

The Catholic Record.

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

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IN A HIGHER GRADE

We are not now in the kindergarten stage. Time was when a politician, simply because he claimed to be a Catholic, could obtain a hearing and have the satisfaction of seeing many of his auditors drinking in his eulogies of the Church. How he did extol us, at the imminent risk of bursting a blood vessel. He was our advocate and he would be our defender, and so on through a maze of rhetoric. But we have emerged from the gullible stage. We are weary of these platform utterances and we judge the public man not so much by what he says but what he does. We are no longer the victims of verbal traps laid by individuals who profess great love for the faith when the shadow of an election is athwart their path. In a word, we are no longer whetstones on which politicians of a certain type can sharpen their little knives. The Church meddles not with the things that are Caesar's; she teaches us to vote with an unclouded judgment, with an undrugged conscience and with our country's good as our motive. Far better to support a man of integrity that one who persistently disregards the dictates of honor and conscience and is bent on furthering his own interests.

THE PESSIMIST

It is strange that some men like to live in cemeteries. They avoid the sunshine. They like the darkness, and become abnormal. To their strained and twisted vision nothing is right. Things and persons are valueless to a great extent. They go through the world croaking and chucking over the perversity of things mundane. Obsessed by the spirit of pessimism they wander up and down crying out "Unclean! Unclean!" As object lessons of what human nature can descend to, they may serve a purpose, but in this imperfect world that needs encouragement and cheer, sunshine and love, they are as dead that cumber the ground. Life is good and opportunities of doing good are always with us. The wise man knows that what we diminish his good will to men, his sympathy with them, even in their blindness and waywardness, makes him poorer. Life is, we are quoting Archbishop Spalding, full of beauty; it is full of hideousness; to each one is left the choice whether he shall take the good or the evil. They who prefer darkness to light, lies to truth, hatred to love, strife to peace, do not lack occasions. The darkened mind, the callous heart, the paralytic will—these are the root evils.

Busy thyself not with what should be corrected or abolished; but give thyself wholly to learning, loving and diffusing what is good and fair. Let us draw closer together that we may feel the pulsings of divine sympathy and love in one another's hearts. Life is communion and helpfulness; death is disintegration and impotence. Nothing touches the soul but leaves its impress, and thus little by little we are fashioned into the image of all we have seen and heard, known and meditated; and if we learn to live with all that is fairest and purest and best, the love of it all will in the end become our very life.

AN OLD POLICY

It is strange that many parents are wont to give their girls every educational advantage and to be satisfied to see their boys leaving school at an early age unequipped for the battle of life. The girls are taught music, painting. Even as witness the pictures in their homes, they are initiated into all the mysteries of bowing correctly and the graces of fashionable deportment. They are graduated, and the piano that erstwhile resounded with classical music, is silent and the brush that held such possibilities is laid away. Perhaps they are tired. And while the girl is using money for tuition and these extras that are the bane of the wage-earner, the boy, immature, undisciplined, is learning the business of a teamster or messenger or lift operator. The mother has never a qualm of conscience

about it. The boy may rise or fall, succeed or fail without disturbing her tranquil spirit. The parents never stop to think that their criminal negligence has defrauded the boy of his right to a decent future. They do not believe that flinging their own flesh and blood into the vortex of the world is inhuman and worthy of a slave-driver. And they do this, despite entreaty and remonstrance, year after year to their disgrace and to our loss. For many of these victims of parental cruelty would be, under happier auspices, a credit both to State and Church. And then we murmur and whine about our progress, forgetting that immaturity and ignorance, fostered by parents, are poor aids to achievement.

THE LIBERAL CATHOLIC

When the secular paper refers to a man as a "liberal-minded Catholic" it means to congratulate him upon his qualities of heart and mind. But it is a left-handed compliment. A man marked out for such eulogy represents, for many without the fold, clearer vision than that of his brethren, a willingness to accept all modern methods and to acquiesce in the ideals which the age holds up. The world is indignant that the Church should look askance at some of its policies though decked out in the raiment of progress and science. The little theories of the day that make their exit fume and fret for a brief hour and disappear trouble her not. For centuries she has been twitted, abused and persecuted because she gave scant courtesy to many plans for the benefit of mankind. She has witnessed the action and interaction of human thought; and she is still instinct with vitality, still faithful to her office of moulding, checking and correcting. She blesses all that can redound to the good of humanity. Her services are in letters of light on the pages of history. But the Church is a spiritual organization, founded that men may live good lives here and attain to everlasting happiness hereafter. Her children love and revere her. Her doctrines are not to be whetted down to suit the so-called exigencies of the times. Liberalism, in so far as it means making religion a thing shadowy or in harmonizing it with the world's ideals, is not to be countenanced. A Catholic should cooperate in all things lawful with the non-Catholic, and with pen and voice and good example should contribute his quota to the formation of a healthy public opinion, but he knows that his faith is not his but God's and that he has no right save to cherish and protect it. Where the Church is concerned he is a stranger to temporising. He is loyal to her in thought and deed. He knows that submission to its divine authority is the touchstone of Catholicity. And he says with the great Bossuet: "O Holy Roman Church, mother of churches and mother of all the faithful, the Church chosen by God to unite all His children in the same faith and the same charity, we shall ever adhere to thy unity with all the yearnings of our heart. If I forget thee, O Roman Church, may I forget myself; may my tongue be withered and cleave to my mouth if thou art not always the first in my remembrances; if I do not make thee the beginning of all my canticles of joy."

The distinguishing characteristic of the good Catholic is his firmness in all matters of principle. His faith is manifested in his life, and he is both thankful and proud to be a member of the Church Militant which, from the day that Peter and John confronted the Sanhedrim with the reply, "We must obey God rather than man," has never minced dogma and has never yielded one iota of the rights given her by Christ. The liberal Catholic is very modest, retiring and inclined to be very apologetic when ecclesiastical authority sets its face like flint against some custom of the world. He is so humble that he can bear with equanimity any insult against the Church. He keeps a careful eye upon his worldly prospects and never allows his religion to interfere with them. He has a notion that culture, refinement and education are confined within Protestant circles. Hence he stands before them cap in hand and with bated breath, so dominated is he

by what he calls prudence and other men call cowardice. He appears, as it has been well said, to be too much afraid of man to confess his faith and too afraid of the devil to desert it. His heart's desire—to win the approval of the non-Catholic—is generally denied him because most men have but contempt for a back-boned, less individual.

THE HOME CLUB

The best kind of club is the "Home Club." We must indeed have societies for the support of our own interests, for interchange of thought and aspiration, for the safeguarding of the young, but they should not engross all our attention. When the married man, however, frequents his particular club every evening, and for some reason—weighty business let us assume—he is troubled with an excess of zeal. He forgets that he is a charter member of the Home Club which assembles around the fireside, and to which, as head, he should devote more than ordinary care. A bread-winner of course, but he should be counsellor and comrade of the family. Much time given to meetings and to amusements may blind him to his duty of moulding, by his personal worth and personal influence, the character of his children. He should try to realize the importance, the sacredness, the responsibility of his dignity. He can make his home a little heaven upon this earth or a mere place for food and sleep. The hard-working man must have amusement, but every rational pleasure can be his without walking miles around a billiard table or frittering away hours in card-playing. Homes would be more peaceful, more God-fearing, children better instructed and disciplined if parents would give more time to their wives and families than to their clubs.

THE NEW CATECHISM

(Suggestions and criticisms are to be addressed to Rev. H. J. Canning, 5 Earle St., Toronto.)

XXIII

BAPTISM

How does one become member of a family? By being born into it. Can one be born twice? Yes; there is natural birth, or birth of the body, and spiritual birth, or birth of the soul. How does one get the spiritual birth? By water and the Holy Ghost in baptism. Into what family is one born by baptism? Into the great family of the children of God. What does baptism do for us? It lifts us out of the state of original sin, and grafts us unto the Body of Christ, which is the Catholic Church. What do you mean by grafting? Cutting a branch off one tree and putting it into another so that it may get the sap of a new life. Is the Christian religion like a fruit tree? Yes, our Lord says: "I am the vine, you are the branches" (Jno. 15:5).

What is the sap of this vine? Sanctifying grace. How is it the sap? It flows from Christ, who is the trunk, into the branches, which are the members of His Church, to give them His life. What are the first fruits of this life in the soul? Faith, hope, and charity. Can a little child have faith, hope, and charity? Yes; just as a little child has the power of reason, though not yet the use of it. Can the life given in baptism be lost? Yes; faith is lost by heresy or infidelity, hope by despair, charity by any mortal sin.

Can all the effects of baptism be blotted out by sin? All but one. The mark or seal of membership in the Church remains in the soul forever. Why is water used in baptism? Because our Lord will have it so, and because water puts us in mind of the chief effect of baptism, the cleansing of the soul from all sin.

Lesson Twenty-third

If Adam had proved faithful we should all have been born into a state of grace. Now to enter into the state of grace a child has to be born again of water and the Holy Ghost. When our Lord spoke of baptism as a new birth He meant really a new birth, the getting of a new spiritual

life. One who has come to the use of reason may get the new spiritual life by an act of charity, or perfect love of God, without baptism of water. This is known as the baptism of desire, because if we truly love God, we desire to keep His law, and so desire to receive baptism. Martyrdom, or death suffered for the faith, may also take the place of baptism of water. This is known as the baptism of blood. In baptism we promise to renounce the devil and all his works and pomps, which means to turn our back on sin and lead a holy life. The name of a saint is given to us that we may have a model to imitate and a patron in heaven to pray for us. When there is danger of death, and a priest cannot be had, any lay person may and ought to give baptism. This is done by pouring water on the head of the person to be baptized, and saying at the same time, "I baptise thee in the name of the Father and of the Son of the Holy Ghost."

XXIV

PENANCE

If the life got in baptism be lost, can one get it back again? Yes, through the sacrament of penance. What is the sacrament of penance commonly called? Confession. Who is it that hears the soul? The priest who hears confessions. From whom has he power to heal the soul? From Our Lord. Who said: "Whose sins you shall forgive they are forgiven, and whose sins you shall retain they are retained." Could a physician heal a sick man if he would not tell what was the matter with him? No; he would not know how to treat the one who was sick. Must you tell all your sins to the priest? At least every mortal sin, and the number of times one has fallen into the sin. What if you kept back one mortal sin? It would be telling a lie to the Holy Ghost, and none of the other sins would be forgiven. How should you prepare for confession? First, by praying for God's help, and then calling to mind our sins of thought, desire, word, deed, or omission. Is it enough to tell your sins to the priest? No, we must be sorry for them, and make up our minds never to commit them again. Why should you be sorry for sin? Because sin offends God who is so good, and because sin made the Son of God die on the Cross. Would it do to be sorry because sin shuts heaven and sends the soul to hell? Yes; it is not so good a sorrow, but it will do in confession. Is there need of anything else to get the pardon of your sins? Yes; we must be willing to do the penance the priest gives. What if you should neglect doing it afterwards? The confession would be good, but there would be a sin of omission to be told in the next confession.

Lesson Twenty-fourth

One is guilty of sin who refuses or neglects to do what God commands, or does what God forbids. When a sin kills the spiritual life of divine love in the soul, it is called a mortal sin, just as wounds are said to be mortal when they result in the death of the body. When the sin weakens, but does not kill that spiritual life, it is called a venial sin. It is not always easy to know when a sin is mortal; but whenever we offend God in any important matter we may well fear that the sin is mortal. After the sin is forgiven, there often remains some temporal punishment to be undergone, either in this world or in the next. The penance given in confession helps to wipe out this debt of temporal punishment. Prayer, fasting, and alms-deeds, even when not given as a penance, serve the same purpose, and also indulgences. A plenary indulgence of itself remits the whole of the temporal punishment due to our sins; a partial indulgence remits only a certain part of it. To gain an indulgence we must be in the state of grace, and fulfil the conditions laid down by the Church in each case. In the case of a plenary indulgence, we are usually required to go to confession and Holy Communion, and to pray for the intentions of the Holy Father.

FATHER FRASER'S MISSION

On March 1st the editor of Notes and Comments gave a summary of an interesting letter from Father John M. Fraser, the Canadian missionary to China. There are but 2,000,000 Catholic Chinese in a population of 400,000,000. The recent mighty revolution has broken down the old superstitions and prejudices, and now the fields are white with the harvest. Catholics of Canada have the opportunity and privilege of sharing in the great work of the conversion of China by helping spiritually and financially their fellow-Canadian, Father Fraser, whose missionary work has been signally blessed by God. The CATHOLIC RECORD gladly accedes to the request to receive subscriptions, which will be duly acknowledged and forwarded to Father Fraser.

Here is an opportunity to discharge the duty of alms-giving, participate in a great spiritual work of mercy, and help to bring the Light of the Gospel of Jesus Christ to those who sit in darkness and the shadow of death. Do it now, in the name of God.

REMITTANCES

Previously acknowledged.....	\$56 00
Miss McDonald, Medicine Hat, Alta.....	1 00
Another Mac, Guelph.....	10 00
Isabella and Joseph MacMahon, Black River Bridge, Ont.....	5 00
A Friend, Ennismore.....	10 00
E. Tufty, Cobden.....	5 00
M. Dooler, Lombardy.....	1 00
M. E. Tangney, Lindsay.....	10 00
Jno. C. Heenan, Steelton.....	5 00
A Priest.....	20 00
Rev. D. McRae, Goderich.....	1 00
Catharine Wallace, Toronto, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. McMullen, Belleville.....	5 00
A Reader, Belleville.....	1 00
Miss M. A. B., Peterboro.....	5 50

METHOD IN THEIR MADNESS

HOW "THE KHAN," (NON-CATHOLIC) IN THE TORONTO STAR, MARCH 5, VIEWS "CALLS" TO PREACHERS

A couple of ministers of the Gospel—I think it was in Toronto—refused to go to the States with a big increase in salary, and most of the papers that have come to my hand recently have been lauding them to the skies for their self-abnegation and unselfishness. In this materialistic age, when the Almighty Dollar is the idol set up at every street corner and at every cross-roads for the people to bow down and worship, it does seem at first glance that these two worthy men were mad. But there may be method in their madness. Man cannot live by bread alone. We have this on good authority. A great salary is not all or everything, but this particularly applies to the ministerial profession. The following tremendous fact should be taken into consideration in judging these events, and that is that the status of a minister of the Gospel is very different in the United States to what it is in Canada. Here in our beloved country all the fine traditions of the cloth are maintained, and every minister of the Gospel has an assured standing in the community. He has a thousand little privileges on the street, in our homes, in public places and in the press. Even in the most ribald newspaper he is practically immune, for the editor knows quite well that the people wouldn't stand for any rough stuff. But the United States is an irreligious nation in a sacrilegious age. There are vast and thickly populated areas without a church, and they don't want one. The local postmaster is a justice of the peace, and he marries anybody who comes along. Marriage is not a sacrament there, it is not even a rite; it's a business transaction if it is not a farce.

When you pop the question in the States the two of you don't conclude to see a minister. It's either a question of old St. Hopkins, J. P., down at the corners, who horse-docks, or Old Squire Spulpin, who keeps a general store, including coffins in all sizes, and who will christen you, marry you or bury you, whichever you want done, and who will furnish you with the costumes proper for the occasion. Besides, great preachers have gone from Canada to the United States, tempted thither by big money and the prospect of fame, having the Beechers and the Talmages and the Abbotts in their mind's eyes; and they were never heard of again. Here in this country they were the biggest toads in the puddle; over there they were preached trained here in Canada is chilled to the bone by the religious atmosphere of the United States. What we call a church here is simply a big clubhouse there, and the preacher is a highly developed haranguer—only this, and nothing more. In some places they will soon throw off the cloak and declare for the Sun-

day theatre. It looked to me when I was over the border that the architects planned many of these churches so that they could be changed into opera houses at trifling expense. Either that, or they builded better than they knew!

Some day this land will thank God for Quebec. If she is the same yesterday, to-day, and forever, she is an example in her reverence for sacred places and holy things. And she aveneth the whole heap! THE KHAN.

PROTESTANTISM IN ITALY

A friend sends us a copy of the Rochester Herald of Feb. 18th, which contains a glowing account of the progress of Protestantism in Italy. This particular story concerns principally the Waldensians, who are said to be the representatives of Protestantism in that country, and who from all accounts, are doing wonders.

As a matter of fact, the Waldensians are making no more progress in Italy than are the other sects. They are an heretical body, and though they have attempted to spread their doctrines everywhere, there are at present but 30,000 of them in the whole world. While the enthusiasm of sectarian endeavor is really worthy of emulation, the results of the propaganda are pitiful. It is next to impossible to make a Methodist or an Episcopalian out of an Italian. These sects may drive an Italian to infidelity, but they can never make of him a believer in their doctrines.

The history of the Methodist Church in Rome is too well known to require repeating. This sect has spent thousands of dollars in an effort at evangelization. Some time ago the Philadelphia Standard and Times quoted Rev. Charles W. Wendt, D. D., a Protestant minister, as follows:

"How is the failure of Protestantism in Italy to be accounted for? Certainly it cannot be attributed to any lack of zeal on part of the evangelical sects at work in this field. Hundreds of pastors, evangelists and teachers are enrolled, among them not a few of ability and character. Their budget of expenses is estimated at between one and a half and two million dollars annually. By far the larger part of this sum is contributed from foreign sources. Take away this American and British missionary money and two-thirds of the Protestant churches in Italy would be out of existence.

The Rochester paper also quotes from a report made by W. S. Monroe of the State Normal School of Montclair, N. J., in which it is recorded that the schools of the Waldensian society "are now the best one finds in Italy. . . . The teachers are the best trained that I have found in Italy."

Mr. Monroe could not have carried his investigations over a very extended territory. Had he done so he could have found hundreds of other schools equipped with just as good teachers and doing quite as good work, and all under Catholic auspices.

Some time ago Rome printed an article which is apropos of the present question, and from which we take the following extract. The writer of the article is commenting on the remarks of one Rev. W. Burgess. He says: "Towards the end of his letter Mr. Burgess writes: 'If the Papacy is the uplifting, healthful force its upholders tell us it is, how do you account for the fact that the nations which have been most under its influence are uniting to cast it off and drive it from their midst? . . . There must be something wrong in a man when all his friends unite in condemning him.' Just here lies the fallacy, it is not his friends but his enemies that condemn him. It is not the Catholics of France, Portugal, or of Italy that are conspiring against the Papacy, but it is the freemasons, the Methodists, the Baptists, the Waldensians, and all sectarians of such ilk that are everywhere bellowing against the Papacy and the Catholic Church. The Catholics of these countries though they may be cold and indifferent, many of them, in the practice of their religion, one thing is certain that at the hour of death it is to the Catholic Church and its minister that they turn for the last religious rites. Catholics may be led astray, oftentimes they are, but when death beckons, then comes thought of fatal error in the past and almost invariably the soul about to take its flight yearns for the ministrations of the Church.—Buffalo Union and Times.

CHURCH BURNED

We send our sincere sympathy to Rev. Father Brennan of La Salette, diocese of London, because of the destruction by fire of his beautiful church on Good Friday night. It was valued at \$40,000. Unfortunately the insurance represents only a small portion of the loss. In this emergency we have no doubt that Father Brennan's faithful people will come promptly and generously to his aid.

CATHOLIC NOTES

In the Catholic schools of Madrid, Spain, there is an attendance of 40,000 children. The Parish Weekly, the chief Catholic paper of Madrid, has a circulation of 30,000 copies.

The great national Borromeo Verein, of Germany, whose work is the publication and circulation of Catholic literature and whose membership is 223,403, is on the increase at the rate of 20,000 new members yearly.

The editor of the Catholic Advance vouches for the truth of the story that the late Joaquin Miller, the so-called "poet of the Sierras" turned his daughter out of doors because she became a Catholic.

The English "Catholic Directory for 1913" is authority for the statement that the conversions registered in the three ecclesiastical provinces of England for 1911, for all the dioceses except Portsmouth, totalled 7,400.

The Catholic Sobriety League in Germany is growing and extending rapidly. It is a national temperance organization. One branch of it is the Guardian Angel League, which alone now numbers 100,000 members.

Cardinal O'Connell has sent a contribution of \$100 to England for the Tyburn Memorial concert, saying: "Any service that Boston may render in thus honouring the Irish martyrs, will be a source of personal gratification."

The new court house in Rome, which had been estimated to cost \$1,200,000, has already cost \$8,000,000. It is considered in governmental Rome a great scandal. What else can be expected? The lodges rule, or rather, misrule the Eternal City.

On March 17, the Pope published an apostolic letter directing a universal jubilee from Low Sunday, March 30, to Dec 8, the Feast of the Immaculate Conception, in commemoration of the religious toleration edict issued by Emperor Constantine in the fourth century.

Out of a total population of 290,638 in Dublin, 50,000 are Protestants. The Protestants are divided into 29 different sects, some of them claiming only a few followers. The Anglicans form the largest body, having, according to the census, 39,357 members.

The proportion of Catholics at the German universities has risen in twelve years from 34 to 30 per cent. The number of Catholic theological students at the universities was never so large as it is at present. The most frequented are the theological faculties of Bonn, Breslau, Munster and Freiburg.

The Democrats in the United States Senate have selected for chaplain the Rev. F. J. Prettyman, who is a Methodist. Rev. Father Schmidt of St. Mary's church, a veteran of the Civil War, was talked of for the place, but when the vote was taken by the Democratic caucus, he was not even mentioned.

Mrs. C. A. White, of Forest avenue, Fond du Lac, has been received into the Church. Mrs. White has been a generous contributor to the Episcopal cathedral of Fond du Lac, of which she was formerly a member, and was prominent for years in all the social and charitable work of the Episcopal church. Mrs. White's daughter has also been received.

In the early morning on March 8, St. Dunstan's Cathedral, Charlotte-town, Prince Edward Island, Canada, was completely destroyed by fire which also damaged the Bishop's "Palace" situated across the street from it. We have been unable to learn the origin of the fire which robbed the Diocese of Charlottetown of one of the most beautiful, though not the largest, Cathedrals in the Province.

While people all over the world are talking about the necessity of housing the poor in a more comfortable and becoming manner, word comes from Rome that a Prince of the Church, Cardinal Cassetta, has divided up many acres of his own private lands in Italy into lots whereon houses for the working people may be erected. He has furthermore provided the materials for building the dwellings.

It will interest Catholics to know, says the Catholic Citizen, that Mr. Alexis I. du Pont Coleman formerly rector of St. Michael's Episcopal church, Wilmington, Del., and a professor in the college of the city of New York and head of the Newman Catholic Club of that institution. Dr. Coleman is a son of the late Episcopalian Bishop of Delaware and a graduate of Keble College, Oxford.

As a means of improving the morals of Hutchinson, Kansas, the Rev. W. M. Farrell pastor of St. Teresa church of that city, suggests that a man be appointed, at a good salary, to act as moral supervisor. He would maintain a strict watch over the streets, and clear them of children after the ringing of the curfew, and would be privileged to enter public dance halls and places of amusement and compel any child to leave, if the environments were improper.

TALES OF THE JURY ROOM

By Gerald Griffin

THE TENTH JURYMANS TALE

ANTRIM JACK, AND HIS GENERAL

In the "year of the troubles" a term by which the memorable year '98 of Irish history is distinguished in the traditions of the peasantry, there was among the ranks of the insurgents, a man named O'Dwyer, who made himself formidable to the king's troops by the most extraordinary and skillful application of those arts of warfare, for the most part, irregular in the united Irishmen. This man was the son of a country farmer. He was first placed at the head of a small party among the rebels, and, though perfectly illiterate, in a very short time, partly by the force of his character, but a good deal by the success which attended every scheme he devised to entrap and annoy the military, was distinguished by the title of General among them. In this new capacity, his ingenuity and military talent became more conspicuous, and every day parties of the regular troops were either defeated in open contest, or cut off by some subtle stratagem. Nothing could equal his daring on those occasions when he chose to exhibit himself openly, and they were entirely unprepared for the craft with which he eluded their pursuit when driven to the expediency of concealment. In every circumstance, except regularity of discipline, he seemed completely superior to them; and after a long and weary contest, they felt the contempt which they had at first regarded as a mere bluff, and in the end the dearly bought, but wiser conviction, that he was so. He and his followers seemed never to tire. After having given him chase for the greater part of a day, and having hunted him to his fastnesses in the county of Wicklow, the military on returning to their encampment often set upon him in the act of cooking their victuals—first from behind the hedge—many of them wounded—some killed, and all thrown into such disorder, as to destroy all unity of purpose among them. On some occasions they were even obliged to give up their encampment, food and all, to their merciless and ever restless foes.

Their circumstances, the harassing nature of the duty they had to perform, the losses they had already sustained, and the constant and unrelenting spirit of their enemy, made it no less a matter of feeling than of interest with the military to have him arrested. This feeling animated every man of them, and made them more zealous in their aim, than a mere sense of duty or the hope of profit by his capture would have ever done. Various were the expedients resorted to effect the most desirable end; but every one of them was completely defeated by his vigilance, and so great was his skill, and that while they every day had to grieve over the loss of some of the most valuable of their own men, they could scarcely ever boast of having taken even a single one of his followers. As the troops became injured to this kind of warfare, they gradually acquired a portion of the tact and skill for which their enemy was so much distinguished, and this circumstance brought him latterly into much greater difficulties than usual; nevertheless, narrow as all his escapes were, he always hid and escape, and this often occurred when the soldiers, within their grasp, and there seemed no possibility of his deliverance. These straits, into which he was now and then put, usually alternated with attempts on his part to put them into the same difficulties, which were similar to the others in every respect, except that they were generally successful. This game, in which one side were all the losers, was played for some months, and at the end of this time, when every expedient seemed exhausted, and the military engaged in this service were fairly foot-fallen, and worn down with constant hardship, it was judged right by the commanding officers to persuade him to submit on terms, which, the nature of them being communicated to him by an emissary dispatched for that purpose, he at once agreed to accept. He dismissed his followers, laid down his arms, and was conveyed to Kilmainham gaol under a promise of security to his life and person.

The Governor of Kilmainham prison, from whom we have indirectly obtained this account, describes him as a man of extraordinary muscular strength. His figure approached the gigantic, with shoulders enormously broad, great brawny arms, and large, though sinewy legs. His countenance, on which fear had never traced a line, was not remarkable for austerity, in its quiet mood, but it was usually full of a changing expression which flew from severe to gay with a rapidity and force that indicated a quick sensibility, and a current of strong and rapid thought. He could in an instant light it up with the most engaging signs of good will, and in the next hang on it a menace of dreadful meaning. He seemed sensible of this quality in himself, and often, during his stay in the prison, used to amuse himself by trying its effect on the more timid of those visitors who were prompted by the fame of his desperate character to see him. The accounts which were brought him by the Governor, of the different impressions of him, evident in the conversation of the

visitors, as they departed, seemed infinitely to excite his mirth. These impressions being extremely agreeable, or terrific, according to the mode in which he chose to exhibit himself.

He was at all times a fellow of infinite humor, enjoyed conversation very much, and often carried forgetfulness to the hearts of the less fortunate inmates of the prison, with which many an evening hour was got rid of, which would otherwise have passed wearily. The qualities to which his deliverance seemed owing in many difficulties were, a spirit that never shrunk in any emergency, and that instinctive and instant perception of the best course in such cases, commonly called presence of mind, which so far outsteps all reasoning, and which he seemed to possess in the highest degree possible. These qualities, combined with the greatest fertility in strategical devices, showed a genius that would have been dazzling under a better education, and in a better cause.

On one occasion, in the latter part of the contest we have described, after a hot pursuit in which all his followers were dispersed, his flight was directed as the evening fell across a narrow and deep ravine, filled with a light copse and short stunted bushes of hazel, in the bottom of which ran a wild and rapid torrent, crossed by one of those one-arched little bridges, which seem so much too large for their purpose in summer, and yet so much in danger of being carried away by the impetuosity of the mountain floods in winter. His pursuers, reinforced by fresh men that fell in by the way, were rapidly gaining ground on him, and had kept up the chase with so much spirit, that for the last half hour, notwithstanding the darkness, a moment's sight of him. His fate seemed now certain. The soldiers but a few yards behind, sure of their prey, came down the hill towards the bridge, with eager shouts, and delivering themselves to the impulse of the steep descent, rushed onwards with all the impetuosity and force, which that circumstance aided by the utmost muscular exertion, could give, evidently with the purpose of taking him at the moment, when he was about to ascend, and with the opposite speed most slacken to the opposite ascent, and theirs would be at its height, at this instant, instead of crossing the bridge, he slightly changed his course, and slipped under the arch. They almost immediately perceived their error, but the mistake was fatal. In the next moment, nearly, he had disappeared from them. A few shots from overheated and breathless men, as they caught the last glimpse of him at some distance, were not much to be feared, and the exploit ended in mutual up-braidings and disputes among the soldiers, as they returned, each laying the blame of the failure on some one, or all of the rest.

This was an instant in which his escape was due singly to his own ingenuity and exertion, but of the many he had, the greater number were mainly owing to the good faith and attachment of his followers. There were many circumstances in his relation of these transactions, which showed that this attachment was of the strongest kind, and to this was probably to be attributed, the fact of his having been so often brought out of peril in which another would have perished. His deliverance from one of these dangers in particular, was attended with a degree of devotion, so extraordinary on the part of one of them, that very few instances on record will bear to stand by its side.

The name of this person we cannot at present call to mind. He was originally from the county of Antrim, and after having enlisted and served some years in the army, deserted and joined the insurgents. He was a wiry and sinewy fellow, of great activity, and considerable muscular strength for his appearance. His frame was thin, but well knit, and somewhat above the middle size. In his action and manner he was somewhat flighty, wild, and sudden, which made the men consider him not quite right in his mind, yet he never showed any signs of irrationality, and indeed whatever he was intrusted with, was executed with a ready and prompt tact, which was seldom exhibited by those who were supposed to possess much more ability. At such times too, his whole mind seemed absorbed in the business he was engaged in, and that to such a degree, as to make him apparently quite disregard any danger attending it, except, in so far as his safety was essential to the success of what was given to his charge. This, together with the extreme, yet seemingly thoughtless tact, with which every thing was executed—a circumstance which was considered not inconsistent with the conduct of one whose mind was not entirely tendered rather to confirm the suspicion we have alluded to, which was also in some degree strengthened by his abrupt and rapid utterance when speaking, his indisposition to conversation when unoccupied, and the sudden and unbridled flights of a quick small grey eye, which darted from place to place, and from person to person, without any rest. By his obligingness, and a disposition far away from all selfish feeling, he endeared himself to the men, and was usually distinguished him, by the title of "Antrim Jack," from the county of his birth. The strongest feeling, however, of which he seemed capable, was exercised towards O'Dwyer, to whom he seemed to at-

tach himself with an unbounded and even wonderful affection, that showed itself in the most minute and circumstantial attention to his comforts and wishes, and even to his slightest feelings. These attentions were almost incessant in their occurrence, and were often so feminine in their nature, as to awaken a troublesome degree of rallery in the rest of the men, notwithstanding their good feeling towards him, and even sometimes to make it difficult for O'Dwyer himself to repress a smile. The effect of this oft repeated rallery was, that eventually Antrim Jack, without any diminution of his affection, began to be ashamed of it as of something discreditable, and was driven to the uncomfortable expedient of performing most of his little offices of affection in secret, and indeed at length could only indulge himself in them, as it were by stealth, and unknown to his troublesome censurers, who when they found what a degree of soreness their quizzing produced in his mind, exchanged it out of good nature for nods and winks, and a kind of slanting jest, which, though less direct, was scarcely less irritating. There was one among them, indeed, who seemed beyond the pale of the spirit of goodness—a man named Farrell, who under a feeling of envy at the partiality, real or imagined, which O'Dwyer seemed to extend to Jack, directed his shafts with a most unsparring hand against this supposed effeminacy and child-like fondness. Though the other men showed an indisposition to torment him with these failings, (as he was led to think them) yet when the fire was once opened by Farrell, they could seldom refrain from flinging in with a good deal of forbearance and in general, with a silence only broken by a few short threats muttered abruptly, which, however, were not usually carried into execution, though there were times, when to judge from the light that flashed in his unsteady and fitful eyes, the disposition to break out into sudden vengeance, seemed almost ungovernable.

On the very morning after the above mentioned affair at the little bridge, O'Dwyer appeared early in the field, with a band of adherents that looked fresh and hale, and more numerous than ever. The military had turned out on that morning with a number of picked men, swift of foot, and lightly equipped, a precaution their experience in pursuit in this kind of warfare had long shown them the necessity of. The disappointment of the night before only increased their eagerness for the coming contest, and the sight of their audacious and successful foe, gave them a keen longing to be at odds with his arm to arm again. After a sharp conflict, in which the rebels fought with that wild and impetuous daring, which sometimes distinguished them, they were completely routed, and obliged to fly in detached parties through the rocky passes of the country. The experience of the military had taught them not to look upon this as a victory, and accordingly they entered on a pursuit with all the energy that winged minds and hardy limbs could beget to muster. After very severe and prolonged exertion, however, they were obliged to give in without obtaining much additional advantage. The rebel general, with a few of his adherents, among whom either in success or failure Antrim Jack might be always numbered, having far outstripped them, reached a half ruined cabin at the skirts of a wood where he determined to pass the night which was already falling.

In the course of this pursuit, O'Dwyer, while the soldiers were close behind, looked back, and thought he perceived distinct signs of a communication between Farrell and one of them. As he had observed a little jealousy on the part of Farrell towards Antrim Jack, he did not wish to give him the additional mortification of being reproved in his presence, and therefore set the latter out, on some pretext before he called him up to make inquiry about it. He thought this step quite necessary, as he had observed that Farrell's disposition was proud and passionate, and exhibited a good deal of low cunning and craft, together with a large share also of that shallowness of mind that so commonly attends it, qualities of mind that would make such a mortification more galling.

"Farrell," said he, "what signs were those I saw pass between you and the soldier to-day?"

"What soldier?" said Farrell.

"The fellow that was next behind you," said Farrell.

"In the beginning of the chase, when they were close to us, as we came through the scarp," said Farrell.

"Oh, nothing, sir," said Farrell.

"Come, come," said O'Dwyer, "tell me something to you, tell me what it was."

"A pinch of snuff he wanted," said Farrell.

"A pinch of snuff?" said O'Dwyer with surprise.

"Yes," said Farrell.

"Do you tell me that the fellow asked you for a pinch of snuff?"

"Yes," said Farrell.

"Nonsense!" said O'Dwyer.

"Faiks, its thrue for me," said Farrell, "sure you don't think 'tis a lie I'm telling?"

"I'm quite sure of it," said O'Dwyer.

"Egad then, you needn't," said Farrell.

"Well," said O'Dwyer, "you're a pleasant fellow. The king's troops chase you for half the length of a

day, and seek your life with might and main. You do your utmost to preserve it by flight, and in the very height of this pursuit, and when you are hardest pressed, the fellow who is nearest to you is unreasonable with a pinch of snuff! Do you want me to believe you man?" he said as the picture stared him in all its absurdity.

"I do," said Farrell, "that's what he wanted."

O'Dwyer paused, and then after some moments said:

"And when he asked you for the pinch of snuff what did you say to him?"

"I told him I wouldn't," said Farrell, "nor as much as would make a bee sneeze."

"Well," said O'Dwyer, smiling, "you were true to your colours at any rate."

"What?" said Farrell.

"I say," said O'Dwyer, with more distinctness, "you did not desert your colours, you refused him the pinch of snuff."

Farrell coloured slightly as his commander said this, and there was a pause for some moments.

"Tell me, Farrell," said O'Dwyer, after looking into his face for some time, with a glance that few, even of the guilty could withstand, "did he offer you anything in return for the pinch of snuff?"

Farrell coloured slightly, and said he did not.

"Well, this was still more unreasonable, when a man asks a pinch of snuff of a person he had no right to expect it from, one would think he'd feel himself bound to give something in return. And you, Farrell, continuing his searching glance.

Farrell was silent.

O'Dwyer paused for some time.

"Well, Farrell," he said at length in an altered tone; "All I wish to say to you at present, is, be cautious how you hold any communication with these soldiers. Be on your guard, I warn you. I have some reason to know what the pinch of snuff was, that fellow asked you for; it is a kind of sneeze made by these soldiers, and may perhaps make them do so again, you may go."

Farrell was about to offer something in explanation, but was stopped by O'Dwyer, who saw there was no probability of obtaining any further acknowledgment from him. The circumstance was suspicious to say the least of it, but O'Dwyer, who always depended much upon his personal exertion, thought it unnecessary to take any further step than to watch him closely, and keep him as much as possible about his own person.

Farrell was evidently dissatisfied at the manner in which he came out of this examination. The bantering form in which O'Dwyer put his questions, and the altered and serious tone with which he concluded, perplexed him not a little. He remained long moody, sullen, and silent, and it was only some time after O'Dwyer went out in the moonlight, to take his customary glance from some elevated spot, before he returned to the cabin, that he could bring himself to take part in a conversation that occurred among the men, on their present condition and prospects, which the harassing nature of the day's duty made a natural topic.

"I never was more in humor for a sleep in all my life, than I am after to-day's run," said one of them as he lay down and stretched himself across the place the fire had lately occupied.

Egad this place is desperately hot after the fire, I suppose some of us will be taught to dance a new step in the air, to military music—others will meet with as good luck as Ned Sheehy, of Dromin."

"What happened him?"

"Why, he was known for a notorious night-walker, and like our general here, they were looking for him night and day, for months, and could never catch him. At last they put a few lines in the paper, to say, that if the nearest relation of the late Jerry Sheehy, a cousin of his that was, say, any way connected with him at all would come to some office in Dublin, he'd hear of something to his advantage. Poor Ned was always very covetous for money, so he went there, and they pinned him. When he axed 'em what he had to learn to his advantage, they told him he ought to have been hanged long ago, but they'd only transport him for life."

"Well, I don't think they kept terms with him," said the inquirer.

"Why so?"

"Because I'd rather be hanged than be transported for life. I don't think he heard anything to his advantage."

"So Ned thought too; first he wanted them to hang him—at least he wanted to have a toss with them—he'd or harp whether it should be double or quit, hanging or nothing; but they would not agree to it, and so Ned abused them, and called them cowards, and they parted. He went to Botany Bay, poor fellow, and they went about more tricks of the same kind."

"And which would you prefer, Will?" said Farrell to the last speaker, "hanging or transportation?"

"Egad I don't know," replied the other, "I never gave my mind much to the matter—I wouldn't like either of them. Why do you ask?"

"Because," said Farrell, "I have no fancy myself, for either one or the other, whatever Antrim Jack may do. I'll be off to-morrow."

"I never doubted you," said Jack, "I never saw you but throwing cold water on everything we have in hand."

"Why, what do you expect?" said Farrell. "Do you ever expect to have

the comfort of dying in your bed?"

Whether from any previous contemplation, or from whatever cause, if he would see as if this question had lighted on Jack's mind with a more serious feeling than any such inquiry could be expected to produce on a character such as his. He paused for some time, and then, with a countenance and tone that betrayed a deeply altered state of thought and feeling, he said:

"I wouldn't care much, whether I did or not, if it wasn't for those I'd leave after me."

"Who would you leave after you?" said Farrell in his customary tone of rallery.

"I know what you mean by your question," said Jack in a melancholy tone, "you mean the general, and all I have to tell you is, and I don't care who knows it, that whatever end the general comes to, Jack will come to the same, and at the same time. If he's shot or taken, you'll find me somewhere near him. If it wasn't for him, I'd think but little of death. I know," he continued with an expression of feeling his voice seldom assumed, "I know it is a comfort, a great comfort, to die in one's bed. I was near it once, and I often thought since, when I had a narrow escape of being shot, or speared, or hanged, and it came into my mind afterwards, to think of death in different ways, which it seldom does. I often thought that a man can have no comforts so great as to die in his bed with his friend sitting near him. For all this, I tell you I would not value it much, but for what I mentioned, and as you asked me the question, Terr," he said with earnestness, "I'll tell you that I hope and trust with God's blessing—I hope and trust, and I have every hope of dying in my bed. I hope we'll all live long and happy and that we'll all die in our beds."

Jack had seldom, indeed scarcely ever, made so long a speech before, and it was with some surprise that the men heard him avow himself under the influence of a feeling, which certainly his conduct would never have indicated the existence of. The hope with which he concluded—so deeply felt—so earnestly expressed—was deemed to be grievously disappointed.

The candid avowal of his strong attachment to O'Dwyer, was not sufficient to protect him from Farrell's ridicule, and it was probably this circumstance that made the rallery upon his nerves than anything of the kind had ever done before. His eyes came extremely irritated. His face flashed, and he flew with incessant activity from one object to another—first he endeavoured to beat Farrell at his own weapons, but the complete coolness of the latter entirely disconcerted him. At length he lost all control, and seizing a rugged faggot that lay near, dashed it at him with such a sudden and dexterous aim, that notwithstanding an equally sudden motion of avoidance, it came upon his side with so much violence, as at once to take away his breath, and destroy utterly the equanimity with which he had hitherto proceeded. Farrell was now roused in his turn and snatching up the knotted weapon with which he had been assailed, proceeded to inflict summary chastisement. A scuffle ensued, attended with so much noise that it reached O'Dwyer's ears, who entered the cabin with a face of much anxiety. He separated the combatants before Farrell had effected his purpose, and with some severity of manner inquired into the cause of the dispute.

After much questioning, however, he could not obtain a satisfactory account.

Who began this?" he asked at length, angrily. "Farrell, I saw you attacking Jack, what was that about?"

"When he hit me a blow o' that root," said Farrell, "that would kill a horse."

"Jack, what did you hit him for?" said O'Dwyer.

"When he wouldn't let me alone," said Jack, "he's forever gibin' at me."

"What right had you to hit me?" said Farrell. "Wasn't that a purty instrument to hit a man with?" said he furiously, holding up the root towards O'Dwyer.

"Dear knows 'twouldn't hurt a chicken what I done to him," said Jack.

"For heavens sake, what was all this about?" said O'Dwyer with impatience. "Neville, you were looking on and can tell. How did it begin?"

"Indeed," said Neville "twasn't worth a bean what was between them, 'twas a foolish falling out between friends—Terr there, was taken fun out o' Jack—Jack didn't like it, and gave him a touch o' that instrument, as Farrell called it, in the side—Terr took offence at that, and thought to have his revenge, and so they tangled in one another as you found 'em when you come in, and—"

"He's for ever at me," said Jack, "and I often tould him to let me alone."

O'Dwyer was greatly irritated—"Farrell, said he, what do you mean by all this?—you're the most worthless fellow I ever met. This morning I wanted you to catch that fellow they sent into town with letters, and you came back without him. Then you tell me a lying story about a soldier asking you for a pinch of snuff, when I well know what he wanted; and now when our dangers are run to the very highest, you raise a quarrel, and make a noise that may bring the military upon us, who I find are not three hundred yards off. I wish to heaven," said he vehemently, "I never had anything to do with you."

"What more can a man do than his best," said Farrell.

"You could have told the truth," said O'Dwyer, "you didn't do that."

"I did," said Farrell, sullenly.

"You did not," said O'Dwyer, "and you know you did not. I do not believe one word of what you told me about the soldier."

"Well," said Farrell sulkily, "if you don't like me, can't you get others to do your business?"

"If I had got others to do it," said O'Dwyer, much irritated, "when I gave it to you, they would not have failed. I'm heartily sorry, 'twasn't Jack I sent."

"Oh, aye," said Farrell insolently; "Jack is the great man with you, there's no one like Jack in your mind. Jack here—and Jack there. That I mightn't then, but I'll be even with Jack."

"How dare you," said O'Dwyer enraged, "have the insolence to say such a thing in my presence. How do you dare to let me hear such words from you—look! Farrell," he continued more calmly, "I warn you now in time, if I find you injure a hair of Jack's head, I tell you, you'll repent it."

Here, Jack pulled O'Dwyer by the coat, and whispered him something apparently with the view of moderating his anger.

"I don't care a pin," said O'Dwyer, "what right had he to go on with his nonsense, and raise this row in the difficulties we are hourly brought into by these soldiers. Farrell, he continued, "I have no hesitation in telling you, I'm not satisfied with you, and that we must part."

"I'm satisfied," said Farrell, rising in a rage, "and the sooner the better. I'll leave you this instant."

"No," said O'Dwyer, "not to-night, you'll stay here to-night, when the morning comes, you may be off as early as you please."

"I'll be off this moment," said Farrell, in a paroxysm of anger. "I'll not stop here for any man living."

"Take care my good fellow," said O'Dwyer, in a firm and determined manner, "how you dispute, my orders you know my trials are short, and my justice sudden: sit down I advise you, and take care how you dispute my orders."

Farrell knew O'Dwyer's manner; when he determined to be obeyed, and he had seen more than once the consequences of disobeying him. He sat down in a moody passion, and passed the evening in sullen silence. O'Dwyer went out again to make his last dispositions for the night. He sent the men each to a different lurking place, set Neville on guard, outside the cabin, and lay down on the floor, a great coat flung over him, with Farrell at his feet and Antrim Jack as usual by his side.

The slumbers of that night, were probably deeper than usual, for it was only after having been repeated two or three times, that the low whispers of Jack caught O'Dwyer's attention, when he asked him if he heard any noise.

"No," said he, "I did not. Farrell, get up, and see if it is I say. Do you hear me, Farrell?"

There was no answer from Farrell, after calls.

"Terr," said Jack in a low voice, "don't you hear the general calling you—Terr again—Terr—how sleepy you are man—Terr I say."

But there was still no answer, and after groping about for some time, they became satisfied that he was not in the cabin.

"How could he have got out," said O'Dwyer, "surely I fastened the door, so that it could not open."

"It did not either," said Jack.

"Then how could he have got out?"

After some further search, they discovered an opening in the wall, into which a large stone had been dragged, that was recently displaced. Through the opening, they became convinced that Farrell had passed.

"The treacherous villain," said O'Dwyer, "I knew by his black look last night, that he had something in his mind."

"But how could he get out unknown to us," said Jack, "and through so small a hole too, I never thought Farrell was so handy."

"Oh the rogue—some of my training—but if I catch him I'll be even with him. We must be off out of this presently—run out, and call Neville. I wonder how that scamp could escape unknown to him."

Jack was about to open the door, when looking through a slit in it, he suddenly ran back to O'Dwyer, and said with a hurried utterance, but in a low voice:

"Oh, General—the soldiers! we're pinned!"

"Where?" said O'Dwyer.

"Outside—round about the house."

"Ha!—so 'tis late already—let's see."

The day had just broke, and O'Dwyer on looking out beheld his poor sentinel a captive, and in forgetfulness of his condition, looking towards the door with a countenance of wretched sympathy. He directed Jack's attention towards him, who gazed at him for some time, and appeared to be touched by the expression of concern he saw in his face.

"Poor fellow!" said he, "it is like him."

Neville's look of generous distress was not without cause. He had heard the party, which consisted of about thirty men, under the command of a non-commissioned officer, discussing the manner in which O'Dwyer was to be drawn out of his present position, as they all knew an attempt to do so by open force, would be dangerous and bloody, if not entirely unsuccessful; some of the hardiest among them were for adopting this course, and breaking in the door boldly on him, but the more timid,

encouraged the cowardly and savage proposition of setting fire to the building and compelling him to leave it or die there. This proposal was urged and discussed, in the midst of much brutal levity, on the part of the soldiers, who could not conceal their satisfaction at having their enemy, at length, in their power, and it was with extreme anguish that Neville saw it at length universally agreed upon.

TO BE CONTINUED

AN EMPTY SPOT IN HER HEART

Many years ago a respectable colored woman of New Haven, Conn., came to Father O'Brien to ask him to instruct her and receive her into the Church. When he questioned her on her motives and reasons for desiring to become a Catholic, she gave him the following account of her religious experience:

She had always had "an empty spot in her heart." She had gone about from one sect to another, but had asked counsel of different ministers, but could never find anything to fill that empty spot. She was quite discouraged in seeking for religion when she happened one day to talk with an Irish servant girl about her interior doubts and troubles. The girl said some things to her which caused her to ask in surprise where she had learned those things. She said that it was in her Catechism. The good woman found that those Catholic truths filled the empty spot in her heart. She thought it very strange that this poor girl could answer questions which learned ministers could not answer to her satisfaction. She concluded that a religion which could put such wisdom into the simple and unlettered must be the true. Accordingly she applied for instruction, was received into the Church, and declared that the empty spot in her heart was thereafter completely filled.

MANY SUCH

This good woman's experience is that of every convert to the true faith. There is an empty spot in every human heart, which can be filled only by accepting God's whole revelation to man as it is found in Catholic faith and practice. Man needs two things—light and strength. He needs a divine teacher and a divine helper. He needs to know the way, and he needs the strength to walk in it.

Any priest who has ever given missions or instructed converts will testify that there are thousands of earnest sincere-minded people among us to-day who are seeking for the truth. The Catholic Church alone has to offer and which alone can satisfy the religious craving of the human heart. In their search for the truth that satisfies, they are taking up with the fads—Dowicism and Ealdysm and Spiritism. And fifteen million Catholics distributed among them!

The shame of it!

In the face of these conditions it is the plain duty of every thoughtful Catholic to help spread the faith and so bring these souls, tossed about by every wind of doctrine, into that haven where alone they shall find rest for their souls.

"But," you ask, "How are we to do this?" By imitating the example of this humble servant girl, who gave the truth-seeker the answer she had sought elsewhere in vain. And what did she give? The simple Catholic doctrine as found in the Catechism. That is all that was needed. Nothing more. All that is generally needed in work of this kind is a practical knowledge of those simplest fundamental teachings.

The Catholic Church does not expect her children of the laity to be trained theologians, versed in all the arts of theological disputation, but she does expect them to know their Catechism. She does expect them to have at least an elemental knowledge of what they believe, and the reasons why. Nothing does her so much harm as losing innumerable opportunities to do good as the unwillingness or inability of many Catholics to give a plain-talk account of the faith that is in them.

BUT WHERE IS MY PULPIT

"But," you say, "am I expected to stand on a barren and address the multitude on religious topics?" Why bless you, my child, not at all! There is no lack of opportunity in your ordinary daily life. Bound up with almost every question of the day there is some aspect of Catholic principle or belief to be explained. Take the perplexing problems of marriage and divorce. What an opportunity to explain the uncompro-mising attitude of the Church regarding the sanctity and indissolubility of the marriage tie. How she deserves the respect and gratitude of all loyal right-minded citizens for thus standing up all alone for the sanctity of the home against all the assaults of the world, the flesh and the devil.

Take the question of Socialism. How easy to explain the reverent attitude of the Church toward all lawful authority and her necessary unrelenting hostility toward a system which, if put into practice, would sweep away every vestige of authority, human and divine.

Or the labor question comes up for discussion. Here you have readily at hand the incomparable Encyclical of Leo XIII. on "The Condition of Labor," pronounced by the late Hon. Carroll D. Wright, United States Commissioner of Labor, "the only satisfactory solution to the labor

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LETTERS OF RECOMMENDATION Apostolic Delegation Ottawa, June 13th, 1905. Mr. Thomas Coffey My Dear Sir—Since coming to Canada I have been a reader of your paper. I have noted with satisfaction that it is directed with intelligence and ability, and above all that it is imbued with a strong Catholic spirit.

UNITY THAT IS POSSIBLE From all the discussion of Church Union there is a genuine desire on the part of a multitude of Christians that there may be less accentuation of differences and more Christian charity among the various denominations.

ST. PATRICK AND 'THE WORLD' The secular press of Canada celebrated St. Patrick's day by a chorus of praise to St. Patrick and appreciation of the steadfast loyalty of his spiritual children.

COMING BACK We read in the press that on Palm Sunday in the Bond Street Congregational Church, Toronto, the platform in front of the pulpit was a mass of palms; and that the choirs in different churches sang appropriate hymns.

THE MENACE The noble profession of journalism is degraded by vulgar and vile publications that try to foment discord and foster suspicion and strife among people who wish to live on friendly terms with their neighbors.

THE PURPORTED OATH 'The Menace gloats over a disgusting rhapsody that is inserted in bold type in its columns, and that is offered to the public as the oath taken by the Knights of Columbus.

PERCENTAGE OF CATHOLICS BY PROVINCES A correspondent has sent us the following figures giving the percentage of Catholics in each of the Provinces of Canada, and in the territories and the Yukon as returned in the census of 1911.

KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS The Minneapolis Tribune of March 10th contains a report of a lecture on the Knights of Columbus delivered in that city on the previous evening.

THE LENTEN FAST A St. John, N. B., subscriber asks us to notice a newspaper account of a sermon by a Baptist divine on Lent.

A BLACK CHAPTER IN EDMONTON'S HISTORY 'That the Protestants of Canada will vote right if given a square chance was made apparent here in the vote on the money by laws.'

JOHN REDMOND has good ground for a libel suit against the Montreal Witness for publishing what it alleges is a portrait of the Irish leader.

JOHN REDMOND has good ground for a libel suit against the Montreal Witness for publishing what it alleges is a portrait of the Irish leader.

may deride the irretrievably illogical intrusion of the Non-conformist conscience, with its passive resistance, into the education question, but our countrymen can ill afford to lose its stern influence on the side of Christianity in questions of public policy.

This is the tone of the whole document, wherein the facts disclosed by the census which attracted widespread attention and comment, are attributed by His Grace to the schools. Of the 80,000 Catholic children of school age, all except about 2,200 attend Catholic day schools.

The following passage from a Pastoral address to his people by the Anglican Bishop of Manchester strikes quite a different note: 'The past month has seen the Home Rule Bill carried through the House of Commons, and the Bill for the Disestablishment and Disendowment of the Church of England in Wales advanced almost to completion.'

The bitterness of party politics explains but does not excuse such language on the hustings. But never in the heat of party strife have we heard from the unscrupulous mob orator more concentrated venom than is contained in this deliberate pronouncement of the Right Reverend Father in God.

'Then there were Protestants in Great Britain.' We need hardly add that the Bishop belongs to that minority to which we have already referred. He serves but to point a moral. The way to secure united Christian effort is not the way of the Bishop of Manchester.

One single jarring note was struck by the Toronto World. Its whole first page was given over to a hideous cartoon representing St. Patrick wearing the sacred vestments of a Catholic Bishop, but in the attitude of a drunken maniac, brandishing his crozier as if it were a shillelagh and driving the snakes from Ireland.

This may be meant to be humorous; but no circus ringmaster would allow a clown to act in such execrable taste as to flout coarse irreverence before a Christian people. We believe that the Toronto Sunday World has the distinction of being the only paper published in the English language that would give space to such savage ribaldry.

We read in the press that on Palm Sunday in the Bond Street Congregational Church, Toronto, the platform in front of the pulpit was a mass of palms; and that the choirs in different churches sang appropriate hymns.

This is one of the many evidences of a return to Catholic practice. The cross is no longer a piece of wood held up to derision. It is venerated as the symbol of Redemption and surmounts the steeples of many Protestant churches.

Christmas Day is not now a man-made Sabbath, but a feast which all Christians observe. Even Good Friday is no longer commemorated exclusively by Catholics.

Lent, if not observed by Protestants, is at least treated with a respect not shown a generation ago, to

this season of penance ordered by the Church. Irish Catholic fidelity during generations of bitter contempt has won for St. Patrick's Day a popularity in the English-speaking world second only to Christmas Day.

From the bare service of the Puritan meeting-house our Protestant friends have travelled far. Even though they remain outside, they do well to learn from the ages of experience that are behind the symbolism and the observance of feast days in the Catholic Church.

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and abstinence, not by divine command, but because designated in Scripture, and by the command of the Church, whose authority, as Scripture clearly shows, is from God.

Sunday is substituted for Saturday by the same authority. The reverend doctor who has found the Scripture absolutely silent with regard to Lent will also find the Scripture absolutely silent with regard to the substitution of the Christian Sunday for the Jewish Sabbath.

The sin of disobeying the Church with regard to fasting is precisely the same as that of disobeying the Church in the matter of sanctifying the Sunday instead of keeping holy the Sabbath Day.

THE WHOLE TREND OF THE ORGANIZATION 'The whole trend of the organization is in the direction of whatever is courteous, knightly, generous and kind towards all men.

PERCENTAGE OF CATHOLICS BY PROVINCES A correspondent has sent us the following figures giving the percentage of Catholics in each of the Provinces of Canada, and in the territories and the Yukon as returned in the census of 1911.

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dollar mark required for membership. Character is the only requisite. All saloonkeepers and liquor dealers are ineligible by the provisions of the constitution of the order, because of the 'dangerous and unbecoming business' in which they are engaged.

There is no obligation binding upon any Catholic to join the Knights of Columbus. There are hundreds of thousands of excellent Catholics in this country who have never applied for membership in the order, and who never will apply.

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The Menace gloats over a disgusting rhapsody that is inserted in bold type in its columns, and that is offered to the public as the oath taken by the Knights of Columbus.

The only 'designs' the Knights of Columbus have on this country is the design of making our Catholic men of America better and more loyal Americans. The only ambition of the representative of the Pope at Washington, the apostolic delegate, is the spiritual welfare of the Catholic people of this country.

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noxious' cult. Their sole and only aim is to obtain a place at the Party lunch counter. The time will come, and we hope soon, when our Protestant fellow citizens will frown upon this child of the men who play the game of low politics.

HOISTING THE FLAG On the occasion of the meeting of the Orange Grand Lodge in Windsor, a telegram was received from the Hon. Samuel Hughes, Minister of Militia, giving orders that the British flag was to be kept flying over the armories while the Orangemen were in session.

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that the Protestant minority took sides against her. They were in Ireland but not of Ireland. They bore themselves as a foreign garrison battling against the peoples' hopes and aspirations. But now that the fight is over, and that the light of victory is shining upon her banners Ireland wants to take them to her heart. She wishes to bury fathoms deep the memories of the past. She has no word of bitterness, no shadow of reproach. Too long have they been alien to her. Too long have they been strangers within the gates. But now that the night of her sorrow is past she would give them a place, even the first place, at her hearth. No people under heaven are so ready to forgive and forget as the Irish. No nation has such powers of assimilation. Unnatural barriers have prevented it in the past, but the coming of Home Rule will bridge the gulf of centuries, and one in name and in devotion to their motherland will be all the children of Ireland.

COLUMBA.

NOTES AND COMMENTS

In this age of reprints and adaptations, a correspondent of the *Tablet* expresses wonder that no Catholic publisher in England or the United States has thought of bringing out a cheap edition of Bishop Challoner's great work "Memoirs of Missionary Priests," first published by the venerable author in 1741, as a supplement, he modestly tells us, to English history. How often it has been republished, we are not at the moment able to say, but with the exception of Mr. Jack's sumptuous Edinburgh edition of 1877, we believe we are correct in saying that no other has issued from the press within the last fifty years. And the Edinburgh edition, being a large quarto finely illustrated, it follows that this classic Catholic history of the persecutions and martyrdoms under Henry VIII. and Elizabeth, remains to all intents and purposes a sealed book to the rank and file of Catholic readers.

This is all the more remarkable, since Bishop Challoner's work is the best of all antidotes to that much circulated and (among Protestants) extremely popular fiction, Foxe's "Lying Book of Martyrs," as Cobbett called it. It has been well said that mainly through the instrumentality of that vicious and absurd compilation, almost every Protestant child knows something of the executions for heresy and sedition in the reign of Mary Tudor, whom they have been very falsely and cruelly taught to stigmatize as the "Bloody" Queen. That book also is perhaps largely responsible for the bitter and unrelenting character of the tradition as regards Catholics, which, despite the uncovering and publication of State papers and other authentic documents, still holds sway over the average Protestant mind—a tradition that every now and again is brought into play to serve the vile purposes of notoriety-seeking persons, or to stimulate the waning interest in such chimerical schemes as "French evangelization," or the perversion of "the neglected continent."

The general title of Bishop Challoner's work: "Memoirs of Missionary Priests," by which it is generally known, though sufficiently definite in England at the time it was first published, scarcely now conveys an adequate idea of its contents to the widely-scattered races which speak the English tongue. The sub-title ("And other Catholics of both sexes that have suffered death in England on religious accounts from the year 1577 to 1684") supplies the deficiency, but is too lengthy for ordinary colloquial use, and hence is generally left in the background. Its publication, however, may be said to have made the first breach in the hitherto impregnable wall of English Protestant tradition. To several generations reared on Foxe's "Book of Martyrs" and carefully shielded from any suspicion of another side to the story, the Catholic Church could scarcely be anything but an object of distrust and aversion. To such Henry VIII. was the great emancipator, and his daughter Elizabeth, "Good Queen Bess" and all that the name implied. Under this spell, says one of Challoner's editors, "many an Englishman grew up in total ignorance of the fact that under the government of Elizabeth, with the active co-operation of the Anglican Bishops, there were put to a most barbarous and shameful death for conscience"

sake at least one hundred and twenty-four Catholic priests, and as many as fifty-seven laymen and women."

It was a great achievement then on Bishop Challoner's part to have turned the minds of the more scholarly and open-minded of his countrymen to the reverse of the picture. Himself born a Protestant and entering the Catholic Church in his early manhood, he had full knowledge of the density of the ignorance which prevailed in England as to the facts of the great apostasy. To undeceive them, therefore, and to bring into full view the fearful character of the persecution which, because of their adherence to the ancient Faith, harried the Catholic remnant of England for two hundred years, he early set himself to assemble the acts of the martyrs, and to uncover the motives of the "Reformers." Within the scope of two portly volumes he in due time gave to the world the result of his researches, and while even yet, after a hundred and seventy-two years, the old false tradition still holds to some extent with the illiterate and the interested, England and the world have come gradually to realize how grossly they had been deceived. Historians like Lingard and John Richard Green advanced the process still further, and while giving prominence to the cruelty of the persecution have at the same time shown the great part it played in the ecclesiastical policy of Elizabeth.

If we may be pardoned, then, a hackneyed phrase, we may well speak of a new and cheap edition of Challoner's "Missionary Priests" as a long felt want in English literature. As the *Tablet's* correspondent writes, there are cheap editions of Butler's "Lives of the Saints"—why not of Challoner? A book like that would effect far more than a whole shelf of controversial works, and if sold side-by-side with Foxe's "Martyrs" would go far to counteract the evil influence of the latter. That there are multitudes both in England and in Canada, who care for the truth and bear towards the facts of history a receptive mind we have always believed. Upon such the transparently honest and unaffected narrative of Challoner could not fail of its due effect, and the recent researches of Dom Gasquet and Professor Gairdner to bear it company, the field of usefulness which lies before it may be said to be practically limitless. Challoner, Lingard, Green, the two Maitlands, Lecky, Gasquet and Gairdner—any Catholic fairly familiar with these eight writers may present an impregnable front to assailants of his religion on historical grounds.

As was to be expected the kindly and dignified protest of Archbishop McNeil against Rev. Dr. Hanson's distortions of Catholic doctrine in the Presbyterian has called forth a rejoinder from that gentleman. And, as was to be further expected, said rejoinder is couched in terms made familiar by four centuries of just such rancorous and ignorant assaults upon the citadel of Christ. Dr. Hanson's letter, so far as its spirit and matter is concerned, might have been written by any one of those Calvinistic theologians who, during the regnancy of the Westminster Confession of Faith, were held to typify the narrowness and impenetrability of the sect. The supremacy of the Confession of Faith as a standard of Presbyterian doctrine has long since gone by the boards; that the narrowness and obstinacy associated with it remains, there could be no better proof than Dr. Hanson's letter.

We have no intention of controverting Dr. Hanson's peculiar notions of grace, or his still more peculiar misconceptions of Catholic doctrine. Any Catholic child well-instructed in Butler's catechism could set him right, were it not for that hopeless inaccessibility to the light historically characteristic of his school, and which his own so-called reply hopelessly betrays. It may be better to remind him that his quarrel is not with the Archbishop, but with the Archbishop's Lord, and that ere he can claim any serious consideration at the hands of Catholics, he must first square his peculiar notions of the Mass with the words of Christ in the gospels, or his doctrine of justification by faith alone with the epistles of St. Paul and St. James. The root of the controversy—if there could be said to be any controversy—lies there. The first "Reformers" realized this,

and made strenuous efforts to overcome it, even to the extent, on Luther's own confession, of adding to the epistles of St. Paul, and of expunging that of St. James from the Bible altogether. "The latter," he said, "was an epistle of straw," and "not worthy to be compared with that of the other apostles;" why?—because it did not fit in with the doctrines which, on his own showing, he got from the evil one.

LET US GLANCE for a moment at the awful extremes to which Luther's doctrine of justification led many of his disciples. The plea that man was justified without the works of the law (that is of the Jewish law) was soon twisted into meaning that good works had no bearing upon the life of a Christian. This indeed was a necessity as regards Luther himself, for, as close students of his life know, his morals were out of gear with Christian precept. It is not surprising, therefore, to find him writing to Melancthon: "Sin, and sin boldly; but let your faith be greater than your sin," nor to find the same degrading idea coming to the surface in the writings of those who, coming after him, modelled their teachings on his. Thus, one Eaton, who wrote a book entitled "Honeycomb of Justification," says: "Believers ought not to mourn for sin, because it was pardoned before it was committed." Another, Richard Hill, friend and co-laborer of Phineas Fletcher, who, in the century following Luther, enjoyed considerable distinction as a theologian among English Calvinists, wrote: "God sees no sin in believers, whatever sin they commit. My sin might displease God, my person is always acceptable to him, though I should outsin Manasseh."

WE ARE FAR from insinuating that this, or anything like it, answers to the belief of Dr. Hanson or of any considerable body of latter-day Calvinists. But, unquestionably, it shows how easily the degenerate heart of man can drift into all sorts of excesses when divorced from the centre and seat of authoritative Christian teaching. If any fact stands out pre-eminently in the history of the Reformation, it is this: The lives of the first Reformers will not bear the light of day. There is not one of them whose skirts are clean, and they all pleaded justification by faith alone. Good works had with them no part in the Christian economy. Their followers to this day, while putting the works of the Reformers behind them, cling obstinately to the doctrinal errors which they espoused. Dr. Hanson's letter to the Presbyterian, while showing conclusively that he has not the first understanding of the Catholic Faith, shows also, no less conclusively, that emancipation from the ethical maxims of the Reformers has not in his case carried with it any appreciable degree of doctrinal enlightenment.

BISHOP FALLON AT THE CAPITAL
LECTURE ON ST. PATRICK'S NIGHT

Ottawa Citizen, March 18
"I am an Irish Catholic, but not an Irish Nationalist if it would interfere with the faith that makes me free. Rather persecution and the sword than that Ireland should lose its religion in a wave of material prosperity, for who would be so base as to barter for a whole cycle of temporal success the glory of faith?"
Imagine these words uttered deepened, by a commanding figure six feet and some inches in height, robed in the black and purple of a dignitary of the Catholic Church, a figure marked by that air of authority which comes only with the exercise of spiritual dominion over a diocese of souls. Imagine them emphasized by a leveled index finger at the end of a powerful arm and you have them as they were spoken by Bishop M. F. Fallon, of London, during the course of his address on Ireland's crowning glory, her faith, at the St. Patrick's concert held by the Ancient Order of Hibernians at the Russell Theatre last night.

It was not the address which might have been expected with Home Rule in the near folds of the future, but then conventionally is the last thing to be expected from a man of Bishop Fallon's type. A review of her past history, a depreciation of her lack of material progress, and an exposition of her political hopes might have been looked for conceivably. "Not from Bishop Fallon, however," "Material progress? What is it but locomotion?" he asked, and the burden of his address was rather of spiritual persistence; that steady, changeless clinging to the aspirations of the soul which, he claimed, had been the center of all Ireland's achievement. Rather than that Ireland should lose it, as so many have lost it with the coming of too much

prosperity, he was fain for persecution and the sword once more. Incidentally he championed the identity of St. Patrick as a Catholic, and in this connection had things to say of a Toronto assertion to the contrary.

After referring to his presence as in one sense a homecoming, since he doubted not many of his former parishioners of St. Joseph's were numbered among the audience which he had come to address, the Bishop went on to speak of Ireland, that little speck of land on the broad bosom of the Atlantic, in area, only about an eighth of that of Ontario alone; with a population not much more than four millions. It had never been great enough to elevate Ireland to the position of a populous nation, but she was one with a history unsurpassed. It was a proud boast that from this speck of land had gone to the ends of the earth a people noted for their spirituality and renowned for the enduring quality of their faith. "That," said the Bishop, "is the only message I proclaim or have ever proclaimed; that the spiritual glory of Ireland is the center of all its achievement."

Fifteen hundred years ago the people of this land had been entirely pagan, although already endowed with much of the spiritual temper which is the possession of the Gael. To them a messenger had come, and in one short lifetime had made them a nation of Christians. There was not a page in the annals of the Catholic Church or the history of the world which recorded a similar event.

The right reverend speaker then went on to speak of the university of St. Patrick's Day. To-night in Dublin, Limerick and Cork, and possibly in a limited degree—insofar as recent events will permit—in Belfast, he said, in London, Liverpool, Melbourne, Sydney, Wellington, Chicago, New York, San Francisco, Johannesburg and Capetown, in Montreal, Winnipeg and Vancouver, everywhere the indestructible soul of the Irish people is proclaiming the glorious history of their apostle.

While some might laud their oratorical powers or speak of their flights of poetry, while others might praise the fighting powers of the Kellys and the Burkes, this fact would stand out: that the Irish race was the only one which has preserved for fifteen hundred years the untarnished faith brought to them by the original apostle. "There is no blot on the escutcheon of the Irish people in the matter of faith. This may be a difficult matter to tell the world to-day, for this is not the age of faith; it is far from being a period where belief arises easily and takes possession of man's mind and soul."

But Ireland has had only one message, and that, "What does it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" It is not a popular message. "The sons of Erin had, however, never failed to heed it and be true to the doctrine of Patrick, that material bulk is not the measure of greatness; that the laborer toiling in the trench is of more value than all the examples of art and architecture in the whole world, and 'all your railroads, your fleets and your smoky factories which vomit forth grimy people at the end of the day.'"

The world had called to Ireland, and its cry had been progress. But she had answered, "What then is your progress but locomotion. Your material activity? It is another name for noise. The appeal of intellectual light with which you have tempted me? You don't mean intellectual light; you mean lighting systems."

Recently it had been said that even St. Patrick himself wasn't a Catholic at all, said the bishop, and in this connection he produced and read from a clipping from a Toronto paper relative to a speech delivered by one James Hart before the Imperial British Israel Association in St. James' Parish House. "A strange combination," commented the reverend speaker. According to the press report the lecturer had exposed the fallacy of the doctrine of the Catholic Church, pointing out that while a Patrick had gone to Ireland to teach the doctrines of Catholicism his mission had failed.

"You'd never suspect that if you didn't read it in a Toronto paper," said Bishop Fallon. The clipping further set forth how the real St. Patrick had been a Chaldean, and had as a matter of fact been at one end of the scale of which King William at the Battle of the Boyne had been at the other.

"Well, we who are gathered here will continue to live in the belief that St. Patrick was a Catholic, and came to Ireland with a message from the Pope of Rome," continued the head of London diocese, Catholicism in Ireland had always been Roman, and Irishmen had always been devoted children of the See of Peter. He dealt with the years of Irish history after the coming of St. Patrick. The hideous pillages of Cromwell and Elizabeth and the punishments of penal times had broken all but the spirit of faith. Many had seen their children sink in famine by the wayside who, if they gave up their religion, could have walked with them in the paths of plenty. And this strong apostolic spirit had not vanished. Material evidences of it were to be found under the Southern Cross and on the shores of South Africa, while in America it had formed the foundation for a church, and such a church, said the Bishop, where one hundred years ago scarcely a Bishop or a priest could be found, to-day there were over a hundred dignitaries under the direction of three princes of the Church; twelve thousand

priests and fifteen millions of Catholics.

It is the only perfect thing which remains to the Irish race. I know that we are standing in the shadow of great events. The world says that some of the aspirations of the Irish race are to be realized. I am an Irish Catholic, but not an Irish Nationalist if it would interfere with the faith that makes me free. Rather persecution and the sword than that this should happen, for who would be so base as to barter for a whole cycle of temporal prosperity the glory of faith.

Ireland asked of other nations only that it be not entangled in their affairs; that its valleys be not blackened with smoke of factories or its fields soiled with slums of cities. She asked only that she might continue to walk in the path of faith. Many a page of Christianity which had been written in gold and in blood was now blank with the void of infidelity. England had failed to cling to the truth; Germany had fallen away—Spain, France and Italy. What defence can any Catholic tongue find for them? So far as clinging to the truth of Catholicity is concerned, there is but one nation which has been unflinching, ever true, and I pray "that her shores may sink in the pathless depths of the sea, ere her sons shall barter the faith which has made them free."

A NOBLE WOMAN

The Sisters of the Hotel-Dieu, Montreal, are about to send to His Holiness Pope X. a beautiful portrait of Jeanne Mance, the founder of the hospital, along with a richly bound copy of her life story.

The portrait of this noble woman, framed in a manner emblematic of the country of her adoption, is well worthy of a resting place among the works of art in the Vatican. Engraved on the richly wrought frame is the following inscription:

JEANNE MANCE
"Fondatrice de l'Hopital de l'Hotel-Dieu de Ville-Marie, 1642. Cette heroique francaise, conseillere de Chomedy de Maisonneuve, et Sauveur de la colonie nasissante, fut la premiere femme qui fut piee en l'ile de Montreal, Canada."

The life and work of this great woman are not well enough known to the average Canadian, and more particularly to the citizens of Montreal, a city which is indeed much indebted to her.

At the age of thirty-six she landed on the island of Montreal with Maisonneuve's party, and on the 18th of May, 1642, the day after her landing, she decorated the rudely constructed altar where the priest who accompanied the colony offered up for the first time on this island the sacrifice of the Mass for the success of the work and the greater glory of God.

In the same year she began caring for the sick, and two years later she built on the present St. Paul Street the first hospital, probably in North America. It was built with funds received from Madame de Bullion, a rich friend of our heroine, living in France. In this building, which cost 6,000 francs, she ministered practically unaided, to the sick and dying. In 1650, while visiting France, she received another donation from the same rich and influential friend, to be used for the hospital, but finding on her return that Maisonneuve was in urgent need of funds for the colony, she generously gave him the money and saved the people from starvation and death.

In 1659 she brought over from France three hospital Sisters of St. Joseph to aid her in the growing work. In 1673, after a lifetime of fruitful endeavor, she died and was buried in the Church of the Hotel-Dieu.

In 1695 the hospital was burned. It was rebuilt and continued doing its great work in the service of humanity on its original site until 1861, when the present Hotel-Dieu Hospital was erected, larger and more modern on Pine Avenue, near the foot of old historic Mount Royal.

In 1909, two hundred and fifty years after the arrival of the three hospital Sisters, a splendid monument in bronze, on a granite pedestal, was erected in front of the hospital depicting Jeanne Mance's care for suffering humanity.

France has produced many heroic women; two that are well known bore the name of Jeanne; the first Jeanne rescued her country from a foreign foe and cheerfully gave her life when her work was accomplished. She will be remembered as long as the recital of deeds of bravery and valor have the power to quicken the heart throbs of the best of every race.

The second Jeanne less widely known, gave her life in doing good for the new colony of France. As the first white woman who came to Montreal, as the careful adviser and helper of Maisonneuve in his colonization of the faithful attendant of the sick and dying; as the founder of the first hospital in Canada; as the beginner of a work which is still doing excellent service, Jeanne Mance is worthy of some of the praise and attention which has been given to the other great Jeanne.

Her work is still going on, and will last as long as the Church which inspired them both to do heroic deeds lasts—until the end of time.—Montreal Tribune.

At the foundation of good manners there are always three things—self-sacrifice, self-control, self-respect.

THE PIONEERS OF THE CROSS

A REVIEW BY REV. CANON KER

St. Catharines Evening Journal, March 11
The Very Reverend Dean Harris has obtained such a conspicuous place in the republic of letters that his name, appended to any work, is a sufficient guarantee of its excellence. His literary labors have been crowned by the production of a number of high class works displaying careful research in paths not often trodden by modern historians. He is unrivalled in his acquaintance with Indian tribal lore, which he weaves into story and narrative with an ease and grace of language peculiarly his own. His "Catholic Church in the Niagara Peninsula" is in itself a work upon which any scholar might safely stake his literary reputation, and his Church, so plentiful in first-class writers in all countries and languages, may well feel proud that Canada has produced a writer not inferior to the best, and in versatility of style, it is fairly open to question, if he has an equal even among the best. There is hardly a page in any of his numerous works that does not bear testimony to his zeal and love for the Church of which he is so distinguished a priest.

RECENTS STIRRING INCIDENTS

His latest work, published by McClelland & Goodchild, of Toronto, is appropriately named "Pioneers of the Cross in Canada," and it is in this work that the Dean's book will find full and accurate information, not alone on this point but also the connection of the "Recollets" and "Jesuits," with the Canadian Missions among the savage tribes. It would hardly be fair to the readers of the Dean's valuable book to anticipate his narrative which is so full of dramatic interest, but we must venture upon the liberty of referring to one of the martyrs whose fate has always made a strong impression upon ourselves.

Father Jogues was of a good family in the town of Orleans, and was sent to Canada by the General of his Order in 1655; he stayed in the country of the Hurons for five or six years. Later on he was sent to Quebec on the affairs of the "great and laborious mission." It was a terrible journey at any time, but in that year beset with exceptional difficulties, for the blood-thirsty Iroquois were ambuscading Indians allied with the French. In the month of August, having accomplished his mission, Father Jogues left Three Rivers to retrace his steps back to the Mission, being accompanied by several Hurons, but they had not gone very far on the return journey until their watchful enemies, the Iroquois, caught them in an ambush. Father Jogues tells how he was stripped and had to run the gauntlet between two rows of savages, and that he fell under the weight of their blows, and he says "seeing me down they threw themselves on me, and God alone knows the length of time I endured this. . . . They recommenced beating me, letting off another hail of blows on my head, neck and body. They then burned one finger and crunched another with their teeth, and pressed and twisted those which were already mangled with the rage of demons. They tore my wounds open with their nails, and when my strength failed they put fire to my arms and thighs. . . . There were only two of my nails remaining and these they wrenched off with their teeth, tearing away the flesh underneath to the very bones with their nails."

This mutilated priest returned to France, but subsequently came back to his Mission, fulfilling the prophetic words he wrote to a friend—*Ibo et non redibo*—(I shall go and shall not return). During his absence the feelings of his Huron friends had changed, and on the 18th October, 1646, he was called from his wigwam and an Indian standing behind the door split his skull with an axe. The narratives are so full of dramatic and tragic interest that we would gladly fill many columns with incidents, but we must refer our readers to the work itself. In an age when the profession of the Christian Faith is not supposed to involve either sacrifice or suffering, it is well to bethink ourselves of that noble army of martyrs who counted not their lives dear unto them. In conclusion, we venture to compliment the Archbishop of the Diocese of Toronto on having in his ranks a scholar so able, so painstaking in historic research, and so great a master of literature as the Very Reverend Dean Harris. "The Pioneers of the Cross" is a work that ought to be in every public and private library as a perfect storehouse of information not easily accessible to the general reader.

OUT OF THE PAST

In a preliminary chapter, Dean Harris deals with the condition of the world when the Church emerged, after her long night, from the catacombs, confronted a people steeped in the vilest forms of wickedness and immorality. If modern Christians were not so busy in mutual recriminations, jealousies and controversies, it would prove profitable in a high degree, to turn their attention to the condition of the world when the preachers of the Cross lifted up that symbol of human salvation in the city of Rome itself. Take as an instance, says Dean Harris, an extract from the papyrus "Aetha Diurna," of the city of Pompeii, preserved in the Museum of Naples, in which it is recorded that Marcus Tullius Servius gave a magnificent spectacle last night to the members of the aristocracy now visiting Pompeii. The Circus Maximus was hired for the occasion. Marcus Tullius appeared in a magnificent Quadriga (four-horsed chariot) followed by his friends in other chariots. Naked bacchantes with garlands on their heads, and wine jugs in their hands, waited upon the guests. There followed mortal combats between a hundred gladiators, the burning of a hundred dancing girls who had previously been steeped in wine, and the feeding of one hundred choice slaves to lions and other wild beasts recently imported from Africa. All the guests joined wildly in the revelry."

Crassus, the friend of Caesar, crucified ten thousand slaves on one day and lined the way from Capua to Rome with crosses supporting the bodies of the dead. Trajan, whom men say was the best of the Roman Emperors, gave to the bloody games of the Amphitheatre ten thousand slaves and eleven thousand wild beasts raised by wealthy citizens of Rome for the special purpose of devouring men.

Titus, when celebrating at Caesarea, his father's birthday, strangled and burnt to death two thousand five hundred Jews, taken after the fall of Jerusalem. The story of human shame is told without compunction by classic writers, but the majority of people who cannot consult these awful records of human depravity and human lust, need only turn to the guarded and restrained

letter that St. Paul addressed to the Roman Christians.

TERRIBLE EPOCH IN HISTORY

It was a terrible epoch in human history, and it really appeared as if men and women had reached the lowest attainable depth of depravity and the whole human mass had sunk infinitely lower than the beast. But it is unnecessary to dwell at any length on this profoundly suggestive chapter of this most interesting work, suffice that it will amply repay the devout reader to see what the Gospel has accomplished in human life and the powerful forces that challenged the pioneers of the Cross at all times.

Most people have a very hazy idea of the position of the different religious orders in the Catholic Church, but readers of the Dean's book will find full and accurate information, not alone on this point but also the connection of the "Recollets" and "Jesuits," with the Canadian Missions among the savage tribes. It would hardly be fair to the readers of the Dean's valuable book to anticipate his narrative which is so full of dramatic interest, but we must venture upon the liberty of referring to one of the martyrs whose fate has always made a strong impression upon ourselves.

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CHALLENGED BY PRIEST

A local Baptist preacher, Rev. A. H. Ballard, is debating with himself as to whether he knows enough of the doctrines of the Catholic Church to earn \$100, writes a Fort Morgan, Col., correspondent of the Denver Catholic Register. He is sure that he knows enough of those doctrines to preach a sermon to his flock at Wiggins, Col., on the subject, "Medievalism and Modernism in the Roman Catholic Church." He preached such a sermon some weeks ago. But recent developments have broadened his knowledge.

Rev. J. L. Jolly, pastor of St. Helena's Church in Fort Morgan has lightly touched upon the same subject in a letter addressed to Rev. Mr. Ballard, and concludes with an offer of \$100 to 5 questions: one on Medievalism and 4 on the elementary teachings of the Catholic Church.

But here is the rub; if the answers are not correct, if they show that the preacher had been giving his flock from the store of his mis-information, \$50 must be forfeited to the priest. Mr. Ballard has crawled out by declaring that it is a mortal sin to bet anything. Of course he sees no sin in a plain lie.

Fiction is a greyhound, and Truth is a snail. Whoever has to "wear a mask" is ill at ease.

FIVE MINUTE SERMON

LOW SUNDAY

STEADFASTNESS

"Jesus saith to him: because thou hast seen Me, Thomas thou hast believed; blessed are they that have not seen and have believed." (St. John xx. 29)

When our Lord appeared to the disciples and gave them the commission to forgive sins, and thus instituted the holy Sacrament of Penance, St. Thomas was not present; and when the other disciples told him what had happened, and that He had shown them the wounds in His hands and in His feet, he refused to believe them; he declared he would not believe unless he himself should see them also. He said: "Unless I shall see the print of the nails, and put my finger into the place of the nails, and put my hand into His side, I will not believe."

This disposition of St. Thomas was very wrong. He ought to have believed without hesitation. He had seen our Lord work miracles without number; he had seen Him give sight to the blind, even those blind from birth; make the deaf to hear and the dumb to speak; he had seen Him raise the dead to life, raise Lazarus after being dead and buried already four days. He knew that our Lord had predicted His resurrection. He ought to have believed, and he sinned in not believing. He was obstinate in unbelief, refusing to credit the testimony of his companions, whom he knew to be honest and trustworthy.

Our Lord in the kindness of His heart forgave him, and made him put his finger into the print of the nails and into the wound in His side to convince him, and also to convince us by His testimony of the reality of His resurrection. But at the same time He rebuked him, and taught us all a grand lesson. He said: "Because thou hast seen Me, Thomas, thou hast believed; blessed are they who have not seen and have believed."

We have the faith on the testimony of the apostles and disciples who recorded it in the Gospels, and who sealed their testimony in their own blood.

We have the testimony of all the disciples who repeatedly saw the Lord after His resurrection, some times a great number of them, over five hundred at once.

We have the testimony of the Catholic Church; of all those millions on millions who have lived from that day to this; of the wonderful providence of God and His care of His Church until now. This ought to be enough. This ought to be enough to make us say our act of faith. "O my God, I believe whatever Thy Holy Church proposes to me, because Thou has revealed it to her. Thou who canst neither deceive nor be deceived."

This is the age of unbelief. Very great numbers of men are occupied in trying to undermine the faith. The newspapers are full of infidel objections. The press is teeming with works written expressly to destroy the faith. The flimsiest reasons are brought forward with a bold face as if they were unanswerable. The very fact that the things of God and religion are so high and incomprehensible is brought forward as the principal reason why they are not to be believed.

We have believed once for all, on the truest and most solid evidence. Our business now is to "live by faith." To put in practice the precepts of our faith, and to follow the example of the Author and Finisher of our faith, our Lord Jesus Christ.

We are not of those who are to be "beat about by every wind of doctrine." We are not to be moved by the vain babblings of men, who are wise in their own conceit and think they know everything, though they know very little after all. We will imitate St. Thomas in his unbelief, and refuse to believe the wonderful things of God because they are so high and wonderful, but imitate him when in wonder and admiration he cried, "My Lord and my God." Believing in the testimony of God and His Church, and putting away all sceptical and imaginative doubts, we shall receive the blessing pronounced by our Lord: "Blessed are they that have not seen and yet have believed."

TEMPERANCE

"DRUNK IN THE POLICE COURT SENSE"

English editors are trying to find out the meaning of the phrase "drunk in the police court sense." One Knox, an engine-driver, had been convicted of being "drunk and disorderly" and fined five shillings. A further penalty, reduction in rank, was imposed in accordance with a rule formulated by a Board of Trade inspector which stated: "Drunkenness when off duty is an unpardonable offense in the case of a man carrying out such responsible duties as those of an engine-driver; and no one who is ever known to be, on any occasion, the worse for liquor should be allowed to take charge of an engine." Therefore Knox lost his position of driver on the main line, but was made driver of a pilot engine. The trade union to which Knox belonged took up his cause. A workman off duty could do as he pleased with his own time, even get drunk if he wished, and his rights should not be infringed upon. The magistrates declared that the evidence showed the defendant was both drunk and disorderly, but a Mr. Chester Jones modified the finding by asserting that his client was not drunk in a

police court sense. The Academy, London, voices a general opinion as follows: "The interests of the travelling public undoubtedly demand that men who are entrusted with the safety of a large number of passengers should be habitually, immaculately sober. Personally we enter a protest against being conveyed in trains of which the drivers can urge no more powerful plea, than that they are not drunk 'in the police court sense.'"

GRADUAL GROWTH OF PUBLIC OPINION

"Whatever customs may prevail in foreign universities, the practice of drinking even moderately, is doomed to disappear in American schools," says the Creighton Courier, "not altogether either on moral grounds, but also because of the gradual cultivation of a public opinion which regards even moderate drinking as a menace to efficiency. The wild-eyed reformers, shouting anathemas against the demon rum, have contributed something toward the formation of this modern public opinion, but the cold-blooded, level-headed, business men who are quick to discover whatever makes for lack of efficiency have rendered probably the largest service in the upbuilding of this opinion. The time was when travelling men, merchants and professional men, regarded drinking as an incident of business, it being quite the proper practice to show one's good fellowship by treating. Years ago Nebraska, as well as a number of other states, passed laws against treating, but they were ineffective because they were not backed up by a healthy public opinion. The eight o'clock closing law, which encountered very great opposition four years ago in this State, is now accepted by both Republicans and Democrats as a wise measure. "The days of excessive drinking, at least for the man of ambition, are admittedly gone and it would seem that even moderate drinking is doomed to gradually disappear among the ranks of those who take pride in themselves and crave the achievement worth while. The fact is that with the growth of population, the struggle for existence is becoming fiercer, and the wonderful modern development along so many lines of mental endeavor has necessitated the complete possible conservation and development of one's powers if he would succeed. "In the pioneer days when professional men were fewer, when business was in a crude state and when the virgin soil yielded luxuriant crops there was less danger in dissipation, but with the passing of these pioneer days there has come a call for a new type of man who not only believes in conservation of the country's national resources, but is insisting upon preserving his own powers and developing them as far as possible in order that he may bring to his work the largest degree of efficiency."

INDUSTRIAL WORKERS

During a recent visit to Utica, N. Y., Cardinal Gibbons was asked his opinion of the labor and social troubles. As a friend of law and order he said: "I know of the Industrial Workers of the World. They are demagogues, the leaders of the organization who refer to demagogues unstable and dangerous, who are leading the poor workingman into labyrinths of strife from which he will find it hard to extricate himself. I have given this matter much thought and study. Upon labor and capital depend the prosperity of our country. Together they must solve the problems which come up from year to year. They

CURED OF DRINK BY SIMPLE REMEDY

A DEVOTED WIFE HELPS HER HUSBAND TO A CURE THROUGH SAMARIA PRESCRIPTION

Mrs. S., of Trenton was in despair. A loving father, and a careful provider when sober, her husband had gradually fallen into drinking habits, which were ruining his home, health and happiness. Drink had inflamed his stomach and nerves and created that unnatural craving that kills conscience, love, honor and breaks all family ties

But read her letter: "I feel it my duty to say a few words about your Tablets. As you are aware, I sent and got a bottle, thinking I would try them in secret. My husband had only taken them a week when he told me he was going to Port Arthur for the summer, so I had to tell him all about the Tablets. He said he would take them just the same, so I sent and got the second bottle for fear one would not be enough. He writes me saying that he has taken the contents of both bottles, and he feels splendid. He does not care for drink. In fact, he has not taken any liquor from the first of my giving it to him. I feel I cannot say too much in favor of your wonderful Remedy." Mrs. S., Trenton, Ont.

Samaria Prescription stops the craving, for drink. It restores the shaking nerves, improves the appetite and general health and makes drink distasteful and even nauseous. It is used regularly by physicians and hospitals, and is tasteless and odorless, dissolving instantly in tea coffee, or food.

Now if you know any home on which the curse of drink has fallen, tell them of Samaria Prescription. If you have a husband, father, brother or friend on whom the habit is getting its hold, help him yourself. Write to-day.

A FREE TRIAL PACKAGE of Samaria Prescription, with booklet, giving full particulars, testimonials, price, etc., will be sent absolutely free and postpaid in plain sealed package to anyone asking for it and mentioning this paper. Correspondence sacredly confidential. Write to-day the Samaria Remedy Company, Dept. 11, 49 Colborne Street, Toronto, Canada.

PRACTICALLY GIVEN UP TO DIE

"Fruit-a-lives" Cured Kidneys and Bladder

WILLIAMSTOWN, ONT., JULY 27th, 1910

"I have much pleasure in testifying to the almost marvellous benefit I have derived from taking 'Fruit-a-lives'. I was a lifelong sufferer from Chronic Constipation, and the only medicine I ever secured to do me any real good was 'Fruit-a-lives'. This medicine cured me when everything else failed. Also, last spring, I had a severe attack of Bladder Trouble coupled with Kidney Trouble, and 'Fruit-a-lives' cured these complaints for me, when the physicians attending me had practically given me up.

I am now over eighty years of age and I can strongly recommend 'Fruit-a-lives' for Chronic Constipation and Bladder and Kidney Troubles"

JAMES DINGWALL. "Fruit-a-lives" is the only medicine in the world made of fruit juices—and is the greatest kidney, bladder and liver medicine ever put on the market.

50c a box, 6 for \$2.50 trial size, 25c. At dealers or sent postpaid on receipt of price by Fruit-a-lives Limited, Ottawa.

must work out their destinies together. If they do this amicably, prosperity and healthy growth will be the portion of our nation.

"I deeply deplore these great struggles. They bring no good results. As a general thing they bring only loss of time, loss of wages and of the peace of the community, and sometimes, I regret to say, loss of life. Let the laboring man beware of the demagogues represented by the Industrial Workers of the World."

HOW I BECAME A CONVERT

By "M. S. J." in Truth

How did I become a convert? It was like this. Some years ago, during Easter week, I, a young girl, a Southerner and an Episcopalian, went up to the Convent of Mercy to see a Sister whom I knew. It was late in the afternoon and at the convent I had been to see one of the Sisters who was ill, was just ready to leave. I was presented to her, and we stood there talking for some little time. I had told her I was a Protestant, and when he started to go, he asked my name again, and, taking me by the hand, he said: "Mary, you are a young girl to be in New York alone; you will meet many difficulties, trouble may come, you may not have any one to advise you, now if that day ever comes, you come and tell me about it, and I'll tell you what to do."

He said good-bye and left me to go my way. I never went back, I never saw that kind priest again until one Sunday not long ago I went to hear his Eminence, Cardinal Farley, preach his first sermon after his elevation to the Cardinalate, and in the pulpit saw my old friend in his red robes of state. Through all his long years I never forgot his gentle eyes, his kind words. Thus was the seed planted.

I was what New York calls "a business girl." Every day found me at a desk, at the theatre or out with friends. I was alone, my family nine hundred miles away. There is no solitude like that of a great city. The unceasing, shifting crowds, the cold emptiness of the great churches, the hushed silence of the libraries and museums fall like the pall of death upon a friendly young sweet world means. But I had been strictly reared, and home and relig-

ious training held me fast. As a rule, Sunday found me at church either in the morning or afternoon, for, being a Protestant, church going was not obligatory, but I never felt right the rest of the week unless I went to some one of the many Episcopal churches which dot New York. I had been reared in what is termed the "low church," but the beautiful ecclesiastical music and the ritual of the "high church" appealed, and the doctrine of the Real Presence was a vital truth to me. The ritual of the high church which I attended is almost exactly like that of the Catholic church, only it is in English, but always I felt there was something lacking. I could not tell what it was, but I felt that something essential was not there. I could never have confessed my sins to one of those priests. Whenever I thought of it a shadow seemed to fall between, so intense was this feeling that something was lacking. But years of training, held me in the Episcopal church, though I often said to myself the Catholic really is the True Church, but, like most Protestants, to me at that time, one church was as good as another, and having been reared an Episcopalian, I remained one. However, I left that particular edifice and went down to what is known as a "broad church," but somehow that form of worship left me still lonely and unsatisfied, and as Protestantism gave me much liberty of thought, and my life permitting entire liberty of action, I left the broad church and returned once more to the low church of my childhood. The rector at this church is a delightfully genial man, who is at the door of his church every Sunday after the service, greeting his parishioners with a pleasant word and smile, and after stopping me one Thanksgiving Day for a little talk, we grew to be pleasant acquaintances, and for the first time in many years I became a registered member in the parish in New York, and began to take an interest in the work of the church and to see something of the social side of church life. Still I felt that sense of something lacking, always the clergymen in the pulpit with "I think" this or "I think" that, "always" "I" and I would go home and with great liberality of thought often say to myself, "well, I don't agree with him at all, I think it should be interpreted this way."

The priests expound dogmas and the clergy preach and preach on brotherly love, but often the only thought in the hearers' minds is, going to church makes a pleasant break in the day, but how can I put in this long Sunday afternoon. One Sunday afternoon in January, 1912, a rainy, cold day, I found myself at home alone, save for a book, a modern sin-infested story, but for lack of other reading matter and because I wanted to be up to date, I read that book. That horrible story, that wasted, desecrated Sabbath I can never forget. I felt as though I wanted to wash my mind and hang it in the sun to get it fresh and clean again. The very next evening, upon the invitation of a friend, I went with her to a Catholic mission held in old St. Stephen's, for, I thought, it will kill time anyway to go over, and I am just tired of everything.

Upon the very threshold of the church I met the priest, who, with a book, bridged for me the chasm dividing Protestantism from Catholicism, and on that book I walked across from the shadow into the light. On him that night fell the task of answering the questions from the Question Box, and I was intensely interested. As he answered them rapidly one after another, the pages of church history opened up before my eyes, the voice of infallible authority, sounding down the ages, fell upon my ears, and in a flash I knew what I had missed in all the years of Protestantism. It was that voice of Infallible Authority, never once "I," but always "the Church teaches." I walked out with

PRESIDENT SUSPENDER NONE SO EASY

the rest of the congregation, filled with a thousand doubts where I had never given a thought before, but in my mind was firmly fixed the resolution to which I have adhered and ever will, never again will I waste a Sunday as I did yesterday; I will study up the history of the Church on lonely Sundays.

At the door I saw the same priest. He stood alone and I went over and told him I was an Episcopalian, that I was interested in some of the glimpses he had given me of Church history and asked him to tell me two good histories of the Reformation, so that I could read both sides. Gravely and courteously he gave me the names of a Protestant and of a Catholic historian, and I went forth with the firm intention of coming again to the mission. The weather was cold and wet, but every evening of that week saw me in my seat. At the close of every exercise I plied that patient priest with questions, doubts, fears and all that ignorance of a subject carries with it, and every night he gave me books and pamphlets bearing on the history and doctrines of the Catholic faith. I had a singularly unprejudiced mind, but in my talks with Protestant friends whom I told of the mission, of my researches and of the wonderful field of new reading into which I had wandered, I encountered prejudices of which I had never dreamed and ignorance which I could not have imagined to exist in the twentieth century. But always something led me on, and finally one evening I went into a Catholic church at Benedictine, fell upon my knees and, repeating the familiar prayers of my childhood, I made up my mind that I had been travelling in what was the wrong road for me, and begged God to strengthen my endurance so that I might stand and not fall before the criticism which I in a dim way realized I would have to meet. I went to see the priest who had given me my first books, told him of my intention and asked him to instruct me. He was a missionary priest and had to be away most of the time, but before he left he gave me some carefully selected books with the words, "Now, don't pay any attention to anything I have told you, but don't pay any attention to anything any one else tells you. You've got a mind, go home and use it." And I did. It took me seven weeks to make up my mind to take the final step. Night after night I burned the midnight oil, toiling over books of Catholic and non-Catholic doctrine, and the thirty-nine articles of the Church of England, torn with the beliefs, hopes and fears each of us gather in the journey through life. The kind missionary gave me help in his short stops in New York as he travelled from one mission to another, and all the intervening time I filled with prayer and study. In the Protestant church there is much which is beautiful, good and true; in the Catholic I found all this and much more, and depths of wisdom and truth which I had never penetrated. The same priest whose guiding hand had held the light gave me conditional baptism and heard my first confession on Easter Eve, the day upon which, in ancient times, all converts were received into the Church, and on Easter Sunday I made my First Communion, and as I knelt at the altar rail, between my folded hands I held a little book, the Manual of Prayer.

And so I say I read myself into the Church, some dead and gone ancestors, and, gently, turned me back, back to the Faith of my Fathers, and in that Faith I have found rest.

SELF-CONDEMNED

Socialists deny that there is a conflict between Socialism and Christianity. The following quotations from their leaders prove the contrary: Three great obstacles block the path of social reform—private property, religion and the present form of marriages.—Engels.

Religion is a fantastic degradation of human nature.—Karl Marx.

Christianity to-day stands for what is basest and lowest in life.—George D. Hervey.

It is better for a young man to be a traitor to his country than to be a traitor to his class by joining the militia.—William Hayward.

One word on that singular hybrid, the "Christian Socialist."—Bax.

We have no use for the distorted any musical figure that the protestant Christ * * * Christ, the democrat, the agitator, the revolutionary, the rebel, the bearer of the red flag—yes, we can understand that figure.—New York Call.

It is our duty as Socialists to root out the faith in God with all our zeal, nor is anyone worthy the name who does not consecrate himself to the spread of atheism.—William Liebknecht.

Christianity and Socialism are like fire and water to one another.—Bebel.

I am working for Socialism when I attack religion, which is hindering Socialism.—Blatchford.

Socialism Christianized would be Socialism emasculated and destroyed.—John Pargaro.

\$5,000,000.00 FOR PEERLESS WAY POULTRYMEN. Into the pockets of the users of The Peerless Way... To-day there are not enough Canadian CHICKENS or EGGS to go around. Thousands of chickens and hundreds of thousands of dozens of eggs are being shipped into Canada from the United States and other countries to help meet the demand. Yet there is a shortage! Eggs are commanding a tremendous price—chickens are worth dollars. Now is the time to take advantage of this situation and make money out of it yourself. You can raise and sell 600 chickens this year, and you will find a quick and sure market for every one of them. You can get the top notch price for all the hundreds of dozens of eggs that your poultry lay. Let us tell you how! Poultry raising is the best business for any farmer, any farmer's wife or farmer's child. The poultry crop is the one crop that never fails. It pays better for the time and money invested; the profit is sure; it isn't overcrowded and never will be. Our book "When Poultry Pays," will show you. Let us send it to you! It is interesting; it is instructive, and it contains the proof. You need this book. It will be mailed free. A post card will bring it. LEE MANUFACTURING CO., LIMITED. 14 PEMBROKE ST. PEMBROKE ONT. CAN.

PRESIDENT SUSPENDER NONE SO EASY

the rest of the congregation, filled with a thousand doubts where I had never given a thought before, but in my mind was firmly fixed the resolution to which I have adhered and ever will, never again will I waste a Sunday as I did yesterday; I will study up the history of the Church on lonely Sundays.

At the door I saw the same priest. He stood alone and I went over and told him I was an Episcopalian, that I was interested in some of the glimpses he had given me of Church history and asked him to tell me two good histories of the Reformation, so that I could read both sides. Gravely and courteously he gave me the names of a Protestant and of a Catholic historian, and I went forth with the firm intention of coming again to the mission. The weather was cold and wet, but every evening of that week saw me in my seat. At the close of every exercise I plied that patient priest with questions, doubts, fears and all that ignorance of a subject carries with it, and every night he gave me books and pamphlets bearing on the history and doctrines of the Catholic faith. I had a singularly unprejudiced mind, but in my talks with Protestant friends whom I told of the mission, of my researches and of the wonderful field of new reading into which I had wandered, I encountered prejudices of which I had never dreamed and ignorance which I could not have imagined to exist in the twentieth century. But always something led me on, and finally one evening I went into a Catholic church at Benedictine, fell upon my knees and, repeating the familiar prayers of my childhood, I made up my mind that I had been travelling in what was the wrong road for me, and begged God to strengthen my endurance so that I might stand and not fall before the criticism which I in a dim way realized I would have to meet. I went to see the priest who had given me my first books, told him of my intention and asked him to instruct me. He was a missionary priest and had to be away most of the time, but before he left he gave me some carefully selected books with the words, "Now, don't pay any attention to anything I have told you, but don't pay any attention to anything any one else tells you. You've got a mind, go home and use it." And I did. It took me seven weeks to make up my mind to take the final step. Night after night I burned the midnight oil, toiling over books of Catholic and non-Catholic doctrine, and the thirty-nine articles of the Church of England, torn with the beliefs, hopes and fears each of us gather in the journey through life. The kind missionary gave me help in his short stops in New York as he travelled from one mission to another, and all the intervening time I filled with prayer and study. In the Protestant church there is much which is beautiful, good and true; in the Catholic I found all this and much more, and depths of wisdom and truth which I had never penetrated. The same priest whose guiding hand had held the light gave me conditional baptism and heard my first confession on Easter Eve, the day upon which, in ancient times, all converts were received into the Church, and on Easter Sunday I made my First Communion, and as I knelt at the altar rail, between my folded hands I held a little book, the Manual of Prayer.

SELF-CONDEMNED

Socialists deny that there is a conflict between Socialism and Christianity. The following quotations from their leaders prove the contrary: Three great obstacles block the path of social reform—private property, religion and the present form of marriages.—Engels.

Religion is a fantastic degradation of human nature.—Karl Marx.

Christianity to-day stands for what is basest and lowest in life.—George D. Hervey.

It is better for a young man to be a traitor to his country than to be a traitor to his class by joining the militia.—William Hayward.

One word on that singular hybrid, the "Christian Socialist."—Bax.

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Heart-of-Oak. The mushroom grows up over night, but it wilts with the rising sun. It takes decades to bring the Oak from the Acorn, but the Oak breasts every gale that blows. For nearly a third of a century the North American Life has driven its roots deep into the bed-rock of financial stability. To-day its financial position is impregnable; it is heart-of-oak. The North American Life is a safe Company in which to insure. North American Life Assurance Company. "Solid as the Continent". HEAD OFFICE - TORONTO, CANADA.

O'KEEFE'S Liquid Extract OF Malt with Iron. It is an ideal preparation for building up the BLOOD and BODY. It is more readily assimilated and absorbed into the circulatory fluid than any other preparation of iron. It is of great value in all forms of Anemia and General Debility. For Sale at Drug Stores. W. LLOYD WOOD, General Agent. Toronto :: Canada. VELOX FEARLESS MOTOR WASHER. We recommend the Velox because we believe it has the simplest, strongest and best gearless water motor made. There is no lost power, no danger, no noise, no stained clothes, no attention required, no sticking, no rust; great power and high speed. It is perfectly simple and simply perfect. The tub has exclusive patented features that prevent warping and give great strength, rigidity and durability to the tubs. See the "Velox" at your dealer's or send to us for full information. SUMMER-DOWNSWELL, LTD. HAMILTON, ONT.

NA-DRU-CO Headache Wafers. They stop a headache promptly, yet do not contain any of the dangerous drugs common in headache tablets. Ask your Druggist about them. 25c. a box. NATIONAL DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO. OF CANADA, LIMITED. 122

"Clay" Gates. STRONGEST and best farm gate made. 30,000 sold in 1912. Can't sag, bend or break. Can be raised or lowered for Winter and Summer. Send for illustrated price list. THE CANADIAN GATE CO., Ltd. 64 Morris St., GUELPH, Ont.

They Cost Less and Last Longer. Just "Alabastine" —a Brush and Pail. And — you may have an artistic home. The old way of decorating the walls with paper, paint and kalsomine was always expensive, often unsanitary and never artistic. The new way—the "Alabastine" way—is always sanitary, artistic, economical and durable. With the numerous "Alabastine" tints and white every room in the home can be made to glow with cheerfulness and blend into a uniform color scheme. Anyone can apply "Alabastine." Just mix with cold water and brush it on the wall FREE STENCILS: Our staff of trained decorators will draw up any color scheme for you free of charge. We also supply free stencils suitable for your purpose. "Alabastine" is sold by all Hardware and Paint Dealers. Write for full particulars and free booklet. The Alabastine Co., Limited 56 Willow St. Paris, Canada.

Church's Cold Water Alabastine. Just "Alabastine" —a Brush and Pail. And — you may have an artistic home. The old way of decorating the walls with paper, paint and kalsomine was always expensive, often unsanitary and never artistic. The new way—the "Alabastine" way—is always sanitary, artistic, economical and durable. With the numerous "Alabastine" tints and white every room in the home can be made to glow with cheerfulness and blend into a uniform color scheme. Anyone can apply "Alabastine." Just mix with cold water and brush it on the wall FREE STENCILS: Our staff of trained decorators will draw up any color scheme for you free of charge. We also supply free stencils suitable for your purpose. "Alabastine" is sold by all Hardware and Paint Dealers. Write for full particulars and free booklet. The Alabastine Co., Limited 56 Willow St. Paris, Canada.

MARCH 29, 1918

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

THE SAFE ROAD TO A COMPETENCE

Every man, when he starts out in life to make his fortune, hopes that, at least, he will amass a competence to provide a support for him in his old age.

Taking as his text the remark often made by professional men that if they had followed business callings they might have achieved larger fortunes, S. W. Straus in Investments writes of the way by which the average man of average talent, and possessed of little or no capital at the start, ought to amass in the course of his life "at least a very comfortable fortune, if not a large one."

The man who would arrive at independence must first set for himself "a straight course," and must never deviate from it. He must in the first instance, "live on less than he makes," and thus constantly add to his surplus, and he should invest that surplus wisely.

Neither brilliance nor scholarship, nor great learning, is required for success. Self-control and fixity of purpose are the main factors. No man can succeed without having a surplus, any more than a bank can. A surplus is the first care of those who organize and conduct a bank. So should it be with men. With men, however, it is far too commonly the case, and especially with young men, that they glide through life without ever having any surplus at all.

Mr. Straus insists upon the necessity of learning the value of thrift and saving when young. Once the habit of saving is formed, it continues through life. It resembles other habits in being hard to break. He has found that Americans are more and more becoming a nation of investors. They are slowly approaching the people of Europe in that respect.

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Germany has forbidden the use of all alcoholic beverages by the cadets of the Imperial Naval School and on board the German war vessels. The reason for all this is given by Emperor William, who himself issued the interdiction. He says: "In the next war and naval battle victory will lie with the nation that uses the smallest amount of alcohol."

"FINDING" ONESELF A few years ago it became common to use the expression "finding himself."

This finding of oneself is a personal business, in which others can help but indirectly. And herein consists the wisdom of great teachers. They do not entirely despair of a dull student until they have placed before him what we may call many kinds of fodder. Somewhere in this may be the head of clover, the chewing of which will open his eyes almost as if by fairylike enchantment, when if he had been fed on a diet of nothing but timothy grass he might have left school with the brand of dunce.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

HOW ARTHUR LOST THE POSITION

"This is the number," said Arthur Northrop to himself as he stopped before a large music house on Fifth avenue, and said in a low tone a prayer that he would be accepted.

"Good morning, sir," lifting his hat respectfully to an elderly man who was arranging music in a portfolio. "I read your advertisement in this morning's paper, and wish to apply for the position."

"Do you know anything about music?" "Yes, sir. I have studied music since I was a little boy. I play the piano, violin, and banjo."

"What do you think of this?" asked the manager, taking an instrument out of the large glass case. Arthur took it, looked it over carefully. Tried the keys, and then, to the amazement of the other played "Caro Nome."

"You have seen that instrument before?" "No," said Arthur. "I have never seen anything at all like it."

The manager explained to him that it was the invention of an Italian professor, and was thought to be somewhat difficult. After a moment's pause, he said: "How much salary would you expect, young man?"

"Whatever you consider my services worth to you, sir," replied Arthur. "Well, it will take some time for you to get acquainted with the trade. How would \$20 a week do to begin with?"

"Thank you, sir," Arthur could say no more. His heart was too full of joy. He could picture the happiness of his parents when he told them of his good fortune. His father had been out of work for three months, and their little savings were daily growing less, so that \$20 a week would be most welcome.

BOYS OUGHT TO KNOW

That a quiet voice, courtesy and kind acts are essential to the part in the world of a gentleman or gentleman.

That roughness, blustering, and even foolhardiness are not manliness. The most firm and courageous men have usually been the most gentle.

That muscular strength is not health. That a brain crammed only with facts is not necessarily a wise one.

That the labor impossible to the boy of fourteen will be easy to the man of twenty.

That the best capital for a boy is not money, but the love of work, simple tastes and a heart loyal to his friends and to his God.

WHAT IS A BOY?

That was a good answer which was given when a visitor asked the question: "What is a boy?"

A little fellow started from his seat and replied: "A boy, sir, is the beginning of a man."

CATHOLICS SHOULD BE ASHAMED

A disposition of mind which strains our forbearance to the bursting point is that of the Catholic person who has an ever-ready apology on his lips for his faith and all things Catholic, and an equally ready and cringing admiration for the views and work of outsiders. The disposition grows out of rank ignorance, and is fostered by a human respect as cowardly as it is insane.

I had two old ladies incurably sick with cancer; and I spent an hour and a half in the office of a big non-sectarian institution, gradually going down the ladder of hope till I reached the ground floor, with the sign staring me in the face: "This way out." It was a case of "No tickle, no washee,"—or, in other words, "Pay up, or nothing doing." During my wait in the office I had a chance to read over last year's report, and I got halfway through when she said: "Send both old ladies to us at once."

Moreover, she added: "Whenever you come across any such cases in the future, let us have them without delay." The class of Catholics "who like to find fault with their own people,"—there you have them characterized, the meanest of the mean. Contrast with their attitude the disposition of outsiders, distinguished non-Catholics, I say, all the walks of life, who are trying with one another in their commendation and appreciation of Catholic genius and Catholic activity.

In the last year two works of apologetics for the Church have been compiled on the basis of just such evidence. Of course there are defects in men and methods and institutions. But the people who shout their criticisms from the house-tops are not the ones

Quick Work

Washes Big Tubful in 5 or 6 Minutes

The tubful of clothes runs on ball-bearings. The powerful coil springs swing it from side to side almost without help from you. And the clothes are washed spotlessly clean in one half the time.

Connor Ball-Bearing Washer

saves time, saves labor, saves wash-board wear. Washes shirts without fussing with a button. Washes handkerchiefs, pieces of lace, delicate fabrics, just as carefully and well as it does blankets, tablecloths and sheets. A guarantee tag attached to every Connor Ball-Bearing Washer assures satisfaction or your money back. A booklet, describing this newest, most convenient washer, free on request. Write for it. Learn more about the most modern way of washing clothes.

J. H. Connor & Son, Ltd., Ottawa, Ont.



MAGIC BAKING POWDER

To guard against alum in Baking Powder see that all ingredients are plainly printed on the label. The words "No Alum" without the ingredients is not sufficient. Magic Baking Powder costs no more than the ordinary kinds. Full weight one pound cans 25c.

E.W. GILLET COMPANY LIMITED TORONTO, ONT. WINNIPEG MONTREAL

TO GUARD AGAINST ALUM IN BAKING POWDER

See that all ingredients are plainly printed on the label. The words "No Alum" without the ingredients is not sufficient. Magic Baking Powder costs no more than the ordinary kinds. Full weight one pound cans 25c.

E.W. GILLET COMPANY LIMITED TORONTO, ONT. WINNIPEG MONTREAL

HEROISM IS ENDURANCE FOR ONE MOMENT

The new French Church, he said, will not be Methodist, not Baptist, not be Catholic. He told what it would not call itself—but refrained from saying what it would represent itself to be to the people upon whom it was proposed to intrude itself. This is quite in accord with the wiles of the adventures in Italy, who seek to seduce children into their schools and conventicles by imitating the externals of the Catholic religion in the matter of decorations and ritual. It is a shallow as well as a contemptible idea. The French people are the last in the world to be imposed upon by childish tricks in so grave a matter as religion. An honest Methodist or an honest Baptist, however, bigoted he be, is to be respected, but one of either sect who has no belief in his own system, but still wants to palm it off upon the guileless as a different thing, is beneath contempt.—Standard and Times.

RAW FURS

FREE HALLAM'S TRAPPERS' GUIDE BOOK. 96 pages—Gives game laws, how when and where to trap—best and traps to use—fully illustrated with other valuable facts concerning the fur industry. WRITE FOR IT TODAY.

John Hallam, Limited, 111 Front St. East Toronto

FLOWERING BULBS

GLADIOLUS. These are most effective in the garden, the colors are magnificent and they are easily grown. We offer: Choice Mixed—10 for 30c.; 25 for 65c.; \$2.25 per 100—postpaid. Groff's Hybrid Seeding, Mixed—10 for 40c.; 25 for 75c.; \$2.50 per 100—postpaid. Bruce's White and Light Shades—10 for 50c.; 25 for \$1.00; \$3.50 per 100—postpaid. Childs Mixed—10 for 60c.; 25 for \$1.25; \$4.25 per 100—postpaid. Bruce's Superb Mixed, made up by ourselves from all varieties the best—10 for 60c.; 25 for \$1.35; \$5.00 per 100—postpaid. Named Varieties, any color (see catalogue) 10c. to 50c. each—postpaid.

DAHLIAS

Splendid named sorts, all colors, 22c. each; \$2.20 per doz.—postpaid. Ordinary varieties, mixed, 12c. each; \$1.20 per doz.—postpaid. FREE—Our hand-colored illustrated 112-page Catalogue of Vegetable, Flower and Farm Seeds, Bulbs, Plants, Fodder Supplies, Garden Implements, etc. Write for it. 13c.

John A. Bruce & Co. Ltd., Hamilton, Ontario

SAILING UNDER FALSE COLORS

Whatever else may be charged against the new kind of Methodism, failure to "keep an eye to business" cannot be truly alleged. Originally organized with the design to stir up spirituality in the Church of England it has now developed into an aggressive proselytizing movement against Catholicism everywhere, the Protestant countries having entirely refused to admit its pretensions or accept its help. A fresh proof of its Quixotic character is afforded in the launching of a new enterprise by the Rev. Joseph T. Berry, field secretary of the American Associations of Missions either to Japan or China, he told the ministers at their last weekly meeting in this city that they ought to send them to France, "because of the repudiation of the Roman Church by the people." If any such act had ever taken place, the world has yet to hear of it. The endeavors of successive atheistical regimes to destroy the Catholic Church can by no honest historian be described as repudiation by "the people." On the contrary, since the violent attempts of Combes, Clemenceau and Briand to tear asunder the people and the Church, the process which these "statesmen" called a "separation of Church and State" has produced a result the very antithesis of the one they fondly hoped for. It has brought about a closing up of the ranks of the Catholics and a tightening of the hands between prelates, priests and people in many places where there has been weakness and lassitude before. It was the famous attempt to organize the "associations catholiques," designed to cut the foundations of under religion, that was the direct means of bringing about this happy result. The Rev. Mr. Berry, having in mind the failure to graft the sprouts of Protestantism upon the old French tree, as proved by the complete extinction of the Huguenot movement, advises that the wisdom of the serpent be copied in the movement which he seeks to set

ROBERT EMMET

THIS COUNTRY FIRST TO OFFICIALLY RECOGNIZE HIS GREATNESS

The United States of America will be the first country officially to recognize the greatness and patriotism of Robert Emmet, the Irish patriot and martyr. Space in the rotunda of the National Gallery of Art of the Smithsonian in Washington has been offered for a statue of Emmet, and the offer has been accepted. Irish-Americans have raised a liberal sum to pay for a bronze statue of Emmet, and Jerome Connor, the sculptor, has been commissioned to do the work.

Mr. Connor is a native of Ireland and at present a resident of Washington. Some of his principal works are the General James Shields monument at Carrollton, Mo., the Tom Moore bust in the Corcoran Art Gallery in Washington, and the monument of the Rev. John Carroll, founder of Georgetown University, in front of the university building at Georgetown, D. C.

Mr. Connor has been at work collecting material for several weeks and has been fortunate in having secured from members of the Emmet family in America the identical death mask of Robert Emmet taken by Petrie, a sculptor, a few hours after his execution. Up to the time of his trial no picture had ever been made of Emmet. After the trial began two sketches were made, one by

W. F. YOUNG, P.D.F., 239 1/2 St. Bldg., Montreal, Ca.

Petrie and the other by a miniature painter. The latter afterward produced from memory and his sketch a miniature of Emmet. The death mask of Petrie was done hurriedly, by the light of lantern in a graveyard, after Emmet's head had been severed from his body.—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

HIS BLADDER WAS TERRIBLY INFLAMED

GIN PILLS Brought Relief

Larder Lake, Ont., March 26th. "I had been suffering for some time with my kidneys and urine. I was constantly passing water, which was very scanty, sometimes as many as thirty times a day. Each time the pain was something awful, and no rest at night."

"I heard of your GIN PILLS and decided to give them a trial at once. I sent my clerk 60 miles to get them and I am pleased to inform you that in less than six hours, I felt relief. In two days the pain had left me entirely. I took about half a box and today I feel as well as ever and my kidneys are acting quite natural again."

GIN PILLS soothe the irritated bladder—head the sick, weak, painful kidneys—and strengthen the delicate organs. Money back if they fail. 50c. a box, 6 for \$2.50. Sample free if you write National Drug and Chemical Co., of Canada, Limited, Toronto. 139

WELL GROWN SEEDS BEST FOR CANADA

RENNIE'S SEED CATALOGUE FOR 1913

Full of interesting and instructive information for the Farmer and Gardener. Tells what and how to plant. A bright book—profusely illustrated. Shall we send you a copy? If so, write to-day.

Wm. Rennie & Co. Limited

TORONTO MONTREAL WINNIPEG VANCOUVER

THIS WASHER MUST PAY FOR ITSELF

A MAN tried to sell me a horse once. He said it was a fine horse and had nothing the matter with it. I wanted a fine horse. But I didn't know anything about horses much. And I didn't know the man very well either.

So I told him I wanted to try the horse for a month. He said "All right, but you'll have to pay for the horse. I'll give you back your money if the horse isn't all right."

Well, I didn't like that. I was afraid the horse was "all right" and that I might have to pay for it. So I didn't buy the horse, although I wanted it badly. Now this set me thinking.

You see I make Washing Machines—the "100 Gravity" Washer. And I said to myself, lots of people may think about my Washing Machine as I thought about the horse and about the man who owned it. But I'd never know, because they wouldn't write and let me know. So, thought I, it is only fair enough to let people try my Washing Machine for a month, before they pay for them, just as I wanted to try the horse. You see I sell my Washing Machines by mail. I have sold over half a million that way.

Now, I know what our "100 Gravity" Washer will do. I know it will wash the clothes without wearing or tearing them, in less than half the time they can be washed by hand or by any other machine. I know it will wash a tub full of very dirty clothes in six minutes. I know no other machine ever invented can do that, without wearing out the clothes. Our "100 Gravity" Washer does the work so easy that a child can run it almost as well as a strong woman, and it don't wear the clothes, fray the edges nor break buttons the way all other machines do. It just drives soapy water clear through the fibres of the clothes like a force pump might. So, said I to myself, I will do with my "100 Gravity" Washer what I wanted the man to do with the horse. Only I won't wait for people to ask me. I'll offer first, and I'll make good the offer every time. Let me send you a "100 Gravity" Washer on a month's free trial. I'll pay the freight out of my own pocket, and if you don't want the machine after you've used it a month, I'll take it back and pay the freight too. Surely that is fair enough, isn't it? Doesn't it prove that the "100 Gravity" Washer must be all that I say it is? And you can pay me out of what it saves for you. It will save its whole cost in a few months, in wear and tear on the clothes alone. And then it will save 50 cents to 75 cents a week over that in washwoman's wages. If you keep the machine after the month's trial, I'll let you pay for it out of what it saves you. If it saves you 50 cents a week, send me 50 cents a week full paid for. I'll take that cheerfully, and I'll work for my money until the machine itself earns the balance. Drop me a line to-day, and let me send you a book about the "100 Gravity" Washer that washes clothes in 6 minutes. Address me personally—J. T. Morris, Manager, 1900 Washer Co., 357 Yonge St., Toronto.

A Good Used Piano

is often better than a cheap new one. We have all makes in the slightly used instruments taken in part payment on Player Pianos. Send for list on bare postage. The Bath Piano and Music Ware-rooms 146-148 O'NGUYN ST. TORONTO.

DIocese of Hamilton

The anniversary of St. Patrick was fittingly commemorated at St. Patrick's church, Hamilton, where Bishop Dowling celebrated Pontifical High Mass.

Immediately after the sermon His Lordship extended a hearty welcome to the members of the several benevolent societies, including the Knights of Columbus, who were assembled in large numbers.

According to His Grace, the school question is "exactly as it was twenty-two years ago." Therefore it is not settled. Our correspondent will no doubt accept the authoritative statement of His Grace as being absolutely correct.

A splendid site has been secured for the College to be erected at Calgary, Alberta, by the English Benedictine Fathers.

BENEDICTINE COLLEGE

The late Henry F. Claufen, Edina, Mo., a Civil War veteran, who left \$45,000 to the Catholic church of his home town; received on his deathbed.

BRYAN AND IRELAND

Chicago, March 18.—Mr. W. J. Bryan, Secretary of State, in his address here last night, at the St. Patrick Day banquet of the Irish Fellowship Club, reiterated his words of Saturday, at the St. Patrick's banquet, in Washington.

WHY I KNEEL IN CHURCH

I kneel as oft as I appear The sacred courts within: I meet the King with holy fear,— I, impotent, unclean!

THE THREE BEST BOOKS

Canon Schmid tells of a pious old man who lived in an isolated cottage, and whose wisdom was such that he could give excellent advice to those who consulted him on whatever subject.

MITCHELL SLIDE-EASY QUALITY TIES STYLE VARIETY

SCHOOL QUESTION NOT SETTLED

A correspondent writes to inquire "if the Manitoba School question has been settled."

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our Lord Jesus Christ came upon earth. It teaches us also what He commands us to do and to shun, and what He did and suffered for our salvation and sanctification."

SOME RECENT CONVERTS TO CATHOLIC CHURCH

The Rev. A. H. Nankivell of Torquay, Devonshire, England; author, The Rev. Charles Edward Meyer, late of St. Edmund's Episcopal church, Milwaukee; graduate of Nashotah seminary.

APPALLING

The daily press, reporting the Sunday sermons in a number of our Louisville Protestant Churches, note that Rev. Aquilla Webb, pastor of the Warren Memorial Church, stirred his congregation with the following confession:

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SANOL'S ANTI-DIABETES

SANOL is the "RELIABLE CURE" for Gall Stones, Kidney Trouble, Kidney Stones, Gravel, Lumbago and all Diseases arising from Uric Acid. Price \$1.50.

SANOL'S ANTI-DIABETES is the only remedy which has a record of complete cures of Diabetes. Price \$2.00.

For sale at all Leading Druggists. Send for Free Literature.

The Sanol Manufacturing Co., Ltd. WINNIPEG, MAN.

Richard Temple of London, who created the role of the Mikado in Gilbert and Sullivan's opera of that name; received on his deathbed.

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WHY I KNEEL IN CHURCH

I kneel as oft as I appear The sacred courts within: I meet the King with holy fear,— I, impotent, unclean!

THE THREE BEST BOOKS

Canon Schmid tells of a pious old man who lived in an isolated cottage, and whose wisdom was such that he could give excellent advice to those who consulted him on whatever subject.

FAVORS RECEIVED

W. H. W. asks the prayers of the faithful for a temporal favor if granted promises four Masses for the Souls in Purgatory.

A reader wishes to return thanks for a favor received after praying to the Sacred Heart, the Blessed Virgin St. Joseph and St. Ann.

A Hamilton reader wishes to return thanks to the Sacred Heart for a favor received through the intercession of the Blessed Virgin and St. Anthony.

A reader wishes to return thanks for a favor received through prayers to the Sacred Heart, a novena to St. Joseph and a promise to publish the same in the CATHOLIC RECORD.

A Newfoundland reader wishes the prayers of the faithful for a special temporal favor and if granted by the end of May promises five Masses for suffering souls and publication in the CATHOLIC RECORD.

A reader's daughter, aged eight years, asks the prayers of the faithful for a temporal favor, through the intercession of the Blessed Virgin, Infant Jesus and St. Anthony, with a promise to publish if granted.

A reader of the CATHOLIC RECORD wishes to thank God for a temporal favor received after having a Mass said in honor of St. Joseph for the Souls in Purgatory and saying the Litany of Jesus and the Litany of the Blessed Virgin.

A subscriber returns thanks to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, Our Lady of Victory, St. Anthony and St. Rita, for obtaining a favor after prayers to each, promise to publish in the CATHOLIC RECORD and giving aid to the poor.

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WANTED A TEACHER FOR ADVANCED classes of Separate school, Cache Bay, Ont. French and English. Salary \$200 per annum. Apply to Rev. Thos. H. Trainor, Sec. Treas., Cache Bay, Ont. 179-17

TEACHER WANTED FOR SCHOOL SECTION No. 4, Lower Township, County Kent, who holds a first or second class professional certificate to teach and speak the English and French languages. Catholic preferred. Salary offered \$200 per annum. Duties to begin after the Easter holidays. Apply to Joseph Cadotte, Sec., Painscourt P. O., Ont. 179-17

TEACHER WANTED FOR S. S. NO. 3, Biddulph township, Middlesex county. Applicant state salary and qualifications. Duties to commence April 1st, and apply to Patrick Ryder, Sec. Treas., Lucas P. O., Ont. 179-17

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PROFESSIONAL TEACHER, MALE OR female, for senior room, S. S. No. 6, Kirkton, Ont., holding a second class professional certificate. Duties to begin after Easter holidays. State salary and experience. Apply to John Walsh, Sec. Treas., Kirkton, Ont. 179-17

TEACHER WANTED FOR C. S. S. NO. 12, A. Lochie, GlenGarry county. State qualifications and salary required to P. D. MacDonald, Glen Robertson, Ont. P. O. Box 74. 179-17

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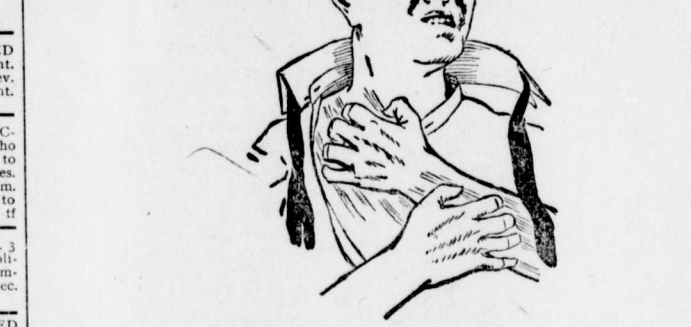
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