

The Catholic Record.

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

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THE MONTREAL STANDARD AND THE ACADIANS.

In a historical sketch of Canada in the Standard, June 29, Mr. E. S. Biggar shows that so far as the Acadians are concerned he confines his reading to Parkman or his imitators. He says that the year 1749 "saw the first muttering of the spirit of rebellion on the part of the Acadian colonists that six years later rendered altogether inadvisable their complete expatriation."

The Standard with an astonishing disregard of fair-play, enforces this view. Believing that the charge against the Acadians has been proved, it permits a writer, whose self-assurance is far greater than his knowledge of history, to proclaim its belief. To its mind the question is settled—the expulsion and deportation of the Acadians were altogether unavoidable. The cruelty and rapacity of Governor Laurence are not alluded to. The persistent but fruitless effort of the English to drive the Acadians into revolt are forgotten. But the writer has a case to make out, or rather repeats with a finality of tone that is positively bewildering an old calumny against a Catholic people. The Standard editor man should read Edward Richards' "Acadia: Missing Links of a Lost Chapter in American History."

Be it remembered that from the Treaty of Utrecht 1713, to the date of the Separation in 1755, the Acadians never wavered in their fidelity to Great Britain. To the French general, who ordered them during King George's war, to deliver up their arms they replied: "We live under a mild and tranquil Government, and we have all good reason to be faithful to it." In a letter, December 1744, Governor Mascarene says:

"To the timely success received from the Governor of Massachusetts and our French inhabitants refusing to take up arms against us, we owe our preservation. If the Acadians had taken up arms against us they might have brought three or four thousand men against us."

This Governor does not hear rebellious mutterings nor does Governor Hodson, in a letter dated July 23, 1753, to the Lords of Trade, discern the disloyalty which, according to the Standard writer, began in 1749. Another fact is that the English Governor set at naught the fourteenth article of the treaty of Utrecht which stipulated that the Acadians had liberty to "remove themselves within a year to another place as they shall think fit, with all their movable effects. Between 1713 and 1730 the Acadians made several attempts to leave the country, but the English would neither allow them to use English ships for this purpose nor permit French ships to enter the ports of Acadia. They built their vessels, but their equipment was forbidden. They tried to leave by land, but again the Governors barred the way. They were kept in the country against their will and in defiance of the terms of the treaty of Utrecht. It is quite true that their oath of allegiance was qualified, that is, it did not bind them to bear arms against their compatriots and kinsmen; and this exemption found favor in the eyes of Governor Phillips. Laurence, however, had his eyes on the fertile lands of the Acadians. But how to get them was the question. The Acadians were loyal. They obeyed his orders, however harsh. He harried them, but still no rebellion. They consented to take the oath of allegiance without qualification, but were not allowed. Finding that these peaceful Catholics could not be goaded into disloyalty, he plays the role of an unprincipled robber. He despoils them of their property and deports them. Eight thousand of them perished. This was the reward for their years of fidelity to Great Britain. And this brutal despot who held that faith should not be kept with the Acadians and who insulted, persecuted, robbed and murdered them, was but the actor in a scene that, according to the Standard, was "altogether unavoidable."

FORGET HIM.

In this enlightened age it is startling to hear a non-Catholic contemporary referring to D'Aubigne as the historian of the Reformation. Among yarn-spinners and concocters of ghost-stories he has a place, but he has none as an historian. Hallam warns his readers not to be misled by the superficial

and ungrounded representation which we sometimes find in modern writers, like D'Aubigne for example.

MARK TWAIN STIRS THEM UP.

It is amusing to see how Mark Twain's fulminations against the King of the Belgians are received in some quarters. As a wielder of the picturesque adjective and a fire-works artist he is not inexpert, and as such would not be looked at askance by the Congo Free State Administrators. Anyone, of course, can look at a King and throw hard words at him without hurting much besides common decency. And Leopold of Belgium is the target for all manner of verbal sharp-shooting. What he has not done in the line of depravity is not worth mentioning; that is, if we are gullible enough to believe the scribes who baiten a kitchen gossip and the tales of disappointed politicians. We do not mean to put Mark in this category. But he should not stir up unduly the members of the Congo Reform Association of Boston. For these gentlemen must have rest. We cannot afford to have their health interfered with by even a distinguished humorist because we need them for "copy," and as possessors of the vision that sees atrocities afar and of the hearing that catches the faintest groans of the oppressed natives of the Congo. Judging from his language Mark should be a good golf player. Let him woo the links and cease manipulating the scorching phrase that agitates the jangled nerves of the Boston reformers. A suggestion may be in order. If they must work the atrocity business, and incidentally the public, may we suggest that in times in which the water is not filtered and the air heated and the natives brown or black, the white man may disport himself indecorously and blame it on the weather. This theory was advanced by United States medical authority the time Uncle Sam's soldiers gave the wondering denizens of the Philippines a few lessons in western civilization.

WHY THEY AGITATE.

It is quite probable that the Belgian officials are not marvels of propriety, but that they are the monsters depicted by the anti-Congo agitators is not vouched for by men who have seen the country at close range. Mr. James Gustavus Whitely, Consul General of the Congo Free State, punctured the "cruelty bubble" in a series of communications to the New York Tribune. The testimony of Professor Frederick Starr, who travelled through the country and heard both sides, is distinctly favorable to the Belgian officials. The general opinion is that bigotry of some Protestant missionaries and the jealousy of the Liverpool rubber merchants are responsible for the agitation. The missionaries regarded any Catholic movement as fair game, and the merchants, fearing for their monopoly of the rubber trade, began a campaign of calumny against the Belgians. But they have gained nothing save the contempt of those who believe in fair play.

A FEW FACTS.

There are individuals, who, thanks to the "creepy literature" published by the agitators and the lectures of missionaries, are quite sure that the Belgians are undesirable citizens. Of what has been done for the Congo they know nothing. They are not aware of the fact that the Congolese have, under Belgian tutelage, made rapid progress in the arts of civilization. It told that the Central Africa which arouses their compassion had a railway telephone and postal service; beautiful cities peopled by the natives who are educated by Catholic nuns and priests, they might dismiss it as special pleading. But it is a mere statement of things as they are. And, moreover, at one of the Jesuit missions, Kisantu, there is a printing office which publishes a monthly review in the Congolese tongue.

St. John's Quarterly, January, tells us that the country is divided into six religious districts in charge of different Belgian religious orders. They attend one thousand two hundred and fifty two churches and chapels and are constantly extending the field of their Apostolic zeal. They teach elementary subjects in four hundred and forty schools. They have seventy-five primary schools and three grammar schools. They take care of seven hospitals and have founded seventy-one Christian villages and their registers contain seventy five

thousand names of Christians and catechumens.

Men who know what these people were in 1876, and what they are to-day, are not niggardly in their praise of the Belgians.

THE BALLOT THIEF.

Carlyle observes that man is somewhat of an owl. We don't know what was in the mind of the illustrious dyspeptic when he penned the words, but we are of the opinion that they may be applied to citizens who vote for or assist Catholics who are a disgrace to their religion. True, they make profession of devotion to the Church, but these professions are dictated by political expediency. Aiming at hood-winking and cajoling the people, they scatter words that have no meaning for those who know aught of the lives of the speakers. Their words are empty, their actions attest nothing that we may boast of. They are Catholics but in name; defilers of the faith; objects of derision to the non-Catholic. With their petty schemes and bar-room ideals, they reveal the abyss of infamy into which men without principle can fall. They should, of course, be driven out of public life. They should be taught that love of country is not fashioned out of greed and ambition, and that a vote, the "kingliest act of freemen," is, like honor and virtue, unpraiseworthy. The private records of these buyers and sellers of votes do not concern us. They may be kind and generous, even as the rum-seller is kind and generous with his easily earned money, but their public record excites the sorrow and indignation of the Church. But what an insult to common sense it is to tell us that men who are the prey of sordid passions in the forum and who are the friends of organized fraud, are honorable men at their own firesides. We, however, cannot shut our eyes to the public record of the Catholics who buy and sell votes. We who know that the Church pleads for honor and patriotism are ashamed of this record. We who understand that a vote should be cast for the good of the country and that the proper use of it is a sacred duty, have a profound contempt for such Catholics, with the public record that few criminals would care to own.

But we should not confine ourselves to mere denunciation. As citizens obliged to contribute our quota to right government, we should do all in our power towards the formation of an unselfish patriotic spirit among the people. As a first step let us refuse to support the men with records of systematic rascality. Let us show the corrupt politician who calls himself a Catholic—the ward heeler to whom the purity of the ballot means nothing—that we do not acknowledge them as members of the household. The Church stands for honor and patriotism, truth and justice; he who bribes, and buys and sells votes, stands for injustice and dishonor, contempt of country and recreancy to duty. Is a man who will not submit to the teaching of the Church a Catholic? Is a man who hangs on to the Church which he attempts to disgrace, deserving of support? Is he even worthy of decent social companionship? And yet, these individuals, with professions that are but the manerings of the hypocrite, and harangues that reek with the odor of the saloon, have the effrontery to tell that they are Catholics. We, however, have no patience with assertions of wholesale bribery at our elections. That it occurs we know, but not to the extent that pessimists would have us believe. And in this connection we mind us of the Grecian philosopher who, pointing to a rotten apple which he held in his hand, cried out to his countrymen, "There is the condition of our country." Cutting the apple and finding the seeds intact he said: "It is not all rotten; the seeds are sound." We may, then, be apathetic as to current issues, but we are not so pledged to party and so blind to our best interests as to leave ourselves at the mercies of the political jobbers and tricksters, who are qualifying for the lock step and prison stripes.

Cure for Drink Evil.

A traveling man with the drink habit was persuaded to try oranges as a cure. He says his physician advised the use of oranges, and the trial began with the patient eating one before breakfast and one every time thereafter that he thirsted for the stimulant he had been using. Gradually the desire succumbed to the treatment and now for more than a year the patient has felt no inclination whatever to return to the use of intoxicants. Eleven of his friends similarly afflicted with the drinking habit have profited by this man's experience.

THE MIRACLE OF ST. JANUARIUS.

AN AMERICAN WITNESS REFUTES AN OLD CALUMNY OF DUMAS AND JUSTIFIES THE PIOUS PRACTICE OF THE CHURCH.

The Sun, New York, published the following interesting letter:

Your Naples correspondent, in his account of the liquefaction of the blood of St. Januarius, reproduces an old calumny of Dumas and sets it down as historically true, although it has been refuted times without number.

While in Naples two years ago it was my privilege, through the courtesy of Bishop Cosenza, of Caserta, the Papal representative on the occasion, to be present at the public ceremony in the Church of Santa Chiara on the first Saturday of May, within four or five feet of Cardinal Prisco, who held the ampullae or vials containing the blood of St. Januarius. I saw the coagulated substance in the ampullae, hard and solid looking when the Cardinal first held it in his hand and showed it to those around him, and then after several minutes I saw it gradually, but on this occasion only partially, liquefy. Naturally I was much interested and as I remained two months in Naples, held there principally by my interest in two phenomena, Vesuvius and the miracle of St. Januarius; and, moreover, as I had clerical friends in the city, it was easy for me to ascertain how the liquefaction was regarded, not only by the people at large, but by the clergy and educated laity.

As to the absence of trickery or deceit of any kind, I am as certain as I am of anything in the world. The liquefaction of the coagulated substance, said to be the blood of St. Januarius, takes place, and without any human agency, that is, without any conscious human agency. Whether the change is wrought by supernatural power, that of course is the question at issue. I found, too, that the phenomenon has been studied most thoroughly, and as scientifically as was possible without analysis of the substance, and that science has no explanation to offer. Naturally Catholics, who believe that the great God who created and rules all things can still exercise His power in His creation, finding no known natural cause for the phenomenon, refer it to the Almighty, who thus for His own wise ends glorifies His martyr saint. It is needless to say that there is no obligation of faith on Catholics to believe that the liquefaction is a miracle: it is simply a question of evidence. There may be priests and scholars of the Catholic laity who would still persuade that it is a supernatural manifestation, but I found none in Naples.

Now as to the story told by your correspondent of the French General Champonnet, who it is alleged brought about the liquefaction by a threat to shoot the officiating prelate. When this episode became known, your correspondent declares "believed in the miracle was considerably shaken, but evidently with the passing of time it was forgotten and subsequently it was reported to be absolutely false." I regret that I have not at hand a brochure published only a few years ago by a learned Neapolitan priest on this very story, which he conclusively proves to be made out of the whole cloth. We have, however, in English a very complete study of the liquefaction, made, if I mistake not, by the late Mr. Binse and published in a series of articles in the "Catholic World" more than thirty years ago. The writer of these articles notices the story and traces it in its present form to Dumas.

In January, 1793, while the French under General Championnet were holding Naples, the so-called Parthenopean Republic was formed, and, so the story goes, Championnet was still in command on the following May 4, one of the three times in the year when the relic of St. Januarius is exposed to public veneration and liquefaction takes place. According to Dumas, on May 4, 1793, the liquefaction did not take place as usual, and the people, attributing the failure to the presence of the French, became greatly agitated. General Champonnet, who was watching the ceremony from a gallery and saw that unless the accustomed marvel was performed, called an aide-de-camp and whispered something to him. The aide took his place in the line of those who were waiting to venerate the relic. When his turn came he devoutly kissed the reliquary, but while doing so grasped the priest's hand. Dumas thus dramatically relates what took place:

"Father a word with you."
"What is it?" asked the priest.
"I must say to you on the part of the general commanding, that if in ten minutes the miracle is not accomplished, in fifteen minutes your reverence shall be shot."

The canon let the reliquary fall from his hands. Fortunately the young officer caught it before it reached the ground and gave it back with every mark of profound respect. Then he arose and returned to his place near the general.
"Well?" said the general.
"All right, general," said the young officer. "In ten minutes the miracle will take place."

The aide-de-camp spoke the truth; nevertheless he made a mistake of five minutes, for at the end of five minutes only the canon raised the reliquary aloft, exclaiming, "Il miracle e fatto." The blood was completely liquefied.

The writer of the Catholic World articles has this to say about the story. On May 4, 1793, General Champonnet was not in Naples. He had entered that city on January 28 preceding, but was relieved of his command

before May. His successor in the command was General, afterward Marshal, McDonald.

2. The diary of the Tesoro chapel and the archiepiscopal diary, in their accounts of the exposition on Saturday May 4, 1793, both mention the presence of General McDonald and his officers.

3. According to the same authorities, the liquefaction, so far from being long delayed, that day took place after a lapse of only ten minutes.

4. They indicate the very respectful demeanor of the French general and his expression of reverence, expressions which, by the way, he confirmed afterward by presenting to this Tesoro chapel a beautiful silk mitre, rich in gold work and jewels, which is still shown in the sacristy.

5. Finally, to clinch the whole matter, the following extract from a contemporary letter, published at the time in the official organ at Paris—the "Moniteur," No. 259, of date 19 Prairial, Year VII (June 10, 1799), is quoted: "Naples, 21 Floreal (May 13)—The festival of St. Januarius has just been celebrated with the customary solemnity. Gen. MacDonald (witnessed the renowned miracle. As it took place some what sooner than usual, the people think better of us Frenchmen and do not look on us any more as atheists."

So much for the story of Dumas revived by your correspondent. While on the subject I may be allowed to express my surprise that such a potter should be made by men like Goldwin Smith about the liquefaction of the blood of St. Januarius, the manna of St. Andrew and other alleged miraculous occurrences. The Catholic Church does not stand or fall by them. These phenomena and all apparitions, miracles and revelations merit only such belief as the evidence demands. It showed shallowness, therefore, in the religious inquirer who turned away from an investigation of the claims of the Catholic Church because, as I know to be the case in one instance, he read that poor people of Boscorease, when Vesuvius was in eruption last year, placed the statue of St. Ann between the town and the oncoming flow of the molten lava, which headed not the statue, but pursued its destructive course. Nor need the multitudinous and grotesque ex voto offerings at the Church of Santa Maria del Arco, also on the Vesuvian slope, blind him to the solid truth of the "Communion of saints."

Like the ivy that clings caringly to some massive tower of the olden time, the Catholic Church and legends weave themselves around the old Catholic faith, adding indeed nothing to the strength of the edifice, but making it vastly more picturesque and more attractive, at least to certain minds. But these clinging vines of legend and superstition and exaggerated belief, some one retorts, hide the real beauty of the building, the fine lines of arch and window, the delicate tracery of ornamentation, and therefore they whose duty it is to bring others to know and love the old religion should tear away these parasitic growths. Sotly! They whose duty it is to watch and ward know from centuries of experience that these things you complain of are not real obstacles; that they who search with good heart will surely find. Moreover, they know that if ruthlessly they tore away these pious beliefs and practices which you condemn without fully understanding, some simple souls might be unsettled in their faith and harm be done and no good. "So the wise old Church calmly allows things to go on that a man made Church might fear or wish to conceal. Down at Anagni there is the skull of St. Andrew, at St. Peter's, in Rome, there is another. What then? It is simply a matter for the historians to settle, and if they cannot agree, as agree they cannot about more important things, no harm is done. The Church knows her own mind: her children understand her, and that is enough. Every day weary hearts are coming to her for rest and peace, even as the other day, in the midst of the tempest of persecution, the Frenchman, Huysmans, who, like Paul, was once among her enemies, came home to her to die. VIATOR.

Passaic, N. J. June 7.

WHY SOCIALISTS DESIRE "FREE LOVE."

In a paper on "The Socialist Family of the Future," in the Stimmen aus Maria-Laach (lxii, 3), Rev. Victor Cathrein, S. J., who has written the best existing book on Socialism from the Christian point of view, shows by a number of quotations from acknowledged Socialist writers that Socialists unanimously advocate "free love." Can being present. The municipal council of Metz has decided, by a unanimous vote, to take part in the official reception of the Cardinal Legate, Monsignor Vannutelli, who will represent the Pope. The municipality will establish a via triumphalis (triumphant route), and will cause La Matte, the great bell of Metz, to peal forth on the occasion.

The Sun Never Sees the Dark Side of Anything.

If college life did nothing else but to show the student that there is something better in life than mere money making, than the pursuit of a sordid aim and piling up of a fortune, it would justify its existence a hundred times over.

Of all passions, jealousy is that which exacts the heaviest service and pays the bitterest wages. Its service is to watch the success of the enemy, its wages to be sure of it.

mortality, and similar ideas are but the reflection, the phantasmic mirroring of economical conditions in the minds of men—only that and nothing more.

It is not difficult to perceive that from the coin of vantage of this materialistic world view, the indissolubility of the marriage tie cannot be made to appear as a duty.

No human being but desires to be perfectly happy. None can uproot the natural desire of happiness from his heart. If a man gives up belief in immortality, and consequently relinquishes hope in a future life, he must needs concentrate all his desire for happiness upon the gratification of his passions here on earth. Now the indissolubility of the marriage tie is bound in innumerable cases to prove an obstacle in the hot pursuit of purely terrestrial pleasures. Why should not a man who has thrown away faith in the supernatural, rebel against such "slavery" and shake off the yoke with all his might?

Perhaps he will be told that the institution of marriage as such, and consequently the welfare of humanity, is bound to suffer serious injury if divorce be permitted or even left to the whim of husband or wife. This he may not be disposed to deny; but who can put upon him the duty of surrendering his own happiness for the sake of the common weal? You may persuade him that it will be better to prefer the welfare of society to one's own; but you have no motive strong enough to compel him to do this as a duty. The happiness which every man seeks is not the happiness of humanity, but his own individual happiness.

The believing Christian, whose hopes center upon the world beyond, takes an entirely different view. He too may be so unfortunate as to contract a marriage in which he does not find much earthly happiness. But this does not mean that he must relinquish true happiness altogether. He knows with the certainty which his faith gives him, that a faithful discharge of his duties, coupled with patience, is the sure road to perfect happiness in a better, unending life beyond; and that all the sacrifices he makes for the sake of duty here below will be generously rewarded in heaven. This conviction gives him strength to bear patiently and with resignation all the sufferings which the married state may involve.

But the man who does not believe nor hope in a better beyond—what shall move him to drag the heavy chain of an unfortunate marriage all through life and to make innumerable sacrifices for which he will receive no compensation?

CATHOLIC NOTES.

The death is announced of the Very Rev. Father Gordon, S. J., rector of Stonyhurst College, England. He is spoken of in the mortuary notices as one of the greatest ornaments of the Jesuit Order in the British Islands.

The French missionaries, at foreign stations, outnumber those of all other nations combined. Out of sixty-five thousand priests on the foreign missions, at least forty-eight thousand, or eighty per cent., are French. There are, besides the priests, five thousand men belonging to the Religious Orders engaged in work that range from agricultural labor to technical teaching. The French Sisters number more than twelve thousand.

Will S. Hays, the famous Southern song writer, author of "Mollie Darling," "Narah O'Neill," "Little Old Log Cabin in the Lane," "Sweet Evangeline," "Way Down Yonder in the Cornfield" and a multitude similar, died last week in Louisville, Ky. For full forty-five years was he our personal friend," says Father Deppen, editor of the Record, of Louisville. In years gone by he was always lovingly assailed in our entertainments for church or charity. At least our friend was a Catholic. May he rest in God."

Lord Arundell of Wardour, who was a priest, and for many years was in charge of the Catholic Church at Westbourne, Burnmouth, England, is dead. His Lordship, who died in his 73rd year, only succeeded to the title in October of last year, on the death of his brother, the 12th baron, without issue. Lord Arundell was the head of one of the oldest and most distinguished Catholic families in Europe. Wardour, which has been the seat of this ancient family since the reign of Henry VIII, is about fifteen miles west of Salisbury.

The Eucharistic Congress to be held at Metz on August 6 is to be a most imposing manifestation of Catholic devotion to the Blessed Sacrament. The Volks Stimme, the Catholic organ of Metz, announces that several Cardinals and more than twenty Bishops have already signified their intention of being present. The municipal council of Metz has decided, by a unanimous vote, to take part in the official reception of the Cardinal Legate, Monsignor Vannutelli, who will represent the Pope. The municipality will establish a via triumphalis (triumphant route), and will cause La Matte, the great bell of Metz, to peal forth on the occasion.

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ing, and the substitution of the Rosary for the Office are bad signs. German snatches won't make up for it. Well, the retreat is at hand, thank God!

The retreat came, and the retreat was over; and Luke was the same—only worse. The preacher was a distinguished man, and, therefore, a failure in that line. Luke was delighted—and was lost. "He had never heard such a command of language before," he did not know, till then, how religion could be lifted so beautifully into the regions of transcendentalism; "how philosophy, in the hands of a master, can be made the handmaiden of religion," "and how both together can be clothed in irreverence by the mastery of our mother tongue;" "yes, of course, he was apologetic, and why not? He was speaking to his equals, and was quite right in assuming that they knew all that he knew;" he said "sheel" for "hell;" well, why not? It's the correct word, if you go so far; "and he always spoke of 'eschatology' in place of 'eternity'; very well, isn't that the scientific term?" etc., etc.

"An!" he said to Father Sheldon, "these are the men we want. I'd give half a year's salary to see him invited over to Ireland to give a series of retreats. Wouldn't he wake me up from their lethargy? Wouldn't he show them what culture and education can do?"

"I thought your country used to be called the 'Island of Saints,'" said Father Sheldon.

"Certainly, so it was. You tried to rob us of that as of everything else. But you can't!"

"But the preacher said that the saints and their lives were never intended for imitation, but for admiration."

"And quite right. Do you mean to say that Simon Stylites would be allowed to remain twenty years or twenty days on the obelisk in those times?"

"Perhaps not. But what then becomes of your countrymen and their distinguished titles? If there's no room for one saint, what do we want with a whole island full of them?"

"Look here, Sheldon, you are a horrible reactionary—a medievalist—an Inquisitionist! How in the world will men like you ever convert England?"

"I'm not sure that it's worth converting," said Father Sheldon, lazily; "but I'm sure of one thing—that that modern idea that we are to hold up our saints, our Alphonsas, Clare and Rose and Scholastics, as so many dime-mu seem freaks, to be looked at and wondered at as Divine Curiosities and no more—is the most horrible conclusion which our Catholic neologists have ever reached."

"I give you up, Sheldon," said Luke. "I'll write to-night to a confidential friend in Ireland to get over our Father Azarias as soon as possible. He has a big field there."

"I suppose so. Well the Lord grant you, Irish, a good conceit of yerself!"

"They were sitting at coffee in the library. It was Sunday, and dinner was at four P. M., instead of the usual hour, one o'clock. The Bishop had said a few pretty things about the departed, but the Bishop was inquisitive. He liked to gather opinions—an excellent thing. You need never adopt them, like the good Irish prelate who declared with emphasis that he never took an important step without consulting his canons. "But do you always follow their counsels, my Lord?" The Bishop, emphatically: "Never!"

"But they were at coffee."

"How did you like the retreat?"

Luke was effusive and enthusiastic. The Vicar said: "So far as I am concerned, he might as well have been playing a flute the whole time. It was certainly very pretty."

"Father Sheldon, what are you poring over there?" said the Bishop. Father Sheldon was a great favorite. In a solemn, but half-careless manner, as if he had stumbled on a chance passage, Father Sheldon read from the big, brass-bound Bible:—

"Michas said to Achab, King of Israel: 'Hear thou the word of the Lord. I saw the Lord sitting on His throne, and all the army of heaven standing by Him, on the right hand, and on the left. And the Lord said to Achab, and to all the lords of Israel, that on the day of decease Achab, King of Israel, that he may go up and fall at Ramoth Galad!' And one spake words in this manner, and another otherwise. And then came forth a Spirit, and stood before the Lord, and said: 'I will deceive him.' And the Lord said: 'By what means?' And he answered: 'I will go forth, and be a lying spirit in the mouth of his prophets. And the Lord said: 'Thou shalt deceive him, and shall prevail go forth and do so.'"

The Bishop was silent, and serious. The Vicar shook all over, and snorted once or twice, which was his way of laughing boisterously. A young priest said, "You haven't brought much charity out of the retreat, Father Sheldon!"

Luke said: "There is no use in talking here; Father Sheldon is a bronze statue, with his face turned to the past!"

"That's all right, Delmege. But when a man comes to dress and drill one hundred priests, so as to refit them for better work amongst a few hundred thousand souls, and when, perhaps, one of these captains is himself stumbling in the balance, we expect something else besides 'Sing a song of sixpence,' and 'Isn't that a dainty dish to lay before the king?'"

"You'd like to see a portrait of Luke Delmege just at this. Well, here it is:—

11 Albemarle Bldg, Victoria St. W. C.

"Dearest Mother:—I went up for my first-half a week ago, but got plucked. The questions were beastly. MacKenzie, an old Scotchman, who lived on oatmeal till he came to London, and now doesn't know himself, was my chief examiner. He asked the most absurd questions—the percentage of fibrin in the blood, the specific difference between enteric and adynamic fever, the effect of hydrocyanic acid, etc. I was thoroughly made up in surgery, for which I have a peculiar taste, yet he never asked me a

question, except something ridiculous about the treatment of embolisms, and I could have given him lights in psychological and mental science, where I am A. 1, but he never asked a question. Then, he's not a gentleman. "Young men," said this red-headed Highland savage, "I'd recommend you to qualify as a hairdresser. It is a branch of surgery, ye ken." I have reported him to the trustees, and demanded a second examination. Dr. Cathrop is down here, examining in bacteriology, and, pardon the pun, he's backing me up. By the way, tell Barby that her clerical friend is coming out. He now parts his hair in the centre, and has assumed an Ionic-Doric accent. But I must say he preaches well and effectively. In fact, he's becoming a crack lecturer on this side. I cannot compare him, of course, with the Master of the Temple, for there will be always wanting the esprit and those little nuances of thought and expression that denote the university man. But he is strong and versatile, and I think, when he gets into the Attic accent, he will do fairly well. Just tell Pap that there was a blunder in the examination programme, and I am going up again. Perhaps he may write to Cathrop, who is a power here. I'll let him know later on about MacKenzie, he'll probably give him a wiggling. Evidently, the mouthful fellow didn't know who I was.

"Ever affectionately,
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One of the effects of which epistle was this:—
Dublin, Sept. 8, 187—

Rev. Dear Father:—I must write to tell you how proud and pleased we all are at seeing your name so frequently in the Catholic Times and Tablet, and in so honored a way. And now comes a letter from Louis, enthusiastically sounding your praises. I should give extracts, but I am afraid I should hurt you. But he is a great admirer of yours, and I cannot help thinking that our dear Lord has created this revelation and admiration in order that you may exercise his holy controlling influence over poor Louis in the midst of London temptations. I am supposing that you have not met him as yet in London; but his address is: 11 Albemarle Buildings, Victoria street, London, W. C., and I am sure, if you could spare time to call on him, he would be highly pleased and flattered by your condescension. Do, dear Father! It is a question of a soul and its future, and your reward will be exceeding great. Sphy Kennedy, an old schoolmate of mine, now in Kensington, has also written to say she has been to hear you; and when I told her you were a friend of mine (this was presumptuous, of course) she actually sent me congratulations, and doubted if I'd acknowledge a small people's any more. I'm taking up too much of your valuable time with my nonsense; but our next letter from Louis will be a breath from Paradise.

"I am, dear Rev. Father,
R. respectfully yours,
"BARBARA WILSON."

"A pan of hot coals on my head!" said Luke. "I must really look up the lad. I dare say he has forgotten our little rencontre. Of course, he felt he deserved richly what he got."

And, accordingly, some days later, he again crossed Westminster Bridge, and found his way to Albemarle Buildings. The buildings were laid out in a factory and on the French system. A respectable, middle-aged woman kept the keys. "No, Mr. Wilson was not at home," and would not return till late. He rarely dined at home.

Luke was turning away, not too disappointed, for he dreaded the interview, although prepared to be very conciliatory and condescending, when the woman said:—

"I perceive you're a clergyman, sir, and perhaps a friend of this young gentleman."

"Well, we are acquainted at least," said Luke, straining at the truth, "and I am much interested in him."

"Well, then, sir," she said, "if some one would take up him in 'ands, I fear he's not doing well. Would you walk upstairs, sir?"

They went upstairs, although Luke felt that he was intruding somewhat unwarrantably on the privacy of another. The woman unlocked a door and ushered him into an apartment filled with some strange, pungent, aromatic odor, such as hangs around a druggist's or perfumer's shop. There was chaos everywhere. Pipes of all shapes and forms, pots of unguents, masks and wigs, photographs, some quite fresh, some faded, of actresses and beauties. There were two side by side in a frame. One was subscribed "Clara"; the other, which Luke recognized as Barbara's, was simply marked by one red spot, which Luke soon discovered was a heart on fire. Over the mantelpiece hung a splendid enlarged photograph of the Canon, and in the frame was inserted a shield with the arms of the Murray family, and their motto, *Sans tache*.

"It would cost me my situation, sir," she said, "if it were ever known that I brought you here; but I am a mother, and I know what it is to see the young go astray. Has this young gentleman a father or mother? I know he has a sister, for every post brings 'em a letter from her. He never mentions his parents."

"Yes, I understand his parents are living. I know little of them; but I know his sister and their uncle." He pointed to the photograph.

"Well, sir, the poor young gentleman is doing badly. He often comes 'ome hintoxyed," she picked up with a dangerous look.

"Does he read?" queried Luke, looking around in vain for thick folios and bones.

"A good deal of these," she said, pointing to a heap of tattered novels. "But these are the real dangers, and she pointed to the photographs, and took down a phial from the mantelpiece.

"He can take all that in a day," she said, pointing to the label, "enough

to kill ten men. And he won't stand much longer, sir; mark my words, he won't stand much longer, unless some one steps in to save him.

"You won't see him sometimes for days together," she continued. "I knock and knock, and, thinks I, we'll have a crowner's inquest here soon. And then he comes out a snaking all over like a happen, an' his face a shing like the hangings. But it ain't hangings, but devils, he has seen."

"I'm much obliged to you for your confidence," said Luke, coming downstairs. "I must see to it at once."

"And you won't mention to no one what I have showed you?" said the woman.

"Never fear," said Luke.

"A pretty bad case!" he thought, as he wended his way homewards; "a pretty bad case. I must write to his sister or uncle. And this is the fellow I was half afraid of a couple of years ago in that drawing-room. It needs travel and experience to know the world after all, and to know that there are few in it that are not beneath you."

Which shows that Luke had now fully adopted the philosophy of one of his Mentors, and was holding his head—very high.

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE SUBSTITUTE.

He was scarcely ten years old when he was arrested as a vagrant. He spoke thus to the judge: "I am called Jean Francois, and for six months I was with the man who sits upon the bench at the Place de la Bastille. I sang the refrain with him, and after that I called, 'Here's all the new songs, ten centimes, two sous!' He was always drunk, and used to beat me. That is why the police picked me up the other night. Before that I was with the man who sells brushes. My mother was a laundress; her name was Adele. At one time she lived on the ground near Montmartre. She was a good workwoman and liked me. She made money, because she had for customers waiters in the cafes, and they use a good deal of linen. On Sundays she used to put me to bed early, so that she could go to the ball. On weekdays she sent me to Les Freres, where I learned to read. Well, the sergeant-de-ville, whose beat was in our street, used always to stop before our window, to talk with her—a good-looking chap with a medal from the Crimea. They were married and after that everything went wrong. He didn't take to me, and turned mother against me. Every one had a blow for me, and so, to get out of the house, I spent whole days in the Place Clichy, where I knew the monte-banks. My stepfather lost his place, and my mother lost her work. She used to go out washing to take care of the kids. This gave her a cough—the steam. She is dead at Lambouise. She was a good woman. Since that I have lived with the seller of brushes and the catgut scraper. Are you going to send me to prison?"

He said this on a cynically, like a man. He was a little ragged street arab, as tall as a boot, his forehead hidden under a queer mop of yellow hair.

Nobody claimed him, and they sent him to the Reform School.

Not very intelligent, idle, clumsy with his hands, the only trade he could learn there was not a good one—that of resewing straw chairs. However, he was obedient, naturally quiet and silent, and he did not seem to be profoundly corrupted by that school of vice. But when in his seventeenth year he was thrown out again on the streets of Paris, he unhappily found there his prison comrades, all great scamps, exercising dirty professions, teaching dogs to catch rats in the sewers and blocking shops on hall night; in the passage of the opera, amateur wrestlers, who permitted themselves to be thrown by the Hercules of the booths, or fishing at noontime from rafts—All of these occupations he followed to some extent, and some months after he came out of the house of correction he was arrested again for a petty theft—a pair of old shoes, priggled from a shop window. Result: A year in the prison of Sainte Pelagie, where he served as valet to the political prisoners.

He lived in much surprise among the group of prisoners, all very young, negligent in dress, who talked in loud voices and carried their heads in a very solemn fashion. They used to meet in the cell of one of the oldest of them, a fellow of some thirty years and already a long time in prison and quite a fixture at Sainte Pelagie—a large man, the walls covered with colored caricatures, and from the window of which one could see all Paris—its roofs, its spires and its domes—and far away the distant line of hills, blue and indistinct upon the sky. There were upon the walls some shelves filled with volumes and all the old paraphernalia of a fencing-room; broken masks, rusty folio, breastplates and gloves that were lying their low. It was there that the "politicians" used to dine together, adding to the everlasting "soup and beef" fruit, cheese and pints of wine, which Jean Francois went out and got by the can—a tumultuous repast interrupted by violent disputes, and where, during the desert, the "Car-magnole" and "Co Ira" were sung in full chorus. They assumed, however, an air of great dignity on those days

when a newcomer was brought in among them, at first entertaining him gravely as a citizen, but on the morrow using him with affectionate familiarity and calling him by his nickname. Great words were used there: Corporation, responsibility and phrases quite unintelligible to Jean Francois—such as this, for example, which he once heard imperiously put forth by a frightful little hunch back who blotted some writing paper every night:—

"It is done. This is the composition of the Cabinet: Raymond, the Bureau of Public Instruction; Martial the Interior, and for Foreign Affairs my self."

His time done, he wandered again around Paris, watched afar by the police, after the fashion of cock chafers made by cruel children to fly at the end of a string. He became one of those fugitive and timid beings whom the law, with a sort of coquetry, arrests and releases by turn—something like those platonic fishers who, in order that they may not exhaust the fish pond, throw immediately back into the water the fish which has just come to the net. Without a suspicion on his part that so much honor had been done to so sorry a subject, he had a special bundle of memoranda in the mysterious portfolios of the Rue de Jerusalem. His name was written in round hand on the gray paper of the cover, and notes and reports, carefully classified, gave him his successive appellations: "Name, Lecture;" "the prisoner, Lecture;" and at last "the criminal, Lecture."

He was two years out of prison, dining where he could, sleeping in night lodging-houses and sometimes in lime kilns, and taking part with his fellows in interminable games of pitch-penny on the boulevards near the barriers. He wore a greasy cap on the back of his head, carpet slippers, and a short white hair which he had five sous he had his hair curled. He danced at Constant's at Montparnasse; bought for two sous to sell for four at the door of Robino, the pack of hearts or the ace of clubs serving as a countermark; sometimes opened the door of a carriage; led horses to the horse market. From the lottery of all sorts of miserable employments he drew a goodly number, which on breathes as a soldier, if military discipline might not have saved him? Taken in a cast of the net with some young loafers who robbed drunkards sleeping on the streets, he denied very earnestly having taken part in their expeditions. Perhaps he told the truth, but his antecedents were accepted for three years to Poissy, where he made coarse playthings for children, was tattooed on the chest, learned thieve's slang and the Penal Code. A new liberation and a new plunge into the sink of Paris; but very short this time, for at the end of six months, at the most he was again imprisoned in a night robbery, aggravated by climbing a wall and breaking a serious affair, in which he played an obscure role, half dupe and half fence. On the whole, his complicity was evident, and he was sent for five years at hard labor. His grief in this adventure was, above all, in being separated from an old dog which he had found on a dung heap and cured of the mange. The beast loved him.

Toulon, the ball and chain, the work in the harbor, the blows, a ram a stick, wooden shoes on bare feet, soup of black beans dating from Trafalgar, no tobacco money and the terrible sleep in a camp swarming with convicts; that was what he experienced for five broiling summers and five winters raw with the Mediterranean wind. He came out from there stunned, was sent under surveillance to Vernon, where he worked some time on the river. Then an incorrigible vagabond, he broke his exile and came again to Paris. He had his savings fifty-six francs; that is to say, time for reflection. During his absence his former wretched companions had dispersed. He was well hidden, and slept in a loft at an old woman's, to whom he represented himself as a sailor, tired of the sea, who had lost his papers in a recent shipwreck, and who wanted to try his hand at something else. His tanned face and his calloused hands, together with some sea phrases which he had dropped from time to time, made his tale seem probable enough.

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CONTINUED ON PAGE SIX.

delmege, it was two careers and a life of ups and downs, successes, but a reputation on the other crosses, and ke. "You'd never and safer said, dubiously, said Luke, have deliberated because of it I despise requires it. of the Catholicacy," said the thie, knowing that you are don't admit it, said Luke. Requires very world is much the Church as a subterranean, em, burrowing and Governments of a blinking light of day, and try to plot, and all the institute. Infidel reviews "montade" said Luke, "you are tooth is not yet enough for the operation going too fast. All this new controversy, is quite enough well screwed on; "go on," said the candid said Luke. "I so ingenious, you about my head." "giving you," said the put it in a better feel an impulse to kneel and kiss the in some poor, half-duffer, who knew enough to do, with a touch of these were expressed with two years ago. faintly; "but I r," said the friend, "you ever feel like to get behind some of the world before I one glorious coup at before all his ad- Luke, emphatically, narrow-minded and said the friend, Sheldon," said forever let me say I'm sure, that the conversion of England to this cause. so narrow and con- in your views that I successfully to the it of the age. You the man thought is to re- with intellect; and you to evolve a new saturation of human we must take our this renascence. It lent. Or, rather, we coldly and confidently interpretations of the, or hold our tongues, er, isn't that scholastic!" said Father Shel- don pick up that hor- in the name of are, are you reading?" "ere row," said Luke, "my dear fellow, I draw back. There's further. We move of thought. By the ing over to Bernard- row." said nothing. He said tooth; and of all tion, an unsuccessful rat. he said in his own words, "he's on the down appears to be sky for Mass in the morn-

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TO BE CONTINUED.

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The Catholic Record

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LONDON, SATURDAY, AUG. 17, 1907.

THE PAPAL DELEGATE TO HIS HOLINESS THE POPE.

On the occasion of the fourth anniversary of the election of the Holy Father, Pius X. to the Pontifical throne, His Excellency the Most Rev. Donatus Sbaretta, Apostolic Delegate to Canada, sent a cablegram to the Sovereign Pontiff expressing the homage and devotion of Canadian Catholics to his august person and asking for them the Apostolic Benediction.

His Excellency received the following message from His Eminence the Cardinal Secretary of State:

Rome, August 5th, 1907.

His Excellency the Apostolic Delegate, Ottawa, Canada.

The Holy Father is grateful for your expression of filial sentiments and grants his blessing to you and to the Canadian Catholics.

CARD. MERRY DEL VAL.

It is a matter of great consolation to all the members of the Church in the Dominion of Canada to witness the love and harmony existing between His Excellency the Papal Delegate, the Archbishop, Bishops, priests and laity. The bond which holds in its embrace all these beautiful attributes has not been forged by expediency. It is the outcome of a spiritual affection which has for long been given a healthy growth in the Lord's vineyard by the wise and prudent and with affectionate administration of the late Delegate Mgr. Falconio, and continued in a marked degree by the distinguished and fatherly representative of the Holy See who is with us at present. The faith of Canadian Catholics is intelligent and active. They give to God and God's Church what belongs to God, and to Caesar that which belongs to Caesar. While Catholics may differ on matters political - matters of public policy - they know when their religion is attacked, and will always resent such attack, let it come from any Party or State or Government. Enjoying the utmost freedom in both Church and State, Canadian Catholics are grateful to God for such a blessing and are determined to preserve that freedom, knowing that in this way they can serve the Lord in a more perfect manner, and become Canadians in the true sense of the term, taking their full share in building up a free, a happy and a prosperous country.

CARDINAL GIBBONS ON DIVORCE

Any word from Cardinal Gibbons deservedly attracts attention and respect from the people of the United States, where his name is a household word. It is not in his own diocese of Baltimore alone, nor yet among his co-religionists that the sceptre of his influence is limited. His rank, the modesty with which he wears his years and honor, his gentleness of character and the singleness of religious purpose which has marked his long career, have won for him the ear of the nation whose temperament he understands thoroughly, and whose welfare he has always advanced with the zeal of a great churchman and the loyalty of a patriotic citizen. The Cardinal can tell their faults to the Americans without wounding their national susceptibilities. His latest act of this kind is a letter on divorce in the July number of The delineator, which has attracted a good deal of attention. Amongst the comments which we have seen the remarks of the Deseret Evening News deserve a word or two on account of a criticism upon the Cardinal's view of Mormonism. His Eminence, diagnosing the ailment of social America, tells the people that divorce is a cancer which is fast spreading over the community, poisoning the life blood of the nation. Nor is this an exaggeration. Divorce devastates homes, and is a rock of scandal to families. "Great stress," says the Cardinal, "is justly laid by moralists on the observance of the Sunday. But what a mockery is the external repose of the Christian Sabbath to homes from which domestic peace is banished, where the mother's heart is broken and the father's spirit crushed, and where the children cannot cling to one of their parents without exciting the jealousy or hatred of the other. And these melancholy scenes are followed by the final act of the drama when the family ties are dissolved and hearts that had vowed eternal love and union are separated to meet no more." That sad picture is not overdrawn.

But the evil is deeper and more radical than mere sentiment and heart-rending separation. Morality is affected with the ulcer. Husband, wife and children are all exposed by divorce laws to temptations, unmentionable sins and life-long dangers against which an indissoluble marriage would have protected them. It is not necessary to pursue this line of the Cardinal's argument further, especially as we wish to notice the criticism of the Deseret News. This journal undertakes the apology of Mormonism by calling the Cardinal to task for saying: "Is not the law of divorce a virtual toleration of Mormonism in a modified form? Mormonism is simultaneous polygamy, while the law of divorce practically leads to successive polygamy." The Deseret News claims that this view is wrong—that neither is polygamy Mormonism, nor Mormonism polygamy. This is special pleading on the part of the Salt Lake Journal. Just fifty years ago Brownson maintained the same thing in the same language. "Moreover," he writes, "they (the Mormons) hold to polygamy, and permit each man to have an unlimited number of wives." Whether it be called polygamy or Mormonism, or whether it receive the more odious name of concubinage, divorce is dreadful, partaking of all the evils of the three without any of their redeeming qualities, if any they possess, which we very much doubt. Had Mormonism not been limited in territory, had it been allowed the extension and option bestowed upon divorce, its injury to morals, its danger to government would by this time have threatened the very existence of the United States. Mormonism was a religious sect, and therefore possessed a certain coherence which imparted strength. Divorce affects primarily individual homes. Its effect is disintegrating. So far as relations between the State and the others, Mormonism and divorce, the former is a more threatening danger than the latter; for one of the articles of their creed is that the nations belong to them as to the saints of God. But the Deseret News does not stop here. It thinks that Catholics, in looking at past and present, ought to be silent. Results are far from being satisfactory. Twenty centuries have rolled by, history has changed. Catholicism has wrought with zeal at times but without success. The nations stand aloof; the world turns a deaf ear to her voice. Even when a distinguished Prince of the Church warns his fellow citizens of the evils of divorce, what will come of it? Most likely nothing. This is no argument against Catholicism. It is the opposite. The nations may, like the Holy City, not know the day of their visitation. So much the worse for them. Within the armory of the Church weapons have been fashioned and used for the conquering of the world and the establishment of the Kingdom. Within its treasures are riches of truth, sanctity, purity, which to those who value them have ever proved a light to life and fragrance to virtue and promise of reward. Let heresy, with its private judgment and its lower standards, look to it. Heresy it is which divides Christianity, and panders to the passions of men by destroying the indissolubility of the marriage tie.

THE ALBIGENSES.

Amongst the reasons which Professor Goldwin Smith advances for the maintenance of Orangelism is the usurpation of one of the Popes against the Albigenses. The Pope in question was Innocent the Third, one of the strongest occupants of St. Peter's throne, a man who was to the thirteenth century what Hildebrand had been to the eleventh—leader, builder, guardian. He led the crusades against pagan East and heretical West; he built the pillars of the Dominican and Franciscan brotherhoods; and he guarded the best interests of the Church in the Lateran Council. Tyrant he never was, nor did he during his eighteen years of Pontificate usurp power. Was it religious power he usurped or political? All religious prerogative was his, fullest jurisdiction of Christ's kingdom, the sceptre over all nations. Did he usurp political power? A great historian, summing up his character, says that: "Innocent III. devoted his life to the realization of three ideas: the development, within the Church, of a spirit of faith and piety, by winning respect for discipline and canonical regulations, the freedom of the spiritual authority from all the bonds of the temporal power; and finally, the introduction of Christian civilization into the East by means of the Crusades." But as special reference is made to his crusade against the Albigenses, we limit ourselves to this point. The Albigenses derive their name from Albi, a city on the steep banks of the Tarn, a river draining the rich vast plain of Languedoc. Here arose and spread a heresy which under various names was Manichean in its fundamental principle. Dualism has

been a favorite theory in several of the Christian centuries for the reason that it is easily grasped. The Albigenses maintained that there were two principles, one good and the other evil. The former was the creator of the spiritual, the latter of the material world. They held that whilst Jesus Christ was very perfect he was a mere creature. Their other errors affected equally the redemption of the race, the punishment of sin and the resurrection. Dualism entered also into their ethical teaching. Man is, according to them, a living contradiction. The liberation of the soul from the body is his true end. As generation propagates the slavery of the soul to the body perpetual chastity should be practised and matrimonial intercourse regarded as unlawful. This was the heresy which in the twelfth century especially caused such bloodshed and devastation. By its theories and episcopal organization it appealed to the feudal ideals of its time, and found its chief support among the nobles and the brilliant society of the southern castles. To the Church they were a great danger. In fact they threatened its very existence in Languedoc and the neighboring provinces. Not satisfied with teaching false Christianity they made war upon the Church. When Innocent III. mounted the Papal throne in 1198 he resolved to put an end to the heresy. For several years he tried pacific measures, but was hampered in his design by the miserable state of degradation into which the native church had fallen. In 1203 his legates entered Toulouse, where they zealously devoted themselves to the reformation of abuses and the conversion of heretics. Growing discouragement by their poor success, they set back for Spain, when they were met by St. Dominic and urged to return. At length Innocent summoned Raymond VI., Count of Toulouse, a weak prince and member of the sect, to put down the heresy in his dominions. The Count hesitated and by his delay incurred excommunication. But his guilt reached the extreme when by his orders one of the Papal legates was assassinated. To slay an ambassador has always been regarded as a crime deserving a striking punishment. The Pope on learning the news addressed letters to the King of France, and commanded the Cisterians to preach a crusade against the heretics. His language was severe, though perfectly warranted by the conduct of the vacillating Count, the excesses of the Albigenses and the errors they propagated. Pope Innocent was full of compassion for the misguided, as is evident from his deeds before and after the murder. What excesses took place in the war which followed cannot be attributed to the Sverreign Pontiff. A crusade was never a make-believe-war of all times and places is a fearful blow. It was not the Pope who wished this war or who started it. Still less justifiable is the idea that he was usurping power in his action. He had full and perfect right to let loose the dogs of war upon a sect as defiant to the Church's teaching, morals and authority as ever were the Mohammedans in the East. The power which Innocent III. exercised was energetic. It had to be. He was a man and he was dealing with men. Throughout it all the great Pontiff was clearly within his right and for the best interests of the Church.

THE CHURCH.

Carelessness in the use of terms is seldom better exemplified than in that made nowadays by non-Catholics when speaking of the Church. It must be said, however, that in this custom they play fast and loose according to requirements. The term is sometimes applied correctly; but more frequently it is employed with that indefiniteness which characterizes thought and language. An example of the latter was lately afforded by Bishop Potter of New York. In an address on the Church and the Social Problem he arraigned the Church because of "its indifference to the physical, mental and social needs of the working people." The Globe, in commenting upon this view, which it regards as correct, thinks the reason is that "the horizon of the Church is only slowly widening beyond the lines of the medieval theology, with its narrowly individualistic philosophy of life." Again, "Not until the Church appreciates more adequately and at first hand the social situation, will it be known about the physical, mental and social needs of the people." All this is in the air, neither ideal enough to elevate the masses nor practical enough to appeal to them. What do both the Bishop and his critic mean by the Church? They fail to explain. The fact is that the present confusion is a result of the pseudo-reformation. Luther and his co-laborers, knowing their want of authority, turned to their different political superiors for support. These in turn constituted themselves heads of churches without jurisdiction and without the submission of conscience. Political powers arose which ignored

religion, or let it work out its own destiny. Side by side with the new democracy rose commercial activity, organized with wonderful activity, mighty in word and work for the welfare of the many, but containing within its vast proportions an element of danger. The danger threatens the state because the state is democratic and industry or commerce is plutocratic. It is dangerous to the Church because the Church works for another world, whilst commerce is wholly engrossed with earth. But where has been the Church all this time, whilst democracy was crystallizing and commerce conquering or discovering new worlds? It is struggling for an existence. Outside the Catholic Church we recognize no Church. Its fight is a hard one. National pride, false philosophy, prejudiced heresy have all banded together against the Bride of Christ and City of God. And yet in spite of all the Church has, by her enforcement of an indissoluble marriage tie, and by her religious attention to the wants of the poor, the ignorant and sick, never been indifferent to the physical, mental or the social wants of mankind. How far has Protestantism taken care of the weaker classes of humanity? If on the other hand we turn to the Catholic Church there is not an organized diocese in which education, charity and morality are not guarded with zeal and sacrifice. It may be that the Church, in face of congested cities, cannot relieve all the suffering or break the bread of life to every one of her children asking. The reason is clear and old: her fields are white to harvest and the reapers are few. The fields were never so white nor were the reapers ever so few. Notwithstanding the difficulties of modern society the Church is still active in zeal and attentive to the wants of her children. A word upon the Church is only slowly widening beyond the lines of the medieval theology, with its narrow individualistic philosophy of life, we find too rhetorical for argument. The figure, though fairly developed, is unsound in principle. No matter how broad the Church may be or vast its courts and populous its members, the individual must be the reason of its existence and the crown of its glory. As long as there is one soul to save so long must the Church continue, work and suffer. It is not the proportions of her faithful that forms her strength or establishes her truth. For the ones for the many her hierarchy are arrayed, her sacraments administered and her sacrifice offered. The single grain may not be missed upon the shore. Not so the single soul. For it Christ came, for it He established His Church, for it He died. This theory is the only sound one, nor is it medieval. It was taught by St. Paul, inculcated by the fathers, and forms the basis of all Catholic dogma and morality. It gives dignity to the little ones of earth, and keeps them secure against the greed and wrath of the mighty and the selfish. Whether we look at the past or present the most convincing evidence is at hand to show that the Catholic Church looks to the physical, mental and social wants of the individual in particular and the world in general.

ST. JEROME'S COLLEGE, BERLIN.

On the 7th and 8th of the present month took place at Berlin, Ont., ceremonies which will make an interesting chapter in the history of the diocese of Hamilton. On that occasion took place the laying of the corner stone of the new college building, and the unveiling of a monument in memory of the late Father Funken. It would be a long story were we to recount the grand work accomplished during a lengthened period, both as pastors and educationists, by the Resurrectionist Fathers in the county of Waterloo. They brought with them the grand old faith of the fatherland, and they brought, too, that steadfastness of purpose, that patient striving, that indomitable perseverance, which is the splendid characteristic of the German. From their college have come some of the brightest and best priests in the country. Their system of education is thorough and their fatherly solicitude for the spiritual and temporal welfare of the boys placed in their charge are well known and appreciated not only in this western part of Ontario, but throughout the Dominion and in the great American republic. That their success has been great is abundantly proved by the necessity for erecting the building the corner stone of which has just been laid. We congratulate the Bishop of Hamilton upon the possession of such an admirable Catholic college in his diocese. We congratulate the good Fathers upon their abundant success. We are sure it must have been most gratifying to His Excellency the Apostolic Delegate, to witness on this occasion such a splendid example of priestly zeal, born of vocations true to their ideal as the needle to the pole.

"LAW" IN IRELAND.

When we write the word "Law," as applied to the Emerald Isle, we do not intend to convey the impression that law has a very intimate relation to justice. Almost the entire system of administering law is rotten to the core. We are told by a despatch from London that Mr. Justice Wright, in charging the grand jury at Roscommon, made remarks of a very strong character on the "lawlessness" prevailing in Ireland. When His Honor made this declaration he had not in mind the fact that crown officials are frequently responsible for this condition of things. Recent events have prompted the editor of the Toronto Globe to write: "A dismissed Irish constable says men could not get promotion except by provoking crime. There is evident need of a thorough investigation of the administration of law in Ireland." Mr. Justice Wright must surely have also in mind the fact that only a few years ago a man named Sheridan, a member of the Irish constabulary, rose rapidly in the ranks of the force by a wonderful display of activity in arresting supposed criminals. In due time, however, it was discovered that he himself was the criminal; that he committed at divers times crimes of a more or less serious nature, and, by perjuring himself, had innocent parties committed to prison. As soon as discovery was made of his rascality the Dublin Castle officials supplied him with money to come to the United States and he is now living in Boston. It will be remembered that this matter was made the subject of a Parliamentary investigation, and that these facts were elicited thereat. Mr. Justice Wright is particularly bitter in his reference to what he calls "the cattle driving movement" which he asserts is absolutely lawless and entirely subversive of the rights of property. The situation, however, is somewhat unique. There is no violence, and the movement, we believe, is intended to bring to the notice of the civilized world the fact that under English law in Ireland cattle have a prior right to the land, or, rather, the choicest spots are reserved for the fattening of cattle for the English market and the Irish people are expected to eke out a livelihood on the lean portions; and even for this they have to pay a heavy rental to My Lord the Landlord. We hope the day is not far distant when all creeds in Ireland will join hand in hand with the purpose of ridding the country of that army of vultures in the pay of the government, who provoke discontent and fatten on the consequences. We are sure, were the power vested in the hands of Lord Aberdeen, there would be a complete change in the officialdom of Dublin Castle. A change must come, and come soon. If the people are, on the one hand, true to the Irish National Movement, and the Irish parliamentary party preserve a unity of purpose, there will soon be a brighter day for Ireland. All its well-wishers will be delighted to know that there is a prospect of William O'Brien and Timothy Hooley entering the Nationalist ranks once more.

POISONOUS LITERATURE.

From William Randolph Hearst, of New York, publisher of the Journal of that city, we have received a circular which tells us that the Hearst news service is in a position to furnish us with excellent news reports of both foreign and domestic happenings. Mr. Hearst also states that he has been informed that we were interested in a special service for Canadian papers. We hasten to assure Mr. William Randolph Hearst that his informant must be some gentleman who works in a news factory. The administrators of the law in the United States have been fairly successful in stamping out the adulteration of food, by inflicting swift and heavy punishment upon the criminal. If Uncle Sam would only pass a law to stamp out the adulteration of Truth he would have to double the prison accommodation, but the newspaper reader would have a sigh of relief. William Randolph Hearst is the Little Tycoon of yellow journalism. What is yellow journalism? The manufacture of news. Let us give an example. Colonel Tom Jones, it is reported, will be the next candidate for Congress. Mark the words "it is reported." This is a saving clause always inserted by the foreman of the news factory. The announcement is launched on the reading public in large block type, across three columns of the paper. There is also given a picture of Colonel Tom Jones, and pictures of the Jones family. It is likewise related when Colonel Tom Jones was born and where Mrs. Tom Jones saw the light of day, and where the parents of these two were born, and what part they had taken in the war for the union, and what part the grandparents had taken in the war of the revolution. Altogether it was a great day for the Jones family. Reporters on foot, on

bicycles, and autos are seen flying towards the Jones mansion. Mr. Jones receives them very kindly, treats them handsomely, and informs them, with an abundance of native dignity, that there is not a shadow of truth in the report that he intended to be a candidate for Congress.

Here is another feature. The Hon. Tobias Swell and Miss Angelina Violet Timkins are to be married on a certain day in a church in a fashionable district of New York. Pictures of the bride and bridegroom are given, and pictures of their fathers and their mothers and their uncles and their cousins and their aunts, a picture of the clergyman, a picture of the church, and pictures of the throng who came to witness the ceremony, and the organ's majestic tones are heard in the wedding march. There was the wealth of flowers and smiles and good wishes, and the wealth of envy reserved in the background, and the happy couple go abroad. All is joy and the honeymoon phase begins—and ends—and a year afterwards pictures of the bride and bridegroom are given once more, but this time there is only one other picture, that of the presiding judge in the divorce court. The sacrament of matrimony, as instituted by our blessed Saviour was on the day of the wedding, if thought of at all, but merely a shadow. The marriage was not registered in heaven, but the divorce proceedings were registered in—another place.

Turn the page and we have a sermon on "Righteousness" in some fashionable church in a fashionable avenue by a distinguished divine. Above it is an extended report of a burglary, with pictures of the burglar, the burglar's tools, and the shop in which they were manufactured. To one side of the sermon is a murder case with pictures of the accused, his wife, his house, and his man servant and maid servant. On the other side is a lynching, with a picture of the poor black—innocent he may be—dangling from a tree. Below the sermon is a biography of the latest bank defaulter, and an account of his doings. The learning of the university he took in copious drafts, but the story of the cross he knew not, or, mayhap, if he knew it, considered it but a pretty fable. The sermon of the distinguished divine is in eclipse.

Still another page has the latest ball field reports in ball field jargon; followed by a page of horse racing in the jargon of the turf, and a page of stocks in the jargon of the stock exchange, where a man will lose all his money—while he waits.

Altogether the yellow paper may be said to contain a very large quantity of abominations—a small percentage of readable matter—and a very small share of what is refined and elevating. There are great and good papers in the United States—many of them. Pity it is that this noble profession is degraded by newspaper desperadoes who have debauched the editorial sanctum. They make the claim that they give what they call "the public" what it wants, but the vitiated taste was cultivated in this so-called "public" by those creatures whose gods are pennies and "popularity."

Great is the yellow journal! Great is William Randolph Hearst, who has been the defeated candidate for various offices, but springs up once more like the Phoenix, and takes inspiration again from the plaudits of that mob who have been scrubbed from the body politic.

There is only one William Randolph Hearst in the United States. There is another William Randolph Hearst in Toronto. He prints one of the morning dailies.

A FRAUD.

Our readers are warned against a fraud who is visiting Catholic houses in this diocese, selling statues and stating that certain spiritual and temporal benefits are to be derived by their possession. Amongst other things, the rascal promises that the statues are a protection against lightning. He also makes use of the old story, which has been worn thread bare, that the sale of these statues will enable him to finish his ecclesiastical education. If a policeman is not at hand this person should be summarily ejected from every house he visits. He takes good care not to call upon any parish priest. He dresses in the garb of a priest and states that he will be ordained in about two years. The statues he sells are made of plaster, worth about 50 cents. For these he gets \$5.00. People have been often warned against fraudulent peddlers, but it is unfortunately the case that some are always easily duped, particularly those who do not take a Catholic paper in their homes. Whenever a pedler presents himself to sell religious articles demand should be made for written authority from the parish priest. This particular fraud said he had such, but did not show it. He added falsehood to his other crimes.

ST. JEROME'S COLLEGE

LAYING OF CORNER STONE UNVEILING OF MONUMENT IN MEMORY OF THE LATE FUNKEN.

We are indebted to the Press for the following very important notes on a to, which took place on the instant.

Higher education was the function which took place on the lawn of St. Jerome's attended by about 3,000 witnessed the unveiling erected to the cherished late Rev. Father Funken St. Jerome's, by the alumni association.

At seven o'clock the C. M. B. A., the Catholic and the Catholic Young formed on the market headed by the 29th regiment to the Church, service was conducted Lehman of Mildmay.

The papal delegate with an address by the tion.

MONUMENT UNVEILING

Following this, the church dignitaries, presided over the ceremony, which was unveiled by Rev. Father Funken, the Father of the Resurrection, which the oration of delivered by Rev. St. Mary's Cathedral, I.

The address of Father of an able and inspiringizing the work of Father the founder of St. J.

He pointed out the Father Funken was a medicine, it was through tion that he was led to self to the priesthood, quality of greatness which deterred by difficulties stimulated by obstacleless energy, a profound knowledge and an love for his work dignity of manner of will that inspired of love of all. Such to whom all students look and all the ecclesiastical details of his task for stationary labor in m Ontario.

Alderman Sheppard Mayor, the town and eral, extended a very to the august representative of the Church.

On the platform of Excellence, Archbishop Ottawa; Rev. Father Rome, Italy; Rev. Hamilton; Rev. Andago; Rev. Steinhart, Berlin, and others.

The monument is of a size, life sized, representing in his religious career, and of features, lovingly and watching his pupil. The work symbolic. The work Roman sculptor of Raphael Zaccagnini, pride in the execution which will likely see America.

This memorial is and will be an inspiration to students as well as a monument of the town of St. Jerome's College. The Rev. Rev. Louis D. D., who shortly returned in Rome, 1862. Resurrection that Bishop Charbonnet, duct the missionary country.

As Father Funken qualified for teaching missionaries should found a college. "A college," he said, "no students, no books. When assembled they could be assumed by the church in St. Jerome's College." Two years later, of the newly erected Hamilton, induced for their little college.

The first quarters were of humble religious zeal and soon spread to the 1881 another stone building now in three-story wing chapel building, 89 the beautiful stone structure, built. The following party now used was transacted during athletic grounds were beautified, was designed, C open for the people.

The massive building St. Jerome's College, Berlin and the are again inadequate the number of from all parts of admission to the A new building construction, with a great many not heretofore addition will be five feet long, ment and four is of Credit Valley of the building. The massive and all face Corinthian stone with most modern hygiene required.

The present Rev. A. L. Zaccagnini, C. R., vice-president.

ST. JEROME'S COLLEGE, BERLIN.

LAYING OF CORNERSTONE AND UNVEILING OF MONUMENT TO THE MEMORY OF THE LATE FATHER FUNCKEN.

We are indebted to the London Free Press for the following report of the very important events above referred to, which took place on the 7th and 8th instant.

Higher education was a keynote of a function which took place on the 7th on the lawn of St. Jerome's College, attended by about 3,000 people who witnessed the unveiling of a monument erected to the cherished memory of the late Rev. Father Funcken, founder of St. Jerome's, by the members of the alumni association.

At seven o'clock the members of the C. M. B. A., the Catholic Foresters and the Catholic Young Men's Society formed on the market square and headed by the 29th regiment band paraded to the church, where a brief service was conducted by Rev. H. Lehman of Midway.

MONUMENT UNVEILED.

Following this, the procession of church dignitaries proceeded to the college lawn where the memorial statue was unveiled by Rev. Father Kasprzycki, of Rome, Italy, superior-general of the Fathers of the Resurrection, after which the oration of the evening was delivered by Rev. Dean Mahoney, of St. Mary's Cathedral, Hamilton.

The address of Father Mahoney was of an able and inspiring nature, eulogizing the work of Father Louis Funcken, the founder of St. Jerome's College. He pointed out the fact that while Father Funcken was at first inclined to medicine, it was through physical affliction that he was led to the study of the sciences, which could not be deterred by difficulties, but was rather stimulated by obstacles. With tireless energy, a profound and varied knowledge and an overmastering love for his work, he combined dignity of manner and firmness of will that inspired respect and won the love of all.

When assured that his oration would be well received and yet who amid all the endless worries and details of his task found time for missionary labor in many parishes in Ontario.

Alderman Sheppard, on behalf of the Mayor, the town and citizens in general, extended a very cordial welcome to the august representatives of the Church.

On the platform were present His Excellency Archbishop Sbarretti, Ottawa; Rev. Father Kasprzycki, Rome, Italy; Rev. Dean Mahoney, Hamilton; Rev. Andrew Spetz, Chicago; Rev. Stejneger, Peru, Ohio; Hon. Adam Beck, London; and Ald. Sheppard, Berlin, and others.

The monument is of two bronze figures, life sized, representing the rector, in his religious garb, with perfect likeness of features, looking down attentively and watching the recitation of his pupil. The group is artistic and symbolic. The work was entrusted to a Roman sculptor of renown, Signor Raphael Zaccagnini, who took special pride in the execution of the group which will likely spread his fame in America.

This memorial is on the college lawn and will be an inspiration to staff and students as well as a noteworthy ornament of the town of Berlin.

St. Jerome's College was founded by the Very Rev. Louis Funcken, C. R., D. D., who shortly after his ordination in Rome, 1862, joined his fellow brethren of the congregation of the Resurrection, of Toronto, to conduct the missionary work of Waterloo county.

As Father Funcken was eminently qualified for teaching, one of his associate missionaries suggested that he should found a college.

"A college," he exclaimed, "with no students, no building, no money!" When assured that twelve students could be assembled, a log house near the church in St. Agatha was rented and Father Louis' lifework began.

Two years later, 1866, Bishop Farrel, of the newly established diocese of Hamilton, induced the fathers to transfer their little quarters used in Berlin to the proportions, but the religious zeal and reputation of the founder and his colleagues as educators soon spread and students presented themselves in such numbers that in 1881 another story was added to the three-story wing, now known as the chapel building, and commodious four-story structure, the lecture hall, was built. The following year the property now used as the parochial residence was transferred to the college.

But not only were new buildings constructed during these years, but the athletic grounds were enlarged, lawns were beautified, and an extensive park was designed, cultivated and thrown open for the pleasure of the students.

The massive buildings now constituting St. Jerome's college, the pride of Berlin and the admiration of visitors, are again inadequate to accommodate the number of students who, coming from all parts of North America, seek admission to the college.

A new building is now in course of construction, which will afford space for a great many more students than could heretofore be accepted. This addition will be one hundred and sixty-five feet long, and have a high basement and four stories. The basement is of Credit Valley cut stone, the body of the building of red pressed brick. The massive columns pilasters, capitals and all face decorations will be of white Corinthian stone. It will be equipped with most modern conveniences and hygiene requirements.

The present executive officers are Rev. A. L. Zinger, C. R. M. A., president, Rev. W. Vincent Kloefer, C. R., vice-president and master of

studies; Rev. Wm. Beninger, C. R., disciplinarian.

THE FACULTY.

Rev. Jos. Schweitzer, C. R., B. A., Latin, German, English; Rev. A. L. Zinger, C. R., Ph. L., philosophy, Latin, natural science; Rev. W. Vincent Kloefer, C. R., B. A., philosophy, religion, German, English literature; Rev. Wm. Beninger, C. R., Ph. L., Latin, German, French, religion; Rev. Theobald Spetz, C. R., D. D., political economy; Rev. A. J. Fischer, C. R., B. A., Latin, Greek; Rev. A. Simoni, C. R., Latin, Greek, Italian; Rev. Paul Sobczak, C. R., German, Polish; Mr. James E. Barry, mathematics, English, Greek; Mr. David McKegroy, director commercial department, Mr. A. J. Suddaby, M. A., English classics and composition; Mr. Rich. Landers, mathematics, Mr. Jos. O'Sullivan (assistant) book-keeping, arithmetic; Mr. Chas. Hill (assistant) geography; Mr. Theo. Zoellner, F. S. S., music.

THE ALUMNI UNION.

The alumni union of St. Jerome's College was formed in 1879, in order to maintain the fraternal spirit of former students of the college, and to afford them opportunities of meeting on the old grounds and promoting the interests of the Alma Mater. Among its members are over a hundred Catholic priests and at the memorable meeting in 1887, in honor of Dr. Funcken's sacerdotal jubilee, a spontaneous offering of \$1,000 was tendered this eminent rector and founder of the college.

The fund which paid the expenses of erecting this memorial was raised by the union. Yearly meetings are held on commemorative day, and the orator of the day is an alumnus chosen by the union. Its officers are: President, Rev. J. G. Ganon, La Salette, Ont.; 1st vice-president, F. A. Doetsch, Detroit, Mich.; 2nd vice-president, Jas. E. Day, Toronto, Ont.; 3rd vice-president, John Hartman, New Hamburg, Ont.; secretary, W. J. Motz, M. A., Berlin, Ont.; treasurer, Rev. Theo. Spetz, C. R., D. D., Berlin, Ont.; executive committee, Rev. Jos. England, Dunville, Ont.; Rev. Jos. Leonard, Hamilton, Ont.; Rev. Huck, Berlin, Ont.; W. Freeman, Stratford, Ont.

LAYING OF CORNERSTONE.

Berlin, August 8.—It is difficult to find words for expression that would be fitting in an important event such as took place in Berlin to-day.

Three thousand people witnessed the corner stone laying of the new \$40,000 addition to St. Jerome's College, and the function was performed by dignitaries high in the Church. At 10 o'clock Pontifical High Mass was sung by Archbishop Sbarretti, Apostolic Delegate to Canada, the celebrant being Vicar-General Heenan, of Dundas, assisted by Rev. A. Spetz, of Chicago, and Rev. J. Bocian, of Kentucky. Those who attended at the throne were Very Rev. E. Lamsie, of Cayuga, and Superior-General Kasprzycki, of Rome.

The ceremony of laying the corner stone was a brief one, the granite slab being laid by His Excellency the Apostolic Delegate.

Hon. Dr. Reaume, who delivered the oration, made a most favorable impression. He congratulated Berlin on its beauties and its industries, and commended the reverend fathers and faculty on their work of furthering higher education.

He said in a country like Canada where there are so many varied interests the one great essential point is a spirit of toleration and brotherhood, and those possessed of a high and broad education are those who are best fitted to show and teach such spirit. The national safeguards depend upon the men of education. There ought to be, said he, a constant stream of thoroughly educated men issuing from colleges and universities preaching the doctrine of national honor and integrity. In times of extreme party warfare and passion it is the duty of our educational institutions to assert their independence and at all times to teach fraternal dependence and a broad Canadian brotherhood. The great need of the country he declared to be the men of higher education, experts in technical and industrial lines. Many new fields are opening up but few first class men to take the helm. He was glad to see men awakening along these lines. He would welcome the day when St. Jerome's will be able to compete with the best universities in Canada and the United States. If our Canadian people want to occupy the best positions we must see to it they are fitted for them.

Following this a banquet was held at the college. It was 1 p. m. when the fifty people had assembled in the college dining hall. After justice had been done to the bill of fare the toast list was introduced.

Rev. Father Smith, of Irontown, Ohio, was master of ceremonies. He presided with marked ability.

TOAST TO POPE PIUS.

In the absence of Senator Cuffey he proposed the first toast, that of His Holiness Pope Pius X., which was replied to by the Apostolic Delegate, Archbishop Sbarretti. The distinguished visitor was in a happy mood and showed himself quite capable of addressing his remarks in English. He said he was very glad to be able to speak of His Holiness, whose advice to Catholics was to organize for social action. Archbishop Bruschi, of Quebec, has already done this. He touched on the separation of Church and State, which was to be regretted. His words were fatherly advice.

"King and Country" was proposed by Judge Chisholm, who spoke at some length on the many good qualities of Edward the Seventh as a man, as a King and as a peacemaker. In our country there is but Canada from the Atlantic to the Pacific, he said. It is the people who make the country great. If each individual would govern himself well, then we would be well governed. Work and labor are the handmaids of morality. We are a democracy, with the stability of a monarchy. A. C. McDonnell, M. P., of Toronto also responded to this toast.

Dr. Lackner, M. P., proposed the

toast, "Education." The government's educational policy was well known and he believed the government could do no better than to erect here a bilingual normal school, which was needed to complete our educational institutions.

Rev. J. Kosinski, C. R., of Chicago, also responded to this toast, delivered a masterpiece of oratory which was conceded to be the best heard in these parts for some time. Among other things he said "Man is being educated the young the soul must be cared for as well as the body and the body as well as the soul. Give the youth a good moral training and the future will be marked with success. In closing his remarks he proposed a toast to St. Jerome, which he hoped some day to be a great Catholic university.

The "Two Flags" proposed by Sheriff Motz was responded to by Hon. Dr. Reaume and Adam Beck. All were in a happy mood, and gave a short talk on the importance these two flags had to the peace of the world.

Hon. Adam Beck felt it a home-coming to come back to his native county, Waterloo. He believed the people all Canadians, no matter what our ancestors had been and what he liked to see was a united people such as we find in Canada to-day.

"The Alumni" was the last toast, but not the least by any means, and was proposed by G. Herbert Bowley, M. D., and responded to by C. M. Droste, M. D., of Grand Rapids, Mich. Both made pleasing references to their alma mater and the late Father Louis Funcken.

The banquet concluded at 5 p. m. During the day the alumni association held their annual meeting and chose the following gentlemen for officers: President, Rev. Dean Mahoney, Hamilton.

First vice-president, Dr. Droste, Grand Rapids, Mich.

Second vice-president, E. Spitzig, Cleveland, Ohio.

Third vice-president, Rev. Lehman, Midway, Ont.

Secretary, W. J. Motz, Berlin, Ont.

Treasurer, Rev. A. L. Zinger, Berlin, Ont.

Executive, Rev. Zatek, New Jersey; Rev. Hahn, St. Clement, Rev. Olcz, Berlin, Ont.; Rev. J. B. Schmidt, Columbus, O.

CARDINAL MANNING.

SOME REMINISCENCES OF HIS INTIMATE LIFE.

Wilfred Wilberforce, a kinsman of the great Cardinal, writes the initial article in the Catholic World for July, "Manning's Domestic Side." His object is to correct an erroneous impression that this illustrious friend of the poor laborer and of all movements for his spiritual and temporal welfare of his fellow-creatures, was lacking in human sympathies. Writes Mr. Wilberforce: "The Marble Arch" was his playful sobriquet when the Archbishopric burden had been placed upon him.

And when he appeared in the sanctuary at Moorfields on the day of his consecration, his natural paleness and diaphanous thinness, increased and emphasized by the long fast of the previous day, made one of the spectators declare that he looked exactly as did Lazarus on his resurrection from the tomb. The corpse-like appearance prompted an old Irishman in the crowded church to ejaculate, loud enough for the new Archbishop to hear: "What a pity to go through such a deal of trouble for the sake of three weeks' fast!" "I think I have more in me than that," remarked Manning afterwards. "I expect to last some fifteen years yet." As a fact his episcopate, filled to the brim and pressed down with hard work, covered considerably more than a quarter of a century.

The old Irishman's captation as to Manning's vitality was not one bit more sagaciously witty of the mark than the opinion held most universally during his lifetime, and still held as strongly as ever by many since his death, that the second Archbishop of Westminster was at heart cold and devoid of those natural affections and sympathies which cause a man to be loved by his friends and kindred. In saying that his judgment is false, I say that probably he instantly disagreed with by nine out of every ten of my readers. But before I have done I hope to be able to supply undeniable and authentic proofs that Henry Edward Manning was a man of large and wide, as well as warm, sympathies—nay that he possessed more than the average of both. First, while there was no whose heart was more wrung with sorrow at witnessing or hearing of the griefs of others.

How was it, then, that a judgment exactly contrary to this was almost universally pronounced by his contemporaries? To this question the answer is twofold. First, no man there was in Manning, on the earliest period of his life, a certain innate feature which can, perhaps, be best described by the word dominion. When he actually became a don at Balliol and Merton this feature was, probably, not by that fact diminished. His manner was apt to be cold, and this alone never showed a person at his best. Again, strange as it may sound, he was essentially a person on the part of an interlocutor to enable Manning to break through his shyness, and as step by step his position became more and more exalted, the number of those who were likely to break through the barriers of distance, restraint, and therefore of shyness, became fewer and fewer.

He never forgot that he was a leader of men, and, though, possessed of a saving sense of humor, he never allowed others to forget it either. But, after all, the ice was very thin. Close beneath the "marble" of the Archbishop beat a big, warm, human heart, absorbed, in youth and early manhood, by home affections, and by the sympathy with which the minister of a parish shares in the joys, sorrows, struggles, and temptations of his flock. In the later years of his life the great outside public, that had known nothing

at all of Manning in his home life, began to realize that his heart could beat deeply and ast strongly on behalf of his fellow-men. Indeed, it is only a truism to say that philanthropy was the ruling passion of his life. Nor was it any mere ar chair philanthropy, but hard and constant labor, intellectual and physical.

First his object was the poor, untaught children for whom there were no schools—those destitute infants of the streets, who lacked the good things of the present life, and were running an immense risk of losing those of the life eternal. "Not a stone of my cathedral shall be laid," was his noble resolve, "until there is school accommodation for every child in my diocese." Then for every child of the poor engaged his thoughts; then the protection of innocent girls; and just before the shadows of life's evening clouded around him, his large, fatherly heart went out in sympathy towards the dock laborers and their families.

FOR SEVEN DAYS of a sultry summer the old Cardinal, notwithstanding his burden of eighty years, toiled in the close, airless streets of the East End, hour after hour, never for a moment losing patience, arguing, pleading, explaining, and using the great authority of his name and office. "If you do not listen," said the Cardinal, addressing the employers, "I will go into the streets and speak face to face with the men. Twenty five thousand of them are my spiritual children. They will listen to me." His auditors, spell-bound by the eloquence of his presence and office no less than by that of his words, recognized that he spoke the truth, and the labors of the aged prelate were crowned at last by the "Cardinal's Peace." Not a single movement of any importance could be set on foot for the benefit of the human race or for the alleviation of suffering without its attracting the cooperation, or at least the blessing and approval, of the hard worked Cardinal. Some, indeed, thought that he carried this policy too far. "Take care, you are being too kind to your fellow-men," said one of his friends. "This is Socialism." "To you," he replied, "it may be Socialism, to me it is simply Christianity."

Mr. Wilberforce gave the best testimony possible to the intensity of Cardinal Manning's domestic affections by publishing a number of his letters to the relatives of his departed wife—who had been married to one of the Miss Sargents of Lavington, where for several years of his early life in the Anglican ministry he had been rector. After his wife's death, her mother, to whom he was always tenderly devoted, presided over his household. His wife's sister, Mary Sargent, afterwards Mrs. Manning as she wore his own sister. Nearly all the letters quoted in the article of which we write had been addressed to her and her husband. Some of them are of his Anglican days; others, not less affectionate, of his Catholic life.

Mr. and Mrs. Wilberforce preceded Manning into the Church. Mrs. Sargent, however, died an Anglican. When in 1861, when Manning was Superior of the Oblates at Bayswater. "I have indeed been saying Mass for our most dear mother," he writes; and the letter goes on with the most tender expressions of filial affection, and the most ardent counsel to the Catholic daughter for her action to an Anglican church in good faith.

His references after he had become a Catholic in the matter of his brief and long past married life was often misunderstood. This brief letter of September 7, 1852, after he had been more than a year a Catholic, may throw some light on it. The letter is addressed to Mary. "You are to me what nothing else on earth can be—a part of the past—and the only part still altogether surviving. And even in the past you were always the nearest to me, because she and I were one. And now your love is for both. It does, indeed, seem a vision, too bright and too fleeting to be true. It is wonderful how much of love it has re- turned upon me. But how blessed, I would not recall it for worlds. I would not go back fifteen, nineteen years for all its happiness sevenfold. All I desire is grace and work till we meet in the kingdom of God.

These last sentences are worthy of note, particularly by those who believe that converts repent at the steps they have taken. "You are to me what nothing else on earth can be—a part of the past—and the only part still altogether surviving. And even in the past you were always the nearest to me, because she and I were one. And now your love is for both. It does, indeed, seem a vision, too bright and too fleeting to be true. It is wonderful how much of love it has re- turned upon me. But how blessed, I would not recall it for worlds. I would not go back fifteen, nineteen years for all its happiness sevenfold. All I desire is grace and work till we meet in the kingdom of God.

THE BISHOP'S CONSCIENCE.

Bishop LeFevre, of Detroit, the predecessor of Bishop Borgess, was a good man and dearly beloved by his holy man and dearly beloved by his people. He had a most amiable disposition, and carried sunshine and gladness wherever he went. The Bishop was a fine conversationalist, and told many good stories full of wit and humor. When a young man he was very thin and delicate looking, but after he turned forty he fell into flesh very much, which he found uncomfortable, and he was always a man of austere and abstemious habits. In his early days of Detroit he formed the acquaintance of a tall, raw boned Yankee, who was in the lumber business, Sam Jenkins by name. Sam failed, and shifted elsewhere, returning to Detroit after an absence of twelve years. The Bishop met him on the street one day and stopped, extending his hand cordially to his old friend with the salutation: "Why, Sam, my old friend, how do you do?"

Sam sighed a little and muttered: "Stranger, you seem to have the advantage of me."

"Good gracious, Sam, don't you know I'm not past, but to come, is beyond all words." For the Home which was to come, the Home where he now rests is everlasting, and from it "he shall go no more out."

Our senses are so many doors by which sin attempts to enter into our soul. If we guard these entrances well, especially the two principal ones, sight and hearing, we shall have little difficulty in keeping our mind forever from distractions, our heart unshaken and our soul untrammelled.

IRELAND'S SURVIVING SNAKES.

Matters in Ireland are not going so smoothly as might appear from the residence of the papers here over the subject. The old course of division is again in active operation. Besides the secession of the O'Brien-Idealy faction—about six or seven members in all—the Irish party have now lost a couple of other members by reason of the Sinn Fein propaganda, Sir Thomas Grattan Esmond being the latest seceder. The most anomalous thing ever seen in Irish politics is the action of these Sinn Fein gentlemen. Denouncing Parliamentary action as useless, they are yet preparing to contest vacant seats in Longford and Mayo to get their own names returned as members of Parliament, though it is intended that if they are successful they shall not take any active part in Parliamentary proceedings. Almost as contradictory is the appeal they make for foreign sympathy while keeping up the cry, "Sinn Fein"—"ourselves alone." In an address before the Dublin Young Ireland Society a few days ago one of the speakers defined the programme by saying that the retention of the Irish representatives at home will raise Ireland from its present status as a discontented British province to that of a nation deprived by force of its natural rights. Ireland could then expect foreign sympathy, which could not materialize until she remains a principal in a domestic quarrel, which is the foreign view of Ireland, which is the present stage.

We fail to perceive how the retention of elected representatives at home could effect any such startling change as this speaker foresaw. On the contrary, the English members would hail such folly as the very best thing that could happen, for then they could legislate for Ireland just as they pleased. As for the talk of enlisting foreign sympathy, it is not a very manly thing to subject a single household or a single patriot's life to the most melancholy fact in Ireland's miserable story is the incurable tendency of the leaders to quarrel. With all their professions of self-sacrificing zeal, hardly one of these friends of Ireland here, and by taking it up in time much mischief may be averted.

Although the Sinn Fein men make much noise, the evidence so far proves that there is little behind it. A meeting was arranged to be held in Phoenix Park, in Dublin, last Sunday, to advocate the Sinn Fein policy. It was attended by only five hundred persons, although the Park was crowded with Sunday visitors. At a meeting of the Executive Committee of the Irish League at Manorhamilton, the contrary of Charles J. Dolan's constituency, Mr. Dolan's action in joining the Sinn Fein Society was condemned, and resolutions were adopted calling upon him to resign his seat in Parliament. The prospects of the Sinn Fein carrying any constituency except Sir T. Esmond's in North Wexford, are remote.

The pretense of the Sinn Fein factionists that Parliamentary action is incapable of accomplishing any substantial good for Ireland is audacious in its ignoring of facts. Parliamentary action got a Home Rule Bill twice sent up to the House of Lords; it won emancipation of the land; it won decent homes for Irish laborers who had never before dwelt in any place better than a pigsty. It won a good many things besides these, and it is destined to win many more if not crippled and thwarted by factionists, Sinn Fein men and self-conscious members who, believing themselves to be born to lead, are incapable of ruling their own tempers. The worst course that can be uttered in Ireland is "the curse of Cromwell on you." It was dissension which made Cromwell a possibility, and history may repeat itself if the country do not sternly rise up and crush the monster out in time.—Balladonia Catholic Standard and Times.

Always try and leave a good impression behind you, establish the reputation of always having something pleasant to say. Win the friendship of others through being sympathetic and kindly.

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your old acquaintance, Bishop LeFevre?" "You Bishop LeFevre," asked Sam in astonishment. "Why, Bishop got in the name of sense did you get so fat? I would surely never know you."

"All the effect of a good conscience," said the Bishop laughing heartily. "Wal, you must excuse me, Bishop," retorted Sam, "but you must have had a enfolded bad conscience when I knowed you fast."

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THE SUBSTITUTE.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE THREE. and the masons need helpers. Three francs a day! I never earned so much. Let me be forgotten and that is all I ask!"

He followed his courageous resolution; he was faithful to it, after three months he was a mason. The master for whom he worked called him his best workman. After a long day upon the scaffolding, in the hot sun and the dust, constantly bending and raising his back to take the hod from the man at his feet and pass it to the man over his head, he went for his soup to the cook-shop, tired out, his eyelids, his hands burning; his eyelids, stuck with plaster but content with himself; and carrying his well-earned money in a knapsack in his handkerchief. He went out now without fear since he could not be recognized in his white mask, and since he had noticed that the suspicious glances of the policeman were seldom turned on the tired workman. He was quiet and sober. He slept the sound sleep of fatigue. He was free.

At last—oh, supreme recompense!—he had a friend. He was a fellow-workman like himself, named Savinien, a little peasant with red lips, who had come to Paris with his stick over his shoulder and a bundle on the end of it, feeling from the wine shops and going to Mass every Sunday. Jean Francois loved him for his piety, for his candor, for his honesty, for all that he himself had lost so long ago. It was a passion, profound and unstrained, which transformed and purified his fatherly cares and egotistical nature, led things take their course, satisfied only in finding a companion who shared his horror of the wine shop. The two friends lived together in a fairly comfortable lodging, but their resources were very limited. They were obliged to take into their room a third companion, an old Auvergnat, gloomy and rapacious, who found it possible out of his meagre salary to save something with which to buy a place in his own country. Jean Francois and Savinien were always together. On holidays they together took long walks in the environs of Paris, and dined under an arbor in one of those small country inns where there are a great many mushrooms in the sauces and innocent rebuses on the napkins. There Jean Francois learned from his friend all that lore of which they who are born in the city are ignorant; he learned the names of the trees, the flowers and the plants; the various seasons for harvesting. He heard eagerly the thousand details of a laborious country life—the autumn sowing, the winter chores, the splendid celebrations of harvest and vintage days, the sound of the mills at the waterside, and the falls striking the ground, the tired horses led to water and the hunting in the morning mist; and, above all, the long evenings around the fire with vine shoots, that were shortened by some marvelous stories. He discovered in himself a source of imagination before unknown, and found a singular delight in the recital of events so placid, so calm, so monotonous.

One thing troubled him, however; it was fear lest Savinien might learn something of his past. Sometimes there escaped from him some low word of thieves' slang, a vulgar gesture—vestige of his former horrible existence—and he felt the pain one feels when old wounds re-open, the more because he fancied that he sometimes saw in Savinien the awakening of an unhealthy curiosity. When the young man, already tempted by the pleasures which Paris offers to the poorest, asked him about the mysteries of the great city, Jean Francois feigned ignorance and turned the subject, but he felt a vague inquietude for the future of his friend.

His uneasiness was not without foundation. Savinien could not long remain in the simple rustic life that he was on his arrival in Paris. The noise and noisy pleasures of the wine shop troubled him, he was profoundly troubled by other temptations, full of danger for the inexperienced of his twenty years. When spring came he began to go off alone, and at first he wandered about the brilliant entrance of some dancing hall, watching the young girls who went in with their arms around each other's waists, talking in low tones. Then one evening, when lilacs perfumed the air and the call to quadrilles was most captivating, he crossed the threshold, and from that time Jean Francois observed a change, little by little, in his manners and his visage. He became more frivolous, more extravagant. He often borrowed from his friend his scanty savings, and he forgot to repay. Jean Francois, feeling that he was abandoned, jealous and forgiving at the same time, suffered and was silent. He felt that he had no right to reproach him, but with the foresight of affection he indulged in cruel and inevitable presentiments.

One evening, as he was mounting the stairs to his room, absorbed in his thoughts, he heard, as he was about to enter, the sound of angry voices, and he recognized that of the old Auvergnat who lodged with Savinien and himself. An old habit of suspicion made him stop at the landing place and listen to learn the cause of the trouble. "Yes," said Auvergnat, angrily, "I am sure that someone has opened my trunk and stolen from it the three francs that I had hidden in a little box; and he who has done this thing must be one of the two companions who sleep here, if it were not the servant, Maria. It concerns you as much as it does me, since you are the master of the house, and I will drag you to the courts if you do not let me at once break open the valves of the two masons. My poor gold! It was here it again! what it was, so that, if I find it again, nobody can accuse me of having lied. Ah, I know them, my three beautiful gold pieces, and I can see them as plainly as I see you. One piece was more worn than the others; it was of greenish gold, with a portrait

of the great emperor. The other was a great old fellow, with a queue and epaulettes, and the third, which had on it a Philippe with whiskers, I had marked with my teeth. They don't trick me. Do you know that I only wanted two more like that to pay for my vineyard? Come, search these fellows' things with me, or I will call the police! Hurry up!" "All right," said the voice of the landlord; "we will go and search with Maria. So much for you if we find nothing and the masons get angry. You have forced me to it."

Jean Francois' soul was full of fright. He remembered the embarrassed circumstances and the small loans, of Savinien, and how sober he had seemed for some days. And yet he could not believe that he was a thief. He heard the Auvergnat patting in his eager search, and he pressed his closed fist against his breast as if to still the furious beating of his heart. "Here they are!" suddenly shouted the voracious miser. "Here they are, my lous, my dear treasure; and in the Sunday vest of that little hypocrite of Limousin! Look, landlord, they are just as I told you. Here is the Napoleon, the man with the queue and the Philippe that I have bitten. See the dents? Ah, the little beggar with the sanctified air. I should have much sooner suspected the other. Ah, the wretch! Well, he must go to the convict prison."

At this moment Jean Francois heard the well known step of Savinien coming slowly up the stairs. "He is going to his destruction," thought he. "Three stories. I have time!"

And, pushing open the door, he entered the room, pale as death, where he saw the landlord and the servant stupefied in a corner, while the Auvergnat, on his knees, in the disordered heap of clothes, was kissing the pieces of gold.

"Enough of this," he said, in a thick voice. "I took the money and put it in my comrade's trunk. But that is too bad, I am a thief, but not a Judas. Call in the police; I will not try to escape, only I must say a word to Savinien in private. Here he is."

In fact, the little Limousin had just arrived, and, seeing his crime discovered, believing himself lost, he stood there, his eyes fixed, his arms hanging.

Jean Francois seized him forcibly by the neck, as if to embrace him; he put his mouth close to Savinien's ear and said to him in a low, supplicating voice: "Keep quiet."

Then turning toward the others: "Leave me alone with him. I tell you I won't go away. Lock us in, if you wish, but leave us alone."

With a commanding gesture he showed them the door. They went out.

Savinien, broken by grief, was sitting on the bed, and lowered his eyes without understanding anything.

"Listen!" said Jean Francois, who came and took him by the hand. "I understand! You have stolen three gold pieces to buy some trifle for a girl. That costs six months in prison. But one only comes out from there to go back again, and you will become a pillar of police courts and tribunals. I understand it, I have been seven years at the Reform School, a year at Sainte Pelagie, three years at Polesy, five years at Toulon. Now, don't be afraid! Everything is arranged. I have taken it on my shoulders. It is my duty. It is dreadful," said Savinien; but hope was springing up again in his cowardly heart.

"When the elder brother is under the flag, the younger man does not go," replied Jean Francois. I am your substitute, that's all. You care for me a little, do you not? "I am paid. Don't be childish—don't refuse. They would have taken me again one of these days, for I am a runaway from exile. And then do you see that life will be less hard for me than for you. I know it all, and I shall not complain if I have not done you this service for nothing, and if you swear to me that you will never do it again. Savinien, I have loved you well, and your friendship has made me happy. It is through it that, since I have known you, I have been honest and pure, as I might always have been, perhaps, if I had had, like you, a father to put a tool in my hands, a mother to teach me my prayers. It was my sole regret that I was useless to you, and that I deceived you concerning myself. Today I have unmasked in saying you. It is all right. Do not cry and embrace me for already I hear heavy boots on the stairs. They are coming with the posse, and we must not seem to know each other so well before these chaps."

He pressed Savinien quickly to his breast, then pushed him from him when the door was thrown wide open. It was the landlord and the Auvergnat, who brought the police. Jean Francois sprang forward to the landing place, held out his hands for the handcuffs, and said, laughing, "Forward, bad lot!"

To-day he is at Cayenne, condemned for life as an incorrigible—Francis Coppe, in the Quarterly.

Length of Sermons. Right Rev. Dr. Hedley, O. S. B., Bishop of Newport, England, says: "I certainly think that a really complete and worked-out sermon can be accomplished in a quarter of an hour or twenty minutes; and that, as a rule, sermons which go beyond that time, unless they are much above the average in idea and expression, become more ineffective by every additional minute or two."

Bishop Hedley also maintains that "five-minute" instructions at the early Mass on Sunday are more profitable to the people than the formal Sunday sermon.

We call him good hearted who is easily touched by the misfortunes of his fellows, who is always ready to render them some service.—Hugh St. Victor.

FIVE-MINUTE SERMON.

Thirteenth Sunday after Pentecost. FORGETTING GOD'S GOODNESS.

"Were not ten made clean? Where are the nine?" (St. Luke xvii, 11)

If our Lord, dear brethren, stood in our midst to-day, He would not have to confine this rebuke to the nine, but might with justice ask: where are the ninety-nine; where are all those whom I have made clean; where are those whose sins I have washed away; where are those whose sufferings I have lightened; where are they, for there is no one to return thanks?

Good Christians, is there need to remind you to return thanks—you for whom God is doing so much, you who are now living in His peace and friendship? Alas! that the truth must be told, we are as a whole an ungrateful set. Not that we mean to be such—God forbid!—but we are so taken up with the cares and troubles of this life, so worried about our present needs, so anxious about our future wants, that we forget for the most part to look back, forget to reflect upon all that has been done for us. The little time we do devote to God's service is not spent in thanksgiving, but rather in asking for more than our past ingratitude would warrant us in hoping for.

Be assured, Christians living in the grace of God, that many of the doubts and difficulties and most of the dryness of soul from which at times we suffer, would utterly vanish if we dealt less negligently with God, and spent more time in generously thanking Him for all His favors.

But, brethren, there is worse ingratitude than this, and you yourselves are witnesses of it. Remember the times of God's special and extraordinary graces; for example, the time of a mission, when His graces and favors were bestowed most lavishly on the sinners as well as the virtuous. Recall how generously He dealt with many souls of your own acquaintance, even perchance with some of yourselves; recall how many were cleansed from this foul leprosy of sin by His holy word and saving sacraments; but where are they all now? Some perhaps have already gone to answer at the judgment seat for their ingratitude; others are still left among us as a parable of the extraordinary patience and long-suffering of a loving God. They are sick, and He still heals them; they are starving, and He still feeds them; they are in trouble, and He still comforts them. Yet, they are even in mortal sin, and from time to time He cleanses them. But, oh! ungrateful Christian, how long is this to last? how long is God to be tempted? It stands to reason, it cannot but have an end. Put it to yourselves, is there any sin or vice you have less patience with than that of ingratitude, of forgetfulness for favors and kindnesses received? No, brethren, there is no vice that so incessantly, no sin so hard to conno, because it is an abuse of that which is highest and noblest in us—our love.

Indeed, brethren, if all of God's creatures owe Him a debt of gratitude; if everything created should praise the Lord, oh! how much more does this obligation fall on us, for we are children of the faith are His debtors with sin. He is ready to heal them as did the lepers in to-day's gospel; when he pleases to refresh us; when tempted beyond our strength, He is faithful to us; and what does He ask in return? Listen, to-day, to His lament and harden not your hearts: "There is no one to return thanks."

Be generous, then, henceforth in your thanks to God, for He loves and will reward those who are grateful for all He has done for them.

FOR THE REUNION OF CHISTENDOM.

Lord Halifax, president of the English Church Union, speaking at its recently held forty eighth annual meeting, declared that the Royal Commission which had condemned certain Catholic practices in the Church of England, had no authority. High Church Anglicans like Lord Halifax will not, therefore, consider its decisions in any way binding. Yet how can they evade that historical fact, much clearer than the claimed "historic continuity" to unprejudiced eyes, of the King's admitted headship? If a royal head, why not a royal commission? Yet with all its inconsistencies, Catholics must have a tenderness for the English Church Union, and its devout and upright president. It is bringing back to the English people nearly the whole body of the doctrine and ritual of their forefathers, and is undoubtedly paving the way for union with Rome. More than a hundred clergymen and over three thousand laymen have joined the union within the twelve months preceding the meeting. Lord Halifax believes, on general principles, that the time for the Church of England to maintain a purely insular position is past; and that its members should have the courage to say once for all that they are not afraid of imitating Rome, the only witness to historical Christianity, but are glad to have the opportunity of identifying their practice with that of the rest of Western Christendom. The Right Rev. J. S. Johnston, Protestant Bishop of West Texas, has appealed to Pope Pius X to hold a Congress in the interests of church unity. It is a well-intentioned and manly letter, but it leaves the Pope no initiative. Bishop Johnston himself practically decides the conditions of reunion! It would be fairer, too, on the latter's part not to take it for granted that the Pope "will be permitted to read" his communication. The significance of Bishop Johnston's letter, however, is in the fact that in the New World as in the Old earnest and religious minded men are wearied of the divisions of Christendom, and that unconsciously they look to Rome as the centre of unity.—Boston Pilot.

PADDY DONOVAN, "AFRICAN" CHIEF.

Rev. C. J. Croonerberghs, S. J., was one of the first missionaries to enter the heart of darkest Africa. This was almost twenty years ago. Father Croonerberghs is still living in Belgium. The story of the entry into the Nyanza country is worth repetition.

He and his companions had been travelling for weeks and months prior to a certain day on which, in the early morning, they calculated they would ere the evening reach the point of destination. So it was on late that same evening they found themselves near a growth of heavy underbrush, or light timber, and there it was decided they would halt for the night.

Accordingly, they proceeded to unpack and fix up something like a fire to get some supper, and as his companions were all so engorged, Father Croonerberghs stood a little apart, taking in the surrounding, as well as he could in the dim light.

It suddenly occurred to him that there must be some other people in the vicinity, for he detected some slight movements among the brush. A little later, the forms of several men appeared at the fringe of the timber growth, and in a minute or two one man stalked right out from the brush and came directly across to where Father Croonerberghs was standing.

The individual had some sort of blanket wrapped around the body but wore trousers. He carried, held across the chest with both hands, a rifle, and he marched in that style right up to within a foot or two and directly in front of the Jesuit. Of course, Father Croonerberghs was surprised and a trifle uneasy, especially as the other party looked intently at his face, all the while holding the rifle ready for action.

To the intense consternation of the priest, the other man presently took off his cap, and said with a rather strong intonation: "How do you do, father?"

The latter replied: "I am very well; but pray, who are you?"

The other answered, "My name is Paddy Donovan, from Cork, father, and I am glad to see you."

"But," the priest said, "Mr. Donovan, what are you doing here?"

Donovan replied: "I am the chief of the tribe in this vicinity."

Within a few days the tribe with their chief had erected a small hut, which became the first Catholic Church of the territory. With Father Croonerberghs, Donovan became well acquainted and wherever the priest traveled Donovan went with him.

The Irishman was, to a great degree, accountable for the kindly reception generally given the priest, and before he bade Africa farewell, one of his last sacerdotal functions was to close in their last peaceful sleep the kindly expressive eyes of his faithful Celtic friend.

A good story is told of a learned canon of the Anglican Church in Canada who is a very thoughtful and studious man, but very absent-minded. One morning he was going from home and had his hand-bag packed and left in the hall, as he intended to walk to the railway station. After he had left the house his daughter came into the hall and saw the bag still there, and said to her mother: "Oh, mother, father has gone off and left his bag behind. I will run after him with it."

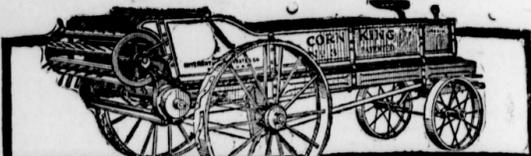
Which she did, and when she arrived at the station she found the canon walking along with the coal scuttle, which he had taken up in place of his bag.

One of the fundamental principles of religion is growth. Our devotion is not very warm if increased love and strictness do not keep pace with it.

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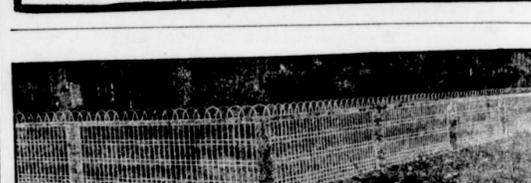
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CHATS WITH

DON'T LET YOUR GROW

Chemists tell us pound is broken up leased from the atoms, it has a new immediately seeks another free atom remains alone, the power and vitality. When the atom is grasped by its fellows, "new born." At its maximum and it finds a firm after it is released greater vigor than power seems to grow its union with another. Mythology tells goddesses of Wisdom full-orbed, full-grown brain. Man's highest most resourceful visions spring full their maximum of from the brain. their visions, their of their ideas thoughts, to be un- lent time, are all forceful, vigorous those who exceed they are full of spiration. Our ideas, our come to us fresh this is the divin day, not for spiration, new morrow. To-day the vision of the A divine visi artist's mind rapidly, but it him to seize his immortal vision keeps turning in mind. It takes soul, but he is not convenient upon canvas, and fades from his u. A writer has ception which and he has an ad to seize his pen- tiful images of ception to paper ment at the mon almost impossi the writing. T ception keep h pon canvas, and last fade away forever. There is a do we have th pulses, these possibilities? us with such vividness and It is because should use the them while the ideas, our visi the wilderness were obliged. If they unde came stale, the keeps turning u use old manne strong resolu executing it influence upon execution of. Almost any great thing. If we con- ments per- things, these magnificent but we let visions fade to execute t. There is n can hypnoti by thinking making great something them out. I know a if any one not been a accomplish- yet, althou whole life out of one quickly the change. Y he carries enthusiasm whole life march. H it fades a came. Th lives in th of the gre seems to c does them thing lon ness. Hi starting to instinctly so many t few. The pu strongest and lack of initiati do a thin when out when emp ment delight. Hange ledge is ing and makes a after no and see ever of an effort. toward the pen and his. One n that or be glad perfect going to on if it possible ing bec college he cou.

LETTER FROM ROME.

THE GARIBALDIAN JUBILEE A REIGN OF TERROR—SACRILEGUE AND REPARATION.

As the traveler goes out from Rome to St. Paul's he passes on the left a hill which is, we believe, unique. It is called Monte Testaccio, and is formed entirely of broken pieces of earthenware. Up till last week a huge wooden cross stood on the summit, which had been used in the Passion plays of the Middle Ages. However, it was too remarkable not to take the fancy of the district warden during their prolonged celebration of the adventurer's birth. One morning the Catholics of the district woke up to find that during the night the cross had been sawed off at the base, and replaced by a red flag bearing the motto of "Long live the Social Revolution!"

Universal indignation burst out among the people, and a search was instituted for the venerable relic of better days. When discovered, it was restored to its former place, and beside it was planted another cross, much higher and broader, of solid iron. The incident shows how intense and blind is the hatred of everything connected with heaven. Whatever savors of the supernatural stirs up the bitter feelings of these men, who, it may be said, as a rule live miserable lives and die miserable deaths.

THE FINISHING TOUCH! Only now anarchists, Socialists, Freemasons, and people who call themselves "Liberal Catholics" have sat down to rest after the Garibaldian jubilee, so we think it worth while relating a few incidents of the rejoicings in the chief cities of Italy.

In Rome, of course, the receptacle of "the six thousand camp followers" that entered the Eternal City in the wake of Victor Emmanuel's army in 1870, and of the centenary of the hundred cities of Italy, the celebrations were carried out on a grander scale. The "Giordano Bruno Club," the "No God or Master Society" and similar fanatical bodies kept up a reign of terror among the Catholics, and duty made the air ring with shouts of "Death to the Pope, the king and the priests!" Amazing capacity and perseverance were displayed by these gentry in showing their love for Eius X. and Victor Emmanuel was at a very low discount.

No more pitiful sight could be seen than that of Victor Emmanuel attending one of the commemorative meetings at the Capitol and listening to orators sounding the praises of Garibaldi, whom his grandfather hated so heartily. Hundreds at the meeting would have gladly blown up the royal chair, with its occupant, if the ghost of an opportunity offered. And yet the presence of the king was imperative, for other wise sinister suspicions of lack of patriotism should be aroused, and Italians are too quick to set to run risks.

Similar elements made the streets of Naples hideous by their demonstrations. At one of the meetings the Duke of Aosta, brother of Victor Emmanuel, was present, only to be insulted by a Garibaldian orator. After a noisy meeting around the statue of the hero, the crowd proceeded to the ancient castle of Salerno, through which Garibaldi had entered Naples, and here a slab recording the event was unveiled. During the ceremony the Duke drove up, and "the royal march" was at once struck up; but so loudly did many of the people emphasize their displeasure at the piece that it was soon changed for the "Hymn to Garibaldi." Then the anarchist, Cocconi, opened an address by saying that the Duke of Aosta, being great-grandson of Charles Albert, who once condemned Garibaldi to death, had no right to join in the celebrations.

In Milan similar rejoicings, carried on in characteristic rowdy fashion, were to be witnessed. Here, however, the proceedings were varied by the attacking of a religious house and the stoning of two of its priests in a most cowardly fashion. It would be but a repetition of similar scenes were we to go through the other cities, for the rugged adventurer was truly a hero to "United Italy." Garibaldi is now dead some thirty-six years or so; his career was spent against Christ, His Church and His laws. But though he died an impenitent death, refusing the grace of reconciliation with God at his last breath, his spirit still lives to animate his followers in their ambly war against everything sacred.

P. S. X. After making his spiritual retreat, the Holy Father named the grant of audiences. Among the most prominent foreigners admitted to his presence during the latter days were Mgr. Wittner, Coadjutor to the Vicar Apostolic of Chan Tong, China; Mgr. Ferruggia, Auxiliary Bishop of Malta, while Cardinals of the Roman court had audiences with His Holiness daily. At the general meeting of the Sacred Congregation of Rites, held in the Vatican palace at the end of last week, the Sovereign Pontiff presided. A doubt requiring careful scrutiny had been raised with regard to the case for solemn canonization of Blessed Joseph Oriol, a priest of Barcelona, on which, after due discussion, the Cardinals and prelates of the congregation cast their votes. Then three miracles which are held to have been wrought at the instance of the venerable Mary Magdalen, foundress and first superior of the Institute of Christian Schools of Mercy, came on for discussion, and again a vote was taken.

Throughout the long sitting the Pope looked in the best of health, though it would be said that he is fast ageing. To-day he looks every day of his seventy-four years. Three years ago this could not be said with truth, for when he was the most buoyant member of the Roman court. And yet he retains all his strict priestly habits—strict fast and abstinence during Lent, spiritual retreats usually twice a year, etc. Truly a model priest and Pontiff, of which Catholics feel justly proud.

NEW FRENCH LAWS!

The new laws regarding the confiscation of Church property are meeting with scathing criticisms from all sides.

M. Briand, to whom the honor of their being is to be attributed, is covered with sarcasm and reproach by Catholics and Protestants alike.

The Observer Romano of these last days gives copious extracts taken from English papers which could never be accused of any partiality towards things Catholic. The Daily Telegraph and Daily Post, of Birmingham, take up the situation between Church and State in France for the last three years, and, while reviewing the actions of the Pope and French Government impartially, speak of the line of action pursued by the Catholic party in a manner much more favorable than we would expect from them.—Rome Letter of Philadelphia Catholic Standard and Times.

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The aim of the Religions of the Sacred Heart is to give to their pupils an education which will prepare them to fill worthily the places for which Divine Providence destines them.

The training of character and cultivation of manners are therefore considered matters of primary importance, and the health of the pupils is the object of constant solicitude. Active physical exercise is insisted upon. The course of studies comprises a thorough English education; also, if desired, the preparation for the Entrance and Junior Leaving Examinations. Special advantages are offered for learning French and Needlework. The Musical Course fits pupils for the examinations of the London Conservatory. Terms and other particulars for board, half-board or the day school, may be had by applying at the Convent or addressing,

THE MOTHER SUPERIOR, London Ont.

THE SUPERINTENDENT OF THE BELLEVILLE ASYLUM.

Dr. Coughlin, Superintendent of the Deaf and Dumb Institute, Belleville, has donated \$100 towards purchasing a bell for the Sacred Heart church at Kenilworth, which in all probability will be largely increased in the near future. The parish of the able and wise administration of the Rev. Father Kehoe, has made most phenomenal progress—he has performed a truly wonderful work during the past five years. The church property, including the separate school and presbytery, are now free from debt, and the parish is in a flourishing condition. We hope to hear the bell pealing forth its graceful chiming in the near future.—The Arthur Enterprises, August 15, 1917.

Dr. Coughlin has deserved the confidence bestowed upon him by the Whitney Government. He is a man of sound common sense, and a physician who ranks far above the ordinary. As a citizen he has been alive to every question that concerns the public. He is a splendid platform orator. He has had experience as master and teacher in the primary and high school. The doctor is essentially a religious man, a man of the highest honor and integrity, and these qualities have always been placed to his credit by all good citizens whose privilege it has been to enjoy his acquaintance. He is by nature a leader of men, and withal a most genial character.

DEVELOPMENT OF CATHOLIC MISSIONS IN THE NORTH WEST.

We are happy to state that the development of Catholicism in the Canadian North West is keeping up with the material development of the country. Three years ago, the rev. fathers of Tinchebray, being driven away from France by the persecution, came to Central Alberta, and were shortly afterwards, by His Lordship Bishop Legat, O. M. I., with a large district, one hundred miles from north to south, and four hundred miles from east to west, from the Rockies to the fourth Meridian. There were only five churches in the district. To this number, five more have been added and four new missions organized.

On Sunday, July 21st, His Lordship blessed one of those new churches at Innisfail. Though being unfinished the church was rich in decorations which evidenced great taste and ability on the part of the Catholic ladies in the place. Eighteen months ago the congregation could easily fill up the little room 12x14, which was then both Father Voisin's parlor and church. Another instance of this encouraging vitality: Two years ago, all the country for and His Lordship Bishop Legat, Innisfail was a desert prairie dotted with a few ranches. Last spring a new town came into existence, Trochu Valley, a place founded mostly by a party of French officers, who have retired from the army in disgust.

A Catholic church was one of the first buildings to be erected and His Lordship came from Innisfail to bless "St. Anne des Prairies." He was met by a brilliant cavalcade, ten miles from Trochu Valley. The next day, the Bishop was given the rare spectacle of a great steeple-chase, run by those officers who, for the greater part, were cavalry officers and reputed riders in the Old Country.

This evidently shows that the North West is not now wild and empty, and that the Catholics who may happen to emigrate to that part of Alberta, will be sure to find their priests and churches.

Red Deer, the centre and chief town of the district, administered by the Fathers of Tinchebray, will have, next year, a Convent and Sisters' school. Property has been purchased in one of the most picturesque parts of the town, and religious education will be assured to the numerous children of the district.

Any Catholic family wanting to settle in this part of the country, may always apply to Rev. Father H. Voisin, Superior of the R. R. F. F., of Tinchebray, Red Deer, who will be very glad to give all information required.

THE NEW SYLLABUS AND THE INDEX.

When the Holy Father referred recently to secret enemies within the Church, there were few outside the circle of his counsellors who suspected the point of danger or the extent of the trouble. Facts which have now transpired show it is Germany that is now the storm centre. The movement looking to the suppression of the Index, which has been started in that country, Rome declares, is "much more dangerous than the abortive movement of France, because it is backed by the names of a number of respectable Catholic personages, because it excludes the participation of the clergy, because the most elaborate precautions are taken to ensure secrecy, because it aims at being international, because its first object is to create a feeling of hostility to one of the most important organs of the Holy See in the preservation of the faithful from error, and because it is obviously inspired by a false idea of the position of the laity in the Church."

Rome adds that the only books of any importance in the works of authors which have been put on the Index for years have been those of the late Professor Schell, which are full of false teaching, and which, unfortunately, continue to have many admirers and defenders in Germany. The mere fact that it is Schell himself and his followers who have organized this agitation shows the character of the movement. The great majority of the works on the Index have been put on the Index for years have been those of the late Professor Schell, which are full of false teaching, and which, unfortunately, continue to have many admirers and defenders in Germany. The mere fact that it is Schell himself and his followers who have organized this agitation shows the character of the movement.

In Italy Senator Fogazzaro, a Catholic who is never tired of extolling his devotion to the Church, wrote a religious novel, "Il Santo," full of false theories and dangerous tendencies. It began to have a wide vogue not only in Italy, but abroad, and it was accepted by many Catholics as a perfectly legitimate presentation of one side of the religious movement of the day within the Church. In France the Index has been obliged to condemn the works of Catholics like Laborit, whose philosophy was doing incalculable harm among Catholics, and of the Abbe Volos, whose writings literally reek with heresies.

The real defect of the "Index" is its failure to cope with the evils of bad reading—evils which have grown to enormous proportions within the past half century. The amount of corrupting books put forth, especially of those devoted to materialism, positivism and other infidels of unquestionable learning and ability. These are often men who have distinguished themselves at the universities; they are highly cultured; they possess an extraordinary command of language; they express themselves with elegance and ease, and sometimes with real eloquence; they set forth the most damnable doctrines and theories in the most beautiful and carefully rounded periods, that captivate and charm the casual reader, to his own destruction.

Monsignor Vaughan points out, by way of illustrating such dangers, that even so profound a theologian and logician as St. Thomas Aquinas was sometimes, when engaged upon his great work, "Contra Gentiles," misled by this or that heretical objection, is incapable at once to find the solution. Then he would put aside his pen and seek in humble prayer the light which was denied in study. Heresies are the most insidious of enemies. We must not forget that for more than four hundred years the Church was rent asunder by one of these—Arianism. While such dangers exist it is inevitable that the Church should keep up a "Index." The new Syllabus deals with the more recent developments in the field of so-called "modernism," and seeks to draw the distinction between true scientific teaching and empiricism.—Philadelphia Catholic Standard and Times.

Pictures of the Blessed Virgin. "An unmistakable sign of the steady advance of the love of better things in America," says the San Francisco Monitor, "is the wide prevalence in the homes, not only of Catholics, but of non-Catholics as well, of the Blessed Virgin's pictures. Go where you will today, you scarcely ever fail to find hanging on the wall in every house some copy of a world-famous Madonna. It may be but a poor colored print. But still it carries its message of idealty and its sure tidings of the life of purity. It is a benignant presence, and we venture to say that as long as the Madonna picture, with its sweet lesson of divine love, stays in our homes, neither sound morality nor art will be lost to us."

It Is Even So. After four hundred years some of our separated brethren are beginning to see the truth. "The naked facts of history," says the Lamp (Protestant Episcopal), "are that the English Church was cheated and browbeaten out of her inheritance in the Chair of Peter by a cabal of unscrupulous and wicked politicians."

THE LATEST FRENCH INFAMY.

BRIAND'S NEW MEASURE COMPLETES THE GOVERNMENT'S BIG STEAL.

As might have been expected, the American press has practically, if not entirely, ignored what will prove to be the crowning infamy of the French Government's war on the Catholic Church. Just prior to the recent adjournment of Parliament M. Briand, Minister of Public Worship, introduced a bill which completes the confiscation of Church property, and is properly described as a measure for sundry processes of theft. "To begin with," writes the Paris correspondent of the Dublin Irish Catholic, "the new law confiscates the diocesan fund destined to furnish pensions to the old or infirm priests. M. Briand only admits that pensions shall continue to be granted to those priests who are already in receipt of them, and then simply confiscates the fund, to the detriment of all the other priests, whatever be their age or the length of their services. And M. Clemenceau's Government commits the indignity at the very moment it pretends to wish to create a pension fund for all old workmen!"

"The bill, moreover, contains other, and, if possible, more iniquitous stipulations. A vast amount of the property which has been seized by the State had been conceded to the Church under condition that it should be employed in a certain determined manner, as the stipulated conditions can no longer be complied with strict justice. And, indeed, clauses 954 and 1,046 of the Civil Code required that the property should be returned to its original owners. An heir in the direct line may, by M. Briand's proposed measure, claim the property within six months after the promulgation of the law, but at the expiration of that delay he will lose all right to the money. In the case of those being none but collateral heirs, even if they represent the deceased donor in virtue of a will, their incontestable rights are to be disregarded. The property will be purely and simply confiscated if the bill is adopted without amendment.

COMPLETES CONFISCATION. "In connection with the presentation of this measure to the French Chamber cannot refrain from quoting the opinion expressed by the Directeur du Service des Revoindications of the diocese of Paris. In reply to the inquiries of the representative of the Echo de Paris, he said: 'I am all the better able to express to you our opinion because I have just discussed the clauses with Mgr. Amette, Cardinal Richard's Coadjutor. Two things struck us. The

LOYOLA COLLEGE Montreal An English Classical College conducted by the Jesuit Fathers Schools Re-open on Sept. 4th. For terms and other information apply to The Rector, 68 Drummond Street, Montreal.

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The UNION TRUST Company Limited TEMPLE BUILDING, TORONTO Capital and Reserve, \$2,900,000

DIocese of London.

Rev. Dean M. Gee, who has returned from a trip to the British Isles was a few days ago presented with a purse of gold and an illuminated address by his parishioners of St. Joseph parish Stratford. The presentation took place after vespers. The dean was taken wholly by surprise and was visibly affected in making reply. He gave a brief outline of his tour and spoke particularly of having visited his mother, who is ninety years of age in Ireland. He was glad to be with his flock and said that there was no place like home.

DIED. McCURKER—On July 15 at Regina, Sask., Mrs. Margaret McCurker, wife of C. J. McCurker, Esq. May her soul rest in peace!

TEACHERS WANTED. CATHOLIC TEACHER WANTED FOR SEP. CATHOLIC school section No. 19 Normandy, State salary and qualifications. Address John Hawkins, Aylton, Ont.

WANTED TEACHERS—SPEAKING FRENCH. WANTED English, holding second class certificate, if possible for separate school. Address Rev. E. M. Gane, S. J., Massey, Ont. 1914.

WANTED. A CATHOLIC TEACHER. (male or female) qualified to teach and speak French and English for R. C. S. S. Kewatin, Ont. No. 1, Algonia district. Salary \$300 to \$350. Address Rev. Father S. J. Mirault, Sec. Treas., Kewatin, Ont. 1914.

WANTED FOR SEPARATE SCHOOL. Section No. 15, St. Raphael's West, Ont., a second class professional teacher, capable of teaching English and French. Duties to commence August 19. Apply giving qualifications and stating salary to Fabian Dupuis, Sec. Treas., St. Raphael's West, Ont. 1914.

ENGLISH TEACHER WANTED. MALE or female, holding Ontario school certificate, twenty miles from Sault Ste. Marie. Salary \$300. Apply to Rev. J. B. Richard, S. J., Sault Ste. Marie, Ont. 1914.

TEACHER WANTED FOR R. C. S. S. J. Woodlee. Duties to begin Sept. 2nd. Apply stating qualifications and qualifications of certificate. Applications received until Aug 25th. Address all communications to P. B. Furth, Sec. Treas., Woodlee, Ont. 1914.

A CATHOLIC FEMALE TEACHER FOR THE Wikewikong Girls Industrial school. Duties to commence on the 1st of August. Apply stating qualifications, recommendations, etc. to Rev. Father Th. Couture, S. J., Wikewikong, Ont. 1914.

WANTED FOR THE OPENING OF SCHOOL. The 3rd of Sept. next, two Catholic lady teachers holding proper professional certificates and having sufficient knowledge to teach and converse in the French language. One as principal; \$125 salary per year. The other one as an ordinary teacher holding 2nd class professional certificate, \$75 salary per year. Apply to Rev. E. T. Thompson, S. J., St. Stephen, P. O. Sault Ste. Marie, Ont. 1914.

FEMALE TEACHER WANTED FOR R. C. S. S. No. 3 March, holding 1st or 2nd class professional certificate. State salary and experience. Duties to begin August 19th. Apply to Thomas Scissons, Sec. Treas., Danubain, Ont. 1914.

WANTED FOR SECOND BOOK CLASS IN R. C. S. S. Separate school, Port Arthur, Ont., female teacher, holding second class professional certificate. Salary \$450 per annum. Duties to commence Sept. 3, 1917. Apply at once to John Hanley, Sec. Treas., R. C. S. S., Port Arthur, Ont. 1914.

HOUSEKEEPER WANTED. WANTED IMMEDIATELY. A PRIEST'S housekeeper. State age and qualifications. Address "B" care CATHOLIC RECORD, London, Ont. 1914.

HELP WANTED. WANTED GENERAL SERVANT IN A Catholic home in the county of Renfrew, a good strong girl for general house work. State wages expected. Apply to RECORD OFFICE London, Ont. 1914.

THE WESTERN FAIR. The Pigeon fancier Association of Toronto have arranged with the management of the Western Fair to exhibit their birds in front of the Grand Stand on Wednesday afternoon of Exhibition week. This will certainly be one of the most novel features ever seen at any Exhibition, when between four and five hundred carrier pigeons will be liberated at once and start for home in Toronto. With regard to the exhibits it is gratifying to know that some of the largest manufacturers in the city will have space this year in the Main Building and exhibit their goods in the process of manufacture. Several new buildings have been erected and additions made to a number of the old ones. Forty feet have been added to the Foundry Building which will make ample room for the large exhibit expected. Everything seems to indicate a very successful exhibition. The dog show is a new feature which is creating considerable interest. All information given on application to the General Offices, Richmond Street.

The Sovereign Bank of Canada. Current Accounts and Savings Deposits received at all Branches at best rates consistent with conservative banking. Interest paid 4 times a year on Savings Deposits. 83 London Branch—Opposite City Hall, F. E. KARN, Manager. London East Branch—635 Dundas St., W. J. HILL, Manager. 88 Branches throughout Canada.

Western Fair LONDON, ONTARIO September 6th to 14th, 1917. GREATEST PROGRAM OF ATTRACTIONS EVER OFFERED Knabenshue's Airship daily. The liberating of 400 pigeons in the great pigeon flight will be something new and novel. For full list see program. If you need space apply at once. All information given on application to W. J. REID, President. A. M. HUNT, Secretary.

How Christ Said Horæ Diurnæ the First Mass.. or, The Lord's Last Supper. The Rites and Ceremonies, the Ritual and Liturgy, the forms of Divine worship Christ observed when he changed the Passover into the Mass. By REV. JAMES L. MEACHER. Price \$1.25, post paid. THE CATHOLIC RECORD LONDON, CANADA TWO NEW BOOKS In Treachery with Honor—A Romance of Old Quebec by Mary Catherine Crowley, author of a Daughter of New France, The Heroine of the Street, etc. \$1.50 post-paid. A Little Girl in Old Quebec, by Amanda M. Douglas. \$1.50 post-paid. CATHOLIC RECORD, London, Canada

THE CHURCH AND THE STATE.

The assertion that the side of the capitalists by the assertion that the side of truth and can substantiate the former is but a cant of any vital relation or thought. The work is in the annals has bound class to class of charity, and, mind example, she has allowed to devote her attention to the lowly, the disinherited of the world. Movements for the betterment of the condition of the blessed by her. We from hostile criticism ber the labours of Manning's in England United States—direction of the toilers just remuneration directed also to re-educate that the domestic vital beyond all, and purity and happiness far beyond anything sold in the market also, to Father Kow who organized such success that in 1865, the Raine four hundred, with thousand members.

These men, as the were animated by workingman—a fri brother. The prin them are divine, forbears through error. They ha

NEVER REALIZED. This dream of the never been realized. small communistic soc with no permanent suc attempted by those distinguished by natural talent (we refer to E to Upton Sinclair's work

The Catholic working no attention to the who feeds on social whose theories are inimic welfare of men. T self against false pinc a sane view of the sit mend Pope Leo's Ele Condition of Labor. We ber that all capitalists that hatred may be br as well as in the man a rule, the employer t est in the employe t claimers who ring the c out platitudes. No atheist or materialist, reasoning antagonism make his lot more legitimate effort to bet will be accorded the right-minded citizen; that is the foe of ecoo and of the family and him and his views to suspicion. We can, h our sphere, contributi show that Christianity vitality, and that relig of consolation and sol this earth.

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We must say that seriously the dreams of lieve in this world dreams, it is true, are eye and may be workable "Nowhere," but for this are not conditioned by human nature. There capitalists who squeeze of human hearts, prating the sacredness of propert will not convert them benevolence. We may for this life, breed him a plans of advanced thi with food, but no law, will eliminate his conc eyes and his consciences. He will still long for power. An acquaintance ology is not sufficient to ally the drunkard's th man perform any action sacrifice. Without God law of moral conduct his obligation nor adequate

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