The Catholic Record

LONDON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 11,1915

MAGNIFICENT WORK

The Catholic Truth Society needs not our commendation. But we are glad to notice that its sphere of usefulness is increasing and that Catholics as a rule are not blind to its aims. It may inject in some minds a contempt for the negligence that suffers ignorance and move them to be participators in its rich treasures of Catholic life and doctrine.

Perhaps at no period of history are men more auxious for information. Many of them, seeking after the God Who seems to be alienated from them, follow dim lights which perchance may guide them to the eternal gates. We who have the steady light of truth may, on occasion, serve to turn the faces to the goal. The publications of the Catholic Truth Society are inexpensive, and are written in plain language They expose Catholic truth, refute charges, and deal with current issues. In a word, they furnish the Catholic with material which benefits himself and can also be of signal service to enquirers or calumniators. They may also serve as an antidote to the literature, mushy and worse that is allowed access to households We dare not hope to see the young men reading anything but the "sport ing sheets," and some young women, out of elbows spiritually, reading anything but debilitating fiction ; but we can save the children, the Catholic children from being cast out into the land where getting on is God, and whose liturgy is made of maxims culled from the speeches of millionaires. They should be not of the crowd, but apart from it, not indeed to the destruction of amity and good will, but to the furtherance of the best interests of the crowd. And to do this in any efficient manner they must be convinced from their impressionable years that eternity is the standard of life's values, and that their faith is not theirs but God's and must be gripped to their souls as the pearl beyond price. This can be done by family prayer. Family prayer lifts up the household into a higher world. It purifies the atmosphere of the home and unites each particular household to a whole blessed family of God. It can be done by interesting the children in devotional literature. It is too dry say some. It may be to those who have allowed their minds to be fed on trash : but it need not be so to the children who hear the rustling of angels' wings and are prepared for the reception of the true and pure. They will listen to stories of Christ, His Immaculate Mother and of His this one. Till that is made sure, any assets of the British Empire. And saints. And surely in the varied array of Catholic Truth Societies' publications parents can find nourishment, strength and inspiration for

STEADY

their children.

All around us are men and women who are hardly pressed by narrow means, uncertain employment, and limited opportunities, which, under the exceptional strain of the struggle in which the European world is engaged, afford slight hope of a bright future. For these there remains only the anodyne called Patience, tonics have lost their power what else can suffering humanity look forward to but to ease after pain? We who are strong and healthy should count it our highest privilege to comfort the weak, cheer the down cast, help the despairing; to make the most of those small benefits which fall to the lot of even the most heav ily burdened-smoothing the path which leads to the last sleep that awaits alike the happy and miserable. After all, neither the dull endurance of the stoic nor the abject submission of the fanatic reaches the time's chosen martyrs declined the offered notion that would have exchanged the agony of thorn and spear for insensibility. Cheerful endurance is the sign of human con-

Many small alleviations of the present distress will occur to every thoughtful person, and these need our inner sense. The pathos of failnot be enumerated. How much the ures and the tears of things human

poorest and saddest of mankind have | touch us as with sudden reflections to be thankful for! Even the uttermost woe of bereavement, the loss upon the battlefield of those whom we would have yielded up all we had to save, is not without compensation. Truly the altar sanctifies the gift ! Can a man die more nobly than in defence of his country's imperilled liberties? Who can estimate the gains of heroic sacrifice in such a cause? We who must die ingloriously might almost envy those who cross the dark river, saluting Death with a cheer.

UNTO THE END

The more prolonged this war romises to be, the more awful its losses, the more dubious any decisive outcome by sheer force of arms, the more pervasive is the feeling that the world must take steps to insure itself against another catastrophe so appalling. Militarism is now having its most gigantic and frightful display. But as it goes on piling up the corpses of its victims and spreading its miseries as wide as the earth, there is a dawning hope that it will expire of its own su preme efforts and supreme hideous

It is such an aspiration that is keeping life and courage in the Home Rule Bill as a scrap of paper. hearts of many of the titanic We agree with him that it is not restruggle itself, and of thousands who watch it breathlessly from afar. No one has given more poignant expression to this larger hope of civilization than Anatole France. A collection of his letters and other writings on the war has been issued in Paris, the work to be sold for the benefit of crippled French soldiers. In its all the habitual cynicisms and loyalty that is continually spreading sad sincerity. He is a Frenchman, for the future, that he expresses his for this very reason he sets his face like a flint against any talk of peace before the German armies are out of France and out of Belgium. With him, too, the great desire is not the crushing of Germany, but the extinction of the threat of militarism.

The conflict has been precipitated upon France, and she is making the most cruel sacrifices : but she must persist at whatever cost until the once to his country and to civilization.

MEMORY PROVOKING

A halo of classical tradition overspreads the region in which the Allied forces are at present operating and some of the better read among the French and English must feel the romantic interest of their surroundings. Long before Constantinople, when as yet both Old Rome on the Tiber side and New Rome on the Bosphorous were hidden in the womb of the future, the Greek mainland prescribed by saints and sages of and islands were storing up charmed every clime and period: for when memories concerning gods and heroes; bright phantoms who haunted the hills and glades of Hellas, giving names to constellations in the heavens above or ruling

the winds and the waves beneath. The Greeks absorbed the best that Egypt brought; revelled in the im ports of India and Africa; blended fabrics which came from Syrian looms with their own austerely beautiful patterns. Their architecture and sculpture are still the types of the ideal; while on their supremacy in philosophy and the drams there is surely no need to enlarge noble standard. The greatest of There must be many of our officers and men who remember wading through Xenophon in their school

> days. The glamour of the gorgeous East still hangs about the shores of those territories which are bounded by the tideless Mediterranean : but it is the old age of our race that appeals to

of our early childhood. Yet while the Orient with its wondrous tales of imperial splendour and conquest, its romance and squalor, its transformation scenes and tragic happenings, will always dazzle the mind of youth, the trained imagination will go in quest of the ideal-expecting epiphanies of power, springtimes of increased force and promise, records of more glorious attainment than any that earth has ever realized.

Never did the hand and heart of man make more sacred history than they are doing to day. This very year seems big with great events and thrilling changes, which must surely portend an age of immeasurable advance for our ever hopeful though often disappointed race. Even as that River Oxus, which Matthew Arnold figured as following winding courses and breaking through many obstacles-a foiled circuitous wanderer-at last comes in sight of its goal. so for struggling mankind the hour of release may be nearer than we

OUR OPINION

We do not believe with a subscriber that the Orange faction will force the Government to look upon the assuring to see Sir Edward Carson the first law official of the govern

ment which he threatened to destroy In our opinion, however, the war has swept away prejudices and misunderstandings, and has given the people a clearer vision as to right and honour. Confronted by vast issues, by loss in material and life pages it is interesting to note how and heartened by the passion of ironies of M. France fall away from over the British Empire, they can him. He is simply the master of have but contempt for the politicians a great style pouring out his soul in who use the weapons of race and creed. We believe that the day of first of all, and a man whose heart is the unscrupulous politician is overfilled with the love of all that is He may rant to the accompaniment beautiful. And it is as a champion of the plaudits of a few followers, of mankind and one who, even in his but it will be nothing more than an old age, looks forward to securities object lesson of the slavery of prejudice and fanaticism. He may even deep longing for a peace that shall threaten, but an Empire that lavished be strong, radiant and enduring. But treasure and blood for high national ideals, for the safeguarding of the small nation will give him scant attention.

The democracy of the world is behind the Home Rule Bill. From the outposts of the far flung battle line it has recorded its belief that honor and right and justice must no longer be the playthings of demagogues, and that Ireland's cause is enshrined in the affectionate hearts of millions next generation is freed from the John Redmond can afford to be fear and the peril that have haunted optimistic. He is one of the greatest he can see near at hand his reward according to M. France, a traitor at for the unwearied labours, the unceasing devotion of years.

POPE RECEIVES HOLLAND'S MINISTER

Catholic Press Association Cable

Rome, August 23 .- M. Regout, the newly appointed minister of Holland to the Holy See, presented his cre-dential letters to Pope Benedict on Thursday last. The Holy Father expressed to him his gratification at the restoration of diplomatic rela-tions between the Netherlands and the Vatican, particularly at the present time, and under existing ircumstances. This mission which the Dutch government has sent to special object the co-operation of Holland with the Holy See when the opportune moment comes to take steps looking to the cessation of hostilities and the bringing about of peace between the warring nations.

ANNIVERSARY OF THE DEATH OF

On Friday last, the anniversary of the death of Pope Pius X, the Holy Father suspended all audiences as a mark of respect to the memory of his illustrious predecessor. From an early hour in the morning crowder of the faithful visited the tomb in the crypt of the Basilica of St. Peter. Cardinal Merry del Val pontificated t the first requiem Mass offered up for the repose of the soul of the de-ceased Pontiff, whose two sisters and nieces were present at it. They and a large number of others who at-tended received Holy Communion Masses followed, among the celenephew of Pope Pius, and Monsignor were private chaplains to His Holi-

peared by noon, every visitor taking a flower or a leaf to be kept as a souvenir of the beloved Pontiff.

From The Tablet Correspondent, August 4. THE PRESS AND THE POPE'S LETTER

On the whole the Holy Father's Letter has been well received by the Italian press. If the general tendency of comment may be summed up shortly, it would be: It is a noble ppeal and an eloquent one, and the cry of the common father of all the faithful. It is impossible that it can have any immediate actual effect But it will serve to remind the fighting world of the real awfulness of the struggle in which it is engaged. that there must be an end of it some time or other, and, though it may not say so in many words, that the good offices of the Holy See are at the world's disposal. There are other obvious comments to which Italian papers have not been able to help giving utterance. Most strongly are they expressed because it is so stoutly pro Allies and because, unfortunately, it has no respect for the Holy See, by the Messaggero. The popular Roman paper says out openly that the Holy Father's appeal is magnificent—but it is addressed wrongly. It should be addressed to those who have the guilt of this evil war on their shoulders, not to the innocent as well as the guilty. And the other obvious thing it says that peace, if made now at this moment, would be all to the advantage of the guilty as against the innocent.

THE OSSERVATORE EXPLAINS

The Osservatore Romano, of course, answers the Messaggero and the press of the world generally. lish papers it points out the mistake of assuming that there was any con-nection between the Holy Father's Poland. His Holiness put forward the appeal because his heart was stricken at the ruin and miser brought on the world, and he put i forward at that moment because i was the anniversary of the beginning of the struggle. The Papal organ takes its stand on the old ground. To whom, it asks, should or could the appeal be addressed? To all. Because in it the Holy Father does not set himself up as judge of the responsibility for the outbreak of the war or of the possibility of one party more than another taking the initiative now towards putting an end to it. He is the common father of all who are suffering from it, the representative of a law and a religion of love and charity, who reminds the fighting na-tions that they are all children of the same family, and tries, if it be in any way in his power, to shorten the term of the universal suffering. To the objection that it is doubtful

if the appeal can have any immediate effect, the Osservatore replies Even if that be so, should the Holy Father for that reason refrain from recalling to the people of the world and their Rulers their duty? And is it so certain that it can have no effect? For what the Holy Father asks is that the peoples put away from them the simple desire of destruc-tion, take into consideration the just rights and aspirations-(this, cur iously enough, is Signor Salandra's original phrase)—of the nations and initiate an exchange of views, direct or indirect. And it goes on to point out that the preliminaries for the Treaties of Portsmouth and Bukarest were put in hand while war was still raging, as were also those for the Lausanne peace which concluded Italy's Libyan waris concluded.") What, in fact, the Holy Father desires and invokes it concludes, "is that thoughts and dreams of peace, which have re-mained unspoken for too long, should return to men's minds and hearts; that peoples and their Rulers should get rid of the desire for destruction and think of peace instead; that they should endeavor to begin to work for peace, should begin to talk about peace, in order that thus this bright ideal may the sooner become a reality. And it is for that reason that we greet with joy, cas we greeted it yesterday in message of Sir Edward Grey and the proclamation of William II. a reference to the possibility of peaceful agreements, a word which does not suggest hatred, vengeance and extermination, but in which it is given us to see the first far-off rays of that sun which all hope to see soon shining again on a horizon too long obscured."

SOME FACTS

A recent number of Truth (New York) contained some interesting facts about education in the Middle Ages. It gives the names (and date of founding) of Catholic universities —seventy one in all — that existed before the so called Reformation; and also the names of forty-six Catholic universities founded since the Reformation. To prove that elementary schools were not lacking, Truth gives figures from various sources Protestant and Catholic. In regard ness. The tomb was covered with flowers and foliage early in the morning; but these had all disap-writer who asserts:

The fact is that the whole theory about the dearth of grammar schools and other schools still more element ary (before the time of Edward VI.) is a mere delusion. The immense prestige that Edward VI. has acquired as a patron of education is simply due to the fact that he refounded ou of confiscated church property some small percentage of schools which he and his rapacious father had de stroyed. The probability is that England was far better provided with mation than it has ever been since -Sacred Heart Review.

FRANCE AND THE WAR

The war, already known as th deserve the title in history, were it soldiers and its slain, burst like s thunderbolt over sleeping France For France not only did not wish war; she did not expect it. She had closed her ears to every warning. She was not prepared. Military authorities and diplomats pointed in vain to the gathering storm in the east. The government and the people would not see; they believed obstinately and blindly in peace.

Only a few weeks before war was declared, the government, aroused at last, but too late, to the impending danger, succeeded in having Chamber of Deputies revive even after the vote was taken, the measure was discussed and attacked as useless and injurious to the economic development of the country : so surely did war seem a chimera, an incredible thing! Up to the last minute, one may say until the first shot was fired, the French were confident of peace. Consequently when Germany, after invading Belgium, threw herself suddenly upon France, the shock was terrible. Feeling intensified when the French army failed to arrest the invasion at the frontier, and the formidable and apparently irresistible tide surged on owards Paris. The force of the blow, the presence of a peril sudden, pressing, unavoidable, permitting neither hesitation nor delay, facing an issue upon which hung the life or death of a nation, produced a reacreaction that shook to its depths the soul of the French. All the forces of the race awoke and lived again, them that Catholic Faith which for centuries upon centuries had impregnated the soul of the people, from which, in spite of appearances, it had never been eradi-

Christian faith had been planted in French souls, but two causes tended to kill it in some, to arrest its development in others: two weeds choked the good seed-anti-clerical ism and materialism. The war has rooted out these two weeds and cast them into the flames. Thanks to the war, millions of Frenchmen have seen the priest at close range, and anti-clericalism has died a natural death. Millions of Frenchmen have lived in the presence of death death hangs over them, touches them at every instant. Their eight is ligion? opened to the life beyond; they have learned to value less the p

this world. The war has united the French When the President of the Republi went in person to express to the bombarded city of Arras the affectionate sympathy of the country, he was seen walking in the street tween the bishop and the prefect. May we not see in this a symbol of reconciliation? May we not say with reason of Catholic France the words which come to the lips when, after the winter, one sees the buds appear ing on the tips of the branches burst-ing with sap: "The spring is at hand."—Charles Baussan, in September Catholic World.

IMPORTANT DECISION

CANONICAL PROCESS PRESCRIBED BY THE " MAXIMA CURA" DOES NOT APPLY TO "RECTORS" IN THE UNITED STATES

A most important decision has been rendered by the Sacred Consistorial Congregation in reference to priests holding the position of re movable rectors in the United States In replying to a question which had been laid before the Cardinals composing this congregation —
whether the canonical process
provided for and laid down in
the decree "Maxima Cura," which the decree "Maxima Cura," which was issued in the year 1911, is neces sary in the case of "rectors" defined by the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore as "removable"—it says: "The answer is in the neg-ative." "Removable rectors" are still removable at the pleasure of the Bishop; but the Consistorial Congregation recommends a strict adher-ence to the admonition of the Third Council of Baltimore on the subject and advises Bishops not to exercise

this power unless for grave reasons.
It is the impression in Rome that a like decision of the Consistorial Con gregation in regard to a similar ques tion respecting priests in Eng-land and Scotland and in Australia will soon be rendered.

URGES LAWYERS TO AVOID DIVORCE

STOP THEM IN THE LAWYER'S OFFICE, SAYS FREDERICK MANSFIELD

One of the most notable addresses t the convention of the American Federation of Catholic Societies held recently at Toledo was the discourse on "Divorce and Kindred Evils" on "Divorce and Kindred Evils' delivered by Hon. Frederick W. Mans. field, of Boston, Mass. Mr. Mansfield is a leader in the movement to unite against divorce, which he declares the Church and the best writers on sociological topics, to be one of the forces which will ultimately contrib ute to the decay of the American

WHAT A CATHOLIC LAWYER MAY DO

Mr. Mansfield spoke in particular of the work that Catholic lawyers may accomplish in the matter, saying: Catholic laymen could do much to help the Church to eradicate the divorce evil. The time is not yet ripe to advocate legislation which would abolish divorce entirely, but at least, much might be done to check its spread and to lessen its evil influence. In Massachusetts a Catholic Lawyers' League has been organized its object being the extirpation of divorce. Its constitution has just been approved by His Eminence, Cardinal O'Connell, and much good is expected of its work.

We earnestly urge upon every Catholic lawyer in every State in this Union the importance and even the necessity of joining such an organization. The lawyers have more opportunities to combat the divorce evil than any other class of citizens—even than priests and min-isters, because every divorce case is started in some lawyer's office.

NIP THEM IN THE BUD -IN THE LAW YER'S OFFICE

"That is the time when divorce cases ought to be nipped in the bud. The client with a weak case ought not to be encouraged or helped and every Catholic lawyer ought to exhaust every effort to reconcile the parties-and this observation applies to Protestant lawyers as well.

'As for the Catholic lawyer, he has absolutely no right to take a divorce case. He has that right, of course, if he argues from the worldly standpoint. Many Catholic lawyers say that since State governments allow divorces and have divorce laws any lawyer, even though a Catholic is justified in taking divorce busi ness. But this is obviously a fallacy Secause the law permits a thing be done may make it legally right, but it does not always make it mor-

ally right. What Catholic lawyer who has stopped long enough to consider this subject carefully can ever really justify such a false position? If he has any reverence for his ancient faith, or any love for his holy Church, if he really hears God's voice in his bosom and is possessed of a conscience, what course is there for him to pursue but to follow in the narrow way pointed out by his re-

NEEDED

"One of the needs of the present day is strong and outspoken Catholic laymen, especially laymen who have been educated in professions. The task that confronts the Church is a tremendous one and as the Church is gaining in power, in numbers and in prestige her responsibilities are increasing in proportion. The Cath-olic priest cannot do all of the work required by modern circumstances alone. He must have assistance and it must come from the laymen.

Unfortunately there are many of us, many lawyers and many not law-yers, who prefer to allow things to drift—who would rather not enter into discussions; who prefer to remain silent when their Church or their ancient faith are assailed, and who will not raise a finger or a voice in her defense even when bigots attack that which is most precious in the Catholic-her priests and her

TIME FOR CATHOLICS TO STAND UP AND BE COUNTED

"The time has come when every Catholic man and woman must stand up and be counted either for the faith or against it. It is time for Catholic manhood to stand erect square its shoulders, look the whole world in the eye and say: 'I am a Roman Catholic citizen: what about it? We do not invite religious contests or conflict. God knows that if there are any people on the face of the earth who ought to be tolerant to varying politcal views, it is the Roman Catholic people, for they have been perse nted, as no other people ever were but we demand for ourselves wha we concede to others—Religious toleration.—Brooklyn Tablet.

and be pleased with the parables of the ancients; for they are not spoken

CATHOLIC NOTES

A Headquarters building costing \$50,000 is projected by the Knights of Columbus councils of New York City. It is the intention to make the building a Catholic center in down town New York.

Two more Catholics, Corporals Angus and Dwyer, have just received the Victoria Cross for gallantry in action. Two English priests have also been singled out for military decorations.

Right Rev. Mgr. Nelson H. Baker, LL. D., superintendent of the Intante' Home, Lackawanna, N. Y., laid the corner stone for a "twin" building of that asylum on Sunday, August 15. The structure is to cost \$175,000.

By the will of the late, E. J. Byre of Dublin, youngest son of M. J. Byre of Baye Wells, County Kilkenny, the Church in Ireland and abroad bensfits considerably. The estate, valued at \$201,900, is divided amongst Catholic charities.

Judge O'Neill Ryan has withdrawn as Dean of the Law School of St. Louis University, of which he was one of the founders. Judge Ryan has been associated with the law school as Dean since its opening in the fall of

Rev. Thomas Gavan Duffy, of Pondichery, India, will join the staff of the mission seminary at Maryknoll, Ossining, N. Y., next year. He is a son of the late Charles Gavan Duffy, the Irish patriot who became Premier of Australia. Father Duffy has been in India for the past four years. He is an alumnus of the Paris Seminary

The lives of 300 colored orphans, inmates of St. Elizabeth's Home in Baltimore, and of 800 patients at the Mercy Hospital were endangered in a recent fire which destroyed the furniture factory of Coldstrom Brothers Company, which adjoined these institutions. That no lives were lost is due to the heroism of Mother Superior Mary Mildred and the Sisters in charge.

Sunday, July 25, was a great day in Ireland, for the wonderful pilgrimage to the summit of Croagh Patrick made to ask God's blessing for Ireland and her sons and to plead for a speedy peace. The Archbishop of Armagh ordered special prayers for the occasion, and the three day's fast, enjoined by the Holy Father, was observed. From every part of Ireland parish priests brought delegations of their flocks in special trains.

On the recommendation of Dr. John G. Coyle, chairman of the com mittee on scholarships, the New York State Council, Knights of Columbus, voted in June to establish nine additional scholarships in the Catholic colleges of New York State, open to Knights of Columbus, or the sons or brothers of living or deceased members of the order. begins with the freshman class in the college and continues for four years.

Pope Benedict XV. has authorized the Most Reverend Field Ordinary in Italy to give permission for the reservation of the Blessed Sacrament both in stationary field hospitals and on warships on which there is a chaplain for the fleet. Some of the conditions imposed require that a fitting altar be provided that Mass be celebrated there at least once a week, and the key of the tabernacle be carefully

The treasurer of the Circolo San Pietro, a charitable organization in Rome, recently made an offering of Peter's Pence, some 10,000 lire, from the Circle. The Holy Father bade him keep it. "No one," he said, "can make better use of it than you yourselves." The Holy Father has shown this noble spirit on many occasions refusing the offerings of Peter's Pence though the times are terribly hard, and the gifts of the faithful are sadly lessened by the war.

The Rev. Samuel P. McPherson rector of Regina Coeli Church, of Hyde Park, N. Y., died August 16, on a train which he had boarded at Savannah to return to New York. He had been in ill health for some time. Father MacPherson, who was fifty. seven years old, was a native of Scotland, and came to this country when a youth. He was a professor at the Protestant Episcopal Seminary, Nashorah, Wisconsin, which he left to enter the Catholic Church in 1903. In 1906 he was ordained to the priesthood, and until three years ago he was an assistant at Our Lady of Lourdes Church, New York, when he was appointed pastor of Regina Coeli Church, Hyde Park.

A unique scene was enacted at the Panama-Pacific Exposition recently when Mass was celebrated in the Ar gentine Republic building by the Rev Esteban Robledo, the chaplain of the training ship President Sarmineto The warship, which is perhaps the only foreign man-o'-war that will visit the exposition, sailed later for South American waters. Near the main entrance to the handsome Argentine building an altar was erected and there the chaplain celebrated Mass, the special object being the Willingly inquire after, and hear blessing of the building, which is with silence, the words of the saints, the official headquarters for the great South American republic and the home of the Argentine commission-

CARDOME

A ROMANCE OF KENTUCKY

BY ANNA C. MINOGUE CHAPTER XVII

In deep, unbroken, dazzling whiteness lay the Blue Grass country one morning in the winter of '62. The sun had been up three hours, and its warm, unobstructed light pouring over the scene presented from Cardome's southern veranda, brought out all the desolateness with startling distinctness. On the lowest step Virginia was standing, the loneliness of what she saw finding its re-flection on her pale face and in her blue gray eyes. A fur-trimmed cloak enfolded the tall figure, and her head was covered with a crimson hood which accentuated the pallor of her cheeks, as the bright light of the sun made more dazzling the whiteness of the snow. The walk to the office, from whose chimney a column of blue smoke rose, had been swept clean of its soft covering and ran hard and cold looking to the narrow porch where the dogs lay, curled up

warmly on their blankets. Her eyes, as they had done for the thousandth time that morning, and every morning of that seemingly interminable fall and winter, went down the road that wound over the Elkhorn to Georgetown, while her ears waited for the sound of the horse's feet that aunounced the coming of the boy sent for the mail. She ing of the boy sent for the mail. She saw him between the leafless trees and noticed that he came slowly. She had learned to read the signs with accuracy, and dejection instant ly shewed on face and figure. He left the papers at the office, then came slowly up the walk to the

"No letters this morning, Job?

she asked, with a wintry smile.
"No, Miss 'Ginia, dah yain' yain't no lettahs come yet! I 'spect dem pos'office men's ovahlooked it. Hit's to be hyah to mo'ah, dough,' and the big eyes and berry colored face were litted in hopefulness to the sadly smiling Virginia. Poor Job! So many, many days he had come empty handed from Georgetown to speak those words of consolation to the loved young mistress who always met him on the steps, and whose face, which grew thinner and whiter each day, haunted him. Virginia drew her cloak around

her, and as she passed the office on her way to the wood, she suddenly remembered the June morning that she had trespassed on the Judge's time in her curiosity to learn the name of his one caller. Ah, how long ago that was! There was languor now on face and figure, and more than once she paused and laid a hand against the great bole of a tree. She had not rested well the before, for the mad wind that tore through the pines, making them to lash the portico and front of the house with their long arms, had filled her with anguished thoughts. Where was Thomas to night? she questioned. Was he in some strange and, surrounded by dangers ? or, i safe in the North, was he enduring all the hardships of this night, his only protection a blanket spread on frozen earth? And where was Hal, he who was separated from his own as far as human beings can be stitution had made him from boyhood an object of solicitude, whose was ever first to be con sidered, who loved so well the smooth path of life, and had never been called upon to endure any of its hardness? Ah! had he even a blanket and tent, he whose cause was that of the weak against the strong? For long weeks no letter come from either of the boys, and the gloom and sorrow of Car dome grew with each passing day. No laughter now woke the echoes of its wide halls and deserted rooms; and, though Mrs. Todd bore up brave ly and discharged her duties without shrinking, Virginia, measuring it by her own, knew the depth of that mother's grief and anxiety. What was she not suffering these days! Virginia's thoughts went on from their own misery to the sorrow that was darkening almost every home, rich and poor, throughout the land. She remembered all the women whose hearts were asking such ques

There was but one thing in their lives to look forward to—the mail. en a letter came from Thomas the family would collect in the sitting room, and many of the older house slaves would be called to listen to news from this soldier son and master; but when the letter came from Hal, the mother read it in her bedroom, alone, save for Virginia But the slaves were sharp, because they loved her, and noting and inter preting the expression of ralies that would afterward show on their mistress's rapidly aging face, they would cluster around her and beg for share of her glad tidings; and between sobs and smiles they would listen as she read for them the light. hearted, hastily penned words. for days afterward there would be singing and laughing in the kitchen and in the "quarters." Perhaps, in time, the Judge came to understand the reason for this changed atmosheric condition in his household but the proud silence was not to be broken, and none who had heard his voice on that never to be forgotten September morning durst make the attempt to move him from it.

tions, whose eyes were shedding such

bitter tears.

As Virginia entered the snow-covered wood the mark of a foot crossing her path drew her attention. The foot-prints led in an irregular

line from the bridge that spanned the Eikhorn. The mark on the snow was broad, and as a diversion from her gloomy thoughts the girl placed in it one of her shapely feet, and then smiled at the wide margin that showed on either side.

"He takes a short step for a man," she thought, setting her other foot in the next print. "And how irregu-larly he walked. Evidently he was unfamiliar with the way, so it could have been none of the negroes Here he went back a step, suddenly as if he had been seized with dizz ness; and here is the mark of the end of a gun, as if he had rested on

it a while. With the sight of the weapon' track Virginia's thoughts recurred to her own soldiers, who, perhaps, had ner own soldiers, who, perhaps, had roamed through unfamiliar lands. Unconsciously she began to follow the foctsteps, and a little further on was shocked to see the full imprint of a man's figure in the snow, where he had fallen, face downward. As that meant physical weakness or inthat meant physical weakness or in-toxication, in either of which cases a human being was lost somewhere in the field, dying from cold and hunger, perhaps, she gathered up her skirts and begau to run in the direction of the footmarks. They led her down into the depth of the wood. A tiny stream ran through the pasture to join the Elkhorn, and as she neared it Virginia gave a cry of surprise at the sight of a Union soldier lying on the opposite bank, his face buried in the snow, his feet in the water.

She ran forward, a fear wringing her heart. As she lifted the soldier's head, and saw a stranger's face, she gave a sigh of intense relief. The face had the stern look that the dead wear, and under her hands it felt cold as the snow; but, with the optimism of the young, she could not believe life extinct. She bent on one knee, and drawing the soldier's head into her lap, felt for his pulse, then bowed her ear to his heart; but the silence there seemed to confirm the meaning of the body's heavy weight. She gathered some snow and with it rubbed vigorously the face and hands, while she called loudly for halp; but the mouth and eyes kept their fixed expression, and the deserted, white-clad wood gave back the echo of her voice.

"Oh, he is not dead! He can not be dead!" she cried, and rubbed the hands and face the harder, although her fingers were aching with cold. Nor was he, for finally he unclosed his eyes and looked at her, but with out consciousness; then the lids fell again, and her heart gave a flerce throb of pain, for those eyes were a bright clear blue like Hal's. She drew off her warm cloak and folded is around the soldier's head and shoulders, and all the while her voice, growing wilder and sharper, was ringing through the great deso-late wood. Thus she spent half an hour. Her own hands were now scarcely less numb than those she strove to warm back to life, while the excessive trembling of her limbs warned her that soon she would be neither able to assist the unknown nan nor herself. She was fally s mile from the house; to leave him and run for help was to imperil the faint spark of life that she was keep ing alive. Ah! were none of the men hunting in the field that morning as was their custom? Why was there no children skating on the Elkhorn Why was she left so utterly alone in her helplessness? Twice the soldier had opened his eyes, and the last time she had caught an expression consciousness; but weakness had overpowered him. A drop of brandy would save his life. She felt in his match case and the picture of a sweet faced girl; when Virginia saw the letter her woman's soul grew wondrously strong, and she felt the power was hers to save that life. In he hollow of the old dead tree near by were many dry leaves. Out of them, and the seasoned branches, she could make a fire, and that she would find the strength to carry the man to it she never doubted. As she was rising stiffly from her position she heard a running step on the snow, and turning her head she saw one of the negro men. "Foh God's sake, Miss 'Ginia!" he

cried, his eyes seeming to start out of their sockets. "Was dat yuh a-callin' lak yuh was dyin'? Wat's de mattab wif yuh, mah honey?

"Oh, Ben! Ben! I'm so glad you've come! I found a poor soldier here. He's dying, I think. What will we do? He mustn't die, Ben," she cried, ears in her eyes.

'Yuh po'h chile! an' yuh hyar by yuhse'f!" for Ben's concern was not so much for the dying man as for his young mistress. "An' me'n de res' uf us hangin' 'round de flah." As he was speaking he had knelt by the unconscious man. "He's in a mighty bad fix, sho's you bohn!" he ex-claimed. He glanced cautiously around, and drawing out a small bottle from his hunting bag, said, apologetically: "I'se gettin' we'kly, Miss 'Ginia, an' de old woman, she's not sat'sfied less'n I tak' a leetle gin

erlong when I go a huntin He forced a few drops of the liquor between the tightly closed teeth, and gazed anxiously into the white face for some sign of returning life.

"Don't you think it would be good to rab him with some of the gin?" she asked of Ben, adding, "I'll see to it, good old Ben, that your flask shall never be empty after this."

"Yuh git right up off dat snow Miss 'Ginia," commanded the eld negro. "Does yuh mean to kill yuhnegro. "Does yuh mean to kili yuh self, for jus' some no 'count po'h sejer!"

"Hush, Ben," said she, rising. "Remember our own dear Tom wear that uniform."

"But hit yain't de one Marse Hal wahs, an' I jes' hate de sight uf dis'n lak pizen!" yet all the time he was rubbing the blue clad soldier's hands and face, stopping occasionally to pour some of the gin between his white lips. After a while the soldier lifted his head from the black man's

arm and asked:
"Where am I?"
"With friends," said Virginia, and as he turned his face and saw her, he smiled and said:

"Ah, yes! I remember. I dreamed that I was going down to an awful pit and you came and led me back." He closed his eyes, but Ben shook im roughly and said:

him roughly and said:
"See hyar, yuh sojer man! doan
yuh go a-tryin' to git back to dat pit
enny moah. Miss 'Ginia, she's most
dead wit de cole. Hyah, now," as the stranger made an attempt to rise, "yuh drink de res' uv dis gin an' tath yuh feet a little, an' we'll he'p

The young fellow obeyed, and looking at Virginia, said, very wear ily: "I'm sorry I've been so much trouble to you, madam. I'm so

grateful to you."
"Oh!" exclaimed Virginia, a smile breaking over her white face, "to hear your voice is ample reward for

anything I may have done. I thought indeed, that you were dead." Thesun had now neared the meri-dian, and its warmth aided the gin in restoring the soldier; so leaning heavily on the arm of Ben, and ac companied by Virginia, he started up the hill. As he came in view of the red brick house and caught sight of the Stars and Stripes floating above it he turned toward Virginia and said

"Yes, I am indeed among friends!" "All of the house," replied Virginia with gravity, "do not uphold what that flag typines; yet while one spark of humanity lives in the heart the helpless and suffering never find other than friends."

Not until the supper hour had the soldier recovered sufficiently to come downstairs. As he sat with family at the evening meal, he told his story. His regiment, which was an Ohio one, was on its way to join General Buell's force, then pressing southward on the Confederates, who a few days before had begun their re treat from Kentucky. It was then Mrs. Todd interrupted him by ask

ing: "Has General Hindman evacuated

Bowling Green?"
"Yes, ma'am," he replied, surprise that the mistress of a house which floated the Union flag should be interested in the fortunes of the Con

federate force.
So he was gone! They had broken camp in this awful wintry weather The mother's heart could endure no more, and, rising hastily, she excused herself and left the room. A silence followed, which was broken at length

by Virginia asking:
"Are all the Confederates leaving Kentucky?

"Jast as fast as they can get out! he exclaimed. "It seems," he said, turning toward the Judge, "your State is a regular hotbed of Rebels." "We have done more than our share toward supplying the Union army with troops,"

stiffly. Maybe," returned the young fellow, "but it seems to me every paper I've read of late tells of some new company having gone to the Green River force. We got orders in Cincinnati to forge ahead and destroy a company of cavalry that's on its way to join Morgan's command. It seems the leader of the party is one of Morgan's most trusted men. He was sent back at the beginning of the winter and has been working quietly, pockets, but all they held were a but most successfully, in the surrounding country. When Johnson knell through her brain since she found out that he could not hold his line in Kentucky and decided to vacuate, Morgan sent post haste for his friend to come on with what force ne had collected. They are making

for Green River-" "How did this information reach Cincinnati?" asked Virginia.

The soldier hesitated, but Virginia's miling face was turned toward him, and he remembered what she had endured that morning to save him from death. He could not refuse to answer her, and being an honorable man, he must speak trathfully. The hesitation and guardedness of his speech awoke her instant suspicion that their guest was another than the obscure private they had supposed.

"The information I have been led to believe, was received from gentleman, who, though not joining the army, is known to be a loyal Unionist."

"Yes, their number is many," replied Virginia sarcastically. Then she said, for the thought flashed through her mind with all the vivid ness of truth, "And it was in trying to find this gentleman's house and receive full information that you became lost?" The question was with that pretty imperiousness of a beautiful woman, and the young soldier, like many another of his sex, found her irresistible; moreover, he was in a Union house, and he had nothing to fear.

" Nay." he replied, smiling at her "it was after having found the gentle-man, and while striving to follow his ment, that I got lost in your splendid

' He was certainly an inhospitable man who would let a Union soldier leave his house at night without a

guide!" she exclaimed.
"I must defend him against your charge," the soldier replied; I feund him in great trouble. His mother had just died and his place is in much

For an hour after supper the Judge and the soldier were closeted together in the library. Then the soldier re-turned to the parlor where Virginia sat alone, while the Judge went to

order a horse and guide.

"We may never meet again," said the soldier, advancing toward Virginia; "but while I live, I shall renember you with all gratitude and deep affection; for to you alone, under the mercy of God, do I owe my life. Though this life is a humbl one, though in the great world its loss would be as unmissed as the pebble thrown into the ocean, yet there is one to whom it is most pre

cious.' Virginia smiled sympathetically remembering the picture she had

"When my six months' bride," he went on, "whom I left alone in her new home, knows what you have done for her husband, she will pray for you as she prays for me.'

"May her prayers for us ever b answered as they were to day!" she said; then added: "But you are not leaving to night?"

"Yes, I must," he answered, "al-though I am still ill from the effect of last night's suffering. My regiment is waiting for me, and is undecided how to proceed until I arrive."

If he had been an observant man, he would have noticed that Virginia's face was whiter now than it was at

supper, and that her voice was a little unsteady as she said: "Ah, I remember. You said that you had a company of Confederate recruits to intercept. I suppose there will be fighting?"

"Naturally. But they have not over sixty men, and we have one hundred and twenty-five." 'And-and what becomes of those

you do not—kill?"
"Send them over to the Columbus penitentiary," he replied, easily, "where they ought to be."

"The night has blown up cold," said Virginia, shivering. "I hope that you have not far to ride?"

"It is good ten miles the other side of Georgetown to where my regiment is, Judge Todd tells me. got to start immediately and come back half way, and strike across the country for the White Sulphur turn-It's a hard ride on a night pike. like this, but your kinsman is going to furnish us with a good

But do you think you can make it n that time?" she questioned.
'That is a long, harsh route."

"We'll have to do some rushing, I uppose. But then, you see, the Rebs' aren't expecting an encounter. They think all the Union soldiers are at Louisville or are forging on to Somerset. The road to Bowling Green from here is, comparatively speaking, a clear one, and they would have made it in perfect safety, if we had not pushed on so rapidly from Cincinnati."

And now you think you will cer tainly intercept them?" she asked, looking anxiously at him.

"Yes, if we reach the White Sulphur road before they make it on their way from Frankfort. I think we will, even allowing for delays, for they have no fear, and, moreover, start late. I think," he finished, for the Judge's step was heard without, "that we will be leading our prisoners back this way to morrow." Virginia was excused from answering by the Virginia entrance of the Judge, who nounced that the horse and guide were ready. "One of Morgan's trusted officers!"

crept in through the window and The words had been ringing like a heard them at the supper table Who was that trusted officer? The letters that she had received from Phil had told her that Morgan had no closer friend and confidant than Clay Powell, who was in dash and courage but inferior to Morgan himbeen this afternoon?" queried Lieutenant Carter, as they left the aeroself. This Hal's word had confirmed, yet in his last letter he had informed dome and started towards the barracks. her that Phil was not with them now having been dispatched by Morgan to your drop, I should say you came from the monastery."
"I did. I wanted to see Father perform some work calling for the address and cool calculating courage of which McDowell was acknow edged in military circles to be the possessor in a marked degree. Who then was leading those young Ken-tuckians to Green River? Clay Powell? Phil? or another, unknown o her? Yet what matter who was the leader, since they were the de-fenders of her South, and were plunging straight to death, or to what would be a thousand times worse to them, imprisonment? She rose at the Judge's entrance and led the way across the hall to the portice, before which the horses stood, and as she opened the door the cold wind which greeted her nearly took her breath away. Her eyes fell on the boy that the Judge had selected for a guide, the alert, sympathetic Job, who had almost grisved himself to death on the departure of Hal, and whe, like his father Ben, hated the sight of a blue-coat "worse'n pizen."

"Ob, Job!" she exclaimed, as the light from the wide hall showed her the boy's uncovered ears, "where's your comforter ?"

"I jus' couldn't fin' it no'ers, Miss 'Ginia," he said.

She took the silk scar! which she had thrown over her shoulders on leaving the parlor, and, while two men were saying farewell on the portico, ran down the steps. As she folded the protecting scarf around Jeb's neck, she said, in a low, authoritative voice :

"Take the soldier back by the lower road. Don't let him get his seldiers "Ab!" exclaimed Virginia, and she to the White Sulphur pike till after then remembered that a messenger midnight. Is you do this I'll get the

rom Howard Dallas the evening be-tore had brought them word of his mother's death.

Judge to give you to me. Then you shouldn't she logically regard®a dif-ference of opinion on this most vital She laid her white hand across his lips to make him understand that he must keep absolute silence. With ring her marriage ?'

his wife, and as she mounted the

stairs, Virginia heard the great clock

TO BE CONTINUED

WHEN FAITH CAME

Mary J. Cain, in Rosary Magazine

With Captain Burke belief in the

conquest of the air was a passion

and every advance made in its direction moved him to enthusiastic

utbursts, and often to poetry. He

and no touch of the inventive mech

anical genius himself, but to Lieutenant Wynton Carter, who had

he gave an admiration that was

almost worship, and to every flight made by him his rapt attention.

To day, as the young soldier airman dropped his craft earthward

with the circling case and grace of s

pird, Captain Burke hurried over to

where the glant aeroplane had whirringly settled and greeted him

Sailing, sailing past the twinkling

Sailing, sailing to the land of Mars

To the horn of the moon we'll tie

On a cloudlet's breast she may lie at

" By George, that's what you will

be doing, Carter - making the heavenly bodies your stopping.

places—if you improve your flying

Lieutenant Carter grinned at him

as coolly as though his plans were

not still vibrating from a record-breaking flight. Different men

breaking flight. Different mer have different ways of soaring, Cap

Some choose Pegasus,"

said, with laughing emphasis.

"A ducced poor steed. All right for carrying the hearts and souls of

men aloft, but no good at all for

"You'll surely concede him the record for height, it not for carrying

capacity. The horn of the moon is

old Peg. I simply can't help con-

sidering the glorious promise of the

"You surely are fired the aeroplane lever," said Carter. He had jumped from his seat and was

going over the craft with calculating eyes. He examined the oil tank,

tightened a few bolts and re-wired

one section of the light frame. When

he pronounced everything in good order, Captain Burke helped him

the parade ground to the shed, dig-nified by the soldiers with the title

Judging from the direction of

Francis before attempting to break down Eileen's resolution not to

marry me unless I become a Catho-

step, then ?"
"No, and God knows I've tried. I

admire the Chursh, respect its doctrines, and admit its claims. But faith—that all important thing, cludes me. I cannot look into

Eilean's clear, questioning eyes and honestly say, 'I believe.'"

"She'k never marry you until you can," said Captain Burke with con-

viction.
"That's what I fear, and you don't

know how the probability maddens me—how I am tempted to accept it

all as a matter of form just to hold

ture, and for that reason God will

take care of you."

A short, unconvinced laugh greeted

this speech of the captain's.

did not werry him in the least."

Because he knows that with

Eileen her religion is first. She regards it as Ged's priceless gift to

man, and why shouldn't she desire

this gift for you whem she loves bet-

herself? And

Such deception isn't in your na

her fast."

You den't feel ready to take the

the unwieldy affair across

tuture that lies within the air."

At Luna's isle we'll stop awhile,

Until we're ready to fly her.

with a new burst of poetry :

stars:

rest

ability much more.'

carrying their bodies."

in the hall below strike seven.

Burke.

"It isn't as though I were asking the strange, quick intuition of his her to give up her faith," protested Carter. "The thought of her with race, Job understood the scheme as perfectly as if she had explained it to out it is impossible, like thinking of him in every detail, and as she watched the pair ride off, she knew the boy's part of the plan was an a flower without perfume.'

"That's just it. Eileen's religion is herself. And don't you see that in holding out against you she merely being consistent?

Instead of answering, Carter's whole attention was directed to the little path ahead leading up from the river, where the girl under discussion and her father, Colonel Ham mond, came suddenly into view.

Eileen caught sight of them almos

at the same time, and it was in-stantly apparent that it love had The sight of an aeroplane round old Fort Wilson had become so familcome to Wynton Carter, he was loved was equally apparent from the un-flickering character of the shadows in the girl's violet blue eyes that that the soldiers no longer gathered in little groups to watch its circling flight. Indeed, nowadays, very few bothered to look up at it. had read her correctly. Not even love could tempt Eileen Hammond There was one, however, who re-mained untouched by this growing indifference, and that was Captain

from a stand she believed to be right.
"We have been to the river," she announced, as soon as they drew near. "The bridge has just gone down and the water is still rising."
"The bridge down!" exclaimed

both men in a breath. Yes, I feared it would happen when the water continued to rise to day," said Colonel Hammond.
"Conditions must be very serious

at Mareno and Winchester. "No doubt of it," declared Captain "That places us two or three miles farther from both towns Lieutenant, in case of an emergency, you'll have to use your aeroplane."

how soon the emergency was to

When they separated, at the foot of the Colonel's steps, a tumult of impatience filled the heart of Lieutenant Carter at the difficulties which stood between him and the consum mation of his dearest desire. Ever where the War Department had sent him ten months before to work at and perfect a growing ides, he had loved Eileen Hammond. Like all great loves, theirs had come to a head soon and had gone rapturously on until Rileen learned that her hero was an agnostic. When she realized that he had no love for God or the things of God, she immediately made their engagement conditional and closed for Carter the gates of paradise that were rapidly opening to his gaze.

He reasoned, begged, beguiled; but she stood like adamant against the battering of his words. She could never marry unless he put his feet on the path that leads to God. This, because of his ardent love for her, he made an earnest effort to do, and failing, he resolved to assail her up some, remember."
"No argument," laughed Captain
Burke. "I am not quarreling with scruples, overcome them, and carry her off in triumph. He looked for

ward with confidence to the task he had set himself. He believed sincere-ly that she could not live without live without her. He pictured her yielding, perhaps unwillingly, but nevertheless yielding when confronted with the alternative of a final

parting from him. His handsome face, as he sat at his window looking over at the spot where he had just left her, showed no signs of the fever of impatience that had consumed him at that time. Now, though his dark eyes were anxious, they disclosed also the relief of decision. How long he sat there, arranging the arguments which he had foolishly hoped would help to break down lifelong principles, he could not have told; but at length ne rose determinedly to his feet. he did so, he was startled by a low cry and the sight of Eileen running swiftly in the direction of his quarters. He hastened out to meet her, and something deep within him seemed to fail at sight of the pallor of her face and the agony in her star-

ing violet eyes. He caught her with an exclamation. "What is it, Eileen? What has

happened ?" My father is dying," she cried wildly, chokingly. "He is calling for Father Francis and the bridge is down. You must go in your aero-

His face, too, went white and his words whipped out strained and unnatural. "Your father dying! When?

How ? Surely not, dear !" "Oh, but he is ! I know he is. He dropped from his chair just a minute ago and can scarcely speak. Will you not go?" she pleaded frantie-

ally.
"Of course I'll go, darling," he said They all laughed, little dreaming with great tenderness. "But, remember, Father Francis is an old to be a no faith in aeroplanes

and may refuse to come.' She looked at him with scorn flashing through the despair in her eyes. "When did a Catholic priest ever refuse to go to the dying through storm or fire or plague? You just give Father Francis the opportunity," and the natural music of her voice was burnt up in the fever of emotion

that dried her throat. "There, there, dearest! I'll have Father Francis here in three-quarters of an hour," he said with a positive ness that reassured and calmed her. He handed her into the kindly arms of Mrs. Burke and ran for th

serodome. In his furious pace across the parade ground he was haunted by the pale, anguish-stamped face of Eileen. He had not her confidence in Father Francis' acceptance of the aeroplane as a means of conveyance. seen brave and seasoned soldiers re-fuse to risk their lives in the air, and could not picture the gentle old priest, whose whole life had been spent in a monastery, taking such a trip unquestioningly at a moment's Still, small as the chance

The Wonderful Mission of the Internal Bath

BY G. G. PERÇIVAL, M. D.

hundred thousand Americans are at the present time seeking freedom from small, as well as serious ailments, by the practice of Internal Bathing?

Do you know that hosts of enlight

ened physicians all over the country, as well as osteopaths, physical culturists, etc., etc., are recommending A gentle breeze from the west and recognizing this practice as the most likely way now known to secure tially effective; the doses must be

and preserve perfect health?

There are the best of logical them trembling in swift, ever recurring vibrations. The aeropant and enthusiast stood rejoicing in the reasons for this practice and these opinions, and these reasons will be very interesting to everyone. sight and sound for a few minutes before closing the doors.
"I suppose you know where I have

In the first place, every physician realizes and agrees that 95% of human illnesses is caused directly or indirectly by accumulated waste in the colon: this is bound to accumulate because we of to day neither eat the kind of food nor take the amount of exercise which Nature demands in order that she may thoroughly elim inate the waste unaided-

That's the reason when you are ill the physician always gives you something to remove this accumulation of waste, before commencing to treat your specific trouble.

It's ten to one that no specific trouble would have developed if there were no accumulation of waste in the colon-

And that's the reason that the fam ous Professor Metchnikoff, one of the world's greatest scientists, has boldly and specifically stated that if our colons were taken away in infancy, the length of our lives would be

increased to probably 150 years. You see, this waste is extremely poisonous, and as the blood flows through the walls of the colon it absorbs the poisons and carries them through the circulation—that's what causes Auto-Intoxication, with all its perniciously enervating and weakening results. These pull down our powers of resistance and render us subject to almost any serious com plaint which may be prevalent at the time-and the worst feature of it is that there are few of us who know

are like Father Francis. His parting words to me were, 'I have placed you in the hands of St. Paul. The light of faith will flash into your soul very soon.' He also had the series words. when we are Auto Intoxicated. But you never can be Auto Intoxicated if you periodically use the proper kind of an Internal Bath the same uncomplimentary notion that I could not shake Eileen's decision. My announcement that I in-tended to make a final supreme effort that is sure.

It is Nature's own relief and cor rector-just warm water, which, used right way, cleanses the colon thoroughly its entire length and

the entire system to work properly. ing this carefully prepared and scien-You undoubtedly know, from your | tifically correct little book.

O you know that over three own personal experience, how dull, and unfit to work or think properly, biliousness and many other apparently simple troubles make you feel. And you probably know, too, that these irregularities, all directly trace-able to accumulated waste, make you

really sick if permitted to continue. You also probably know that the old-fashioned method of drugging for these complaints is at best only parincreased it continued, and finally they cease to be effective at all.

It is true that more drugs are probably used for this than all other human ills combined, which simply goes to prove how universal the trouble caused by accumulated waste really is—but there is not a doubt that drugs are being dropped as Internal Bathing is becoming better known—

For it is not possible to conceive until you have had the experience courself, what a wonderful bracer an Internal Bath really is; taken at night, you awake in the morning with a feeling of lightness and buoyancy that cannot be accounted foryou are absolutely clean, everything is working in perfect accord, your appetite is better, your brain is clearer, and you feel full of vim and confidence for the day's duties.

There is nothing new about Internal Baths except the way of adminimatering them.

istering them. Some years ago Dr. Chas. A. Tyrrell, of New York, was so miraculously benefited by faithfully using this method then in vogue, that he made Internal Baths his special study and improved materally in administering the Bath and

in getting the result desired. This perfected Bath he called the "J. B. L. Cascade," and it is the one which has so quickly popularized and recommended itself that hundreds of thousands are to day using it.

Dr. Tyrrell, in his practice and researches, discovered many unique and interesting facts in connection with this subject; these he has col-lected in a little book, "The What, the Why, the Way of Internal Bathing," which will be sent free on request if you address Chas. A. Tyrrell, M.D., Room 454, 280 College Street, Toronto, and mention having read

this in the Catholic Record. This book tells us facts that we never knew about ourselves before, and there is no doubt that everyone who has an interest in his or her own physical well-being, or that of makes and keeps it sweet, clean and the family, will be very greatly pure as Nature demands it shall be for instructed and enlightened by read-

was, in his opinion, of getting Father Francis there, for Eileen's sake he must make the effort. He knew that minutes were valuable. He was glad that he had carefully overhauled his craft before putting it up for the day. He was almost breathless when he reached the aerodome. Flinging himself against the heavy doors, he epened one complete side of the long, low-lying building just as the sun disappeared below the horizon.

There before him, gigantic in it proportions, marvelous in its power, rested the white-winged aeroplane, alert and ready. He switched out the runway so that the air-craft could glide gently out onto the field with as little jar as possible. When he could safely loose his hold, he sprang to his seat and instantly the thunder of the engine filled the air thunder of the engine filled the air with its tumult. Imperceptibly at first, then in little bounds, the aero-plane rose. Higher and higher it soared till it gleamed like a golden cross in the sunset's afterglow.

From the window of her father's room Eileen saw, and into her eyes, that had been straining for the first glimpse of his flight, flashed a sudden

She dropped to her kness. 'Winged spirits of God, aid him,'

she prayed. Higher up than he had ever been, with the exception of his first flight that day, Lieutenant Carter bent that day, in the data currents devery energy in an effort to catch the drift of the air currents. He knew full well just how far his gaso line supply had been exhausted by the previous trip, and realized fully that the success of his present under taking depended upon the manipula tion of his machine. At his present height there was no horizon, and far out into space the sun that had been invisible from the earth hung like a rnished ball. The view was moramic. Scores of miles where

And twenty of these miles must be traversed and retraversed without a mishap to bring to the dying colonel the last rites of his Church. He thought of Eileen, waiting—waiting. What of peace or disappointment would his return hold for her? The engine was behaving perfectly. Every fiber of its tested steel and canvass was drumming and throbbing. He looked at the tubes on the gaso line tanks and saw that everything there, too, was running smoothly. He must bend every energy now to Here he was in his element. He took advantage of every favoring current of air, and mile after mile

Soon the monastery lay before him. From his height, its qualrangular form and surrounding walls lay dark against the ground like a well executed drawing. He swung wide on his wheel and the aeroplane swept down in a little air drift. Shutting off power by degrees, he allowed the craft to flutter down in ever shortening circles, until it landed with a resilent bounding motion in the open field that swept away to the north of

ne monastery. Father Francis, out in the grounds saying his Office, saw the huge bird-like machine slipping down the sky and knew the man that steered it was Lieutenant Carter. He hurried toward the gate to admit him. The few moments spent in reaching the were filled with the tremulous hope that perhaps faith had come to Carter, as he had promised him, in the name of St. Paul, it would.

But the lieutenant's first words dashed that hope and explained the cause of his second visit that day. "Colonel Hammond is dying, Father Francis. He has called for

you, and I have come to take you to

"Colonel Hammond dying!" cried the priest. "Impossible! What has happened to him ?" 'A stroke of some kind. It took

him very suddenly." 'My poor old friend! And he was apparently so strong and hearty!" exclaimed Father Francis slowly and sorrowfully. Then, pulling himself together with a start: "I'll be with

you in a minute, my son."
"But, Father," called the lieuten ant after the priest's retreating form, "I have only my aeroplane. You know the bridge is down."

'So I hear. It is well you brought your aeroplane. We shall lose less time." answered Father Francis without stopping.

Here quite unconsciously, Father Francis shot the first ray of faith into the heart of Lieutenant Carter. The airman had approached fear fully, prepared to argue with and convince an old man that the means of travel he offered him was safe; that no harm could come to him is he trusted himself to his care. But there was no need for his arguments. He found a soldier in the service of his Master, a man willing to brave anything, even the untried element of the air, unquestioningly in the performance of his duty, one as certain of his enlistment in a heavenly service as he, Wynton Carter, was of his in an earthly one. Self put arguments raced through his mind until, when Father Francis joined him with when rather reaches John unit with that contemplative look of the priest who carries the Viatioum, he felt a curious desire to cry out, "I believe in you and your mission. I believe in the faith you profess."

In all his striving after Eileen's

religion he had never experienced such a sensation. Involuntarily his heart framed an earnest prayer that it would last, that there would be no tading of the glow of the enthusiastic feeling. Mechanically, he pointed to the passenger's seat in the aeroplane and, silently, Father Francis took it.

Carter climbed to his place, and after a series of noises the craft rose on an easy incline. Father Francis felt his whole being thrill with com-

with the God of the four winds on his bosom. Years and human frailty fell away from him. He fels no fear, only exultation and ecetacy. His heart glowed like a seraphim's beneath the golden pyx, and his thoughts soured aloft into celestial regions. Carrying the Blessed Sacrament to the sick or dying had always been to him the duty that brought him closest to God and to humanity. That God should call into service the atest invention and triumph of man to discharge so sacred a duty emphasized for him this nearness, and his

Magnificat rose heartily and humbly Did the frail craft know it carried its God that it behaved so beautifully. or was it upborne by angel wings? Seemingly it rode only favorable currents of air, solid as marble columns to its weight. There were no lurches, no irregularity of action priest's thoughts from things holy to danger and self.

The sky was darkening perceptibly as they neared the fort. In its violet depths the first star was gleaming and flashing. Carter was gratified to think that he had made the trip exactly as he had calculated. They would reach the fort before night fell. He coaxed more speed from the high powered, air cooled engine and gave expert attention to the manipulation of his machine. Five miles sped into eternity in as many minutes, and soon the lights of th fort sprang into view. He swooped downward and headed low over the the river, straight as a bird flies for the shimmering spot. The sound of the swollen, rushing waters came up the wind, and across it struck the sharp, arresting notes of the bugle.

At the sound, Father Francis

started and spoke for the first time during the trip.
"God grant we shall be in time,"

he said. Unless the attack was very severe we should be. We have been scarcely twenty minutes returning,"

replied the lieutenant. Twenty minutes! exclaimed the "It seems only five. Verily

man bas wings." Carter made no further comment He was busy trying to analyze the new and strange sensations that had beset him at the start of this journey with Father Francis, and were with him still. Was this faith? — faith strong enough to lead him all the way—this feeling of a Presence other than the priest's on a trip through the air—this sudden stirring of belief in

the divinity of the priest's mission?
The lights of the fort were very near now. Carter made a wide circle and brought the aeroplane closer to earth. Carefully he sought a drift of air down which to glide. He shut off his power at the proper moment and, gently circling, fluttered down to earth, landing with his precious freight within fifty feet of the aerodome just as darkness was clasping the earth. He left the aeroplane standing and hurried with Father Francis across the parade ground It took long, athletic strides to keep up with the priest, so auxious was he to reach the bedside of the dying

As they walked, Carter thought of the soldier toward whom they were hastening. His deeds were a proud nation's boast. Men considered it an honor to serve under him. He was as intellectually great as he was morally and physically brave, yet his faith in his Church and the efficacy of its sacraments was as simple and trusting as a child's. More than once these facts had appealed significantly to Carter. To night they thundered the awakening of a

slumbering faith. It was quite dark as they crossed the colonel's yard and ran up the steps. No one seemed to be down stairs, and they gathered from this that the colonel still lived. When they entered the sick room, a little gasp of joy escaped Eileen and a look of unutterable relief and peace crossed her features. Her father caught the look and his eyes dark with the last shadow, followed the direction of her glance. Into them name a swift radiance as they fell on

Father Francis.
At the sight, Wynton Carter felt crumble down in some rude cavern within the fabric of his self-sufficiency, all his long hesitation and foolish doubts. They fell never to rise again, struck down like St. Paul before a flash of light from heaven. Something higher, grander, holler came to lift itself on the riven foundations. A holy elation grew in him, suddenly, without knowledge, without conscious volition, he found his whole being thrilled with an

ecstacy of prayer—the prayer of a man who had found the faith. After a few moments, when they re-entered the room for the administration of Holy Communion, he no longer stood apart, but fell on his kness and worshipped the Incarna-tion continued among men with glowing faith and love.

For some moments there was stillness. Bravely Eileen held back the tears for fear of disturbing her father's thanksgiving. Carter, acutely conscious of her struggle, longed to take her in his arms and comfort

Presently the dying man reached out his free hand and caught his daughter's. His gaze was dimming now, but there was everlasting love for her in its waning light. She laid her young cheek against his hand and went silently. Across her and wept silently. Across her smothered sobs, Father Francis' firm low voice rose in the prayer for

Eileen's eyes were wet as she listened to Wynton Carter's recital of



how the gift for which they had prayed had come to him. With her father's last breath, it seemed to Eileen as though her world had gone to pieces. But now it was being re-built — foundationed with faith, walled with hope and topped with vision of fair to morrows innumer able, as Carter drew her to her feet and with his arm about her he led her out into the beauty and stillness

THE PUBLIC SCHOOL

WHAT SOME NON-CATHOLICS HAVE SAID OF IT

That there may be no doubt of the fairness of Catholic objection to the Public school system, we submit the opinions of a few non Catholic authorities. They are genuine friends of American institutions, and one may well believe they would not indulge in strong language were there not sufficient cause.

Dean Jones, of Yale College in his annual report to President Hadley, makes caustic complaint of the lack of preparation shown by candidates seeking to enter Yale, more especially on the part of those coming from Public schools. The inferiority of the present High school training is emphasized in a statement by a statistical study of the scholarship of the schools which entered Yale last fall. He shows how in the large class then beginning Yale's course only 128 entered without conditions, while, as he expresses it " 220 fresh men limped into college under condi

The testimony is not from one clas of men, nor from one section. It is a general complaint. Dr. Eliot. President Emeritus of Harvard, tells us the " Public schools of Boston are not equal to what they were fifty years ego." Charles Stuart, ex School Commissioner of Ohio, recent ly said that our popular education is superfic al and does not develop mind or character. As he puts it, "our modern educational methods tend to "our make ware houses of the children's minds rather than factories : they accumulate but do not produce." The Educational Review gives what it terms a picture of " the deplorable condition of the Public schools of St Paul." The board of education of Chicago, after a study of the condi-tions there, says," the fault is with the system in which the teachers were instructed and in which they are instructing others."

A purely secular education is worse than no education at all. Concern ing the harm of such an education a Princeton professor, in a lecture

'The School and Its Problems," said Secular education is a cramped ma'med palsied education. It can never render the State the service of impressing upon the young that reverence for public order and established authority which are the first isolating all the sciences from that fundamental science which gives them unity and perennial interest the knowledge of God. It is robbing history of its significance as the divine educator of the race. It is depriving ethical teaching of the only basis which can make its pre-cepts powerful for the control of conduct. It is depriving national order of the supreme sanction which invests it with the dignity of divine authority, and this process is going

on in every part of our country. An effort is being made to give some kind of moral instruction without a religious basis. While this may accomplish something, it will be of an almost negligible character No system of ethics without a living faith can curb human inclinations Speaking of the necessity of relig ious faith for the safety and well-be ing of our Government, Mr. James

Bryce, formerly British Ambassador to the United States, in his "Ameri-can Commonwealth," strikingly says: Sometimes, standing in the mide of a great American city and watch



ing the thronge of eager figures atreaming hither and thither, marking the sharp contracts of poverty and wealth, an increasing mass of wretch-edness and an increased display of luxury, knowing that before long one hundred millions of men will be living between ocean and ocean under the one government—a government which their own hands have made and which their own hands have made and which they will feel to be the work of their own hands—one is startled by the thought of what might befull this huge yet delicate fabric of laws and commerce and social institutions were the foundations it has rested upon to crumble away. Suppose all these men ceased to believe that there was any power above them and future before them anything in Heaven or earth but what their senses tell them of : sup pose their conscientiousness of individual force and responsibility were weakened by the feeling that their swiftly fleeting life was rounded out by a perpetual sleep, would the moral code stand unshaken and with it reverence of the law, the sense of duty towards the community, and even towards the generations to come? History, if she can not give complete answer to this question tells us that hitherto civil society rested on religion and that free government has prospered best

among religious people."

It is impossible to teach history or philosophy and ignore the great fact of Christianity. In a pamphlet entitled "Socialism in the Schools."
Mr. Bird S. Coler of New York registers a vigorous protest, basing it, as he says, "not upon my Christianity, he says, but upon the fact that I am a citizen and a taxpayer." against the expenditure of the public funds for a teach. ing which is incomplete and untrue

The schools may deal with the faith of the Egyptians, with the Olympian deities of the Greeks, with the Manitou of the Indians, but Christmas is tabooed, Easteris a subject prohibited. No man believes there was ever a Mercury, with wings on his heels, but that may be taught in the schools. Every one knows there was a Jesus of Nazareth, but that must not be mentioned. The logical thing to do, it that be right, is to cut the Name of God out of the Declaration of Independence, to pub lish without It the farewell address of the Father of his Country, to leave some significant blanks in the sublime sentences of Lincoln over the dead at Gettysburg. We must be taught that a strange faith sprung up in the bosom of Rome and spread over the area of Roman conquest but we must not be taught whence it came or why it spread. We must be taught that the followers of Mahomet raised the Crescent flag against the Cross, but we must not be taught what the Cross signifies. must be taught that the Crusaders poured out the blood and treasure of Europe to take from the Moslem the tomb of the Carpenter, but we must not be taught what was the torch which lighted their flery faith. must be taught history, but not the meaning of history. Some of the facts of human experience are to be allowed us, but the central fact of human history is to be barred."

A STATUE WITH A HISTORY

On the sunset side of the City of Paris sits a ducky old church dear to archaeologists, yet more dear to the kneel round its altars. For St. Ger man-des Pres holds a real treasurea status of the Madonna with cen-turies of history and pious associa casual visitor strolling through that ancient pile and knowing nothing of its wonderful story, must be struck by the sweet old image—the repose fulness and mother love of our Lady and the divine mysteriousness of the Child, with His right arm thrown about her neck and holding a little hird tenderly in His left hand.

No age but the Middle Age could have wrought so devotional a statue and to the thirteenth century we must go for the origin of this one. At that time the Abbey of St. Denis near Paris, being in need of a statue for the new altar of its Lady Chapel, the Princess Blauche de France, daughter of St. Louis resolved to supply the want. So she sought out a skilful artist-whose name, alas! is ot so immortal as his work-to chisel in stone a statue of our Lady and the Divine Child. But she longed also to express the fealty which the House of France ever held toward the Queen of Heaven. In a moment of inspiration she com manded that the features of the saintly Queen Blanche should stand for the semblance of Our Lady, and that the Divine Child should wear the features of the son of Blanche St. Louis whose picture as an infant was happily preserved. Thus, while rearing a shrine to Our Lord and His Mother, she perpetuated in the holiest and tenderest way the memory of another son and mother whose names will ever be as a benediction

upon France.

During the five centuries that followed the statue was in great venera-tion, and amid all the vicissitudes of when the fury of the French Revolution burst forth, it was wrenched from its pedestal and carried as so much stone to the Musee Francais There it remained for ten years, en-tirely forgotten amidst the desecra-

ted spoils of many churches
In 1803 the altars of St. German des Pres were again prepared for the solution of many difficulties that lay worship of God: but the sacred vestern hidden in the bosom of the

sels and vestments had been stolen, and the whole Church was deplorablyenaked of ornament. Howeve the venerable Abse Levi, who had once been preacher to the royal court, and Vicar General of Aix, knew where the treasures of the Church had gone, and demanded leave to choose from the ruins in the Musee Français a suitable statue of Christ's Mother. His eye was at once caught by the beauty of the statue stolen from the Abbey of St. Denis; and, though he knew nothing of its history, he lost no time in se

curing it. Once restored to honor in a Paris. ian church, the story of the statue could not long be hidden, and ac-counts of the many vicissitudes it had undergone were published in the various journals. The canons of St. Denis sent a deputation to reclaim it; but no eloquence or persuasion could be equal to such an occasion. The parishioners of St. Germain des-Pres were already so much attached to the beautiful Madonna that they protested strongly against its removal; however, the canons were allowed to make a plaster cast of the Madonna of St. Blanche; and this may still be seen, where the original d so long, in the Lady Chapel of

the Abbey St. Denis.

Thus in a church which few travelers ever visit stands a statue ren dered dear by centuries of devotion and doubly interesting to French Catholics because it perpetuates the features as well as the rememcountry.-The Ave Maria.

> LEGEND OF TRUE CROSS

Lot had escaped from Sodom when there appeared to him an angel hold. ing three cypress cuttings in his hand. "Plant these," said the angel; "and if they live and grow, your great sin shall be pardoned. If they die, you shall be punished as you deserve. The water with which you refresh them must be from the River Jordan and must be brought fresh each day. Here was a hard task, but Lot did

not question its justice. Every sacred river, bringing back the water for his precious trees, which grew

and flourished amazingly.
One morning, as he was returning to Hebron, a beggar met him by the roadside and asked for a drink of water. "I can give him a little," mused Lot, " and then have enough for my trees.

But when the beggar's thirst was quenched, there appeared another, and yet another, until the water was gone. Then Lot threw himself down buried his face in the sand and wept. When at length he raised his head an angel stood near him. "Why do you weep?" he asked. And Lot told him.

"Be not alarmed," answered the eavenly visitant. "Obedience is occuptable in the sight of God, but heavenly visitant. charity is even more so. You served Him in succoring His poor. Hence-forth, as your reward, the trees shall thrive without water. Your long penance is over.'

Thus it came about that the cyprese trees grew without the aid of Lot. And when one of them was old and mighty, the Cross of Christ was made from it; that He, the legend runs Who died for His love of mankind might suffer on the Tree which was blessed by the grace of charity."-Ave Maria.

ENGLISH CATHOLIC KING

ETHELBERT OF ENGLAND WAS CON-

The first Christian king of Engand was Ethelbert, who was baptized June 2, 597. Ethelbert was convert ed to the new faith by St. Augustine the Apostle of England, who was ap pointed by St. Gregory the Great as chief of the missionaries whom he dispatched to England. Augustine and his companions had heard much of the barbarism and ferocity of the pagan English, and it was in fear and trembling that they set foot on Eng. lish soil at Ebbsfleef, between Sand-wich and Ramsgate. They were agreeably disappointed for they were given a cordial reception by the monarch and his subjects. Ethelbert the Saxon king of Kent, and his thanes met St. Augustine under a great oak at Minster, and there the missionary explained to the monarch the principles of the religion of Jesus. The king was soon convinced and was baptized. Many of his people soon followed his and on the ensuing Christmas day not less than ten thousand converte were baptized in the waters of the Swale, at the mouth of the Medway. -St. Paul Bulletin.

MEDIAEVALISM

Some people, with more gullibility than wit, speak of Mediaevalism as representing the standpoint of the Catholic Church against Modernism.
Nothing could be farther from the
truth. The Catholic Church is at
once most conservative and most war it alone escaped hurt. But to the essentials of faith and in this regard she comes into conflict with so-called Modernism; progressive in so caused modernism; progressive in every other respect and thereby she eschews the charge of Mediaevalism. The Middle Ages can boast of many noble achievements, and St. Thomas Aquinas was a deep and comprehen-sive thinker furnishing a key to the

as well as the age in which he lived : in many respects the Courch in her onward march of progress has left them behind. But in one thing she remains stationary, and will remain stationary to the end of time, i. e., in regard to the immutability of the articles of faith—and in this regard she is the enemy and counterpart of so-called Modernism.—The Guardian

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LONDON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 11, 1915

LABOR DAY

With labor's millions throughout the American continent celebrating their annual holiday, it is almost inevitable that men of good will, no matter what their work in life. should join at heart in the spirit of social brotherhood that marks this festal day. Between labor and the Church of Christ there are imperish. able links of sympathy. Our Lord worked in a carpenter's shop, and throughout His life He was poorer than any worker on this continent to-day. He conferred a new dignity upon labor and poverty. When He addressed the rich it was to remind them of the responsibility of riches and of their duty to their less wealthy brethren. The whole Bible is full of reminders to employers on the need of justly treating their employees.

Among the champions of the cause of labor, Leo XIII. was conspicuous. He favored no selfish individualism, "If there is anything," he wrote, "in the conditions of work that is a menace or injury to good morals, to justice, to man's dignity, or to the domestic life of the work people, public authorities should intervene in a wise and temperate manner to protect the true interests of the citizens." (Address to French work. men. Oct. 18, 1887, III. 14.) "The rich classes," said Pope Leo, "must not treat their workmen as if they were slaves, mere muscle and force, a mere source of income. On the contrary, they are bound to respect the personal dignity of the work people, to see that they have the opportunity of living a rational and religious life, and of properly attending to the welfare of their families." In count. less other wise sentences, Pope Leo XIII. showed his love for all the world's great army of workers. He stood for the minimum living wage.

So to the joyous thousands who are holidaying on Labor Day, our hearts must travel with a cordia greeting and congratulations upon one more year's round of work Only workers know how to enjoy a holiday. It is God's blessing upon their lot. And if at times life's path seems hard and monotonous here, there need be no hopelessness or undue sadness. Christianity brings new light to the worker's life. If indeed this life on earth were all, some toilers might think with justice that their lot is hard in comparison with wealth's ease and leisure. But this life is only the beginning. In the next life, we shall be rewarded for every good day's work that we have done as servants of Our Divine Master. In the kingdom of heaven the rich may be comparatively few but of earth's great toiling hosts there will be no lack. Indeed, the reason why many will reach Heaver lies in the fact that they had work on earth which required self-sacrifice and thereby developed noble quali-

UNDER WHICH FLAG?

While the war in Europe drags slowly to the goal that will determine the fate of empires, it is imper ative for British-speaking Christians to consider what a British triumph or defeat would mean to the future of Christianity. The progress of a religion, from a merely natural standpoint, depends largely upon the character of the nation which its ministers are seeking to convert. Now what are the present characters of Great Britain and Germany? We will not discuss the question of France, for French speaking people are equal to that.

Great Britain stands to-day as one religious toleration. She is no remonstrate against these outrages. clude all mankind in the pale of her 1878, Dr. Falk, the new minister of pass, for they are as the words of other course will turn a boy into a to do so.

in the light of unbiased history. Her national church includes a goodly number of ministers and laymen, of which purported to regulate the Moses on the mountains, so we too Catholic Church there can be no question. Old hostilities to Rome were due to unsifted prejudices. Past generations travelled little and consequently to many sincere people the Church of Rome seemed a distant and mystical figure. But travel and study remove prejudice. What Briton coming to Canada, with an open mind, does not learn to admire the work of Catholic missionaries? And this leaven of new tolerant thought has spread from her sons on this side of the Atlantic to thousands in the British Isles. In Great Britain to-day there is a widely-spread desire for truth, and what greater link with the Catholic Church can there be than a people's desire for truth ?

Nor in Great Britain's love of toler tion is there anything substantially opposed to the mind of the Catholic Church. No man can be made a Christian by compulsion. Christ never persecuted. Past persecutions have been the work of prejudiced and misguided persons. The greatest minds of the Church are unanimous supporters of religious liberty. The spirit of persecution is utterly opposed to the spirit of Christianity, the first law of which is charity. There have been Catholics who persecuted Protestants, and Protestants who persecuted Catholics. But they did not persecute because they were Christians, but because they had imbibed the false principles of paganism and had made their religion a mere name for a personal acceptance of the world-spirit.

But Catholics in Great Britain to day, some critic may observe, only number two millions. Well, it is only comparatively recently that the British working man has enjoyed a certain measure of liberty. The people of Great Britain never knowingly rejected the Catholic Church. They were robbed of it by past rulers. The whole English "reformation" was simply a vast royal "graft."

Henry VIII. and his officials plundered the Catholic Church under pretext of reform. Prosperity became synonymous with a reception of the State religion. The poor were forced to attend the State Church because their employers belonged to it. But after many years the labor union arose, and with it returned some of that liberty for which the Catholic Church in England had fought in the days of "Magna Charta." With labor unions brought under Christian influences, the return of the British working man to the Catholic Church

Conversions to the Catholic Church among the educated classes in Great Britain are one of the most striking features of the day. The Angloatholic party in the Anglican Church are free from the spirit of persecution, All these are factors that make Great Britain a most promising field for the future of Catholicism.

And what of Germany : With the

history of Germany, during the last forty years before one's eyes, it is difficult to think of a Prussian triumph without alarm. The triumph of Germany over France in 1870 was soon followed by the "Kulturkampf," one of the cruellest persecutions that have assailed the Catholic Church since the days of Diocletion. One of the first steps in this godless policy was a law which handed over to the State the control over all educational establishments of every kind, whether private or public. By the law of "Kanzelparagraph" pulpit criticism of the government was forbidden. Then came the persecution of the religious orders. In June, 1872, the Reichstag passed a law prohibiting the Society of Jesus and other "affiliated orders" throughout the whole extent of the German Empire. Not only the Jesuits were ruthlessly driven out of the country, but also the Redemptorists, Lazarists, Barnabites, Theatines, Christian Brothers, Sisters of the Sacred Heart, Ursulines, and other religious orders and congregations whose only offence was that they devoted themselves to the education of Catholic youth and the instruction of the people. The Prussian ministry went so far as to interdict the to the "Sacred Heart of Jesus." In of the world's strongest believers in vain did the Bishops of Germany

known afterwards as "the May Laws." which in reality aimed at the complete dissolution of the Catholic claimed the right of the State to domineer over the Church. God was to be second to the State. Bishops and priests who refused obedience to unjust and iniquitous enactments were fined, imprisoned or exiled. The Archbishops of Posen and Cologne were imprisoned, and among other distinguished victims of the Prussian persecution were the Bishops of Treves, Munster, Paderborn and Breslau. Hundreds of faithful priests were imprisoned or made homeless. In 1878, all episcopal sees, save three, had become vacant by death or were deprived of their bishops by exile or imprisonment, while hundreds of parishes were without priests. And all this was done in the name of progress and enlightenment.

It is true that the fear of Socialism has led the Prussian government to accord better treatment to day to the Catholic Church. But with a trium. phant Prussia, who would be vain enough to hope for reasonable treatment? A triumphant Prussia would mean the absolute godship of the State. The Lutheran Church has no power or wish to dispute the godship of the State. It is honeycombed with rationalism and its attitude towards the Catholic Church is one of unbelief and lack of sympathy. In a triumphant Prussia, the Catholic Church would have no earthly friend. Her very claim to be God's representative on earth would enrage the war-lords beyond question. Between militarism and the Sermon on the Mount could there ever be a lasting sympathy? In atriumphant Prussia. we may be certain there would be no room for Christ.

WHY THE MASS DRAWS CROWDS TO CHURCH

Among the many mysteries that fascinate the human mind, few to an outsider can compare with the problem of the power of the Roman Catholic Church.

Of all the western Christian denominations, it is the least known externally, and this too, though it outnumbers all the rest. To the extarior world its whole life is an enigma that while it baffles with its strange admixture of cloistered contemplation and missionary zeal, never once since its foundation has ceased to haunt mankind. Go where one will, the spell of Rome is never far off. In all places where men gather, as soon as the theme of religion is raised, it is upon Rome that the argument will turn. What is the secret of the Church of Rome's influence ? asks the outsider. How believes in the Apostolic character of is it that wherever you go on this the Catholic Church and is linked to continent her churches are crowded it by many common tenets. The Sunday after Sunday, while in the King and Government of England week day, morning after morning, there are scores of worshippers in her churches at early and inconvenient hours of the morning, and this spirit in most quarters is said to be waning or dead?

What is this Mass of which Catholics talk so much? some non-Catholic asks. The Mass is the Church's central act of worship. It is the sacrifice of the New Law, and is really an epitome of Our Lord's life. it has fascinated all varieties of minds.

"I could attend Mass for ever and not be tired," once wrote Cardinal Newman. "To me," he writes, nothing is so consoling, so piercing, so thrilling, as the Mass. It is not the invocation merely, but if I dare use the word, the evocation of the eternal."

The Mass is the Church's great quadruple act of adoration, thanks. giving, penance and petition. It is full of thought-compelling details, each with its own significance. The action is quick, the words hurry on. "Quickly they go," writes Cardinal Newman, "for they are awful words of sacrifice; they are a work too rogue's life is about as good as any. great to delay upon, as when it was said in the beginning: 'What thou doest, do quickly." Quickly they pass, for the Lord Jesus goes with them, as He passed along the lake in the days of His flesh, quickly calling Association of Prayer" and devotions first one and then another; quickly they pass, because as the lightning which shineth from one part of the heaven into the other, so is the comlonger the Britain that desired to in- The spirit of persecution spread. In ing of the Son of man. Quickly they

Prussian Land Tag a series of bills, the cloud, calling on the name of the mother's apron-strings for protection Lord as He passed by. And as whose cordial feelings towards the relations of Church and State, but "make haste," writes Newman, "and bow our heads and adore. So we, all around, each in his place, look Church in Prussia. These laws out for the great Advent, 'waiting for the moving of the water,' each in his place, with his own heart, with his own wants, with his own thoughts, with his own intentions, with his own prayers, separate but that should be emphasized in concordant, watching what is going every home. It is true that on, uniting in its consummation; education should enable us, it not painfully and hopelessly following a hard form of prayer from beginning to end, but, like a concert of to earn a living it is even more imbut concurring in sweet harmony, we take our part with God's priest,

supporting him, yet guarded by

What a wonderful service it is From the opening "Asperges" to the final Thanksgiving, the Mass grips the mind with unique insistence As the Gloria sounds forth there rises in memory the song of the angels who appeared to the shepherds and accompanied them to the stable at Bethlehem. By the Collects are represented those nights of prayer which He spent, beseeching for mankind the mercy of God. By the "Sanctus" is recalled His triumphal entry into Jerusalem on Palm Sunday, when the populace cried "Blessed is He that cometh in the name of the Lord. Hosanna in the Highest." And as these words are sung in Latin, the congregation kneels. The last solemn scenes of His life and death draw near. The Last Supper, the lifting on the Cross. pass successively in typical acts before the mind's eye. And then the shadows pass. Glorified and immortal, He is once more united to His Church in the communion. Once more He comes mystically, but really, truly and substantially, to strengthen the faithful with His presence. They kneel in thankfulness for their pledge of eternal life. His sacrifice is accomplished and its fruits have been applied. And then in the closing Benediction is recalled the bless ing He gave to His disciples ere He passed from this earth to Heaven. Such is the service upon which countless volumes have been written and the doctrine of which forms the central belief of Catholicism.

THE MODERN BOY AND HOME TRAINING

Are you training your children by any definite methods? is a question that might nonplus a number of parents, but it is a question that requires a clear answer. The training of children is not to be wholly left to school teachers as if it were not a part of a parent's province. It education is received at school, but a great part too is received at home in the shape of mental and moral impressions. A child's ideas on things in general largely depend upon what his father and mother are and think.

children is neglected, with the result too at a day when the church going that many grow morally crooked, self-conceited and socially undesirable. That is a danger against which the parents of Canada must guard, not merely for the sake of their children, but for their own sake and for the sake of the Canadian nation. Honesty should be a principle honored in every household and It is a great action of which He is every father and mother should imthe central figure. No wonder that press it upon their children that honesty is one of the chief virtues necessary for salvation. For no one can enter Heaven without charity, and no dishonest person can justly claim that virtue.

> One of the greatest sins of modern times is business dishonesty. The remedy is to start a boy properly at home. He should be told that socalled smartness in business is usually another name for theft, and that to be a thief is to lose all claim to respect and to endanger prospects of Heaven. There is great need for the truth to be told on this point, for some of the magazines to-day, with their exploitation of get rich quick heroes, are spreading the idea that a

One of the things that a boy can be taught at home is to be respectful. He should never be allowed to speak of his teacher in any other but a respectful manner. A boy who is permitted by his parent to speak disrespectfully of a teacher will soon learn to turn with disrespectful contempt upon that parent himself. It is a safe rule that a teacher's authority should always be upheld. Any

island church. That ideal perished public worship, introduced into the Moses, when the Lord came down in | sneaking mollycoddle, running to his against a punishment that he deserves. In the end, such a boy will deride the authority of that self same mother, because she spoiled him instead of telling him that he must obey his teacher.

The first object of education should be to develop our character and to help us on the road to Heaven. This is a truth necessary, to earn our living, but it is well to tell a boy that good as it is musical instruments, each different portant to earn it in a way that shall not endanger his eternal welfare. The order of thoughts is important. Once a boy has grasped the fact that the chief aim of his life here should be to attain eternal life in Heaven, he is on the right road. From that truth, it is an easy step for a boy to believe that his everyday work should be offered up regularly to God. And in the strength of that helief, a new note of dedication would be imparted to each boy's life. What better basis of conduct could any boy have than the belief that for the use of life he is respon-

sible to God ? The benefits of Catholic education need hardly be emphasized to thinking Catholics, yet so inestimable are these benefits they can scarcely be too often recalled. To receive a of the eminence of Brownson, Spin-God and His relations to mankind, to learn the laws of God and His Church, as stated in the Catechism, to be brought into touch with the sacramental life amid the routine of education-all these are benefits which only Catholics fully enjoy. If wise home training, they will produce men and women whose lives and example will be a blessing to all who know them. It was Catholic education that helped to produce the saints. What higher aim could education have than the production of sainte?

THE PERIL OF SOCIALISM

Socialism recognizes only too well that its one enemy is Catholicism. Everywhere it manifests the most deadly hostility against the Church : everywhere it defames her priests. the faith of those unfortunates it gives currency to his ideas in a chanwho would have oil and water coalesce-who endeavor to reconcile say that they stoop to no such subterfuge. They proclaim clearly enough the inherent antagonism between the two. The well-known Socialist. is true that a great part of a child's Paul Lafargue, thus expresses him-

self : "The Catholic clergy, with its novenas, its pilgrimages, and its other mummeries, is of all clergies that which practices most wisely the art of brain destruction : it is also the best equipped for furnishing ignorant brothers and sisters to teach in come complaints that the training of primary schools, and nuns to stand guard over women in factories. The great industrial capitalists, on account of its manifold services, susspite of their antipathy for its hier. pupil may reap the fruits of the archy, its rapacity, and its intrusion into family affairs."

> And here is a more lurid arraignment from the columns of the New York Call :

"And last, stealthiest, most sinister and unscrupulous of all the foes of Socialism, humanity, evolution and civilization comes the so called Holy priests of this great business corpora-tion and religion are, by training and through self-interest, opposed to any system of political, industrial and social reform and regeneration, whose fundamental ideas and ideals are liberty. For Romanism is built upon autocracy, dogma, ignorance, inequality, enslaved thought, blind credulity, dog-like obedience, and nostility to all forms of human enlightenment and progress. The Papacy has invariably fought truth to the last ditch, and its history is a record of fanatical intolerance, hatred, greed, falsehood, and blood-lust."

For us to read this stuff is but to smile. But what of the half educated young Catholic, from some rural Ontario settlement, who finds him self in New York or Chicagoor Cobalt working side by side with people who believe all this, and spare no pains to make him believe it also? Will the questions and answers of Butler's Catechism suffice him then?

We should see to it that our young men, when they go out into the world, should be able to give a reason for the faith that is in them. They would be only too ready to defend it from attack did they only know how

know that the great Pope Leo was the champion of the working classes? Have they ever had explained to them his splendid encyclical on another Frankenstein to turn upon Labor? Why are they ignorant of the patent fallacy of Socialism? Why do they not know that Socialism would destroy everything that makes life worth living : that it in. culcated free love, and boasted of its intention to " put out the lights of heaven," in other words to destroy all belief in the supernatural? Why were they never taught that the right to possess private property is a natural right? That from the very nature of things there must ever be inequality? That if Labor has rights it also has responsibilities? That Capital and Labor are not mutually destructive but mutually helpful? Here is work for the leaders and teachers of the Cath. olic body. When we debate, discuss and study such things then will our palatial club rooms be worthy of the prefix Catholic. COLUMBA.

NOTES AND COMMENTS

THE JESUIT system of education has been too long before the world, and been too thoroughly and variously tested to require elaborate vindication at this late day. Its value has been testified to by educationalists of as diverse sympathies as Rosmini and Thomas Arnold, and philosophers clear and accurate knowledge about oza and Sir James Mackintosh have united in testifying to its essential merits. The latter it was who, in the interval before the restoration. said that since the suppression of the Society of Jesus education in Europe had perceptibly declined. With just as much truth it may now these benefits be supplemented by be asserted that the restoration ushered in a new period of development in the science, and that not Catholic schools alone but every institution devoted to the education and training of youth, whether in sympathy with Jesuit ideals or not, has benefited thereby.

THESE REMARKS are occasioned by

the appearance a few months ago of a

new work, "Teacher and Teaching," by the Jesuit Father Richard H. Tierney, published by Longmans, Green & Co., (New York.) The volume treats of the much discussed problem of Christian Education, and denounces her doctrines, and destroys by its direct simplicity the author lures into its fold. There are some nel best calculated to produce the results aimed at. He has ably specifled the essential traits indispensable Socialism and Catholicity. But it is to the vocation of a teacher, drawing only fair to the Socialist leaders to a well defined distinction between education as such, and mere instruction. Mere efficiency in the subject matter will not suffice to produce the highest results in the student. The teacher, as Father Tierney demonstrates, to be successful must be an individual of trained character. whose mind and heart are equally consecrated to the work. The one essential task of the true teacher is to cultivate the nobler traits of ordination. Question (c) is as folparagter latent in the youth, as well as to rightfully shape the mind; he should be the exemplar of all that is held up to the young mind as worthy of attainment, and in order that the gradual unfolding of the various noble units which constitute the true man, the personal equation should never be suffered to fall into the background.

> THE TWO distinctive characteristics of this useful little volume which question should be left out, because may earn for its author some title to the quality of originality, are, first, therather novel method of analyzing the classes, whereby the student may be taught to appraise their intellectual value; and, secondly, the stress laid upon the axiom that little or no benefit is to be derived from mere paraphrase or memory. Father Tierney does not undervalue either of these features in the training of the mind, but he has sought to place them in their proper position relative to the more essential qualities treated in other portions of his book.

ligion in true education forms the theme of a very interesting chapter in "Teacher and Teaching," and, controverting the erroneous notion of some modern pedagogues, who have essayed to demonstrate the incompatibility of religion with the proper scope of education, Father Tierney brings them to book and makes sorry work of their specious theor-Learning without religion simply diverts the natural bent of

THE INDISPENSABLE part of re-

Whose fault is it that they do not that to develop the intellect at the expense of the heart and the conscience is but to produce a race of monstrosities calculated finally, like their maker and destroy him. From such a fate modern civilization may well pray to be delivered.

> THE TIMELY discussion on Vocations which rounds out Father Tierney's volume furnishes new light on that much debated, and, to some, much dreaded subject, and should prove of immense assistance to all those who aspire to the religious or ecclesiastical state, and to those whose office it is to direct others. The same may be said of the book as a whole for all those, clerical, religious or lay, whose calling it is to have a part in the education of youth. The vocation of the teacher is really an art in itself, properly understood, and to have shed some light upon so momentous and far-reaching a subject is no small achievement. This, we think, Father Tierney has succeeded in doing. His book is not a mere collection of platitudes as may be said of so many modern works treating of education, but a thoroughly digested treatise by a teacher of experience and of trained mind. He has fully tested the expediency of his own maxims, and the result cannot but be teneficial to all concerned in the education of youth.

THE PROPOSED union of the Presbyterian. Methodist and Congregational churches in Canada has received much discussion in the public press within the past few years. It has been hailed as a fulfilment of Christ's prayer that "all may be one," and is likely, if consummated, to usher in a new era for religion and godliness in Canada. The aspiration is in itself laudable, and in many hearts no doubt springs from a sincere desire to put an end to the scandal which a divided Christendom has so long presented to the heathen world. But that does not do away with the fact, so patent, one would think, as to preclude misconception, that the sects referred to essay the impossible. There can be no lasting union of such diverse elements except by the sacrifice of individual convictions, which for generations have sustained the devout-minded amid a wilderness of negations.

Some such thought has inspired an interesting and well-written letter to the Toronto Mail and Empire. The writer we assume to be one of the dissenters from the proposed scheme of union, and his principal objection is to the elimination of every fixed dogma from the basis agreed upon by the interdenominational committee to which that task had been allotted. Here are his own words .

" In the proceedings of the second conference on church union (page 19) certain questions were recom mended to be asked a candidate for lows: Do you believe the statement of doctrine of the united church, as the teachings of the Holy Scriptures, and is your confession of faith in agreement therewith, and as a minister of the Church do you pledge adhesion thereto.' This would mean of course, that a minister in coming into the church not only accepts the of faith, but also during his ministry At this stage the Congregations Committee approached the Doctrinal Committee with the request that his Congregational ministers do not sub scribe to a creed. To prevent their withdrawal, which was threatened, the question was dropped, and now the basis of union does not require any minister to promise that he will teach in harmony with the doctrinal statement. Hence it is not an organic part of the basis. It is only a condition for entrance to the work of the ministry, not a regulation principal in teaching. Thus it is pectacular rather than vital." He then goes on to ask:

"2. Do the people know that, if a minister who, at ordination accepts the doctrinal statement, afterwards ceases to believe it, and becomes a Unitarian, a Universalist, a Christian Scientist or a Roman Catholic (all of whom claim to teach in harmony with the Bible, the proposed basis furnished no means of discipline to protect the people from such teach

The notion that a man might "become a Roman Catholic," and still remain a Presbyterian or a Methodist, or nothing, is of course fantastic in the extreme, and could emanate only from one densely ignorant of Catholic Faith and practice. But it demonstrates conclusively the extent to which dogma has been dethroned in the intellect to the higher life. It the Protestant Idea of religion, and has been repeatedly and well said that the "religion of the future," so

freely heralded from sectarian pulpits, is but a bald scheme of humanitarianism designed to make the most of this life with little practical regard for the world to come.

THE ULTIMATE working out of the creedless "union" which bids fair to become an assured fact within a few years (if, at least, we may believe the denominational journals) may be seen by an experience of the past, graphically recalled by the Mail's correspondent. At the risk of being tedious we extract rather a lengthy paragraph :

"3. Do the people know that the Presbyterian Church in England furnishes an exact historical example of what is possible under the union

The record will be found in a "History of the Presbyterian Churches in England. Their Rise, Decline and Revival," by a A. N. Drysdale (Publication Committee of Presbyterian Church in England, London, 1889.) The author states that after the Act of Toleration in 1689 Presbyterian congregations in England numbered 500, they were by far the most influential non-Conmist body in the kingdom, and To speak of Presbyterian London is to use no exaggerated language. (page 304.) But there was failure to with the doctrinal articles. This condition reached a crisis at the Salter's Hall Synod in Feb-ruary, 1719, when subscription was left jan open question, and the Exeter Hall assembly in the following May failed to deal effectually with the matter. (page 502). By and by, "Ministers seem to have largely forgotten that the Church was not made for the ministry, but the ministry for the Church, and the members and adherents of the Church require guarantees not at ordination only, but that shall continually operative." (page 509). Hence in 1770, the author states, Arianism had been the avowed and fixed doctrinal position, much of the preaching became a dull and listless platitudinizing about religion and virtue that was but a poor echo of Seneca and Epictetus." The result was that many ministers, with their congregations, became Unitarian, with a strong drift to deism or atheism, and many congregation were dissolved. Thus it came about that Presbyterianism in England made a large contribution to 18th century deism with its deadening effects on spiritual life of the congre gations that remained Unitarian.

IN VIEW of the foregoing, the anx ious questioning of many earnest Presbyterians may be seen to be well-founded, and the Mail correspondent's summing up of the case be considered but the expression of the spreading feeling of dissent from a scheme of union which could not but hasten the dissolution of elective Christianity and bring ruin to the hopes of a not inconsiderable multi-

ON THE BATTLE LINE

The German Ambassador, Count von Bernstorff, on Sept 1, submitted to the Secretary of State, Mr. Lansing, the substance of the German Govern-ment's answer to President Wilson's last submarine note. It consisted of an acceptance of the American de-

"Liners will not be sunk by our submarines without warning and without safety of the lives of noncombatants, provided that the liner do not try to escape or offer resist. was the written statement of the Ambassador.

In effect, said Mr. Lansing, all America's demands were agreed to with reference to warning enemy merchant ships before attacking them and to the requirements for visit and search and for the safety of passengers.

The communication, in the form in which it was delivered, related to future submarine activities. It left open for future discussion all matters of fact in connection with past refer ences. It was taken for granted that this was because questions of reparation would have to be settled and that diplomatic negotiations would have to be conducted to agree on a No difficulty was expected in adjusting them.

SINK FIFTY GERMAN SUBS

It is reported that fifty German submarines have been sunk by the British within the last sixty In the Dardanelles war zone, it is reported that five Turkish transports laden with soldiers, have been sunk by British submarines.

GERMANS ARE UNEASY

The Germans are becoming distinctly uneasy over the delay in forcing the Russian lines on the Niemen and the Dwina. The rainy season will soon be on them, and in the marshy region between Vilna and Kovel an advance will become ex-tremely difficult. The Berlin military critics begin to point out that campaign can be continued much later in the season in southern Russia, and that this climatic advantage has probably led to the decision to make Kiev rather than Petrograd the immediate Germanic objective.

THE GLOBE GIVES A TIP

Another bit of gossip from Berlin which may have foundation in fact is that Great Britain and France are prepared to assist Russia by detailing expert strategists to assist at the Grand Duke Nicholas' headquart. ers. That might cause friction, but there is no doubt at all that Russia would welcome airmen, artillery offi-cers, transportation experts and men of other technical service in which the Germans have proved their super-iority. In all seriousness, The Globe would suggest that the greatest help the Allies could give to Russia would be the assistance of a group of rail-way builders like Sir Donald Mann, a corps of railway engineers and thousands of tons of rails. A few hundred miles of strategic railways built behind the Russian lines dur ing the winter would be of tremen-dous value when they resume their advance. Big guns and railways are Russia's supreme need.

SILENT AS THE SPHINX

It is certain that as far as western operations are concerned, the lid is on tight. The French reports be-come more laconic, and only once in a fortnight or so does Sir John French break silence. The artillery actions continue along the front. Yesterday's cannonading was most intense along the Aisne, in Champagne and between the Somme and the Oise, in which latter sector, the French official report says, the German batteries were silenced. enemy threw some incendiary shells against Soissons and its environs.

FRENCH ARE SUPERIOR

In Belgium, too, there is a renewal of big gun fire along the line of Yeer Canal. The Germans shelled Nieuport and the region about Boesinghe whereupon the French directed an effective fire against the German mortars and batteries as well as their camps. The French have evidently a superiority of artillery which is not local, but general all along the front held by them.

TAKE AUSTRIAN TRENCHES

An unofficial despatch from Rome announces the evacuation of Roverto by the Austrians. The official Italian report makes no mention of this. merely stating that in the Sugana Valley the Austrians have renewed bombardment of Borgo and have begun bombarding Roncegno. where their shells started a fire. If Rovereto is evacuated, and the Italians in the Sugana Valley are able to secure control of the Adige Valley between Roverto and Trent, the last chance of an Austrian invasion of Venetia by way of the Adige Valley will be gone. In the Val Grande and in the Carso region the Italian offi cial report announces the capture of Austrian trenches and of important quantities of arms and ammunition

SINKING OF TRANSPORTS

The French war office announce ent that five Turkish transports have recently been sunk in the Dar danelles, one by a French aviator and four by British submarines, two of them between the Narrows and Gallipoli, may be an echo of the re cent British Admiralty report, but it looks like news. A French aeroplane sunk a transport on August 20, and the form of the report conveys the by the British were sent to the bot tom later. The Turks state that the mine-sweepers of the Allies are again busy in the Straits. This may be preliminary to another combined attack on the Turkish positions from sea and land.

LULL IN THE BALKANS The silence in the Balkans is disquieting. It is the lull before the storm. The attack on Serbia is in course of preparation, and the tempest will break soon in the region south of Orsova. Lord Crewe is once more at the Foreign Office, and Sir Edward Grey is taking another "holiday." Does that mean a last-minute attempt to detach Bulgaria from the German group?—Toronto Globe, Sept. 3.

WHENCE THE PHRASE:

FOR THINE IS THE KINGDOM, ETC., IN THE OUR FATHER?

In the King James version of the Bible-the one used by English. peaking Protestants for nearly four hundred years—the conclusion of the Lord's Prayer (Matt. vi, 13) reads as collows: "Lead us not into temptafollows: tion, but deliver us from evil; for thine is the kingdom, and the power,

and the glory, for ever. Amen."
The Catholic Bible omits the 'For thine is the kingdom," etc., and every now and then some Catholic editor is asked which is the correct version, the Catholic or the

The stereotyped answer to this query is : Evidently, the Protestant translators of the authorized version were guilty of interpolating the words, "For thine is the kingdom," etc., because the learned compilers of lished in 1885, omitted the words from (Matt. vi, 13,) leaving the text just as it stands in the Catholic version, thus showing their conviction that the words added in the King

James Bible are an interpolation. Even the late Father Lambert of the Freeman's Journal was satisfied with this superficial answer to a real

difficulty.

The difficulty is real because the words "quonian tuum est regnum et

virtus et gloria" are found in many aucient codices, both Greek and Latin, of St. Matthew's Gospel, in the writings of St. John Chrysostom and in those of St. Gregory of Nyssa Hence, it there is an interpolation, it cannot be charged against the editors of the King James or any other Proestant version, because the incrim inated passage antedates Protestant-ism by more than a thousand years.

The origin of what is clearly a doxology" in the Protestant version of (Matt. vi, 13,) is not yet, we believe, fully cleared up; but our best authorities hold that the phrase is a liturgi-cal addition, which at an early period slipped into the sacred text through ome copyist's error. Such doxolog es were recited in the early days Father Knabenbauer (Comment in Matt. Vol. I, ed. alt., p. 280, Paris, 1903) traces this custom to St. Paul.

The meaning attached to the phrase "The meaning attached to the phrase
"Thine is the kingdom" etc., in (Matt.
vi, 13) by the Fathers was: Thou, O
Lord, art able to grant us the things
we have asked for in this prayer, bewe have asked for in this prayer, be-cause thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, forever. "Kingdom," St. Thomas explains, refers to the first and second petiions of the Lord's Prayer, "power to the third, and "glory" to the rest. (Op. Imp. S. Thom., quoted by Kuabenbauer, I. c.)—The Fortnightly Re-

SIDELIGHTS ON THE GREAT WAR

"AN EXAMPLE TO THE ARMY" Father M. King, S. J., who is at

base depot "somewhere in France," in a letter printed in the Mountaineer I have big church parades here every Sunday, and Communion for the men every day. I also say Mass at a hospital and look after five other

hospitals-all camp affairs. men are very good : many lead saintly lives, and all are under the influence of religion. Officers and men are absolutely free from human respect, and go on their knees for confession at the station, in the streets, or any where. The R. C.'s are an exampl to the Army. I am glad to say that in no hospital which I attend has any Catholic died without the last sacra ments. The wounds are fearful, the effects of the gas awful, and I am simply astonished at the patience and endurance of the men. They die

like saints. The war is taken very seriously here, and it makes us sick to hear of strikes, race trains, etc., at home, when we want every ounce of power to bring the war to a satisfactory conbase, and seeing the men go to the Front and seeing them return, what is left of them, gives quite a new idea of war. Incidentally it brings out the grand character of our men; they are simply splendid in their courage cheerfulness, and determination. would do anything for them. I only feel uncomfortable when I see the young chaps going so cheerfully to the Front, knowing what is waiting for them, and then have to return to my

comfortable quarters. IN A FRENCH HOUSEHOLD

Father A. B. Pardie, who is a chap lain with the British Forces on the Western front, writes in a letter given in the Edmundian:

We were in for a period of rest; as a matter of fact we stayed in the locality until April 4, Easter Sunday We spent the time in collecting our selves, so to speak. I ran acros several of my boys and said Mass s few times at a little village close by. I got there on horseback. After two days my man found a bed for me at Mme. A.'s and we both settled down there for three days, drawing our daily rations from our unit. They were delightful folk and typical o their country; honest, simple and kind, a little dir'y, but very godly. I am quite sure by now that clean liness is not necessarily next to god liness.) They were a fairly numerous family-also typical-to which wer added two adopted children. The spirit of Mrs. Wiggs reigned in the household. Let the names of Julien and Madeleine, little brother and little sister, be put down unto a memorial of them! Beauty and tenderness, simplicity and love— true children after God's own heart On Good Friday we were inspected by Sir John French; in the evening made the stations in the littl village church which was well at

tended by the natives. "LE VOILA, LE BON DIEU!" A Breton officer who was an eyesaving the Blessed Sacrament from a burning presbytery, gives the followng account of the incident in a letter

On June 16 the "Boches" threw incendiary bombs in the direction of the church of A——, setting fire to twenty-five buildings, among which was the church and the presbytery. The curé was in keen distress because the Blessed Sacrament was in a burning room on the first story of the presbytery. A brave little Basque of the—th Regiment heard etc., because the learned compilers of that and said simply, "I am going to the revised version, which was published it, I, the Sacrament," and he rushed into the furnace. Everyone waited with the utmost anxiety. One minute, two minutes elapsed. They seemed ages. At last he reappeared, black with smoke, holding in his hands his precious burden. People congratulated him, but he seemed to think his act quite natural. He then handed the ciborium to the priest, uttering at the same time those words full of candour and of unconscious heroism, "Le voila, le

bon Dieu! I was unable to go down on both knees in front of Him because the fire was too fierce, I simply genuflected in great haste." The enuflected in great haste." The brave boy is to be mentioned in despatches. . . What do you think of this "pollu" excusing himself for having been unable to genuflect properly? It is simply admirable.

A BRAVE DOCTOR

Private J. McGrath, R. A. M. C. vas afterwards killed in March at Neuve Chapelle.

A lieutenant of the R-- was shot A lieutenant of the R—— was shot and dangerously wounded, and was left behind by his men, who were forced to retire. Hearing of this, a surgeon of the R. A. M. C. tried to locate the wounded man. It was pitch dark, and a light was impossible, but the brave doctor crawled represent Catholics as immoral, on over the rugged ground till he reached the wounded officer. Now ne was baffled more than ever. The officer was unconscious, and could not say where the wound was. To show any light meant that he would make himself an easy target to the nemy. But the brave man did not stantly a volley crashed out, and the pullets flew up around him. But he had seen what he wanted, and his ingers gripped a severed artery, and Catholic war-stories. How many held the fast flowing blood. For many hours under heavy fire, and throughout the bitter cold night, the the mutilation of helpless wounded hero knelt there holding back the wounded man's life blood. At last thousands that published the arrest the firing ceased, and he managed to of the Dominicans of Bari, did a drag his still unconscious burden back to the lines, gripping tightly on the artery all the way. For hours afterwards the doctor's arms were cramped, but he had saved a life, and that to him was everything.

THE WAR AND THE ANTI - CATHOLIC PROPAGANDA

Have you heard the story of the Five Dominican Friars of Bari? If you follow the despatches, particularly those mulled over by the Associa ted Press, you have doubtless read the sorry tale of how these Five Dominican Friars of Bari, instead of preaching the Gospel and chanting the Office as their holy Founder bids them, fliched much time from the service of God to employ it in wigwagging signals from the topmost pinnacle of the convent, to the enemies of their country. What a romantic tale, what vigorous action, what picturesque costuming, admir-Doubtless, reflects the Ordinary Reader, one of these Friars was a German in disguise. Perhaps in his youth, he ardently wooed the beautiful heiress of Katzenellenbogen am-Rhein, and had been requeste this flaxen haired damsel of a baropleadings far beyond the Alps. And so here we find him, hiding his broken heart under the white habit of a Preaching Friar; with deep set eyes, telling but too plainly of years of life's deepest sacrifice; something of a heretic, too, no doubt, for he is high minded and decent, and in novels, a monk endowed with these strange qualities is always a bit of a Protestant. But we may picture him as always retaining a deep and hopeess love for the land of his erstless love for the land of his erst-while lady, and wearing, very likely, a lock of her golden hair over his heart. Why, didn't the monk or the priest in "The Cloister and the Hearth," do something of the kind, i. e., not wig wag, but most unmonas-tically bear about with him a lock of hair that was not his own

Well, at any rate, continues the Ordinary Reader, doesn't this story show you what any country may ex pect that harbors priests and Jesuits, and even Dominican Friars ? Soon as you turn your back, they're up to tricks. Look at Mrs. Surratt. Wasn't she a Jesuit or something? And didn't John Wilkes Booth wear a scapular? And I'll bet if you go back far enough, you would find that Benedict Arnold and Aaron Burr had a lot to do with these priests, and Jeff Davis, too. Stonewall Jack-son was a Jesuit, and John B. Floyd used to write to the Pope.

Yes, this incident of the Five Do-minicans of Bari does show us s great deal. It seems to show, among other things, that there is a force somewhere which has a particular in-terest in blackening the reputation of the Continental priests and nuns and indirectly of bringing the whole witness of the feat performed by a Catholic system into discredit. soldier from the South of France in Pricets and nuns had suffered much in France, and in Germany, too, for that matter, before the outbreak of the war. Their magnificent heroism in returning to their country to serve in the trenches and the hospitals, is they are drawing many to the Church; they form a strange con trast to the group of petty French politicians, who when not engaged in persecuting women or protesting their own patriotism, are either dodging indictments for defrauding their country or trying to escape trial by flying to parts unknown. There is not an army in Europe which does not boast of its heroic priests and nuns; and while many sovereigns had their good intentions, the Pope is the only power in the world whose efforts have made this war a little less like hell. A kindly feeling towards the Church of Rome is actually becoming common.

This will never do. Is it not our interest to "make her always absurd,

always tyrannical?" Therefore spread the story of how German nuns gouged out the eyes of French soldiers, wounded on the field of battle; or make the nuns French and the soldiers German, if this variety of the lie serves your purpose better. Tell how Belgian priests skulked about the hospitals and murdered wounded Germans, while pretending to hear their confessions relate at length, with every slimy de tells in a letter to us of a doctor's tail that your foul brain can conjure gallant deed during the fighting round Ypres in October. The officer call your soul, how Catholic priests call your soul, how Catholic priests have advised and encouraged the most unfortunate among the of the war's barbarity, to murder the represent Catholics as immoral, traitorous wretches, unworthy the countenance of any civilized govern ment. Lie bravely, and lie at once few will read the refutation, for a lie is more interesting than the truth. Do all these things, and you shall assuredly receive the praise of "well done, good and faithful servant,'

from your master, the devil. How well these imps of Satan are succeeding, depends upon the degree of credence you are giving these anti-American newspapers have taken th trouble to retract the lie concerning thousands that published the arrest of the Dominicans of Bari, did a dozen care to relate the seco ter in which the absolute innocence of the Friars was legally established A dozen is an estimate far too large They know that Catholics are too timid to resent these stories, and tempt which has some justification.

But there is deeper calumny than this. Most persons who have arrived at the age of any knowledge of the subject, are perfectly well aware that the Catholic Church is the only body in the world which has taken a decided stand against any interference with the laws of nature and against infanticide, no matter by what name it is dignified. She says that the first is a crime against nature, that the second is murder and that each is a mortal sin. Except upon serious promise o amendment there are no Sacraments for those who fall into those and she says very plainly that all who persevere in these horrible practices until death, will most certainly spend their eternity in hell. makes no exceptions; she has the same law for all alike. Last spring, some nameless member of the anti Catholic propaganda originated the story that the Belgian priests had openly advocated infanticide. To who know the position of the Catholic Church the tale was incredible; and Bishop De Wachter, Coad jutor of Mechlin, set all doubts at rest by a vigorous denial. But did the story die ? Of course not.

The latest variety of this calumny recently appeared in the pages of a clap trap magazine, which unfortu nately for the morals of the country has a fairly large circulation. Th time the accusation was made against the French clergy; and inquiry brought out the fact that the author had taken his matter from the news papers, which he quoted with as much assurance as if they had been Holy Writ. His chief reliance seems to have been the New York Times a journal which, apparently, special izes in anti-Catholic war-stories. Years ago, "I see'd it in print," was an argument for which no philosopher, seated on a cracker barrel in the country store, had a reply. was printed, it was true; and it is interesting to note how the cracker. barrel philosopher, writing for this metropolitan magazine, reverts to the argument of his legitimate an cestors. . He is a guileless soul, this writer; he forgets that the world has moved. "I saw it in the New York Times," he writes, "and in some foreign newspapers in the Public Library." And with this, in his estimation, the evidence is in, the case is closed, and judgment has

been rendered. To disprove these stories is usually not difficult; but it is always diffi cult and frequently impossible to remove the impression which the first telling has left. "Men forget the process by which they receive it," writes Newman, "but there it is, clear and indelible. Their mind is already made up, they have no stomach for entering into a long controversy about it." Perhaps a stop might ultimately be put to the publication of these calumnies by a vigorous protest from the Catholics of the ommunities in which they are circulated. Publishing a newspaper is after all, a matter of business. 'vellow" editor dearly loves a sensa tional story; but the owners of the paper, and of the editor, love money still more dearly. Convince the editor that the publication of calumny is bad for business, and amendment will follow hard upon the heels of conviction.-John Wiltbye, in America.

THE POPE AND "CATHOLIC ACTION "

On his name-day—the feast of St. James the Elder—the Holy Father received in audience all the representatives of what is called "Cath olic action in Italy." Early in his pontificate Pope Benedict XV. showed his interest in Catholic Action. He received its representatives in private audience on many occasions, and later he established on an effec-

tive basis five great Catholic Societies—the Popular Union, the Premier, the Socio - Economic Union, the Electral Union, and the Catholic Youth and Catholic Women—thus completing the work of Pope Pius X. All these societies are now governed by one Supreme Directing Council. Of the minor organizations working under, and with them, is the Circold the best managed and most effective charitable organization in Rome. It did much for the refugees from Abruzzi, after the earthquake, and is now caring for the families whose Sacred Heart Review.

A BOUQUET FOR "COLUMBA"

JOYCE KILMER EULOGIZES FATHER CASEY'S "BEREFT"

Our readers will, we are sure, read with pleasure the following high tribute to Father Casey's verse. It appears in the Literary Digest for August 14th, and is from the pen of Joyce Kilmer, the distinguished poet who, by the way, is a convert to the Church. Mr. Kilmer writes:

One of the most affecting pieces of dialect verse to be printed on this continent for many a day is D. A. Catey's "Bereft," which appears in his book, "At the Gate of the Temple," (CATHOLIC RECORD Office, London Ont., Price \$1.00). This poet has proved, as Burns proved before him, that the rough colloquialism of the cottager may be the material of a thing of beauty. The dialect in this poem is more convincing than that in the plays of John Synge and Lady Gregory, perhaps because the poet knows it better and sympathizes more deeply with the people of whom he writes.

BEREFT

BY D. A. CASEY

It's me that's sad an' lonesome since the white ship sailed away ; miss the red veins o' me heart, my youngest, Willie bawn, My self here by the fireside all the

long hours o' the day, Me thoughts in foreign places, or beyant wid him that's gone. Whin first the ocean called to thim

altho' I missed thim sore, Yet whilst himself was left to me wasn't all alone :

to spake to now, ochone

But praised be God, he's sleepin' there beside the abbey wall; lonesome by the winter's fire, but why should I complain? For lyin' there so nigh to me I think

I hear him call, But ne'er a whisper comes to me

across the cruel main. 'Tis sad to see, above the grave, weepin' mother kneel; To know her heart is breakin' at the rattle o' the clay; But ah? my grief, tho' death be hard,

'tis more than that I feel. hundred times the lonesome night a thousand times the day.

For death is kinder than the ships that bear thim o'er the foam. The grave is nearer than the land that lies beyant the West : And tho' they're gone, yet, praised be God, they're sleepin' near to

And 'tis no stranger's hand, asthore that lays thim down to rest.

If only Willie bawn were here to lay me in the clay,
To place me poor old bones to rest too small for the crowds who

the breakin' o' the day, And I'd not fear the long boreen that leads beyant the dawn.

This poem, like most of the contents of Father Casey's volume, appeared originally in the CATHOLIC

A LESSON TO CATHOLICS

At a recent investigation held in New York to determine the value of a noted newspaper for the purpose of taxation, it was brought out by the owners of the leading papers of the country that it is hard work to make a paper pay. It was stated by one man who is an authority on the subject that only three New York papers are making a profit to day. The fact is not without its lesson to Catholics. The Catholic press is an avowed necessity. But it cannot live without the co-operation of the Catholic people. They must be

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ready even to make sacrifices to carry on the work which is so vital at the present time. — The Pilot,

STRIKING LETTER OF NEPHEW OF TIM

A fine expression of loyalty and at the same time a sane and pithy bit of reasoning as to the motives impelling Irishmen to take up arms for the empire is contained in a letter from Maurice Healy, nephew of the noted Tim Healy, the Nationalist agitator and flery parliamentar-ian of the old days, to a friend in New York. Healy, fighting as second lieutenant in the Royal Dublin Fusiliers, wrote: "We are all in this battle-Unionists and Nationalists. If England is beaten in this war there will be no Ireland left to fight for. And yet I do not think we are in it for that reason. I am not. I am in it, and I think all Irishmen are in it because we think it cowardly and criminal to stand by when an attempt is made to subvert all principles of liberty and honor, merely because our ancient enemy

"When our fellow-countrymen now in America left Ireland things were very different from what they are now. They have utterly failed to grasp what has happened in the last fifteen years. It seems to be of no import to them that every Irish leader to day advises the Irish people that they must throw their lot in loyally with England if they wish to continue to exist at all, otherwise they are a set of slaves. Why do they think the Germans will treat them any better than they have treated the Belgians?"

waen't all alone;
But since the day whin, cold an' stark, he passed beyant the door,
There's none but God an' Mary left

There's none but God an' Mary left sense, like hell; fearing death and pain and discomfort and trusting that God will deal with me as He thinks best, and will deal with my country as a gentle and loving Father. I am not fighting for the British empire or for world power or for terri-torial expansion; but I hope that any sufferings alloted to me and the thousands like me will purchase for Ireland a term of peace and prosper-ity in which she will bind up her wounds and once again be happy."

> Anything that proves a dissipation to you though seemingly harmless to others, you must shun. You cannot afford to destroy yourself by trying to be as callous as somebody else

FATHER FRASER'S CHINESE MISSION

Taichowiu, March 22, 1915.

Dear Readers of CATHOLIC RECORD : Yesterday (Passion Sunday) I laid the corner stone of the church in Taichowfu. The former church was alongside him that's gone,
His hand in mine—I'd welcome thin
neighboring towns. Even with the new addition of forty-eight feet and a gallery it will be too small on the big Feasts. May God be praised Who deigns to open mouths to His praises in the Far East to replace those stilled in death in Europe. And may He shower down His choicest bless ings on my benefactors of the CATHO LIC RECORD, who are enabling me to hire catechists, open up new places to the Faith, and to build and enlarge churches and schools. Rest assured, dear Readers, that every cent that comes my way will be immediately put into circulation for the Glory of God.

Yours gratefully in Jesus and Mavy, J. M. FRASER.

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FIVE MINUTE SERMON

BY REV. F. PEPPERT SIXTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER PENTECOST

"For this cause I bow my knees to the Father of our Lord Jesus Chrit... that He would grant you, according to the riches of His glory, to be strengthened by His spirit with might unto the in-ward man." (Eph. iii, 14, 16.)

As all outward mortifications are nerely means of perfection, and not an end in themselves, they ought to be recommended and employed only ne recommended and employed only in as far as they do not interfere with health, nor with the perform ance of the ordinary duties of life. Hence we ought to be very cautious in recommending others to practise austerities, and in imitating the things done by others. All mortifications have the same object, viz, to bring us nearer to Christian perfecbut the means employed must necessarily vary according to the age, constitution, character, circumstances and position of each individual. In ame way all medical treatment aims at the restoration of health, but the remedies prescribed vary according to the disease from which the patient is suffering and his physical

psculiarities. How absurd it would be to give to one patient the medicine prescribed for another, and to imagine that a drug which proved beneficial in one case, must be a cure for all sick people, no matter what malady they have! The absurdity of this is plain to everybody, but some of us do not recognize the folly of a similar treat-ment of the soul, which is of more

value than the body.

It does not at all follow, because a confessor orders one man to practise one particular mortification, that another person ought to practise it too; on the contrary, what is beneficial to one may be harmful to another, and therefore we ought not to tell others what penance has been imposed upon us at our confession. If we ses others practising this or that mortification, it does not follow that we should imitate them. Let us do what is good for us individually, according to our confessor's advice. Imitation in this respect has often done much harm, for, even if the mortifications imitated are not injurious, people are sure to say:
"What kind of piety is this, that does this or that simply in order not to be unlike others?" Experience teaches us that those who do things that attract attention, solely from a desire to copy others, are equally ready to copy what is bad. It is my duty to caution you never to put yourselves forward to guide or coun sel others with regard to any extraordinary works of mortification. We can not be too zealous in encouraging others to observe the ordinary rules and duties of religion, but we ought to act with extreme care when any question arises of extraordinary works, which can be beneficially un dertaken only after a thorough vestigation has been made of the circumstances of each person. Some are only too ready to give advice, but it is not easy to acquire both the general knowledge of mankind and the particular knowledge of the individual, which alone can enable anyone to decide whether a work, good in itself, will be useful and advantageous in some particular case. With regard to bodily sickness, we often see that ignorant people, with all the good will in the world, do a great deal of harm by their advice, and precisely the same

thing is true with regard to the soul. All the saints are agreed that, in practising works of exterior mortifi-cation, it behooves us to be on our guard against injuring our health and strength. This is a penances, which would destroy our penances, which would destroy our health or perhaps actually kill us, were performed by them only because God gave them special sanction. On this subject St. Thomas Aquinas writes: "We ought to judge of the end and of the means applications to it in different ways. conducive to it in different ways; the end (viz', perfection) should be sought unreservedly; but, in apply. ing the means, we must always take into consideration whether they are conducive to the attainment of the end in the case of the person applying them. Hence, continues the saint, it is important to reflect that in the spiritual life the end is perfection; but fasting, vigils and other bodily austerities are only means, and should therefore be applied with reasonable moderation, so as to over-come the passions without injuring the health, as St. Paul tells us, when he says: "Present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, pleasing unto God, your reasonable service."

St. Jerome says that whoever injured his body immoderately by such exterior mortifications, offered God a sacrifice obtained by violence and robbery. St. Basil expresses a similar opinion when he writes: "Let it be regarded as more honorable and profitable to provide for the preservation and increase of physical strength, than to diminish it by mis-taken austerities; let it be thought better to keep the body strong and healthy, so that it may be of service in doing good works, than to exhaust it by excessive mortification." St. Bernard, too, agrees with the saints to whom I have just referred, and gives a reason, derived from sad ex-perience, for carefully avoiding experience, for carefully avoiding excessive severity in this respect. He says that people who go too far in their blind zeal as a rule grow tired of all the exercises of piety, and either return to a worldly existence. either return to a worldly existence, or, under the pretext of wishing to recover their strength, indulge in every imaginable luxury, even in those that are sinful. All excess, even in what appears to be good, leads to a lamentable end.

SHE RECOMMENDS "FRUIT-A-TIVES" Mrs. Corbett Read the Advertisement and Tried It

Ayon, May 14th, 1914.
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There is no need for me to prove that our exterior mortification ought no more to interfere with the performance of our ordinary duties than be prejudicial to our health. Our duty is always the chief thing for us to keep in view, as it is imposed upon us by God, and is the expres-sion of His will. It is by no means right to undertake any voluntary good works that cause us either to neglect our duty, or to discharge it in an imperfect manner ; it is in fact absolutely wrong, and an unmistak able token of thoroughly false piety, unless the mistake is due to som

mental weakness.

To sum up what I have said to day We may be sure that no exterior practices of mortification ought to ipjure our health or interfere with our duties. Let us be guided by this principle, and we shall then be in no danger of giving way to false plety, for we shall undertake such practices only as are conducive to our true welfare. Amen.

TEMPERANCE

THE OTHER SIDE OF HOLIDAYS No one of us would deny the honest workingman, the laborer in shop, office or factory his holidays, and every citizen is pleased when prosperity smiles upon all! But there is another side to the question of holiday making which is not appealing and bodes little good for the future of America's youth!

The too early closing of factories and shops is breeding intemperance ! This increase in drinking has been noticed for some time and any one who wishes to be better informed as to the truth of this statement needs but to walk the public avenues on a Saturday night in any large city in this country, and he or she will quickly learn that instead of making much of this awful increase in a desperate evil, there has been very little exposure made and in conse quence the youth of the land are well on the path to a tippler's record long before they have reached their

twenty fifth year. teens, stagger along the streats, very often half dragging young girls, whose condition is a disgrace to womanhood and a shame to the man-bood which allows and accounts as hood which allows and encourages ment. such viciousness. One of the lament able sides to this depressing question is the fact that in nearly every case the tipplers bear all the earmarks of prosperity. They are well dressed, have money to spend and are out to contract vicious habits, simply be cause they have too many idle hours and the devil has plenty of amuse-ment in store for those who love the rosy path.—Michigan Catholic.

TOTAL ABSTINENCE WORK A SOCIAL SERVICE

That temperance work is one of the highest forms of social service, has long been recognized. It is especially gratifying to note the following editorial which appeared in a recent issue of the Boston Journal:

One of the most useful organiza tions in this city, from a constructive point of view, is the St. Joseph's Total Abstinence Society of the West End, which was organized fifty years ago and which celebrated its golden anniversary in April. It is the oldest association of its kind of Boston, and it was doing welfare work in its section of the city when welfare work as such, had noteven won its modern

designation. The West End, which was once the court end of Boston, has changed much in fifty years. Its population has increased, and the pitfalls for young men have not diminished, to put the fact conservatively. Every charter member of the society has passed away, but it has continued to passed away, but is massed away, but is madest manner, has enjoyed the membership and co-operation of distinguished men, lay and clerical, and has rescued from the dangers and evils of alcoholism more

fitty years, without endowment or the patronage of wealthy men. Its his-tory furnishes a striking lesson for

for mutual helpfulness in every arish of every faith. SOBRIETY, AN ESSENTIAL

VIRTUE

a successful railroad man and the chief requisite for permanent employment in any railroad service. Especially in every man connected with the movement of trains, a clear head and steady nerves are necessary for the correct indement that will for the correct judgment that will prompt right action at the right time to avert danger and insure safety. The officers of every railroad know, that the employee who gives a part of himself over to the slavery of liquor is not the man they want. They want a complete man, not a part of a man."—Safety on the

IS LIFE WASTED IN CONTEMPLATIVE ORDERS?

ON THE CONTRARY, THE WORLD OWES THEM INESTIMABLE DEBT FOR PRAYERS

Because a daughter of a prominent Denver family, says a writer in the Denver Catholic Register, has entered the postulancy of a contemplative religious order, there has been much talk, within the past few days, about whether this is really an ideal state

"It was possibly all right in the niddle ages," the writer heard one good Catholic assert, "but I doubt whether, with so much work needed in the world, it is advisable at this

period. The Church has always encouraged the contemplative life. It was true that certain saints who wished to lead it were prohibited by heaven for a time, as there was other unfinished work for them to do in the world. But these cases are exceptional.
When Christ refused to comply with Martha's wish long ago and would not chide Mary for neglecting her household duties to listen to His words, He proved what He thought of the contemplative life.

God only knows what punishments the Trappists, Discalced Carmelites and other cloistered orders have kept from the world. The Old Testa nent gives some startling instances of how punishment was withheld from the wicked at the prayers of the just. Christ Himself showed the value of contemplation when He withdrew to the desert to pray and fast for forty days. I hear some enemy of the contemplative life say: "Oh, yes, but He did not spend His entire life there." No, but He did spend most of His life in retirement. The world knew Him as a public figure only three years of his thirty. three on earth, and these forty days were part of those three years. John the Baptist also prepared for his ministry by the contemplative life. Many other religious leaders, in imitation of these, have led the contem-

plative life. From all we know of the Blessed Virgin, it is reasonable to suppose that her entire life was practically contemplative. She could not have had many household duties, for she had too small a family. But did you ever hear of her participating in any public affair? It is true that she allowed herself the pleasure of Public cates, in which liquor is dispensed, cater to young men and women. Boys scarcely out of their teens, stagger along the streats, very

> After Christ's death most o she was the greatest woman that the she was the greatest woman that the world has ever known. Catholics believe that she enjoys the highest gifts and power which Almighty God can give to a creature. And she her-self, in visions to saints, has declared that she obtained these graces, not that she obtained these graces, not merely because she was the mother of Christ, but because she deserved them.

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In every age of the Church we have had contemplatives. The story is told of an anchorite in the early Church who lived forty years within

radius of four feet.
Is life wasted in the contemplative "Sobriety is the essential virtue of orders? Stop to think why man was created. We believe that we have sen sent here to honor and adore God on earth, then to enjoy him forever in heaven. Is a life wasted, then, which is spent entirely in ador-

It is not God's will that all our orders should be contemplative. Christ has plainly told us that He expects Christians to care for the sick, the poor and the ignorant. In Catholicity, as in nothing else, His command is strictly carried out. The religious orders devoting themselves to this work are extremely popular even among non-Catholics, in Americs, for there is a vast wave of humanitarianism extant. But the world needs prayer as much as physical help, for prayer appeases the just anger of God which brings on the punishment that makes physical

assistance necessary.

It is a relief, too, to think that there are spots in America where men and women are not money mad; where the rush for material things

does not penetrate.

It the contemplative life was a waste of time, so was it a waste when Christ retired to the desert for forty days; when He hid Himself at Nazareth, before His public life. He could have made thousands of converts and healed hundreds of the afflicted in this time. But He thought the world needed His prayers more. Certainly He did not need prayers Himself.

TALKING ABOUT PEOPLE

Talking against people of any sort, no matter whether clergy or laity, is one of the commonest besetting faults of humanity at large. Whether such talk is sinful or not depends entirely on the circumstances of each case. If people do things which ought not to be done, they can only expect to be talked against. In such case, if the talking is confined to the truth, and is done with due moderation, this amounts to "fair criticism," and not a word can be said against it. At the same time the principle of Christian charity always dictates the less rather than the more. This means that our habitual tendency should be, first, to put the best interpretation we can cn what is done. Secondly, even if our best interpretation is an adverse one, the less we spread the matter amongst our neighbors the better. Thirdly, what talking we do should have some fairly useful purposes—perhaps to unburden our-selves of our feelings, so as to lorget the matter as soon as possible, or perhaps to get the matter put right by aid of other people's counsel and advice, etc., etc. Fourthly, there should be no malice or mere love of gossip or mischief about it. It is laid down that to talk againg

our neighbor can be a sin in two

Where what we say is untrue Ways. or misleading and mischievous, it be comes calumny; a mortal sin if by the falsehood the person is seriously injured. Secondly, if what we say is true, but is private and ought not to be spread, the sin is that of detrac-tion; that is, needlessly lowering our neighbor's reputation. The degree of the sin committed by calumy or detraction is measured by the mis-chief done and the mischief will depend not only on the thing said but also on the position and status of the person talked against. It is in this way that talklife must have been spent in con-templation. All Christians agree that because they are the clergy. A priest from his very profession needs to be held in higher respect and reverence than a layman, because of the higher relation which he helds towards his people. Thus it is bad enough if a prominent layman gets into bad repute through the wagging of critical tongues, but it is still worse if a priest gets into the same evil case. It is not a question of the person, but of the office. The work of a clergy-man depends very much upon the esteem in which he is held by those with whom he has to deal; and, more over, people expect so much more from him than they expect from s layman. Hence the spirit of criti-cism which tends to engender a feeling of distrust or dislike or depreciation among the parishioners is certainly a most mischievous spirit one which ought to be suppressed in themselves by all well disposed Cath-olics and discouraged and discoun-tenanced by them whenever they come across it in others. The cordial and co operative relation which is supposed to exist between clergy and laity is of the greatest importance for the spiritual well-being of the parties, and is well worth preserving

even at a great personal sacrifice.
We will not undertake to define exactly where talking against the clergy becomes sin. Enough in general to say that it becomes a sin as soon as it begins to injure this cordial and co-operative relation; and it would become a mortal sin as soon as the injuries become serious. Better and more stimulating will it Better and more stimulating will it be to dwell on the other side and to say with St. James: "If any man offend not in word, he is a perfect man; he is able with a bridle to lead about the whole body. For when we put bits into the mouths of horses, that they may obey us, we can turn about their whole body. So the tongue also is indeed a little member, but it boasteth big things. Behold how small a fire kindleth a great word. So also the tongue is

a fire, a world of iniquity. The tongue is placed among our members, and it deflicts the whole body and inflameth the whole circuit of our nature, being set on fire from hell. For every nature, of beasts and of birds and of the rest is temed by man; but the tongue no man can tame, being as it is an un-quiet evil, full of deadly poison. quiet evil, full of deadly poison. Who, then, is a wise man among you? Let him show forth his work by good conversation in the meekness of wisdom. But if you have better zeal, and there be contention in your hearts, do not glory in it, thus belying the truth; for this is not wisdom from above, but is something earthly, sensual, devilish. For where envy ing contention is, there is inconsist ency and every evil work. But the wisdom which is from above is first chaste, then peaceable and modest, easy to be persuaded, sympathetic with good, full of mercy and good fruits, without judging and without dissimulation. And thus the fruit of

are of peaceful mind." You see that St. James says it much better than we can. If his words are taken to heart there will be not need for discussion about mortal sin; there will be no sin at all.—Sacred Hears

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disease.

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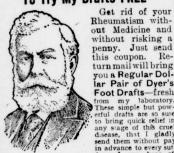
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But even apart from cur faith, is

action. Be impure; obey your animal instincts. All will be well

later on. You can easily stop when-

I say there is not a particle of busi-

ness sense in this idea. To throw

away the early beginnings of your life; your youth, your young strength

—and the rest will be all right—is this business?

Put the idea into any business you

happen to think of, and see how it

works out. For example, as we are talking of "wild cate," the business

of farming. Do you ever notice the successful farmer beginning his cul-

tivation by letting weeds grow all

over his farm? The farmer nowa-

neglecting any corner of his land.

He watches every inch of it all the

scraper, or a bridge, is it not the foundations that are the great source

of worry? And when the building

begins, do you not see that it is rock that they begin on, and not swamp.

And it they cannot find the rock, they put it there, or its equivalent.

Suppose you saw the contractor at

In cattle raising, follow this rule :

Don't bother about the young colts

or calves. Let them run loose, tear

themselves up on the barb-wire fences, run wild across boulders, and

into deep streams. And any kind

of stagnant water will do them for drink. They'll grow up all right

In business—say a retail grocery

Don't mind the business at the start. Let customers wander wherever they

care to, take whatever they want.

These are only losses at the opening.

Don't watch anything. Let the store

In medicine : Always begin by pay-

ing not the least attention to the child. Microbes in his lungs? Why,

yes. We put them there. Had the

child infected with them. Don't

worry he will be all right. He'll

breathe beautifully when he gets

But the thing developes into farcel

ness that seek success, is to start

In any business but the business of the soul! Here all rules go by

or hogs or chimneys or freight cars

or shoes, the start is everything. But in the great matter of building

our soul up to heaven make as poor

a start as you possibly can. Here the beginning isn't half the work. It isn't any of the work. The worse

right to make a good beginning.

set aside for a "wild cats" crop.

boy's 'sowing wild oats ?"

ever you have a mind to."

C. Haranay VI

PARTINITY OF

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

ONCE UPON A TIME

There was a man who had two good friends and they were very true to him. He understood that they were friends of his father too and had promised that they would take particular care of the son. They were not demonstrative or obtrusive friends. In fact, the man was often hamed of himself that boisterous and boon companions more fre-quently rang his door bell and dined with him. Sometimes indeed the man was stricken with twinges of remorse and on making up a theatreome other pleasant jaunt, he sent his friends an invitation to be present, but they declined. "Chaps like

in the way."

The man could not remember when Constant and Victor, as his father called them familiarly, en-tered into his life. As with most houghtless and unreflecting youngsters, he took favors from all sides and paid but little attention to his benefactors. One day, however, in the September after graduating from the High School, he was wondering what he must do, when whom should he meet but Constant. "What's the he meet but Constant. "What's the matter?" he was asked cheerily, and find en giving his answer he was persuaded that the place for the High School graduate was cellege. Victor was not near at the time, but fortunately happened in at the end of the lad's first matter than the school of the lad's first matter. menth at college and safely tided him ever a fit of the blues. The man, reviewing his college days, could not say to which of the two he should be more grateful. Con-stant came to visit him more frequently, but Victor came on special ecasions and just when needed. When they came together, as not in-frequently happened, the man re-membered those occasions as red letently, and he recalled them with special gratitude to Victor. There was the finish of the mile run when rival runner. It was just then when all seemed lost, he heard Victor's muscles and hurled him over the line increase it by doing some more work.

winner. Again, it was the night of On the way home, however, Vin rebuttal with a feeling that all was and his boyish heart was so tou and Victor's eloquent message kept but the forerunner of countless char-him studying till he received his diploma and degree. "It was Con-as a man; for little Vincent was no

stant," he told everybody, "who brought me to college, but it was Victor who made me a graduate."

The man's friends had come to spend a night with him. He had wished to thank them for his success in life and finally he had prevailed upon them to visit him. No others were there. The meeting took place were there. The meeting took place in the library. When he clasped their hands, it was already growing dark. "My good friends," the man said tremulously, "I have not shown you the gratitude you deserve. You you the gratitude you deserve. Iou have stood by me always. More so when I faced life than when I was preparing for it. I was beginning to dissipate, when you, Constant, checked me, and you, Victor, held me fast. Were it not for your help, I should never have dered to fellow what was right in my profession and what was right in my profession and would not be occupying the high pos-ition which I now hold."

Then in rivalry the two friends told the man some of their many exploits. Constant it was who had inspired a Great Leader to fit Himself for His career amid the priva-tions and the solitude of the desert, tions and the solitude of the desert, and Victor came in opportunely to comfort the Leader when the struggle was at its worst. "It was I," said Constant, "who made the Leader enter bravely into His agony." "It was I," returned Victor, "who made Him, being in His agony, to pray the more." "Who then are you?" replied the startled man. "Are you not my father's friends?" "My name is Courage." replied Constant. name is Courage," replied Constant.
"And mine, Pluck," answered Victor; "And we always see the Face of Thy Father Who is in beaven," said both saw no one, but only the moonlight falling upon his crucifix.-America.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

A CHARITABLE BOY If any of our young folk remember the first time they earned any money of their very own, they do not need lowed closely upon Constant's, and he suspected that there was an understanding between them. and how good it looked, and they can recall the plans they made for dispos-ing of it. Well, there was once a little fellow named Vincent who, when about twelve years of age, did some work, for which he was paid 30 cents. It was the first time he felt very well pleased with himself. voice and its thrill lifted the lad him, and his first thought was : "I'll from his feet, unwound his dead take it home and put it by till I car

the prize debate. He rose for his cent met a man who was very poor lost. He caught sight of Victor's by the sight of the man's miserable eyes fixed shining upon him and dress and half starved appearance defeat into success. Most gratefully cents, not keeping a single one for of all he remembers the day he was about to give up college, even despite as precious in the sight of God as if the urging of Constant. He for it were \$30—for it was all the boy tunately heard from the other friend, had. The charity thus displayed was

other than the world-renowned St Vincent de Paul.—Ave Maria. HUMILITY

Humility is the virtue opposed to pride, and it is the most important justice. The theological virtues, faith, hope and charity, transcend humility, but they are infused by God, Who is their object. Magnan imity strengthens a vacillating will; humility checks excess in aspiration and ambition: it supposes a rational, true estimate of one's real worth. It is a very honest virtue; it tells the not base, cringing, abject, but loyal in subordination to God. If a person has a keen intellect, a powerful imagination, a beautiful body, these are gifts of God. The worth and the glory from them justly and honestly should redound to their Creator, no to their vicarious possessor. We deserve merit for the correct use of these gifts, but very little glory for happening to be the object in which they are placed by their Maker. On the other hand, anything in us that is really evil is our own, because we are the doers of the evil in us: God is not. We are accountable for this evil: God is not. Humility consists essentially in recognizing and acknowledging practically the fact that whatever is good in us is God's; whatever is evil in us is our own. All glory, then, is to God: all blame to ourselves.—Dr. Austin O'Malley in the Ecclesiastical Review.

ADVICE TO GIRLS Be pleasant at all times. A smile

does more good in this world than all the preachings.

Think beautiful thoughts. "Beautiful thoughts are angels bright."

Remember that you are judged by your actions. "Do noble things, don't dream them all day long." Be conservative. Your acquaint ances do not want your confidences.

At all times be womanly. A masculine girl does not retain admiration Be careful not to grieve over the wickedness of others; watch yourself "lest you grow a few sprige of ungod-Be quick to believe good. Believe the good until the evil is evident.

Do the little things, and then, it

you have the time dream of the great things. Be natural. Remember there are others as lovely as you are .- The

A TRUTHFUL BOY

How people do trust a truthful boy! We never worry sbout him when he is ought of sight. We never say: "I wonder where he is; I wish I knew what he is doing." We know that he is all right, and that when he comes home we will know all about it and get it straight. We don't have to ask him where he is going, or how long he will be gone, every time he leaves the house. We don't have to call him back and make him "solemnly promise" the same thing over and over. When he says, "Yes, I will," or "No, I wou't," just once, that settles it.—Robt. Burdetts.

DREAMING AGAIN

Are you the girl who started the day with the intention of making it so full of good service and cheer, and Perhans the mistake lay in dreaming me one big, glorious service and while you gazed soff in the distance in search of it, you passed by unheeding the little, humble, needful things that would have filled your day with well doing.

SOWING WILD OATS

(Plain talk by Rev. Joseph P. Conroy, S. J., in Queen's Work)

Here is a phrase that had done an incalculable amount of harm—"sow-ing wild oats." It is applied to youth, generally with a limited application to growing boys and young men. What does it mean? It is supposed to be a polite way of expressing the idea of dissipated life. of years uncontrolled by any of the Ten Commandments. And to the "initiated" it always carries with it the underlying notion of a bad life.

In its practical application and indrink terpretation, therefore, it is a phrase later. that is used to condone offenses against God; to minimize sin; to make light of impurity; to pretend that uncleanness is a necessary thing used. Often enough we hear out of windows get as greasy as they please; the mouths of persons who pose as connoisseurs of life such talk as this: "Oh, So and So is wild, dissipated, a rake. But he is only sowing his wild scavengers! But the business will He'll turn out well; settle and be a good man."

The effect of this teaching upon the growing boy is deadly. He hears it lightly said that what he thought was hideous and disgraceful is not so bad after all. He is practically told that impurity is the usual preliminary to the real work of life; a stage of growth through which a boy normally goes; a prerequisite to right living, a discordant, yet necessary, overture to the harmony of mansumply must be done in any busihood's years; the common foundation on which everybody builds. And the listening boy is weak ; perhaps already fallen, but struggling to of the soul! Here all rules go by get up from the mire. He hears this the board. In the matter of cabbages phrase, an encouragement to him to go ahead with his sin. The devil nuts the catch word into his heart as an excuse for his habits : "Go on. your wild oats. You'll be all right in the end. You'll settle down hater." And the youth goes on.

Now is this right? No, you will tell me, it isn't right. It is directly against the law of God, binding in youth, no less than in age. And it is bound to be cursed in the end. For the work. The worse the beginning, the surer the success "later on." In the big business of saving your stul, break every rule that holds in all other businesses,

life-work by doing what the devil, the world, and the flesh tell you, and you will have the very best practice at doing what God tells you "later on." Christ built His Church upon a rock. The "wild oats" theory tells us that if you would build a lofty soul, found it upon a garbage heap. The boy who is fooled into beginning his life as a follower of the "wild oats" idea will regret it as long

"wild oats" idea will regret it as long as he can regret anything. He has begun wrong, and a shaky founda-tion always trembles the building is on it. True, he may hold the building up, but it will be with ugly props, or binding braces. At his best he will lack always the purest touch of beauty in his soul, always miss the serenity of spirit that dwells with

the pure of heart. And what of the vast army of young souls who never build at all? Who have given up the struggle and sunk into the depths of a life of sin? Ask any one of these why they are down? He will tell you that the longer he is in the clutch of habit the less able is he to stop. After a while he will stop, but it will not be when he has "a mind to." It will be when he hasn't any mind at all. After a while he will "settle down," but under a mount of earth. And he'll keep settling there a long while—his body that should have been the temple of the Holy Ghost? And his soul?

THE CATHOLIC HABIT OF

Nothing bespeaks the practical Catholic so much as the salutary habit of prayer. In temptation, in each surprise of danger, in fear, anguish, or grief, the well trained ul, like a confiding child running to the protecting arms of its mother our earliest to our latest years, God turns instinctively to God, and in so doing but follows the maxim of Our is the one who tells us what to do, and not these experiments with

Lord to "Pray always."

Prayer for the Catholic is the armour of the soul which from conthere a single grain of reason in this advice to "sow wild oats?" Is there it is the ever present shield against it is the ever present shield against which the flery darts of enemies a shred of business sense, a spark of ordinary prudence in such a method strike, but are powerless to harm, of going about the great affair of our It is as natural for the good Catholic soul's salvation? Saving our soul is a business proposition. Is there any to pray as to breathe, and prayer will always spring spontaneously to his thing like a business proposition in a heart and lips with even the first in-timation of dauger. If he be victorious over temptation; if he be suc What does the "wild oats" idea cessful in overcoming an inclination mean? It means that about the to evil; if he is to accomplish any good whatsoever, it is traceable early part of our life, you needn't care. Go ahead at any pace you choose. Follow passion, be anything must come to him through prayer. you like in thought, in word, in

When prayer ceases, the spiritual life of the Catholic ceases, and when the spiritual and practical part of the Catholic life is laid aside, all merit. gaining works are likewise laid acide or forgotten. Catholic life without good works becomes weak-ened, and that faith which is not stimulated by good works soon beomes a dead faith.

Prayer is the keynote of Catholic life, the touchstone of all the good health and strength, and of all the comfort for which we hope in the hour of death.

It is meant for us to ask in order that we may receive, and it is only through this means of humble, earnest asking in prayer that God is pleased to bestow His grace upon us and to guard that treasure of the true Faith which in His goodness He time. You will find none of his land In agriculture and building.
When the plans are made for a skyhas entrusted to us.

PROTESTANT PULPIT ORATORY

It cannot but have been a disheartening experience to many sincere Protestants to note how, undue propensity for discussing worldly topics in the pulpit instead a foundation of hay, old weeds, broken pop-bottles, and decayed rags. I think I hear you saying—"Not for of dwelling on the great truths of Christianity. Such deportment in the pulpit is certainly not conducive to the cultivation of spiritual fervor. More reprehensible still is the con duct of those ministers who, instead of bringing a message of Christian charity, engender, by their denunciations, a feeling of hatred against Catholic Christianity and its adherents. More than seventy years ago Dauiel Webster voiced a sentiment that probably reflects the attitude of the majority of Protestants at the present time. "If clergymen in our day," he said.

would return to the simplicity of the Gospel, and preach more to in-dividuals and less to the crowd, there would not be so much complaint of the decline of true religion. the ministers of the present day take their text from St. Paul and preach from the newspapers. When they do so I prefer enjoying my own thoughts to listening. I want my pastor to came to me in the spirit of the Gospel, saying: 'You are mortal; your probation is brief; your work must be done speedily; you are immortal, too. You are hastening to the bar of God : the Judge standeth before the door."-The Echo.

WHICH ARE YOU?

"In this crisis Catholic laymen are the men of the hour. We need Cath-olic leaders not leading Catholics. Your so-called leading Catholic sometimes reveals himself to you in the person of a shrewd politician who faithfully occupies his pew every Sunday two months before election time, and vanishes from eight during other seasons of time. What we want is Catholic leaders, not leading Catholice."

So says Bishop Schrembs. There is value in the distinction. A lead ing Catholic may be merely a poseur. But a Catholic leader must lead. ound to be cursed in the end. From and you are sure to win. Open your Catholic Citizen.

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GENERAL INTENTION FOR SEPTEMBER

RECOMMENDED AND BLESSED BY HIS HOLINESS POPE BENEDICT XV.

CATHOLIC PHYSICIANS

Health of body and health of soul are so intimately related, the priest and the physician stand in such close alliance, that spiritual writers assert that after the sacerdotal and religtous calling no profession is higher than that of the physician. Even though the direct object of the physi-cian's solicitude differs from that of the priest, still the beneficent action he exercises while caring for human bodies, the temples of the Holy Ghost, gives him a special place near the priest who cares for human

There was something in the physician St. Luke-remarks Father Faber —that predisposed him and prepared him for proclaiming the Divine mercies. Thus we have from his pen touching traits of the goodness of God illustrated in parables and examples like the Lost Sheep, the Prodigal Son and the Good Samaritan. According to this Evangelist, Christ passed through the world as a physician as well as a priest. He sympa thised with men in their infirmities that He might the more effectually reach their souls. While He went about preaching the Gospel of the Kingdom, He healed all manner of sickness and every infirmity among the people. Time, patience, compassion, were spent by Him on two classes of people, sinners and the infirm. In a word, Christ made the cure of bodies a preparation for the cure of souls and thereby became the true model for all Catholic physi-

Perhaps it would be asking too much from human nature to look for too close an imitation of this Divine Model. But it is clear that if our own medical men were all imbued with a deep sense of their responsi-bilities to the Author of the human organism they so skilfully operate on, there would be no appeal for prayers this month for Catholic Phy-sicians. Unhappily, it is a weakness of the human mind to lose sight of everything outside the direct, habitual and official object of one's pre-occupations and studies, and unless physicians are solidly grounded in Catholic dogma they are apt to ignore the spiritual element in their stients in their anxiety to cure the While this is deplorable, it is the obvious result of science without religion; the soul is beyond the reach of the scalpel and the test-

A medical man who is poorly equipped with religious training is ant than other professional men to slip into materialism. His constant contact with the mysteries of human life, the coming and going of men, their birth to day and their death to-morrow, may easily blunt his sense of awe and reverence. Human ailments may be eagerly seized on for the display of consum mate medical skill, but his role ende there; the physician with material istic tendencies does not usually fee that he is called on to make human ailments occasions for the spiritual uplift of his patients. To him the chastening power of pain, the dignity of human nature, the responsibility of souls, the influence of faith, the of his chemical compounds. Useless to write more on this disagreeable However, since the intertopic. Suffice it to say that, owing to the position the physician occupies in society to day, if the material ist dared to be logical he would be a menace to society and religion.

Happily, physicians, even those professing materialism, are not too logical in applying their doctrines; their natural kindness of heart forces them most of the time to contradict their principles. While pain and suffering remain for them pure and unadulterated evils, the only things worth troubling about, they still recognize the fact that man is not a mere bundle of flesh and bones, and that he should not be treated as such. This is something to be thankful for it gives us reason to hope that those who exercise a profession which has done so much for the human race, but who are loudest in proclaiming their materialism, are not nearly so bad as they would have us believe. The dignity of the profession, respect for clients, etc .- to which must be added the innate voice of conscience —all force them in practical life to observe a code which has a more solid basis than their own nebulous ethics can give. One of them wrote: Their lives and honor of men are in our hands; the destiny of generations to come depends on us. What will guard these interests ? Our conscience, O Doctors! And what will guard our conscience? Faith alone. by its admirable teaching, its laws, its sacraments; faith alone will guard our conscience. We shall try in vain to build up a moral code of our own, independent of faith; it will never assure us a straight conscience." Besides, are not the ten commandments in force for physicians as well as for us humbler folk? solid teaching is not usually

ignored by medical men; it is a tra-dition in their ranks. "It must be said to the glory of the profession," writes Cheyne, "that the greatest writes Cheyne, "that the greatest men in the science, and the most

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prised that men called by profession o scrutinize that most hidden secrets of Nature should at the same time be penetrated with the wisdom and goodness of the Author of Nature."

In His turn, the Author of Nature inspired the writer of Ecclesiasticus to sketch for us in a few lines the portrait of a physician faithful to God and duty. "Honor" and "praise" are given him, even in the assemblies of the great, not merely for the necessary services he is able to render, but also because he is a "gift" from heaven. Undoubtedly, "all healing is from God," it is He who 'created medicines out of the earth ;' but, thanks to the knowledge which the physician possesses, he knows the hidden power that God has placed in plants to "allay the pains

of men. As an echo of this admirable pas sage from the Holy Scriptures, and to show how fully she shares the sentiments contained therein, the Catholic Church has always had the medical profession in high esteem. She has made the teaching of medi-cine one of the chief functions of her Universities, in order that her young men who have chosen this profession might drink the knowledge of it from pure fountains and learn to practise it according to sane methods

Meanwhile if one must deplore the instances that crop up now and then of unscrupulousness and an absence of a feeling of moral responsibility, it would be unfair to a noble profes. sion to condemn the whole for the derelictions of a few. One can have only words of praise for those de-voted men who are found day and night near sick beds and in hospital wards, using their skill in palliating the ills our poor humanity is heir to. They are the friends and co helpers of our priests and our Sisters of Charity, and as such they merit our respect and admiration. We feel that when the Sovereign Master comes to judge the living and the dead, to no class of men more appropriately than to physicians will He address these words, "I was sick and you visited Me." And how consoling when the good, conscientious physician will be able to answer, "Yea Lord, I visited those who bore Thine image in their souls; I watched over them; I cared for them; and efficacy of prayer, the nothingness of man, etc., are negligible quantities; added years to their lives, so that they mean little to him; they have less interest for him than the effect ly the kind Master will know how to

However, since the interests of the Church and society are engaged so seriously, our Promoters and Associates of the League should pray earnestly during the present month that God may constantly raise up generations of Catholic doctors, men who will show themselves worthy of their Church and of the trust placed in them, men who will be imitators of Him who went about healing the sick and doing good in other ways as well, men who by their science, their piety and their devotedness, will reveal to the world the beauty and efficacy of our holy faith.

E. J. DEVINE, S. J.

A GREAT TEACHER PASSES AWAY

DR. MARY CAMPER OF RIDEAU STREET CONVENT, OTTAWA

Ottawa Journal Sister Mary Camper passed away at the Grey Nuns' Mother house, Water street, recently. Endeared to the hearts of young and old alike, the passing of this beloved sister will leave a vacant place in many hearts difficult to fill. Sister Cam per was in her sixty fifth year, and has been in ill health for the last time last winter, while sleigh riding,

six months. Not only that community, but the world at large, has lost one of its ablest teachers. Sister Camper, who was known in the world prior to entering religion as Miss Mary Moreau, was born in Plattsburg, N. Y., in 1849, the daughter of Mr. George Moreau, later of Milwaukee, who predeceased her by a few years. She entered the Grey Nuns' community in 1865 at the age of sixteen, and in 1865 at the age of sixteen, and was professed October 24, 1867.

She first taught in Ogdensburg. N. Y., and later became known in Ottawa through her association with the old St. Mary's Academy, Wellingcelebrated practitioners, were renowned not less for their piety than
for the extent of their knowledge;
and surely one should not be sur-

the hearts of a great number of Ottawans, irrespective of class, creed or nationality. In 1895 she assumed the duties of Directress of Studies at the Rideau Street Convent, in which capacity she acted until her death. Resides this, and the great amount of work entailed by her as teacher of the Graduation class, she conducted at the same institution, the D'You. ville Circle, which provided a course of study in literature, history, current events, and an insight into the modern philosophies by means of short lectures which Sister Camper gave fortnightly.

A NOTED LITERATEUR

Through her sole efforts as director of the Circle, some of the most famous lecturers of the day were secured for the benefit of the Ottawa public. By these noted scholars, as by all who knew her, Sister Camper was considered one of the cleverest literateurs of the age. It was only her seclusion as a religious that prevented her from being more universally known as such.

Youville College, Buffalo, conferred upon her the honorary degree of Doctor of Letters, (D. L.,) a distinction won by less than a dozen women in America. During the summer vacations in the past few years Sister Camper attended a number of the lectures of the summer courses in Columbia and Washington Universities, as well as in the summer school in Plattsburg, for the purpose of obtaining a wider association of ideas. She was probably most noted for her wonderful grasp of international politics, and consequently her broadmindedness. Those who had the benefit of being under ber instruction a few years back testify how marvellously true have become her statements made then in regard to the state of foreign affairs and military tactics in Germany and else-

where. Sister Camper's loss will be widely mourned, more especially in literary circles. To know her was to love her, and for those who do, her place can never be refilled. She was as unassuming as she was great-one of the women who make the world better because of their presence in

it. No tribute ever so high can compensate for the vast amount of good cattered far and wide of which she was the author.

CATHOLIC DEAF MUTES

The last half dozen years in the United States have witnessed an enormous growth of missionary activity among Catholic deaf mutes It is doubtful if in 1908 a dozen priests throughout the entire extent of the country were actively engaged in looking after the spiritual of the Catholic deaf. Indeed, at the Catholic educational convention at Milwaukee in 1907, only twenty names could be collected of all those who were engaged in deaf education, and this comprised the names of sisters, as well as of priests. To day, however, thanks to the generous support of the Catholic press in calling attention to the appalling condition of the Catholic deaf, there are actively engaged in this apostolic work no less than forty one priests, who are giving their time, either en tirely or partially, to the work of deaf education or instruction. Moreover, this consoling -situation is constantly growing better, for the work has been introduced into no less than six different seminaries throughout the country, where the seminarians are instructed in the sign language and after ordination they will be able to converse with the deef in their own language, and thus at once establish a bond of the converse with the converse with the second converse w thus at once establish a bond of sympathy between the Church and he deaf, a bond that has too long remained neglected. The number of Catholic schools for the deaf, too, has been on the increase during the last half dozen years, and the number of their pupils shows a constant increase, not only in numbers, but a growth in efficiency.—St. Paul Bulle-

A MODERN MIRACLE

SCRANTON MAIDEN CURED ON ST. ANN'S FEAST DAY

The following is a narration of facts. The name of the child and the name of the mother are withheld not because they do not desire that the greatest publicity should be given the favor of which they have sen the recipients, but rather out of a feeling of mcdesty. Mother and daughter are residents of West Scranton, members of St. Ann's par ish. Any one who desires to verify the statements here made, will be given the names of mother and daughter on application.

The daughter is about thirteen years of age and she was a student her companion, a girl about her own age, was giving the sled on which she was seated a start. In doing so she twisted the sled about so that it ran into an electric light pole resulting in injuries which caused an impairment of the faculties of motion. A local physician was called and the proper treatment was pre-scribed, which included plaster of paris casts. A Philadelphia specialist was called in, who justified the treatment. Crutches succeeded the casts, and just before the feast of St. Ann, last month, the family decided on a novena, every member engaging, none with greater zeal than the patient young sufferer.

munion, at which offices the young girl, the object of the novens, was obliged to stand, not being able to kneel. It was while, the family was around the breakfast table the same morning that the answer to the prayer was made manifest. The young girl told her mother that she felt a peculiar sensation in her feet, as though they were asleep and as though some one were sticking pins though some one were sticking pins in them. This sensation was fol lowed by the feeling that her faculties of motion, so long impaired, had been restored and she proceeded to walk, to the great gratification of her mother and the other members of her family, who promptly made their thanksgiving and asked that publicity be given to the fact that the child had been cured through the instrumentality and the intercession of St. Ann. The cure has been perfect and is expected to be perma nent.-Catholic Sun, Syracuse.

CATHOLICS WHO DO NOT READ CATHOLIC BOOKS

contributor to the Cleveland Catholic Universe says that he recently examined a number of stand ard Catholic books in the public library at Dayton, O., and discovered that " some of them, though on the shelves for many years, had never once been taken out." He adds: 'Catholics who do not read Catholic broke cannot complain if the libraries are not very generous in adding to a supply already so much greater than the demand."

It is not the "Catholics who do

not read Catholic books" that com-plain; it is those who read and pur-chase them, and who themselves are well enough supplied, but would like to put Catholic books within reach of the masses. But the Catholic masses simply will not be benefited. They do not take out Catholic books from the public libraries. Most of them read no books at all, and those who do, read trash,

The burning question is: Why, in the words of the Rev. Dr. John Talbot Smith, is it that "our people do not read Catholic books?" Whence this "scdden indifference" to Catholic literature on the part of those for whom it is produced, and to whom it ought to appeal with irresistible force? It cannot be for the reason that Catholic literature is inferior. If anything, it is on the whole superior to non Catholic literature. There is among American Catholics a distinct lack of intellect uslity and of sound reading habits is positively unaccountable and bodes ill for the future of Catholicity in America. Videant consules!"-Fortnightly Review.

A BRIEF BUT GOOD ANSWER

The unfaithful saying: "One religion is as good as another," is an swered at some length in a recent sermon printed in a number of our exchanges. We cannot help thinking that the briefer all such answers are, the better; in fact, the brevity of the saying itself accounts for the frequency of its repetition. One religion would be as good as another if all re ligions were equally good. There is only one perfect religion, the notes of which are unmistakable. The frag-ments of Christianity existing outside of the Church are all good, but they are only fragments. As a rule, those who assert that one religion is as good as another are ignorant about all religions and do notepractice

Be uncompromising in asserting, noway means a bigoted one - a bigot being one who would penalize another for not holding the same views of himself .- Truth.

ENQUIRER—The story referred to was clipped from "Truth" a maga-zine published in Brooklyn, N. Y.

By sacrifice we learn to live the higher life. - Pere Didon, O. P.

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