

THE CATHOLIC RECORD

TALES OF THE JURY ROOM

By Gerald Griffin THE FIRST JURYMANS TALE

SIGISMUND — CONTINUED

"Villain," exclaimed Sigismund, "traitor and ingrate—but," he added, suddenly repressing his anger, "why do I speak thus when I know not if I am yet awake? I must restrain this violence. Clotaldus," he added mildly, "I admire thy fidelity, depart and serve thy king."

Clotaldus withdrew, bowing respectfully, and admiring the moderation of Sigismund, while the latter exclaimed, "Whether or not, let me act as virtue directs. If these things be real, I shall have done much good, if otherwise, I shall gain friends for the moment of waking." With these words, he departed to place himself at the head of his troops.

In the meantime, Basilius and Astolpo, alarmed at the powerful insurrection which menaced the throne, had placed themselves at the head of a large body of forces about the moment of waking. In the act of consulting with the prince on the best measures to be immediately adopted, when Clotaldus arrived, breathless and exhausted, at the royal tent.

"Clotaldus here!" exclaimed Basilius, "what then is become of Sigismund?"

The old man explained the circumstance which had taken place at the dungeon, and Basilius calling for his horse, hastened to place his army in position to receive the invaders. Clotaldus was about to follow, when Rosaura entered and detained him.

"Stay," she exclaimed, "and hear me for a moment. You know that I came to Poland poor and unfriended, until I was fortunate enough to obtain your protection. You commanded me to remain disguised at the palace, but he has seen me, and so little regards the promises he has made, that he is to meet Estrella this evening in the palace garden. I have obtained the key, and by favouring your entrance that way, we may compel him to do as we wish."

"It is true," replied Rosaura, "that since I first saw you, the interest you excited within me was such, that I would have given my life for yours if the sacrifice was demanded. I had then resolved to compel Astolpo to fulfil his promise which he had made you, but our position has since been altered. Astolpo has saved my life at the risk of his own. I lay prostrate at the feet of Sigismund. I cannot therefore lift a sword against him, for it would be a detestable action."

"It is true," replied Rosaura, "that I owe you my life, yet I have heard you say, that he is not unfriended, and does not in fact live at all. Then if I still remain unfriended, I owe you nothing, and my life is my own. But if you will prefer your affection to your gratitude, I hope yet to receive it gratefully. Be liberal first, and then be grateful. Rosaura, and I will be liberal. I will give thee my fortune, with which thou mayest retire as thy virtue is yet unspotted to a monastery. I behold my country distracted by civil feuds and must not fly to them. This I shall be loyal to my king, liberal to my country, and grateful to Astolpo; but I think I could do no more, Rosaura," he added, speaking with much tenderness, "were I even thine own father."

"Where you my father," exclaimed Rosaura, with much indignation, "I might endure this insulting speech, but not otherwise. What then do you intend?" said Clotaldus.

"To redress myself," replied Rosaura. "This is madness," exclaimed Clotaldus.

"Be it so," replied Rosaura, "it is a virtuous madness, and it shall be executed." Saying which she hurried out of the room, unheeding the efforts made by Clotaldus to detain her.

The drums were now heard at a distance, and Sigismund still attired in the dress of a king, appeared in the adjacent plain attended by his attendants. A trumpet pealed, and Clotaldus addressed the prince, saying, "I see yonder a courser which, if I am not much deceived, bears a woman on his back—here she comes, beautiful as the bridal day. It is Rosaura," he added with astonishment.

"She is restored to me," said Sigismund with rapture. Rosaura at the same instant reined in her steed and alighted.

"Generous prince," she said, "you see before you an unfortunate woman who finds herself compelled to implore thy protection, lend me thine ear but for a few moments, and thou shalt know why it is that I am compelled to trouble thee."

Sigismund waved his attendants to some distance, and requested Rosaura to proceed.

"I was born," said she, "of a noble mother, in the court of Muscovy; she doubtless was very beautiful, for she was very unhappy. A jealous husband tortured her by unfounded doubts, and at length deserted her. I was the fruit of their unhappy union, and the heiress of their native Poland, at least to the misfortune of my parent. Astolpo, the prince of Muscovy, forgetting the sacred vows which he once pledged to me, has come hither to Poland to espouse Estrella, thus have I been left, as you see, unprotected, and thus have I been compelled to seek your aid."

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beasts of the desert. Let this example then of disappointed prudence, show to the world, the folly of that wisdom in which Basilius reposed confidence. The will of heaven has humbled him even to the feet of his own child. But let the lesson terminate here. Arise, my father, and give me thy hand; and thy son has done, behold me at thy feet to obey thee!"

Basilius made him rise. "My son," said he, "you have again endeavored within me the affections of a father. You have conquered, and you are again my prince."

"Still," said Sigismund, "I have a more difficult conquest to achieve over myself. Let Astolpo fulfil his promise to Rosaura."

The Muscovite started. "It is true," he said, "that I was once bound to her, but you should consider the inequality of our conditions."

"Hold," exclaimed Clotaldus, "let that no longer be a bar, for Rosaura is noble as well as Astolpo; she is my daughter."

After the astonishment which Rosaura, as well as all the rest of the hearers evinced at this intelligence had subsided, Clotaldus continued, "Yes, she is my daughter, although this is not the time to explain why I so long kept this a secret."

While Astolpo endeavored to make peace with Rosaura, Sigismund turned to Clotaldus and said, "You who were loyal to my father, thought at the hazard of your life, ask now any favour that Sigismund can grant."

A man who appeared to exercise considerable authority amongst the populace, here stepped forward and said, "since you are so liberal to your enemies, what do you intend for me who was the cause of the tumult by which you recovered your liberty?"

"In which I was myself confined," said the king and those who were around him could not help admiring the extraordinary change which had been wrought in the character of the prince.

"What is it that surprises you?" exclaimed the prince, "I have been taught by a dream, to restrain selfish wishes, and I know not but I may yet awake and find myself once more chained within my dungeon. My anxiety now therefore is, to profit wisely by the illusion while it lasts."

At the conclusion of the Foreman's tale, a long continued roar of applause gave gratifying evidence of the interest he had excited. As soon as silence was restored however, he was reminded of the song, which according to his own proposal should follow the story.

"I had almost forgotten," said the Foreman, "and thank you for reminding me of it. As the sickness of a lover formed the chief subject of my story, it had excited in me a desire to make comedy the theme of my song. I cannot pretend to do justice to one of the most beautiful of our ancient Irish melodies, but venture with it as the best I can offer:—"

ALLEEN AROON I. When like the early rose, Alleen aroon! Beauty in childhood blows, Alleen aroon! When like a didem, Buds blush around the stem, Which is the fairest gem, Alleen aroon!

THE SECOND JURYMANS TALE THE STORY TELLER AT FAULT

At the time when the Tuatha Danann held the sovereignty of Ireland, there reigned in Leinster, a king, who was remarkably fond of hearing stories. Like all the princes and chieftains of the island at this early date, he had a favorite story-teller according to a large estate from his master, on condition of his telling him a new story every night of his life, before he went to sleep, and sometimes with the laudable purpose of lulling him into that blissful condition. So inexhaustible was the genius of this Leinster story-teller, that he had a new story for the king; and such was the skill and tact which he displayed in their construction, that whatever came upon the monarch's mind, one of the story-teller's narratives was sure to match him full asleep.

In the course of his career, the Story-teller had married a wealthy and high-born lady, daughter of a neighboring lord of that country, with whom he lived in peace and prosperity during many years. There is no subject to decay or change, and ever the human mind, which from its spiritual nature might well be supposed incorruptible, is doomed to share the infirmities of the frame, with which it is so mysteriously united, to produce a senescence in the imagination of the Story-teller. His fancy grew less brisk and active, and the king observed that he began to diversify his incidents with a greater number of moral and philosophical reflections than he contained in his former tales. However, he made no complaint, as the Story-teller's reflections evinced a great deal of judgment, and the grand object in view that of settling the king to sleep, was as perfectly accomplished by his philosophy, as by his wit or invention.

Matters thus proceeded, the Story-teller growing older and older, and more and more philosophical, and less and less fanciful, but he was yet true to his engagement, and never failed to have a new story at night-fall for the king's amusement. Every day however brought increasing indications of an inevitable crisis, which would not be very distant.

One morning the Story-teller arose early, and as his custom was, strolled out into his garden, and through the adjacent fields, in order to turn over in his mind the incidents which he might have to relate in a story for the king that night. But this morning he found himself quite at fault; after pacing his whole domain, he returned to his house without being able to think of anything new or strange. In vain he returned as he left, he found no difficulty in proceeding making a due impression of the capabilities as composers, upon the public mind."

Who in the song so sweet, Alleen aroon! Who in the dance so fleet, Alleen aroon! Dear were her charms to me, Dearest her laughter free, Dearest her constancy, Alleen aroon!

Were she no longer true, Alleen aroon! What should her lover do, Fly o'er the broken chain, Fly o'er the sounding main, Never to love again, Alleen aroon!

Youth must with time decay, Alleen aroon! Beauty must fade away, Alleen aroon! Castles are sacked, and towers are scattered far, Truth is a fixed star, Alleen aroon!

"This gentlemen," said the Foreman, after slightly acknowledging the renewed plaudits of his brother jurors, "you are aware, is the celebrated composition which was imposed upon the English public some years since as a Scotch melody, under the name of Robin Adair."

"It is amusing to witness how coolly our modern composers avail themselves of the ancient stores of melody, without the slightest acknowledgment. It is far easier with them to adapt an old and far too often almost forgotten melody, than to trust to their own powers for a new one. I have returned as empty as I left, making a due impression of the capabilities as composers, upon the public mind."

"Your remark is just," said one of his brethren, "but as respects Robin Adair, the plagiarism might have been unnoted, if I mean that the intention of imposing might have had the world as his own. Alleen Aroon was about that period too well known for any person thus to risk his reputation. An Italian lady was in the habit of singing it with the original Irish words, at Covent Garden Theatre; and although the original air, and adorned the simple melody with some grace notes, it is still probable that he only looked to the words, silly as they are, for the success of the publication. You are of course aware that they attempted to refer to the actress Mrs. Fitzherbert. That gave them an interest which the melody was certainly not calculated to lessen."

"If it were a solitary instance," said the Foreman, "I might perhaps think with you; but that is not the case. I have seen it practised with such impunity by some modern composers, that they do not confine themselves to extend their depredations to the more ancient air, but they also steal from modern. One instance I call to mind, which I have seen in a song, as sung through the streets of London, in the Theatre, called 'They marched through the town,' is neither more or less than the old rebel air of 1798, which you all praise in the words of the old ballad, 'Green to my Cape, and white to my eye.' In this case the composer has destroyed the fine freedom of the second line of the original."

"I do not mean to dispute what you have stated since the former Jurymans, 'but still sometimes unintentionally occur. A long forgotten strain perhaps recurs to the mind of the composer; he cannot remember that he has heard it before; it haunts him until he begins to plagiarize. It is in vain that he tries to persuade himself it is original, and forthwith emboldens him to steal from the drawing rooms of the fashionable world. This, I think, was the case with a gentleman whom Ireland has reason to be proud of; and who, perhaps to this hour, is not aware that one of his most beautiful compositions, 'The old air of the Fox's,' is taken from the beautiful words, 'When he who adores thee, has left but the name.' Indeed the first line of the music of each are identical, and if the plagiarist be caused in the way I have suggested to the old air, he may as well have inspired a new one nearly equal in beauty."

"I could say more on the subject," said the Foreman, "but I am detaining you from the amusement which I perceive by his abstracted expression of countenance, our friend near me is preparing for sorry to say, gentlemen," said the Jurymans alluded to, "I have been engaged rather in hunting for a story than in preparing one. My perplexity notwithstanding has this moment rendered me silent. I have been so other merit, but the least that of being approved to the occasion, so I shall relate it without further preamble."

the reign of Ollav Folla," or, "one day the king of all Ireland," but further that he found it impossible to proceed. At length a servant came to announce to him that breakfast was ready and his mistress waiting for him in the house. He went in and found his wife seated at the table, and looking so perplexed at his delay. She was not long observing the air of chagrin that overspread his countenance.

"Why do you not come to breakfast, my dear?" said his wife.

"I have no mind to eat anything," replied the Story-teller. "I am so long as I have been in the service of the king of Leinster, I never yet sat down to breakfast without having a new story to tell him in the evening; but this morning my mind is quite shut up, and I don't know what to do. I might as well lie down and die at once. I'll be disgraced if I call for my Story-teller."

"That's strange," said the wife, "can't you think of anything new at all?"

"Nothing whatever; the door of my mind is locked against it," said the Story-teller. "Nonsense," said his wife, "can't you invent about a Bean Mhor (huge woman) or a Boach (shampion) from foreign parts?"

"Oh it is easy enough to find heroes," replied the Story-teller, "but what am I to do with them when I have them?"

"And can't you invent anything at all?" said the wife. "I cannot; our estate is gone from us forever; besides the open show that will be made of me to-night at the palace."

When the Story-teller's wife heard this dreadful news, she broke into a fit of crying and weeping, as if all her friends and relations were dead. At length her husband prevailed on her to be composed.

"Well," said she, "let us sit down to breakfast as you say; the day is long yet, and maybe you'd think of something or another in the course of the day."

The Story-teller shook his head as if to intimate his distrust of his contents, but sat down to breakfast as his wife desired. When all was removed, and they had sat down for a while in silence, "Well," she asked, "do you think of anything yet?"

"Not a wordworth," said the Story-teller. "I'm high and well lie down and die at once."

"Well my dear," said the lady, "I'll tell you what you'll do. Order your horses and chariot, and let us take a long drive, and maybe something might come into your head."

The Story-teller complied, and the chariot was prepared. Two of his finest horses were harnessed in the carriage, and three favourite hounds followed them. After driving a long distance, they took the road homeward once more, and towards evening were approaching the door of his own mansion, the lady called to her husband to tell her what he had thought of anything to tell the king?

"There is no use in my attempting it," he replied, "I can think of nothing. I'm as far from having anything new, as I was when we left home."

At this moment it happened that the lady saw something dark at the end of a field at a little distance from the road. "My dear," said the wife, "do you see something black at the end of that field?" "I do," replied her husband, "let us drive towards it."

"Let us drive towards it," replied the wife, "and put something into your head which it would answer to tell the king."

"I'll do as you desire," replied the Story-teller, "though I am sure it is no use for me."

They turned the horses' heads and drove in the direction pointed out by the lady. When they drew nigh, they saw a miserable-looking old man lying on the ground with a wooden leg placed beside him.

"Who are you, my good man?" asked the Story-teller.

"Oh, then, my little matter who I am. I'm poor, old, lame, decrepit miserable creature, sitting down here to rest awhile."

"And what are you doing with that box and dice in your hand?" "I am waiting here to see whether any one would play a game with me," replied the old beggarman.

"Play with you!" exclaimed the Story-teller, "why, what has a poor old man like you to play for?"

"I have one hundred pieces of gold here in this leather purse," replied the old man.

"Do you go down and play with him," said the Story-teller's wife, "and perhaps you might have something to tell the king about it in the evening."

He descended, and a smooth some was placed between them as a game table. They had not cast many throws, when the Story-teller lost all the money he had about him.

"Much good may it do you, friend," said the Story-teller. "I could not expect better hap in so foolish an undertaking."

"Will you play again?" asked the old man. "Don't be talking, man; you have all my money," replied the Story-teller. "Haven't you a chariot and horses and hounds?" "Well, what of them?" "I'll stake all the money I have against the man," exclaimed the Story-teller, "do you think for all the gold in Ireland, I'd run the risk of seeing my lady obliged to go home on foot?"

"Maybe you'd win," said the beggarman. "Maybe I wouldn't," said the Story-teller. "Do play with him, husband," said the lady. "It is the second time, and as he has before you, you might win now." "Besides I don't mind walking."

the greater part of his sword was exposed behind his hip; he wore a pair of tattered breeches, such as every prodigious strider he made over the marshy ground, sent the water in jets up to his knees; and in his hand he carried three green boughs. It happened on this very day that O'Donnell and his followers and Kinnaman were partaking a splendid banquet in his house. They were very merry feasting and drinking together, and as the Story-teller and his companions drew near, they heard one of the guests exclaim in a loud and commanding tone:

"Who will say he ever heard finer music than that? Is it possible that twenty-two musicians could be found from this to the shores of Greece, better skilled in their art than the twenty-two who are here to-day? I mean Darby M'Gilligan, Cormac O'Regan, Timothy O'Connell, and many more whom I do not mention now by name. Let me see if I can't get some of these to play."

"I slept last night," replied the stranger, "in the palace of the king of Scotland."

"Call the door-keeper before me," said O'Donnell. He was summoned accordingly.

"What you let in this man?" asked O'Donnell.

"I give you free leave to whip the head from my two shoulders," replied the door-keeper, "if ever I laid eyes upon him before this present morning. Let it pass, said the Caol Riava, 'for it would come just as easy to me to go out as to come in, whether the door was open or shut.'"

Then turning to the musicians: "Play something for us," said he, "that I may judge whether all that have heard in your praise be merited or otherwise."

They began to play, first successively, and then in full concert, all kinds of airs and elaborate pieces of music, both on wind and stringed instruments, and when they had concluded, and the newcomers had learned his opinions of their performance.

"I assure you," said the Caol Riava, "that since I first heard of Belzebub, and Meloch, and Asan, and the rest of their infernal compeers, and of the hideous noise and uproar compounded in rage and launcheon, which prevails in the dreary region of the demons and in the court of the sabbie princes of hell, I never could imagine worse music than what you are just after playing."

"Play something for us yourself then," said O'Donnell.

"Maybe I will and maybe I won't," replied the Caol Riava, "for you may be certain I will do exactly what I like myself and nothing else."

"I don't doubt you," said O'Donnell. The Caol Riava then took a harp, and began to play in such a manner that their graces were all struck with their astonishment to those who knew the cause they had for so doing. As to the company who were present, sometimes he would make them weep, sometimes laugh, and at other times he would fill them asleep with the power of his enchanting strains.

"You are a sweet man, whoever you are," said O'Donnell.

"Some days sweet and some days bitter," replied the Caol Riava.

"Go higher up and sit in company with O'Donnell, and be acquainted with him," said one of the attendants.

"I will do no such thing," replied the Caol Riava, "for a pleasing accomplishment in an ugly fellow like me, is like honey in the body of a man who is going to be hanged; so I will go no higher up than where I am; but let me see his goodness here, if he has a mind to show it at all."

He kept his place and O'Donnell sent him by the hands of an attendant a suit of attire, consisting of a cloak of many colours, a fine tunic and other garments to match.

"Here," said the attendant, "is a full suit of O'Donnell sends you."

"I will not accept it," replied the Caol Riava, "for a good man shall never have to say that he lost so much by me."

"He is either an enemy or something more than mortal," said the stranger who had flung down. "Let twenty horsemen in full armour keep guard outside the house, and as many foot soldiers be stationed inside to watch his movements."

TO BE CONTINUED

LITERARY BIAS

Under "Reviews of New Books," the Literary Digest of October 5, gives over a page to what purports to be a criticism of Ward's Life of Cardinal Newman, but which contains not a word about the book to be reviewed—after the manner of Arden's Ward's lecture on Africa. There is a misrepresentation of Wickliff and Wesley, and a sympathetic appreciation of Renan's renunciation of Christianity, following which, Newman took up "the letter and not the spirit" of the subject are found all too brief to enable Newman to reverse his former attitude towards the Catholic Church, and though he was "the thinker and had a great mind," once he became a Catholic "he believed that, no matter how cultivated the mind, that (sic) the moral faculty was of God." There is a large assortment of similar stupid misstatements which only shed light on the character of the writer, who further reveals himself by suggesting that Kingsley's infamy was "true after all."

His name is Newell Dwight Hillis, D. D., but with him we are not concerned. The Literary Digest professes rigid impartiality in regard to credulity and parties, but frequently in such cases Catholics are usually the sufferers. The Hillis travesty is a glaring instance of naked partisanship, which is the more manifest that it has neither critical skill nor literary adornment to relieve its nakedness.—America.

THE LAST LETTER

"It's a shame for you to go out such a day as this. Why, it's away below zero, pa!" grumbled Mrs. Bascom, shaking her head so vigorously that every stiffly starched ruffle on her gingham subonnet, which she wore summers to keep off the heat and winters to keep off the cold, fluttered gaily.

When noon came and he should have been through, they drove into Jim Hannigan's barnyard. It was the last stop but one. The Hannigan boys saw the old man and his horse coming and ran to meet them. They hurried the horse into the stable, where he was rubbed down and fed with hot bran. Her master was warmed and fed in the comfortable dining room. With cheerful company, in the fire's cheerful glow, the old man forgot his worries. It was 1 o'clock when he rose to go.

CONVENT PRISONS

In the October issue of the Nineteenth Century an Englishman who appears as M. D. to her patronymic is very much wrought up about the necessity of State inspection of convents, convent schools, orphanages, etc.

CHANGED OF VIEW

This change in Ruskin's habit of mind showed itself in many ways. Revised editions of his earlier works appeared with many of their ultra-Protestant passages revised or modified.

CATHOLIC CHURCH AND SCIENCE

To scientists who do not accept Revelation the Universe is a riddle. This they acknowledge. They do not know what to make of it and most of them frankly call themselves agnostics—folk who are in a state of ignorance.

EMPTY CRADLES AND EMPTY CHURCHES

England's most famous Catholic preacher, Father Bernard Vaughan, speaking before a great audience at the Eucharistic Congress in Montreal, termed the empty cradle and the empty church the great problems of modern life.

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RUSKIN AND THE CHURCH

GREAT WRITER ON ART LED MANY TO THE GATE OF PEACE

If a judicious compiler were to select from Ruskin's works all the passages in which that gifted critic pays reluctant or enthusiastic homage to the wisdom, power or beauty of the church, from the results could be made a striking and interesting volume.

A MARRIED PERSON'S PROBLEM

When the Sadducees of old tried to puzzle and entrap our Lord by pointing to Him the case of the woman who had seven husbands, they submitted a purely fancy and imaginary instance, no doubt, but one which—in spite of its extravagance—had underlying it, at least for the time being, a real problem and difficulty.

"DRIVING THEM IN"

Notwithstanding the bitterness evidenced by the anti-Catholic publications which have sprung up recently and by the activities of Tom Watson and the so-called "Guardians of Liberty," we do not anticipate that the Catholic Church will suffer from the attempt to arouse hatred against her.

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amentals" of faith must be inflexible, and "non-essentials" a term of the widest comprehensiveness.

"The religion that has come out of the crucible of 'higher criticism,' as it is termed, is a hybrid thing, a mixture of intellectualism and philosophy, venerated with Christian terms that have lost all meaning alike for the pulpit and the pew."

Again he tells us that "numberless pulpits all over the country may be said with truth to have everything in them but Christ."

In such conditions church union should be easy, but many will ask with Canon Ker:

"What is the use of talking and discussing the matter of Christian union, as it is termed, when the parties themselves appear to have lost the faith which can alone vitalize the dead bones of Christian profession?"

We reproduce the Canon's letter on page five of this issue of the RECORD.

THE MARRIAGE OF FOURTH COUSINS IN QUEBEC

A recent decision of the Quebec courts in a marriage case, though rendered at a time when the factious Ne Temere agitation had subsided, still attracted considerable attention and was given flaring headlines in the newspapers.

In the first place, fourth cousins may marry without let or hindrance in Quebec or in any other part of the world.

In the present case, the parties, related in the fourth degree, were married without a dispensation. Falling to induce them to accept a dispensation, their consent and validate the marriage, the ecclesiastical authorities, when the case came before them, had no choice but to declare the nullity of the marriage.

The mental confusion of the average Protestant with regard to marriage laws, and the respective spheres of Church and State in the premises may be judged from the following editorial utterance of the Montreal Witness, the writer being, presumably, of more than average intelligence and education:

"If the marriage of fourth cousins is against nature, no church can make it right. If it is not against nature, no church can make it wrong. That, in the eyes of the Roman Catholic Church, it is not against nature, and not morally wrong, is shown by the fact that, when duly applied to, that Church grants dispensations and blesses the union. The Church could not possibly do this if that union was in its eyes morally wrong. The Church will even marry a man to his niece or to his aunt and bless the marriage, a proceeding which might be questioned on natural grounds. The doctrine that a Church can make wrong things right and right things wrong is injurious to the moral nature. For a Church to set a man in the repudiation of his wife and in casting her on the world as having been living in sin, and even in incest, is morally shocking to a man's and to a woman's natural moral sense. As to civil laws which abet that sort of thing, it must be remembered that there are all sorts of marriage laws under the British Crown. In India there is polygamy, both under the Hindoo and Mohammedan rite, and even polyandry in the hills."

If such a writer have any principles at all to guide him in his treatment of the subject, which he disposes of so dogmatically, they would appear to be summed up thus: The Catholic Church is wrong, inconsistent, arbitrary, and her marriage legislation is immoral if not unnatural. We fear that he but too accurately reflects the impression made on many minds by the recent marriage tirades when press, pulpit and platform radiated a great deal more heat than light.

The marriage of cousins is not "against nature." Theologians do not even agree that the marriage of brother and sister is forbidden by natural law. Would the Witness maintain that in the first generation after Adam and Eve the race could be propagated only by violation of natural law? Still the line must be drawn somewhere; the Catholic Church draws the line at the fourth degree.

As to the use of talking and discussing the matter of Christian union, as it is termed, when the parties themselves appear to have lost the faith which can alone vitalize the dead bones of Christian profession? We reproduce the Canon's letter on page five of this issue of the RECORD.

Divorce and anti-clericalism go hand in hand at any rate; it may be they receive their inspiration from the same source.

However that may be, in spite of the awful object lesson of divorce in the United States, in spite of the fact that the infidel government already alarmed on national grounds at the inroads of divorce into the family life in France, a movement, with no popular demand behind it, has been inaugurated in England to adopt practically the same grounds for divorce as are recognized in France and America.

The Witness writer has the haziest possible notion of natural law, yet he boldly asserts that "if it is not against nature no church can make it wrong."

While all may agree as to the object of a statute making education compulsory opinions may differ as to its effectiveness. As a matter of fact the law is rarely invoked in Ontario and it is questionable if the universal desire to give children schooling owes anything to the law.

It is not "against nature" for a man and a woman to marry, without coming before any competent civil officer, without witnesses, without any and every formality prescribed by the civil law. But the civil law in such a case would decide there was no marriage.

A little honest consideration would show that the Church on this question is right, consistent, prudent and wise in the exercise of the authority divinely committed to her as the custodian of the sacrament of matrimony.

THE EFFECT OF THE ENGLISH DIVORCE ENQUIRY

That the Catholic Church knows her own mind, that her every member is of the same mind, and that she alone can offer any effective opposition to divorce, will become more and more evident to earnest Protestants who cherish the Christian ideal of marriage.

The proceedings of the Divorce Commission are of interest to Catholics, even of especial interest to Canadian Catholics. That British legislation on divorce should have a moral effect on Canadian opinion is to be expected. That it might beget an agitation to have Canadian divorce legislation conform to the British standard was naturally to be feared.

"A few months ago the whole world was horrified when some hundreds of lives were lost with the 'Titanic'—why are we not horrified by the infinitely greater disaster of the Balkans? We appointed commissions on both sides of the Atlantic to examine into the causes of the shipwreck, and we have adopted various devices to prevent such disasters in future. Shall we appoint an honest international commission to investigate the Balkan calamity?"

It is fanciful to suspect that behind this divorce movement is that "anti-Catholic, anti-European, anti-civilization force of which Hilaire Belloc has written? There is no divorce in Italy. There is no divorce in Spain. In France, except the revolution period, divorce dates only from 1884. In Portugal there was no law of divorce until 1910. When the present anti-Catholic masonic crowd seized the reins of power, one of their first acts was to pass a divorce law the widest and most shameless in Christendom. In addition to nine other grounds, divorce by mutual consent is permitted.

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THE HORRORS OF WAR

The fact that the little Balkan States were almost unknown a year ago, has left the impression that the present war is on a small scale. It comes as a shock to us to learn that, apart from the issues involved and considering only the number of men engaged, it is the greatest war in history.

This war is just; our sympathy goes out to the Christian soldiers who are waging this gigantic war to free their fellow Christians from the barbarous oppression of the unspeakable Turk. But was it necessary? Only because the mutual jealousy of the Christian powers of Europe prevented a peaceful settlement of the questions at issue.

The justice of the cause, the triumph of Christian arms, must not blind us to the inevitable horrors of war. Tomorrow, next year, it may be that Christians against Christians will be lined up in millions. The hideous carnage of such a war one shudders to contemplate.

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ances and fleets and armies until we are absolutely at their stupid mercy. Has not the time come to ask ourselves anxiously which is preferable: "International arbitration on all international questions, or the perpetual menace of war?"

On consideration, one is inclined to sympathize with the discontented Liberals of England in their demand to know more of the obligations to which the diplomacy of their foreign minister commits them.

CONSPIRACY!

Mr. J. H. Burnham, M. P. for West Peterborough, has discovered a conspiracy to force French-Canadians to give up their mother tongue and to adopt English in order that the church may make full use of the French race in its proposed conquest of Canada to the true faith."

Some people might consider it rash to say that there are people in Peterborough with less sense than J. H. Burnham. But Mr. Burnham is no fool; he probably knows his constituency, and particularly that portion of the electorate to which he especially appeals.

But what is to save the Minister of Militia who already speaks French, and the Speaker of the House of Commons who is learning the language?

NOT TRUE — AND MORE'S THE PITY

It is the healthiest symptom about Toronto affairs—and one might say the same of Canadian affairs—that the young men of the country are waking up to the importance to themselves now and in the future of good, sensible, progressive government—Toronto World.

This is very pretty. We wish it were as true as it is pretty. Did the editor wink the other eye when he painted this roscate picture. The statement is altogether too general — too sweeping. That it is correct as regards some young men we are willing to acknowledge, but there are others—young and old too—who will not claim to be in the truly patriotic class.

COMING AROUND

It is a matter of some astonishment to notice with what a degree of vigor the Catholic Church and its chief pastor in Rome are from time to time denounced by certain clericals of the sects.

Amongst other things it urged comity between the churches, so that persons who cannot be married under the rules of one denomination cannot evade the restriction of being married by ministers of another denomination. This has been for ages the practice in the Catholic province of Quebec, and almost countless is the number of hot-headed individuals, guided by a narrow bigotry of which they ought to be ashamed, who roundly denounced the Church, through whose influence was brought about precisely the conditions in regard to marriage which is now recommended by the Federal Council of the Churches of Christian America.

Justice of the Peace up to the highest church dignitary—should have equal right to marry anyone at any time so long as they had authority for so doing by presenting a piece of paper

called a marriage license from some government official duly authorized to ask a few questions, fill out the blank and receive his fee.

THOSE SECRET SOCIETIES

The Toronto Globe of Friday last says a truism when it declares that there are men who would make excellent representatives of the people but poor candidates, while there are others who would make successful candidates but poor representatives. This declaration is made in view of the fact that Mr. E. P. Eckardt, a very estimable gentleman of Toronto, refuses to enter the aldermanic field because he lacks the secret society and political organization connections necessary to electoral success.

They make up for their paucity of numbers, however, by their compact organization, while the general public, unorganized, takes but passing thought of municipal affairs. Our contemporary well knows that Toronto as well as other Ontario cities have in the past been ruled by men high up in the Orange and other orders, some of whom did not measure up to the required standard of capacity and integrity.

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On the 4th of the present month Rev. Dr. Edw. J. Hanna, of Rochester, New York, was consecrated as Bishop of Titopolis and Auxiliary of San Francisco. The newly ordained Bishop has for long been recognized as one of the most notable divines in the State, and has enjoyed the esteem and affection not alone of his Ordinary, the priests and the people of Rochester, but likewise the high regard of all classes of the community.

The Catholic Record sends heartfelt congratulations to the newly consecrated Bishop. To his new home in San Francisco there will accompany him the deepest affection of multitudes who loved him in Rochester and fervent prayers that long life and every blessing may be his portion.

THE FREE PRESS AND NON-ESSENTIALS

Taking us to task for doubting the possibility of an effective union of the Protestant churches, the Free Press informs us that "fundamentally there is no division of faith among them."

It is a matter of some astonishment to notice with what a degree of vigor the Catholic Church and its chief pastor in Rome are from time to time denounced by certain clericals of the sects. Whenever the Holy Father deems it prudent to make any pronouncement touching Christian doctrine it would seem as if it were determined to denounce it beforehand merely because it comes from the Vatican.

Justice of the Peace up to the highest church dignitary—should have equal right to marry anyone at any time so long as they had authority for so doing by presenting a piece of paper

vealed doctrine common to all the Protestant sects is that Christ was, in some sense or other, the Saviour of mankind; yet some of them do not admit that they are saved by His death, but only by the extraordinary wisdom of His teachings and the admirable example of His life.

Now where is the germ of union among such a multiplicity of opinions? What authority is to define what is right and what is wrong—what is essential and what is not? How can our friends fall to see that it is their principle of private judgment that has led to these differences, and that the only possible way to effect union is to renounce the system that gave rise to division?

The Catholic notion of divine faith is to accept all God's truth on His divine authority. To reject one doctrine the Son of God taught is to give Him the lie. He did not say to His Apostles: "Teach all nations what you deem essential and fundamental," but "Teach all things whatsoever I have commanded you."

NOTES AND COMMENTS

Cherubini's Requiem Mass, in a Methodist Church! and, according to daily press reports, sung with "refined emotional and spiritual expression." This was the event in Toronto musical circles last week. It was said in our hearing that this might be taken to indicate a broadening spiritual vision and enlarged sympathies among the erstwhile disciples of John Wesley. Not a bit of it. Rather, we should say, it accentuates their growing indifference to definite religious teaching. Methodist preachers will stand up one day and utter sundry blasphemous against the Holy Sacrifice, and, on the next, regale their ears with musical strains that are intended to glorify the very object of their maledictions. In the same shallow spirit they would listen to an exaltation of Buddha or Confucius while in the very act of designating a missionary to China. It would be consoling to think otherwise, but visible facts forbid.

That it is a characteristic of all the sects evidence abounds. It is, indeed, not too much to say that as regards religious belief outside the Catholic Church, words have lost all definite meaning. The Anglican claim to the title Catholic is one example of this. That the "Anglican Church is the Catholic Church of the English people" is an expression one often hears from the lips of Anglican clergymen, totally oblivious the while to the fact that the statement embodies a contradiction in terms, and is, in consequence, an absurdity. Of the same species is the continuity theory (the claim that the Church of England is the legitimate successor of the pre-reformation Church), which not only sets the facts of history at defiance but falsifies every claim put forward as their justification by the Reformers. But it fits in with the loose thinking of its proponents and has a pretty sound, so regardless of consistency, has passed into the current terminology of the sect.

A RECENT issue of the Canadian Congregationalist furnishes a very apt specimen of such mental gymnastics. One of its denominational ministers spent September in Holland and writes to his paper some account of his experiences there. He tells of a visit to St. Peter's Kirk, Leiden, where he ran across a mural tablet to the memory of one Rev. John Robinson, who was pastor of the English Church "over against this spot, 1609-1625, whence at his prompting went forth the Pilgrim Fathers to settle in New England in 1620." Then, after some further particulars, he bursts into this little flow of rhetoric: "The lofty undecorated walls that tower above the slab that marks his grave, suggest the rugged, stalwart character of the men who looked to him as their spiritual leader and went forth at his bidding to establish a nation in which religious liberty should be a basic principle." Now, this is a very neat little speech, and, as such, the Rev. H. C. Woodley has every right to be proud of it. But when it is remembered that, although the desire to indulge their peculiar notions of worship without let or hindrance was the motive which led the Pilgrim Fathers to America, religious liberty for others never once entered into their design, it becomes apparent that the writer was indulging in a little hysterical rhetoric. And when it is further remembered that for a period of over a century and a half these same Pilgrim Fathers and their descendants reduced intolerance and persecution to an exact science, and made the streets of New England towns run red with blood, it may be seen that the term "religious liberty" has, in Mr. E. C. Woodley's hands, entirely lost its meaning. When, then, he characterizes the voyage of the little ship which brought these "liberty-loving" fanatics to New England as "the most momentous voyage in the world's history," we know just how to appraise it. And at the same time the gentle-

man talks learnedly of "Arabic and Islamic studies" and of "Comparative Religion."

ALONG the same line was a discourse in a Toronto Presbyterian Church commemorative of St. Andrew as Apostle of Scotland. The great Apostle may, in the estimation of this preacher, be the Patron of Scotland (though, in his environment, it would puzzle him to define the term), but before the same tribunal there is no room for a "may be" in regard to John Knox as the father of liberty in Scotland. The Kirk has decreed it; therefore it must be so. But let any man of us, we will not say unbiased mind (for unfortunately, on such an issue it would be hard to find an unbiased mind in the Scottish kirks) but of ordinary intelligence, read the history of the Reformation in that country as related even by their own secular historians, and, crossing his heart (as the children say) call Knox an Apostle of liberty. Knox never knew what liberty was, as he certainly never put it into practice towards adherents of the old religion. Hatred and intolerance were the very keystones of his religion, and we have the testimony of so erudite and impassioned an historian as Prof. Maitland, that never had any country suffered under so grinding a tyranny as Scotland in the first hundred years succeeding the Reformation. To those, therefore, who call Knox an apostle of liberty words have ceased to have any meaning or signification. And so it goes all down the line.

DEAR READER, when you have heard, as you must often have heard, a Presbyterian Scotsman speak of Saint Andrew as the Patron Saint of Scotland, did it ever occur to you to ask him what he meant? If not, just try it once and watch the result. We recall an experience of our own in this regard. It was on a Saint Andrew's day, and we were asked if we proposed attending a big St. Andrew's Society dinner which was on the cards. Some conversation resulted and it occurred to us to ask what our interrogator meant by the term Patron Saint? The look of pained surprise which was turned upon us at the question was in itself diverting. Could it be possible that we had lived so long in a Scottish community and were ignorant on such a point? Why, every child knew that, and so forth, and so forth. The point was not, we ventured to interpose, to what extent we were fundamentally ignorant on the subject—but, would our interrogator please enlighten us as to the extent of his knowledge. Then began a series of word jugglings which were exceedingly entertaining, and finally, after admitting that it was an old Catholic term, inherited from ages before the "Reformation" was dreamed of, the admission was elicited from this scholarly gentleman that he had not the faintest idea of what was meant by calling Saint Andrew the Patron Saint of Scotland—another proof, if any were needed, that in the modern non-Catholic world, words, as bearing upon the subject of religious belief, have lost all primary signification.

WE PRESUME we may call it a hopeful sign that, notwithstanding the widespread decay of definite religious teaching in the sects, there are not wanting earnest souls who shrink from the awful gulf impending, and would fain recall even the narrow religious tenets of bygone generations. Such a one is Canon Ker of the Church of England, who, in a letter to the Globe, utters a warning note to his co-religionists, and to Protestants in general. He compresses the whole matter into two postulates and despairingly asks: (1) "What is the use in talking and discussing the matter of Christian Union, as it is termed, when the parties themselves appear to have lost the faith which alone vitalize the dead bones of nominal Christian profession?" (2) "What an amazingly inconsistent thing it is to go to the heathen world with a religion in which we ourselves have lost all faith in its essential supernatural elements!" The Canon has set himself a hard task, and we doubt if his warning will be heeded. So long as the theological colleges of Protestantism are under the domination of German rationalism—miscalled Higher Criticism—and their inmates puffed up with an insane pride of intellect, they are in no mood to worry over so inconsequential a thing as dogmas has under their manipulation come to be regarded. They have time and to spare to devote to the task of undermining the faith of Catholic nations, but none to the conservation of what remains to their own of Christian belief.

Kindheartedness in one's dealing with others is the great charm of life. A mind attentive to the wants of others, which avoids everything calculated to give them pain, which is generous, which does not keep silence out of touchiness and pride, that mind is the mind of the Christian, and is the joy of everyone who comes in contact with it.

A TERRIBLE INDICTMENT—MODERN RELIGIOUS CONDITIONS

To the Editor of The Globe: This month's issue of The Century Magazine contains an article well calculated to arrest the attention of every thoughtful professing Christian in the community. The article, under the caption of "The Hungry Sheep," is from the pen of William Lyon Phelps, Lamson professor of English literature at Yale University. It contains probably less than 1800 words, but it would be extremely difficult indeed to present a more serious indictment against modern religious conditions than it contains. The gravamen of the professor's charges may be gathered from the following excerpt: "The Protestant clergy of to-day are sadly weakened by a spirit of compromise. They are afraid to preach Christianity, partly because they don't believe in it, and partly because they are afraid it won't draw." They attempt to beguile men into the Church by announcing secular themes, by the discussion of timely political and literary topics. As a matter of fact, the ungodly respect a heartily Christian minister who is absolutely sincere and who confines his sermons to religion, and they despise a vaunting and worldly-minded parson who seems to be preaching for his religion, and who substitutes lectures on politics and Socialism for the preaching of the Gospel.

Earlier in the same article Professor Phelps instances the following:—"A United States Senator met three clergymen in three different parts of the country, and each complained that he could not get a larger number of converts than the first man if he believed that the Bible was the word of God. The cleric smiled pityingly and said that of course he did not in the crude and ordinary sense, and then he launched a mass of vague metaphysical phrases. The Senator asked the second man if he believed in a future life, and the reverend gentleman said that he did not believe in personal immortality, but that the essence of life was indestructible, or some such notion. The Senator asked a third man, a pastor of an orthodox evangelical church, if he believed in the Divinity of Jesus Christ. The shepherd of souls replied that he did not believe in such a thing, but that the essence of life was indestructible, or some such notion. The Senator asked a third man, a pastor of an orthodox evangelical church, if he believed in the Divinity of Jesus Christ. The shepherd of souls replied that he did not believe in such a thing, but that the essence of life was indestructible, or some such notion.

Now the point to be observed in regard to this important contribution to a vital problem is that the conditions which the United States Senator encountered are conditions that are to be met with in every department of Protestant theology, and numberless pulpits all over the country may be said with truth to have everything in them but Christ. There is a good deal of what may be termed "Churchianity" rather than Christianity. There is a ceaseless, and perhaps in itself a praiseworthy effort to find some workable substitute for a supernatural religion, and hence we have a society for almost everything, except one: for keeping the Ten Commandments, even the St. Andrew's Brotherhood, that began in the Spirit, has like all the rest of them, ended in the flesh, or its equivalent, the convention—everything winds up in a convention of some sort.

The religion that has come out of the crucible of higher criticism, as it is called, is a hybrid thing—a mixture of intellectualism and philosophy, veneered with Christian terms that have lost all meaning alike for the pulpit and the pew. It is little short of appalling to think how little St. Paul, who gave his life for the faith, knew of the Gospel which he preached, as compared with a modern theological professor, or even a modern theological graduate. According to these modern wise acres the apostles were an ignorant lot of men, quite incapable of literary insight and foolishly credulous, and, although St. Paul was better equipped than scholarship men of his period, yet the critics contend he was the victim of his early prejudices, and when a Presbyterian student two or three years ago in New York was told that his views were directly opposite to those held by St. Paul he simply replied: "It is all the worse for St. Paul!"

Two important questions suggest themselves: (1) What is the use in talking and discussing the matter of Christian Union, as it is termed, when the parties themselves appear to have lost the faith which alone vitalize the dead bones of nominal Christian profession? (2) What an amazingly inconsistent thing it is to go to the heathen world with a religion in which we ourselves have lost all faith in its essential supernatural elements! The churches to-day are obsessed with the view that salvation is largely a matter of the stomach, and, at any rate, if you want men to reach heaven you must wheedle them along, not according to the Christ method of cross-bearing, but by a perpetual vaudeville which begins at the cradle and ends at the coffin. The modern church under these conditions has become little better than a club, where rival coteries play their little parts, vent their petty spleens and demonstrate how little of the spirit of Christ there is in a modern professor. What spiritual consolation, it may be asked, is there in an upholstered pew, in what confidence is inspired for the journey through the "valley and shadow of death" by a membership in a half million church edifice? Professor Phelps rightly says that men are hungry for the old gospel, and that it is not found in the modern pulpits, and he might have truthfully added, "in the accessories of religious worship; the modern hymn is as barren of spiritual influence upon the heart as the modern pulpit, and whatever may be said of the music, the words have lost all meaning. Take, for example, some of the hymns which are at once popular and in themselves spiritual, and it will be found that they speak in an unknown tongue to the average worshipper: "He breaks the power of cancelled sin, He sets the prisoner free;

His blood can make the foulest clean, His blood availed for me."

I turn to our own Anglican Book of Common Prayer, and I find, as might be expected, that the above verse is omitted in hymn 568. Why? Why because all such references to "the blood" are in bad taste, if not in bad theology. But to the sinners' soul it is in the words of the Psalmist, "Like as the dew of Hermon which fell upon the Hill of Zion." Again, take such a hymn as "Come, O thou traveller unknown, whom still I hold, but cannot see, My company before is gone and I am left alone with Thee. With Thee all night I mean to stay And wrestle till the break of day.

This magnificent hymn, so full of spiritual experience, is not in our B. C. P. But there is no occasion to multiply evidence on a point with which almost every church goes must be familiar, knowing that it is left to the choir to murder the sense by exalting the music. On the whole, then, Professor Phelps has done good service, and by presenting such a scathing indictment against the modern pulpit, and, coming as it does at this solemn season of Advent, it is a literal fulfillment of the prophetic alarm: "Blow ye the trumpet in Zion, and set all an alarm in my Holy Mountain; tremble for the day of the Lord cometh, for it is nigh at hand."

NON-CATHOLIC TRIBUTE

BOYD WINCHESTER PRAISES THE CATHOLIC CHURCH FOR HER WORK IN AMERICA

A noteworthy appreciation of the Catholic Church, in which special emphasis is laid upon her power and influence in the United States, appeared not long ago in the Courier-Journal of Louisville, Ky. It was written by a non-Catholic, Boyd Winchester, and conveys a good idea of the manner in which the beneficent work of the Catholic Church appeals to fair-minded Americans who are without her fold. In the course of his review he declared that the Catholic Church "stands alone, among jarring sects and creeds, majestic, venerable and invulnerable, which time could not crumble nor, revolutions change."

"With transcendent calm the Catholic Church requires of her clergy and religious orders that they shall renounce home, forsake their kindred, labor without reward and die without notice. The chosen idea of life in Catholicism has always been asceticism, the standard herolam. A good priest or Sister of Charity is unured to self-denial and ready for self-sacrifice and expects to be found in some minority which wins by suffering.

"The Sisters of Charity bind themselves to service by the triple vow of life, of poverty, chastity and obedience, which time could not crumble nor, revolutions change. "With transcendent calm the Catholic Church requires of her clergy and religious orders that they shall renounce home, forsake their kindred, labor without reward and die without notice. The chosen idea of life in Catholicism has always been asceticism, the standard herolam. A good priest or Sister of Charity is unured to self-denial and ready for self-sacrifice and expects to be found in some minority which wins by suffering.

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and principles unchanged and incapable of change."

"In every word of civic betterment, in every expression of patriotic aspiration, in whatever has been attempted for the well being and uplift of the human race, the Church and its clergy have honorably and effectively labored in the foremost rank."

"Unquestionably during the terrible condition from the middle of the nineteenth century to the middle of the twentieth century, when Europe became drenched in human blood, and after the downfall of the Roman Empire, and the so-called German Holy Empire had broken into discordant States the Roman Church became the most potential organ for enforcing peace and law."

"The Church manifested a remarkable genius in the development and re-organization of public charities, charity in fact, is the triumph of the Catholic Church; but not a charity which is an encouragement to improvidence and self-surrender. In the eloquent words of Judge O'Doherty. The Catholic Church is charity in action; the tongue of an angel would require to describe the noble work of the Catholic Church; but not a charity which is an encouragement to improvidence and self-surrender. In the eloquent words of Judge O'Doherty. The Catholic Church is charity in action; the tongue of an angel would require to describe the noble work of the Catholic Church; but not a charity which is an encouragement to improvidence and self-surrender.

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MONASTIC HOSPITALITY

A writer in the Glasgow Observer who has recently visited the famous hospice maintained by monks in the Alps, says: "The door of the Hospice stands ever open. All are welcome. No questions are asked. Man or woman, Catholic or Protestant, are kindly received, all are treated alike."

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HOW SHE CAME TO THE TRUE FOLD

CONVERSION OF SARAH A. SLACK OF ATHENS, ONT., BROUGHT ABOUT BY READING AN OLD TATTERED PRAYER-BOOK

After Sarah A. Slack was received into the Catholic Church she explained her conversion as follows: I was born and raised a Presbyterian but married a Catholic. I was married by a Methodist minister, a local preacher, for I thought then, better to be married by any kind of a minister than by a Catholic priest. I had no notion of the value of changing my mind and it was over ten years afterwards before I joined the Catholic Church. When I had been married about four years my husband one day took something from his pocket and placed it on the window behind the curtain. Previous to this I had been trying to convert him to Protestantism but was unsuccessful; I had never read a Catholic book that he kept in the house. At this time we had one child, a year old, which had not been baptized and I felt determined that it never would be unless it was baptized by a minister. One day while I was alone the thought struck me to look behind the curtain and see what my husband had placed there. Lo and behold I discovered it to be a Catholic prayer book minus its cover.

A hot flush rose to my face and I felt like tearing it to pieces. I laid it back even more to the window, but later decided to read it and see what was in the thing anyway as I said to myself. I read it at intervals until I finished, and then I came to the conclusion it wasn't too bad after all. I had heard some dreadful things about the Catholic Church but after reading the prayer book I came to the conclusion that the stories I heard must be false. I read the book again and began to study its contents, but it was like a hard arithmetic question to me. I could not understand the doctrine of the Real Presence nor how confessing one's sins to a man was of any use. But, however a little of the old prejudice left me and in a few weeks I took my baby to the Catholic Church and had it baptized and promised to have it brought up a Catholic. What memories does the name of Jerusalem recall to the mind; Jerusalem, the Holy City of the Old Testament since the days of David; Jerusalem, the scene of the great Sacrifice of the Cross and the last days of Our Saviour's earthly life; Jerusalem, the sanctified place where the Holy Ghost came down on the Catholic Church and had its origin; Jerusalem, the center of the conflicts for ages between the followers of Mohammed and the Crusaders; Jerusalem, for many ages looked upon with profound reverence by Jews, Christians and Mohammedans.

"The Jews love Jerusalem with undying love as their Holy City; the Christians, because it is the original home of their religion; and the Mohammedans because they profoundly revere Christ as one of the greatest of prophets. This latter fact seems to be little known. For the sake of Christ the Mohammedans cherish feeling of great respect for all places once hallowed by His presence. Next to Mecca and Medina, Jerusalem is a Holy City to the Mohammedans. Their sacred book, Al Koran, speaks very reverently of the Virgin Mother of Our Saviour, and in chapter 3 has the following remarkable words: "God said, 'O Jesus, verily I will cause Thee to die, and I will deliver Thee from the unbelievers; and I will place before thee a sign of resurrection.'"

JERUSALEM

The Catholic Bulletin has the following interesting account of the City of Jerusalem. Its antiquity is demonstrated, also the great reverence in which it has always been held. The writer says: "What memories does the name of Jerusalem recall to the mind; Jerusalem, the Holy City of the Old Testament since the days of David; Jerusalem, the scene of the great Sacrifice of the Cross and the last days of Our Saviour's earthly life; Jerusalem, the sanctified place where the Holy Ghost came down on the Catholic Church and had its origin; Jerusalem, the center of the conflicts for ages between the followers of Mohammed and the Crusaders; Jerusalem, for many ages looked upon with profound reverence by Jews, Christians and Mohammedans."

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"But the name of 'Jerusalem' reaches up to a still higher antiquity. In 1887, about 180 miles south of Cairo, Egypt, a remarkable collection of letters, the Amarna Letters, inscribed on clay tablets, was discovered, which contain the correspondence between two Egyptian kings who lived in the fifteenth century before Christ and their officials in Palestine, Phoenicia and Syria and some friendly Eastern rulers. In these Amarna letters Jerusalem is called 'Urusalim.' This conclusively shows that the name 'Jerusalem,' or 'Urusalim,' was already known about 1450 B. C. Yet still farther back into antiquity reaches the name of Jerusalem, at least in an abbreviated form. In (Genesis xiv, 18) we read that Abraham met Melchisedech, king of Salem. It is generally admitted that the city of Salem mentioned here was Jerusalem. This brings the antiquity of Jerusalem to the days of Abraham, who was a contemporary of the well-known Babylonian king Hammurabi about 2240 B. C. How long before this time Jerusalem had been inhabited as a city we have no means of telling.

Standing on an elevated plateau on the summit of the ridge of the Judean mountains, Jerusalem, long as people inhabited that part of the country, was an inviting place to build a city. Hence it is probable that the city of Jerusalem was built as soon as people came into the neighborhood. Who the first of these people were we do not know. When Abraham came to the land he found there people called 'Canaanites,' closely related to the Amorites, as the similarity of their languages proves, according to the opinion of Oriental scholars. The Canaanites were probably a branch of the Amorites; the Amorites dwelt along the Lebanon mountains, and the Canaanites on the neighboring lowlands.

In 1909 Albert T. Clay, professor of Semitic Philology and Archaeology in the University of Pennsylvania, published a book very interesting to students of the history of the Semites. The title of the book is 'The Semites and the Home of the Semites.' In it he endeavors to prove that the religion and culture of Israel were not of Babylonian origin, as often claimed, but that the Semites of Amurru and Aram had imported their religion and culture into Babylonia long before Abraham, slowly but effectually crowding out the Semites, the older inhabitants of Babylonia. If this view prove correct, Syria and Palestine must have been inhabited long before Abraham's day, and Jerusalem with its natural advantages for a well defended city must have been inhabited since people lived in the neighborhood. Jerusalem is not only the most widely revered city of the world, it may also be the most ancient of all cities still inhabited.

WHAT CATHOLIC THEOLOGIAN, FOR THE MOST PART TEACH

An Episcopalian periodical that professes to be of some authority in theology prints the following: "Catholic theologians have, for the most part, taught that those blessed dead of peculiar sanctity pass, after their time of purification, into the Beatific Vision. Holding this most inevitable dogma, upon devout speculation after that upon revelation, it would hardly be proper to say that the teaching is 'Catholic doctrine,' not com ng within the Anglican test of Article XX, nor possibly within the larger Vincentian test, yet the teaching has been so widespread among Catholic theologians that it may probably be termed the prevailing view. It has, of course, been controverted and obviously cannot be said to be proven."

Our readers know that in this, as in other matters, an Episcopalian is free to think pretty well as he pleases. He may be an evangelical, thinking very little about the beatific vision, and looking upon heaven as an endless Sunday in which "Congregations ne'er break up And sabbaths have no end;" or he may, like a revivalist, take it to be an elysium of palm groves and dowerly fields and murmuring streams, where he shall enjoy a perpetual picnic with his friends who have "gone before," or he may, like a Broad Churchman, stand dumb about the whole affair; or he may even take a medium view of it. Many of the High Church party have got hold of the truth that the essential happiness of heaven consists in the vision of God, but they mix with it the power of ever so many general resurrection only after the general resurrection. The gods then, into trouble, as heretical opinions must do. Not only does it go contrary to the general belief of Catholic Christians from the beginning, but it brings them into collision with St. Paul, who expected very confidently to be with Christ; and he was freed from the body and released from this world. Hence, they try to straighten things out by the theory we have quoted.

When they attribute that theory to "Catholic theologians, for the most part," they exclude all ours, and so run into another contradiction beyond the power of ever so many Catholic as theologians to explain. According to him, "Catholic" is a generic notion, and Roman, English, Greek, Russian, American, etc., represent specific differences. Hence, he must admit that our theologians are as much Catholic as his. As soon as he admits that our theologians are as much Catholic as his, he is forced to admit that our doctrine is followed even by some Episcopalian, the theologian of the periodical in question should have said: "Catholic theologians, for the most part, teach with the Council of Florence: 'If the truly penitent deacon, after God's charity before they have satisfied with worthy fruits of penance for their sins of omission and commission, their souls are purged after death by means of purgatorial pains. The souls which, after the reception of baptism, have incurred absolutely no stain of sin, and those souls also which, after contracting the stain of sin, have been purged either in their bodies, or after their bodies have been put off, as we said above, are straightway received into heaven, and see clearly God Himself Three and One.'"

Muller's Masterpiece

What is the Catholic Record? I gazed both long and lovingly upon the masterpiece renowned, It spoke of sweetest purity That virtue, ah! too rarely found. I saw the sparkling ocean wave, I marked the sunset tinted sphere, The sun's dazzling splendor gave From out the clouds, as crystal clear. Then thine supernatural filled my mind A vision fair did gladden me, A vision of an angelic kind That Heaven to earth seemed drawing nigh. It was a maiden I did see Surmounted there all else above, She breathed the odors of virginity Blended with a maternal love. It was the maiden undefiled Promised to man long years ago To bear the sin-detesting Child And vanquish th' infernal foe. And as I stood entranced there Loving the Virgin Mother more I sent to Heaven a little prayer Her sweet protection to implore. O Mary, Queen Immaculate Who now enthroned in Heaven art As noble women elevate The children of the Sacred Heart. —KATHARINE SMITH, CHESHAM

WHISKY HITS ITS VICTIMS

Until Released by Wonderful Samaria Prescription Liquor sets up inflammation and irritation of the stomach and weakens the system. The steady and regular (aged) drinker is often forced to drink even against his will by his unnatural physical condition. Samaria Prescription stops the craving, steadies the nerves, builds up the general health and makes drink actually distasteful and nauseous. It is tasteless and odorless and can be given with or without the knowledge of the patient. Thousands of Canadian homes have been saved from misery and disgrace by some devoted wife, mother or daughter through this wonderful Canadian remedy. The money formerly wasted in drink has restored happiness, home comforts, education and respect to the families formerly in want and despair. Read the following, one of the numerous unsolicited testimonials received: "I can never repay you for your remedy. It is worth more than life to me. My husband has been offered liquor several times, but would not touch it. He said it had no charm for him now. May God's choice blessing ever rest on you and yours as they have ever done. I know it, but those who have tried it. As soon as I can I will see others that I know will be benefited by it. I will give them your address from drink. I will give them your address. (Name withheld on request.) Now if you know of any family needing this remedy, tell them about it. If you have any friend or relative who has formed or is forming the drink habit, help him to release himself from its awful clutches. The Samaria Prescription is used by physicians and hospitals. A FREE TRIAL PACKAGE of Samaria Prescription with booklet, giving full particulars, testimonials, price, etc., will be sent absolutely free and postpaid in plain sealed package to anyone asking for it and mentioning this identical advertisement. Correspondence gladly accepted. Write to day, The Samaria Remedy Co., Dept. 11, 49 Colborne St., Toronto, Canada."

For all true Catholics this is not an opinion, but a matter of faith. Pseudo-Catholics, who in the circus of private judgment try to perform the stupendous act of riding with one foot on Article XX, and the other on St. Vincent of Lerins, should not conceal this when explaining to the spectators what "Catholic theologians, for the most part," teach—America.

TO PURIFY THE STAGE

A movement, which its promoters hope to make nation-wide, has been started in New York for the purpose of purifying the stage from the demoralizing play, thus improving the moral tone of theatres. It was started under the auspices of the Daughters of the Faith, an organization of which Miss Eliza Lummis is the founder, and it has the endorsement and support of His Eminence Cardinal Farley and many other prelates. The primary purpose of this national Catholic theatre movement is "to unite the Catholic laity in demanding purer ideals for the drama; to provide for Catholic supervision of plays; to give substance to Catholic protest; to open the way to the public demonstration of Catholic principles through the medium of the stage."

While the primary object of the promoters is to organize Catholics throughout the country in an effort to bring about an improvement in the moral tone of the plays presented on the American stage, they seek the co-operation of all, irrespective of creed who are interested in this reform. They wish to organize a national union for the eradication of immoral shows and the improvement of conditions in the theatrical world. A practical test of reputable plays will be made in New York and if successful, they will then be reproduced in other cities. If these plays are not all that is to be desired from the moral point of view they will not be staged elsewhere.

The plan of organization provides that a national committee shall initiate the formation in every city of a Catholic civic committee under the supervision of the Bishop of the diocese, and this committee shall endeavor to secure the co-operation of all people interested in uplifting the status of the theatre. Such a nation-wide organization is expected to bring sufficient pressure upon the owners of theatres to cause the promoters of theatrical enterprises as to make it difficult, if not impossible, for any play that is not up to a certain standard to secure the patronage of the public.—St. Paul Catholic Bulletin.

A selfish purpose narrows and numbs all that is noble and good within us. Bitter experience is the most wholesome. The efficacy of medicine is not determined by its flavor.

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DECEMBER 14 1912

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

TEACHING MANNERS

Are the young of the land being taught to know and practice good old fashioned manners?

If you live in New York City take a trip down town in the subway some morning during the rush hours, especially when the children above grammar school age are on their way to some high school or some private academy. Notice them rush in the cars, rush by men and women, young and old.

There are only two classes of people who usually give a seat to an old lady or an old gentleman. Young women and men whose faces show they are really gentlemen. The young woman who will touch the arm of the old lady who is standing, hanging on a strap, is often one on her way to work where perhaps she will have to stand the greater part of the day.

How about the politeness of colored people in the New York cars? The Italians are thoughtful and gracious in every way.

It does not matter who is standing, but it does mean much how the young are being trained.

The crowds who throng the cars at rush hours are not people of leisure;— they are workers in some part of the great city, and they, a few years ago, were taught lessons in politeness.

Not long ago the following incident occurred: A white haired gentleman was going down town in the subway. He was the president of one of our large manufacturing establishments, and he was in some part of the great city, and they, a few years ago, were taught lessons in politeness.

The gentleman was not pushing his way in so as to get ahead of others; but neither did he block the way by moving too slowly. Just as he entered he saw about three seats from the door a gray haired woman about to take a seat, but before she was really in the seat a strong, healthy young lad of about twenty pushed by her and took the seat. The gentleman made no remarks but looked closely at the young man.

About two hours after his arrival at his office he was informed that a young man, then in one of the outer offices, wished to see him. "He has a letter of introduction from some one," said the office boy.

"Bring him here now, for I am expecting some gentlemen to come in soon."

As the young man entered, the president recognized his acquaintance of the morning, but evidently the young man had not noticed him. The president read the letter of introduction from a gentleman whom he knew, who recommended the young man for his studious habits and his industry in pushing himself ahead at school.

The president made a careful note of the name and address of the applicant, also of the one who had sent the recommendation. Then the president looked at him a moment and said: "Young man, if you had called upon me yesterday I might have engaged you. You are neat appearing and I am pleased with this letter. But, young man, I saw you do something this morning that would deprive you from admission to any position in our employ."

The president then related what he had seen him do in the street car, ring the bell and dismount with the remark: "Even if you have not common respect for the aged it is well to remember that the man you may want to work for may be observing you.—Sunday Companion.

ARE YOU FORGETFUL?

Do you ever forget your engagements? Most men do, and the methods followed to jog the memory are as various as humanity.

Nearly every business man carries a memorandum book of some sort, in which he jots down facts and engagements which he is fearful of forgetting, but many others have resorted to the original method of reminding themselves. It is a habit with some men to make notations on their cuffs, but this system can hardly be recommended. Most men change their shirts daily, and if the engagements for the morrow, where are the memoranda of yesterday?

Some men in business follow the example of the women who tie the knots in their handkerchiefs to remind them of things. The other day the head of a large concern pulled out the handkerchief while talking with a customer. The customer showed his curiosity and the manager explained. "I keep memoranda here in the office of business matters," he said, "but every morning

at breakfast my wife tells me of things I must attend to for her during my day in the city. I make a knot for each errand. To-day I have thirteen matters to attend to, and, as you see, not one has been done. But I will finish them all before I go home, I wouldn't dare face my wife with these knots in my handkerchief."

Many men wear a seal ring on the little finger of the left hand. To remind them of an important engagement, they transfer the ring to the right hand. It feels uncomfortable there and there is no chance of their forgetting the appointment.

Other men, who are accustomed to carry their watches in the left hand pocket of the waistcoat, transfer them to the right hand pocket when there is a matter on hand which may be forgotten, every time they want to know the hour, they are reminded of it, and usually the business is attended to very early in the day.

Some people remove the receiver from the telephone and rest it on the desk when they have a matter of immediate importance to attend to, but are unable to do so on account of the pressure of a visitor. When the visitor does not like to do, see what you would business is attended to very early in the day.

SOME DON'TS

Do you want to succeed in business life? Pick out a congenial occupation, study it thoroughly, become a specialist in it, and then keep everlastingly at it.

Don't drift. Don't let chance rule your destiny. Don't wait for some opportunity to turn up. See what you are best fitted for, see what you would most like to do, see what you can get training at so as to become expert in— then go at it to work and persevere to the end.

The common laborer, the man with a general training not carried much above the rudiments, the man without ambition, courage, hope, confidence and persistence, will hardly win. The high prizes of life are for the skillful and the diligent.

WAITING FOR LUCK

You have heard a young man say: "Oh, I am just waiting for luck to bring me a good place. They say I am a lucky dog. I shall land on my feet all right."

But where will the feet be? Hundreds of young men who have been depending on luck to bring them fortunes are to-day wandering up and down the world, doing nothing, wasting the days of their early manhood to no avail.

Do you wish to hit the mark? With a steady aim, and firm muscles, well trained for the effort, send the arrow flying toward the target.

It is so in business, it is so in gaining an education, it is so in the higher things of life.

Watch a sculptor as he steadily brings out of the stone the statue he hopes will make him famous. Not a single blow without a purpose. How carefully the chisel is held in the right place! There must be no slipping of the sharp edge; one single strike that missed might ruin everything.

All life is just like that. Fortune, honor, learning, character—none of these come by chance. The arrow flies where it is sent.—Catholic Columbian.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

SAINT ELIZABETH

The little Princess Elizabeth hardly realized that she was leaving her home forever, as she bade good-bye to her parents. She was only four years old, but so anxious was she to please God by obeying the wishes of her father and mother, that she did not shed a tear.

Queen Gertrude and Alexander, King of Hungary were deeply grieved at parting with their little daughter, whose bright, winning ways were like golden sunbeams in the gloomy old castle, in which they lived. However, the affairs of State came first, and to please Herman, the landgrave of Thuringia, they consented to the betrothal of the little princess to Herman's son, and it was arranged that she should be brought up at the court of Thuringia.

The little princess was very unlike the children of her new home. When the others played games, or indulged in like amusements, Elizabeth would steal off to the little chapel where she remained hours in prayer before the Blessed Sacrament. She was educated with Agnes, the sister of the young landgrave. On a special occasion the young girls were dressed alike, and on their heads were crowns of jewels.

When Elizabeth entered the church, she removed her coronet. Agnes and her mother were annoyed at this, and reproached her with her. She replied, meekly: "How could I wear a crown of gold and precious stones before my Saviour, who wore a crown of sharp thorns."

Shortly after Elizabeth's ninth birthday the landgrave, Herman, died, and his wife was very unkind to our saint. She disliked her gentle piety and quiet manner, but the princess bore it all patiently. Her greatest pleasure was found in assisting the poor, on whom she spent the greater part of the yearly income allowed her by her father.

Our saint was married to the young landgrave, shortly after his return from the university where he had been completing his education. He was a virtuous young man, and gave Elizabeth permission to give alms to the poor as much as she liked. On one occasion she brought a child suffering from leprosy into her room and her mother-in-law complained to her husband. He went to the room, but to his surprise, he saw not a leper, but a beautiful child, who disappeared almost immediately. She built several hospitals and orphanages, and every day food and clothing were distributed to over nine hundred people at the castle gate. Saint Elizabeth was not content with feeding the poor, she considered the best way of helping people was to teach them to help themselves, and in order to do this, she provided work suitable to their strength and knowledge.

The story is told that one time when Saint Elizabeth was carrying some food to a poor family living a little distance from the castle, she met her husband, and some friends, returning from a hunting expedition.

"What are you carrying, Elizabeth?" asked the landgrave. "It must be precious when you take it yourself instead of sending a servant."

"Yes," replied Elizabeth. "See, here it is," and she threw open her cloak.

To the amazement of both they saw only a mass of beautiful roses,—red, white, yellow, and pink.

The landgrave turned away, almost overcome with emotion, and his saintly wife continued on her mission of mercy.

Not long after this Henry joined the Crusade. He was stricken with fever at Otranto, in Italy, and died on the eleventh of September, 1227. Elizabeth was deeply grieved at the death of her husband. After his burial she was driven out of her home by her cruel, ambitious brother-in-law, and with her little children, one an infant, she was forced to beg her food and shelter. She was afterwards restored to her rights; but she refused everything except barely sufficient to live on. Her dowry she distributed among the poor. Thus we see the daughter of a king serving the sick, cleansing the leper, the lame, and working as a servant for the honor and glory of God. Saint Elizabeth died on the nineteenth of November, in the year 1231.—Sunday Companion.

THE NEWSBOY HERO

The Press, of this city, in one of its eloquently expressive editorials pays just tribute to a little hero:

"Billy Rugh" has made a name that will not be forgotten. Billy Rugh was lately a newspaper boy of Gary, Indiana. Himself crippled by infantile paralysis, the withered limb that sorely handicapped him in the struggle for existence became the means of his achieving lasting honor. Learning the sad plight of Miss Ethel Smith in the hospital, "Billy" offered his blighted limb for the king-grafting necessary to save her life. He did not long survive its amputation, but his last words were an expression of his satisfaction that his fellow-sufferer and girl friend was on the road to recovery. Said he: "I can get along all right." And the newsboy has "gone along" to "that bourne which will no traveler returns." Nobody would care to take his name as worthy to be set in golden type if this could magnify his deed, and the papers he sold as a waif of the unknown public have carried a heartening story of his bravery far beyond the street corners where an obscure little hero plied his modest trade. He "being dead, yet speaketh."

A deed like this was an aspect of grandeur by its very simplicity. It needed no decorations. It is intrinsically precious. It is great apart from style, voice, gesture or interpretation, and great with a measure of awe to us have the qualification rightly to adjudge. It is once more an adventure of the unexpecting virtue all about us, upsetting our trivial maxims as might some tremor in the bedrock expose craggy wedges of gold. Certain it is that the spirit of knight-errantry is not looked

up in medieval tombs nor in bound with the pageant host he visibly called back, it would be found that "Billy Rugh" had as valorous a soul as the knightliest of warriors, for it is comparatively easy to make a splendid stroke before applauding throngs, whereas this newsboy's chivalry is that of a generous heart and unflinching endurance in the behalf of another. We may invent fine titles such as would puzzle "Billy's" brain; we may call him "altruist," "humanitarian," "philanthropist" or "martyr," yet his act begets the infirmities of language and stands the clear-cut symbol of the loftiest treasure a human soul can hold or dispense.

Could he return, none would be more surprised than "Billy" himself at the heroic and tender feeling awakened by his sacrificial act. He has cheered plenty of folk outside the hospital who never saw his face and never handed capital into a kindly deed, he has encouraged members of a wide audience after the spirit of his own noble example. And just because this deed was done from sheer humane motives and under no conscious feeling of winning merit or holding a special virtue, its influence spreads a warm light over broad spaces of life. Thousands of people will gladly accept the hint and re-read in wiser and more sympathetic fashion the story of human existence and the hidden memorials of essential goodness fetched into evidence by this incident. The bright light of gratitude set within the home of an invalid girl also some light for the righteous everywhere. Gary, Indiana, is proud of "Billy Rugh," and human hearts all over the United States are proud of the possibilities which redeem a man in his own eyes. We can do something worth while. The newsboy has told us this much. Out of his weakness he has helped to make many strong.

Quite proper that his townsmen should honor his memory. Response is quick from all parts of the country. The newsboy fraternity to which Billy Rugh belonged claim shares in sending a donation to fittingly mark their comrade's resting place. In these days when hard and dry theories expound human life in terms of brutish aggression, it is well seen how one simple sacrificing act explodes a sordid philosophy and revives our homage and loyalty in favor of those radical sympathies whereby society grows and earth is made a trifle softer to the footfall of us all.

How far that little candle throws his beams! So shines a good deed in a naughty world.

AN EMPEROR'S GIFT TO OUR LORD

Once upon a time an emperor named Rudolph was lost on a lonely moor. His horse carried him far from his following of knights and attendants. One squire alone remained by him. Rudolph eagerly scanned the vast expanse of moor, and as he looked he saw an aged priest in surplice and stole coming towards him. The squire who accompanied the priest carried a lighted lantern, and he rang a little bell, and called to warn the traveler that our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament was passing by. The emperor and the squire dismounted and knelt in adoration. When Rudolph lifted his head he noticed with surprise that the priest was making ready to wade the swollen brook. Going up to him the emperor replied that he had been summoned to administer the last Sacraments to a dying man, and that to cross the brook was the shortest way to reach the hut where he lived. "I pray you to take my horse," said Rudolph, and he helped the priest to mount; then taking the squire's horse he resumed the chase.

The following day the aged priest appeared in the courtyard of Rudolph's palace, leading the beautiful charger, which he returned with grateful thanks to the emperor. But the emperor refused to take it saying that a horse that had borne the King of kings should be kept for His service. Never more should earthly prince mount him. Putting the bridle in the hands of the priest, he bade him keep the charger for other journeys that he should make as bearer of the Blessed Sacrament, and with joy in his heart the priest accepted.

We can learn something from this pretty story; and though we can not make princely gifts to our Lord, we can honor Him every day by some little act of adoration. The powerful emperor had one possession in common with us, the gift of Faith, and he proved his love and reverence. Let us prove ours.

THE HOLY MASS

At the hour of death the Masses you have heard will be your greatest consolation.

Every Mass will go with you to judgment and plead for pardon.

At every Mass you can diminish the temporal punishment due to your sins, more or less, according to your fervor.

Assisting devoutly at Mass you render to the Sacred Humanity of Our Lord the greatest homage.

He forgives you all the venial sins which you are determined to avoid.

He forgives you all the unknown sins which you never confessed.

The power of Satan over you is diminished.

You afford the souls in purgatory the greatest possible relief.

One Mass heard during your life will be of more benefit to you than many heard for you after your death.

You are preserved from many dangers and misfortunes which would otherwise have befallen you.

You shorten your purgatory by every Mass.

Every Mass wins for you a higher degree of glory in heaven.

You receive the priest's blessing, which Our Lord ratifies in heaven.

You kneel amidst a multitude of holy angels, who are present at the adorable sacrifice, with reverential awe.

THE STANDARD ARTICLE USED EVERYWHERE



THE KIND THAT PLEASES THE PEOPLE

MOST PERFECT MADE

You are blessed in your temporal goods and affairs.

When we hear Mass and offer the Holy Sacrifice in honor of any particular saint or angel, thanking God for favors bestowed on him, we afford him a great degree of honor, joy and happiness, and draw his special love and protection on us. Every time we assist at Mass we should, besides our other intentions, offer it in honor of the saint of the day.—Monitor, Newark, N. J.

IMITATE THE SAINTS

WE CAN EMULATE THEIR LESSER VIRTUES

By Rev. Walter Elliot C. S. P.

One should read the lives of the saints so constantly as to live a life apart with them and among them. Our usual environment is men like ourselves, of imperfect spirit and abounding in faults. But the true Christian should at close intervals be back and forth with Christ's discipleship of perfect souls, whereby the virtues of our Master and His maxims shall form our familiar atmosphere. The saints should be our only heroes. Why read of men's warlike deeds, when these champions of the Prince of Peace are given us for our models? They were stoned, they were put to death by the sword. . . . being in want, distressed, afflicted; of whom the world was not worthy" (1st Cor. 13, 37, 38). Great from statorcraft? No, but from holy simplicity. Great by the might of their swords? No, but from undaunted endurance of the swords of tyrants for God's true faith.

It is related of St. Ignatius, in the earlier period of his sainthood, that he and two or three devout companions journeyed through Spain teaching the little catechism, going always on foot, and carrying each his own pack on his back. An ignorant but kindly-disposed peasant joined them once, happening to be bound in the same direction. Edited by their cheerful and pious ways, he now and then induced them to let him carry their packs. When they came to a quiet corner apart, kneel down and meditate for some notable time. Struck by their example he did the same. A bystander asked him what he was doing. He answered: "I do nothing else but this: I say to God, Lord, these men are saints, and I have been glad to be their beast of burden. And what they do, I wish to do." It afterwards turned out that this rude clown became a very spiritual man.—Catholic World.

Holy Mass Said Every Hour

Catholics rarely stop to think that the Sacrifice of the Mass is being offered in some part of the world every hour. When it is midnight in Philadelphia, Masses are beginning in Italy. France takes up the devotion, then Spain, Ireland and the islands of the Atlantic. A little later the missionary of the ice-bound coast of Greenland elevates the chalice of salvation. At the noon hour in our American cities the Pacific Islands make ready to receive our Lord.

The brave priests who have ventured into the Far East, in Tibet, China, etc., begin each in turn the celebration of the Holy Sacrifice, from which they gain the courage and strength necessary for their apostolate.

On the altar of Hindoostan, where St. Francis Xavier administered the faith, the candles are again lighted; Poland and Siberia give divine consolation to the poor Catholics within the fold; and so on, in an ever-widening circle that finally embraces the entire globe, the Blessed Host rises as infinitely as the sun over the heads of the faithful.

Heroic missionaries have accomplished this mighty feat—men imbued with the spirit of self-immolation and ready to lay down life itself in order that these words may be fulfilled: "In every place there is sacrifice, and there is offered to My name a clean oblation."

THE SUGGESTION OF THE BELLS

The Rev. George Nicholson, C. S. R., while preaching a mission sermon in a town hall in Worcester, England, was interrupted by the clanging of the bells of an old abbey. The priest quickly took advantage of the interruption, exhorting his congregation to heed their message—

Listen to those glorious old bells in your beautiful abbey; those bells, fashioned by Catholic hands centuries ago intended to send out to Catholic ears the summons to come and worship God in the manner His own Catholic Church, inspired by the Holy Spirit, has worshipped Him from the beginning. Listen to those bells and cast your minds back to the old, old days when disunion was unknown, when your Abbey bells, with the bells of Gloucester, Pestebury, Hereford, blended harmoniously with the chimes from the venerable old cathedral voicing aloud one common song of praise and worship; summoning the faithful to early Mass, punctuating the fleeting hour at morning, noon and evening with the notes of the Angels, to remind man of the great mystery of the Incarnation; tolling solemnly to entreat a prayer for a passing soul, or a

At all events, it appears to have been in Genoa since 1101, when it was given by a knight who brought it from the Holy Land when he returned from the first crusade. It formed part of the booty which fell into the hands of the Crusaders at the siege of Cesarea. For a long time up to 1476 it was not allowed to be touched, not even to adorn it with the precious stones which the faithful were desirous of offering.

The cup (Sacro Catino) was at one time believed to have been cut from an enormous emerald. For a long time the vessel was kept in a steel box, and was taken out only once a year. Then it was lifted with silken cords and placed by the Archbishop on the High Altar for veneration.

After the 17th century according to the chronicles of the day, many fetes were held in honor of the vessel, which attracted thousands of pilgrims, not only from Italy, but from other countries. Besides its great archaeological interest, the Grail has inspired songs from Chretien de Troyes to Richard Wagner.

As To Converts

Episcopalian clergymen, it is said, sometimes whisper that the accessions to their denomination from the clergy of the Catholic Church are quite as numerous as the conversions of Episcopalian ministers. Even were this so, they cannot deny that as regards quality the converts to the Church are far superior to those passing over to Episcopalianism. Mr. Andrew E. Caldecott has just entered the Church in England, resigning, in order to do so, the very comfortable rectory of Drewstington, worth £735 a year. He is the latest, but, please God, not the last of a long line who have paid the price of unity in giving up the good things of the world. When Episcopallians can show such converts from the Catholic Church, they will be able to exchange whispering for speaking out. "Oh! but we don't believe in parading our converts as you do." No, we hardly suppose you do, for obvious reasons. For the rest, such converts as Mr. Caldecott can not remain hid: it is evidently not the same with those the Episcopallians receive.—America.

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The Holy Grail

An interesting account appears in a Paris paper of the Holy Grail, which is preserved in the Church of St. Lawrence at Genoa.

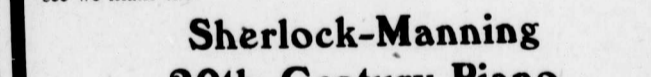
It is a large green cup, presumably hexagonal, which, according to popular belief, was used at the last supper, and was requisitioned at the Crucifixion. But it seems to have a history far interior to that great event, and it is claimed for it that it was a present from the Queen of Sheba to King Solomon.

How to determine the actual value of a piano

THAT problem confronts thousands of piano-buyers every year. It will confront you some day—in fact, it may be necessary for you to solve it now. We propose to help you arrive at a wise decision—to give you the basic principles of piano excellence in order that you may be able to form a definite idea of the actual value of any piano you may buy. You see we make the

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A good many years ago there came here to live a woman, dressed as a nun and engaged, she averred, on a philanthropic mission to look after the poor...

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a vivid recollection of a hostile crowd with a band assembling outside the hotel in Hull where his squad was entertained...

THE CHILDREN'S POPE

The Westminster Cathedral Chronicle relates a touching incident of the recent English pilgrimage to Rome.

WHY SECRET SOCIETIES ARE CONDEMNED

"I, because all of them in a greater or less degree aim at substituting themselves in place of the Church.

MARRIED

MURPHY-FITZPATRICK.—On Wednesday Oct. 10, 1912 by Monsignor Conside...

A SURVIVOR OF THE POPE'S ARMY

There are still surviving in Ireland, and elsewhere throughout the world, a considerable number of those who as young men left their homes and native lands to fight for the Pope.

A CHARITY

Dear Sir,—May I appeal through your columns to the kind generosity of your Catholic readers for a special interest to be taken in the mission work of a poor priest in A. Berta.

ARCHDIOCESE OF KINGSTON

ADDRESS AND PRESENTATION TO REV. FATHER MERRIN

Belleville Intelligencer, Nov. 29. The spacious lecture room of the T. A. S. in St. Michael's Archdiocese was filled to overflowing...

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ORGANIST WANTED FOR A CATHOLIC church in Ontario. Must understand plain chant and be able to take full charge of choir.

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TEACHER WANTED, NORMAL TRAINED for Primary room of Woodstock Separate School. Initial salary \$420.

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TEN LADY TEACHERS WANTED FOR THE Separate Schools, Toronto. Must be qualified. Salary \$400 per annum.

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TEACHER WANTED, FOR SEPARATE to commence Jan. next. Apply, stating salary and experience, to Timothy Sheehan, Rushville, P. O.

WANTED, NORMAL TRAINED EXPERIENCED teacher for school No. 12, Percy and Seymour, Northumberland Co. State salary and experience. Duties to commence January next.

TEACHER WANTED FOR SEPARATE S. S. No. 9, Hawthick holding a second or third professional certificate. State salary and experience. Apply to A. F. Bloude, sec. treas., Vanhoose, Ont.

TEACHER WANTED FOR CATHOLIC SEPARATE S. S. No. 6, Township of Sherwood in the village of Barry Bay, the holder of a second class professional certificate. Kindly apply stating salary, qualifications, and experience, to William McCann, Sec., Barry Bay, Ont.

TEACHER WANTED FOR SEPARATE S. S. No. 11, township of Hay. Salary \$400 to \$450 per annum, according to qualifications. Duties to begin Jan. 1, 1913. Apply to O. Bissonnette, sec. treas., St. Joseph, P. O. Huron Co., Ont.

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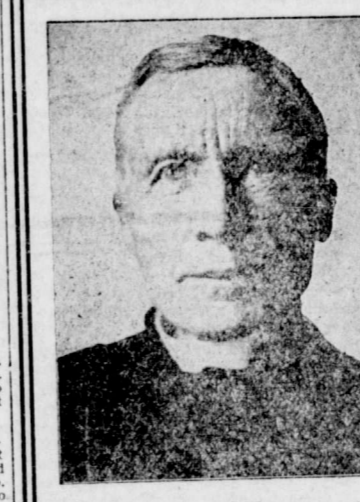
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The Catholic Record LONDON CANADA

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This GUITAR has a maple body, finished in a beautiful rich dark and light colored spruce top. The sound-hole is inlaid with fancy ornaments of jet and pearl.

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