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Catholic Record.

VOLUME XXXI.

LONDON, ONTARIO, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 18, 1909

The Catholic Record

LONDON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 18, 1909.

TO-DAY.

To-day is the time for laughter, To-morrow the time for tears, Whatever may come hereafter, Whatever of woe with years: To-day is the time to borrow
The best that the Gods can give.
We can sorrow, if need be, to-morrow, But to-day is the time to live.

WHAT IT IS.

Education in its completest sense, as understood by the true educationist, is the full and harmonious development of all the faculties. It is not merely instruction nor communication of knowledge. In fact, the acquisition of knowledge, though it necessarily accompanies any right system, is but a secondary result of education. Learning is the instrument of education, not the outcome. Its outcome is culture, mental and moral; and such studies, sciences or languages, should be chosen as will most effectively further this end. Hence the preference given by many to the classics over all other subjects, as the fittest instruments in this intellectual and moral growth. But this preference should not and where they have not come into conbe exclusive. The importance of mathematics and the natural sciences, as instruments of education, must not be under-estimated. They should be given due recognition; and progress, as well as thoroughness, in these branches, is a very necessary requisite for success. It is, however, to be remarked that these are liberally subsidized by their though the educational trend of the governments or by missionary sociepresent day is almost entirely in the ties, whereas the Catholic mis-The present prestige which this system novel and startling at first obtains. The true system of education aims at thus sending forth into the world, not men who have acquired superficial information on a great variety of subjects, but educated men-men of sound judgment, of keen and vigorous intellect, of upright and manly conscience.

We often hear the aged giving advice to the young. Let the advice be given to the old, for we are too apt to find that it is the old man who has gone wrong and not the young one. And the hope of this fair land of ours lies in our young men, for if prayers and tears have any influence in this world, their lives should prove their efficacy. For what desires are visited upon them? cradle, dreaming of the time when the tender fragile fingers will be strong, sturdy hands-ready, nay anxious, to carve their way in this bewildering world. She instills the principles of faith into his young heart, for without religion how can there be morality? She guides his eager, willing feet along the path of righteousness-she traches him the "King-becoming graces," as truth, temperance, kindness, justice, fortitude, endurance, and courage to help him on his path to honor. And when at last he stands on the threshold of manhood and looks about him, what does he hear? What words of cheer are held out to him? He will be told by those who think they know it all, that graft and greed and gain and the accumulation of wealth are now engaging the attention of all men; that politics are debased, that courtesy is a lost art, that commercial life is corrupt, that the press panders to the lowest instincts, that truth is an unknown quantity, and that justice and honor between man and man is not to be found in these modern and progressive days. Let us give up this cynical snarling, this perpetual criticism of men and methods; let us say before the world what we must believe in our hearts, if we are not totally blinded by prejudice, that there is good left in humanity; let us continue to assail the wrong and the wrong doer-but not to

condemn all because some are wrong. A WORD ONLY.

gun. Moral courage, which is not dependent on appearance or intimidated by custom, is a finer quality than the daring of the speculator or the unflinching nerve of the soldier exposed to the fire of an enemy. It takes the best stamp of bravery to be true to one's self, and he who is loyal to the inner voice, who keeps faith with himself and maintains self respect, wins a victory in the great battle of life; To live un-

tributaries, which is the section under

care of the Jesuit missionaries, contains 176,715 square miles, being second only to the State of Texas in area. In this vast region there are estimated to be about 45,000 inhabitants. How many of these are Indians it is impossible to say. The Indians, who live principally along the coast and the rivers, from which they derive their food supplies for the most part, are very docile and simple; tact with the whites they are very free from vice. The missionaries are very hopeful in consequence. The greatobstacle to their work is found in the opposition of the Russian schismatics on the one hand and of the Protestant missionaries on the other. Both of direction of the natural sciences, we sionaries are dependent on alms. must not allow ourselves to be unduly Indeed the ery among non-Catholics influenced by this tendency, as it is these times is the conversion, not alone one dangerous to the best interests of of Alaska, but of the world — a very education, and with all disinterested praiseworthy ambition and one that educationists, who have of late years they are working hard to accomplish. treated of this breaking away from the We may wonder at their enthusiasm and traditional methods, we see in it not smile at their over-sanguine expectaonly the ruin of genuine culture, but tions, but we must admire their generosthe mental deterioration of the race ity, which only last year contributed that is subjected to such discipline. nearly \$9,000,000 for their foreign missions. We think we hear the old, wellenjoys is only that which everything worn remark, "Protestants have the money." It might he replied that Catholics also have the money but are minus developing, side by side, the moral and the good will to give—at least many of intellectual faculties of the student, and the wealthy are, and it may be stated, in all truth, that from the poor comes our largest support, perhaps because they know what suffering and poverty mean. There are some generous souls among the wealthy, but the burden of support rests upon the men and women of ordinary means; not alone this work for souls, but every charity can testify that the united offerings, the mites of the poor, have been the sustaining force. Moreover, in Alaska, the conflicting claims of all three, Catholics, Russians, and Protestants, make it difficult for the Indians to decide where the truth lies. However, here as elsewhere, the courage and disinterestedness of the Fathers, what desires are visited upon them? See the fond mother bending over the cradle, dreaming of the time when the and the fact that they have neither wife body is needed in the missionaries who in its simple creed; but it shows no mark of being one of the world religious. come here," writes one of those actually morning in Alaska, "and steadiness and it is no sufficient answer to say that working in Alaska, " and steadiness and strength of mind to face the difficulties and dangers of this kind of life." The further north the missionary goes the greater become the dangers and difficulties. The cold is intense during the winter months, marking on an average from 30 to 40 degrees below zero, and on the coldest days ranging as low as 60 and 70 degrees. The snow, which covers the low ground, and even a good portion of the mountain sides during eight months of the year, makes the earth so soft and swampy that travelling by land, except in the depths of winter, is never easy or agreeable; and then the danger of being frozen to death s one the missionary must count on. Travel is by sledges drawn by dogs, or in summer by canoes on the rivers, which are the natural roads of the country. In summer the heat causes a rapid growth of grasses and weeds, and these send up swarms of mosquitoes and black flies whose bites are as annoying as they are dangerous. The food is of the plainest, consisting of flour and salt meat for the most part, with a frozen fish thrown in occasionally, or a wild goose from time to time, or the tail of a young whale. Everything is to be done. The Russian priests, who have long been in

little doubt that before long our relig- ority to repel its ravages. on will secure new and glorious triumphs in Alaska.

ELIOT'S NEW RELIGION.

When we come to consider it on its When we come to consider it on its negative side we get a clearer concep-tion of how far Eliot's new religion is re-moved from what most men have hitherto considered religion to be It makes no preconsidered religion to be It makes no pretense to be a divine message. It is a producted of human speculation, and may change with the years. Notwithstanding this, Dr. Eliot announces it with a certain air of finality—a characteristic inconsistency of the "anti-dogmatic" type of mind. On its principles, however, the new religion is merely tentative and temporary. There is no divine revelation (the phrase "Christ's revelation" can hardly be taken in the theological sense) and no divinely constituted religious authority; no solution from on high of the riddles of existence, no mysteries, no faith, no creeds, no priests, no sacra-

no faith, no creeds, no priests, no sacra-ments, no means of forgiveness—no sins to forgive, so far as one can see. The to forgive, so far as one can see. The doctrine of original sin is stated in terms of Calvinism. New England thinkers of the advanced type, by the way seem never to have heard of any theology except that of Calvinism. Dr. Eliot rejects the fall of man and with a note of jects the fall of man and with a note of scorn, as if he had some private sources of enlightenment on the mystery of evil which are denied to the rest of us. No form of worship is suggested. Dr. Eliot confesses that sacrifice has been connected with religion in the past; but he considers it unweathy in any form nected with religion in the past; but he considers it unworthy in any form. Incidentally, his remark about incense as the form of sacrifice in the Christian church shows how scandalously uniformed is this university president with regard to the older religions which he sets aside in such summary fashion. Even prayer seems to have no place in the new scheme. "I believe, he says, "that in the new religion there will be no supernatural element; it will place no reliance on anything but the laws of reliance on anything but the laws of nature." Considering the harsh evolutionary philosophy of survival of the fittest, which is back of the modern view of these laws of nature, it is not rpassing to find him acknowledging that his religion "cannot supply con-solation as offered by the old religion." Nor is there any word of salvation, whether from sin in this world or from annihilation in the next. Dread well as among Christians, seems to be altogether beyond Dr. Eliot's religious

At the outset, our confidence in Dr. At the outset, our confidence in Dr. Eliot as a prophet is somewhat diminished by the discovery that the new religion which he announces is, in its main tenets, a fairly old religion, as Protestant sects go, and one in which his son is a minister. What he offers as the religion of the future is a watered down Unitarianism, with the addition, as one critic remarks. of a dash of Esculapian-Unitarianism, with the addition, as one critic remarks, of a dash of Esculapianism, i. e., the cult of physical wellbeing. The fact that the proposed scheme of religious thought resembles a form of Unitarianism gives us a basis a form of Unitarianism gives as a basis for gauging Dr. Eliot's trustworthiness as a prophet. It would appear that the present situation in the intellectual Protestant world is most favorable to Unitarianism. For men who have lost lief in positive authoritative religion, yet are striving to retain some belief in God with reverence for Christ as a moral guide, it would seem to offer an Unitarianism is contented to spread itself as a spirit, and is comparatively indifferent to success as a religious or ganization. If it were destined to be a prominent factor in the religious future of the race it would already have developed along the lines both of organization and of proselytism. Such has always been the story of dominant ideas. In nature, flabby, undeveloped organisms and lack of fecundity do not lead us to expect either the dominance or the perman-

ence of a species.

Dr. Eliot's type of religion is not stronger than Dr. Martineau's. It is weaker in every point which gives strength to religion. We do not find in the programme of the American thinker any insistence on the "spiritual and mystical type" which was so important in the religion of his English brother. On the contrary, the more recent set views marks a step further towards the definite abandonment of religious beliefs. Men whose cultivation has largely in the development of the criti-cal faculty are prone to the mistake that the modicum of religion which they choose to retain after critical analysis choose to retain a ter efficient analysis is going to persist as the religion of the future. But they began wrong by excluding from their investigation the very cluding from their investigation they are the state of the religious control of the state of the state of the religious control of the state of lements which constitute the relig ous nature in them-awe and reverence and humility and simplicity, and the sense of sin and the instinct for prayer.
As a result of their methods, the residue As a result of their methods, the residue of religion grows less and less, until it threatens to vanish into thin air. The gold of revelation, piled in huge ingots in the church's treasury, has been beaten and rebeaten under the mallets of Protestart printed independent. possession, have done little for the Indians save baptize them and collect from their government the bounty testant private judgment and rational-istic criticism until nothing is left but allowed for every soul baptized. Of religious instruction they have had the glitter. No wonder that Newman speaks of "the all-corroding, all-dis-It often requires courage to be natural practically nothing—some of the bap-speaks of "the all-corroding, all-dissolving scepticism of the intellect in make the sign of the cross. With their religious inquiries," and announces the practically nothing-some of the bap-

The fate of religion depends (humanly speaking) on religious men. It is not a matter to be settled by the leisure speculations of a retired professor. It depends on men of religious enthusiasm like St. Paul, men of simplicity of heart like St. Francis, men of meditative piety like Naron Li matters not how dark like St. Francis, men of meditative piety like Newman. It matters not how dark the clouds of unbelief may lower, or that there be but one prophet left that has not bowed the knee to Baal. What professor in Antioch or Athens in the first century of our era believed that an obscure Jewish sect would in three centuries dominate the Empire? The incipient rationalistic spirit of the twelfth century was met and overcome by the century was met and overcome by the religious revival of the mendicant friars who finally, in the persons of Aquinas and Bonaventure, took possession of the universities. In the days of Shaftesbury and Toland it would have seemed an easy prophecy that a form of Deism not unlike Eliotism was destined to control the stream of English thought. If there were such a seer, he failed to see the depths of the human soul, or to foresee

Dr. Eliot predicts a new kind of religion—what he should be able to promise first is a new kind of man. The books or on the street, is not of a sort to worship a multiplication of infinities or look on surgeons as sacred ministers performing holy rites. Mankind will have a real religion, or none at all. It wants a God to love and fear and pray to. Its religion must be a message from on high, which will give light in dark places and strength in temptation and consolation in the trials and losses of this life. And it will have its dogmas too. A creedless religion is a thoughtless religion. The only valuable religious element in Dr. Eliot's plan are dogmas. His Pantheistic God is a dogma, his ideal of progress is a dogma, his law of

not even know they are dogmas." It is not the dogmas we object to. So long as he advances positive dogmas he is, to some degree, helpful. But the bulk of his message is too commonpla and too worldly to deserve the sacred name of religion. How can it fulfill the functions of the ancient faith? Will it satisfy the mystic longings of the saints for communion with God? Would any but no moral sanction is offered in its place. And, as noted above, the ideal of holiness which has attracted the highest type of religious character among Jews, Buddhists and Mohammedans, as well as among Christians, scenario, here is a summary for the second of the ns, seems to be Eiiot's religious — with its devotion to abstract ideals and its academic regard for ancinted of the left of t sternation that the conclusions drawn from his careful utterances by the rough practical logic of the mob is that there is an end to moral sanction; there is no God, at least none worth troubling

about, and, in the expressive phrase of the day, "The lid is off." The new religion will neither satisfy the needs of religious natures nor hold the allegiance of those who through various causes are forsaking the ancient faiths. It is a house built half-way down on a steep and slippery hillside and below it lie the quagmires of agnosticism and pessimism. Those who would escape to solid ground must rise on the wings of faith. The new religion will neither satisfy

best of human kind. Like Matthew Arnold on Dover Beach one hears "the eternal note of sadness." Is this man of ooks-five-foot shelf or Harvard library books—five-foot shelf of Harvard Hibrary
of books—is he the seer who perceives
in vision the hopes, the aspirations, the
destinies of humanity? Or have we a
return of the ancient days "when the word of the Lord was precious, and there was no manifest vision?"

He quotes from St. Paul's speech at the Areopagus. Is he with St. Paul or with those to whom he spoke—those who derided his message of faith, who prided themselves in their knowledge of philhis Jewish zealot?

History repeats itself. Many things change, but the mind of God and the nature of man remain. Macaulay, in a passage too well known to require citation, speaks of the wonderful vitality of the Catholic Church. Newman presents the same idea with his usual reticence

of statement.

There is only one religion in the world which tends to fulfill the aspirations, needs and foreshadowings of natural faith and devotion. It alone of statement. discovery, momentous, practical, main-tained one and the same in substance in every age from the first and addressed o all mankind. And it has actually een embraced and is found in all parts Coming to set right and to govern the world, it has ever been, as it ought to be in conflict with large masses of men with the civil power, with physical force,

natural disposition, however, there is need of a divinely constituted auth- with adverse philosophies; it has had successes, it has had reverses; but it has had a grand history, and has effected great things and is as vigorous in its age as in its youth. In all these respects it has a distinction in the world and a pre-eminence of its own; it has upon it prima facie signs of divinity; I do not know what can be advanced by rival religious. rival religions of prerogatives

special. I have stated that mankind will have a real religion, or none at all. Here is a real religion, a strong religion. It teaches, not as the ancient or modern scribes, but as having authority. Its doctrines and ideals are based on divine revelation, on the spiritual experiences of the saints, on the wisdom acquired by its dealings with all classes and races of men for nineteen hundred years, all of men for nineteen numered years, and formulated by men of giant intellect and true religious spirit. It is a religion which answers every need and gives room and play for all same developments of the religious element in man.

And if prophecy be in order, then every basis which men may take for the discernment of the future—divine ora-cles, the lessons of history, the law of survival of the fittest, the conclusion is always the same—the religion of the future is—the religion of the past.—Francis P. Duffy, D. D., in the Catho-

DID THEY REGRET IT.

HOW THREE GREAT CONVERTS ANSWERED A STOCK CALUMNY.

The former associates of thos join the Catholic Church are fond of asserting that the converts keenly re-gret their course, that if their foreknowledge had been as complete as their after-knowledge they never would have taken His Pantheistic God is a dogma, his ideal of progress is a dogma, his law of love is a dogma. Even his denials are dogmas; but these are not valuable. It is true, as Chesterton says, that "the modern world is filled with men who hold dogmas so strongly that they do not even know they are dogmas." knowledge they never would have taken the step, that they suffer great distress of mind when they see at last just what they have let themselves in for. A contemporary quotes the statements of the last century, Cardinal Manning, Cardinal Newman and Orestes Brownson in nal Newman and Orestes Brownson, in which this calumny is disposed of with a fervor and strength of faith that leave no doubt of how these great luminarie regarded the grace of conversion. They have been reproduced many times, but continue to make edifying and instructive reading.

To the author of "Recollections of Cardinal Wiseman," Manning wrote under date of April 16, 1841 (he was then Dr. Manning, of St. Mary's, Bayswaten). water):

water):
"It (your telling me of my expected return to Protestantism) gives me the joy of saying that, from the hour that I submitted to the Divine Voice that speaks through the one only Catholic and Roman Church, I have never known so much as a momentary shadow of doubt pass over my reason or my conscience.

I could as soon believe that two and two make five as that the Catholic faith is false or Anglicanism true."

In a postscript to his famous " Letter to the Du'e of Norfolk," published in April, 1875, Newman says: " From the day I became a Catholic

to this day (now close upon thirty years), I have never had a moment's misgiving that the communion of Rome is that Church which the Apostles set up at Pentecost. . . . Nor have I ever for Pentecost. Nor have I ever for a moment hesitated in my conviction, since 1845, that it was my clear duty to join that Catholie Church as I did then and below it lie the quagmires of agnosticism and pessimism. Those who would escape to solid ground must rise on the wings of faith.

Dr. Eliot attempts to speak in the role of Isaias. But his voice is the voice of Jeremias. His blessings are dooms. He sings of the victories over this world, but the discerning ear detects the minor chords which sound the passing of every hope that has sustained the metal and the materials. The transfer of the wings of the victories over this world, but the discerning ear detects the minor chords which sound the passing of every hope that has sustained the metal and the metal an

Review, which bears so much of his personal character and is so completely the expression of his mind :

"I have recently received a letter signed 'A Catholic,' telling me that the signed A canonic, the bishops and clergy have no confidence in me, and, when they can no longer use me, they will repudiate me, knowing that I am too independent, when brought to the test, to submit to their tyranny. The letter goes on and exhorts me open a correspondence with Dr. Dolling-er, to repudiate the Council of the Vati-can, and to turn the Review to the defense of the 'Old Catholics.' By so osophy and life, who saw in themselves the teachers of the world, but whose reign was to be overthrown by the gospel of the color of th convictions and the whole Catholic faith, and damn my own soul. If suggestions such as this could ever have moved me, I should never have become a Catholic. I did not seek admission into the Church for the sake of wealth, honors or popularity. If I am—as I know I am—meas-urably unpopular even with Catholics, I can say truly that I have never sought popularity, but have rather despised it. Yet I have received more marks of confidence from our venerable Bishops and clergy than I have deserved, more honor than I desired, and have been even more on the brink of my grave? The generosity of Catholics, in an annuity reasonably secure, has provided for my few personal wants. . . What do I want of wealth? What do I care for popularbeen embraced and is found in all parts of the world in all climates, among all races in all ranks of society, under every degree of civilization from barbarism to the highest cultivation of mind.

1613 Daisies for the Living Feet.

Daisies for the living feet, roses for the head, Crowned with burning jewels of dream

while the blood beats red; Lilies for the living hands, blossoms for the quick, Laughter for the lamps of life burning

duty's wick;
They who died of yesterday sleep as God thinks best-Daisies for the living feet, roses for their rest!

Comfort for the toiling hands, blossoms Weary in the daily toil of the mill and

Lilac at the gates of home-and no dream but this:
Little arms of child to twine, little lips

to kiss; Little mother-heart to cheer, till her homely woes
Vanish where the lips of love lean to
beauty's rose.

Daisies for the living feet-strew the

path with bloom
Where the loved who toil for us stumble
through the gloom;
Violets for the sacred dead; for the liv-

ing, too, Velvet in their amaranth, silver in their Music for the mourning heart singing on the hill

Till the echoing voice of love reaches mart and mill!

Roses for the mother-heart, burdened with its care; Roses for the lips of love singing on the stair:

Daisies in the common way for the feet

Daisies in the common way for the rece
of strife
Toiling in the steam and heat for the
rose of life;
Memory blossoms for the dead where
they sleep the while—
Daisies for the living feet, song for
them, and smile!

CATHOLIC NOTES.

The lioness sent to the Pope by Emperor Menelik of Abyssinia in 1907 has six cubs. The Pope has decided to send two of them to President Taft, two to the Kaiser and two to Emperor Francis

Summoned by wireless Father Dooley of Fordham University, New York, rushed to the pier to meet the steam-ship Minnetonka, from London, on Tuesday to administer the last rites of the Church to Mrs. Robert Potts, wife of Rear Admiral Potts, U.S. N., retired.

Finding that the Vatican gardens were not extensive enough to permit of motoring, Pope Pins has presented his automobile to Cardinal Merry del Val, the Papal Secretary of State. The car is a handsome one, with luxurious fit-tings, and was presented to the Pope by wealthy Americans.

A book prepared by Catholic hands is A book prepared by Catholic hands is beyond doubt the most beautiful volume among the 500,000 in the Congressional Library at Washington. It is a Bible which was transcribed by a monk in the sixteenth century. It could not be matched to-day in the best printing office in the world,

Remarkable as the conversion of de Huysmans, sensualist turned mystic, is that of Adolphe Rette, reddest of the that of Adophe Rete, reduces of the "Reds" among the anarchists of France and now, after a pedestrian pilgrimage to Lourdes, the humblest and happiest of the disciples of the rule of obedience as a Benedictine novice.

Recently, the Holy Father said to an Australian Irish Bishop: "I am well aware of the perpetual fidelity of the Irish people to the See of Peter. And I well know the great share which they have had in building up the Catholic Church both in Australia and the United States of America. This great fidelity and missionary zeal of the Irish race I feel most anxious to acknowledge."

Among the list of recent converts to the Catholic Church is Mrs. Julia Pal-mer Stevens, of Bloomington, Ill., widow of a Methodist minister, who was presiding elder of different conferences for many years, and youngest sister of Gen-eral John M. Palmer, former Governor of Illinois, United States Senator of the same State and candidate for the Presi-

In the class of 114 which was confirmed by Bishop O'Connor, of the Newark diocese, in St. Rose of Lima's Church, Short Hills, recently, was J. Ellis Butler, a former Methodist minister. Mr. Butler • as formerly pastor of churches in Colorado and California. He came East several years ago and not long ago was received into the Catholic Church. The next Eucharistic Congress will

The next Eucharistic Congress with take place in Montreal, beginning on September 4, 1910, and it is expected to be on a very large scale. Preparations for it are already in progress. One of the leading features of that congress will be High Mass celebrated in the open air, and it is probable that the delegates will have the opportunity of attending midnight Mass in the Church of Notre Dame during the congress,

Dispatches from Rome state that Pepe pealing to the faithful to come to the aid of the foreign missions which are badly in need of funds. Vatican officials point out that the contribution point out that the contributions for this work amount to only \$2,000,000 yearly, as compared with \$5,000,000 and \$6,000-000 contributed in England and America By permission of Little, Brown & Co., Publishers-

IN TREATY WITH HONOR A Romance of Old Quebec,

MARY CATHARINE CROWLEY. Author of "A Daughter of New France," "The

CHAPTER XXI. CONTINUED.

After a drive of an hour with my After a drive of an hour with my friend, we stopped the horse at a farm among the hills. The farmer had just gone out to his barn in the early light to feed his cattle and ponies. Monsieur Droulet briefly told him who I was and he agreed to keep me in hiding. Here the young man left me. As he drove away I noticed with satisfaction that the light snow which was beginning to fall would som cover all tracks of his carriage wheels. There would be no would soon cover all tracks of his carriage wheels. There would be no means of tracing me to this retreat. Half an hour later I was sleeping soundly amid the fragrant new hay in the mow. The next day the farmer brought me food. In the afternoon M. Droulet returned to give me the news. returned to give me the news.

"Ma foi, but there has been a to-do over your escape, Major Adair," he said. "The commandant, Sir James Macdonald, raved like a madman when it was ald, raved like a madman when it was reported to him. He says the de'il may take care of the Yankee prisoners; he has had enough of you. But, for the disgrace brought upon him, every man whose negligence abetted the carrying out of your plot shall sup sorrow. The whole garrison is under arms, the town gates are trebly guarded, sentinels are posted in every street, alley, and lane with orders to permit no one to pass without being examined. The houses of the French are being searched, and many people have been hurried to the guard-house, Pascal among the rest. His ignorance of English was declared by the watch to be 'a d-- suspicion

"Have you heard anything of my companions?" I inquired anxiously. Droulet hesitated, but seeing that I

would not be put off, finally a "Captain Rycerski is still at liberty, but the others have been retaken.
"My God!" I broke out. "Wi

"Hull in a tavern where he went to get food and drink for himself and Culget food and drink for himself and ver who, disabled, was hiding in a patriot's house. The landlord suspected Hull and went out to warn the soldiers. Hull and went out to warn the soldiers. A servant-maid tried to aid our friend. Unluckily ere he got off a party of soldiers came in and recognized him. He was immedia.cly handcuffed and led back to the garrison under a guard of at least a hundred men. Of course he denied all knowledge of the whereabouts of any of you, but Culver was soon found and returned to prison also."

of any of you, the current of any of you, the current of prison also."

"Poor, poor fellows," I sighed. "Well what has happened to them may be our fate before long. What reward is offered for the capture of Rycerski and myself?"

"The regiment has offered a thousand unds and Lord Durham five hundred," pounds and Lord Durham five hundred," answered Droulet, reluctantly. "It was one of the men whom you met in the street who betrayed you. He pretends that but for the lady's pleading he would not have let you go. The soldiers have even forced their way into the convents to search for you, and they would have it that a middle-aged, mascaline-looking sister was yourself in disguise."

"Ho, ho, ho! to think of any one ex-

"Ho, ho, ho! to think of any one ex pecting to find my face under a nun's hood," I laughed. "But what is to be ne now?" 'Remain quiet for the day, major,

since your feet is so much worse. To-night we shall try to take you off in a

Early in the evening Droulet came once more, bringing a French doctor, who bathed my injured ankle, rubbed it with a liniment which, he maintained, with a liniment which, he maintained, possessed marvellous curative power, and bandaged it again. Then they helped me to a carriage and we started for the Beauport shore. The roads being all guarded, we had to take a roundabout route. Through the fields and woods and over sloughs we went, following the started work have never before traing by-roads perhaps never before tralight a vehicle as a gig. After much trouble and several breakdowns, we reached the strand at the point agreed upon, namely, near the house of the curé. But alack, here, house of the curé. But alack, here, where we expected to find the boat, there was neit er friend nor skiff to

"So ne accident must have happened," declared Droulet in distress. "The boat was here this morning; the troops

must have taken it."

Leaving me with the doctor, he posted off to ascertain if the boatmen were any-where about the village. He was gone an hour, and on his return admitted sadly that he could learn nothing of them. We must go back, but how the way by which we had come was so The way by which we had come was be bad that we could not hope to reach the farm again before daylight. We began to meet people on the road going to market with the produce of their gardens market with the produce of their gardens and farms. To avoid them, we turned into the woods. Here we reached the climax of our difficulties. The axletree of the carriage broke down.

"There is no help for it," said Drou-

let, "we must ask shelter from M. Gudbout, who lives near here. He is a magistrate, but he will not be so inhuman as to turn a sick man from his door, nor so base as to betray one who has lost all in an effort to help his coun-

The young man and the doctor drew the gig farther into the wood, unnar-nessed the horse, and mounted me upon

his back. Then we started once more, they walking beside me.

How my weary limbs and aching ankle were tortured by the ride on that hard-trotting steed! Dressed as a French Canadiaa in a blue surtout and toque, a woolen sash and deerskin moccasins, with my face slightly browned by walnut juice, I was a faithful picture of "un hon habitant".

When we came to the place, the doctor waited in the road while Droulet and I turned in at the gate leading to Gudbout's house. My friend's knock house. My friend's to the door a s, stout little man, short. Gudpompous, stout little man, Gud-bout himself. Taking him aside, Drou-let told him who I was and what we

What! Shelter an escaped prisoner in my house !" exclaimed the magistrate charrette which was in readiness. Slow.

stances. "My oath of office forbids; it would be against my honor, and what have we, monsieur, so dear as honor Still, I will tell you what I will do," he went on, darting a keen glance at me. "About a mile back in the woods there is a hut which is used only in the spring at the time of the sugar boiling. No at the time of the sugar boiling. No one ever goes that way. Your friend will be entirely safe there and may stay as long as he pleases. Stay, I will give you a loaf of bread for him."

While he was gone I begged the others to obtain from him minute directions how to get to the sugar camp. Presently he reappeared, bringing a large loaf which he handed to Droulet.

which he handed to Droulet.

"Go now," he said. "Take the path through the woods, the one yonder by the big maple. "Viel messieurs, go!"

Opening my lips for the first time during the interview, I thanked him profusedly. We took the way he pointed out, but as soon as we got fairly into the wood again. I wined in the horse.

wood again, I reined in the horse.

Sacre, I see myself going to the sugar
camp," I cried. "That fellow would lead the searching party straight there be the searching party straight there be-fore noon. Gentlemen, it is now broad day. You are only compromising your-selves by coming with me. You would better go back to the city. I can shift better go back to the city. I can shift for myself. The magistrate's loaf may not be very palatable, but it will keep me from hunger, and any ditch will supply me with water. I will remain hereabouts all day and come out by the house of the curé to-night again. Perhaps by that time you will be able to get a boat to take me across to the Ile d'Orleans."

The doctor, after some demur, went The doctor, after some demur, went back, taking his horse with him, but, Droulet would not leave me. Eager to get me away from the neighborhood, he hailed a market cart and offered the habitant who drove it half a crown to bring us to a farm he named. Between them they lifted me into the cart them they lifted me into the cart.
"I am taking you to friends of whom

did not think until now," said my guide.
"The man is timid, but his heart is with us. His wife is a true patriot and she will presently have half a hundred plans for keeping you safe, for the time, while I go and inquire why the boat was not at hand this morning."

When we reached the house we found that the tracket of the house we found the tracket of the house we found that the tracket of the house we found that the tracket of the house we found the house we have the house we found the house we have the hous

that the master had gone to town of business Madame welcomed us with great cordiality, however, gave us a subtantial breakfast, and concealed me in the garret of the mansion, where, thoroughly tired out, I slept a good part of the day. Droulet returned in the afternoon with much news.

"Ha, ha!" he laughed, as we sat on chest in the loft, making ourselves as comfortable as circumstances would permit. "This morning old Gudbout went straight to the town major and told went straight to the town major and told the whole story of our call upon him last night, just as you predicted he would. He even declared you were at the mo-ment in the hut at the sugar camp and demanded that a posse of soldiers be sent out to capture you. Luckily for you though, Adair, so many stories about you are current in the city, and so many seconds claim to have seen you and have you are current in the city, and so many people claim to have seen you and have led the searchers on a wild-goose chase, that the old fool was not believed. I will not deny, however, that the govern-ment are vigilantly taking their own way to secure your capture. No vehicle is allowed to pass the gates without s allowed to pass the gates without

being thoroughly examined. The bakers carts have been stopped in the streets by the guards, and all the loaves thrown out, in the hope of finding you hidden under them. Loads of hay, grain, and even of manure have been over-hauled, and I myself saw a soldier thrust his bayonet into a wagon full of straw, with the design of finishing you, if you should happen to be concealed beneath

should happen to be concealed scheausit. To cap the climax, a funeral procession slowly winding its way toward the cemetery was halted by the military and the coffin was opened to see if, perchance, you might be trying to get away

by passing yourself off as a corpee."
"Surely this was unnecessary," said I, grimly. "Had they followed the coffin grimly. "Had they followed they and seen it duly buried they might have and seen it duly buried I was then done for dead or alive. But what of the boat?

"Our friends were here with the canon last night, as they promised, but the tide being low they were forced to keep out from the shore. The boats of the of-war at anchor in the river kept cruising around, and as we did not come on time, our boat-men feared to remain waiting longer, lest thus they might cause you to be captured. To night they will try again. When they have taken you into the canoe they will keep along the shore until they are able to elude the sentinel boats in the darkness. Then they will make straight across to the island. You will not be suspected of being in that vicinity, and once there you can remain or not as you like. They will so disguise you that you will be able to take all the exercise necessary for your health.

"How do they mean to disguise me?" "Have you any objection to wearing a

"Decidedly. Rather than don petticoate I would aimost rather be taken.

Forgetting that I was in hiding broke into a peal of merriment, but quickly controlled his mirth.

"And how about a priest's gown?" "That is better, though I fear I should

nake a sorry curé."
"You shall have a chance to play the role. Our men will be here at o'clock. Until then, au revoir." I made ready to go, but when Droulet returned he looked exceedingly down-

"Our plan to get you to the Ile d' Orleans is discovered, Adair," he said dejectedly. "This neighborhood will be searched to-morrow. The only thing to be done is to boldly take you back into

The project seemed the acme of rash-The project seemed the acme of rashings, yet there was no choice. Besides, for anything like "bearding the lion in his den," I was always especially ready. Danger invariably aroused in me a spirit of elation and bravado.

The young man had brought me the dress of a curé, which I now put on. At pine of lock steeling down from the

nine o'clock, stealing down garret, I made my adieus to my good hostess, and was assisted into the French

in a trepidation that I should have found laughable under other circumstances. "My oath of office forbids; it would be against my honor, and what

reined in his pony.

"The boys ought to be here," he said,
"and other friends have arranged to be
crossing the bridge at this time, so as to
deaden the sound of the oars."

Almost as he spoke two men emerged from the shadow of a building and camtoward us. I drew my cloak tighter around me, so as to somewhat conceal my features. Droulet leaned forward. "Souez pret." one of the strenger pret," one of the stranger

"Soyez pret," one of the strangers said softly.

My guide breathed a sigh of relief.
"It is all right," said he.
The men, after grasping my hand in token of their friendliness, lifted me out

of the cart and carried me between them to a boat a few yards distant. They waited until by the challenge of the sentinel we knew our friends were on the bridge. Then, assured that the sound of their horses feet and of the carriage wheels would prevent him from hearing our boat, dipping their oars with as little noise as might be, they rowed across the river. On the opposite side a man had led his horse to the water's edge as though to let him drink. "Soyez pret," he said as we approached.

"Soyez pret," answered Droulet.

The men lifted me on to the horse's

"Take these," said my friend, thrust ing a brace of pistols upon me. "I will walk shead at some distance and you walk shead at some distance and you must ride after alone, until you see me stop at the door of a certain house. Rein in your horse then, also. I have arranged that you shall be sheltered

there for the night."
With one of the pistols in my hand, and the other in my belt, I rode after the carriage which had just crossed the bridge, and onward along the very bridge, and onward along the very streets through which so rigorous a earch was being made for me.

CHAPTER XXII.

OFF FOR THE BORDER.

It was nearly morning when we stopped at a house in the St. John suburb. Here we found a supper prepared, and much kindness, but just as we were sitting down to the meal a messenger, who proved to be none other than Pascal came running in.

"It is not safe for m'sieur to remai here," he cried in French. "The soldiers have been through the Faubourg St. Roch and on the Cote St. Genevieve As I came along I saw a band of then As I came along I saw a band of them overturning the flower-pots in the window of an old bourgeoise near here. They thought m'sieur wight be under them, I suppose," added the old fellow with a grin. "But the woman valiantly with a grin defended her posies with a broomstick and, by Ste. Anne, I'll wager more than one clown got a broken head."

Further inquiry led us to the disco ery that a party were searching the houses in the very street where we had

The cart had been brought around over the bridge, and Pascal now con-trived to get it to the door at the rear of the house. Having been lifted into it, I drove away, Madame St. Germain's nephew going on afoot as previously.

In my character of curé, I proceede slowly once more, following my conductor through many lanes and by-ways. Thus more than an hour passed. I was tardy in realizing that there was a reason for these many detours besides the necessity of avoiding the searching party. At last, however, the truth dawned upon me. Droulet did not know party. where to take me. He dared not ven ture to ask any one to harbor me; and yet, brave and true friend that he was,

would not desert me.
The sun had risen two hours before and my hunger, sharpened by the fact that we had been forced to go supper-less, told me it was breakfast time. Driving a little faster I caught up with Droulet and told him the plan that

"I will go to Devereux," I said. "Although a government official he is a countryman of mine and he will not

we me up."
My friend protested; but I was resolved, and he finally agreed to take me to the house, since nothing else offered. We soon came to it. With difficulty I got down from the cart and he took my place therein. "If you will come for me to night.

most faithful of friends, perhaps I can

get away," I said. He promised, and after nodding an au revoir to him, I limped around a cor-ner of the residence of the man into whose keeping I was about to entrust my life. Climbing the steps of a verandah I found myself before a door. Should I knock? No, that would be too great a risk. The servant who might respond to the summons might suspect who I was and give the alarm. Or per haps a poor country curé would be denied an interview with the master.

Turning the knob, I pushed open the door and walked into the hall. As I stood for a second, undecided which way to turn, the sound of a girl's gay voice floated out from the room beyond, and presently a man's rich baritone answered a bantering fashion.

"Come well, come ill, here goes, I said to myself, and striding forward, I entered the parlor. Here at breakfast were seated a

middle-aged man, a handsome matron, and two young ladies, one of them a pretty little m id in her early teens. For a moment the party were unconscious of my intrusion. If any one among them heard the noise of the opening of the door, it was evidently supposed to have been made by the servant who waited upon them.

The older girl, whose merry laugh had

been my guide, was seated facing the eatch sight of me, as she turned her bright eyes from the master of the house who had evidently been playfully teasing her. When her glance fell on me she started in alarm, and I in turn stared at her in incredulous astonish ment; for this lady whom I encountered thus so unexpectedly was Phebe Fos-ter. The sweet English girl, who had twice already befriended me, now twice already befriended me, now quickly recovered her self-possession.

"Mr. Devereux, here is a French curé who apparently wishes to speak to you," she said.

Droulet in desperation knocked at the door of a Frenchman, who took me to his stable.

Devereux turned abruptly and, per Devereux turned abruptly and, perceiving me, said to the other girl, whom I recognized by her resemblance to him to be his daughter, "Aileen, since you are our French scholar, tell the good or our french scholar, tell the good are the good and the good are the good and the good are the good and the good are man to come to my office later. Or if he is collecting for a church or a hos-pice, I'll give him a dollar and let him

Rising from her place, Aileen came toward me and repeated what he had

said.
"Thank you, mademoiselle," I replied in the same language. "Money I have managed for several days to do without, but I am sadly in need of food and

shelter."
Then approaching her father I added resolutely in English, "Sir, as a countryman of yours I come to you for aid trusting in your honor. I am a prescribed and hunted man; my name is Nial Adair."

Before he could answer Phœbe turned to her host. "Oh, Mr. Devereux, you will protect him?" she cried eagerly. "I protect him?" ave-met Mr. Adair before. Aileen, meanwhile, hastened to set

chair for me.
"Sir, be seated," she said with pretty dignity, "we bid you welcome if father does not."

father does not."

Devereux, aroused from his blank astonishment by her independence, leaned back in his chair and laughed.

"Ha, ha, traitress," he protested, "do you not know this gentleman has been convicted of high treason and it is a great risk to harbor him?"

"Nevertheless, I feel sure my hus-band will not refuse hospitality," interosed Mrs. Devereux, serenely.

Devereux exchanged a glance with her, rose, locked the door of the room, her, rose, locked the door of the room, and wheeling about stretched out his hand to me, saying, "Sir, since you are here, you may rely on me. I cannot shut my eyes to the injustice of many of the men now prominent in affairs in the province, nor my heart to the appeal of one from my own country who needs my help. Draw nearer to the table, sir, you have not breakfasted."

Mrs. Devereux now poured coffee for ne, and Aileen busied herself in waiting upon me, while Phœbe smiled in friend-

content. When I had amply testified to my appreciation of the comfortable meal, my host conducted me upstairs to a little suite of apartments kept for his own use and, pointing to a couch, said, "Mr. Adair, you need rest. After you have Adair, you need rest. After you have slept, your luncheon will be served in the adjoining study, and my wife, my daughter, and their guest will assist you, with their chatter, to while away the afternoon. I must hasten to my affairs but I shall be at home again by six cleek." six o'clock.

When he had gone I threw myself or the divan and for some hours knew the blissful unconsciousness of slumber. Awaking at last, I bathed, dressed with more neatness than I had been able to do for some days, and passing into the study took up a book in an endeavor to divert my mind from its anxieties.

Before long a pleasanter distraction presented itself. There was a light tap on the door. I opened it, and beheld oretty Aileen standing before me holding a well-laden tray. Taking it from her, I laid it upon the table. Mrs. Devereux and Phœbe now appeared also, and the three ladies set themselves to entertain me while I lunched. Phœbe had, clearly, told her hostess

and Aileen something of the circum stances of our acquaintance. I now gave them my version of the story, re-lating with enthusiasm and thankful ness how she had aided my escape to American soil and how, once again, she had helped me with her kindly sympathy

the Strait.
"Ah, Phœbe dear, I always knew yo were a heroine," exclaimed little Miss Devereux, embracing her friend. Later, mother and daughter slipped

away for a few moments, leaving me to a tete a tete with their charming young visitor. It was then I learned how she happened to be in Quebec.
"My father, having finished his round

of inspection of the forts, came here to make his report to the government, and begged him to bring Phebe said. "He and Mr. Devereux have long been friends."

After some beating about the bush I asked for Captain Weston. The dear girl's answer was a deep flush, which led me to rally her a little on the sub-ject of the handsome captain. She finally admitted to me, with a fascinating confusion, that she had given her troth to the worthy officer, and they planned to be married during the complanned to be married utiling winter. Thereat I, on my part, told her of Jacquette, and my hope that before long I might claim my darling.

After this Alleen came back. She and Pheebe had been at a party on the

evening of my escape from the citadel, and the lively demoiselle now described for my benefit the consternation of the young subalterns who were their danc-ing partners, when the flight of the

"The dusk of the October day was gathering when Mrs. Devereux, entring the room quickly, said, "Mr. Adair, a man is lingering about the house; I think he must be one of your friends.

"If it is some one for me, he will re-peat the watchword, soyez pret," I nswered, starting to my feet. Aileen flitted away and soon returned accompanied by Droulet.

"I have brought you a new disguise," he said hastily addressing me, "We must be off at once." I went into the chamber, changed my

clothes, and came back, again dressed as a habitant. The ladies laughed when they saw me thus ready for my new role. I thanked them with profound gratitude for their goodness, expressed to Phebe my best wishes that she might soon be a happy bride, and might soon be a happy bride, and begged Mrs. Devereux to tell her husband I would never forget his generosity in harboring me. Then, after entrusting to pretty Aileen a letter which she promised to deliver safe to Jacquette, I took leave of these true friends.

was a hunted man. For a second time was the boat in which I hoped to get away captured by the authorities.

"There is a hollow under the floor of the horse's stall, sir," said the habitant.
"If you wish to lie concealed there you

vill be safe." "Danger makes strange bedfellows. I have no choice but to try it," I replied, "since the soldiers are upon my track."

The horse was already bedded down or the night, but we took him from the stall, cleared out the straw, and raised the planks of the floor.

"There!" said my new host, pointing to a cavity like a grave.

I had no time to hesitate, for, the door of the stable, we could hear the voices of the searchers and see the light of their lanterns. While the men light of their lanterns. While the men fastened it, Droulet threw down a buffalo robe, and I cast myself prone in the follow. He and the owner of the barn then replaced the boards above me, brought back the horse, and left me, for the nonce, to the solitude of my

Luckily for me the stable was built of squared logs and upon a rising ground. The earth was consequently dry. The floor was also raised about sixteen inches. and through the chinks between the logs, as well as in places where the plaster of the foundation wall had worn away, the wind blew, making a current of air. Notwithstanding my rest at the home of Mr. Devereux, I was so fatigued by my many wanderings I found the home of Mr. Devereux, I was so fatigued by my many wanderings I found the buffalo robe comfortable enough. Feel-ing that my pursuers would never think to seek me beneath the floor of a horse's stall, I soon feel asleep, and rested as comfortably as though I were already across the border and had found repose

across the border an upon a bed of down. Late that night Droulet and my host

came to the stable, disinterred me, and brought me into the house. As I entered the living-room I saw a habitant standing before the fire with his back to me. At the sound of my footsteps he wheeled around and came toward me with outstretched hands and a smiling

It was Ramon disguised, like myself With what joy I greeted him I need not say. While we supped he told me of his many and perilous adventures since we were parted. Gladly I would set them down in these pages, but they form

another story.

The night we passed in the house, but in the morning, before the children and servants of the family were awake, our host took us to the stable. We made the hollow under the floor larger, and

my comrade shared with me the shallow, subterranean chamber.

Here we remained for days, being brought out at night, but returning to our tomb at dawn taking with us a loaf of bread and a bottle of water. Droulet could no longer come to speak to us in the daytime and not always at night, for a sentinel was posted at the house of Madame St. Germain, and two others were in the neighborhood. At last, he brought us word that for the third time a boat was ready to take us across the to Point Levis, and arrangements had been made to start us on the Kennebec road for Maine.

It was the third of November. At seven o'clock in the evening we ventur-ed forth. Ramon still wore the blouse ed forth. Ramon still wore the blouse of a habitant, I a long overcoat and broad-brimmed hat, the costume of the priests of the seminary of St. Sulpice. I was now able to walk fairly well with the aid of a cane and, as I leaned upon my staff and upon the arm of our host. I sought to maintain the dignity of the role I assumed.

My comrade walked on the opposite side of the way. Several of our friends

side of the way. Several of our friends were designedly in the street to lend us their aid if necessity should arise. But, although we passed several soldiers we reached the beach near the Queen's woodyard without adventure. T indeed, was the boat manned by sturdy rowers. With joy we took our places in the little craft. Gathered about a boatload of hay next to us were

ree carters.
"Do you know, sir, what has become of the man who owns this hay?" one of

them called out to me.

"It has just changed owners and the to the bargain," I answered, pointing to

a cabaret near by.

The master of our boat now stepped aboard; the boatmen shoved off, and at last we were away from Quebec. We dared not hasten however, for we were ostensibly, a band of habitants coming from market. We kept down the river outside the place where the men from the man-of-war were accustomed to row, and thus, under cover of the dark-ness, were able to land at Levis, near the little church.

Having drawn the boat on the strand our friend and the boatmen led the way up the sacent. At the top of the height I waited while the others went to get the horses that had been ordered for us. Within a few minutes one of the party brought my horse. I mounted and, riding down the road, joined Ramon and the owner of the boat, who was to go

with us for some distance. Through all the night we rode, and at daylight arrived at a clearing in the Here was a tavern almost a rude as the trappers' hut at which the coureurs de bois were wont to stop in the old days. The master of the inn-s smuggler whom Droulet, who was a young advocate, had once saved from mprisonment—had a meal prepared for is. The impression had been conveyed to him that we were gentlemen pecuni arily embarrased who must get away from Canada.

Scarcely had we breakfasted when we saw a horseman riding up to the place Ramon and I made a hasty retreat t the woods, but were presently sought out by our guide. The newcomer was Droulet, who brought us a change of

disguise and money.

It had been arranged that the keeper of the auberge should conduct us to the border, but toward evening he began to make excuses, adding as a final argument that he had no horse.

"You will be back to-morrow, and you may take my pony," replied Droulet.

Straightway I again realized that I was a hunted man. For a second time you may swing for it before I help you way captured by the authorities.

may take my pony," replied Droulet.

"If you do not go with these gentlemen you may swing for it before I help you out of any difficulty with the government officers again."

Thus silenced, the smuggler agreed to go. He and Ramon and I mounted our horses. As I was securing my pistols and covering them with my cloak Droulet came up close to me and in a voice trembling with emotion,

"Adair, farewell, we may never meet again. God bless you. Do not let yourself be taken. If they get you I shall be tempted to throw myself into

the river.' "Oh, no, no, whatever happens, re-member I shall feel to the end that you left no opportunity untried in order to help me to my freedom. No harm must come to you, my friend. But I'll be hanged, if I let them take me! Au re-

voir, au revoir."

Ramon in turn took leave of him, and sad to part with so true a friend, we rode away. Never, indeed, did I meet Droulet again, but even now, after the lapse of many years, the very mention of his name stirs my pulses with a warmth of gratitude for the services he rendered me, and the risks he ran to save my life, during those days when I was a fugitive. This self-sacrificing generosity I appreciated all the more because, later, I learned he a ted as he did not only through friendship for me, but because he loved Jacquette. Finding it vain to woo her for himself, he, with Droulet again, but even now, after ing it vain to woo her for himself, he, with the spirit of which heroes are made, devoted all his energies to insure her happiness, even though his success would give her to a rival. Ah, there nobler men than this young

Canadian patriot!
When we had ridden some miles our guide, the inkeeper, again essayed to go back, but I showed him the purse with which Droulet had supplied me and offered to give him two golden eagles at the end of the journey. The promise of this reward kept him silent for an hour or more. Then he again faltered.

It is now plain enough to us that he knew who we were and feared arrest if he were found conducting us. Reining in my horse, so that Ramon involuntarirode ahead, I thus got between him the tavern-keeper and, turning quickly in my saddle, levelled my pistol at the man who would have so basely deserted us.

You will guard us to the States." I aid peremptorily, with my finger on the

rigger.

"Oh yes, sir, yes, yes, I will. Oh, put up your weapon, I beg of you!" he stammered in a tremor of fear. "Remember I have a wife and family. I had no idea you were in such a desperate strait, sir, Of course I will go with

Wasting no words further, I motioned to him to ride before me, which he has-tened to do. Pistol in hand I followed, but we had no more trouble with him.

Thus Ramon and I pressed on through the guarded bridges, passes and barri-caded posts which we were able so suc-cessfully to avoid. We had journeyed about ninety miles when, on the second morning from the time we set out from Quebec, a little after dawn, our guide said, pointing to a frame building a short distance before us on the road,

"You see that house sirs?"
"Yes, what of it?" I answered care-"It is the frontier inn, and is built

right on the boundary line."

As we rode up to the door he directed our attention to the signboard swinging from a post before it. On one side of this sign were painted the lion and the unicorn, and beneath them the words "Lower Canada." On the other side was an eagle with outspread wings, above him a circlet of stars, and below,

in large letters, "The State of Maine."
When in this wild spot we looked upon the emblem of our adopted country our hearts leaped with joy, and we cheered so lustily that the guests of the tavern must have been startled rom their slumbers. Putting spurs to

our horses, we galloped on.
Half an hour earlier we had been so fatigued we could hardly sit erect in our saddles. Now we were so jubilant at being at last upon American soil we could have cantered on for half the forenoon. Several miles farther ahead, nowever, we came to a long low loghouse.

"The people here will provide you with refreshments and you can rest if

you choose," said our guide.

I paid him the gold pieces and thanked him for his trouble, although he had served us sullenly. The clink of the coins restored his good-humor. Well, sire, you are all right now," cried. "Good-day and good-luck he cried. "Good-day and good-luck to you." He then rode back, but I heard afterwards that poor Droulet

never got his horse again.

When we entered the house we found an elderly man, two young fellows, whom we rightly took to be his sons, and his wife, who was preparing break-

fast.
"You are from Quebec?" asked the father as he invied us to take our "Yes," I said tersely.

"Perhaps," put in one of the boys,
"you can tell us something of the American prisoners who so boldly escaped from the citadel. Were they captured?" places at the pine table.

"They were still at liberty when we left Quebec on Saturday," declared my

comrade. "God be praised!" exclaimed the mother pausing in her work of frying griddle-cakes over the fire. " May He guard and lead them out of danger."

"They are friends of yours, madame?"

"No, sir, I never saw them," "but I hope they will not try to come to the States by this road."

"Why, would they not be safe if they were here for instance." I saked with a smile.

were here, for instance?' were here, for instance?"

"As safe as three good rifles could make them," interrupted the younger of the bear, with enthusiasm. "My the boys with enthusiasm. "My mother means they could hardly get here, the roads are so closely guarded

"Do you know where they are, sir?"
queried the old man.
"They are now in the State of

"They are now in the aine," announced Ramon. The woman raised her eyes to heaven and murmured a prayer of thankfulness.

"Did they cross at Houlton?" inquired the older son.

"No below on the second of the second of

quired the older son.

"No, below; quite near here," said
I; "in fact this gentleman and I are

enced, the smuggler agreed and Ramon and I As I was securing my d covering them with my nlet came up close to me and e trembling with emotion,

farewell, we may never meet od bless you. Do not let be taken. If they get you I empted to throw myself into

shall feel to the end that you portunity untried in order to o my freedom. No harm must you, my friend. But I'll be I let them take me! Au re-

in turn took leave of him, and art with so true a friend, we v. Never, indeed, did I meet again, but even now, after many years, the very mention ame stirs my pulses with a f gratitude for the services he n to woo her for himself, he, with it of which heroes are made, all his energies to insure her

ive her to a rival. Ah, there nobler men than this young n patriot! we had ridden some miles our ne inkeeper, again essayed to go at I showed him the purse with to I showed him the purse with Droulet had supplied me and to give him two golden eagles at of the journey. The promise of ward kept him silent for an hour. Then he again faltered, now plain enough to us that he

ho we were and feared arrest if found conducting us. Reining orse, so that Ramon involuntariahead, I thus got between him e tavern-keeper and, turning in my saddle, levelled my pistol man who would have so basely

will guard us to the States," I remptorily, with my finger on the

yes, sir, yes, yes, I will. Oh, your wespon, I beg of you!" he ered in a tremor of fear. "Re-r I have a wife and family. I idea you were in such a desperait, sir. Of course I will go with

ting no words further, I motioned to ride before me, which he has-to do. Pistol in hand I followed, had no more trouble with him. Ramon and I pressed on through narded bridges, passes and barri-posts which we were able so suc-lly to avoid. We had journeyed ninety miles when, on the second ng from the time we set out from c, a little after dawn, our guide pointing to a frame building a distance before us on the road, see that house sirs?"

is the frontier inn, and is built

on the boundary line."
we rode up to the door he directed we role up to the door as direction to the signboard swinging a post before it. On one side of ign were painted the lion and the rn, and beneath them the words wer Canada." On the other side an eagle with outspread wings, him a circlet of stars, and below, ge letters, "The State of Maine." len in this wild spot we looked the emblem of our adopted country hearts leaped with joy, and we red so lustily that the guests of tavern must have been startled their slumbers. Putting spurs to

norses, we galloped on.

If an hour earlier we had been so
ued we could hardly sit erect in
addles. Now we were so jubilant eing at last upon American soil we d have cantered on for half the noon. Several miles farther ahead, ever, we came to a long low log-

The people here will provide you refreshments and you can rest if

had served us sullenly. The clink the coins restored his good-humor. Well, sirs, you are all right now," cried. "Good-day and good-luck

elderly man, two young fellows, m we rightly took to be his sons,

er as he invied us to take our

They were still at liberty when we on Saturday," declared my

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boys with enthusiasm

"They are now in the State of aine," annunced Ramon. aine,"

The woman raised her eyes to heaven ad murmured a prayer of thankfulness.

"Did they cross at Houlton?" in-"No, below; quite near here," said; "no fact this gentleman and I are

the men for whom the whole province rabid abolitionists-at least she had read in the papers that they were rabid.
He smiled, broke off a bit of laurel,
pink and fragrant and offered it to her.
"What do they say, Miss Pardow?"

"What do they say, hiss rardow."
"That they are equal—that we should recognize them. Oh, I hardly know how to explain it," breaking off with a little laugh, not caring to tread too boldly on delicate ground for fear he should feel

"We respect them where they deserve it, just as we do all men," he said calmly.

"Regardless of color?"

"Yes, what has the color c. a man's skin to do with the question of his

"Everything, if he is a negro. Could you—I beg your pardon for asking the question—sit at a table with a negro, actually break bread with him as your

"If he were a gentleman, yes," firmly, "Oh! oh! how could you? I cannot understand it. I am fond of some negroes. I loved Uncle Sam, I like Annt Dilson and I'm sorry for them as Aunt Dilsey, and I'm sorry for them as a race, but meet them on common ground I could not."

And then they drifted away from the dangerous topis. He walked with her and her mother to the train that even-ing, and Mrs. Pardow invited him warm-

Marietta again.

From that day it was a clear case of strong mutual attraction. What though they had been differently trained and their opinions clashed on some additional control of the orleans and the knowledge of old friends without calling forth comment or question, and she was received into the social life of Marietta in the same way.

From a planter who had wished to sell out and go west to recuperate his broken fortunes, Agnes Pardow bought a house and lot on the northeast side of the town, and with her small family settled quietly down. It was a picturesque old house, built after the colonial fashion, and set back from the street in the sellusion of an old oak grove. In their opinions clashed on some point? They came out of wordy controversies firmer friends than ever. There was never-ending interest in their combats, give some of their attention and pity to the poor white people crowding their large cities, the South would solve its own great problem. Sometimes they parted in anger; but it was short-lived, parted in anger; but it was short-lived, for love drew them with irresistible force, and if they disagreed on a few questions, how many hopes, thoughts and desires they had in common, what

taste and sympathy.

Mrs. Pardow looked on, sighed and smiled, but waited in silence for Made-line's confidence. And one evening she came in, knelt at her mother's knees she came in, and a more morner sances put her arms around her and pressed her flushed, tremulous, radiant face against her bosom. Mrs. Pardow flushed and trembled herself and gath-ered that proud young head closer to

her heart.
"You have promised to marry him," she said in a whisper.

"He asked me again this evening, I could not put him off," Madeline confessed also in a whisper. The mother

"You are glad, mamma; why are you glad I'm to be married?" "I am longing to see you sale, my darling," dropping her teasing tone and

speaking with sudden agitation.
"Am I not safe with you?" lifting her head and looking into the delicate face

nead and looking into the deneate lace above her.

"But I am not strong, dear, and I may be called suddenly from you some day, and it is not good for girls to be alone. It will be comforting to leave you in such hands. He is noble and will low you taithfully."

good and will love you faithfully."

Mrs. Pardow, then laughed and kissed her. "Tell me all about it," she said her. "Tell me all about it, said of softly. They talked antil the hands of softly. "We have the clock pointed to twelve. "We have no secrets—no secrets from each other, have me, mamma?" said Madeline with

a laugh.
"No secrets, sweet? No, no; there should be no secrets between mother and child," said the elder woman; but her eyes fell, a paleness swept over her face. It was a swift, subtle change unnoticed by the girl in the absorption of her thoughts.

That was a winter to be remembered That was a winter to be remembered by those lovers as long as they lived. Every one of the swiftly-flying days seemed to have its own special joy and experience. When apart, there were long letters written out of the fullness of their hearts; when together, long talks or silence in which it seemed is seemed by that they avoid by targether.

Mrs. Pardow spent those winter days sewing on fine linen, cambric, sheer muslin and lace, stitching many loving thoughts into the dainty garments in-tended for Madeline's wardrobe. Imperceptibly, as it were, she had grown very fragile and the least excitement caused her to palpitate and tremble with flushed face and hand pressed upon

went to confession. But as the winter passed her thoughts turned longingly to the near Father Vincent, her old father confessor, and one day in the spring she received a letter from him. He would in a short time pass through Marietta on his way to the North. Could he stop for a day with them? It seemed such a direct answer to her to be called hence. secret desire for his counsel that she joyfully hastened to reply telling him how she needed his advice and his bless

It was the afternoon of his arrival that Madeline went out to make some calls, but after one visit changed her mind and returned home. She did not at once go to her mother, knowing that she and Father Vincent would probably have much to say to each other, but returned into the parlor, cool, dusky and deserted, and went to the little alcove where she had left her embroidery and the last lefter from her leve. the last letter from her lover. It was simply a corner of the big room, furn-ished with a lounge and a small table and shut in by soft silk curtains. How long she had been there re-reading the letter, dreaming over her work, she could not tell when roused by footsteps and voices in the room—her mother and

the priest.
"You hinted at some special cause

and I am growing doubtful of the honor of my course in regard to this marri-

Vincent in surprise, for he thought he knew all the Pardow's secrets.

"No. I would to God that she were,"

"No, I would to God that she were, she said with deep emotion, 'for I love her so well that I'd gladly give my iffe to know that pure unmixed blood flowed in her veins." His chair creaked as he drew it a little nearer hers; his voice sank to a low key.
"You do not mean—"

this while she was in the house, for fear the very walls would betray the secret. She must never know it, never.

"They were not married, of course?"
"Married? Oh, no; but he had really seen quite fond of her and he dwelt friends, old ties. In we remained there she might in some way learn the truth. We came here, you and my lawyer alone knowing where to find us; I have brought her up most carefully. She is refined, beautful, accomplished and innocent as a young girl should be, but you can see for yourself what she is. I instilled the strongest race prejudices into her mind.

be considered an equal; for a morbid fear that her mother's blood would be-Have I done well to lift her up?" "Assuredly, only"—he reflected a mo-ment—"only your extreme course in re-

gard to color prejudices would make the truth a hundredfold harder to bear should she discover it."
"But she shall not discover it. In

cheating him?"

"If you cannot tell her, then you must not tell him, for it would only be to raise a barrier of secrecy between them."

"Tell me there is no dishonesty, nosin in it, and my heart will be at rest."

"According to my understand."

tault. He was a manly man and a tender, considerate lover.

It was the third evening after he mother's burial that Madeline called Father Vincent into the little study adjoining the parlor. The New Orleans lawyer had come up, held a private in

have craved your blessing on it, for have developed the heart-disease here ditary in my family, and look any hour

A little longer they talked, and then went away, Mrs. Pardow to seek some

her retreat. She looked wan ghastly and groped her way across the room and up to her own apartment as though stricken with sudden blindness. She closed and locked the door, then flung herself prone upon the floor. She elt like writhing and screaming aloue instead of lying there like a senseles

Corn Flakes (God's name, where?"

been hurled down into a black abyss where she must grovel and suffer until death set her free. Presently the stunned feeling passed, and she rose to her free again, and she had sent off her wedding town, and certain things belonging to her feet again, and welled about the her feet again and walked about the room. On the bed and chairs were personnel to the pretty things belonging to her wedding outfit. Half unconsciously she folded and put them away; she would not need them now. Once she would not need them now. Once she went to the mirror and, leaning close to it, looked at herself, seeking for traces of that race she had been taught to re-

Father Vincent felt some curiosity too, and went into the little room rather eagerly. She sat before her mother's desk with a lot of papers open before her. It came upon him with the force of surprise that she had changed greatly in a few days. Her features were sharp-ened, her eyes had purplish hollows under them and the dull black gown she were only brought out the intense paller

" My child, where did you get those papers? You must let me examine them. There are some your mother wished destroyed," said the priest hastily.

"I know, father ; I know," she said in a dull tone.

"Have you-"
"Read them? No; but I heard all that she told you that day."

anto the room. Faint sounds of life ame up from the lower part of the ouse, the tea-bell rang at last, someone "Ah," he exclaimed, understanding why she looked so changed, and his eyes rested pityingly upon her. A flery blush burned her throat and face for a moment, came slowly, heavily up the stairs, huffled across the hall and knocked on leaving her paler than ever when it re

Mad'line!" She opened the Yes ; I know," she said, and clasped door and found Aunt Dilsey standing there, a big coffee-colored mulatto woman, panting from the exertion of "Yes; I know," she said, and clasped her hands together on her lap. "Father, will you tell Mr. Everett?"

"But—"

"I cannot do it ; help me, will you ?" It was a piteous appeal and his heart melted at the sight of her anguished

yes.
"You think he ought to know it?" "He must, of course," she said and he felt satisfied that she had not, for a moment even, been tempted to keep the truth from him.

'He is in the parler," she continued after a slight pause; "tell him all, spare nothing," her tensely drawn lips quivering, her hands tightly clenched. "My child, you take it too hard," laying his hand on her head. "I am grieved for you, but do not let it spoil

our peace. "How can I help it, father, with the training I have had? I cannot change my beliefs in a day. Oh, you know how ny friends would shrink from me if they

emember."
"Tell him! Father, tell him!"
He went away and, turning the light a little lower, she waited. He made the story short, for in a few minutes the door opened again and her lover entered She rose to meet him, determined to be She rose to meet him, determined to be brave and self-possessed, but that new, better sense of shame again overpowered her. She seemed to shrink and shrivel under his tender eyes and sank down with bowed head. But he knelt by her chair with his arms around her and drev that proud averted face against him.

"Dearest, dearest," he whispered, the very tone of his voice carrying to her is sympathy, his unshaken love.
"I thank God that I learned the truth

in time," she said faintly.
"In time for what, Madeline?"

"To save you." He raised her face, forced her to look at him. "Do you believe my love has changed?

"It has an element of pity now." "But pity for your suffering and not because I hold you less noble. I can take care of myself and you also, my darling; Father Vincent and I agree that it will be best for you to go North, get away from old associations, old ideas; so we'll be married quietly and leave

"He rose and she stood up also, facing him, looking straight into his eyes.
"Did Father Vincent tell you all?
Do you realize just what I am?"

"Yes; you are the woman I love, my promised wife. Can I hold you blamable, dearest, or unlove you simply be-cause—come, Madeline, put all the past behind you and we will never speak of

behind you and we will never speak of this again."

"Impossible, Roger. You are generous and I'm not afraid that you would ever reproach me, but it is not worth while for us to argue this matter. We cannot marry. In my own sight I have been humbled into the dust, and as your wife I should always have a cringing, cowardly feeling of unworthiness. I could not be happy myself and my misery would only overshadow you. You don't think me unreasonable or lacking don't think me unreasonable or lacking in love. Love! It fills all my hears. pervades every atom of my being. I loved you at once, the first moment, I

think, that my eyes rested upon you. The prejudices which seem so foolish, so false, are interwoven, blended with so fase, are interword, blead that it is itself. We, here, call them instincts, holding us apart from the lower order of man, and my education only fostered, developed them, to the utmost in me."

"If your mother had only—"

"Don't think hardly of her, my dearest; she is not to blame. She brought me up as she believed best and implanted the principles and beliefs she thought

would be my surest safeguards. As she grew weak and ill the secret burdened her and for fear she may be wronging you she sought Father Vincent's advice. How I thanked God that she died without knowing her work was all undone."

She flung herself again into the chair and he saw that she was too excited, too overwrought to be reasoned with. She

looked up at him. "Had you known my birth and parentage from the first could you have loved

"I do not know, I only know that I do love you and that I will not give you up. You shall, you must be my wife. But we will not talk of it any more to-night; yo meed rest and time to recover from the double shock which has come upon you. To morrow you will listen to me. Good To-morrow you will listen to me. Good night, dearest," and he bent over and kissed her.

When he came next morning, Father Vincent met him at the door. Seeing the servants hovering in the hall startled him and he exclaimed, "What is the matter?"

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"That is what we do not know. She ust have gone away on the early train

this morning.' The blood came back to the young man's face, a fear lifted from his mind.

"You do not think that—
"No. A Pardow will never seek selfdestruction. The women here think her mind unbalanced. It is well. Let all her friends think so, but we must find her, Mr. Everett."

" Yes, I will go at once."

Twenty years later Roger Everett turned aside from the tracks of the tour-ist in New Mexico to visit a school maintained by a few New E gland philanthropists for colored children exclu-sively. He lost his bearings in the narrow streets among the quaint oldfashioned houses and stopped to make inquiries at a small building. His failure to find Madeline Pardow had left traces upon his face; though years had elapsed since her disappearance, he had not ceased to look into every woman's face he met, he had not given up hope of unding her. A serene-eyed voman in nun's garb came to his knock, and he immediately recognized the dress of a religious order.

"Come in," she said in a gentle tone.
"I beg your pardon. I merely wished

"It will not be an intrusion; many have already come to see her, for you know many loved her. This way, please," and she led him into the center of a room, where stood a white draped "See the flowers," the nun whispered.

"See the flowers," the nun whispered.

"Sister (lara loved them, but she loved all things beautiful and good. They were brought this morning by negroes she had been kind to. To teach, to elevate and to nurse them has been her mission; she, indeed, belongs to Christ."

He followed her across the room, treading coffly, as we always do in the treading softly, as we always do in the presence of death. With reverent hand the Sister raised the linen handkerchief and he leaned forward—the past once more a vivid reality and not a memory, not a dream vanishing from him, for the face upon which he gazed was the face of the woman he loved-Madeline Par-



choose," said our guide.
paid him the gold pieces and
ked him for his trouble, although

cried. "Good-day and good-luck you." He then rode back, but ard afterwards that poor Droulet er got his horse again.
Then we entered the house we found

his wife, who was preparing break-You are from Quebec ?" asked the

Yes," I said tersely.
Perhaps," put in one of the boys,
u can tell us something of the Amerprisoners who so boldly escaped
the citadel. Were they cap-

God be praised!" exclaimed the ther pausing in her work of frying ddle-cakes over the fire. "May He

No, sir, I never saw them," "but I pe they will not try to come to the ates by this road."

Why, would they not be safe if they road."

re here, for instance?"
"As safe as three good rifles could ke them," interrupted the younger of the them," interrupted the younger of the them." e boys with enthusiasm. "My get other means they could hardly get."

the men for whom the whole province has been searching."

The mother threw up her hands with an exclamation of astonishment; the boys cast their arms about us, the father shook us by the hands. All of this good family appeared as happy ever our deliverance as though we want over our deliverance as though we were their friends and neighbors. Never have I had a better breakfast than the

SEPTEMBER 18, 1909.

have I had a better orealist that the meal the kind woman presently set be-fore us. Never have I rested so peace-fully as we did during all the first day that we were again really free. TO BE CONTINUED.

WAS IT AN EXCEPTIONAL CASE? A REMARKABLE STORY FOUNDED ON

Written for the Catholic Union and Times b The Pardows were Louisianians of French descent and before the war lived in New Orleans, occasionally visiting their plantation on the Red River. But Anthony Pardow was killed in the battle of Vicksburg and after the surged of Mrs. Pardow sold the Red River. render, Mrs. Pardow sold the Red River plantations for about half their value, placed her New Orleans property in the hands of a lawyer, gathered up some of her household stuffs and with her daugh-ter Madeline and one old negro who had

spent his life in the service of the Par-dows, removed to Marietta, Ga.

Those were days of change and great confusion, and she disappeared from New Orleans and the knowledge of old friends

que ou nouse, built after the colonial fashion, and set back from the street in the seclusion of an old oak grove. In the early spring the graveled walks were bordered with jouquils and many the colored people, and she retorted that a negro had become a sentiment to the North, and that if they the Yankees, would give some of their attention and minute the colored people, and she retorted that a negro had become a sentiment to the North, and that if they the Yankees, would give some of their attention and minute the colored people, and she retorted that a negro had become a sentiment to the North, and the colored people, and she retorted that a negro had become a sentiment to the North, and the colored people, and she retorted that a negro had become a sentiment to the North, and the colored people, and she retorted that a negro had become a sentiment to the North, and the colored people, and she retorted that a negro had become a sentiment to the North, and the colored people, and she retorted that a negro had become a sentiment to the North, and the colored people, and she retorted that a negro had become a sentiment to the North, and the colored people, and she retorted that a negro had become a sentiment to the North, and the colored people, and she retorted that a negro had become a sentiment to the North, and the colored people, and the colored people people, and the colored people tain pink, and from April to December the roses bloomed along the garden

fence and around the piazza.

The tumult following the war died away. People ceased to go about with a helpless, bewildered look as they learned to adjust themselves to the new conditions of life and realized that the conditions of life and realized that the negro could no longer be regarded as a slave but as a free citizen, with all the rights of citizenship. The laws of the country made white and black equal, but there was some triumph in the consciousness that the unwritten social laws would hold them forever apart, two distinct races, one degraded by color and past servi-

But the years passed quietly enough over the Pardows. They were so strongly fixed in their pride and prestrongly liked in their place and pro-judices against social equality that they pursued their own gentle, even way un-touched by the convulsions around them. Their servants were treated with kind-ness and consideration, and when the old man who had clung to them with unbroken faith through slavery and freedom died, they wept over him and felt that a noble friend had been lost, though

also a negro and a servant.

And Madeline developed into womanhood, beginning her education at her mother's knee and finishing it at a colmother's knee and finishing it at a college of Virginia. She was gifted above the average girl in wit and beauty and possessed not only fascinating, lovely manners, but the tenderest heart and the finest sympathies. She was a girl of ardent temperament, refined and delicate in all her tastes, and pure in thought and aspirations. She had a strong conviction and opinion of her own and loved music passionately. In person she was slightly above the medium height and held her head with an imperial grace not at all unsuitable to imperial grace not at all unsuitable to her youth and her French ancestry. Her hair was burnished brown, with a crisp wave in it, her eyes blue-gray and brilliant; but she lacked the clear, thin, transparent, skin usually accom-panying such hair and eyes, the blood panying such hair and eyes, the blood pulsing through it pink as a rose. Hers was soft as velvet with an opaque creamy tint, and only the faintest sug-gestion of color ordinarily. She had scores of friends and in her own small family circle was looked upon as the most lovable girl in the world. In Agnes Pardow's love for this fair daugh-ter there was a passionate protective tenderness, a subtle quality one would have called pity, had not such a thing

seemed absurd in connection with Made-line. While not betraying an undue anxiety over her marriage and settle-ment in life, she studied each suitor that appeared on the control of the control that appeared on the scene and if eligible, gave him a gracious welcome.

But Madeline's heart remained in her But Madeline's heart remained in the own possession until she met Roger own possession until she met Roger She had been a devout Catholic, and though distant from her church, she though distant from her church, she still attended Mass in Atlanta and still at to invest in the Pickens county marble works. He belonged to the Everetts of Massachusetts, a family of strong abolitionists, and possessed his share of the traditional New England reserve and the deeply-rooted New England pride. He and Madeline met

at one of the picnics, danced together once at one of the parties, but their acquaintance really began the day a large party went up the new railroad to works It fell to Everett to play the part of circerone, and though Madeline shricked less and asked fewer questions than the other girls, there was an intelligent nsion in her eyes when he excomprehension in her eyes when he ex-plained the process of getting out the marble from the quaries and the machine marble from the quaries and the machine used for cutting it into blocks, that made him feel that he was talking directly to her. They lunched on the bank of the Long Swamp Creek, then Madeline and the young Northerner talking are down the stream together stadeline and the young Northerner strolled away down the stream together for maidenhair ferns. They talked at first on general topics and then the girl asked some questions about the North, drawing in her breath with little quivering sighs as he told her of frozen

rivers, of snows so deep one could scarcely walk through them, of sleighing and skating.
"And—and is it true what they say "And—and is it true what they say about the negroes?" she questioned hesitatingly, curious to hear with her own ears the opinion of one of these

"Yes; it concerns Madeline."
"What of her? I thought her future had been settled. Is she not to be mar-

ried in a short time?" THE "Yes; but, Father she is not my child,

"Not your child!" exclaimed Father

soft fulness of fip, that crisp wave in her hair, that velvety, opaque skin come from her mother? A momentary savage rage thrilled her. She struck the glass so flerce a blow with her closed hand that it cracked from bottom to top. Then her eyes fell on her lover's picture and she paled and shuddered. She did not touch it, though a hundred times it "Yes; her mother was a quadroon," a trembling voice. Did he hear that strange gasping sigh, as of a dumb creature struck by a mortal blow, that he so quickly and abruptly exclaimed: "Where is she "Out calling. I did not dare speak of

It would ruin her life, kill her, my poor, proud child." Her voice broke in tears.

"Tell me the whole story," said the priest gently, but with authority.

"Yes, yes; that I am longing to do,

—we were there three years—and before his death he wrote to Anthony, begging him to look after the welfare of a child, a him to look after the wearer of agind, a baby, and giving the history of his attachment to a beautiful quadroon in New Orleans. Her mother had been a slave, but this girl had been born free. received a very good education and grev up superior to her class. She had loved him with the rare faith and tenderness and died at the birth of their child."

at length upon the beauty and intelli-gence of the child. We came home very quietly and, before going to our own house or betraying our presence to even intimate friends, we sought her out, and the moment I took her in my out, and the moment I took her in my arms, looked into her eyes—Lawrence's own beautiful gray eyes, smiling with innocent fearlessness straight into my own—my heart went out to her in such a gush of love, pity and tenderness, I did not feel that I could ever be parted from her. We adopted her, we made her our very own, and no one knew that she had not really been born to us abroad. Not not really been born to us abroad. Not even to you, Father, did we confess the truth. The war came then and Anthony that she should never know that she was not truly my own child. Her training, her education, became the absorbing interest of my life. After the close of the war I thought it best for her sake to leave New Orleans, to seek a new and blood could have made stronger. leave New Orleans, to seek a new and more obscure home, away from old friends, old ties. If we remained there

I impressed it upon her that the negro is an inferior creature, a servant of servants, to be treated with kindness, but never to tray itself in some course or degraded taste haunted me. But I am no longer afraid of her. Have I acted with wisdom?

two weeks she will be married to this young Northerner, her life merged into his, her very name lost. Is it right, is it cheating him?"

"According to my understanding, Agnes Pardow, there is none, but the highest human understanding is at best but poor authority. You have rescued the child from the common fate of her class, elevated her, thrown around her love, protection, the honor of a good name. You saved her from the consequence of her father's sin. Be contented with your work. For marriage will h the crowning of it and if she is noble neither origin nor birth can male he

less precious to her husband. I only wish there were more women like you in this country."

She drew a long breath of relief, but humbly said: 'Do not credit me with being a human tarian. It was simply for love of her I did it all and lately I

repose after the excitement of the in-terview, and the priest to stroll around the grounds in prayer or meditation.

When the last sound of their footstep and voices died away, the curtains wer drawn aside and Madeline came out of

log, only her tongue seemed paralyzed, her body numbed. And yet she could not think with burning, agonizing intensity. Could it be true or only a hideous nightmare out of which she would presently awake? Her mother a quadreon, her grandfathera slave! She quadroon, her grandtather a slave! She wondered that the very thought of it did not kill her. Her name, her pride, everything that she had cherished had been torn from her, and she—she had

ownan, panting from the case constraint of the steps.

"Mrs. Agnese an' de priest man air vaitin' fo' yo' to come down to supper, toney, an' Mrs. Agnese say hurry, de sakes gwine git cold," she said in a full, cich voice; but Madeline only caught her by the shoulder and stared at her thick brown skin, her coarse crinkled hair, and protruding lips and sbroad her grandmother might have

gord as the lowest on earth. Did the soft fulness of lip, that crisp wave in her

not touch it, though a hundred times it

had been pressed to heart and lip, but

idden from us forever; then she leaned ver the bureau, her head bowed upon

The afternoon passed; twilight crept

er folded arms.

ed at it with that intense parting we give the dead before they are

looked"
"Fo' mercy sake, honey, what's de matta?" cried Aunt Dilsey in a frightened, anxious tone; but the girl only turned from her and fell upon the bed with a mean of despair. She heard the old negress hurrying down stairs, and then her mother's light, swift steps, and tried to compose herself.

"My darling, what is the matter?"
cried Mrs. Pardow, bending tenderly,
anxiously over her. "It is only a—a—
headache," said Madeline, glad that the

ilight hid her face from those loving, searching eyes.

She stooped to arrange a pillow and to kiss her, and Madeline raised herself up and threw her arms around her.

"My own good, sweet mamma, my ear, lovely one!" she murmured. You do everything for my comfort and died at Vicksburg; but I could not feel utterly alone, bereft, while I had Made-

blood could have made stronger.

"How can I tell her that I know!
How can I!" Madeline moaned when

again left alone.

But she did not have that cruel task, for sometime during that night, while she turned wakefully on her bed or paced she turned wakeriniy on her bed of paces oftly about the room, Agnes Pardow received the summons she had been so long expecting. Next morning only her fragile body lay between the white sheets of her bed, the life, the spirit, gone. Madeline was strangely calm through all the excitement and confusion following and went herself to select a

sunny open spot in the neglected little cemetery for her mother's grave.

"She loved sunshine," she said to Everett, "and she wished to be buried She preserved the same stony quiet through the funeral and burial and friends commented and wondered, and

Roger watched her anxiously. He felt an indefinable change in her, but attrian indefinable change in ner, but attri-buted it to the shock of her mother's sudden death. Father Vincent studied him with keen eyes, but could find no fault. He was a manly man and a ten-

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So ceats,
When subscribers ask for their paper at the posoffice it would be well were they to tell the clerk to
zive them their CATHOLIC RECORD. We have information of carelessness in a few places on the part o
delivery clerks who will sometimes look for letter

LETTERS OF RECOMMENDATION.

Apostolic Delegation.

Ottawa, June 13th, 1905.

My Dear Sir.—Since coming to Canada I hav been reader of your paper. I have noted with said faction that it is directed with intelligence ability, and, above all, that it is imbued with a stron Catholic spirit. It strenuously defends Catholi principles and rights, and stands firmly by the teachings and authority of the Church, at the same tim promoting the best interests of the country. Follow ings and authority of the Church, at the spromoting the best interests of the country, ng these lines at has done a great deal of the welfare of religion and country, and it the welfare of religion and country, and it will more and more, as its wholesome influence reach more Catholic homes. I therefore, earnestly recomend it to Catholic families. With my blessing a your work, and best wishes for its continued successful to the country of the coun

DONATUS, Archbishop of Ephesus Apostolic Delega UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA

Ottawa, Canada, March 7th, 1900.

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

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

LONDON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 18, 1909. DR. ELIOT'S NEW RELIGION. A short time ago we sketched up to a certain point this latest attempt at establishing a new religion. Without dogma and without creed, it is to be negative rather than positive-a simplicity of nothingness without form or ritual. Thoroughly democratic, it prides itself in having no authority to obeyjust as having no mission it is to be purely natural. In origin, in proposed constitution and in its whole purpose it is of the earth earthy. We had touched briefly upon these negative elements of this new ism. It remains for us to say something of its positive factors, which are small in number and fractional in character. They are nominally the same as with ourselves. Men are to love God, to love their neighbor, and to resist evil of all kinds. Their religion is to be all joy and life. If there is no dogma, no creed, who is God Whom we are to love? Why are we to love Him, or why are we to love our neighbor? The socialist will tell us that, so far from being obliged to either of these loves, we must leave God out of life and we must look upon our fellows as poachers and trespassers upon our well being. Hatred and war, according to Hobbes, was the primal condition of man. By what force is that changed to love? The weakness of a self-imposed law is that it has no sanction to impose its own lifelaws. We are to love God. So we are. But, with the great apostle, we know in Whom we have believed and Whom we love. He is clothed with power as with a garment. His home is in light ineffable. He is the plenitude of being, right and perfection. He ruleth us and nothing is wanting to us. There is something back of His law-settling for_ ever the boundaries between good and evil and sanctioning with eternal reward or punishment the practice of virtue or the performance of wrong doing. But the God Whom Dr. Eliot portrays is far away. He takes no

cognizance of human action, leaves the

dull concerns of earth to work out their

own sweet will, and fixes no lines by

which morality may be determined.

Dr. Eliot knows the American tempera-

circumscribed their intelligence. Re-

ligion to these people was not a cult, a

worship, an acknowledgment of God's

right over our conduct, our life, our

faculties. Still less was it faith and

divine hope and charity. The crumb

from the rich man's table might be bread.

It is very different from the fatness of

his house. The first streaks of dawn or

the shadowy gloaming of the last twi-

light is far other than the sunlight in

its zenith. So is reason's unaided

knowledge of God compared to that

which the baptized, faithful disciple has

kingdom destroyed and laid waste, man's pride flattered by freedom from creed or dogma, man's pleasure allured by his power to fix right and wrong-here is the shallow superficial religion which according to Dr. Eliot is to replace Christianity. In the meantime there is the immortal Church—the abiding contradiction to the novelties of modernism or pretended paganism President Eliot may build a card house which he is pleased to call a temple. No poor can he ever bring to it, no publican will he allow to enter it. Wide though its portals may be it has no gospel from heaven to preach, no mercy of pardon to offer.

THE WHITE PLAGUE AND OTHER POEMS.

We are more than gratified at the prospect that this world has not become completely prosaic and that the poets are not all dead. A young man from Brantford, Ont., Mr. Thaddeus A. Browne, makes his debut with a number of poems which considerably above the average give promise of greater success Both the subjects and their treatment are novel and daring-perhaps too much so for a young and hitherto unknown singer. The title of the volume "The White Plague and Other Poems," derives its name from the opening poem. Few would have looked for poetry in the gaunt and grim Plague King

"Ruling relentless as doom,
With his ghastly courtiers around him,
Gliding, ghoul-like in the gloom."

So great are the ravages of consumption that no lyric can soothe the mourners or epic describe the sufferings of its many victims. It therefore required no little courage for this young author to introduce himself to the public by a rather protracted poem upon this gruesome subject. His description is strong and vivid yet here and there too detailed to be delicate and too lengthy to be maintained. One great beauty of poetry is the truth underlying its forms of fancy Mr. Browne has succeeded in giving us realistic truth and imaginative form-

"The wine flows red on your tables, And laughter and jest fill the air, While white death lurks in the kisses That lovers exchange on the stair.

While down in the reek of your hovels And up in your gilded homes, And up in your gilded homes, The white-faced sower is scattering His seeds that sink to the bones."

Mr. Browne attributes in telling language the extent of this plague to social conditions rather than ereditary weakness. He appeals to the nations that

" Men's lives are more precious than gold."

And again :

"But drive this scourge from your borders But bring back the stricken to health And debts of nations will vanish In vaster production of wealth."

Notwithstanding the prosaic character of such ideas as debt and wealth, notwithstanding occasional faults of metre and rhythm, this poem is marked by strength and virility as well as high poetic conceptions throughout. Following the white plague is the particular example of one of consumption's victims. This poem is entitled " The Love Crime,' in which a child born of consumptive parents soon learns his own wasting strength. At last-though too early in

> "He was dead-the battle was ended Triumphant again was the fiend, Whose horrible face gleamed, malign As over its victim it leaned."

Whatever precautions are necessary for a healthy progeny we can scarcely look upon the marriage of two unhealthy people as a crime. Nor would we be approach the altar, society will be seriously confused. Nor does such a doctrine take in more than the temporal and corporal. There is a Providence of an entirely different order, caring for those who die young and filling with higher hope the sufferers of earth. Who hath sinned, this man or his parents, that he should be born blind?' The answer came straight: "Neither ment well. His religion will just suit he nor his parents." However we may them. Non-Catholics believe there is a urge against the marriage of consump-God, that they should in the ultimate tives, our reply must be that neither deal honestly with their neighbor, and the poor sickly children nor their that they should practice a respectable parents have thereby sinned. We are external morality. Religion they do turning aside from our young poet. In not consider it to be; for their life is the lighter subjects of his volume Mr. too busy to have religion enter into it. Browne shines with a brightness of They never studied the subject. It was imagery and a gentle flow of rhythm always carefully banned from their which carry us with them and leave no system of education, and was allowed no room for criticism. An example is power of discipline over their social the miracle of May : laxity any more than form of dogma

Oh, wondrous change,
To mortals strange!
But yesterday 'twas cold and drear;
Some magic hand
Hath touched the land
And, lo! 'the happy spring is here!
O'Master, we
Give praise to Thee
Thou answerest kindly when we pray,
And thus is wrought
The boon we sought—
The wondrous miracle of May.

We have transgressed our space. T say that we are charmed with this volume of poems is hardly the idea. We are more than pleased with it-partly for the songs it sings and likewise as the bud of brighter promise. Its pages are marked by genius which, still imthrough Christ, the Light and Life of pulsive with youth, will soon show forth the world. Knowledge of God, dimmed with more lasting influence by its by worldliness, standards of morality steadier flame of poetic fire. The vollowered by false principles and ume is well printed, cha false philosophy, the supernatural artistically illustrated. ume is well printed, chartely bound and

PROTESTANT TRADITION.

It has always been the boast that Protestantism absolutely and completely reected tradition, basing its faith upon the Bible only. How this is working out in these days of criticism is lamentably evident. Having no authority to stop such methods and having no assurance that the faith and science are really in accord, Protestantism is burning the candle at both ends. This is not, however, the point under consideration. To our mind Protestantism, is most illogical. Its premises are unsound, its conclusions untrue. One of these premises is that it rejects tradition. It is absurd to reject tradition in ism a religion which is historical. But as a matter of fact Protestantism so far from rejecting tradition, is deeply attached to it, believes in it and practices its dictates with superstitious scrupulosity. Tradition may be regarded passively as the truths handed down by preaching, or it may be taken actively as the means by which doctrine and approved consuctude are handed down to posterity Under this head come the acts of councils, the writings of pontiffs and others eminent for their theological lore. This is oral tradition, and is contrasted with Holy Scripture, in which mere writing is employed which neither explains itself nor can prevent a misunderstanding of its meaning by its readers. In tradition there is a living teacher, who not only proposes the doctrine, but solves doubts and corrects errors. There is no room in Protestantism for a living teacher, and therefore no room for tradition. Private judgment excludes the former and cannot hand to the next generation anything better than an honest opinion, which, however candid and wellformed, does not constitute it a doctrine. There is, accordingly, or should be, in Protestantism, no tradition. But Protestants contradict themselves, going outside of the Scripture for many things They reduce to absurdity the very principle upon which they pitched their tent and laid the foundations of a divided house. Their tradition is stolen. And the meanest part of the theft is the denial. The theory that Sacred Scripture is the only and sufficient rule of faith is unscriptural, for no command is found obliging the evangelists and other apostles to write. Scripture does not explain itself, nor does God give to every individual the light to interpret it rightly. How various and contradictory are the interpretations put upon the text: "This is My Body," by Lutherans, Calvinists and other sectarians. In the matter of sacraments Protestants reject many clearly mentioned in Scripture, fall into error concerning them all and yet practise baptism of infants, and acknowle edge the baptism-for which there is no guarantee in the Testament Old or New. Upon Sunday observance many Protestants are rigorists. They strive to apply to the Christian Sunday what was intended for the Jewish Sabbath That Sunday, not the Sabbath, is to be observed is purely traditional. If Protestants turn candidly and without prejudice to Scripture they will find that the Sacred Volume clearly contains this principle that apostolic succession was divinely established as guardian and teacher of all revealed truth. Tradition even with the sects must offer some rule for interpreting scripture Up and down the line of revelation hasty in advocating the interference of Protestantism is continually using the state in marriage unions. If a doc- tradition-using it without authority tor's certificate is to be required from and without discretion. No creed could every young couple before they can be propounded, no discipline maintained, no practice introduced without

> DR. RYCKMAN ON CATHOLIC state that the sacrifice of the Mass is a CREED.

the voice of the historical past.

It is very seldom that Protestant preachers get a good hold of Catholic doc. trine. They may not wish to misreprepentance and countless other mercies. sent our creed. They have an unhappy faculty of distorting it, twisting it out of its action or the efficacy of its of shape, presenting it in such a way prayer. The Mass is the universal that it is half truth, half falsehood. Their more discreditable habit is that of giving, the cry of the Blood mightier insisting that Catholics in their act of faith are slaves. Dr. . Ryckman, a of Him Who in the days of His flesh was Methodist minister, in an address at heard for His reverence. All this and Kingston to a body of Orangemen, is ten thousand times more is the Mass in guilty of all this. Whether the gentleits earth-circling chain. Still it is not man did it through ignorance or malice or in the direct sense the pardon of sin. human respect for his select (?) congregation is quite indifferent. Ignorance in the intellect, malice in the will, cowardice or human respect in the sentiment of the soul, are about alike. They are especially inexcusable from a man taking as his text and his example the apostles, claiming the right and duty of obeying God rather than man - (vid. Acts of the Apostles, chap. iv. v. 18-20.) Why the Roman Catholic creed should form the basis of a discourse to the Orangemen is inexplicable, except on the ground of the briefless lawyer: abuse your opponent. Strike the Catholic Church every time. Lose no opportunity. Some of these Orangemen may have been Methodists. Not one was a Catholic: they swore to that when en-

been if, instead of an industrious, quiet, plain our docrine to them? To show pious mother, it had had a strong his liberality or the versatility of his minded suffragist for its ruling spirit knowledge? In neither can he be said Suffragettes were few in those days, nor to have succeeded. Whether we apply was their voice heard in the land. a Catholic or Protestant test to his dis. Home is home chiefly through the course, we retort upon him that he remother, who in turn is mostly mother by uses to his Catholic neighbors what he her devotion to her children and her praised in the apostles and commended formative and educational influence in Orangemen. It is really and candidly over them. It is no mere rhetorical the first time we ever suspected that aphorism that the hand which rocks Orangeism would claim apostolicity. the cradle shapes the world. The Sts. Peter and John took their stand Roman matron's jewels were her two for liberty of conscience. So does ons. St. Monica did more for the Orangeism. There is, with due defer-Church by praying and caring for her ence to Dr. Ryckman, a slight difference son, St. Augustine, than she would have The apostles preferred to obey done in the palaces of fashion. Queen God rather than man: Orange-Blanche showed more royal dignity in prefers to obey man rather impressing upon her son, St. Louis of than God, and practise hatred more than charity. With a condescen-France, the value of truth and the shamefulness of vice than by the coronet she sion for which we are grateful, Dr. gracefully wore. We cannot compare Ryckman thinks that in the main-mark an ideal mother in a home moderately the limitation—the Roman Catholic comfortable with her years of unremit-Church is Christian. If in the main ting toil and unrequited devotion-we why not throughout? If the trunk be cannot compare this humble queen with Christian, what are root and branch? the noisy agitatrix (is that word Eng-In the main," forsooth! What article lish?) whose only work seems to be to in our creed ever shook the corner stone make herself obnoxious and whose only from its place? The Dr. had better right is to let the world know her look more carefully around his Methodmaginary wrongs. There are other ist home. What with mythical interprevocations than home for women-religtation of the early chapters of the Bible and modernistic tendencies of its proious calls from the poor, the ignorant lessors, Methodism will soon cease to be the suffering. Woman has soothed in the silent hours more sorrow than all Christian in the main and on the side. No power can stop the decline of Meththe suffragists will ever heal. Uncomplaining she has denied herself all that odist teaching as represented in their can make life pleasant that she may theological colleges. The Catholic creed minister to the little ones of Christ or the Catholic himself asks no certifi-Home, hospitals, orphanages, places of cate of Christianity from any Methodist; for the latter has no definite idea of the refuge for the aged, are the scenes of woman's noblest work and most lasting Incarnation or Redemption. Had the Catholic Church not preserved the faithtriumphs. Mrs. Fish is right. Woman owes a duty to her fellow-woman; but ful from Arianism in the fourth century her duty to home is paramcunt. there would be no Christianity in the twentieth for Methodist professors to AN ORANGE BANQUET. doubt and deny. Again Dr. Ryckman says that: "Roman Catholics hold that the writings of the early fathers had

as much authority as the writings of the

Apostles." Roman Catholics hold no

such thing. The poor man has mixed

things up. More than one of the

so-called early fathers have erred in

their writings. We presume that what

the Dr. was endeavoring te say was that

the Catholic Church holds that besides

the canon of Scripture there is a second

font of theological teaching, viz., sacred

tradition. Protestants practically ad-

mit tradition, e. g., infant baptism, the

keeping the Sunday holy instead of the

Sabbath, the taking of an oath under cer-

tain conditions. Protestantism not hav-

ing any jurisdiction, cannot have tradi-

tion. It depends entirely upon the

Catholic Church for what it preserves-

for in spite of its theoretical rejection it

peculiar analysis of Catholic doctrine-

an analysis which is partial and mislead

offered for sin in the Mass." That is a

doctrine insists upon repentance as

No sinner living lies beyond the sweep

hymn of praise, the sacrifice of thanks-

than that of Abel, and the impetration

There is another sacrament for that

purpose-the plank after shipwreck-

the sinner's refuge, holy penance. Dr.

Ryckman should for his own reputation

be more precise; and in order to do that

he should not cover so much ground

Catholic teaching is too vast a field to

A WOMAN'S VIEW OF WOMAN.

Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish, a wealthy lady

of New York, one of the "400," comes

out earnestly and edifyingly upon

"a woman's first duty is to her home,

be reaped in one day.

Right Worshipful Master Bro. E. T. Essery, Grand Master of Ontario West made a trip to Ireland to take part in the 12th of July festivities to perpetuate the glorious, pious and immortal memory. Last week he was given a banquet in this city by the brethren. In replying to the toast of his health he gave his experiences. He did not tell us all he had seen, however. It was not a peace congress. The Orange order, Mr. Essery declared, did not want any favors but wanted civil and religious liberty for Protestants and Roman Catholics alike. This declaration does not sit comfortably beside the fact that the brethren in Liverpool on this turbulent anniversary gave their Catholic neighbors notice to quit, or, as a policeman would put it, they were told to "move on." Right Worshipful holds to some. Let us content ourselves Rev. Bro. Lowe was glad to be present with one more point in Dr. Ryckman's as a clergyman of the Church of England and was only sorry there were not more of the clergy of that Church ing. He says: "Protestants believed belonging to the Order. Rev. Bro that Christ came into the world to for-Lowe would have us believe that he give sin, and the Roman Catholics bewields the sword of the spirit; but he lieved that His Body and Blood were does not to any appreciable extent Rather would it be correct to say that little special pleading rather than a canhe wields very vigorously a shillelah did explanation of our doctrine. There which he brought with him from the would be no Mass if Christ had not come black north. No doubt he wishes that into the world. Furthermore, Dr. Ryckmore of the clergy would belong to the man has strangely forgotten the most Orange order. This is not to be hoped important point of the atonement. Christ for, however, because the majority of was Redeemer and came into the world the ministers of that Church are well first to atone for sin and afterwards for disposed gentlemen who wish to promote give it. As the Protestant case is stated peace and have set their faces against we can see no reason whatever for the those of their brethren who wear the passion and death of Our Lord. But Roman collar and take part in the the gentleman has misstated the second draggle tail processions of the 12th of clause. He has forgotten that Catholic July carnivals. Rev. Bro. Lowe, it will hanced. But the moment they are be remembered, is the gentleman who necessary condition for pardon of sin. criticized severely the habits of the It is very true that the Body and Blood Irish peasants, declaring that oftenof our Lord are offered in the Mass for times chickens took roost in the rafters the living and the dead. We cannot of their homes. One of his countrymen, with malice aforethought, remarked direct offering and atonement for the upon reading the report of his lecture sins of individuals. It will remit the in the papers: "Sma: I blame to the punishment but not directly remove the chickens for takin' to the rafters. What guilt. It will obtain the grace of reelse could the poor things do when they

> We are indebted to our contemporary, the Antigonish Casket, for some information which will be a painful surprise to the Rev. Mr. Lowe. The editor says that the recent Orange riots in Liverpool have recalled to his memory a speech addressed to a meeting of the English Church Union at the Church house, Westminster, on March 7th, 1903, by Rev. Andrew Wakefield, an Anglican clergyman of Liverpool. In the course of that speech as given in the Church of England, he said :

saw him comin'."

"The Orangemen are a secret society. But it is unlawful as well as secret and it is not only unlawful but seditious; and it is not only seditious, but it is immoral in the way it packs juries in Ireland. It is a drunken society as well as profane. Their leader at a demonstration not long since in Liver-pool, said this: "I do wish that we could declare ourselves to be freer from Bacchus and Venus." It was a counsel which they did most urgently need to woman's duty. Her conclusion is that have laid upon them. They are notorious for their drunken ruffianism. They and her second duty is to her home, and go out, in order: but how do they come back. When Queen Victoria came to likewise her third and fourth duties, Liverpool, there was a Trades Procesand several others." When we reflect sion through the streets of the city. tering the lodge. For what reason, upon the subject of home we are tempted therefore, did Dr. Ryckman try to ex- to ask ourselves what would it have tingent of Orangemen. As they came the sun there is not a nation to-day to

through the parish which I serve, there was a halt for the better marshalling of the whole procession: and in the halt, which took twenty minutes, the twenty minutes, Orangemen broke out of the process sion and went to the nearest public house, and when the word was given to start afresh they could not go on with the procession and their wooden bible (which they carry as an emblem) lay disregarded in the gutter. They are always in favour of an open Bible. always in favour or an open fible. The retort of most people in Liverpool who know is: 'Your bible is open because you cannot shut it.' Certainly it is a bible which is never read; for the Orange processions and their agitations have been discretely for the interest. been disgraceful for the imhave have been disgraceful for the immorality of their character.
This society's Grand Master bolted beyond the seas and has never come back; and he never will dare to return to answer for his crimes.

Their first rule that no one shall be admitted a member who has married a Catholic wife, is always enforced, and their second rule, that 'if any man, after he second rule, that 'if any man, after he has become a member shall marry a Catholic, he shall be expelled; but their fourteenth rule is: If a man be a notorious profligate, he may be expel-led': and this rule is universally forgotten.
In 1795 they became the Loyal
Orange League. Having changed their
name, they changed their politics; they
were followers of William III, and Whigs; but now they say they are Tories, but I cannot take their word for it. They also have changed their religion; for in

their foundation they were vigorously restricted to, the 'Church of Ireland' established then) and now they are for the most part Dissenters and Welsh Dissenters. They also have changed those things which they might have pardonably retained, but they never have changed their character of truculent rascality; that and nothing else is unchanged. . . They are a very secret society; for this has been admitted in answer to questions in the House of Commons. . . They have repeatedly refused to evidence in the Coroner's at inquests upon men accidentally killed in the initiation to their lodges. But it is unlawful as well as secret. It was was a very exhaustive inquiry into the character of the society, and the English lodge was suppressed by act of parliament. The society was again deelared unlawful by Royal Proclamati in 1836; and again by five judges of the Supreme Court of Canada in 1882, And its acts in public are breaches of the Public Processions acts of three different dates: and its oaths are breaches of the Oaths Acts also. It

wades in illegalities.
"It is also a seditious society.
The purpose of the Orange League long was to place the Duke of Cumber-land upon the throne in place of Queen Victoria. They enrolled and armed and drilled for that purpose. . . It has maintained its power everywhere for the set purpose of spoiling pious devotion of every kind, and of wrecking true religion. . . It is also an immoral ligion. . It is also an minute. society. It is immoral in the way it has packed juries again and again in Ireland, and given verdicts of 'not guilty even when the prisoner himself had pleaded guilty and desired only the clemency of the court. . . . made it a condition of employm any man, that he should join the Orange -that society which is secret, unawful, seditious, and immoral.

Such is Orangeism, as exposed by an Auglican clergyman, without contradic tion, to a representative assembly of the Church of England.

IN THE HOUSE of Lords in England there are many noble men, but the majority have nothing noble about them save the title. They are making a fierce onslaught upon the new budget because it presses heavily upon their moth-eaten privileges. They are extremely patriotic, these noble lords, and they are quite willing that immense sums of money be spent upon the army and navy so that the glory of the British Empire might be preserved and enasked to bear a reasonable proportion of the expense vitriolic protests are placed upon record. Lord Roseberry calls the new budget a revolution. "Landowners," he says, " are damned according to the spirit of the age for holding any property at all and doubly damned for holding property and land.' This is very unbecoming language from a noble lord, and uncalled-for as it is unbecoming. Looking at the matter from long range most people will conclude that there is "something rotten in the state of Denmark." England is, comparatively speaking, a small country. Why should such an immense tract of its land be held by the privileged class for sporting purposes while the people are forced to look to other nations for food-stuffs? It would not be just, of course, to deprive these people of their property without fair compensation, but that the unproductive land should be placed in the hands of Times, the leading organ of the Church the people to cultivate seems to be along the line of common sense. The necessities of the country demand it. The noble lords of the House of Lords seem to riding for a fall. They have always set their faces against progressive legislation. If they reject the new budget they will be making a very uncomfortable bed for themselves.

> THE NEW Briand ministry in France are becoming alarmed at the exodus of the people from that misgoverned country. They have a right of course to take every fair means to keep their people at home, but they should not misrepresent other countries. Under

he parish which I serve, there the parish which I serve, there is for the better marshalling of procession: and in the halt, book twenty minutes, the en broke out of the processwent to the nearest public d when the word was given to the word was given to the market of the word was given to the word was given to the word was given to the world not go on with sh they could not go on with assion and their wooden bible pssion and their wooden bible hey carry as an emblem) lay hed in the gutter. They are favour of an open Bible. The most people in Liverpool who 'Your bible is open because not shut it.' Certainly it is a hich is never read; for the processions and their agitations are disgraceful for the im-

een disgraceful for the im-of their character. ciety's Grand Master bolted the seas and has never come d he never will dare to return r for his crimes. . . Their that no one shall be admitted that no one shall be admitted r who has married a Catholic always enforced, and their rule, that 'if any man, after he ome a member shall marry a , he shall be expelled; but their th rule is: If a man be a s profligate, he may be expelthis rule is universally forgot-

95 they became the Loyal League. Having changed their ley changed their politics; they lowers of William III, and Whigs; lowers of William III, and Whigs; they say they are Tories, but I take their word for it. They be changed their religion; for in bundation they were vigorously ed to, the 'Church of Ireland' shed then) and now they are for st part Dissenters and Welsh ers. They also have changed things which they might have thy retained, but they never anged their character of trucu-iscality; that and nothing else is ged. . . They are a very ociety; for this has been admitted of Commons. . . The repeatedly refused to give est in the Coroner's court, ests upon men accidentally killed initiation to their lodges. But dawful as well as secret. It was d unlawful in 1825. Then there erry exhaustive inquiry into the ter of the society, and the Englige was suppressed by act of part. The society was again de-unlawful by Royal Proclamation 6; and again by five judges of the ne Court of Canada in 1882, ts acts in public are breaches of ublic Processions acts of three nt dates: and its oaths are les of the Oaths Acts also. It

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be found where exists better prospects congregations. The experiment was for emigrants than in the Dominion of tried in this part of Ontario some years Canada. This has been made known to ago and was very successful, but the the French people by unquestionable business has lost its attractiveness. evidence. M. Briand hurries to the rescue and tells the people that Canada

SEPTEMBER 18, 1909.

is a wild and very cold country, and

hardships if they cannot speak English

The climate of Canada, he tells us, is a re-

doubtable enemy to the agricultural class. This will be news to our fellow-

Canadians in the province of Quebec.

We may say to the great infidel at the

head of the French government that he

has formed an entirely erroneous opin-

ion of Canada. Were he to pay a visit

to this country he would find his country-

men free, contented, happy and prosper-

ous. These conditions do not prevail in

the French people come to us from the

old country, but we do not want any

of the " red " brand who have received their training in the Briand schools.

THE MOST PROMINENT citizens of Mon-

treal have become thoroughly aroused

because of the scandalous revelations

in its municipal government. Defying

all precedents and utterly regardless of

the way in which the people's money

should be spent, some of the officials in

whose hands the power was placed,

tenders for public works. Immense

sums of money were about to be spent

evidence because it might compromise

a brother Mason. It would be well were

the royal commission to extend its

sphere of operations. There are other

centres of population in our Dominion

where it might be found that the

people's money is systematically mis-

A FEW DAYS AGO Mr. Harriman, who

controls sixty thousand miles of railway

in the United States, breathed his last.

Death has no regard for the great finan-

ciers who are so plentiful in our modern

life. How few, after all, will give the

life and death of this man calm reflec-

tion. The millionaire of to-day occupies

a small place in the cemetery to-morrow.

The world moves on and in a little

men of great wealth make the mistake

of thinking that it is their undisputed

property. How few consider that it is,

after all, the gift of God, and that they

the following friendly words concerning

The CATHOLIC RECORD of London

Canada, is the ablest defender of Catho-lic doctrines and interests published in

the Dominion. Its editorial columns are

bristling with argumentative strength

and the paper itself is a Catholic mili-

tary fort efficiently manned, and from which shot and shell are weekly sent

with precision into the ranks of the bigots and fanatics for which Ontario

circulation is the largest of any Catho-

to which our contemporary refers was

written by one of the most distinguished

priests in the Dominion. We will draw

his attention to the strictures which our

confrere has thought fit to make upon

A PRESS DESPATCH gives us informa-

tion of a peculiar person in Drehers-

lic weekly printed in Canada."

his article.

the CATHOLIC RECORD:

appropriated.

eternity.

THE KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS have organized a court in Argentina. A that French people meet all sorts of letter from Buenos Ayres to America brings us this gratifying intelligence The first court starts with one hundred and twenty-nine members. A paper called La Nacion speaks in sarcastic fashion of the establishment of a court of this society. The correspondent truly says that had a meeting been called for the initiation of a Free Mason lodge, La Nacion would have been spared its sarcasm-We regret to be told that the Masonic body in Catholic Argentina is so strong that La Nacion cannot afford to offend them. A greater offence could not be the France of to-day. By all means let given the Masons than to express approval of a Catholic society. It is quite likely the Masonic body in Argentina are like their French brethren who are all Christ haters, armored to fight the Church which He established on earth

WE PUBLISH in this issue the splendid address delivered by the Hon. Chas. Murphy, Secretary of State, at the Labor Day demonstration in London. The vast concourse of people present on the occasion realized that this new accepted not the lowest but the highest blood taken into the cabinet means much for Canada. The Right Hon. Sir Wilfrid Laurier wishes to have the very for this purpose, but a committee of best men about him to deliberate upon the knotty problems that from time to citizens have asked for an injunction to time confront the administration. In restrain the city from carrying into selecting Mr. Murphy he certainly effect reports adopted at a recent meetmade no mistake. The new Secretary ing of the roads committee regarding of State is a man of rare ability and paving contracts. A stumbling block splendid scholastic attainments—a man in the way of making a clean sweep of of approved moral excellence, honesty, the grafters will be found in the inuprightness and rectitude. Before him fluence, which will, no doubt, be exerted is a bright future and we trust he will by the members of oath bound secret be given length of years in the service societies. It will be remembered that one of the witnesses refused to give of his country.

WE WOULD like to draw the attention of our non-Catholic neighbors to an occurrence which recently took place in Ste. Agathe, Que. A new parish bylaw was passed establishing the local option law. Upon a vote of the electors being taken it was found that only four in the whole parish voted against it. We take it that the cure of the parish exerted his influence in the cause of temperance. hence the almost unanimous vote in favor of the bylaw. In the province of Ontario our ministerial friends possess no such influence. Let their preaching be as resolute as possible along this line it has very little effect upon their hearers. Realizing their weakness in this regard they have recourse to the law, vainly endeavoring to make people while he is forgotten even by those who moral by this means. may have been his beneficiaries. The

A VERY sensible and timely resolution was passed at the convention of the Ancient Order of Hibernians held in Dublin recently. It recommends that are but the stewards. When the strong action be taken to suppress the sale shadows fall death would be stripped of and distribution in Ireland of indecent many of its terrors to the millionaire, newspapers, post cards, books, novelettes had he done his full share in bringing and other printed matter of a similar happiness to God's less fortunate creadescription. It were difficult to actures. We do not judge Mr. Harriman. count for the gross indifference of the He may have been a good and a charitcriminal authorities in this matter, and, able man, but his removal might with we may add, the criminal indifference of profit bring reflection to the hard-fisted class who hoard and hoard, and deserve not a kindly word from their feilowmen when they are placed away for contemporary, the Intermountain Catho-

lic, published in Salt Lake City, for Whose business is it to do it? A DESPATCH to one of the Chicago papers tells us that Spain is now in a state of intellectual and moral ferment that will eventually give it a position of greatness such as it had at one time. Prof. Chas. R. Henderson of the city named, gave this as his opinion on his return from a visit to the Spanish kingdom. He tells us that the country has been a gainer by the loss of its colonies and Manitoba, like many of our own states, has an unenviable notoriety. Its As Spain's deterioration was laid at the door of the Church, we hope our friends, the non-Catholic missionaries, will be honest enough to give that same Church This is by way of preface to a criticism on the position we have taken on the some credit for its prosperity and adsaloon question. The particular article vancement.

> LAST WEEK the priests of the Archdiocese of Kingston were in Retreat. The exercises were conducted by Rev. H. J. Zilles, C. SS. R.

> > For the CATHOLIC RECORD. DOGMATA.

Not a few editors of the secular pres ville, Pa., who has built himself a church on the outskirts of the village. His name is Isaac Smith and we are told he is the sole worshipper at most of the services. He was a member of the United States Evangelical Church, but sent in his resignation, thus causing a schism. At the opening of Mr. Isaac Smith's church he had we are told the solution of the country, are fancied to ter minds of the country, are fancied to Smith's church he had, we are told, quite a congregation, but it now appears that Mr. Smith himself combines the qualities of worshipper and preacher in his own person. If Mr. Smith were a business man he would engage the services of some one calling himself an exprisest. He would thus secure bumper

What is the meaning of dogma? The English dictionary says that a dogma is "a settled opinion, a principle or tenet, a doctrine laid down with authority." Ainsworth, in his Latin dictionary, says it is "a decree, a received opinion," and quotes Cicero for this, Decreta sua Greei vocant dogmata. This, then, Greei vocant dogmata. This, then, warrants the statement that an opinion, Greei vocant dogmata. This, then, warrants the statement that an opinion, decree, or truth, expressed in words is a dogma. Now, without pausing to notice that the universal proposition given by the editors has all the enrarks of a dogma every thinking man will see at a glance that every principle or law of every science (of which there are hundreds.) every lesson from history, and every stereotyped experience of the editors advise their readers to do is editors advise their readers to do is constructively to regard as naught the every science (of which there are hundreds,) every lesson from history, and every stereotyped experience of the the human race is a dogma. What the editors advise their readers to do is constructively to regard as naught the pith of the gleamings that have been brought together by the brightest intellects of the race! Have the editors ever considered how we get our knowledge and of what it consists? A fairly full exposition of the matter would be a voluminous production, but a few hints are sufficient for a thinker.

What is the amount of knowledge pos-

standards he will intuitively use to test from himself. its truth. Experience and reflection may not give him much. But with these tests and the help he obtains from parents and teachers, from science and history, will add most materially to his tock of learning and the aids. The title was "The Menice of the control parents and teachers, from science and history, will add most materially to his stock of learning and the aids of life. He may never verify them, nor may be ever able to verify, for himself, although he holds to them throughout his life and uses them with as much confidence and success as if he had by a logical (syllogistic) process verified them a thousand times. His teacher tells him that two atoms of hydrogen unite with one atom of oxygen to form a wolcoule of water. He cannot verify companied by spiritual beings some of unite with one atom of oxygen to form a molecule of water. He cannot verify this; he takes it on the authority of his this; he takes it on the authority of may teacher. After a time, his teacher may tell him that the radius vector describes equal spaces in equal times. Will he accept this, or will he wait until he can prove it for himself? He will add it to the stock of dogmata that he already possesses. Furthermore, if the matter be well looked into, it will be seen that only a little of what we know is demonstrated knowledge; the great bulk of it, not by any means the least important, cannot be demonstrated. This may be mortifying to inquisitive man, but it is indisputable. The bulk of mankind are obliged to depend largely on the dicta of their superiors and to jog along as best they can with dogmata. Accordingly, to say that dogmata may be ignored in any order of knowledge is to out forth the grossest absurdity ever

put forth the grossest absurdity ever broached by man.

It is possible though, that, if the matter were pressed home to the editors, they might say they are read amiss, and that they are taken too generally. Well then, if they do not mean what they say, what is their meaning? To what particular order of principles or truths do they refer, when they say, "the human intellect must not in its operations be fettered by dogma?" in its operations be fettered by dogma?"
If they flinch from assailing the dogmata
that dominate human knowledge, what that dominate numan knowledge, which other dogmata are there that can possibly fall under their condemnation? There can only be the dogmata of Christianity, the truths that have been given by God to man. According to the editors, then human dogmata may be recentled divine dogmata must be parents. We are all very careful to keep our children away from the contagion of disease which afflicts the body, but such is not the case as regards that contagion which pollutes the minds of our little ones. The news stalls should be carefully scanned from time to time. Whose business is it to do it? the something put in words is a dogma.

Every Christian must hold to dogmata.

Every Christian must hold to dogmata. A rumor is in the air that a new religion has been lately devised, in which there is no creed. There is nothing in it that can be an object of faith or of thought. Such a religion (save the marl) can be nothing but the shadow of a form, having no contents. It is nothing; and, as from nothing nothing can be drawn, neither be extracted from it. Besides, the votaries of such a cult must be a specially created class of being. The man that has been and is, is by his very constitution a believer. He can no more live and not believe, than he can live and not think. He cannot look at a creedless religion. The originality of the scheme is not more striking than the folly of it. The empirics are fighting against the stars.—J. P. T.

> From America FATHER BENSON'S LATEST NOVEL.

London, September 1, 1909. Father Robert Hugh Benson has wor for himself a very remarkable position among English novelists. He com-menced his first novel in the anxious menced his herse hover in the anxious months when he was beginning to real-ize that his position as an Anglican untenable, and he com clergyman was untenable, and he com-pleted it after he had made his submispleted it after he had made his submission to the Catholic Church. His historical novels obtained recognition from the non-Catholic press and were largely read by Protestants. But his more recent stories in which he opened out cent stories in which he opened out a new vein have been even more popular with the British public generally, and have sold in edition after edition. They are something quite apart from the ordinary novel, which makes varia-tions upon a love story its theme. In tions upon a love story its theme. In Father Benson's books there is, as a rather Benson's DOORS there is, as a rule, the traditional feature of a love interest, but it is not the keynote of the whole and soon becomes quite subsidiary to the main element

What is the meaning of dogma? The in his plot. In the later novels the vine faith regards the revelation which dominating interest is the revelation of the action of the super-natural on human character. This is something much more subtle, and it is a hopeful sign for England that such books should be eagerly read by tens of books should be eagerly read by tens of thousands. The success of "The Conventionalists" was all the more surprising because it opened up lies of the acceptance of revealed truth.

woluminous production, but a few hints are sufficient for a thinker.

What is the amount of knowledge possessed by an infant? This question has perplexed the profoundest philosophers. All agree that there is a point of time in the life of the infant when it has not by any of its external senses acquired a single fact of experience. What it does possess is a mind to think—a faculty of thought which in its activity will think according to the most conservative and primary principles. These first laws of thought are at the same time laws of being. They are not innate. Yet the child or the man will never think against. They are the principles of contradiction, nature, and cause and effect. Whatever knowledge the child may afterwards acquire these are the standards he will intuitively use to test its tauth. Everingee and reflect immediately a strange coincidence, in the very seems the subject of of spiritualist. It is that the profounded possession. The subject of on spiritualist. It is that the profounded possession. The story ends happily, for the prayers and self devotion of a woman who loves him saves Laurence from himself.

By a strange coincidence, in the very first seance at which he is present he falls into a twhich he is present he falls into a

companied by spiritual beings some of whom seemed to be malicious and repul-sive fiends. But with all the feeling of repulsion she was dominated by them and began to break out into what her friends considered mere mad raving, but what she knew to be language suggested by these beings of another world who haunted her and could rule her will. Eventually she recovered freedom and sanity, and she tells her story as a warning to others. Here we have a remark

Laurence Baxter.
Every physician who has much experience of insane cases knows that the "spiritual" séance is only too often the first step to the lunatic asylum. But what of Father Benson's theory that such madness may be not a mere cal breakdown of the nervous system, but a case of demoniac possession? It used to be the fashion among physicians to class alleged cases of possession as only wrongly diagnosed cases of insanity. But only a few months ago an eminent practitioner in Edinburgh publicly de-clared his conviction that there were cases of so-called insanity that could be adequately accounted for only by accepting the theory of possession. In this connection I may mention what was told mans. She Christianized them and civilized them and taught them the me some years ago by a priest who had been for some time visiting chaplain to a large English lunatic asylum. He sometimes was able to bring the Blessed Sacrament, to give Holy Communion to Cathalia matters in their lead in the Catholic patients in their lucid intervals. One day the Governor, a Protestvais. One day the Governor, a Protest-ant, surprised him by saying: "I know when you have brought the Host with you, for when you do there are some in-mates here who break out into a paroxysm

of fury." No doubt in Christian lands possession is a rare phenomenon. But no one who accepts the Gospels as historic truth can deny its reality in the past, and there is not a little evidence that it still recurs in the present. Father ovel not as a piece of sensationalism but as a serious warning that dabbling in this modern necromancy is playing with fire. We have God's revelation of he unseen world in the teachings of the Church, and legitimate means of com-munication with it in the ritual of the altar and in prayer. Side by side with this there is the illicit ritual of the éances, the new gospel of the spiritualists. By its fruits we know that it is not of God. It is nothing new, but has a long history going back to the soothsayers, necromancers and wonder workers of the old pagan world. What workers of the old pagan world. What wonder, then, if its votaries should at times become the slaves of an archenemy of God and man? "This way madness lies," says one of the non-Catholic reviewers of Father Benson's book dwelling mon the dangers of Salviton. one reviewers of Father Benson's book dwelling upon the dangers of Spiritual-ism. But the terrible lesson of the book is that there may be something even worse than madness. A. H. A.

"FAITH AND FREEDOM."

An audience that completely filled the large Chautauqua tent greetedBishop Keane last Sunday afternoon at Belle-Reane last Sinday arctinosa prelate vas scheduled to speak. His subject was "Faith and Freedom," and for an hour and fifteen minutes he held the closest attention of the thousands who

closest attention of the thousands heard him.

Bishop Keane was introduced by Hon. James P. Euglish, and at once entered upon the subject of his lecture. He declared that faith is natural to man. If each man were to depend only on the conclusions of reason life in society would be impossible. The normal man would be impossible. The normal man trusts his fellow man, he accepts the history of the past on the word of men, and even in the field of science men depend largely upon the work of others. Every step in life is an act of faith in others. But this is human faith. Distinct the science of the scie trusts his fellow man, he accepts the

God has made and it rests upon His eternal truth. While it is concerned with things not seen by us and many things not understood of human reason, it is essentially reasonable. The truths

right to liberty of worship, to development of our own personality, the right of private property, which is an extension of personality, the rights of family

The condition of the civilized world at the dawn of the Christian era was sketched in striking outline by the speaker. Rome was then the center of civilization. She had inherited the intellectual culture, the philosophy and the learning of Greece; yet pagan Rome at her highest recognized no rights of man except those that birth or power bestowed. During the reign of Augustus there were 900,000 slaves in the city of Rome—three-fifths of the entire population. These were not men of an inferior race, but captives made in war, the brave Franks and the darkskinned Numidians. Their status was that of chattels, with no rights that were recognized in law or morals. Slavery was looked upon as a political matter and no one questioned its moral-

ity. The master's whim was law, even in matters of life and death, and the philosophers of the time advocated the putting to death of slaves who had outlived their usefulness. The dumb beast had as many rights as the slave. Scarcely better was the condition of the poor freedmen, whose place was taken by the slaves and who could find no work to do by which to support themselves. The gladiatorial games, in selves. The gladiatorial games, in which men were pitted against men and even men against women—in death struggles, claimed thousands of victime annually. And there was not a word o protest from the learned philosophers of the day.

The condition of morals was even more shocking. Virtue was sold openly in the market places, and the emperors themselves set the example of unrestrained licentiousness.

It was to a world steeped in slavery

and sin that Jesus of Nazareth came with the message: "You shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free." He sent His apostles, men of a despised race, unlearned and in rags, to preach His Gospel of peace and love to the proud and cruel Roman. After a struggle of 280 years Faith triumphed. Men no longer boasted of citizenship in able parallel to Father Benson's story of the greatest of earthly kingdoms, but instead they owned citizenship in the kingdom of the Eternal Father, and they regarded other men as their brothers. Faith had set them free from the thrall of paganism and all the horrors of slavery and vice that paganism stood for. One of the earliest Popes was a slave and the successor of Timothy is said on good authority to be that same slave whom St. Paul sent back to his master with a

letter asking kind treatment for him.

When the barbarian hordes overran
Europe and buried the old civilization, the Church had to do over again for civilized them and taught them the blessings of peace and liberty. And when the Moslem came to impose again the yoke of slavery upon men there were religious orders whose members bound themselves by vow to exchange themselves, if necessary, to secure the release of the captive slave. Within Within four centuries the Order of Trinitarians rescued more than 900,000 slaves and the Order of Mercy in two centuries ransomed or exchanged for their own members 270,000 captives from the

Moors. The speaker called attention to the remarkable fact that only in Christian lands was slavery abolished, while in non-Christian countries it is still toler ated and encouraged. Christian faith has changed the face of the world; it has taught man his true dignity as a child of God and has made him free in the best and truest sense. The world to-day needs faith in order to preserve the liberty that Christ gave to it. nation needs faith and Christian ideals to solve the social problems that are pressing for solution and to avert the dangers that are threatening. The home is the foundation of the state, and no nation can long continue to prosper when the home is weakened. Only the Christian ideal of the home, the Chris-Christian law of marriage can preserve the family intact. We need to contemplate that home at Nazareth to realize what the homes of to day should be. We are the homes of to day should be. We are at present a great nation, prosperous, well governed and happy. Only a strong Christian faith can keep us so— can uphold the Star Spangled Banner of

Long may it wave O'er the land of the free and the home of the brav

THE CARDINAL AND THE KNIGHTS.

During his recent visit to Salt Lake City, His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons was tendered a grand reception and banquet by the Knights of Columbus, at which many prominent citizens were resent. In the course of a brief address on the

In the course of a brief address on the occasion the Cardinal said:
"I love the Knights of Columbus. They are tireless knights. Whenever any great cause affecting the interests of God, of religion, of humanity or of charity are at stake, they are always prepared to meet the issue, and I love and honor them on that account. And gentlemen let me say to you to-night, and honor them on that account. And gentlemen, let me say to you to-night, that as long as you are united with your clergy and your Bishop, God will bless you. When the Bishop and the clergy

Only Medicine That Did Any Good

After Suffering Tortures For Years, This Lady Found Happy Relief In "Fruit-atives".

Frankville, Ont., June 11th, 1908. "Thave received most wonderful benefit from taking "Fruit-a-tives." I suffered for years from headaches and pain to the back, and I consulted doctors and took every remedy obtainable without any relief. Then I began taking "Fruit-a-tives" and this was the only medicine. -tives" and this was the only me that ever did me any real good. I took several boxes altogether, and now I am entirely well of all my dreadful headaches and backaches



MRS FRANK EATON

I take "Fruit-a-tives" occasionally still, but I am quite cured of a trouble that was said to be incurable. I give this testimony voluntarily, in order that others who suffer as I suffered may try this wonderful medicine and be cured." (Signed) MRS. FRANK EATON.

"Fruit-a-tives" are sold by all dealers at 50c a box, 6 for \$2.50 or trial box, 25c or sent post-paid on receipt of price by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa,

word as fail. You are bound to succeed. You form a triple alliance that cannot be broken. You form a triple alliance far more formidable, far more efficient than the triple alliance of kings and princes, because this is not an alli-ance like theirs, of flesh and blood, but it is an alliance that is cemented by but it is an alliance that is cemented by the heavenly virtues of faith and hope and charity. And let me exhort the gentlemen clways to have an eye to-great ideals—God and country. Where-ever the interests of God are concerned, or the welfare of our great republic are concerned, you must be always there at your posts."—Catholic Sun.

One must accept life as it is. It gives One must accept life as it is. It gives us great happiness if we are wise enough to see the happiness; and it balances, the scales by sending great sorrows, too. But that is life.



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FEAST OF THE SEVEN SORROWS OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

A month ago holy Church placed before us for our contemplation the triumphant entry of the Mother of Jesus into heaven, and invited us on the grea Blessed Lady's triumph and rejoice in her joy. To-day holy Church places before us for our contemplation the sorrows of the Mother of Jesus, and invites us to mourn over her sufferings and sorrows in her sorrows. One is the feast of row in her sorrows. One is the feast of hope, the other the feast of faith; one i-of heaven, the other is of earth. And our Blessed Lady's sorrows, being of earth, come close to us and teach us a practical lesson-sojourners as we are in

Sorrow is in very truth the monarch of this lower world, and sooner or later every soul is sure to feel the touch of his sceptre. There is nothing that men find sceptre. There is nothing that men hind of difficult to understand and account for as the mighty wail of sorrow that rises up from generation to generation throughout the whole wide sea of mortal life, and extends to its most distant shores. What is the reason of all this soff size that exist in the world ground shores. What is the reason of air time suffering that exists in the world around us? is a question that has been asked day after day, and year after year, and century after century, since the first human tear fell upon the unconscious earth. And the attempt to solve this enigma of manking has founded schools of philosophy and philanthropy, systems of religion, and methods of life, from the dawn of human history and before it to the present hour. Yet the reason of sorrow, though it has escaped the search of mankind, is not far to seek-it is sin and sin is everywhere. On any other theory than the religious one of the pro bation and fall of man, this present ex istence is a dark and hopeless riddle But even Christians, to whom this ex planation is the first lesson of their faith, seem to lose sight of it in their practical views of life. We have not the heart to meet the stern truth face to face, and recognize that our life in this world is not a season of joy, but rather of sorrow; that we are not here to loiter through the light of a long summer day, but to endure and to labor in darkness and storm. And this is the great lesson of the feast of to-day.

of the feast of to-day.

Picture the Mother of Jesus in herearly childhood, when, a fair vision of innocence, she rested in the arms of St.

Ann; behold her growing up a spotless flower in the temple of God; contemplate her in the tranquil purity and beauty of her gifthood and the bright a Virgin Mother, sword-jerced in the temple, a fugitive in a foreign land, a distracted pilgrim seeking her lost Son, the mother of a persecuted, betrayed, and convicted Man, the saddest follower in that sad procession to Calvary, meeting her Son face to face on His way to death, standing by His gibbet, the witness of His ignomicy, the sharer of His suffer-His ignomicy, the sharer of His suffering, the partner in His sorrows, the sentinel by His Cross, the mourner over His bier, the guardian of His tomb, and Warn from her that suffering is the portion of all who follow faithfully in the footsteps of our Lord Jesus Christ and secure His salvation. For "Unless you take up the Cross and follow Me you cannot be My disciple."

THE SMUTTY STORY LOSING ITS POPULARITY.

In spite of evidence-and unhappily In spite of evidence—and unhappily a good deal of it—which seem to controvert this statement, we feel assured that not only is the use of profanity decreasing among men, but that the indecent and fitthy story is losing its popularity also. This is something indeed for which is be thankful—that there is growing up among men a desire to be growing up among men a desire to be rid of the kind of story which depended for its laugh-provoking qualities solely upon its obscene and immoral suggestions. The Wichita Eagle of Wichita, Kansa

(a city and a state, by the way, neither of which grows mollycoddles) has the following article on this subject:

The day of the sports subject:

The day of the smutty story is passing. It is true that suggestive plays continue It is true that suggestive plays continue to draw crowds at the theaters, but the man who tells dirty stories, known in polite society as "man stories," is not so popular as he once was, and he can not seep a crowd sitting around him while he reels off vile and nauseating yarns. The average man will listen to a story teller until the narrator begins to get too far off color and then he will remem ber an engagement which he must fill at

once.

It was not long since that traveling men were supposed to carry about with them a long list of vile and filthy stories with which to entertain the merchant to whom they desired to sell goods. The merchant expected it, his clerks expected it and the traveling man did his best to the programmer. Now it is meet their expectations. Now it is different. If a traveling man should atdifferent. If a traveling man should attempt to bell smutty tales of the sort
that were once in vogue, he certainly
would not be welcomed by the merchant
and it is probable that he would lose a
customer. Men like stories, but they
no lower want the barroom or depot no longer want the barroom or depot

Not long ago three men entered an Not long ago three men entered an office in this city to visit a short time with the man at the desk. He was not busy and they were just putting in a few hours before supper. One of the men told a story to illustrate a point he had made or was trying to make. Of course, this reminded another of the men of a story and he told his tale. They were both good clean stories with a hearty, wholesome laugh of the kind that does one good wrapped up in them. Then the third man, who evidently didn't know that some men have clean minds, told a filthy tale which would have made a decided hit if the man had been of a different character.

of a different character.

His story brought a sort of nervous little laugh from the other three, which he mistook for approbation, and he told another, more vile than the first, if that were possible. Then one of the men looked at his watch and said he was a sold the way and the deal was been as a sold to the deal was been and an another the deal was been and an another the deal was been as a sold to the deal was been as the deal was been as a sold to the deal was a sold to the deal was been as a sold to the deal was a sold to the deal was a sold to the deal was been as a sold to the deal was of a different character. sure the man at the desk was busy and they should be going. The man at the desk made a half-hearted protest and the visitor left. The man with his Trench's Remedies Ltd., Dublin

mind full of dirty stories possibly thought he was a sunbeam and imagined he was the life of the party, but, as a matter of fact, he broke up a pleasant matter of fact, he broke up a pleasant little afternoon chat and he left a bad taste in the mouths of the other men.

taste in the mouths of the other men.

This simply illustrates that the man
with the inclination for vile stories is
no longer the center of attraction. He has given place to the man who can talk sense or who can tell a wholesome yarn. He would be a shining light in a barroom, but as there are no barrooms in Kansas the smutty story man is simply losing out just as is the man with the booze laden breath.

Here in Boston, one evening last

winter, at a gathering of men, there was a constant flow of wit, humor and re-partee: story followed story, and there was much laughter and merriment; but when one man—a guest and evidently somewhat immature—ventured upon one of those stupid, nasty stories, he could plainly see, by the coldness with which it was received, that he had utterly mistaken the tone and temper of his hosts. Like the man whom our Kansas contemporary tells about this young fellow thought he was excruciatingly funny, and evidently imagined that he would make the hit of the evening with a story of the smutty kind; but decent men have grown tired of such asininities. To attempt to amuse self-respecting people by indecent stories and jokes is (apart from the sin of scandal involved) a gratuitous insult to their intelligence.

Every Catholic man should be an enemy to the low and degrading stories which are still too common. which are still too common. Every Catholic man in workshop store or office should do all in his power to discourage the fellow with the filthy mind and the fithy mouth. Members of the Holy Name Societies particularly should feel themselves especially called upon to be not only clean of speech themselves, but to frown down wherever possible all ttemsets to be funny at the expense of attempts to be funny at the expense of the holy virtue of purity.—Sacred Hears

THE READING OF THE BIBLE.

ATHER CORBETT, THE SCHOLARLY JES-UIT, DISCUSSES THE ATTITUDE OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH ON THE SUB-

The fourth lecture by the Rev. John Corbett, S. J., on the general topic of the "Church and the Bible" at the Catholic Summer School, Cliff Haven, was devoted to a consideration of the Church's attitude towards the reading of the Bible, Father Corbett said in

"The Church has nothing to fear from the deepest study and investigation of any science, physical, historical or phil-osophical. She is not afraid of the truth. What she has to regret is the ignorance and the prejudice against her and her doctrines that are so widespread among those not of the faith. On no subject perhaps are the ideas of Protestants more astray than on the Church's attitude towards the reading of the Bible. We are sometimes asked the following question: 'Did not the Protestant religion give us the first Bible written in the language of the people?" And the answer is, 'No.' Whoever makes such answer is, No. whoever makes such a statement is ignorant of the facts of history. In the days of the Apostles the Old Testament had been translated into Greek and the New Testament was. into Greek and the New Testament was written in Greek, the language of the people. In the middle of the second century the Bible was translated into Latin and Syriac that it might be understood by the people. At the end of the fourth century the Pope had St. Jerome revise the Latin version in common use and later the saint prepared the great Vulgate version of the Scrip-ture in Latin, when Latin was the uni-versal language of the Western World. During the Middle Ages whoever could read at all could read Latin, and

the Scripture was at his command. It was translated into Gothic about 350, into Armenian in 411. When the modern languages began to take shape, the first works were translations or paraphases of the Bible. St. Bede was engaged on his deathbed in translating the Gospel of St. John into Anglo-Saxon. There were two versions of the Gospels current in the tenth century in England, six hundred years before Protestantism. Alter the Norman conquest the language of the higher classes was French and they had the Bible in that tongue. There is still preserved a complete There is still preserved a complete Frenc's Bible written in the thirteenth

century.
"Sir Thomas More tells us that the whole Bible was long before Wiklif's days by virtuous and well-learned men translated into the English tongue, and good and Godly people with devotion and soberness well and reverently read.

" What is true of England is true also of the other countries of Europe. During the three centuries before the Reformation the Scriptures were to be had in Italian, Spanish, German, Danish and in Italian, Spanish, German, Danish and Flemish. Immediately after the inven-tion of printing. Bibles were printed in these languages before Luther was born-or Henry VIII. broke away from the Church. The Italian Bible was printed in 1471, the French Bible in 1477 and eighteen editions of the Bible in Government. eighteen editions of the Bible in German appeared before Luther's.

"As long as the Bible was not abused a portal according to the Bible was not abused as a second according to the Bible was not abused as a second according to the Bible was not abused as a second according to the Bible was not abused as a second according to the Bible in German according to the Bible in German according to the Bible in German appeared by the Bible in German appeared by the Bible in German appeared before Luther's.

and set up as a standard of revolt against the Church, the reading was not restricted or prohibited. When, however, the Reformers began to circulate translations the Church would have failed in her sacred duty as guardian of the faith had she not warned her children and condemned such corruptions of God's Word. The special character of these mistranslations on the part of Tyndale in England and of Luther in Germany were pointed out. Protest-ants were quoted to show that they looked on one another as 'corrupters of the Word of God."

The legislation of the Church on Bible reading was then reviewed, and

FITS



t was shown that for the last 150 years there has been no restriction on the reading in the vernacular of versions approved by the Holy See or the Sishops. In answer to the question, Ought Catholics to read the Bible?" Appeal was made to the exhortations of the Popes and the recommendation of the Plenary Council of Baltimore. Pope Leo XII. granted an indulgence to all who read the Gospels for fifteen minutes and a month to all who make such readings a daily practice. Some seven years ago a society was established in Italy for the spread of the Holy Gospels, and in five years they distributed 500,000 copies of the Gospels, and the Gospels of the Gospels of

pels. This society has been highly com-mended by Pope Plus X.

Father Corbett recommended especi-ally the reading of the Gospels in the New Testament and the Psalms in the Old.

BIGOTRY REVIVED.

Mgr. Brown thus describes the present regrettable conditions in England and Scotland in reference to anti-Catholic prejudice:
"Since the Eucharistic Congress

wave of bigotry has swept ever Scot-land and parts of England, there has been a renewal of pulpit attacks upon the Church, the Holy Father, and upon the doctrine of the Holy Eucharist, many non-Conformist ministers seem to be trying to divert the attention of their hearers from the mournful fact that their chapels are less well attended than in the past by thundering against the errors and evils of Catho-Protestantism in its lowest, more viru-

lent, and most ignorant form is alarmed, and the violence of its cries is proof of the greatness of its lear. But there is one bope, though I fear only one, that some good may yet come of all this excitement. Definitedogmatic teaching, at least such positive teaching as they used to give, is disappearing from the non-Conformist chapels. Only the other day the new President of the Wesleyan Conference President of the Westeyan Conterence deplored the falling away in their Church membership, and offered a remarkable explanation. He said that perhaps the cause of losses was to be traced to the vague Cowper-Temple teaching of the schools of the country, which had been the means of bringing the same kind of indefinite teaching into their churches. It is not for me to attempt to decide whether he is right or wrong in his conjecture—it is enough to put such an atterance, with all that underlies it, before my hearers for their thoughtful consideration.

Undoubtedly among the non-Conformists there are to be found men and women of deep religious feelings whose existing spiritual temperaments long for the solaces of the supernatural, and who would be splendid Catholics if they had the grace of the True Faith. ple are not to be judged by the loudnouthed clerical politicians who so assiduously claim to be the leaders of the mass of their congregations. They



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It is indeed as if they are asking can any good come out of Nazareth, in response being bidden to come and see.

A BREEDER OF TURBULENCE.

In South Africa the defeats of the Boer and made Protestant pulpits resound on July 12th and November 5th with tones

TWO PROTESTANT FICTIONS.

Mr. G. K. Chesterton in the Church

Mr. G. K. Chesterton in the Church Socialist for July has an interesting article entitled "The Staleness of Modernism." "Why," asks he, "is Modernism so shallow and so stale? Why is it that Mr. Dell cannot become a new-fashioned Catholic without immediately becoming an ald fashioned Protestant? becoming an old-fashioned Protestant? becoming an old-fashioned Protestant?
Why cannot he argue with the Pope without playing to the no-Popery gallery? Let him by all means be a Modernist Catholic; it is no affair of mine. But why should he use those very thoughtless and threadbare arguments. which he must have seen through ever to become a Catholic at all? * * * For instance, he says that a man becomror instance, ne says that a man becoming a Catholic leaves his responsibility on the threshold, and is converted to be saved 'the trouble of the thinking.'

* * * Unless Moderniam becomes

are people to whom religion is a real influence in their lives, and they are deserting the chapels where they are given the stone of politics instead of the bread of the Word of God which they

As prejudice breaks down, as Cath olies are intermingled more and more with the civic and social life of the nation, they will begin to turn for solace in their disquietule of soul to the Church of Christ, where alone they can

Is there anything like Orangeism in the whole world? Is there any other body of men organized to keep open old sores, to maintain the memory of "old unhappy far off things and battles long ago," to remind others of past de-feats and humiliations, and to prevent reconciliation, peace, union and strength? Can they be believed to have any real regard for the interests nave any real regard for the interests of the empire, or for the konor and interests of their own religion? Can they suppose that their calumnies and insults will injure the Catholic religion? Why, they only serve it. If their condact be virtuous ought not Catholics to injure thems ought not Catholics to injure thems. tuous, ought not Catholics to imitate it? Is there any other people within the British Empire that are reminded of British Empire that are reminded or past defeats except the Irish Catholics? In Scotland, the overthrow of the Celt at Culloden is not celebrated by the Saxons of Scotland; and what would be the condition of Scotland if it were? the condition of Scotland if it were?
Macaulay remarks that patriotic Scotsmen, such as Walter Scott, will relate with pride how at Killecrankie "their own kindred fled like hares before a smaller number of warriors of a different breed and a different speech." In Canada French and English are so allied as to excite the admiration of the Amerito excite the admiration of the Americans who have learned from the sight of a common monument to Montealm and Wolfe to honor together Lee and Grant. only the other day, are not celebrated The Boers did celebrate the former de The Boers did elegants and were not they providentially punished when the surrender of Cronje fell upon the anniversary of Majuba? And has not Providence punished those in Ireland who kept alive the memory of past defeats,

trouble of thinking when he insists on absolute definitions and unalterable axioms. On the contrary, be gives them the great trouble of thinking logically. The dogma of the Church limits thought about as much as the dogma of the solar system limits physical science. It is not an arrest of thought, but a fertile basis and constant provocation of thought. But, of course, Mr. Dell really knows this as well as I do. He has knows this as well as I do. He has merely fallen back (in that mixture of fatigue and hurry in which all fads are made) upon some journalistic phrases. He cannot really think that men join the most fighting army upon earth merely to find rest. It is on a par with the old Protestant fiction that monks decided to be ascetic because they wanted to be luxurious. I should keep

July 12th and November 5th with tones not of Christian charity and peace but of hatred and scorn? Was not the political farce which disestablished the Protestant Church in Ireland and the landlord system really aroused by the exasperation produced in a sensitive people by the repetition of such insults? Would the Protestant Church in Ireland and the landlord out of a monastery from exactly the same motives that prevent me from going into the mountains to shoot bears. I am not active enough for a monastery.

ant Church in Ireland and the landlord system have been by this disestab lished if Orangemen could have been civil and not insolent.—Antigonish The Fortification.

St. John Chrysostom is justified in saying that just as a city which is not fortified with a strong wall is easily

taken, because it cannot resist the attack of the enemy, so the soul which THAT MEN BECOME CATHOLICS TO AVOID is not protected by prayer is easily brought into the power of the evil spirit, who leads it into every kind of vice. The devil does not described to vice. The devil does not dare to approach a soul which is protected by prayer, because he fears the fortitude and firmness which prayer has given to it. Prayer strengthens the soul more than food the body, and St. Augustine calls prayer the key by which we can unlock the treasury of heaven. There Chailties made, leve or war and the leve of the chailties made, leve or war and the leve of the chailties made, leve or war and the leve of the chailties made, leve or war and the leve of the chailties made, leve or war and the level of the chailties made, level or war are and the level of the chailties made, level of the chailties made, level or war are and the chail the chail the level of the chail the level of the chail the level of the chail fore, Christian maiden, love prayer and practice it faithfully, and you may expect to spend your youth as worthy children of God. God will take you under His special care. Never omit your morning and evening prayers.

St. Dominic so composed the Rosary as to recall the mysteries of our salva-tion in succession, and the subject of tion in succession, and the subject of be saved 'the trouble of the thinking.'

* * * Unless Modernism has some strange and softening influence on the brain, Mr. Dell must know better. He must know whether men like Newman better.

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SEPTEMBER 18, 1909.

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having a disagreeable manner, lack of tact, or perhaps, an unpleasant personality, we frequently antagonize or repel those whom we are anxious to please. Many people have to work hard to overcome the prejudice created by first impressions, while others, without effort, warm everyone they meet. charm everyone they meet.
Success is often due more to engag-

success is often due note to begaging manners and an attractive personality than to great ability.

It is not the teacher who knows most.

for instance, who is successful beyond others, but it is the one who pleases and interests by means of her tact and winning ways. Neither is it always the salesman who knows his business from A to Z, but whose manners are receil. A to Z, but whose manners are repellent, who is most valuable to his employer, but the one who has learned the art

but the one who has learned the are of pleasing.
We are so constituted that we are influenced by what pleases us, even when it warps our judgment. One may feel a prejudice against a book agent, for example, who has managed to gain access to him. But, if the salesman has agreeable personality, and succeeds in making a favorable impression, he will sell the work he is canvassing for will sell the work he is canvassing for, even though the purchaser does not want it. "I did not really want the book," the latter will be heard to say afterwards, "but the fellow was so pleasing, so polite and genial, that I really could not help doing what he wanted me to do."

While the ext of winning people's an ware min up it he a sater, an iver afterwards it warrucks it

While the art of winning people's favor and confidence is, in many instances, a natural gift, like most of the

good things in life, it may be acquired by those who earnestly seek it. The first step to be taken is to cultivate—if you do not already possess it—
a uniformly cheerful disposition. A
bright, smiling face will do more to incline a man's heart toward you, and to
gain his ear, than all the virtues in the alendar, handicapped by a gloomy

Be generous with your sympathy, and try to be at least as much interested in the joys and sorrows of others as you would wish them to be in yours.

When you meet friends or acquaint-ances, do not "buttonhole" them and pour into their unwilling ears a history pour into their unwilling ears a nistory of your affairs. Listen, rather, to what they have to say, and try to enter as cordially as possible into their feelings, their hopes and fears and plans. This does not mean, of course, that you are to be victimized by every bore who wishes to secure a listener—it does not written and the plant it means to give to matter who-but it means to give to hungry hearts that generous measure of

hungry hearts that generous measure of sympathy which we all crave.

Treat men as brothers, and though your kindness may, in some instances, be abused, your gain will far outweigh your loss, in the healthy, happy atmosphere you will create, and in the friendly sentiments you will attract to yourself.

Above all things else, be consistent and persistent in your efforts, or you will accomplish little. It will not do to be kind and cheery to-day, and gruff will accomplish little. It will not do to be kind and cheery to-day, and gruff and churlish, to-morrow; to take pains to please, one day, and to be wholly in-different the next. An even disposition is indispensable to the formation of a strong, reliable character. No one will give his confidence to a man who has the reputation of being fickle or un-certain.

Personal Appearance and Success.

Thousands of worthy young people have failed to obtain situations simply because they have not learned the art of carrying themselves properly, of appearing to advantage. A youth who drags his feet when he walks, who slouches, whose arms, lacking energy, dangle like strings from his shoulders, does not make a favorable impression upon a proprietor or manager, who looks upon a proprietor or manager, who looks over from head to foot, notices his

a boy over from head to foot, notices his gait when approaching his desk or office, his carriage or manner, and by every little thing is influenced in his decision. If a boy could only read an employer's mind while he is talking to him, he would learn a useful lesson; but, unfortunately he usually goes away ignorant. tunately, he usually goes away ignorant of the things which barred him from the coveted place. This may be a sly, fur-tive glance of the eye, which indicates tive glance of the eye, which indicates lack of self-control or a vicious habit; it may be a failure to look one straight in the eye: it may be twirling the fingers or playing with his cap while talking; it may be a soiled collar or cuff; it may be unkempt hair or soiled finger nails; it may be an ill-fitting, slouchy suit; it may be a cigarette, or any one of a score of other little things which influence the decision—none of which is small when one's whole career, or success in hife, may hang in the balance.

A slouchy appearance, dull, dawdling, or dragging of the feet, often indicates slouchy morals and slipshod habits. Employers like a boy who walks briskly, speaks promptly, and is quick and cleancut in his replies to questions. Such acts indicate a bright, alert, quick mind. Employers are not desirous of having in their service people with slow, irresponsive minds of slovenly bodies. Brightness, cheerfulness, alertness, cess in life, may hang in the balance.

Brightness, cheerfulness, alertness Brightness, cheerfulness, alerthess, promptness and energy of attitude and bearing are things which attract attention very quickly, and secure situations where dullness and carelessness of attention to the state of the state o tire, though joined, as they sometimes are, with unusual intelligence and wisce and wisdom, make undesirable employees.

Opportunities.

Congressman Fred Benson, who always has a good story to tell, gives this one of his latest :

wo men started to journey down the Highway of life. They were both young, both enthusiastic, and they were

young, both characteristics, said traveling together.

"If I could find an opportunity,' said one of them, 'I would do great things." one of them, 'I would do great things."

"But he never found the opportunity. There appeared to be none lying around loose.

loose.
"I find no opportunity,' said the other young fellow, 'so I think I will make one.'



Then he made his opportunity, and he carried it with him to the summit called

"'Ah, me!' cried his fellow-traveler, 'if only I could have found such a perfeetly splendid opportunity as my com-panion did!"

"And his complaints rent the atmos-

And his companies refer the atmosphere until he reached the end of his vain journey. At the start of life each of us has the opportunity to do as one or the other of these two travelers did. He who wins makes opportunity."

Dooley on Opportunity.

As the poet says: "Opporchunity knocks at ivry man's dure wanst." On some men's dures it hammers till it some men's dures it hammers thin it goes in an' wakes him up if he's asleep, an' iver aftherwards it warrucks f'r him as a night watchman. On other men's dures it warrucks are an' out of the state of

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS. A MODERN KNIGHT.

A STORY FOR THE BOYS.

When the king made Edward Percival when the king made raward relevant a knight of his court—that is to say, when the senior partner formally promoted Ned Percival to be a traveler, or, in the picturesque phrase, a Knight of the Gripsack, in the service of Rice, Barton & Rice, Teddy Purcell nearly shock his head off when he marched unshook his hand off when he marched up-stairs from the office, swelling with the sense of his new importance. Then Percival forgot his dignity, and danced an amazing measure among the counters of printed cloths and many-colored calicoes, aided and abetted by Teddy (whose full name was Edmund, but whom nobody ever called so.)

"Good, good for you, Ned, good enough, old man!" cried Teddy. "I knew you'd get it this time, I was sure of it! What did the old man say to you?"

Percival repeated, with a carelessness and with a matter of fact air palness and with a matter-or-lact air pal-pably forced, the complimentary phrases used by the Old Man when informing him of his promotion. The Old Man was the senior partner. He was also a United States Senator. He seldom troubled the settled routine of his bus-iness from the active management of iness, from the active management of which he had long ago retired, but he made a point of personally announcing made a point of personally amounting all changes and appointments among the large staff of employees, giving such affairs a flavor of old time ceremony that materially heightened the pleasure of those upon whom preference fell."

Rice, Barton & Rice was an old, rich, Rice, Barton & Rice was an old, rich, strongly established and conservative concern. They paid low wages until you showed your value and then you received payment for the whole worth of it. There were few vacancies with them. You entered their service as a low and can expedie or looked after the boy and ran errands or looked after the boy and ran errands of looked after the stock, and stayed with them if you were able to climb; if not you made way for some other boy, for Rice, Earton & Rice wanted none but those that were clim-

bers.
"Well, Ned, you've certainly got your chance now," went on the delighted Teddy. "You'll show the old hands

how to get orders!
But this rather sobered young Percival and brought back the thought of the veterans and proved men in the sampleroom upstairs. He had won his spurs, sure enough, but he feit that he should have to ply them vigorously to keep up with his new companions. This howwith his new companions. This, howwith his new companions. This, however, was but a fleeting impression, as glimpses of truth are often apt to be.

"Good - bye for a time, Teddy," he said blithely; "I must get up to the sample room and look over my trunks. I make my first trip next week."

Throwing out his chest, which rather gave him the air of a proud little bantam. for he was but a scant five foot

pantam, for he was but a scant five foot four, Percival marched upstairs, whilst

Teddy, suddenly sobered, turned to his work amongst the calicoes.

The excitement of unaffectedly rejoicing over his friend's success faded away, and the thought of his own defeat, as really Percival's promotion meant to away, and the thought of his own deteat, as really Percival's promotion meant to him, had room to enter his mind, and somehow Percival himself had now proposed the deep for the himself had now opened the door for this thought to en-ter, and it was an uncomfortable tenant.

ter, and it was an uncomfortable tenant. He was not envious of Percival, indeed he was sincerely glad for his sake; but he could not help but remember that in length of service they were equal and that Percival had been chosen for promotion, proving that in their value to their employers they were not equal. their employers they were not equal.

And the thought stung him deeply
and it mocked his deep-seated ambition



the other hand, given his present flatter-ing advance he was capable of pushing enthusiastically ahead in his encourage-SHOE POLISH FOR DAINTY SHOES

Somehow, deep in his heart, he had considered himself a better workman than his chum. Percival was very clever, alert and lively, but he was, Teddy thought, somewhat erratic; he was like a runner upon whom you could not al-ways rely to do his best, who often lag-ged indifferently behind and as often ged indifferently behind and as often surprised you with some brilliant spurt. Well, he had certainly spurted shead now and won the race for the coveted preferment. And Teddy felt that somehow Percivalhad not behaved altogether fairly towards him, that is, that he had not seemed to give thought to his not seemed to give thought to his, Teddy's, natural disappointment. Probably had Percival acted a somewhat different part in the little scene of congratulations, he would not have, as I have put it, opened the door for the thought of his own defeat to enter Teddy's mind and spoil all the pleasure of the event for him.

Preserves alike the daintiest kid and the

roughost leather.

TAME NO SUBSTITUTE - HOLDS THIS

Teddy was a young man of imagina-tion. He had the faculty of pleasingly anticipating events in thought, living them, mentally, before they occurred— it must be added that his anticipations very often were wrong. When he had waited by the stairway for Percival's return from the office he had rehearsed, in this imaginative way of his, the com-ing scene of congratulation. And the imaginary dialogue would end, he felt sure, with Percival saying somewhat to this effect:

Unfortunately, it had not occurred to Percival to speak so, and Teddy chafed at the thought of the little, significant neglect, and for a while the big sunny room, as bright and as bizarre in effect as some oriental market place with the

as some oriental market-place with the great heaps of many colored cotton cloths, seemed very cheerless to him, and very lonely.

Percival, our rueful young man thought, was clear of the monotonous stock-room duties now, dusting and arranging goods, opening and emptying bales and cases, waiting upon minor customers; and he himself was still tied to them; soon, no doubt, he would be picking out goods to fill Percival's orders—Percival a traveler and he still a - Percival a traveler and he still a

stock-room clerk.

The sound of the electric call bell broke into Teddy's ruminations; it rang three times, a signal that his presence was required in the office. He hastened downstairs in obedience. "Mr. Rice wants you," said a clerk and Teddy enwants you, "said a client and the Senator, the retired head of the firm.

"Ah, so this is Mr. Purcell, eh?" said

"Ah, so this is Mr. Furcell, eh?" said the dignified old gentleman, smiling.
"Sit down, sir." Teddy complied, wondering what was coming. He was not kept long in suspense.
"Mr. Purcell," said the Senator, "I am pleased to inform you that you have by your consistent and faithful good work shown that you are worthy of adwork shown that you are vancement in the service of this house, which is, as you no doubt know, one of the o'dest and most honorable in Amer ica - it is my cherished design, sir, to execute, when public labors relax sufficiently, a monograph devoted to the history of the house, which will show, Mr. Purcell, how long and how intimately its rise and progress, here here in the manufacture of the progress have been intimately its rise and progress. Furcell, how long and how intimately its rise and progress have been associated with that of our beloved country." A dignified gesture lent emphasis to the words, and Teddy funcied that the old

words, and Teddy Inncied that the old Senator had difficulty in keeping "Mr. Speaker" out of his rolling sentences; however, he now came to the point. "As you are aware," he said, "a vacancy has been caused by the death of a member of our traveling staff, and after due consideration of the claims of all the due consideration of the claims of all the juniors, you have been chosen, and to the post, sir, I now appoint you. I trust,

Teddy did not hear, at least to under stand, a word of the sonorous little speech of congratulation and admonition that followed — his mind was flooded with pleasure, and surprise, and bewilwith pleasure, and surprise, and bewilderment. What did all this mean? Had Persival made a mistake; or were they both appointed to the traveling staff? Surely the latter must be the case, and the thought sent rejoicing through him through him.

The Senator's next words brought him attention with a shock.

to attention with a shock.

"When you report in the sample room you will please to ask Mr. Percival to come to me? I have an unpleasant duty to perform. I — I made a little mistake—" Here the rotund old gentleman reddened a little, he was not accustomed to making little mistakes: it gentiaman readened a fittle, he was not accustomed to making little mistakes; it would appear. "From the similarity in names between you and Mr. Percival I, who am kept by my senatorial duties from as close a knowledge with the doings of the firm as I could wish for, fell into an error, and confounded his name with the one chosen by my active associate

for promotion."

Teddy struggled hard to suitably express his thanks and sense of apprecia-

tion of his preferment, and doubtless succeeded well enough, for the Senator was smiling cordially as he bowed him out, but within, our friend was in no happy frame of mind. He walked slowly upstairs. Poor, poor Ned, he thought, what a fall from his high estate to be raised to it only to be dashed down again in what, to Percival's sensitive spirit, would be a humiliating fashion. It would hurt him, too; he would feel it so keeply, and it might encouraged by the property of so keenly; and it might conceivably do him irreparable mischief, knock his am-bition out of him. Reduced thus to the ranks, Teddy felt, Percival might aban-don further effort, or show his resentment so plainly as to lose all prestige with his superiors. Teddy knew his friend's lovable, yet mutable nature. On

He had reached his own floor now and paused on his ascent to the sample room. He looked about the big room. No more need he dust and arrange and pick out orders; Percival and the others would do that; it was over for him—and would his friendship for Ned be over, too? Ah it was very, very possible! "Oh, how am I going to tell him, and make him understand!" Teddy almost groaned, and suddenly he realized completely that he could do neither, and he turned his back and shut his mind tight, and his long legs carried him down stairs again three steps at a time.

He strode up to the Senator's door and knocked, and was told to enter, in he marched, with his head up—you would have thought the genial Senator's anug office a fortress which this big young man had orders to assault and carry. The rubicund old gentleman peered over his spectacles in surprise.

A precise relation of the interview was never made public by either party to it, so, this being a true tale I cannot set it forth; but it is common knowledge that as Teddy left the office the Senator took and grasped his hand and said, "It shall be as you wished, Mr. Purcell." Then the Senator called his partners

and said to them, in his finest that is to say, his most combative senatorial manner, as though to drown opposition manner, as though to drown opposition before it showed head: "I have decided to keep Mr. Percival in the position I mistakenly appointed him to."

Then in another tone he said: "Keep your eye on that young Purcell—he will go far, or I am much mistaken." Teddy marched resolutely upstairs and as resolutely refrained from further thought. He plunged like a race horse

at his work. A piece of dimity was doubled up in sure, with Percival saying somewhat to this effect:

"Well, Teddy, you'll be on the road yourself before long, you know; another vacancy will soon arrive for you, and I shall not have much of a start, now you see!"

Unfortunately, it had not occurred to Teddy was a stalwart athlete the pride. Teddy was a stalwart athlete the pride of the militia gymnasium.

"What muscle you have, Ted," said Percival's somewhat wistful voice from the staircase. He was feeling a bit lonely after his first dip into his new environment, and in his heart he was already missing his friend. He leaned

aiready missing his friend. He leaned across the banister.
"Teddy he said, "do get a move on will you? And get into the sample room with me—and I bet you soon will too." The words were as some cordial to

The works were as some containing they warmed and cheered and revivified him. They were just what he had imagined, just what he knew Ned Percival thought, after all. He jumped to the stairs, and the two young men shook hands.

I have only to add that the Senator's prophecy was true prophecy Teddy did "go far"—he went to a partnership with the Senator in time.

MEANING OF THE HOLY MASS.

ON-CATHOLICS GENERALLY ARE IGNORANT OF THE REAL GLORY AND SIGNIFICANCE OF THE DIVINE MYSTERIES OF THE

public worship, says the Inter-Mountoin ation of the evil hitherto made.—Rome Catholic.

It would therefore be well to tell our non-Catholic friends that all the ceremonies have a meaning and relate to

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Office London - Canada

the Passion of Christ. When, for instance, the priest begins the function he kneels at the foot of the altar, and there he represents Christ in the bloody sweat in the garden of Gethsemane. Then he goes up the steps and kisses the altar, and we are reminded of the kiss with which Judas betrayed the Master. Then he goes to one side of the altar and then to the other and back to the centre of it, and we recall how our Savior was led before Annas and Caiphais and Pilate and Herod and back to Pilate and finally to the Hill of Calthe Passion of Christ. When, for instance to Pilate and finally to the Hill of Cal-

The priest washes his hands and we The priest wasnes his hands and we think of Pilate doing the same and declaring that he is guiltless of this innocent blood. When the consecration takes place and the Host is raised above the priest's head to be seen by the con-gregation we behold Jesus nailed to the cross and lifted up to die.

And so the sacred drama goes on—
He dies, He is buried, He rises again,
He ascends into heaven, and the Holy
Ghost comes down to bless the Church
and abide with it forever. With that
blessing, given by the priest, the words
are heard, "Go, for Mass is over," and
the people, having taken part in offering
the holy sacrifice, depart in peace,
thanking God for the grace o' their
presence at such celestial mysteries.
Is it any wonder that the Mass is a
magnet and that Catholies do not need
preaching or music or reading to in-

preaching or music or reading to increase its charm?

France on the Down Grade.

At present the excess of births over At present the excess of births over deaths is 15.6 per thousand in Holland, 14.9 in Germany, 11.2 in England, 11.1 in Italy, 7.9 in Spain, while in France it is only 0.7 per thousand, and the balance will soon be inevitably turned to the wrong side owing to the large proportion of the old France. A century ago the great powers of Europe counted 98,000,000 of inhabitants and of these 26,000,000, or more than a fourth, belonged to France. more than a fourth, belonged to France. To-day the proportion is 35,000,000 to 39,000,000. Molkte declared that Gerof the divine mysteries of the attract such close attention. To them preaching and hymn singing are the accepted forms of mublic worship. says the Inter-Mountain and interest of the certain of the cert

A man's worth is estimated in this world according to his conduct.

18 30 11 mores

ooks on top of the stove, bakes in oven at same time

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Catholic Record London, Canada

ADDRESS BY HON. CHAS. MURPHY. AT THE LABOR DAY DEMONSTRATION IN LONDON.

"My first words to you today must be words of thanks to the Trades and Labor Council of London, for inviting mae to spend this unique holiday in your midst. While on my way to atyour midst. While on my way to attend this celebration it was suggested to me that a minister of the crown would feel out of place at a labor gathering. To that suggestion I might have made several replies; but the only one I considered it necessary to make was this, that the son of a blacksmith could never be out of place in the company of workingmen. But, Mr. Chairman, it is not merely the nature of what once was my father's calling, that gives me a claim to be amongst you. A few years ago, when actively engaged in the practice of tend voluntary assistance to the clerks of that city in securing the passage of that city in securing the passage of early-closing bylaws, materially shortening the hours of labor; and there is no souvenir in my possession that I value more highly than a beau-tiful clock which the clerks of the Commercial Assembly of the Knights of Labor at Ottawa presented to me my gratuitous services in their behalf.
But then, sir, there is another and a
stronger reason establishing my claim
to be here. You are no doubt aware that the department of public printing and stationery is a branch of my department. As the head of that branch. I have under my supervision in the printing bureau at Ottawa, some 650 employes. I am thus brought into daily with the workers and with contact with the workers and with skilled labor. One of my first acts in connection with the printing bureau, was to grant an increase of wages. I thought that was the proper thing to do and I was justified in doing it. However, I had no sooner done it than I received a protest from an employing printer who told me that if I proposed to create a printers' paradise I would have to find employment for all the members of the craft in Canada, as they would desert the other offices and flock to the printing bureau. The lesson conveyed by my friend was not without its effect; but, if I erred at sall, I did so because of my strong belief in the maxim of a fair day's pay for a fair day's work.
"On a day like this and in a country such as ours, it is natural that the

importance and dignity of labor should hold a foremost place in our thoughts.
If the sentence pronounced upon Father Adam for his sin of disobedience er Adam for his sin of disobedience, were left to human reason alone to interpret, then would labor have been menial and the worker's lot a dismal one indeed. But Joseph, the Carpenter, and His Divine Son, in their own persons supplied mankind with the true interpretation of Adam's sentence, and set the seal of dignity upon honest labor. That attribute it was the care of the church to preserve down through of the church to preserve down through the centuries; and even in the much-maligned middle ages 'labor received honor and tribute, thanks chiefly to the Fratres Pontifices, or bridge-building brotherhoods. These were religious associations founded for the purpose of building bridges, and the products of their skill are to be seen to this day along the roads in England and France. As titular head of these brotherhoods, the pope was styled supreme pontiff, or chief bridge-builder—the word pontiff being derived from the two Latin words, "pons," a bridge, and "facere," to build. It was this union of labor and religion that fostered the spirit of co-operation and rendered spirit of co-operation and rendered self-denial popular.
Thus established in the esteem of

the world, labor's cause survived the shock of revolutions and the upheavals due to social changes. With the spread of education and the enfranchisement of the masses, labor assumed an ever-increasing importance As long ago as 1824, Daniel Webste declared that 'Labor in this countries independent and proud. It has no is independent and proud. It has not to ask the patronage of capital, but capital solicits the aid of labor. What Webster said of labor in the United States, was equally true at that time of labor in Canada. As applied to both countries his words are much truer today. If I were asked for proof, I do not think that I cauld furnish any better illustration than the fact that acknowledged the independence and dignity of labor by bestowing the title of Labor Day upon the first Monda; in September and setting that day apart as a national holiday.

There are more reasons than one

There are more reasons than one why Labor Day should be a day of special significance to the people of London. In the first place your city one of the most important centre of employment in the eastern, or, as we are now beginning to call it, the old part of Canada. You are the fourth largest industrial centre in Ontario. You have within your me of the most famous manufa tories in Canada, and their products Dominion. The census informs me that your total annual production of manufactured goods is valued at over \$15,000,000. In the second place you are situated in the heart of a district that, for agricultural richness, is surpassed in this country, or, in fact on this continent. Your great annua exhibition furnishes yearly and elo exhibition furnishes yearly and clo-cuent testimony of that. And so I say that this also constitutes a reason why this holiday should be a day of special significance to you.

"But, Mr. Chairman, referring morespecially to those affecting organized an early day with every movement de

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DR. CHASE'S OINTMENT.

signed to uplift the workingman of Canada. At the present time you have, on the authority of the department of labor, no fewer than 43 labor unions in active existence. The local printers, bricklayers, ironmoulders, cigar-workers, garmentmakers and musicians' unions are among the strongest and best of their class in Canada. You have had, of course, your ups and downs like everyone else, but the fact remains that, after Toronto and Hamilton, London is the best organized of the cities of Eastern Can-ada from the standpoint of the trade

union movement. "You expect me, no doubt, as a min-ister of the crown, on this, the annual festival dedicated by the people of Canada to labor, to say a word to you with regard to the attitude or policy of the Government towards labor. You would prefer that, I imagine, to mere generalities. In my opinion, no graver or greater issue is before this coun-try or before this century than the problem which is usually and some-what loosely referred to as the "labor" problem. On the treatment we accord problem. On the treatment we accord that problem and on the solutions we find for its many phases depends a large degree the happiness of the great mass of the people of this coun-try, made up of the workers in the various trades and industries. In that great future which we are a unit in expecting for this glorious Dominion. the answers we find to the questionshow shall we regulate the often vexed relationships of capital and labor? what shall be the social and economic condition of our working class?—will very materially determine the place which Canada will take among the nations of the world. Daily the competi-tion between nationalities and races is becoming keener, and the country which has not its industrial problems well in hand and its industrial life healthy and free from reproach is doomed to failure. That the Govern-ment of Canada realizes this fact a very brief account of what it has donand is doing for the cause of labor will demonstrate, Actions speak louder than words, and fortunately it is record of actions I am able to place be-

There are two departments of the Government which have the industrial life of the country under their imme-diate supervision. The department of trade and commerce is primarily en-gaged in facilitating the disposal of goods of Canadian production. The de-partment of labor, on the other hand, concerns itself directly with the manifold problems which arise between the employer and employee during the pro-cess of production. The former, nat urally, comes chiefly into contact with the employer, while the latter deals chiefly with the employee, and it is herefore with the latter that I would

ike to say a brief word.

The recognition of the claims of la or to special consideration from the Government was of comparatively slow growth in this country. We had commissions of investigation into labor questions from time to time, ending with a very elaborate and prolonged inquiry in 1886. I have never been able to find out exactly what came of them. It was not until Sir William Mulock established in 1900 a special department of labor that the machin-ery was created whereby the Government could give proper and continuou attention to labor questions. The rapid growth and expansion of the department since then is familiar to all. is safe to say that there is now no de partment of the Government whose ac ivities are better known to the people at large. I am not going to detain you with any account of the process by which the department attained to that position, but I would like very briefly to recapitulate what the department is engaged in doing today.

(1) It has evolved very elaborate and extensive machinery, and placed the same at the disposal of the public, for the purpose of facilitating the settle-ment of strikes and lockouts. Its work this connection is known throughout the length and breadth of Canada, It is impossible here and now to describe this machinery or to refer to its results. It is enough to say that during the two years that have elapsed since the Lemieux act came into force, over the Lemieux act came into force, over 60 strikes have been prevented, with perfect satisfaction to all the parties according to the man's lights, and The saving effected thereis probably to be estimated in mil tions. This legislation, which may justly claim to be unique of its kind as excited interest throughout the en tire industrial world. We have had special commissioners looking into nanner of working from Great Britain. the United States, and Mexico. Imita-tion, they say, is the sincerest form of flattery, and several states of the nerican Union, as well as New South ales and the Transvaal, are placing imilar legislation on their statute books. Canada is not given to boast-ng, but we think an achievement like that is something of which to be proud (2.) The department publishes in the Labor Gazette a detailed industria hronicle covering the whole of Canada rom month to month. The Gazett rence to all subjects of interest to

abor, such as trade disputes, indus-rial accidents, immigration, etc., etc trial accidents, immigration, etc., etc The latest publications of importance from an industrial or labor standpoint are reviewed, and a summary given o ecent legal decisions affecting labor as well as the results of numerous spe-cial investigations conducted by the cial investigations conducted by the department. Every city in the Domin on has a correspondent to the Gazette nd the department is brought in this vay into close touch with every sec on of Canada. The Gazette is sold cents a year, and this merely

charge places it within

The White Plague

Other Poems

Thaddeus A. Brown

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be inserted in every contract awarded by the Government, is administered by the department, two special officers being constantly employed in the preparation of the schedules and their enforcement. (4) One of the chief functions of the department is to supply information of an expert character on all questions appertaining to labor. In this connection, an extensive collection of publications has been brought together and classified. The department has a heavy correspondence with the general public in answer to inquiries on economic and industrial subjects. In addition, as you are aware, it

lects. In addition, as you are aware, it has conducted several very important in-quiries, under commission, into questions such as Oriental immigration, conditions in certain industries or in certain sections of the country. In short, it has been a standing organization for the education of the people on labor questions and the dissemination of knowledge, the lack of which is among the most fruitful sources of misunderstandings in the industrial world.

world.

Now, I must not detain you any longer on a holiday like this recounting details with which you are all more or less familiar. I only want to assure you that the Government of this country is alive to its responsibilities towards labor. We cannot expect that everyone will think we are always right, but at least we are trying to be right. We are, at any rate, not idle. Let me draw your attention to the last and perhaps the most significant the last and perhaps the most significant proof we have given of this fact. As you all know, the portfolio of labor was first attached to the office of the Postmaster-General, for the reason that Sir William Mulock, the first minister of labor, was General, for the reason that Sir William Mulock, the first minister of labor, was postmaster-general at the time the department was created. So the department remained until a few months ago. This, however, has now been radically changed. For the first time in the history of Canada the cabinet contains a minister of labor who has no other charge upon his attention than the one indicated by the title of his portfolio. In other words, labor has been recognized as a big enough interest to have a minister of its own. Mr. Mackenzie King has made the great reputation which he enjoys as a student and exponent of labor conditions. I believe that I am within your judgment when I say that his elevation to the cabinet to fill the new portfolio has given universal satisfaction. The Government itself, accordingly, may be said to be celebrating this Labor Day in a unique manner: it is the first time that the Government has ever been able, on this, the national holiday of labor, to send its message to the working people of Canada, through a department and a portfolio especially dedicated to the interests of labor. Let me thank you once more for having given me the opportunity of being the bearer of that message to the good people of London.

TO SECURE SALVATION.

THOSE DYING IN STATE OF GRACE WILL RECEIVE REWARD OF ETERNAL LIFE.

Replying to a correspondent who asks, "What is the Catholic idea and belief with reference to the future, after death, of non-Catholics, such as—?" (several specifically named individuals), the Bombay Examiner answers:

We do not profess to know the future fate of any man except by forming a judgment from his manifested conduct. According to our theological principles every man who dies in what we call a "state of grace" is saved, and every man who dies "out of the state of grace" is lost. In speaking with outsiders, it will be enough to explain the either freedom from grievous sin or e'se sincere repentance. This rule applies not only to Catholics but also to non-Catholics, so far as they are sincere in their convictions, and fail to realize the claims of the Church and their duty of joining it. These being our principles, their application depends on a question of fact. Do the various per sons enumerated answer to the above description? If so, we may assume that they may be saved through God's accepting their good faith and their good intentions. This is all we can say on this subject.

Apropos of this question of the salva-tion of non-Catholics, it is to be re-marked that the more extended be-comes the knowledge of Catholic doctrines among those outside the Churchand missions to non-Catholics are certainly disseminating those doctrines very widely—the less likely is the plea of "invincible ignorance" to be valid.

Most educated non-Catholics, it would

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seem reasonable to suppose, must now-adays entertain at least a doubt as to adays entertain at least a doubt as to the fact of their sect's being the true Church of Christ, and another doubt whether the genuinely true Church be not that of Rome.—Ave Marie.

Shield your nerves, and don't let them become too sensitive. Make yourself take life calmly. If you lose a train, don't pace the platform wildly, but inquire when the next train comes in and sit down calmly to wait for it.

HE BOUGHT HER A 1900 WASHER

One of Our Readers Tells How Her Husband Learned

What Washday Means to a Woman



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The poor Cream Separator, with its slim stand nicely painted, is able to stand up because screwed down to the floor, "but the worm gearing," well, ask an honest mechanic. He'll tell you it may skim alright for a time, but sooner or later it is bound to give trouble, and that trouble comes on your busiest days, when you can least afford to have a breakdown, and right here is where the value of the strong square gear MAGNET works come in It is made right and can be depended upon at ALL times. You never lose time, temper or profit when you own a MAGNET. Why? Because the MAG-NET has square gears cut from solid blanks, a skimmer in one piece, easy to clean, a large bowl supported at both ends (MAGNET Patent). So easy to turn children operate it. A protect brake stops it in eight seconds, preventing wear.

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Irish Brewers and the Irish Party. Speaking recently on the hostility to the British Budget which manifests itself among Irish brewers and distillers because it places an increased tax upon intoxicating drink, Mr. Joseph Devlin said: "We have always said and was a vi those the said." have always said, and we say it here to-day, that the only way to secure the interests of Ireland against the inevitable robbery which a union with Eng-land brings in its train is an independent, free Irish Government working in Dublin and controlling its own resources And when the large distillers and brewers of Ireland come to Mr. Redmond and to the Irish Party and say-'Oh, save us and protect us from this great taxation,' we ask: who lays the taxation on them? The Government of England, which they have supported with their money and their influence in the past. And the answer I give to these gentlemen is this: "We, throughout this struggle, will think of the interests of Ireland and of the Nationalists of Ireland in the main, and we advise you that if you don't like this Budget, to reconsider your political position stead of coming at the eleventh he or three-quarters past eleven to ask the protection of the Nationalist party, whom your money has been used to blackguard and traduce in England for

Sorrows and troubles of all kinds should teach one a great lesson—the lesson of universal kindness. True tact comes from sympathy. We put ourselves into the place of another, and try and see and feel things from another's point of view; we try to feel as he or she would feel, and in that way we are not likely to do or say anything that would hunt there.

MARRIAGE

CURTIS-CAMPBELL.—At St. John's Churcington, by Rev. A. J. Savage, assisted by Ooyle of Cayuga, cousin of the bride, Mr. J. Curtis of Hamilton to Miss Gertrude E Campbell, daughter of John C. and Mrs. C of Burlington.

DIED.

KILEY.—At her home in Somerville, Mass., Sunday lugust 22nd, 1999, Mrs. Margaret Kiley, wife of ohn Kiley, formerly of Baddeck, N. S., aged seventy-ne years, May her soul rest in peace

John Kiley, Johnson Holling of Baddeck, N.S., aged severally one years, May her soul rest in peace!

McDonald, McDonald, beloved child of John and Margaret McDonald, aged eleven months.

Cooper.—At Wine Harbor, N. S., on the 24th August, 1990, Paul P. Cooper, beloved son of Mr. and Mrs. R. V. Cooper, aged two years.

Chistolus —At Lanark, Antigonish Harbor, N. S., on August 24, 1999. Mrs. Margaret Chisholm, widow of the late Alexander Chisholm, in her eightly-eighth year. May her soul rest in peace!

Boyn.—At St. Andrews, N. S., on August 24, 1999. Mrs. Margie Boyd, beloved wife of Dan. A Boyd. May her soul rest in peace!

Gorman.—On Monday, August 16th 1999. Mrs. Simon Gorman, Shamrock, Ont., aged thirty-eight years. May her soul rest in peace!

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and untitude the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it local disease and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven catarrh to be a constitutional disease and therefore require constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio is the only constitutional cure on the market. It also not constitutional cure on the market. It also manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, and the spoonful. It acis directly on the blood and mucon surfaces of the system. They often one hundred collars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials.

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