and zeal for its interests. Social duties weigh upon all of us. Every one owes service to his fellowmen and must take due part in moral and civic activities.

If this is what is meant by speaking of the civic conscience, then surely this great moral social conscience must be encouraged, trained and developed, for on it is based the well-being of society in every well-regulated society (there is no coincidence between the path of duty and the path of prosperity). Dishonesty, violence and disregard for the rights of others inevitably bring punishment in their train.

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"When the gifts of the Holy Ghost are put into the soul of the child, then it is surely prepared for this love feast of Holy Communion, and the few things which it needs to be told will be grasped by its intellect at once, although perhaps first in a confused way. We should not forget that the Church has for many centuries, until now, tolerated the custom of giving Communion to sucklings. Of course there can be strictly speaking, no communion in the soul of a suckling, just as there is no communion between Jesus and the chalice wherein He reposes.

Communion means a taking and giving. And the taking can be done only when the soul is able to reason, even if but vaguely.

"Nor should we forget that the infallible teacher on earth says that the child must be prepared for Holy Communion as soon as possible after he begins to reason. This excludes at once a serious and detailed preparation. Furthermore, since the parents are to impart what little knowledge the child requires, this necessary teaching cannot be a sort of theological compendium."

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is no place for Catholic young men. Were there no other reason, the provisions of its constitution would be sufficient, for therein it is expressly stated that active members must be attached to evangelical denominations. A Catholic young man, then, has the right to pay his annual fee, the right to use the gymnasium, the swimming pool, etc., and he has the privilege also of perusing a copious supply of the non-Catholic and sometimes anti-Catholic literature to be found on its tables and book shelves, but he is not permitted, because of his faith, to have a voice or a vote in the management of the organization. Catholics who belong to it will sooner or later become milk-warm in the faith, and their end will be—rarely, if ever, Protestants—but utterly indifferent to all forms of Christian belief, seeking leisure and pleasure in the things of time, and utterly regardless of the future state.

TORONTO CATHOLIC DEBATING CLUB

Hearty commendation should be the portion of the priests and laity of Toronto who have thrown their whole heart into the splendid work of cultivating the minds of the rising generation of Catholics in that city by the organization of debating clubs in the different parishes. This is solid work that will give a badge of worth to these young men in their after lives as they take their places in the different activities of Ontario's chief city. We are pleased to note that there is evidence of increasing interest and even enthusiasm evinced in the different debates on the programme of the societies. Those who take part in these contests, if they wish to make a fair showing, must study carefully from every point of view the subject under debate. This is an education, and one of incalculable value, because it gives the young man an acquaintance with the highest and best line of thought on subjects of momentous importance. Go on, gentlemen, may every success be yours. You are engaged in a noble work and you should be delighted to know that every other centre of population in Ontario will soon have its Catholic debating club. Young people of both sexes who give thought only to amuse-ment features of life, let it be ever so innocent, will in after time, as a rule, be only blanks in the community. The subject of debate at the recent contest in Toronto was, "Resolved, that government by commission for the city of Toronto would be more beneficial than the present system." In connection with this let us add a thought that may not have been touched upon. It matters little whether a city be governed by a council or by a commission, the result will be the same unless the electors carry their consciences to the ballot box. A corrupt electorate will give us a corrupt council and a corrupt electorate will also give us a corrupt commission. The difficulty to be overcome is the deplorable results of government by the ward politician who has ridden the goat in every known oath bound secret society, whose members, because of this, follow him like a flock of sheep to the polling booth. A pure minded and high minded electorate is what we want. There is a world of work ahead for the patriotic municipal schoolmaster.

SOCIALISM

A circular has been distributed in this city by a Socialist organizer, drawing attention to the fact that Hon. Charles Russell, of London, Eng., a Catholic, has said some things which are taken as friendly towards Socialism. He states, however, that he is not a Socialist himself. The heading of the leaflet reads: "Catholic Leader says Religious Attack on Socialism is Unjust." Who, may we ask, has constituted Hon. Charles Russell a Catholic Leader? The only Catholic leaders Catholics will recognize are the Pope and their Bishops. If they want advice on the question of Socialism, to them, and not to the Hon. Charles Russell or anyone else, will they go.

NOTES AND COMMENTS

THE LATEST project of Mr. F. H. Clergue for furthering the prosperity of Saint Ste Marie seems now certain of realization. The plans for a dry-dock are approved by the Dominion Department of Public Works, and work will begin immediately. The importance of a dry dock and ship-yard on the Great Lakes cannot be overestimated, and there could be no more desirable location than the "So," standing as it does at the gateway of Superior, the greatest of all fresh-water lakes. That a great city will one day stand there is a safe prediction.

A NOVA SCOTIA Senator, the late Hon. William Ross, shortly before his death resurrected an old canon to the effect that O'Connell, the Liberator, was a Freemason. Senator Ross was himself a member of the craft, and in the English Masonic journal in which he exploited his "new discovery," he is

described as "Past Grand Master of Nova Scotia." His discovery was about as "new" as the Act of Union dissolving the old Irish Parliament—that is, about a century old. It is no secret and never has been, that O'Connell was for a time a Freemason, and even for two years, 1800 and 1801, Worshipful Master of a lodge in Dublin. This was in his early manhood, and, as he himself stated in later years, before he was aware that Freemasonry was under the ban of the Church.

HERE IS AN extract from a letter written by O'Connell in 1837, to his friend Richard Barrett, editor of the Pilot: "I became a member of a lodge in Dublin at a very early time of my life, and either before an ecclesiastical censure had been published in the Catholic Church in Ireland prohibiting the taking of the Masonic oaths, or, at least, before I was aware of that censure." He adds that as soon as he heard of the Church's prohibition, he at once withdrew, and "very many years ago unequivocally renounced Freemasonry." He offered to make this renunciation public at the time, but this Dr. Troy, Archbishop of Dublin, did not think necessary. He declares finally that "would not now (1837) take the oath, or become a Freemason." So that the claim of Senator William Ross, made, as he stated, "to confound the Irish Romanist priest who had the audacity to stigmatize Freemasonry as anti-Christian," was not only a century too late, but was of the nature of a played-out calumny into the bargain. It had about as much sense as a similar claim made many years ago in regard to the person of Pope Pius IX.

SENATOR ROSS avowed that O'Connell "never traced that Freemasonry was anti-Catholic"—an odd phrase that betrayed his provincialism. The Liberator's words already quoted are sufficient answer to that fiction, but should they seem to any in any way indefinite, the following extract from the same letter to Barrett should set all misgivings at rest, in the minds of any, who may have been disturbed by the absurd story. It puts in a nutshell the fundamental basis of the Church's inhibition upon her sons from having anything to do with secret societies. "The great, the important objection," says O'Connell, "is the profane taking in vain the awful name of the Deity in the wanton and multiplied taking of oaths—of oaths administered on the Book of God, either in mockery or in derision, or with a solemnity which renders the taking, without any adequate motive, only the more criminal. This objection, which, perhaps, I do not state strong enough, is alone abundantly sufficient to prevent any serious Christian from belonging to the Masonic body."

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW'S pronouncement upon the Titanic disaster was sure to be eccentric in form and without regard to persons. It proves to have both these characteristics, and it tells some plain truths as well. Much has been made of the unfortunate Captain Smith's admission to the passengers and crew under his care to "Be British" in the face of impending doom. The admission was not unworthy of a stalwart and courageous race, but coupled, as it has since been, with the insinuation that these are distinctively British qualities, it assumes too much. Men of other races have known how to meet death with calmness and fortitude, and in face of the mistakes that unquestionably led the ship into disaster, there is, as Mr. Shaw avers, room for more humility and less vain-glory in the national attitude in regard to it. "Here is a calamity," he says, "which might well make the proudest man humble and the wildest joker serious. It makes us vainglorious, insolent, mendacious." This perhaps puts it in the extreme form which might be expected of the neurotic dramatist. But strong medicine is very necessary sometimes.

THE HELPLESSNESS of man in presence of the Infinite, and, at the same time, the care Almighty God has for His own, have rarely been more beautifully expressed than in a stanza from one of the poems of Hawker of Morwenstow, the Cornish poet and parson, who, in his last days was received into the Catholic Church. Hawker was a unique personality, of great talents and untiring energy, all devoted to the welfare of the sea-going folk in far Cornwall. Few landsmen, it has been said, knew more about wrecks than he. These lines of his, then, may very appropriately be applied to the great catastrophe which has recently been the theme of so much discussion on both sides of the Atlantic. The sentiment expressed was doubtless in many hearts upon the ill-fated Titanic, and to them brought solace in their last hours:

"If winds were mighty, 'Thou wert in the gale;
If their feet failed them, in Thy midst they trod."
Storms could not urge the barque, or force the sail,
Or rend the quivering helm—away from God."

THE RECENT death in Montreal of Dr. Finlay Alexander, a convert of some years standing, has recalled some reminiscences of our own in regard to him. We knew him when, in the seventies, he was curate of St. George's Anglican Church, Guelph, under Archbishop Palmer, a sporting parson of the old school. Dr. Alexander was a near neighbor and for some years we were accustomed to see him almost daily. He was a very reserved man, and led a quiet life, but was always kindly in his bearing toward children, and displayed great patience and forbearance under the trying ordeal, to a studious man, of that respect, a noisy neighborhood. His eyes evidently troubled him at that time, as he nearly always wore colored glasses. That, as a physician of some eminence, he had given up much to enter the Anglican ministry was evident, as he lived very humbly, and, from external appearances, could not have been in the enjoyment of more than a very moderate stipend. Later, a sub-dean of the Cathedral at Fredericton, N.B., he occupied a position more in keeping with his character and attainments. He was always a man of scholarly tastes, and when, after his conversion to the Catholic faith, the great undertaking of the re-issue of the "Jesuit Relations" was set on foot, Dr. Alexander became one of the editors. As a Catholic layman, we are told, his life was retired, pious and austere. For the second time in his life he had turned his back upon prosperity at the call of duty. Death therefore was to him but the entry into a blissful eternity. May he rest in peace.

TO COVER UP the losses which Methodism is admittedly suffering year by year in England and elsewhere the sect is redoubling its efforts to proselytize Italians and other newcomers in Canada. It has for several years maintained an "Italian mission" in Toronto, and now, it is announced, an "Italian Department" is to be established at Victoria University with the object of seducing young Italians into the Methodist ministry. An "Italian Methodist" is about the sorriest misfit that can be imagined. He is despised by his own countrymen and necessarily mistrusted by his non-Italian colleagues. He stands on about the same footing as the Presbyterian Jew. Anything, however, seems good enough to stave for the leakage at traditional headquarters.

AS TO THE decrease in the ranks of Methodism in England, it is evidently very real and decidedly continuous. As the Christian Guardian puts it, "British Wesleyanism is somehow falling to hold her own." Or the Methodist Recorder: "A decrease for the sixth year in succession, a decrease in every particular (full members, probationers, juniors) a decrease that is widespread and general, a decrease to which even our great missions (usually supposed to be our saving strength) contribute—such a decrease can only be noted with sorrow and dismay." No enemy, certainly, could put the case stronger, and it simply brings into the stronger relief the monumental assurance of its Canadian and Italian representatives.

**KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS
MEETING OF ONTARIO COUNCIL**

The visit of several hundred Knights of Columbus to London last week was an event in the annals of the Catholic Church of this city that will linger long in the memory of the people. It was a splendidly successful convention—the ninth annual Convention of the Ontario Council—successful from the point of members initiated, successful from the side of social intercourse and successful as judged by the quickening influence upon the Catholicity not only of the members but of the people generally. Aside from the despatch of important business, the convention was marked by several outstanding features of general interest. Hundreds of London Catholics evinced this interest by attendance at the Pontifical High Mass on the first morning of the convention, others by assisting the Local Council in the general arrangements, and all by a display of hospitality towards the visitors, who keenly appreciated the fraternal welcome extended on all sides.

Briefly, the program consisted of an opening civic reception, following the Mass at St. Peter's Cathedral, the conferring of degrees, the transaction of important business, then a sight-seeing and a memorable banquet. Every phase of the convention was worthy of record, for upon all occasions the Knights of Columbus acquitted themselves with honor to the Church and themselves. To put first things first, there was the Pontifical High Mass Tuesday morning. When the Knights marched from the Parish Hall to the Cathedral, they found a large congregation already seated and the Holy Sacrosanct was celebrated by Rt. Rev. Bishop Fallon, of the Diocese of London. His Lordship was assisted by Messrs. Aylward and Rev. Father Canning, of Our Lady of Lourdes Church, Toronto, and Rev. Father Kelly, of North Bay, as deacons of honor. Rev. Father McKeon, of St. Mary's Church, London, was deacon of the Mass and Rev. Father Laurendeau, sub-deacon. The sermon was preached by Rev. Father Van Antwerp, of the Church of the Holy Rosary, Detroit. It was an eloquent appeal to the Knights of Columbus to practice the faith of the Church and it was based on the words of Our Saviour:

"He that is not with Me is against Me. He that gathereth not with Me, scattereth. [Luke 11: 23]

It was with much pleasure, the Knights accepted the very kind invitation of the Right Reverend Ordinary of this diocese, to address you on this occasion of your annual provincial convention. In the first place, I am under weighty obligations to His Lordship, Bishop Fallon, for his generous goodness, in coming to Detroit last month, to preach the annual Retreat of the Knights of Columbus, in Our Lady of the Rosary Church, and secondly I always esteem it a privilege to be called upon to address a body of Catholic gentlemen professing the lofty principles of the great Order to which you owe allegiance.

We are living to-day, gentlemen, in an age of wonderful activities and strenuous ambitions, when men are bending every energy towards the goal of worldly success, forgetful, too often, of the higher and more enduring things of eternity—an age where self sufficiency and human pride of accomplishment seem to have lost sight of any dependence upon, or acknowledgment of a Divine Power ruling human destinies. It would seem if Almighty God were permitting His creature, man, to freely run the wild race of human ambition unto the end, without God, must always prove a bitter disappointment to all his hopes. The first rock on which he is bound to founder is his own pride. The present condition of affairs is but the corollary of the world's attempt to divorce God and human responsibility from both the public and private life of His noblest creation—man. All this has been painfully emphasized in the awful calamities of shipwreck and flood and pestilence, which have recently befallen both hemispheres, and have demonstrated how puny man's highest and best efforts are, when matched against Omnipotence.

To the Catholic, always conscious of the supernatural in his life, these conditions, while alarming indeed, must prove an incentive to more strenuous efforts in fulfilling ever more faithfully the great destiny he has been taught lies before him for fulfillment, both in time and eternity, the latter being the complement of the former.

In such stress of circumstance, Holy Church, our Mother and our Guide, looks to her children to become the beam and salt of the world, to live up to the integrity of their individual lives that will lead them onward and upward to the great "city" seated on the mountain top, from whence alone must come the light that illumines men's minds, and the truth that will set them free from the tangled meshes of worldly-wise philosophy. In a very particular way, we may say, does the look out to you from her impregnable citadel, Sir Knights, as he is vanguard among the laity that will set the pace for others following, until they be led to that haven of peace and rest for the troubled soul—the One, Holy, Catholic and Apostolic Roman Church, the one true Church of Jesus Christ. Such a concept naturally follows from a knowledge of the aims and professions of the chivalric body of Knighthood to which you belong. For you, more than any others in the rank and file of Catholic laity, have assumed the lasting obligations of fealty to Holy Church and loyalty to the Pope.

Might it not be a pertinent question on this occasion to ask ourselves what are we doing to fulfill this hope of the Church and her great Vicar the immortal Pius X, towards "restoring all things to Christ" in this twentieth century? Our Divine Master met much of the same conditions during His public ministry as now exist—men seeking the wealth and the pleasure, and the pride of intellect and filled with the pride of intellect and filled to their objection—men anxious to make compromise between God and Mammon—men, who, in a word, made pretence of seeking after truth, and rejected it when offered them. In all the earnestness of His mission, the Saviour laid down the path of His holy and true fellowship with Him in the text already quoted: "He that is not with Me is against Me, and he that gathereth not with Me scattereth."

Let us stop for a moment to analyze the import of these striking words so pregnant with mystic meaning. A great writer has said "In ordinary times when things are regular and men are content with the excitement of party contentions, and confine himself to the unpretending discharge of his domestic and particular duties, yet are there times of public danger and disquiet when it is a crime to prefer our proper ease to the turmoil of a more stirring life. For when an evil is rising against us, we must stand abroad and principles of turbulence and disorder all the heads of the ignorant, or proud snarlings disgrace the hands of the powerful, or vice is openly countenanced, then must the wise and the virtuous come forward and openly and fearlessly declare themselves for the side of justice, and throw into its scale the weight of their influence and wisdom, or else they must be numbered with the enemy." In much the same manner does our Divine Redeemer demand our positive adherence to His cause in these times of pressing danger to Faith and morals. He assures us He is the leader of a party at death-end — an enemy that must be fought to the death if His all merciful design for the world is to be realized. There is no uncertainty as to what He makes it plain to us that we, His followers, are expected to bear the brunt of battle in this life and death struggle, aided always by His grace and divine strength, until with Him we have gained the victory, the spoils of which are eternal beatitude. The faith with which the Sir Knights, lies in the fact that we are given to the worship of ideals, which we fall to realize in the practice of our everyday lives. We are too often placidly satisfied with the pleasurable sensations this worship affords us, while we neglect to them. Take our lives as they are, there is too much speculative faith among us, and not enough of the practical kind, which alone accomplishes results. By this, I mean, that just as there are certain

sentences that are called speculative, as opposed to practical, because they are calculated, not for any useful purpose, but for the sake of knowledge, and the pleasurable excitement which attends its pursuit, and the mental enlargement which results from it; even so, religious knowledge may become to us, through our supine indifference, not a matter of awful practical moment which it ought to be to us, but an end in itself, cultivated merely for the emotional gratification it brings us. We imagine we are faithfully good Catholics and on Christ's side in this great warfare between truth and error, but again, let me say, I fear our religious life is too often more speculative than practical. We are conscious at times, of a deep sense of gratitude to God for His singular and gratuitous gift of Catholic Faith. We rejoice in the great benefits we daily receive in the Sacramental life of the Church, through which we are made participants in God's choicest graces. We glory in the wonderful achievements of the Catholic Church, and are often proud of our membership in the One True Church of Jesus Christ. We are frequently filled with the spirit of holy enthusiasm when we conjure up in our minds the heroic sacrifices of her devoted children in the cause of charity and in the social, civic and intellectual advancement of the nations. We love to expatiate on the beauty of her dogmas, the splendor of her ceremonial, and the spiritualizing force of her faith living, active, practical faith, such as the Saints of God possessed, and such as must be possessed by every Catholic worthy of the name you'll go forth filled with the fire and zeal for God's honor and glory, consumed with an insatiable desire to spread the Kingdom of Christ among your fellows, both by word and example, and then will come results—results that will surprise you—results that always follow in the wake of a living, active practical faith.

The demands of the hour will not permit of our sitting idly by, while souls near and dear to the Master are being destroyed through the pernicious efforts of the enemy of our souls, and the one whom he may devour. If we claim any fellowship with Christ.

In last Sunday's Epistle the Apostle tells us to be "doers of the Word, and not hearers only!" The forces of irreligion and immorality are marshalling under the banner of Socialism, agnosticism, and humanitarianism, and are unceasing in the efforts to spread their soul-destroying principles among the children of men. In season and out of season, are they ever restless in their active propaganda. We see the undermining of Christian Faith and the destruction of Christian Morality on every side about us. In the open avowed religion, the denial of Christ's Divinity, the traducing of domestic virtue, the subversion of the Christian Home and the disrupting of the marriage tie, the secularization of the schools, where the little ones of Christ are taught, the insatiable lust of power by fair means or by foul, the loss of the sense of duty, the neglect of the most sacred of all duties, the daily degrading and naturalizing of all that the God-Man gave His life's blood on the Cross to uplift and make supernatural.

In the face of all this, too many of us are hedging under the cover of that insidious delusion of the murderer Cain to His Maker, who asked about his brother, "I am not my brother's keeper." O Sir Knights, we are our brothers' keepers—each and every one of us—if we make any claim to discipleship with Christ Jesus, our Lord and Redeemer. "He that is not with Me is against Me! He that gathereth not with Me scattereth." Are you gathered with Christ? This is the part of Christ's challenge to the scribe and pharisee means doing something positive something practical in the service of the Master. It means living up to the highest ideals of earnest Christian life day by day. It means a regularity in attendance at all the Church services on Sundays and holy days, the prompt and not only assistance at the great Sacrifice of the Mass, but at the evening service as well. It means an active co-operation with your pastors in all the good works of the parish and diocese. It means an upholding of the great principle of Christian education at home and abroad. It means a zealous subscription to a good Catholic paper, through which you and your children may keep in touch with Catholic interests. It means a continued purchase of good books and Catholic literature until you have a respectable Catholic library in your home for the instruction and amusement of your family. It means a frequent reception of the life-giving sacraments of penance and the Holy Eucharist, through which alone you will be able to fight the good fight unto victory. It means a frowning down of the blasphemy and the ribald jest so frequently heard about us. It means, in a word, such an appreciation of Catholic life that your daily life will be a splendid exemplification of all that it means in its transcendent grandeur and beauty as the handiwork of God.

Sir Knights, the great White Shepherd of Christendom, now so gloriously governing the Church of God, looks out from His princely home in the Vatican, towards these fertile fields in this western hemisphere so ripe for the harvest, and seemingly with outstretched arms, he pleads with you now for an unfaltering loyalty to the Vicar of Christ in the great work he has proposed for his faithful. Surely none of us, professing the principles of Christian Knighthood and Christian Chivalry, can be indifferent to that faraway cry from the Eternal City, so full of supernatural pathos and overweighing charity. Inspired by his noble example of faith and hope in God, and obedient to his fellow men, let us fall into line, shoulder to shoulder, in this grand crusade for the justice and right and truth and purity of Catholic life, marching on under the banner of the Cross of Christ, until in this sign we shall have conquered. In this manner alone shall we be with Christ,

positively gathering with Him in the great harvest of souls that lies before us. Amen.

Following the Pontifical High Mass, the delegates convened in the K. of C. hall on Richmond St., with State Deputy John O. Dromgoole, of London, in the chair. The hall was filled to overflowing and on his right at His Lordship, the Bishop of London, in the position of State Chaplain of the order. Before proceeding with the actual business of the Convention, His Worship Mayor Graham was introduced and enthusiastically received. The Mayor in sincere manner in which he extended the welcome of the city was duly appreciated and his hope that the stay of the visiting Knights would be pleasant was loudly applauded. The State Deputy imposed upon the State Chaplain the office of replying and His Lordship made one of those happy addresses that have won for him fame among all classes of Canadian citizens.

Thanking the Mayor of London for the civic welcome just extended, he proceeded to say that the delegates would go home saying that London was surely laid down in the centre of the parade of Canadian cities. He paid tribute to the splendid civic administration of London of the present year and pointed out how essentially this was a religious city. He had been powerfully impressed with the religious spirit of London and added: Next to wanting to see all men good Catholics, we should want to see them good Protestants. We want to see men honoring God according to the light that God has given them and their own conscience. It is no advantage to us to see strollers in our streets on Sunday if some churches are empty. His Lordship said that so long as people cling to the position of faith, they were building for the good of humankind and the welfare of human society. For the benefit of those delegates from places where he had formerly worked and who might be asked if they had met him here, he gave this message: "I have never met a more broad-minded, more generous or more friendly people than I have seen my good fortune to come in contact with in the city of London. The Catholic population of London is not more than from one-tenth to one-eighth, yet so far as my personal experience goes among the non-Catholics, I have found as much kindness and friendship and gentle affection as one could wish for coming a stranger to this city, and I want to pay this tribute to the city over which His Worship the Mayor presides." With a further compliment to the Mayor and to the city, he pointed out how all were citizens of a great land and what benefited one part benefitted all, and he hoped that the progress they saw in London was an index and a harbinger of the progress and development of the whole Province of Ontario and of all Canada.

These remarks were greeted with hearty applause. The meeting soon after resolved itself into a business session. For the conferring of the third degree, the convention was principally indebted to the brethren from Chicago. Afterwards, many availed themselves of an invitation to a motor trip about the city.

In the evening, the scene again changed to the parish hall, where the Local Council provided a banquet for the visiting delegates that they thoroughly enjoyed. The hall itself was a revelation to outsiders, for few cities can boast of such a magnificent auditorium even more attractive than the decoration committee. The tables were arranged with a charm that revealed the hand of woman and thanks to the ladies, too, the Local Council were able to provide one of the most enjoyable menus imaginable. To heighten the enjoyment of this part of the convention, the Knights of Columbus held every one with one of their best programmes. Waiting upon the banquet were scores of the young ladies of the parish, all gowned in white. They lent a touch of beauty to the scene as well as looked after the needs of the men.

Every available seat was taken, so that there were upwards of four or five hundred Knights at the banquet table, while the gallery was filled with ladies who came to hear the program that followed. Neither they nor the gentlemen were disappointed. Mr. M. P. McDonagh, Grand Knight of the Local Council, presided and made a capital toastmaster. He was followed by the Knights of Columbus who welcomed the guests and referred to the work of the order. He then proposed the toast to "His Holiness, the Pope," coupling with it the name of Right Rev. Bishop Fallon. During the response the closest attention was paid to every word, for His Lordship's eloquence held everyone spellbound, while his exposition of principles carried conviction to everyone present. It was a noble, inspiring tribute to the Vicar of Christ, and was, indeed, one of the splendid features of the convention. The Bishop of London spoke, in part, as follows:

"Perhaps I might be permitted to express the deep pleasure it is to me as Bishop to find so representative a body of Catholic laymen on this splendid and blessed occasion; and to extend my sincere and heartfelt welcome. I trust the occasion will be pleasant and profitable and I am proud—and I desire to offer this tribute first—that we Catholics of London have this building and hall in which to welcome our visitors and in which I may express the joy I feel. I feel a deep personal satisfaction with the Catholic ladies of London, who have so well and so fittingly helped to make this banquet the success it is. They have contributed to the general beauty, first by themselves and then by the decoration of the tables and in general effect. This banquet closes an interesting day and it is my duty as Bishop of the diocese to give expression for my people—for they are my people deep down in my heart—and for my priests—for they are my priests deep down in my heart—of the joy and the happiness and the consolation it is that we are all joined together in Catholic unity. It is a source of pride and a cause for hope that in the future days to come—as they will come when we have passed away—when the seeds sown in Western Ontario will make the great old Catholic Church the salvation of this country."

His Lordship then directed his remarks to the toast which had been honored, and speaking of His Holiness as the "Venerable Brother," he said: "He is not less your brother than he is mine; nor is he my father any more than he is yours. Whatever we may differ upon, social, domestic or political matters, we stand as one man as to the common fatherhead. There is no question as to what place Christian civilization gives to the Supreme Pontiff. He is the universal patriarch, the father of fathers, the bishop of bishops, the prince of priests, he is Abraham among the patriarchs, he is Samuel in jurisdiction, he is Moses in authority, he is Peter in power, he is the common shepherd of all souls, the bearer of the keys of heaven, the administrator of the fruits of redemption. These titles are not original with me; the doctors of the Church have given them to him as the successor of Peter. There is truth in the words of the French philosopher: 'No pope, no church; no church, no Christianity; and there has been the real presence of the sovereign pontiff, powerful, sometimes pathetic, always beautiful. Where Peter is, there is the Church. This has been the touchstone of Catholic devotion to the See of Peter. What may be said in history of that sublime line Roman pontiffs that great dynasty that comes glorious to us today, may be said with simple truth and absolute fact of the venerable man and Pius X., the son of humblest parents, made great by faith. From a little boy to the seminary, from there to a curacy, then parish priest, from that to a bishopric and patron of a diocese, from that on after his position had been quelled by the voice of God, raised to the place of pontiff."

"Pius X has raised the spirituality of the world. His motto was to restore all things in Christ, and to carry out this he did several things, first of which was to provide for a well-trained priesthood. He reconstituted the theological and philosophical education of the clergy, and the fruits of this blessed direction will be found long after we have passed away. Seminaries have grown up and thriven, for he realizes that, as the pastor is, so will be the flock. It is necessary that men be spiritual guides superior to those in the training of the intellect, and that they be men of faith, men of zeal, men of personal piety and men who will carry with them day and night the blessed thought that they are the bearers of Christ."

"Then he looked to the other extreme and by a divine light the Pontiff's eye fell on the little children and he said to the parents and the pastors what Christ had said to Me: 'Suffer little children to come unto Me, for of such is the kingdom of heaven.' He desires to make this earth a kingdom of heaven, so he opened the doors of the sanctuary, against the prejudice of the world and to the surprise of many. Knowledge, he said, was not necessary, but innocence, purity, faith and affection only such as a little child could give, for receiving the beloved Saviour at the dawn of reason.

"And then he realized that the wolf was on the plain. Proud men were raising the pillars against the trust of Christianity. The calling in question of the inspiration of the Scriptures by men, who only a short time before had calculated the Catholic Church as abolishing the Scriptures, was undermining society. Others were calling in question the cornerstone of the doctrine of Christianity, the divinity of our Blessed Lord and others, some within the Church—were false teachers, making Christ a myth. Then this blessed old man, with no power that the world calls power, no army, no fleet, nothing behind him—but a few millions of faithful people—curbed the movement, declaring it un-Christian, and bringing to all minds the necessity of believing in Christ's divinity, if they want to retain the title of Christians."

God gave the world a Pope exactly as the world needed him, was the next observation of the speaker, and he instanced the need of a martyr, chosen by God, in the person of St. Ignace of Loyola, the divinity of the apostle, and nothing could be more inspiring to the Knights of Columbus than the history of the pontiffs.

"The word comes across the Atlantic," said His Lordship, "that it is not enough that men have the Roman faith, with charity, with honor, and with God with courage and fidelity. The Knights of Columbus can display to the people in and out of the Church that knighthood is still in flower. It will be the glory of the Church, a consolation to the heart and a source of welfare to the world at large, that message of the Father of Fathers be heard; he asks that the only thing of value be that you be true, noble, valiant sons working for the Church, knowing that in working in union with the Catholic faith, you are not only showing yourselves the highest type of laymen, not only a blessed power in the community, not only but a high type of manhood but also that you are laying up a store that will ensure your future, to be where Peter and Pius will be, and where we all hope to be—with Peter and Christ, whose vicar Pius is."

In proposing the health of "The King," Tommaster McDonagh referred to the loyalty of George V., and pointed out that he was the first king that had the courage to refuse—and he did refuse—to take the accession oath that cast odium on all Catholic subjects.

The company having honored the toast to His Majesty by heartily singing the National Anthem, it was proposed, Mr. Daniel O'Connell, of Peterboro, was called upon for the response and naturally much was expected of him. Nor was anyone disappointed, for seldom is an after-dinner speech marked by such nobility of thought and purity of diction as the

FIVE-MINUTE SERMON

PEN TEOST, OR WHITSUNDAY

THE HOLY SPIRIT

"I will ask the Father, and He shall give you another Paraclete, that He may abide with you forever." (St. John xv. 26)

Ten days ago the Church celebrated the Ascension of our Lord. For forty days after His resurrection from the dead, He had been with His Blessed Mother and the Apostles, and had instructed them in the things of the kingdom of God.

At the end of that time He went up into heaven at the throne of God where, as St. Paul says: He ever liveth to make intercession for those whom He has left behind.

How true our Lord's words were appears clearly from what happened to the Apostles themselves. Before the descent of the Holy Ghost they were, while our Lord was with them, very blind to spiritual and religious truths, and very cowardly, running away in the time of danger, to sleep when they should have watched and prayed, seeking for the most part of their own advancement, very jealous of each other and often unkind to the poor people.

They sold their possessions and goods, and divided them to all according as they had need. The Apostles themselves, formerly so timid, now rejoiced that they were accounted worthy to suffer reproach for the name of Jesus. We hear no more of jealousies and envies, no longer did they seek for honor and esteem, no longer did they treat the poor with coldness and unkindness, their delight now was to give up their lives to the service of others, to spend and be spent in ministering to the wants of slaves and barbarians, making themselves all things to all men that they might gain all. Instead of seeking each one his own, in honor they preferred one another.

TEMPERANCE NOTES

"Whisky," said a great preacher on one occasion, "is a good thing in its place. There is nothing like it for preserving a man when he is dead. If you want to keep a dead man, put him in whisky; if you want to kill a live man, put whisky in him."

"IMPOSSIBLE TO HELP MY KIDNEYS"

Until I Used "Fruit-a-Lives" World's Greatest Kidney Cure

Practically everybody in Toronto knows Professor J. F. Davis. For years, the elite of that city has taken lessons from Prof. Davis in the art of Dancing and Department.

His constant activity gradually weakened his Kidneys, which calamity threatened to make him an invalid. But read Prof. Davis' letter—

"I want to say that 'Fruit-a-Lives' is my only medicine, and has been for the past five years. Previous to that, I had been troubled with Rheumatism and Kidney Disease, and had taken many remedies without satisfactory result. Noticing the advertisements of 'Fruit-a-Lives' I adopted this treatment altogether, and as ever, one knows, I am now—and have been since taking 'Fruit-a-Lives'—enjoying the best of health."

If Rheumatism or Kidney Trouble is making you miserable, take 'Fruit-a-Lives' and get well.

Employed as an engineer, train dispatcher, fireman, baggage master, conductor, brakeman or other servant for any railroad in any of its departments who uses intoxicating liquor, as a beverage, and any company in whose service such a person has knowingly been employed shall be liable to a penalty of \$500 for every offence.

ual notion that cannot be obtained from the reading of any other book so matter how excellent its contents. There are some Catholic laymen who own a copy of the New Testament and read it with them just as they carry their rosary and have recourse to it at leisure moments.

To encourage Catholics to read the Bible different Popes have enriched the practice with indulgences. The late Pope Leo XIII, in an audience granted on December 13, 1898, to the Cardinal Prefect of the Congregation of Indulgences and Sacred Relics granted "to all the faithful of both sexes who piously and devoutly read for a quarter of an hour each day the Holy Gospel, the edition whereto is recognized and approved by legitimate authority, an indulgence of three hundred days for each reading thereof; and to those who shall have continued the above reading each day for a month he grants a Plenary Indulgence on any day within the month when they shall have approved the Sacrament of Penance and Holy Communion, offering their prayers to God in accordance with the intention of His Holiness." This indulgence is applicable to the holy souls in Purgatory.

Our Holy Father, Pius X. recently addressed the members of the St. Jerome Association in the following words: "It is a curious fact that to those plainly marked for heaven, salvation sometimes seems impossible. Let them remember that it is our Redeemer's pleasure to show love by doing the impossible, and His whole scheme of salvation is essentially impossible."

For exclaims St. Hilary (as quoted in the divine office by Holy Church) "What was so possible to the power of God as the salvation of all. We should be by faith, or to regenerate them by water, or to conquer by the cross, or that we should be adopted sons of God by the gospel, or that men should be made alive by death?"

The average peasant is a shrewd thinker than we may suspect, and knows how to draw the correct lessons from the Scriptures, often better than many of the preachers. "But it is not only the common people and the lower classes who will profit by the reading of the Scriptures. No matter how many prayer books and books of devotion there may be, none is better than the Gospels. This is an unsurpassed book of devotion, the true bread of life. I grant an especial blessing to all who preach the Gospel; who read and hear it whether on a Sunday or a week day. I bestow my blessing on all the members of the St. Jerome Society and all who co-operate in the sacred work of spreading the Gospels."—Catholic Bulletin.

AN EXPLANATION FROM FATHER HULL

"Why," asked a reader of the Bombay Examiner, "do we pray to and even adore (on Good Friday) the holy cross, knowing that it never had any life?"

DRUNKENNESS CAN BE CURED

PRESIDENT SUSPENDERS

CONFIDENCE IN GOD

A PHYSICIAN AND A FATHER

IN FACT THIS IS A PRECIOUS RAY BORROWED from the unclouded love of God. Thus do the three divine virtues, faith, hope and love, make a vista from earth to heaven.

In fact this is a precious ray borrowed from the unclouded love of God. Thus do the three divine virtues, faith, hope and love, make a vista from earth to heaven.

An IHC Manure Spreader a Necessity on Every Farm

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CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

ESPECIALLY COMMENDABLE FOR YOUNG MEN

The platform of the Dequense University Total Abstinence Society of Pittsburgh states the motto of Catholic total abstinence very correctly. "The cause of total abstinence is a holy and a righteous cause. It takes its stand against one of the greatest evils, moral and social, of the day. It seeks to redeem the fallen, and to save the young and inexperienced. It means organization and the mighty weapon of good example. It attracts those who need it and those who do not need it; the former, to save them; the latter, to help save others. And there is no banner under which Catholic youth could more honorably be enrolled than the banner of total abstinence. The man who condemns and desires such a cause either does not know what he is attacking, or his motivations are not worth the attention of those who esteem honesty and hate hypocrisy. It does not make a person appear any better, to himself even, to condemn a cause that condemns his fault.

"Considered as an antidote, an effective safeguard against the degrading vice of intemperance, the practice of total abstinence is defended not only by examples from Holy Writ, but also on arguments based on common sense and experience. It is the heroic form of the virtue of temperance which may be meritoriously practiced by those who have never been addicted to drunkenness. The determination to renounce even the lawful use of strong drink is especially commendable as a means of self-preservation for young men. More than any other class of society, they are assailed by the temptation to excessive drinking; and by unwise and unscrupulous friends, they are often taught to regard drunkenness as a pardonable weakness. Undoubtedly, then, it is a wise act for a young man, at the present time to erect a strong barrier, a wall of defense, to protect himself from a most dangerous and destructive vice."

BE CAREFUL IN YOUR READING

Avoid the weak novel, whether in moral tone, in thought or in both. Such reading perverts the taste and incapacitates for the enjoyment of productions of genius. To satisfy the craving for such food the mind seeks something still more startling and unwholesome. Your life should be filled with virtuous, elevating thoughts. Read that which will make you stronger, happier and better; that which will help you, hold you up and uplift you; that which will increase your capital for the intellectual comfort and helpful influence; that which will give your brain mental fibre, nerve and heart that will enable you to see further, judge more accurately, stand more firmly, work harder; think more of your fellows and rise higher; that which will make you more a man. When you have read such books you will have no taste for the weak novel. It not only lacks any high moral, but it contains insinuations against religion, faith and justice, and its general tone is in favor of immorality, deceit and lying. It also weakens the mind. It serves neither for mental discipline nor for the development of intellectual strength. The brain is tired. The novel-reader cannot gather up and use his mental powers and resources to advantage. The weak novel creates and fosters discontent with honest living. You should take things as they are, look the world in the face bravely, go to work with a will, and do your best.—B. C. Orphan Friend.

OVERLOOKED OPPORTUNITIES

Many a man, when he comes to middle life and not as prosperous as he had hoped, lays all the blame on luck. He complains that he has had no chance in life. Everything has always been against him. Other successful men have had opportunities that never came to him.

Did these men observe their past life closely it would often be found that they had missed the opportunities which they had. A boy is sent on an errand. He may loiter on the way. He may neglect to be polite when delivering his errand. Or he may not perform the errand in the manner he was told. He at least an opportunity to make a good impression on the one to whom he

has an errand and on the one who employed him for that purpose. He has missed a chance to form good business habits of exactness, promptness and courtesy.

Some young men think that if they can steal a half an hour of their employer's time, or shirk a duty they have made something for themselves. They are missing opportunities for success. They are not habits for which a man is promoted. They cannot follow such manner of working unknown to their employers. A wrong spirit in their work is sure to betray itself. The employer knows who is earnest and zealous in business. Every employee is working for himself all the time; he is doing the best he can for himself?

Every young man has an opportunity to save a little from his salary. If his salary is small he should spend little. He can dress plainly and spend little in amusements and self-indulgence. The habit of self-denial gives strength to character, which is an important factor in gaining success.

THE RIGHT WAY

We are glad to see and know of young men, either as individuals or in organizations, who are using the golden hours of youth in suitable endeavor to fit themselves for useful, honorable and Christian manhood; and for young men to spend their leisure and their evenings in profitable employments, study or company. We are deeply sorry for any young man who adopts the opposite course, because we know his future will be made less useful and happy by it, popular though it may be, and, alas, in a deplorable extent. We would not by any means abridge any lawful enjoyment or recreations we are not advocating hermit life, or low and selfish exclusiveness—not at all. Let our young men be buoyant of spirit, active, joyous and sociable, but always under the wholesome restraints that high aims, noble purposes and moral and religious motives impose without oppressing; and that are intelligently recognized and cheerfully accepted by them.—True Voice.

MONEY AS AN INDICATOR OF CHARACTER

Perhaps there is nothing else which reveals a man's real character like money or the lack of it. The moment a young person begins to get money, he shows his true mettle by the way he uses it,—by the way he saves it or the manner in which he spends it.

Money is a great blab, a great revealer of personal history. It brings out all one's weaknesses. It indicates if one is foolish spender, or wise or foolish saver; it reveals his real character.

If you should give a \$1,000 to each member of a class of this year's graduates, and could follow each in disposing of it without knowing anything else about him, you could get a pretty good idea of his probable future, and judge whether he will be successful or will fall, whether he will be a man of character and standing, or the reverse.

One boy would see, in the \$1,000 a college education for himself or for a crippled or otherwise handicapped brother or sister. Another would see in his \$1,000 a "good time" with various companions.

To one, the money would mean a chance to start a little business of his own. Another would deposit his in a saving bank.

In no two instances would the money mean the same, perhaps, or develop the same traits of character.

To one it would mean nothing but selfishness, to another an opportunity to help others. To one it would mean a chance to secure precious, long-coveted books, constituting a fine library. To another it would suggest a home of his own.

To the boy who is naturally selfish, hard, grasping, mean, and stingy, the money would simply emphasize his characteristics. It makes a small man smaller, a hard man harder, a mean man meaner. A boy who is naturally grasping and mean, if he wishes to be a power in the world, must discipline himself by systematically helping others, in some way, or his life will become harder and meaner. His affections will become unchristianized, and he will be of no earthly use to the community in which he lives. In fact, he will make every foot of the land poorer and meaner de-

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spite his acquirals, even if they mount into millions.

On the other hand, it makes a generous man more generous, a magnanimous man more magnanimous. Instead of cheapening the land, his presence raises its value, and he is the pride of the community, no matter how much money he possesses.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS SUCCESS

One of the best examples of the value of education that I ever met is the work of a boy, a neighbor, who used to come into my house occasionally to play chess.

At that time he and his father worked in a small woolen factory, where the boy received 60 cents a day. He had a long way of getting one for there was no money in the family, and 60 cents a day does not admit of much saving.

But when he was fourteen he came into possession of an old bicycle, and, with his parents' consent left the factory for a job as telegraph messenger at a summer resort a short distance away. Our state agricultural school was only three miles from where the boy lived. This school furnishes a good education absolutely free, the only cost being a small charge for the board of pupils who live at the college.

But this boy was near enough to go back and forth on his wheel, boarding at home. When the season at the resort was over he took his small savings and started to school. In this way he had the full four years' course at practically no cost, working at odd times enough to pay for his clothes and books, and to recompense his parents in a measure for his board. He developed a liking for chemistry, and during the last year made a special study. When he graduated he was given a place at the college as assistant chemist, at a small salary.

He remained there two years, studying and saving his money. Then he went to Ann Arbor, Mich., and studied chemistry until his money was gone. Then a position as chemist was offered him by a small concern in the West at \$800 a year. This he accepted, remaining there a year, living very cheaply, and saving nearly all of his salary. Then he left and went to studying chemistry again, perfecting himself more thoroughly in some of the higher branches. This made him more valuable and he was given a position at \$1,200. Again he saved all his money, and again, at the end of the year, he went away to study chemistry.

This was several years ago. Now he is chief chemist of a very large concern at Newark, New Jersey, and receives \$2,500 a year. But he is still studying chemistry and making it much more valuable all the time. When the next step upward offers itself he does not wait to be ready. This boy, it seems to me, offers a very striking example of the value of study, of an education. He might have stopped at any one of the steps of his profession and considered his education finished, and have felt himself as compared with the work at 60 cents a day. But the rest of his life would have leveled itself down to the plane where he stopped.—McCall's Magazine.

Latin as to ask the practical use of flying rings.

Imagine what the muscles of a man would be who had sat in a chair since the age of ten. If you do not want your mind to be in an analogous condition when you are a man, exercise it.

GOOD SECURITY

"Mister, do you lend money here?" asked an earnest young voice at the office door.

The lawyer turned away from his desk, confronted a clear-eyed, poorly dressed lad of seven years, and studied him keenly for a minute. "Sometimes we do—on good security," he said gravely.

The little fellow explained that he had a chance "to buy out a boy that's crying" and he had half the money required but he needed to borrow the other 15 cents.

"What security can you offer?" asked the lawyer.

The boy's brown hand sought his pocket and drew out a paper carefully folded. It was a cheaply printed pledge against the use of intoxicating liquor. As respectfully as though it had been the deed to a farm the lawyer examined it, accepted it and handed over the required sum.

A friend who had watched the transaction with silent amusement laughed as the young borrower departed.

"You think I know nothing about him?" smiled the lawyer. "I know that the case manfully in what he supposed to be a business way and tried to negotiate a loan, instead of begging for money. I know that he has been under good influence, or he would not have signed that pledge, and that he does not hold it lightly or he would not have cared for it so carefully. I know that him that goes who keeps himself from such things has a character to offer as security."—Exchange.

EVERYBODY'S GIFT

"Steve, my boy," said Uncle Hiram, "one man may have more courage or more money, but there is one thing that no man on earth can have any more of than you have, and that is time."

"Did you ever stop to think of that?" Or maybe you haven't come to it yet, that of the most precious thing of all, the same being, I repeat, "time," which no man can have any more of than you have. There can't be any favoritism or special privilege or going or monopoly in time. You get what is coming to you, anyway, and no man on earth can take it away from you.

And isn't this something to be cheerful over? Why, Steve, it's the grandest thing going to think that of the most valuable thing of all we've as much as the man that rides by us in a \$10,000 automobile. But, and now I'm getting down to the sermon, Steve, this most precious thing of all is the thing of which we are most wasteful.

"We get our full share of it sure, but we waste it ourselves shockingly."

"Don't waste time, Steve, please don't. As you feel now you've got a million years ahead of you, more or less, plenty of time; but time is one of those things that once lost can never be recovered. Don't waste a minute of it. When you play, play; sink the shop; forget it utterly; but when you work utilize all your time. Don't dawdle it away."—New York Sun.

The Tabernacle

In every day of life we can have recourse to the Tabernacle in our churches, and we find how true is His loving invitation spoken long ago on the hills of Galilee, and now spoken daily to the sad and weary from the hills of the Altar: "Come to Me all you that labor and are burdened, and I will refresh you." Men and women often go elsewhere for comfort in their sorrow, and the tears flow only the faster; they go elsewhere for strength, only to become weaker and die. In the Tabernacle is He Who is the Truth, the Way and the Life. Upon our altar is He Who in the temple gave sight to the darkened eyes of the man blind from his birth. The Tabernacle contains Him Whom Heaven

STUDY

It is probable that if boys could bump up their brains as they do their biceps, and say boastfully, "Feel that, will you? they would take much more kindly to mental training. But the brain is shut away in a bony case, where they cannot see it or touch it, and there is no visible sign that it grows in strength and vigor. Boys too easily think of it as something fixed and unalterable, too easily conclude that they are born either bright or dull, and will continue either bright or dull to the end of the chapter. Arguing from this premise, they are likely to decide that education is acquiring information—mostly information which a bright man does not need in order to get along, and which a dull man can make no use of—in either case superfluous.

But that is not the way to think either about the brain or about education. The brain should be thought of as something that can be as easily developed and advisable, of course, to have supple, strong, quickly responding muscles, which will do rapidly and easily whatever you ask of them; but they cannot do their best work except under a good master, and their master is the brain. You cannot even play athletic games well without a good brain. Then train your brain; keep it at hard problems until they seem no longer hard; make it quick, smooth-working, sure, capable of long effort. Take the brain that nature gave you and bring it to its highest efficiency.

Education should be thought of as a means to this end. To impart information is not its purpose. That difficult problem in arithmetic which will never have its counterpart in actual life does for the brain exactly what a difficult athletic feat does for the body. It supplies mental training; it is to the mind what the gymnasium is to the body. Each serves the same end—development. It is as silly to ask the practical use of

and earth contain and whose sanctity dangles even the strong vision of angel and archangel. This is what makes our churches objects of reverence and love in our lives. It is the Guest dwelling within the Sanctuary that makes our gorgeous cathedral, or the mud or log cabin chapel in the jungles of India, or on the banks of Yukon unspeakably holy to the Catholic mind and the Catholic heart.—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

OLD FASHIONED WOMAN

Society at the present time is witnessing strange and startling scenes, in the industrial world it beholds the struggle between wealth and poverty, between capital and labor, a struggle so vehement that it is working itself out in acts of violence, in the destruction of property, and in the shedding of human blood.

In the realm of religion it sees the rapid disintegration of sects and a flock of people chasing after every new evangelical upstart and embracing every new religious fad or fancy, a situation which would be laughable were it not so pitiful. But in the domestic life of its members, which must be, in a special way the concern of society and where every change must vitally for its strength or weakness, it is witness to sad and disastrous conditions.

Home are rent asunder by the decisions of divorce courts and in many instances conjugal love yields to hatred and jealousy. Children no longer look about the doorways of the wealthy, and women misled by their idea of equal rights, have left their traditional sphere which centres around the domestic hearth and have taken up manly pursuits and have given to the world the sensational spectacle of female window-smashers and iconoclasts.

So serious has become the situation and so frequent and extensive the destructive and mob-like actions of these contenders for equal rights that all who have at heart the interests of society must be led to ask how long the foundations of the home can last and whether the modern Amazon is to dictate the ideals and standard for the women of the future. To one who admires the old-fashioned woman whose dignity and virtues have been told in song and story, it seems good and refreshing to find her praises still upon the lips of public speakers and proclaimed in the public press.

"The new woman makes some of us very tired," says a professor in one of our colleges. "We want the old-style, true women or most men do, at least." And again from an influential woman: "The true ideal is that of the woman not primarily as an individual but primarily the centre and foundation of home and family, other interests necessarily secondary to her duties as wife and mother."

It is such a woman who should receive our respect and veneration today. It is to her the world must look for the source of its moral strength—the meek and unassuming woman; the woman whose noblest work and most sacred responsibility is the care of her children.

Socialism, it is true, would have it otherwise, it would have woman, undisturbed by the cries of children, trenching upon the domain of man and engaging in pursuits which would degrade her. For it realizes fully that with the advent of such a woman, the bonds of domestic life are loosened and the sacred traditions of the home destroyed.

But the old-fashioned woman must remain. Society needs her presence and her uplifting power more to-day than ever before. The industrial home of the past with all its safeguards has disappeared. Husband, wife, and children labor no longer together as of old nor do they spend their days together under one another's protecting influence.

The economic transformations of the past few decades have made an inroad upon the home, and its members have been scattered to engage in different occupations, away from the directing forces of local custom and family tradition. For this reason mothers and all who do a mother's work, should employ, more conscientiously than ever, their great power of molding and forming young minds and souls in the early years of life, so that their characters may have strength to meet unscathed the temptations of industrial life.

Thus will they be doing woman's noblest work in woman's truest sphere; thus will they rule not the vote but the voter. They cannot, as one woman has said, ply politics by plunging into them. But they can purify all life from the inside not from the outside, not with votes in their hands but with ideals and standards in their hearts.—Pilot

A REMINISCENCE OF CARDINAL MANNING

William H. Rideing, an old-time editor and associate of Horace Greeley, writes in the Sunday Times many interesting reminiscences of famous men whom he has met in his day.

This anecdote of Cardinal Manning is of special interest.

"It was through Mr. Gladstone that I was introduced to Cardinal Manning, whom I sought as a contributor to a discussion of Christianity which Mr. Gladstone and Col. Robert G. Ingersoll were already carrying on in the pages of the North America Review. The Cardinal was to review both of them and sum up upon a subject in the controversy. I was invited to the gloomy palace at Westminster to meet him, and as much to my surprise as to my satisfaction he appeared to like the idea as I explained it to him, and to be even eager to add his word to what had already been said.

I particularly wondered how he would deal with the vicar in the controversy of 'the Colonel,' and what he would have to say of his lifelong friend as defender of the faith. His view of them was what I desired.

"A few days later I was again bidden to the palace, and the Cardinal indeed—was waited, one might say—into the bare, high-ceiled room, lined with the dusty portraits of dead hierarchs, look-

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ing less like a man than a spirit in his emaciation. His tread was noiseless, his eyes glowed like stars under his smooth, white brow, and his fingers were long, pointed and as sensitive as a woman's. Could this ever have been the youth at Harrow who sported Hessian boots with tassels, and was described as a 'buck of the first water'?

Acetic as his appearance was, reminding one of medieval saints, his manner had a human warmth and friendly ease. He had with him a large folio manuscript, written from beginning to end in his own legible and beautiful hand, with scarcely an erasure or an interlining in it.

"There—there it is," he said, beaming as he handed the manuscript to me. "I have given you something better than what you asked for. I have not said a word about Mr. Gladstone!"

"I am afraid my countenance fell, for what I had been after was, to some extent, the 'argumentum ad hominem'—something personal as well as controversial."

"And not a word about Mr. Ingersoll?" he continued with a triumphant air, looking for signs of gratification, which may have been dimpled in my face if they did not exist.

"I have not referred to them, nor to what they have said. On the contrary, I have let the Church speak for itself."

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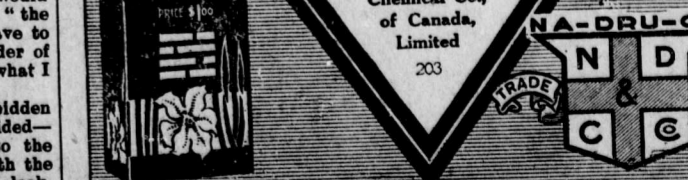
you must care for it. If dandruff is present, first eliminate it by using Na-Dru-Co Dandruff Eradicator for three or four weeks, then tone up the scalp with

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You will find an I H C the cheapest separator you can buy, because it will do better work and last longer. Go to the nearest I H C dealer who handles these separators and see how carefully they are made. You will find that they have phosphor bronze bushings—that the gears are spiral cut—are entirely protected from grit and milk, and at the same time are easily accessible.

The neck bearing is trouble-proof. The patented dirt-arrester chamber removes impurities before separation begins. These separators are made in four sizes. Ask the I H C local agent to show you one, and give you a catalogue, or, write the nearest branch house for catalogue and any other information desired.

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KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIVE)

brilliant oration given by Mr. O'Connell. As an introduction to the particular subject assigned to him, the speaker gave a retrospect of Catholic history in the Old World. The lesson he drew for Canadian Catholics was that a prejudice here of an inherited nature was to be reckoned with. He pleaded for a full realization of the responsibility upon the Knights of Columbus to make Canada as Catholic a country as possible. He predicted that the time would come when on the firm foundation of Catholic education, a superstructure of Catholic civilization would be reared in Canada and among the master builders none would be accorded a higher place than His Lordship Bishop Fallon.

When the applause subsided, the toast to "Our Order" was joined in by all and the honors fell to State Deputy John O. Dromgola. In his response, he outlined, in an interesting manner, the history of the organization and the story of its wonderful growth. He painted a picture of the opportunities before the Knights of Columbus and emphasized the various virtues of the Order. Charity, fraternity and patriotism were among these, and the State Deputy showed how the principles of the Order made for Christian manhood. Unity of the Catholic faith was one of the outstanding features of the Order, and this was the common ground upon which they all stood, all declaring fealty to the See of Peter.

One more toast completed the program, that to "Our Visitors," upon whose behalf Mr. Charles Chambers, of Chicago, replied. He thanked the London Council and praised the Convention City. He paid extravagant tributes to the ladies and with an abundance of humor made a lasting impression. Incidentally he told of how the Catholic faith had grown in his own country and closed with a cordial invitation to the Canadians to join with the Knights next month, in the celebration at Washington.

The programme was interspersed by several delightful vocal solos by Mr. Arthur V. Leitheuser, of Toronto, and the banquet of banquets concluded with the singing of "God Save the King."

The officers of the London Council to whom credit is due for the great success of the various convention arrangements are: Chaplain, Rt. Rev. J. T. Aylward, D. P., Past Grand Knight, Dr. Claude Brown; Grand Knight, M. P. McDonald; Deputy Grand Knight, S. B. Pookock; Chancellor, J. P. Forristal; Recorder, George LaFrance; Financial Secretary, John M. Doyle; Treasurer, P. H. Baughan; Assistant Secretary, Warden, R. J. Nopper; Lecturer, John V. Givins; Trustees, J. F. Nolan, F. J. Smith, Wm. Killingsworth; Inside Guard, Philip Mohan; Outside Guard, Bernard Dunlevy.

COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES

Antigonish, May 15th, 1912. The conferring of degrees and the other Commencement Exercises in connection with the closing of St. Francis Xavier's College, Antigonish, N. S., took place today yesterday. Gold Medals were awarded as follows: Senior Year, Highest Aggregate, D. J. Mulcahey, B. A., Sydney, C. B. Junior Year, Highest Aggregate, J. D. Keane, Douglastown, N. B. Sophomore Year, Highest Aggregate, Charles S. Henderson, Parrsboro, N. S. Freshman Year, Highest Aggregate, W. A. McKee, Antigonish, N. S.

Gold Prize donated by Dr. G. H. Murphy for the best paper in Zoology, won by D. L. Dwyer, B. A., St. Stephen, N. B.

The Salutatory and Valedictory were delivered by D. J. Mulcahey, B. A., and W. P. Lane. Addresses were also given by D. L. Dwyer and F. J. Scully, both members of the graduating class. At the banquet the toast to the Class of 1912 was responded to by Messrs. W. P. Lane and George McDonald.

Rev. D. C. Gillis, Ph. D., preached the Baccalaureate sermon in St. Ninian's Cathedral. Solemn Benediction was

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The Catholic Record LONDON, CANADA

given by Right Rev. Bishop March. The address to the graduates by J. P. Danne, Esq., New York.

Degrees were conferred as follows: B. A.

- George Ducoin MacDonald, Arisaig, N. S.; Andrew Dominic Campbell, Glace Bay, C. B.; Denis Joseph Mulcahey, Whitney Pier, C. B.; Frederick William MacInnis, Ohio, N. S.; Lawrence Edward Ormond, Antigonish, N. S.; Neil Alexander MacIntyre, Castle Bay, C. B.; Ambrose Thomas Boyle, Afton, N. S.; John William Gannon, Glace Bay, C. B.; Donald Ducoin MacDonald, Bailey's Brook, N. S.; Daniel Louis Dwyer, St. Stephen, N. B.; Francis Joseph Scully, St. John, N. B.; Neil Francis MacNeil, Washabuck, C. B.; Colin Francis Chisholm, Antigonish, N. S.; Charles Herman MacNeil, River Bourgeois, C. B.; William Frederick Lane, Bayfield, N. B.; Miss Marie Ready, Fairville, N. B.; Miss Christina MacKinnon, Antigonish, N. S.

M. S. C.

Andrew MacGillivray, Antigonish, N. S.

M. A.

- Sister St. Leonard, (Mary C. Thompson) Mt. St. Bernard's Ladies' College.
Sister St. Margaret, (Sarah J. Thompson) congregation of Notre Dame.
Sister St. Thomas, (Mary Leo Fraser) Congregation of Notre Dame.
Miss Ida Tompkins, Port Hood, C. B.
Miss Johanna T. Gallagher, Bath, N. S.
John William MacLeod, Scottdale, Pictou Co., N. B.
J. Nelson Rice, Weymouth, F. S.
University Matriculation certificates were awarded to the following young men: Leo Kay, Canzo, N. S.; D. A. McDonald, St. Andrew's, N. S.; James A. McLean, St. Rose, C. B.; Ronald A. McLean, Christmas Island, C. B.; Harry D. Madden, Amherst, N. S.; John A. McLeod, Reserve Mines, C. B.; Frederick Mahoney, Fredericton, N. B.; Daniel H. McDonald, Lismore, N. S.; Henry McNell, Roxbury, Mass.; James H. McNeil, Iona, C. B.

THOUGHTS ON SOCIALISM

ED. CATHOLIC RECORD.—I have for a number of years been very much interested in Economics, and my studies have led me to look upon the teachings of Socialism as fundamentally wrong—the logical conclusion of which is as you so ably teach—Atheism. It pleases me very much to find our Catholic papers actively opposing it. It is sufficient for a Catholic, who is not a Socialist, to know that the Church opposes it; but I am afraid that to those Catholics who have embraced Socialism the mere denunciation is not enough. The Catholic papers must not only attack Socialism, because of its tendency toward Atheism, but also they must attack it as an economic proposition. Because Catholic Socialists look upon Socialism as economically sound, they therefore accept it as an economic principle, and reject its tendency towards Atheism, looking upon that phase of the matter as merely incidental, a matter of personal opinion, and entirely apart from the Socialistic philosophy.

Socialism while it is incoherent, and to a thinking man—who can think straight—not worth paying any attention to, yet it is a blind and ignorant protest against a real wrong, a problem which must be solved; and I believe that the most effective way to combat Socialism is to prove it economically unsound, and to point a way, a solution of the problem that will be in accord with the teaching of the Church.

Now, to say that it is the teaching of the Church that wages should be "based on the right of the workman to live a decent human life" is very nearly the teaching of Socialism: "from each according to his ability, to each according to his needs." The only defence I can detect is the language, not the sentiment, and I believe that, not only is it un sound economic, but so too in accord with Catholic teaching, because employers do not pay labor, but the product of labor, and to teach that an employer must pay to labor more than labor produces, if labor does not produce enough for a decent human living, is not only contrary to Catholic teaching—but Thou shalt not steal—but practically impossible.

Also, to compel a laborer to accept less than he produces is contrary to Catholic teaching, because it would be stealing, and grinding the face of the poor. Further if labor was paid as wages the equivalent of his product, there would be no labor problem or Socialists.

The strength of Socialism consists in the fact that there is a problem to solve, and that it appears to solve the problem to the man who is not endowed with sufficient mental capacity to reason logically. And the promise of Socialism is, "From each according to his ability, to each according to his means." That really after all the teaching of the Church is that wages should be based upon the product of labor seems to be implied in the article taken from the Intermountain Catholic in your issue of May 11, as follows: "Christ or Carl Marx?"

As a system it—Socialism—is not a progressive measure, but rather belongs to the governments in vogue among barbaric people where the state in the

person of the chief or ruler appropriates everything equally among his subjects irrespective of their individual merits or earning capacity."

This is a fundamental fallacy of Socialism, because it takes from those who have produced, and gives to those who have not produced, likewise to take from labor that which he has produced above a decent living, and gives that to somebody else, is certainly fundamentally wrong, is not in accord with Catholic teaching.

Nothing is truer than that is not in accord with all other truth. I have written this letter not in the spirit of argument but to learn my duty. And to bring it out clearly I respectfully beg to submit the following questions: 1st. Am I bound, under pain of sin, to believe that wages are based, not upon the product of labor, but upon a decent human life of the laborer? 2nd. Am I bound, under pain of sin, to accept less than I have produced, if I am offered sufficient for a decent human life? 3rd. Am I bound, under pain of sin, to pay as wages more than labor has earned, if he does not earn sufficient for a decent human life?

Respectfully submitted, R. A. SCOTT, Worcester, Mass.

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THE WELSH CHURCH

To the Editor of the CATHOLIC RECORD: Montreal, May 9, 1912

Sirs:—In view of the claim of the Anglican Church to be the ancient Church of England (a claim which we all know to be absurd), the following extract from an article in the London Christian World, of April 25 (a non-Catholic publication) dealing with the Welsh Disestablishment Bill now before the British House of Commons, may be of interest: "The Church in Wales is not a Welsh National Church. It is an Anglican Church imposed upon Wales, and holds its position as an ecclesiastical colony of the 'predominant partner'—a partner who in the first instance forced the Church upon Wales as part of a policy of 'Anglicanization' and suppression of Welsh national sentiment. The Anglican Church is a cuckoo in the nest of the displaced native Celtic. It is idle to talk of the Anglican Church. Establishment in Wales as dating back one thousand four hundred years. It dates back—as four dioceses of the Roman Catholic Church in England—to the Norman Conquest of Wales. It is still 'four dioceses of the Province of Canterbury.'" A. B.

As a Catholic, and working in a newspaper office where I have an opportunity of seeing some of the exchanges, this article interested me, especially that particular portion of it; it does not seem to be written with a view to please Roman Catholics, either. I am a warm admirer of the "RECORD," and I thought this item might interest your readers, so I forward it with pleasure. M. N.

CATHOLIC NOTES AND COMMENTS

International Catholic Truth Society New York, N. Y., March 2.—Every one is familiar with the fat, jolly monks whom brewers and distillers picture in their advertisements, and they have served this purpose so long that the general public will doubtless be surprised to learn that the monks of old played an important part in the prohibition movements of their day.

The first order of monks was founded at Alexandria by St. Mark the Evangelist. The contemporary Jewish historian, Philo, calls them therapeutae (nurses or healers) and says that they were total abstinents. The first known rule for monks was composed by St. Pachomius in the third century; it prescribes total abstinence. By the middle of the fourth century Egypt alone had 50,000 monks following St. Pachomius' rule, which spread to Palestine, Greece, Dalmatia, Ireland, France, England, Scotland and Germany. The Basilian rule, composed by St. Basil, says: "The drinking of water, which is the natural drink, and which satisfies nature, is promulgated for all (monks)." Of the monks of the Jordan we are told that "the word of God was their inexhaustible supply of food, and to the body they allowed only what was necessary—bread and water." (Life of St. Mary of Egypt, Bollandists.) The rule made for the monks of Gaul by St. Martin, first Bishop of Tours, prescribed total abstinence. The monks of Lerins in the south of France followed the rule of St. Pachomius. The monks of Bohemia were so abstemious that they did not drink water freely. "It is well known to everybody that the monks use no other drink but water. Even water is given plentifully to the sick only; to others it is measured out." (Life of St. Godehard.) St. Augustine wrote: "Anyone who reads the lives of the saints, especially the monks of the desert, cannot fail to see that they observed a perpetual abstinence from meat and wine." (De Mor. Sol. cap. 31.)

St. Benedict, an Italian, was the first founder of a monastic order allowing wine. His rule composed in the sixth century, allows "a hevin of wine" per day to each monk working hard in the fields. In spite of the great popularity enjoyed by the Benedictines, the Irish and English monks persevered in their total abstinence rules for several centuries after St. Benedict. St. Columbanus and his twelve companions carried their total abstinence rule from Ireland into many French monasteries. They also founded the monastery of St. Gall in Switzerland and that of Bobbio between Milan and Germany. St. Boniface, another Irishman, founded total abstinence monasteries in Germany. He wrote his Germans to Pope Zachary: "They are men of strict abstinence, without meat and wine, without beer and servants, satisfied with the labor of their own hands." In the Irish monasteries of Bangor and St. Congall "the meal consisted of nothing but bread and water and vegetables; milk and other victuals were unknown to both sight and taste until, upon the advice of St. Pinbar milk was allowed to the aged and infirm."

The monks of Lindisfarne, England, were total abstinents until they resented into their monastery King Ceolwulf, who died in 760. When the king became a monk he had the rule changed so as to allow the monks of Lindisfarne to drink wine and beer. Up to that time they were in the habit of drinking only milk and water, according to the ancient tradition of the monks of St. Cuthbert, that church and monastery." (Simon Danielmoss; Hist. de reg. Angl. ad ann. 854.) A well-known New York suffragette recently referred to a co-worker as a modern St. Bridget, and her allusion to this great Swedish saint has served to call the attention of the public to one of the world's greatest women. The life of a saint who played so prominent a part in the history of her time as St. Bridget of Sweden cannot fail to be replete with interest. She lived throughout the greater part of the fourteenth century, and the watchword of that century was "reform." It is sometimes said that St. Bridget was a pioneer of the reformers. If by this is meant that she belonged to the Catholic reformers, the true sons of the Church, it is true; but no one would have detected more the heresies of the so-called reformers, Luther, Hus, Calvin and Knox, and the rest of the Protestant reformers, than the Swedish saint had she lived in their time. Europe was agitated all through the first half of the fourteenth century by the struggle between the Papacy and the Empire. During that period every large city in Italy was either a republic or a republic ruling over it, and the Pope with his army, fought his way to Rome, resided in the city, and the scene of the struggle between the Christians and the Mussulmen; while France and England were still fighting. In the midst of these turbulent times (1350-1373) St. Bridget was in Rome, pursuing her great work of bringing the Popes back to Rome from Avignon. In this she succeeded for a time, when in 1367, Urban V. returned to Rome, where he remained until 1370, being then compelled to leave again for Avignon. In 1377, Gregory XI. was induced by St. Catherine of Siena to transfer the Papal See from Avignon to Rome. Thus St. Bridget did not live to see the work accomplished for which she had so long and well, for she died in 1373.

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MAKING CONVERTS.

Father Gabriel, S. J., of Santa Clara College, has written out the canons of convert-making for the members of his missionary organization, and they are so practical that we print them here at length for the use of Convert Leagues and similar organizations. They are pre-eminently practical and they reduce for the ordinary layman the science of convert-making to an avocation within the reach of all. His practical suggestions are as follows: Always be on the lookout for a favorable opportunity, but if you should happen to find none, the next best thing may be to make one. Better devote your efforts to a few persons systematically and perseveringly, than to many in a haphazard and capricious manner. Never give out any reading matter before you have noticed or created an appetite for this mental food. Always strive to select the book or pamphlet best adapted to the needs and circumstances of the particular person for whom it is intended. Don't think you have achieved a wonderful success by putting some suitable literature into the hands of a non-Catholic. You have yet to nurse the tiny plant till it reaches its full growth. Keep it. Remember that in order to instruct others you must first instruct yourself. Else it would be the very common case of one blind man leading another and both falling into the ditch.

Favors Received

A reader wishes to publish thanks to our Blessed Lady for favors received, and asks prayer for a great recovery of health. A reader wishes to return sincere thanks to the most Blessed Virgin for favors received after novena and promise to publish, also asks prayers of faithful for a great result. A reader wishes to return thanks to Almighty God for the finding of a lost article after prayers to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, the Blessed Virgin and St. Anthony and promise to publish in the CATHOLIC RECORD. Also asks two special favors with promise to publish if granted. A subscriber wishes to return grateful thanks to our dear Lord for favors received through the intercession of His Blessed Mother, St. Joseph, St. Benedict and good St. Anne; also begs the prayers of the charitable for one in suffering.

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"Angels of the Sanctuary." Little heart-to-heart talks with those who serve the altar. By B. F. Muser. Published by Benziger Brothers, New York City. Price 25 cts.

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If We Knew

If we knew the cares and crosses crowding round our neighbor's way, If we knew the little losses, Sorely grievous day by day; Would we then so often chide him, For his lack of thrift and gain, Casting o'er his heart a shadow, Leaving on our lives a stain?

If we knew the bitter story Quivering through the heart of pain Would our conscience dare to drive them

Back to haunts of guilt again? Life hath many a tangled story, Joy hath many a break of two, And the cheeks tear washed are whitened— This the blessed angels know.

Let us reach into our bosoms For the key to other lives, And with love for erring nature, Cherish good that still survives; So that when our diabolical spirits Soar to realms of light again We may say, Dear Father, judge us As we judged our fellowmen.

If we knew the gall and heartaches Waiting for us down the road, If our lips could taste the wormwood, If our back could feel the load, Would we waste the day in wishing For a time that ne'er can be? Would we wait with such impatience For our ships to come from sea?

If we knew the baby fingers Pressed against the window-pane Would be cold and still to-morrow, Never trouble us again; Would the bright eyes of our darling Catch the frown upon our brow? Would the print of rose fingers Vex us then as they do now?

Oh, those little ice-cold fingers, How they point our memory back To the busy words and actions Lying all along our track; How those little hands remind us, As in snowy gades they lie, Not to scatter thorns but roses For our turning by and by.

Strange we never prize the music Till the sweet-voiced bird has flown, Strange that we should slight the violet

Till the lovely flowers are gone; Strange that summer's skies and sunshine Never seem one half so fair As when winter's icy pinions Shake the white down in the air.

MARRIAGE

POWER-DOYLE.—At the Church of the Immaculate Conception, Seattle, Wash., by Rev. C. F. Carroll, S. J., on Tuesday, April 16, 1912, Dr. William Bernard Power, to Miss Theresa Marie Doyle, daughter of Judge and Mrs. Bernard Louis Doyle, of Goderich, Ont.

God does not need our prayers, but we need His help and grace. It is a great help and condescension on His part to ask us to make known our requests to Him, infinitely more so than He would be for a king to invite the petitions of his humble subjects. But God knoweth our frame; He remembers that we are dust, and as He is our Father, He pitieeth His children, and is not deaf to their sighings and longings.

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A reader wishes to publish thanks to our Blessed Lady for favors received, and asks prayer for a great recovery of health. A reader wishes to return sincere thanks to the most Blessed Virgin for favors received after novena and promise to publish, also asks prayers of faithful for a great result. A reader wishes to return thanks to Almighty God for the finding of a lost article after prayers to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, the Blessed Virgin and St. Anthony and promise to publish in the CATHOLIC RECORD. Also asks two special favors with promise to publish if granted. A subscriber wishes to return grateful thanks to our dear Lord for favors received through the intercession of His Blessed Mother, St. Joseph, St. Benedict and good St. Anne; also begs the prayers of the charitable for one in suffering.

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