WOLUME XXX.

LONDON, ONTARIO, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 21, 1908

Good-By! God Bless You!

I like the Anglo-Saxon speech So straight in all its dealings, It takes a hold and seems to reach Way down into your feelings. That some folks deem it rude I know And therefore they abuse it, But I have never found it so:

Before all else I choose it. I don't object that men should air The Gallic they have paid for. With "Au revoir," "Adieu, ma chere," For that's what French was made for. But when a crony takes your hand At parting to address you H drops all foreign lingo and

He says: "Good-by! God bless you

I love the words perhaps because Standing at last in solemn pause oked at one another, And I-I saw in mother's eves The love she could not tell me-A love eternal as the skies,

Whatever fate befel me. She put her arms about my neck And soothed the pain of leaving. And though her heart was like to break * She spoke no word of grieving, She let no tears bedim her eyes For fear that might distress me But kissing me she said good-by And asked our God to bless

A Song For November.

When crows croak in the leaden sky O'er prone gray field and spectral And all that greets thine ear and eye Sends eerie echoes through thy blood Oh, close the door and come within Where never winter's chill may win

For here, my dear,
Proportioned to thy need of me The measure of my love shall be.

When boding night-winds snarl and

moan
Round gabled roof and frosted pane Tis not our common hearth alone That makes the winds' forebolings

vain, But those twin sparks of fire divine It feeds from in thy heart and mine For here, my dear, Thy need of me, my need of thee The measure of our love must be.

—T. A. DALY.

A VISIT TO BABEL.

TOURIST DISCOVERS HOW CATHOLIC

ING AT THE PROPAGANDA. We learned long since that the urch was Catholia," writes a corres-Church was Catholia pondent of the London Catholic Time who is visiting in Rome, "but this morn ng the meaning of the phrase has con upon us with startling vividness." T realization coincided with a visit to the University of the Propaganda, where the students from all the national ecclesiastical colleges in Rome go daily for lec-

"Every one who visits Rome goes to see St. Peter's," he writes, "but it is only after standing at the humble door n the Piazza Migniatelli that one seizes in the Piazza Migniatelli that one seizes upon the inner meaning of the world's cathedral. The visitor may have wandered through the gilded aisles of the mighty church, and observed the confession. nals ranged beneath its walls, with their significant inscriptions, Pro Lingua Gallica, 'Pro Lingua Armena,' and so on through the tongues of East and West, but to find the realization of all this he must come hither, to the schools of

WHERE EXTREMES MEET. As the hand of the clock closes on the morning, the firstlings of the ing, the firstlings of the flock begin to arrive; a flock of five or six hundred Church students of every land and race under heaven, coming hither for the morning lectures in the chools hard by. Even now a double file of students is approaching from the other end of the Piazza di Spagna, and Syrians, and as they draw nearer we can note their lithe but measured pace, begotten in the loose freedom of Oriental garments, in a country where the tide of life flows smoothly still. The Americans, on the contrary, betray the fierce very walk, springing forward with long strides, and looking around them the while, with the confident self-assurance of freeborn sons of Columbia. The contrast in their faces is not less—these Yankees, fair and clean-shaven; the swarthy of skin, black-bearded, and with dark eyes that look out from the shade of overhanging brows. Yet, denizens of worlds distinct in all that makes up the sum of life, from the rest-

wn the labors of each in the Eternal "Even before we have had time fully to observe those who have first attracted our notice the quiet piazza has be Echoing to the tread of a score of moving bands, it has assumed the appearance of a stage when the Frank to Frank. As the solemn bells supers come thronging in from the wings, and each moment sees the arrival of a fresh contingent. In the mere detail of costume there is not less variety in the scene before us than might be expected the prevailing note, but sustained by an

less West, from the placid Orient, they are come hither for one self-same end.

The priesthood of the same religion will

sale in the shops at Rome. For the discussing the morning's work in two German college no longer sends hither its students clad from head to foot in glaring scarlet. The cardinal, as the street-boys call them, now attend the schools of the Gregorian University, and we must perforce content ourselves with might support it, but it is unbearable in what is left us of color. We shall not find it difficult, for much still remains enough to make a very respectable fancy-

A MOVING RAINBOW.

"Here, for instance, is another party of Americans—for each college sends its students in detachments of about sixteen or eighteen—with crimson sashes and black soutanes plentifully trimmed with pale blue, fastened with buttons of the same bright color. Over the cassock they wear the overcoat of the Roman student—the 'soprana,' as it is called—with armholes instead of sleeves, and a ong streamer flying from each shoulder. That of our Americans is of unpretentius black, but, as they stride along, the ous black, but, as they selled all the glory of the pale-blue lining beneath. Here also is a group of Bohemians in black and vellow and, pressing close behind them, ome Irish students in red and black, ith distinctive long tassels hanging from the wide-brimmed hats. One w ders why these Irishmen do not rob the green sashes of the Poles, at least for the wearing of the green on St. Patrick's day. Striding, almost like the Americans, a band of Ruthenians, tall and bearded, push their way through the thick of the crowd, flaunting their colors of sky blue and gold as though they were acting a masque to represent the sunset skies of Italy. Not less are maskers these who follow, with autumn for their subject, when the greenwood has lost the name and the rich grapes hang in heavy clusters in the vineyards—stal-wart Scots in episcopal purple and kingly red, with brown-robed Irish Franciscans, barefoot, like the 'contadini' who tread the wine-press in October among the Alban Hills. Close upon these comes a little procession of Armenians—small, wiry figures with untrimmed beards, and Caveloped in the huge black cloak used by the Orientals, whose enormous sleeves two yards in circumference at the wrist may account for the total absence of any kind of sleeve in the 'soprana' of the Latin students.

A " COSMORAMIC REVEL."

"Looking now at the Piazza, one might suppose half Rome's population to be made up of ecclesiastics, and still new-comers are arriving from every direction. Here are Bohemians, whose black cassock is enlivened by a touch of yellow; here are students of the Servite Order in their old-world habit, Canons Regular in white and black, Frenchmen, Italians, Canadians, and many others undistinguishable in the crowd. However the Greeks cannot pass unobserved, clad, like the Armenians, in that monstrous garment of capacious sleeves, but with hair flowing over the shoulders and beards trimmed with delicate care. Well are they known in Rome, these long-haired Hellenes; one may see them at times in the churches at prayer, not like common mortals, on their knees, but standing upright with folded arms, and, as they leave, with the right hand on the breast, bowing down before the taber-nacle, until the left hand touches the ground. Thus, one imagines, prayed of old the worshippers in the Temple of Mt.

"Oval-eyed Chinese and their lively "Ovar-eyed Chinese and their Tveny cousins from Japan, negroes from Africa, Roumanians and Germans, pass by, paired off with Irishmen and Danes, Chaldeans and Bussians. There are German Swiss, Italian Swiss, French Swiss from differland and there strenuously have pre-served them. There are Americans of every race that has found a refuge be-neath the Stars and Stripes making ac-quaintance with the land of their fathers the persons of their fellow students. Dutch from Holland and Dutch from the Cape, Australians and Swedes, Portuguese and Spaniards from South America, a band of Americans swing round the corner. It is a striking contrast, for those whom we have first noticed are gination under the broad sun of Rome.

BROTHERHOOD CLOSER THAN BLOOD.
"One wonders how harmony can dwell where such diversity of race markets sarily imply diversity of character. What is the common object appealing to all and binding them in the pleasant unity of the Psalmist? The answer would easily suggest itself, could we be present in the college chapel some Sunday morning when perhaps a Dane is celebrating High Mass, assisted by a Scotchman and a Zulu as deacon and subdeacon, with acolytes who represent Berlin and Damascus, with a thurifer from London, and a circle of faces in the choir stalls whose differing hues and features bespeak a score of nations And yet one might observe upon the countenances of all, and in their reverent gaze, an air of manly gravity that amounts almost to a family likeness, proclaiming a brotherhood closer than that of blood, a fellowship stronger than that which binds Celt with Celt and ring out, and the white Host is shining amid the clouds of sweet-smelling in-cense, looking over those forms bowed down in unison of adoration, it may rush upon our mind that the welding coul to soul is the closest union of all.

A FUSILLADE OF TONGUES.

score tongues, until the bewildered ear of the stranger is beginning to buzz The cardinal, as the and sing under the infliction of labials them, now attend the and nasals and gutturals. If only in the open with a breeze blowing, one

and fling them back, lest one should miss us. It is like running a blockade to move down through the serried ranks pushing and shouldering one's way with ejaculations of 'S'il vous plait!" and Pardon, monsieur? in a desperate be-lief that every one knows French. The German heavy artillery opens on us in front, and right and left there are Chal-deans, Dutchmen and Bohemians. The 'click' of Hottentot arrows reaches us from the rear, and the long fire of French 'francs-tireurs.' A goad-like prick in the back from a keen Armenian knife quickens our pace, and we dash onwards under the unceasing fire of half a dozen unknown batteries. Suddenly some one at the end of the corridor begins shouting in awful unintelligible accents, as if he were trying to pick us off at long range. It is too much for our nerves. A door opens on the left and we dash through the opening, and find on the other side two Australians

whose English comes to us like a glass of cordial to a fainting man. "We find we are in one of the lecture halls devoted to philosophy. After a few moments the lecturer appears at the door-a short, white-haired priest from whose sharp glance our unwonted presence does not escape. A dead silence ensues, and the students rise to their feet as the professor marches up to the high seat against the wall—the cathedra, as it is called. The master divests himself of this cloak, recites a short prayer, and then spreads out his notes, while the disciples, pen in hand, are awaiting his opening words like so many reporters. We, too, await him with a delightful sense of being about to hear something quite new—an exposi-tion of the philosophy of the schools, the philosophy of Dante, without a knowledge of which it is wholly impossible to understand him, as we recal having read. Alas for human hopeswe have forgotten that the language of the school was, and is, and seemingly ever shall be, Latin.

A JOKE IN LATIN!

"For twenty minutes the Roman professor has been speaking in the language of the Caesars to these children of the four winds, speaking earnestly, emsuited, we think, to these majestic Latin polysyllables than the grave, purposeful face and manner with which he rolls them forth. But suddenly the flying pens come to a standstill and every eye is fixed on the lecturer. We wonder of the Church, a sacred tongue, a speech that above our common dialects swells But when a merry laugh rings through the room, and the lecturer smiles broad-

"Aften the first lecture there is try they are destined to exercise. To claims God has upon us. Religion, many a priest, especially if his lot be cast where men of all races are gatherlanguages is of supreme use for his work in the confessional, and it is with the thought of the confessional before them that these hard-worked students. It is one of the commonplaces of history to point to certain forms of faith as promotors of that these hard-worked students are voluntarily adding to their toils. The respite lasts about ten minutes, the aroused by what we have witnessed."

A Baptist minister in Philadelphia preached a sermon on the Blessed Virgin a few Sundays ago, and said many reverent and beautiful things concerning He makes the mistake of suppos that the Immaculate Conception Saviour, and he grievously misunder-stands St. Bernard when he says that this great saint made her equal to Christ. But he has no hesitation in de-claring that "Mary was honored above all women, and we should honor her, and we do." And the prayer with which he concluded his sermon contained the words: "May we never say a slighting word of Mary, who in heaven, we

WHICH RELIGION?

itten for The Catholic Standard and Times by Rev. Edward Flannery.)

Amid the variety of worships that verywhere publish diverging claims ow may one answer safely the quesn. Which religion? What form of rship shall I decide to follow? We ill examine that question and seek to ve it an answer.

In the first place it is well to dismiss

view which offers ancestry as the sole notive for holding to a certain creed. We hear frequently repeated that a man is a believer or unbeliever because his ents before him were such and such. imstances in which we are born or surroundings in which we are raised ount for our religious leanings. Belivine arrangement mercifully planned Almighty God. The faith which ends to the children, therefore, is a e gift of the Heavenly Father and e offspring is Catholic simply through grace of God. When the child has own to the years of discretion the estion of belief becomes a matter of telligent consideration. Many, per-ps, give the whole subject little ought, and merely drift according to current in which their bark of life been placed. But with thinking on the question of religion is a serious affair, and when a man commits himself are does so by conviction, because he is suaded of the truth and not because s father transmitted to him his belief. man who stubbornly holds to what he els is false because he is loath to parate himself from the party of his estors is a better clansman than beer. Men may admire his loyalty, God, who searches the heart, conns the man for refusing to follow at we are not Catholics merely by inritance, but because of God's unarchable mercy first, and then because firmest conviction, we continue to gave allegiance.

Recently I accidentally overheard enversation which I was not supposed to share. A Catholic professional man, and so naturally expected to be a scholarly representative of our Church, was discussing with a non-Catholic member of his profession the question of bigotry. It was introduced by the refusal of a certain authority to permit phatically, with accompaniment of gest-ure, while they, bending over their desks, drive shricking pens furiously over page institution for professional purposes after page of note-books. It is a serious subject which occupies him, not less perhaps, at the refusal, but in seeking to perhaps, at the refusal, but in seeking to prove to the other how liberal he was he went on to say: "Why, what's the face and manner with which he rolls them forth. But suddenly the flying pens come to a standstill and every eye is fixed on the lecturer. We wonder what is coming, and hardly dare to imprise what raw, mean that twiching the standard of th imagine what may mean that twiching allow another to bear away the imof the professor's facial muscles, that glint of his eyes that looks so like a twinkle. Is not Latin, the language intelligence to defend or higher motive to explain the reason of our belief. Our religion, therefore, is not purely a that above our common dialects swells as an organ above meaner instruments—sweet-sounding things that of times may make the tears come, but that cannot speak to us of the eternal years with voice as of many waters. What, then, have twinkles in the eye to do with Latin? The thought seems a sacrilege. But when a merry laugh rings through the room, and the lecturer smiles broad-the proposed as form of faith prescribed by law. The classification is purely arbitrary, as faith does not reside in States, but is a possession of the inand Russians. There are German Swiss, Italian Swiss, French Swiss from different cantons, with Scotch Canadians and French Canadians who both took their faith and their language to the snow-land and there strenges to the snow-land and there is trenges to the snow-land and there is the snow-land and the snownor safely. Religion that is true interval of repose, and the corridors are recognizes no boundary lines marked off thronged once more. Wandering about with grim courage, we remark that many of the students are busily engaged in acquiring a new language; these, does not forbid that national feelings however, are men of stout heart and strong chest, whom an hour of rapid note-taking, and note-taking of abstrusest metaphysics or the subtleties of divinity, is not sufficient to exhaust, nor the propert of another heart to go and the propert of a prop the prospect of another hour to come.

They labor thus, not for the mere intellectual benefit of gaining another language, but with thought of the ministrationality is a violence offered to

of a certain church are richer, or more cultivated, or farther along in civilized class-rooms fill up again, and the pro-fessors begin to appear, chatting a little among themselves as they proceed, each one to his own class. As for us, we among themselves as they proceed, each one to his own class. As for us, we turn away pondering the deep thoughts it offers along lines of earthly progress. it offers along lines of earthly progress Such men ally faith with wealth, an when money can be gained they are tempted to adore. How far they wander astray is known when the true motive of religion is obtained. So even though it were admitted that some countries were prosperous than others, it would not follow by great lengths that the prosfollow by great lengths that the pros-pered land was religious and the State npoverished was devoid of right faith Religion does not pretend to give earthly treasure. Indirectly a religious man may be more fortunate than his irreligious neighbor because of the habits of virtue which the former turns to account, while the latter is using his substance in riotous living. But here prosperity is natural consequence and not a creation of religion. On the other hand, a religthing only is lacking that among the coclesiastical costumes at Rome soonest attracts attention—that appears and reappears in half the sketches of the Borghese or the Doria-Pamfili exhibited for ious man may be sunk in the depths of men. Here the faith of the one seems to be the cause, where it is but the acci-

dental occasion of adversity, while the wickedness of the other is a stepping-stone to prosperity of a worldly quality, Religion, then, is distinct from wealth and worldly advance because it is con-cerned with forces of the soul that are different from mere powers of acquisi-tion. Religion must not be confounded with earthly progress nor is a form of faith to be embraced from the ready

opportunity it affords of pushing onward Having cleared the ground, we may proceed to build up a true notion of re-igion. In one phrase religion is our relationship with Almighty God. To be more exact, it is the conscious service which God demands from his rational creatures. Every object in creation has a certain relationship with the Almighty. As the beings of His creation they belong count for our religious leanings. Beuse a father or mother is Catholic
us be the occasion of the baptism and
tholic upbringing of the child. But
fact of the parents being Catholic is
livine arrangement merelfully planned
Almighty God. The faith which
Almighty God. The faith which object serves the divine plan establishes the relationship which exists between it and the Creator. Man as a possessor of intelligence shows forth in feeble man-ner the uncreated intelligence of God It is the will of man, however, the power he has of acting or not acting, that lifts the creature to the heights of created perfection, since this unfettered free dom leaves him independent of God, as t were, his own master, and thereby the best outward expression of that eternal best outward expression of that eternal freedom in God which makes Him the infinite Master. Our relationship with Almighty God, therefore, is manifold, but the highest degree is touched by our intelligent and willing surrender to His as to our head and chief authority the word to our relationship with God, is our submission to Him, the surrender of our will to His infinite will, the link-ing of our whole being to God through conscious obedient service.

It is easy now to discover what true religion is and what are the fundamental characteristics of proper workship. To begin with, true religion seeks the will of God. In an instant we have brushed as do all these forms of belief that boast of personal rights and venture to dictate terms to the Almighty. It is too sadly frequent that we hear of men rejecting religious truths which do not appeal to whims and fancies. As a people we moderns are an independent race. We haunt our freedom and cry out aloud that we annot brook dictation from any source Because we think we are politically free we carry our enfranchisement in every direction. We stand on our plat-form of self-right, and when any attempt is made to invade, as we think, the province of our exclusive domain we are ready to beat back the intruder. We have our own conceptions of everything under the sun, including religio and religious duty. Hence we examin very carefully what is offered and are quick to reject what does not suit our personal taste. That this is no exaggeration we may be convinced if we read what is nowadays printed and listen to what men say about their rights of doubting and disbelieving. It is no longer what God requires, but what men choose to If something does not fit in with reasonable to their short and prejudiced vision, if it invades their pretended privileges, they rise up in arms and deny ubmission because for sooth their re ligion is not to seek out and obey God's will, but to follow the blind path of

personal inclination. The foundation stone in every edifice of true religion, therefore, is the willingness to obey, the prompt service given when God's will be known. Whether what is asked be pleasant, whether what is asked be pleasant, and the service of the whether we might not have chosen an easier route, whether more regard might not have been paid our likes and dislikes is not the question-it is the will of God. That known, the only re-

ligion is readiness to answer promptly.

The will of God, then, is the platform we must stand upon when it is a question of examining the true religion. That is the only test. Parents, nations, riches, siderations in their own way, but they are only side issues when religion is under discussion. The will of God, and where it leads, that is all, and this found, readiness to obey; behold—the

CHURCH NOT IN POLITICS.

BUT WHEN MORALS ARE ATTACKED SHE

Right Rev. Monsignor John H. Fox, vicar-general of the diocese of Trenton, N. J., attacked the doctrines of socialism

his sermon at the Cathedral last Sunday. He said:
"The Catholic Church is not in polities and does not try to influence her members in things purely political. But when a party invades the domain of morals, it is her duty, as the teacher of truth and morality, to expose its dangerous and false teachings. If socialism nfined its doctrines to social and political economy and did not interfere with religion and morality, the Church would treat it with indifference. The preachers of socialism tell their audiences that the sole object of socialism is to improve the conditions of the laboring classes and do away with the existing social and economic trouble. They work upon the passions of the laboring classes by exaggerating their burdens and hard-

"Political dishonesty, the conflict be-tween labor and capital and the hard-ships of the poor are not the result of any defect in our government. The real cause of all the social and political evils in our country is an overpowering greed for money. Men have forgotten greed for money. Men have forgotten God and spiritual things and are worshipping at the shrine of mamn simpling at the shrine of mammon. So-ciety cannot be regenerated by the de-structive theories of socialism, which would abolish religion, do away with the present form of marriage and substitute free love, take individual ownership of lands and the means of production and

change our very form of government. "Society can be purified only by creating in it through the individual a Christian conscience."

CATHOLIC NOTES.

Of the 20,000,000 population of Brazil, bout 18,000,000 are Catholics. There re about 5,200 churches and chapels. Belfast, Ireland, which was once Proestant ten to one, is now Protestant only three to one, and may yet be pre-conderantly Catholic.

Madame Adelina Patti has consented give a concert at the Albert Hall. London, early next month on behalf of Father Bernard Vaughan's charitable work.

Three beautiful Italian marble altars, posting \$7,000, were solemnly blessed by Archbishop McEvay, in St. Paul's Catholic Church, Toronto, on the 9th of

Mme, de Provigny of Paris gave ten illion francs to the poor of the city on ondition that the Sisters of Charity administer it. In consequence the authorities must either recall the expelled Sisters or forfeit this large amount. They will doubtless engage in some gnashing of teeth.

By the bequests of Lord and Lady rampton who died last autumn, the Archbishop of Westminster received about \$900,000 for the education of priests. By means of this the Arch-bishop is greatly relieved of his former solicitude to provide his diocese with well-trained priests.

The Catholic Fortnightly Review is The Catholic Fortnightly Review is printing a series of articles by Rev. Ludwig Bonvin, S. J., of Canisius College, Buffalo, N. Y., in which the learned writer treats of the "Women Question in Church Music," and states that it is simply erroneous to maintain that the Holy Father wished to exclude women from singing in church. from singing in church.

"The Roman Catholic Church is a thousand years ahead of the Protestant Church in taking care of the child. They bring the children into the Church." So spake Rev. S. Travena Jackson, pastor of the Arling, (N. J.) Methodist church, in addressing the Woman's Literary Club of that place in recent meeting.

confirmed in St. Mary's Catholic Church in Evanston, Ill., on the 12th of Oct. was the Rev. W. J. Granger, former pastor of St. Matthew's Episcopal Church in Evanston, who became a Cath-olic a year ago. Sixty persons were confirmed at St. Nicholas church in

LordBrave intends to ask in the British House of Lords next week, Government introduce into Parliament a measure to abolish the Coronation oath, in which the Sovereign "invokes Almighty God to bear witness that certain doctrines held by the great majority of Christians, not only as awful, sacred, and stupendous, but also as vital and fundamental, are false.'

the education of a student in the American College at Rome. The student whom the Bishop may send to Rome cluding board, clothing, and physician's fees, paid in full.

Thirty-two adult converts in a class of two hundred and fifty received Sacrament of Confirmation at the hands of Most Rev. Archbishop Riordan in St. Joseph's church, Berkeley, last Sunday. The fact speaks olumes for the zeal and effectiveness of the ministrations of the easter of the college town, the Rev. Dr. Morrison and his assistants, Fathers Brennan and Ryan.

President Roosevelt telegraphed his congratulations to Archbishop Glennon on the oc asion of the corner-stone lay-ing of the new cathedral in St Louis. There was a time and not so long since. r WHEN MORALS ARE ATTACKED SHE either, when such a message would have WILL DEFEND AND DO SO WITH jarred certain "patriotic" circles from circumference to center, but frequent experience has of late accustomed them to the shock so that they are able to withstand it in mute agony.

This is the way the Archbishop of San Francisco deals with fake Catholic papers, as appears in his official organ, the Monitor: "The Catholics of Francisco should be warned against pap rs and pamphlets using the title Catholic" which are often published olely for political purposes, and are frequently distributed even at our very church doors. There is but one Cath olic newsp per in San Francisco, and that is the Monitor."

Rome of October 17, publishes a translation of the "Apostolic Constitution on the Promulgation of the Laws and the rublication of the Acts of the Holy See." "The document," says our Roman contemporary, "contains good news for all who are obliged or who wish to be 'au courant' with the acts of the Holy rich. They attribute this disparity of conditions to a defect in our government and use it as an argument in favor of their revolutionary doctrines.

See, the decisions, decrees, etc., of the Roman congregations, the cases before the ecclesiastical tribunals of Rome and the manifold activities of the Roman curia in general.

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THE SCOTTISH THE LIFE OF SIR WILLIAM WALLACE

BY MISS JANE PORTER.

CHAPTER I.

THE MYSTERIOUS BOX. The war which had desolated Scotland was at an end. Ambition seemed sati-ated and the vanquished concluded they might wear their chains in peace. Such were the hopes of those Scottish noblemen who, early in 1296, signed the bond of submission to a ruthless conquerer Edward I. of England had entered Scot land at the head of an immense army He seized Berwick, laid the country in ashes, and, on the field of Dunbar, forced the king and his nobles to acknowledge him their liege lord.

While the courts of Edward, or of his representatives, were crowded by the humbled Scots, the spirit of one brave man remained unsubdued. Disgusted at the facility with which the sovereign could resign his people and his crown into the hands of an invader, and at the pusillanimity of the nobles who could ratify such a sacrifice, Sir William Wallace retired to Ellerslie. Too noble to bend to the usurper, too honest to affect submission, he resigned himself to the only way left of maintaining the independence of a true Scot; and, giving up the world, all the ambitions of yout! re extinguished in his breast.

During the preceding autumn, while Scotland was yet free, Wallace married Marion Braidfoot, the heiress of Lammington. Of the same age, and brought up from childhood together, reciprocal affection grew with their growth; and sympathy of taste, virtues, and mutual lerness, made them so entirely one that when at the age of twenty-two, the enraptured lover was allowed by his grandfather to pledge that fai'h publich which he had so often vowed to his Marion in secret, he clasped her to his heart and whispered—" Dearer than life! part of my being, now and for ever! blessed is this union that mingles thy

soul with mine, to all eternity!"
Edward's invasion of Scotland broke
in upon their joys. Wallace threw aside the wedding garment for the cuirass and the sword; but he was not permitted to use either. Scotland submitted to her enemies; and he had no alternative but to bow to her oppressors, or to become an exile amid the deep glens of his coun-try. Ellerslie was henceforth the lonely abode of himself and his bride. The neighboring nobles avoided him, becaus the principles he declared were a taci reproach on their proceedings; and all occasions of mixing with society were rejected by him. Ellerslie was his hermitage; and there he might have forgot ten that Edward was lord in Scotland had not what was without his little para dise made a way to its gates, and showed him the slavery of the nobles and the

wretchedness of the people.

Several months of this blissful solitude had elapsed, when Lady Wallace saw a chieftain arrive at her gate. He inquired for Sir William, and requested private conference. They remained together above an hour; when Wallace ordered his horse and four servants to be in readiness, saying he meant to accompany his guest to Douglas Castle. When he embraced his wife at parting, he said that he should be at home again before the moon rose. He told her that the stranger was Sir John Monteith son of Walter Lord Monteith, who was put to death by the English in the early part of the last year. This young nobleman was left, by his dying father, to the charge of Lord Douglas, at that time governor of Berwick. After the fall of that place, and the captivity of its de ender, Sir John Monteith re turned to Douglas Castle, in the vicin-Informed of the privacy in which Wallace wished to live never dared to disturb it until this day; and then he came to entreat that he would accompany him to Douglas Castle. secret to disclose to you, which cannot be divulged on any other spot." Unwilling to deny so small a favor to the son of one who had so often shed his blood in his country's the packet. It contained two letters—

led down to the cartle, Monteith ke, t a profound silence; and when they crossed the drawbridge, he put his nugers to his at Paris; it will inform him what is the lips, in token to the servants for equal last wish of William Douglas for his taciturnity. This was explained as they entered the gate, and saw it guarded by entered the gate, and saw it guarded by English soldiers. Wallace would have drawn back, but Monteith whispered, main abroad, and you ever be in extremity, commit the box in strict the same to the worthiest Scot you know; drawn back, but sion.
"For your country!" room and closed the door. Looking fearfully around, and trembling at every step, he approached Wallace, and in a low voice said, "You must swear upon the cross that you will keep inviolable

eret I am now going to reveal." Wallace put aside the hilt of the sword which Monteith presented. "No," he, "I take no oaths. In these times, I would not bind my conscience on subjects that I do not know. If you dare trust the word of a Scotchman and a friend, speak out; and, if it be honest, my honor's your pledge."
"And you will not swear," demanded

Monteith

Then I must not trust you."

"Then our business is at an end," re-turned Wallace, "and I may return

"Stop!" cried Monteith. "Forgive me, noble Wallace, that I have dared to hesitate! These are, indeed, times of such treason to honor, that I do not wonder you should be careful how you swear. Of any one but you, I would ex-

Monteith unlocked a door concealed by the tapestry, and in a few minu es re-entered with a small iron box. He set it on the table, then went to the great door, tried that the bolts were secure, door, tried that the bolts were secure, and returned with a pallid countenance. Wallace, surprised at so much precaution, awaited with wonder the promied explanation. Monteith sat down, and began: "I am going to mention a name which you may hear with patience, since" an excuse for dismantling the castles, or occupying them with English officers. A detachment of soldiers was sent hither by Heselrigge this morning to guard the castle, until he could be present at the examination. This ceremony is to take place to-morrow; and, which you may hear with patience, since a surprise of the morning to guard the castle, until he could be present at the examination. This ceremony is to take place to-morrow; and, which you may hear with patience, since a surprise or occupying them with English officers.

"I hope my preserver is not mortally back the hair from his forehead;" a mexcuse for dismantling the castles, or occupying them with English officers.

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"I hope my preserver is not mortally back the hair from his forehead;" a preserver is not mortally back the same and the castles, or occupying them with English officers.

Douglas was taken, wounded and in ensible, by a band of Scots out of the cita del, and they contrived to escape with him out of the town. I followed to Dun-bar, where he sufficiently recovered to witness the day's dreadful loss. When witness the day's dreadul loss. When the few nol.les who survived the battle dispersed, he took the road to Forfar, hoping to meet King Baliol there. I accompanied him; and we found his Majesty in conversation with John Cummin, earl of Athol. This worthless Scot had persuaded him, that by the disaster at Dunbar all was so lost, that if he wished to save his life, he must go to the King of England, at Mo. trose, and surrender himself. Our brave Douglas tried to alter Baliol's resolu-tion, but without effect. Athol sat knitting his black brows during this conversation; and at last, throwing out-some sullen remarks to Lord Douglas on the vehemence with which he exorted the King to defy his liege lord, he less the room. Baliol rose, and, taking my patron into an adjoining room, they continued there a few minutes, and then re-entered, Douglas bearing with him this iron box. 'Monteith,' said he, 'I confide this to your care.' As he spoke, he put the box under his arm, and con-cealing it with my cloak, added, 'Carry

it directly to my eastle in Lancanshire. I will rejoin you there in four and twenty hours after you arrive. Mean-I will rejoin while, by your affection to me, and fidelity to your King, breathe not a word of what has passed.' I arrived at this place on the second day, and de-posited the box within the secret closet. A week passed without any tidings of Lord Douglas, when a pilgrim on his way to the shrine of St. Ninian arrived. He presented me with a packet saying it had been entrusted to him by Lord Douglas at Montrose. He proceeded to tell me that my brave friend, having been carried on board a vessel which was to convey him and Baliol prisoners to London, he sent to the monks at Aberbro-thick, and, under pre ence of making a religious confession before he sailed, begged to be visited by the sub-prior.

I am that prior,' continued the pilgrim: and having been born on Douglas' ands, he well knew he had every claim to my fidelity. He gave me this packet and conjured me to lose no time in conveying it to you.' I inquired whether Lord Douglas had sailed. 'Yes,' replied he; 'I stood on the beach at Monplied he; 'I stood on the beach at Mon-trose till the ship disappeared; and woeful was the sight, for it carried away the benefactor of my youth.

A groan burst from Wallace, Monteith proceeded: Not only the brave Douglas was wrested from our country, but so was our king, and that holy pillar of Jacob which prophets have declared the palladium of Scotland."

"What!" inquired Wallace, "has Baliol robbed Scotland of that trophy of one of her best kings? Is the sacred gift of Fergus to be made the spoil of a coward ? "Baliol is not the robber," rejoined

Monteith; "the hallowed stone was taken from its sanctuary at Scone by the command of the king of England, and carried on board the same vessel with the sackings of Ikolmkill ; the archives of the kingdom have also been torn from that monastery, and thrown by Edward's own hands into the fire." "Do the traitors think," cried Wal-

ace, "that by robbing Scotland of her annals, and of that stone, they deprive her of her palladium? Fools! land's history is in the memories of her sons; her palladium is in their hearts; and Edward may one day find that she remembers the victory at Largs, and needs not talismans to give her freeat Largs, and

"Alas! not in our time:" answered Monteith. "The spear is at our breasts and we must submit. You see this castle is full of Edward's soldiers. service, Will ace consented, and was conducted by Monteith towards Doug-Paris, and the other to me. I read as As they descended the heights which do down to the cartle, Monteith ke, t a proposed silence; and who there is an and who the cartle, Monteith ke, t a proposed silence; and who they are some silence is an area of the some silence is an area of the some silence is a some silence in the some silence in the some silence is a some silence in the some silence country. The iron box I confided to you, guard as your honor, until you can charge to the worthiest Scot you know; and tell him, that it will be at the peril of his soul who dares to open it till Scotland be again free! When that hour comes, then let the man by whose valour God restores her rights receive the box as his own, for by him only is it to be opened. Monteith, as you would not disgrace the memory of your noble father, and as you hope for honor here, or happiness hereafter, attend to these

injunctions of your friend Douglas."

Monteith finished reading the letter, and remained silent. Wallace spoke first—" Tell me in what I can assist you; serve these last wishes of the brave Douglas?'

Monteith replied by reading again this sentence—"Should my son remain abroad, and you ever be in extremity, commit the box in strict charge to the worthiest Scot you know." worthiest Scot you know." "I am in that extremity now. Edward had formed his plan of desolation, when he placed English governors throughout our towns; and the rapacious Hesel-rigge, his representative in Lanark, has just issued an order for all the houses act oaths on oaths; but your word is given, and on that I rely. Await me records and secret correspondence. records and secret correspondence. Two or three in the neighborhood have already gone through this ordeal; and the event has proved that it was not papers they sought but plunder, and an excuse for dismantling the castles,

sign the trust." Wallace made no difficulty in granting this request, and proposed to depart immediately. There being two rings on each side of the casket, Wallace took the belt which girded his sword, and putting it through them, swung it under his left arm, and covered it with his plaid. Monteith's eye brightened; and, with a firmer step, as if relieved of a heavy load, he called a servant to prepare Wallace's horses and attendants. As Wallace shook hands with his friend, Monteith bade him be cautious in what part of the house he kept the box "Remember." said he, "the penalty that overhangs him that looks into it."

"Be not afraid," answered Wallace ; even the outside shall never be seen by other eyes than my own, unless the same circumstance which now induces you—mortal extremity—should force me to confide it to safer hands.'

While Wallace advanced to his horse to which he was lighted not only by the servants of the castle, but by several English soldiers, he held in his hand the sword which, to accommodate his charge, he had unbuckled from his side. Monteith whispered, "A weapon in your hand will excite suspicion; and as he hastily pulled aside Wallace plaid to throw it over the sword, he ex posed the iron box. The light of s many torches displayed it to all eyes but no remarks being made, and Wal-lace not observing what was done, he again shook hands with Monteith, and, calling his servants about him, galloped

CHAPTER II.

FIGHT IN THE STREETS OF LANARK--ELLERSLIE-FLIGHT OF WALLACE.

Musing on what had passed, Wallac ode on, till, crossing the bridge of Lanark, he saw the rising moon : putting spurs to his horse, he galloped through the town. He was turning the angle of a street, when the cry of mur der arrested his ear. He checked his horse, and listened; the clashing of arms told him that the sound issued from an alley to the left. He alighted, and, drawing his sword, threw away the scabbard, and, leaving his horse with one of his servants was followed, by the other three to the spot whence th

oise proceeded. On arriving, he discovered two mer in tartans beset by a throng of Edward's soldiers: the brave Scots who accompanied Wallace, blowing their bugles to encourage the assailed, hurried after their gallant leader, and attacking the banditti, each man cut his opponent to the ground. Such unexpected assistance reanimated the drooping strength of one of the two from whom the cry had issued. He sprung from the wall, but at the moment received a wound in the back, which would have thrown him into the hands of his enemies, had not Wallace caught him in his left arm, and with his right cleared the way, while he called to his men, "To the Glen!"

As he spoke, he threw the wounded stranger into their arms. The other poor fellow at that instant fell covered with blood, exclaiming, "Save! save my

Two of the servants carried their enseless burther towards the horses; out the third could not move, being med in by the furious Wallace made a passage to his rescue Wallace made a passage to his rescue; but he soon found himself alone with the assailants, for his already wounded follower received a gash which so disabled him that his master ordered him to seek safety in flight. One wretch, as the poor servant was retreating, made a stroke at his neck, which would have severed his head from his body, had not the claymore of Wallace struck down the claymore of Wallace struck down the weapon of the coward, and received his body upon its point. He fell with bitter imprecations, calling aloud for They wounded me in several places

—Arthur Heselrigge is slain!" The uproar became general. People, armed and unarmed, issued from their doors, and pressed forward to inquire the cause of alarm. Wallace was nearly overpowered; a hundred swords were levelled towards him; but the moment when he expected they would be sheathed in his heart, the earth gave way under his feet, and he sunk into darkness. He fell upon a quantity of gathered broom; and concluding that the weight of the thronging multitude had burst his passage into a collection. had burst his passage into a cellar, he sprung on his feet; and though he heard curses of several who had fallen him, he moved towards a halfopened door, flew across the adjoining apartment, and darting through the window, leaped out at the foot of the Lanark hills. He pursued his way, without stopping, along the crags, through the valley, and across the river to the cliffs which overlooked the garden of cliffs which overlooked the garden of had bidden seek safety in flight; and had bidden seek safety in flight; and from the bleeding of his wounds, Ellerslie. Springing on the projecting point of the nearest, he leaped into a thicket of honeysuckles, and walked towards the house. He approached the door, and beheld his beloved leaning over a couch on which was laid the per son he had rescued. Halbert, his faithful servant, was dressing his wounds. Her hands held a cup to the lips of the stranger.

"Marion!" burst from her fond husband. She looked up, and with a cry of joy, threw herself into his arms: her tears flowed : she sobbed. It was the first time that Wallace had been from her; she feared it would have been the last. "Art thou indeed here?" exclaimed she. Blood fell from his forehead upon her bosom. "O my Wallace, my Wallace!" cried she in agony.

"Fear not, my love! it is a mere scratch. All is well, since the wounded stranger is safe.'

But you bleed!" returned she.

Halbert having poured some balsam into the wound, the prepared to apply the bandage; but when she lifted his hair from his temples, and the clotted blood met her fingers, a mist seemed to pas over her sight. She paused for a mo-ment; but rallying her strength as her nusband assured her her fear was groundless, she tied the fillet, and, stealing a kiss, seated herself trembling by his side.

"Gallant Wallace!" continued the stranger, "it is Donald, Earl of Mar, who owes to you his life.

"Then blest be my arm," exclaimed Wallace, "that has preserved a life so precious to my country!"

"May it indeed be blest!" cried Lord Mar, "for this night-it has made the Southrons feel that there is yet one man in Scotland who fears not to resist ppression and to punish treachery."

"Treachery: what treachery?" in-ired Lady Wallace; "is any meant to

ny husband ?"
" None to Sir William Wallace, mor "None to Sir William Wallace, more than to any other brave Scot," replied the earl; "but we all see the oppres-sion of our country. Heselrigge, the English governor of Lanark, despatched a body of men to Bothwell Castle (where y family now are), on a plea, that as its ord was adverse to Edward, and gon to the Highlands, it must be searched for traitorous papers. Considering my self the representative of my brother-in law, Lord Bothwell, and suspecting they might be a private marauding party, I refused to admit the soldiers, and saw them depart, swearing to return next day with a stronger force and storm the eastle. To be ascertained of the fact, and to appeal against such tyranny should it be true, I followed the detachment to Lanark. I saw Heselrigge. He avowed the transaction; but awed by the power which I possess in the cour-try, he consented to spare Bothwell ry, he consented to spare Bothwell while I and my family remain in it. As t was nearly dark, I took my leave, and was proceeding to join my servants, when a young man accosted me. I re-cognised him to be the officer who had mmanded the party I had driven from the castle. Heselrigge having told me that he was his nephew, I made no hesit

ation to go back with him, as he said his uncle had forgotten to communicate something of importance. I followed his steps, but instead of conducting me to the room in which I had conversed with Heselrigge, he led me into a small partment, where, telling me his uld attend me, he retreated out of the door, and before I could recollect nyself I heard him bolt it. I now adged myself a prisoner, and made every essay, but in vain, to force open I was in a state not to be described when the bolt was undrawn, and wo men entered, with manacles in their They attempted to seize me telling me I was the prisoner of King Edward. I listened not to what they said; but, wounding one with my dagger, I knocked the other down, and made ger, I knocked the other down, and made my way till I found myself in the street. I ran against some one as I rushed from the portal: it was my servant Neil. I told him to draw his sword and follow me. We then hurried forward; and fearing the worst of consequences from the visit of Heselrigge and his miscresoldiers. ants at Bothwell Castle, I was hastening onward, determined to pursue my way on foot, when, at the turning of an angle

bitter imprecations, calling aloud for vengeance.

A cry was now raised by the whole band of assassins. "Murder! treason!

—Arthur Heselrigge is slain!" The The brought you, my brave deliverer, to my

the soldiers made an outery that Arthur Heselrigge was killed; and then press-ing on me to take revenge, their weight broke a passage into a vault, through which I escaped."

"Save, save yourself, my master!" cried a man, rushing in from the garden; had been all this while in reaching Wallace had hardly time to give him

to the care of Halbert, when the outery of men demanding admittance, and the sounds of spears rattling against the shields of their owners, told that the house was beset by armed men. "Blood for blood!" cried a horrid voice; "vengefor blood!" cried a horrid voice; "venge-ance on Wallace for the murder of Heselrigge!"
"Fly! fly!" said Lady Marion, looking wildly at her husband.

"Whither?" answered he. "Would this be a moment to leave you and our wounded guest? I must meet these assailants."

"Not now," cried Lord Mar; " hear you not by the uproar how numerous they are? Mark that shout: they thirst for blood. In pity fly! if you have for your wife or regard for me, delay not a moment. Again"—The uproar redoubled, and the room was instantly filled with shrieking women. "O, my lord," cried they, "what will become The Southrons are at the gates, and we shall be lost for ever."

treat you to leave me," cried "Leave me, or see me die!" As spoke, there was a violent crash and a burst of imprecations. Three of Wall-ace's men ran into the room. Two of the assailants had climbed to the hall window; they were just thrown back upon the cliffs, and one killed. "Conceal yourself," said the Scots to Wallace
"for in a few minutes more your men will not be able to maintain the gates. "Yes, my dear lord," cried Halbert; "there is the dry well at the end of the

garden; at the bottom of that you will be sate."
"By your love for me, Wallace; by "By your love for me, Wallace; by all you owe to the tender affections of your grandfather, hearken to him!" cried Lady Marion, falling at his feet; "I kneel for my life in kneeling for yours! Pity the grey hairs of Sir Ronald, whom your untimely death would bring to the grave! — Pity your unborn child?—Fly Wallace, fly if you whom he held?—Fly Wallace, fly if your life in the property of the grave! The work of unborn child?-Fly, Wallace, fly, if you

would have me live!"
"Angel of my life!" exclaimed
Wallace. "I obey thee. But if a hand Wallace. dress these but it a hand of one of these desperate robbers dares to touch thy hallowed person"—

'Think not so, my lord!" interrupted Halbert; "it is you they seek. Not

finding you, they will be too eager in pursuit, to molest my lady. I will pre her from affront, at the peril of

"I shall be safe," whispered Marion. "Only fly! while you are here, their shouts kill me."

"But you shall go with me," returned he; "the well will contain us all. But first let our faithful Halbert and these honest fellows lower Lord Mar into the place of refuge. He, being the cause of the affray, if discovered, would be immediately sacrificed."

Lord Mar acquiesced, and was carried into the garden. He was followed by Wallace, to whose arm his wife fondly wanace, to whose arm his wife fondly clung. At the well-side they found the earl bound with the rope that was to lower him down. By great care it was safel done; and the cord being brought up again before it was tied round Walace, he recollected that the iron bo might hurt the wounded nobleman, by striking him in his descent. Unbuckling it, he told his faithful harper it contained matters of great value, and desired it might be lowered first.

Lord Mar, beneath, was releasing it from the rope, when a shout of triumph pierced their ears. A party of the English soldiers had leaped the wall of the garden, and were within a few yards of the well. For Wallace to descend no was impossible. "That tree!" whispered Marion, pointing to an oak. As she slid from his arms, and in a spoke, she oment, along with Halbert, she disappeared amid the adjoining thicket. The two servants fled also.

Wallace the next instant was looking

down from the tree upon his enemies. They passed beneath him, denouncing vengeance upon the assassin of Arthur At that moment, one who be their leader, stopped Heselrigge! nder the tree, declaring he had spr ed his ankle, and must wait a few min-utes. Several of the soldiers crowded round him; but he desired them to search the house, and bring Wallace before him, dead or alive. They obeyed while others ran towards their leader, saying that the murderer could nowhere be found. "But here is a gay lady, cried one, "perhaps she can inform us!" and at that moment Marion and Halbert appeared between a band of men.
"Soldiers stand back," cried the officer
approaching. "Fear not, madam!
I beg your pardon, both for the
alarm these hot-headed men have occasioned you, and for the viol-ence they have committed in forcing one of your sex and beauty before me. Had I expected to have found a lady here, I should have issued orders to have prevented this; but I am sent hither in quest of Sir William Wallace, who, by a mortal attack made on the Governor of Lanark's nephew, has forfeited his life. The scabbard of his sword found beside the murdered Heselrigge is proof of his guilt: find him, and not only release, but the favour of the English monarch, will

await your allegiance."
"I am Sir William Wallace's wife," returned Marion; "and by what authority you seek him thus, and presume to call him guilty, I cannot understand." "By the authority of the laws, madam, which he has violated."

"What laws?" rejoined she; "Sir Wallace acknowledges none but those of God and his country. Neither of these has he transgressed!"

"He this night assassinated Arthur Heselrigge in the streets of Lanark; and that condemns him by the last declara-tion of King Edward:—Whatever Scot maltreats any one of the English soldiers or civil officers garrisoned in the lers or civil officers garrisoned in the towns of Scotland, shall thereby forfeit his life, as the penalty due to his

"A tyrant's-law, sir, to which no freeborn Scot will submit! But even were it allowed by my countrymen, in this case it can have no hold on my husband. That he is a Scot, he glories; and not that he maltreated any Englishman in the streets of Lanark, do I glory; but because, when he saw two defenceless men borne down by a band of armed soldiers, he exposed his unshielded breast in their defence! One of the two died, covered with wounds. That the governor's nephew also fett was a just retribution for his heading so unequal a contest, and no crime in Sir William Wallace; for he slew him to preserve a feeble old man, who had a hundred English swords levelled at his life."

The officer paused; and then ordered his soldiers to fall back. When they were at a sufficient distance, he offered to take Lady Wallace's hand, but she withstood his motion, with a reserved air, and said, "Speak, sir, what you would say; or allow me to retire.'

would say; or allow me to retire."
"I mean not to offend you, noble lady," continued he. "Had I a wife lovely as DR. A. W. Chase's which you may hear with patience, since as Lord Douglas is considered a traitor thought, he saw in the countenance of the Edward. I am told the place will be bis wife: she turned pale. "Marion." to our chambers, I am the person defend my life and honour. I knew not

CHIFFS; you is no more. The successful rival of Bruce, and the enemy of your family, is now a prisoner in the Tower of London."

"You speak of Baliol?"

"You speak of Baliol?"

"I do," answered Monteith, who, after a few preliminary remarks, proceeded—

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"I do," answered Mont foreigner there to put his foot upon the neck of a countryman of his. Wherever you have concealed your husband, let be a distant asylum, until the rage of the be a distant asylum, until the rage of the governor be appeased. At present, no track within the jurisdiction of Lanark will be unsearched by his indefatigable revenge. I will use my influence with Heselrigge to prevent the interior of your house being disturbed again; but it will be impossible to free you from the disagreeable ceremony of a guard being placed to-morrow morning around the domains. This, I know, will be done the domains. This, I know, will be done to intercept Sir William Wallace, should he attempt to return."

> spoke, he waved his sword to the men who had seized the harper; they ad-vanced, still holding their prisoner. He ordered them to commit the man to and to sound. The trumpeter obeyed and in a few seconds the whole detachment assembled before their commander "Soldiers!" cried he, "Sir William Walace has escaped our hands. Return your horses, that we may march back Lanark, and search the other side of the

town. Lead forth, and I will follow."

The troops obeyed, and left Sir Gilbert alone with Lady Wallace and Halbert. The brave young man took the now not-withdrawn hand of the grateful Marion. "Noble Englishman! she, "I cannot enough thank you for this generous conduct; but, should you o ours be ever in the like extremity with my beloved Wallace—(and in those tyrannous times, what brave spirit can answer for its continued safety?)may the Ear which has heard you this night at

that hour repay my gratitude!" "Sweet lady!" answered Hambledon, "I thank you for your prayer. God is indeed the benefactor of a true soldier; and, though I serve my king and obey ny commanders, yet it is only to the Lord of battles that I look for a sure vard; and whether He pay me here with victories and honours, or take my sto receive my laurel in paradise, i all one to Gi'bert Hambledon. But the night is cold; I must see you safe within your own doors; and then, lady, fare-well!" Lady Wallace yielded to the im-pulse of his hand; and Hambledon desir-ing Halbert to follow, disappeared with

he agitated Marion into the Wallace, whose spirits could ill brook the sight of his domains filled with troops, and the wife of his bosom brought before their commander, would have eaped down amongst them, had not the teaped down amongst them, had not the courteous address of Hambledon made him hesitate. He listened to the re-plies of his Marion with exhultation; and when the Englishman ordered his nen to withdraw, and delivered himself so generously respecting the safety of the man he came to seize, Wallace could hardly prevent a noble confidence in such virtue from compelling him to come rom his concealment to thank him; but the co: sideration that such a discle would put the military duty and the generous nature of the commander

variance, he desisted.
"Sir William! my master!" cried a well known voice in a suppressed tone. It was Halbert's. "Speak, my dear lord, are you safe?"
"In heart and body!" returned Wal-

ace, sliding from the tree. "I must now hasten to the dearest, the noblest of women!" He flew across the lawn, and net Marion, who had just bade farewell to Hambledon. She rushed into his arms, and fainted. His caresses soon restored her to sensibility. She leaned on his breast, and thanked Heaver ne had escaped the search of his ene

"But, my dear lady," interrupted Halbert, "remember that my master must not stay here. You know what the Halbert, lish commander said, that if would preserve his life, he must fly far

would be away. Nay, spies may even now ing to betray him."
"You are right," said Marion; "my Wallace, you must depart. Should the wallace, you must depart. Should the bearing soon, your flight may be be to should be a soon, your flight may be a soon. guard arrive soon, your flight may be prevented. You must go now: but, oh l

"Not very distant, my love. There are recesses amongst the Cartlane Crags discovered by me when hunting, and which, I believe, have been visited by no mortal foot but my own! There will be, my Marion, before sunrise; and, be-fore it sets, thither must you send Hal-bert to tell me how you fare. Three notes blown by his pipe shall be a sign to me that he is there; and I will come forth to hear tidings of thee."

Headache

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ounds up the nervous system to health and strength.

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Does it not seem more effective to breathe in a emedy to cure disease of the breathing organs has to take the remedy into the stomach? It cures because the air rendered strongly anti-eptic is carried over the diseased surface with

pect to external protection, but holds efore God Himself. Yet, for fear be-

cause of this reservation some sou

should perish, it has always been observed in the same Church of God by

ous usage that no case is reserved in the article of death, and that any pries

may absolve any penitent from cen-sures and from any sin, no matter what it may be. But, outside of this case,

in, all they can do is endeavor to per

ade penitents to present themselves

to superior and and careful judges in order to obtain absolution." The same

against those who deny the right of serving sins by Bishops. (Session

There are many reasons why sin

should be reserved. The foremost one is to impress forcibly upon sinners the

normity of their crimes. When a man ows that a certain sin is reserved and

hat pardon cannot be granted by an or

linary confessor, but that he must hav

course to the Bishop, or to one to who

he Bishop has given the faculty of ab-

The second reason is to deter Chris

espect and fear of public condemnation

God, and will arrest one on the point of

evil-doing more forcibly than would the

read of God's displeasure. Hence

nan who would commit such a sin, if h

could obtain absolution from his ordin ary confessor, will not likely commit i

when he knows that he can obtain abso

lution only after delay and severe

Finally, a third reason is that sever

maladies of the soul need to be treated by physicians fully qualified in learning

disease is very serious, all do not posses the knowledge fitted for the case.

mortal sin, either in its nature or in it

consequences. 2. It must be external Sins of thought or of the will may be

as grave in God's sight as the over actions, but they are not reserved

3. It must be consummated; for reser

vation does not attach to simple at-tempts unless specially mentioned.

4. It must be committed by one who

has attained his majority or age of pub erty—fourteen for males, twelve for fe

males-as the Church regards that per

sons younger than these ages lack suffi-cient discernment to commit an act of

contumacy. 5. It must be certainly mortal and expressed in the faculties at reserved. It there be doubt upon either

of these two points, the reservation does not exist as far as practice is concerned

"What is meant by excommunication

by 'bell, book and candle?'—Student."

The phrase has reference to the p

the demon, for it was thought that the demon was relegated away as far as the church bells sounded. The extinguished

candles cast away signified that the ex-

communicate was deprived of grace and

light and entirely cut off. The ceremony as described has gone into disuse, but the

not made his Easter duty, and yet was buried from the church, you should

understand that circumstances may have

that he neglected his Easter duty, though he is liable to be excommuni-

cated. Excommunications are divided

into two kinds: one that is incurred

BELL, BOOK AND CANDLE,"

which means that the ordinary confessor

may give absolution

more keenly felt than the fear o

having no powers for reserved

also launches an anathema

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iv. Cap. 7.)

trials.

"Ah! my Wallace, let me go with "What, dearest," returned he, "to live amidst rocks and streams! to expose thy-self and thine unborn infant to all the

idents of such a lodging?" accidents of such a lodging?

"But are not you going to so rough,
so dangerous a lodging?" asked she.

"Oh! would not rocks and streams be heaven's paradise to me, when blessed with the presence of my husband? Ah!

et me go Impossible, my lady!" cried Halbert. "You are perfectly safe here; and your flight would awaken suspicion in the English that he had not gone far. Your ease and safety would be dearer to him than his own life; and, most likely, by his anxiety to preserve them, he would the more easily be traced, and so fall a sacrifice to the enemy."
"It is true, my Marion, what he says:

could not preserve you in the places which I go."
"Then, farewell! may good angels

guard thee!" Her voice failed.

"Courage, my Marion," said he; " re-member that Wallace lives but in thee. Revive: be happy for my sake; and God, who putteth down the oppressor, will restore me again to thine arms.

She clasped her hands, and looked up with an expression of fervent prayer; and then, smiling through a shower of tears, she waved her hand to him to depart, and retired into her chamber.

Wallace gazed with his soul in his eyes, and would have followed her had not Halbert drawn him towards the portal. Obeying the friendly violence of hills at home now. She's at rest in the little churchyard of Kilsheelan. Years quarter which pointed towards the heaths that led to the remotest recesses of the Girding on his sword, and taking his hunting spear, he pressed the faithful hand of Halbert; and enjoining him to be watchful of his lady, and to be with him in the evening near Corie Lin, he climbed the wall, and was out of sight in an instant.

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE PASSING OF BROTHER PATRICK.

By M. J. K., in the Ave Mari Brother Patrick, the old Irish gard ener of the monastery, lay dying. day long he had been in a kind of stunor and now, in the gloaming, consciousness had returned, and he lay with wide-open eyes and a placid smile upon his worn, rugged face. A moonbeam stole in through the unshuttered window, and shot the pale light over the carved cru-cifix on the bare wall at the foot of the narrow bed, showing up the white Figure with thorn-crowned head and nailed hands and feet, the blood-stained face sad with the sadness of death. The old monk sighed.

"What was that big, heavy sigh gently.

"Is that you, Father? How good of you to come! I have been dreaming this hour and more. That little bit of moonlight on the wall brought back old times to me. I was thinking, thinking? His voice had a quavering note in it, ke a voice akin to tears. Father like a voice akin Anselm smoothed the check counterpane quietly, and flecked a little holy water lightly from a well-supplied font by the

'Fancy the moonlight bringing back old times to you! I have been saying my Rosary for you, thinking you were asleep. Do you feel easier?"

The old man did not answer; the oonbeams grew brighter on the wall. "She wasn't an old woman," he said at length, quite suddenly. "She looked old, but she wasn't. She loved the moonlight—oh, ay did she! And when it shone on the lough and on the sedges where the wild ducks hatched in the springtime, she'd stand in the boreen

watching, watching." Again he was silent. Father Anselm was silent, too. Then, after a short

ime: "She was your mother?" he said

"My mother!" the old man echoed softly. "The truest, purest, best.
Twas such a quaint old boreen. Wasn't
it strange of me to be dreaming I was there and that she was coming to meet crab trees were all in blossom by the

"Were you her only son?"

No; there were two others. I was the youngest. Sure, I was never much in any way, at home or abroad. I was always doing the wrong thing.'

Father Anselm laughed quietly.

"You were doing the right thing when you became a religious," he said " You cannot say you did the cheerily.

wrong thing then."
"Ab, Father, I needn't thank myself!
Sure wa n't it the mercy of God did
that for me? The moon must be very

bright to night."
"It is most brilliant. Is there anything worrying you? Would you like me to read to you?"

"No, Father; I'd rather you'd task, your voice is so kind. Do you think I'll know how the gardens of God are laid out before morning? I have been trying to fancy them all my life long."
"Eye hath not seen nor ear heard',"
Father Anselm quoted softly. "You
will have all the desires of your heart,
there, Brother Patrick."

Again the old monk was silent; a clock in the monastery tower boomed out

nine solemn, slow beats. "Will you have to go now, Father?"

he asked quietly.
"No, no! I'm to stop here with you.
The brethren have been praying for you since you received the last sacraments Father Prior said I was to tell you. Do you think you'd like to join them

Brother Patrick smiled. He folded his toil-worn hands across his breast. "I'm always joining them, Father," he said softly; always, when I'm digging or weeding or hoeing. What do I know about praying? Nothing only what God and His Mother tell me. And they tell me to offer up the prayers of th community as my own. I ask God to make me like to each one in turn—as make me like to each one in turn—as kind as you, Father; as gentle as Brother Paul, as meek as Brother Ignatius, as forgiving as Brother Columba. And when the bell rings, as now, I think I'm an hour nearer heaven o"—" (in a low whisper) "hell. And then I say: 'God guard me, and keep me in the coming hour! And that's all.

Ah" (sighing), "the moonlight is gone further up the wall! It's full upon the ago I used to think my bones would rest

there too. will be waiting for you in the heavenly country, Brother. How did you come to join our Order and leave Ireland?"

A smile crossed the dying face on the pillow; then a sigh, faint as the breath of dawn, came from his pale lips.

"I ran away, Father-ran away from home! They wanted me to be a smith and I'd rather be a sailor; and, after hardships galore, I got on a vessel in Cork, and travelled the world up and down till I was tired. Then one autumn night we were wrecked here on the spanish coast, and twas here in the convent we were kept till we recovered. And the peace and the quiet stole into my heart, and the flowers in the garden brought back Ireland and my mother; and when I was well enough to go out again, there was a hand wanted in the gardens; and I took the job, and I got used to it and liked it; and I was glad to be admitted into the Order. And here I am ever since-forty-five long

'And you have been happy?"

monk sighed.

A figure rose silently from a prie-dieu by the wall and looked down gravely upon the dying man.

"I think you are awake," he remarked "Happy? Ay, Father, as happy as any one ever is ir this life, I suppose. I got to love the garden and understand the flowers. A sailor's life, after all is a wild and weary one. Indeed, indeed it

He sighed faintly, and went on "I wonder will I meet him there?"
"Who, Brother Patrick?"

"Michael, Father. He was a brother of mine—the dearest boy in all the world—not like me at all."

Father Anselm smiled; his hand fell enderly on that of the dying man.
"Michael was her idol, her best-loved

chi d, her dearest. But sorrow touched him, Father; and, for that matter, it touched us all. There was a bit of a fight at a hurling match one summe eve at home, and, in the excitement neighbor's son was killed. 'Twas Michael, the unfortunate lad, that killed him, though he was far from intending

Father Anselm, from surprise, wa Brother Patrick's breath became

fainter. "Somehow, the blame fell on me and—and I begged Michael to keep a still tongue and let them think it. He was to be wed in a few months to a girl he was fond of. Surprise and horror kept silent the only other one that knew

anything about it. I got away, and no one ever dreamed 'twas Michael. She never knew—my mother I mean—and that was all I cared about. "And he-your brother?"

"He lived at home with her, a quiet, peaceful life; he married, and was peaceful life; ooked up to by his neighbors, and was happy."
"And you, my poor Brother, bore the

him. Twas only what the neighbors thought I would have done. I was wild, you know; but—but sometimes—some times-well, 'tis all over now, and I'm

times—well, 'tis all over now, and I'm laying the load down. And I'm glad, Father—very glad."

"My poor fellow! You were more than loya!. But he was a coward."

"No, Father, not that! 'Twas my fault altogether. Put your hand on my head and bless me. I'm glad to be restinged to be restinged.

ing with no one here but you." " 'Come to Me all you who labor and are heavy burdened," Father Anselm quoted softly, as he laid his hand lightly

on the gray head. "I think God will

welcome you home, Patrick. He lot generous hearts like yours."
"Your blessing, Father?"
"God bless you." (a little)

"God bless you" (a little huskily), and bring you to the rest and peace of His heavenly kingdom."

"And Michael, too!" the old monk murmured faintly. "Bless Michael, too."

"Yes, Brother; God forgive him and pity him and bring him safe home "Amen!" (whisperingly)—" and bring

him safe home! Father Anselm bent lower : he looked intently at the hands clasped around the crucifix on the counterpane, at the old face, full of peace, upon the pillow then as no move came from the stil figure, he looked closer yet, to find that Brother Patrick had passed away.

WIT AND HUMOR.

SO HE WAS.

A teacher had told the class of the wonderful voyage of Columbus and how he insisted on continuing the voyage after the other men were clamoring to return. Then she asked: "Who was Columbus?" with the view of hearing how well they had followed her talk.

One little hand went up.
"Well, Johnny, who was he?" asked

the teacher.
"Columbus was the gem of the ocean,"

A CONFIDENCE GAME,

was the answer.

Governor Sheldon of Nebraska, to ilustrate the point that to be unfair, pre judiced, or suspicious, is always to judge wrongly, told the following story:

"There was a suspicious countryman who went to New York to see the sights. Coming to the Metropolitan Museum, he was amazed to find that admission to this splendid building cost nothing. He mounted the steps and entered.

"'Your umbrella, sir,' said a uni-ormed official, extending his hand. 'The countryman jerked back his um brella, laughed scornfully and turned on

I knowed there was some cheat about it when ye got in free,' he said.'

Teacher.-Yes, children, when the war broke out, all the able-bodied men who could leave their families enlisted in the army. Now, can any of you tell ne what motives took them to the front? Bright boy (triumphantly.)-Locomo-

Mrs. Nuritch.-I told Widow Downes o send her boy to you and you'd give im a position.

Mr. Nuritch. - Well, I didn't give im no position. He came with a note from her, an' she said in the note: "I ust find employment for my boy, even if he works for a mere pittance. nerve of her callin' me "a mere pit-

A lady who kept a little curly poodle, lost her pet and called on the police to find it. The next day one of the force ame with the dog, very wet and dirty. The lady was overjoyed, and asked a

number of silly questions—among others:— "Where did you find my dear darling? "Why, ma'am," said the officer, "a fellow had him on a pole and was wash-ing windows with him."

Mr. Martin was talking at the dinner table in his usual clever manner about

he inconsistency of women.
"These young ladies who protest that they are never going to marry!" he broke out. "Everybody knows they will belie their own words at the very first opportunity."

He paused, and evidently hoped that Mrs. Martin would come to the rescue of her sex; but that discreet woman

held her tongue.

"Why, Mary," he continued, "you re with yourself. member how it was with yourself. I have heard you say more than once that you wouldn't marry the best man

alive."
"Well, I didn't," said Mrs. Martin.

QUESTION BOX. RESERVED SINS.

happy."
"And you, my poor Brother, bore the brand of Cain in silence!"
"Ay, Father, but 'twas easier than for him. "Twas only what the neighbors thought I would have done. I was wild,
Any sin over which the confessor's sentence of the Church upon the confessor's sentence of the Church upon the confessor's

ditions are necessary to make a sin reserved?"—Reader.

Any sin over which the confessor's jurisdiction is withheld by his superiors is a reserved one. The Pope possesses plenary jurisdiction, and therefore his power to absolve is unlimited. In conferring jurisdiction on Bishops the Pope limits its extension by reserving all the lighted candles and torches. conferring jurisdiction on Bishops the Pope limits its extension by reserving absolution for certain sins to himself alone. Bishops in bestowing faculties upon priests also limit their powers in certain cases. A case reserved to the Pope or to a Bishop is termed reserved. Reservation of certain sins is a very Reservation of certain sins is a very Reservation of the Company of the Church's Reservation of the Company of the Church's Reservation of the Company of the Church's Reservation of certain sins is a very service or a Mass, and that he was cut off from the benefit of the Church's prayers. Following this portion of the ancient on the who has committed a great sin must demand penitence from the Bishop, and not from a priest." The Bishop, and not from a priest." The municate, expelled from the society of the faithful, might be put to flight like exposition of the discipline of the Church in the matter of reserved cases.
"Our ancient Fathers," it says, "have always held it of grave importance, for the good discipline of Christian people, that certain atrocious and very grievous crimes should not be absolved indifferently by every priest, but only by expression "bell, book and candle" those who are of the first order. This is why, and with just reason, the Sovereign Pontiffs, in virtue of the supreme "A. B."—When a man dies who has why, and with just reason, the Sover-eign Pontiffs, in virtue of the supreme power which was given them over the own judgment the cognizance of certain most atrocious crimes. And as all that comes from God is well ordered, it must man is not excommunicated by the not be doubted that all Bishops, in their several dioceses, have the same liberty, which, however, they should use for edification and not for destruction, and that in consequence of the authority which has been given them over their subjects above all other instance, by attempting marriage before a minister, or by joining the Masons, Odd Fellows, Knights of Pythias and ferior priests, principally in reference to sins that carry with them the censure of excommunication. Now it is conformable to divine authority that this reservation of sins not only has re-

cation. Therefore, in case the Church does not pass the sentence of exec munication upon him, he is not really deprived of his Catholic membership or

liable to the penalties incurred by one that is excommunicated.

But sometimes the neglect of Easter duty is notorious, and consequently scandalous. In such a case the pastor would create scandal by giving the honors of Christian burial to one such Whooping Cough, Croup, Bronchitis Cresolene is a boon to Asthmatics

notoriously scandal maker.

In cases that are not notorious it is better to consult the Bishop before denying all Christian treatment negligent deceased person's body. However, when a man is buried with the rites of the Church, you should presume that the priest has given all attention to the matter and has decided that his action is justified. It is, then, owing to ircumstances that the action of priests. avorable or unfavorable, to such persons is found in different parishes and in apparently similar cases.

THE CHURCH AND FREEMASONRY.
"Why does the Catholic Church excommunicate its members who join the Freemasons?—A. B."

Because Freemason is a sort of re igion. The Church calls it a " sect.' Freemasonry is a sort of religion, for it teaches that God is the Supreme Architect of the universe, and stops there. It does not proclaim the Trinity, and in so far is solely monotheistic. In this regard it ranges itself with Judaism and Mohammedanism. The spirit of Masonry is at least nega-

tive as regards revelation. But as it admits to membership men of every belief, it literally sanctions no belief. Its influence is hurtful to Christian faith, because it actually essays to supplant Christian morality by a code of

ts own that is purely naturalistic.

There are many other reasons why it is condemned by the Church, notably one that it has in Europe ranged its forces on the side of the Church's foes. All the leaders in the various nations that endeavor by legislation to separate religion from education and from the State are members of Masonry, and "by their fruits shall ye know them."
Masonry is professedly and purposely in favor of what is called complete solving, he will certainly regard his sin as out of the ordinary and more grave than others. Consequently his repent-ance will be more active, and his resolu-tion to avoid its commission more firm. arization of things civil. Many of the chiefs or masters are avowedly hostile and virulently outspoken against Christianity. The triangle is more sacred in their eyes than the cross. Masonry exacts an oath of blind obedience to the orders of the lodge. Now no man can conscientiously take such an oath, for leavest he added to describe the orders. tians from committing reserved sin, be-cause of the difficulty of obtaining ab-solution. It often happens that human he may be asked to do something that

Masons of high degree have told me that no Catholic ought to join their ranks. They fully recognize that Cath-

olicity and Masonry are incompatible.

We may rest assured that the Church which is guided by the Holy Spirit knows well what it is doing in excommunicating any of its members who join Masonry. It has had a long all-round accompany with the order and knows erience with the order, and knows well how faith is shipwrecked by is not with Me is against Me, and he that gathereth not with Me scattereth." and in experience. All priests, of course, get sufficient light to treat and neal ordinary spiritual ills, but when the When a man, then, joins Masonry, he makes up his mind to surrender his Church, and is estopped from all complaint when he invites and receives the Certain conditions are laid down that are required before a sin may be placed in the reserved class. 1. It must be a

FOR THE PRIESTS.

Catholics should not forget to pray every day for God's priests, for though their office is so sacred and the powers conferred on them through holy orders are stupendous, their responsibilities are equally so, and every priest must tremble when he thinks of the magni tude of his duties and the awful judg ment awaiting him if he fails to redeen the pledges of his ordination day and neglects to look after the souls whom he, as another Christ, is sent to seek and to save. During the coming month the members of the apostleship of prayer are asked to pray especially for the by the church as a time in which to pay particular honor to our Blessed Mother and to invoke her protection through the devotion of the Rosary. Let us remember, as we say decade after decade of the beads and our minds dwell on the fernal obscenity of the pictures. The sacred mysteries they represent, to police, of course, could not sanction this hink of the blessings we enjoy through the ministry of the priests and to thank they intervened, and the countryman God for those blessings and beg Him and his wife were taken to the police through the intercession of the Queen of station, the proprietor of the show makthe Rosary, to bestow His choicest ing a complaint that his show has been graces on His earthly representatives, damaged \$1.000 worth. The comisario graces on His earthly representatives, ambassadors of Christ, as they are truly called. "Every layman is sensible of the fact," writes Father Bearne, S. J., 'that priests owe a duty to their people. Like the Holy Father himself, the clergy are the servants of God. No worthy priest in the mission dreams of and the aware of the show left to neglect worthy priest in the mission dreams of denying that his people have the first claim upon his time, his energy, his zealous care and his constant devoted-ness. But do the laity always realize that they owe a reciprocal duty to their

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oriests? It is to be feared that in some places they do not. How deplorably neavy, and how entirely undeserved is the load of grumbling laid upon the al-ready overburdened shoulders of many parish priest! How little, how petty how mean, how ungenerous, are the grievances of some people who pretend to be devout! How pitifully sellish and how deplorably snubbish are the complaints that they pour into ears already aching with the vices and sorrows of men! Imagined slights, little jealousies, trivial understandings, wounded feeling arising, really from a sensitiveness which is undisguised self-conceit—on account of such despicable trifles as such forbidden association; for "he that is not with Me is against Me, and he must be hindered and stopped. If we can do nothing else for our clergy at least let us give them our daily prayers. The 'pray for me' that we hear as we leave the confessional is no mere formula; often enough it comes from the very depths of a heart that is both sad and weary. Let no day pass without beg-ing God's help for those upon whom is laid the terrible burden of the souls of men. And during the present month pray very specially for the multiplica-tion and the sanctification of priests."— Intermountain Catholic.

The Nasty Moving Picture.

The moving picture show, which in so many cases has proved itself a species of abomination, particularly hurtful to children since children form a large proportion of its patrons, is as bad as it dares to be without coming within reach of the law. The pictures presented at some of these shows are vulgar and wickedly suggestive, even when they are not openly obscene. In some cities they are obscene. Down in Beunos Ayres, Argentina, the other day, a strong-armed and the owner of the show left to pocket his loss and gnash his teeth. The Buenos Ayres papers applaud the action of the man who took up so effectively the cause of public decency. — Sacred Heart Re-

Just Lay Aside

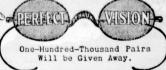
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in the usual condensed form. Each insert it would be well were they to tell the clerk them their CATHOLIC RECORD. We have inf mot carelessness in a few places on the part ery clerks who will sometimes look for lett

Bears, Luke King, P. J. Neven, E. J. Broderick as Sara Hanley are! fully authorized to receberiptions and transact all other business for introduce RECORD. Agent for Newfoundland, mes Power of St. John. Agent for district of Ning Mrs. M. Reynolds, New Liskeard.

LETTERS OF RECOMMENDATION.

Apostolic Delegation. Ottawa, June 13th, 1905.

Mr. Thomas Coffey

My. Dear Sir.—Since coming to Canada I have been a reader of your paper. I have noted with satisfaction that it is directed with intelligence and ability, and, above all, that it is imbut with a strong Catholic spirit. It strenuously defends Catholic orinciples and rights, and stands firmly by the teachings and authority of the Church, at the same time promoting the best interests of the country. Following these lines it has done a great deal of good for the welfare of religion and country, and it will do more and more, as its wholesome influence reaches more Catholic homes. I therefore, earnestly recommend it to; Catholic families. With my blessing on your work, and best wishes for its continued success, Yours very sincerely in Christ,

Donatus, Archbishop of Ephesus,

Apostolic Delegate.

UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA.

UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA

Ottawa, Canada, March 7th, 1900 fr. Thomas Coffey:

Dear Sir: For some time past I have read you

utimable paper, the CATHOLIC RECORD, and concru

ulate you upon the manner in which it is publishe

ts manner and form are both good; and a tru

Catholic spirit pervades the whole. Therefore, wi

pleasure, I can recommend it to the faithful. Bles

ng you and wishing you success, believe me to r

LONDON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 21, 1908.

THE CHRISTIAN GUARDIAN ON

THE EUCHARISTIC CONGRESS. It is hardly to be expected that the Christian Guardian or any of its correspondents could appreciate the Eucharistic Congress. We would not look for appreciation from that quarter. The Congress was not gotten up with any prospect of the kind. Its order lay apon too high a plane, and taught too deep a lesson for minds looking only to externals and seeking only sentiment. Let us see, however, what our Methodist contemporary has to say-then we can measure it better, and tearing off the ragged fringe throw the little that is left into the waste basket. "Undoubtedly," says the correspondent, "the most imposing and spectacular of the congresses in London was the Eucharistic Congress held in the Roman Catholic Cathedral at Westminster. It was, of course, in no sense a Conference; nobody who knew anything about the Roman Church expected that it would be. Neither was there in anything said or done an appeal to the intellect, for since the days of Newman and those who with him deserted Protestantism, the Roman Church has had none who have for if this be not conceded all future life been distinguished in the higher life and thought of our times. It was an attempt ity of reward or punishment are in that to disguise the commonplace by an imposing spectacle, an appeal to the emotions by means of splendid ritual and gorgeous vestments." Some people attributes, create a being who would know all about a thing: they cannot be taught and they refuse to be contradicted. A Eucharistic Procession spectacular! No doubt it is spectacular: so is the standing up of a queen from court. Beyond the display is the dignity, and beyond the dignity is the authority. Thus is it always with the Church where the Blessed Sacrament is concerned. The Church goes forth as a tyrant; for God can never be one or the queen to greet her Spouse. All that grace and refinement and generosity can sternly just as He is infinitely holy. afford will be applied to the occasionpomp of ceremony, sheen of vestmentsto render it less unworthy of Him who ist its first principle and last If God punishes sin at all it is because end. These externals are the He hates it. And He hates it because mere accidents. Beneath them is the substance. The accidents may differ, the substance remains the same. However grand and varied might be the appearance and (dignity of those who took part in the London procession, its significance went far beyond the scarlet of Cardinal, the purple of prelate and the surpliced choirs of the others. It had a double meaning-for the faithful missed the Master, the Way and the The second meaning was that their piety and devotion would make amends for those who would not allow Him to be carried and worshipped in the streets of modern Babylon. The Blessed Eucharist is so strong an appeal to mind and heart and soul that the whole religious man goes out in praise and prayer as the incense offered in God's sight. It needs no preacher and hears no speaker save the consoling word of that abiding Presence-light and refuge for all. Any one looking at by his own free choice as far from God that Eucharistic service or any Procession of the Blessed Sacrament cannot. unless utterly blinded by prejudice, rest merely upon the external pomp and display. Again. This wiseacre of a correspondent claims that nothing was ation may take place the man must turn

said or done appealing to the intellect. again towards God. This cannot be If a professor read a paper upon spheri-cal trigonometry to a kindergarten class we dare say the children could not appreciate the subject. It is the same with the Christian Guardian correspon dent. Many valuable and highly intellectual papers were read which might appeal to any intellect. Perhaps the correspondent did not hear any of them. If so he should not be so rash in his judgment. Perhaps he heard them and could not appreciate them. In that case he should not try to bluff the poor Toronto Methodists. When, however, he says that the Roman Church has had none since the days of Newman distinguished for the higher life he is no judge. Men and women there are in Englands converts and others. whose generation is of to-day and whose virtues and learning sanctify and strengthen the Catholic Church in England.

IS HELL ETERNAL?

Wise men come from the East. Not

always. Away down where the tide

comes in at Truro and the waves from

the Atlantic break upon the shore of

Nova Scotia, was a man in ministerial

garb not at all wise-nor holy nor just.

He held a meeting. Crowds flocked

to hear him; for his subject had stirring sound: "To Hell and Back." Was the lecturer on his return trip? Was he about to speak of things whereof he knew? Or was he theorizing? One may well wonder at throngs gathering to hear such themes treated in guess-work method. No deeper problem can be presented to the moralist and the theologian than the finality of sin. It will not do to let this gentleman off without comment upon his own argument; and by going with him another mile, say something positive upon the other side: Is hell eternal? We leave out of the question the punishment of sense, the worm that dieth not, the fire that is not extin guished, the despair that knows no hope the unstated yearning whose desire is ever active and never filled. All these and many other points we leave out of consideration as not directly bearing upon the eternity of it. By hell we mean that loss of God which those suffer who die in mortal sin. This loss of God. which is the essential part of hell is, we maintain, eternal. Arguments against it are marked by an erroneous view of God-a sentimental notion that hell is contrary to a God of goodness-that the eternal mercy of God and His eternal justice are not compatible. And the one attribute upon which these gentlemen delight in speaking is God's mercy How, they say, can a God of infinite goodness create a being whom he knows will be lost? They would have us believe that the eternity of hell was not held by the early Church, that it is merely a relic of the so-called dark ages without any foundation for its authority in the Old or the New Testament or even patristic theology. First of all we premise that the soul by nature is immortal; is but a dream and poetic fancy. Eterncase no more than empty names. The argument that God could not, due consideration being had to His infinite suffer for all eternity, has no force, no matter how strongly it may appeal to servile sentiment. We say servile for the reason that the higher sentiments of reverence for God and hatred for sin are deeply intensified by the conviction that hell is eternal. He is slavishly a knew what money meant, and still held slave who would rejoice that sin was easier because damnation is only temporal. Hell is not the cruelty of a other, cruel or tyrannical. He can be Neither His justice nor His sanctity is a shadow cast upon His mercy. Still less is God's mercy a compromise with sir. sin is evil and God is good. Now to commit a mortal sin there must on the part of the object be gravity of matter and on the part of the subject full deliberation and full consent. If a man commits such a sin and dies in that state he dies an enemy to God. He turned his back upon God-deliberately, wilfully chose some forbidden object in preference to his supreme God and Creator. As that tree fell so does it lie. The man died, away from God-his mind fully turned upon evil, his will fixed upon it with all the consent he could give. That soul remains forever below the line of that supreme good which he could, and should have sought. He remains grovelling in his own darkness, below his destiny, suffering the penalty of condemnation which his own disobedence necessarily incurred. The man chose evil, died in evil, and remains forever fixed in evil. He is as he could put himself. But since God is everywhere the man cannot get himself away absolutely from God. Dying in sin, he has become an object of God's said it was no sacrifice for a missionary eternal hatred. In order that reconcili-

done, for two reasons. Death fixed the will of the man; secondly, no grace is given to a soul after death, and grace is absolutely necessary for conversion. Thus between the man who dies in mortal sin and God there is an unfathomable gulf, an impassable abyss. We see in all this nothing contrary to reason. Nor does it contain the least objection to all possible reverence due God's attributes. If there is difficulty in reconciling eternal punishment with God's mercy the denial of it is still more irreconcilable with the justice and holines of God. Mercy should not be mistaker for softness. Nor should we forget that all the ways of the Lord are mercy and truth." Thus God's dealing with the sinner, the man who died in sin, must also be in mercy and truth. It is a tremendous mercy that any chance was given the sinner to repent. Mercy is it also that his punishment is not greater. What is the greatest wrong to souls in such theories as the temporal duration is the drug and false security with which it saturates them. It sounds harsh to worldly and self-gratifying ears to talk about eternal punishment: it annoys men, drives them from religion rather than attracts them to it. We cannot bargain with God or evade strictness. Hell was not in the original plan nor primarily intended for man. God willed to spare and to have mercy. He created hell in punishment of sin and as a deterrent from it. Let the eternal fire some day be quenched, or substitute purgatory for hell, the moral standard is lowered from the height of heavenly sanctity to the depths of earthly baseness, God's grace is undervalued and the field of redemption oversown with naturalism. The plausible argument that God could not create men to be lost is sheer Calvinism. Its author, confusing the omniscience of God with His will and omnipotence, laid down the terrifying doctrine that some were actually created for the purpose of being ost-a doctrine as blasphemous as it is revolting. God on His part sincerely wills all men to be saved. He is a propitiation for the sins of the whole world. It is true God foreknows the eternal loss of the unrepentant sinner. God knows the event because it occurs. Its occurrence is not due to God; it is due to the malice of the sinner. God's foreknowledge in no way affects our freedom of will. Let us stop for the present and take up the other points next week.

LABRADOR. Our attention has been called to the claims of a self-appointed missionary on the Labrador coast. He is a medical doctor-at least that is his calling. His friends make him out the hero of Canada, "the i greatest example of individual self-sacrifice of the age." It is not just that this light should be hid under a bushel. No fear of Dr. Grenfell himself doing such a foolish thing Lest we might throw a smothering cloak over him, as if we were jealous, we give few notes upon the gentleman who in his tour of self-sacrifice is gathering funds. He has decided to spend six nonths in Canada and the United States for this purpose. From the report it seems he made an early start-some seventeen years ago. He began by giving medical assistance : and it is our honest opinion he has never got far beyond it. He taught the people, simple folk that they were, a few things about able of producing timber of sawmill size to barter as a mode of mercantile dealings. Under this zealous, selfsacrificing missionary trading has in proved. Another improvement brought about by Dr. Grenfell is his care of the sick, with which he closely connected his spiritual administrations. His own description is: "The principal disease with which they had to contend was tuberculosis, and while he was preaching the gospel he tried to heal the sick at the same time. The people had been accustomed to treat sickness by charms and old fashioned remedies and there was some difficulty in overcoming their are doing more to impoverish our wealth ideas in this respect." One of the best samples of self-sacrifice we remember is another item in Dr. Grenfell's plan. It is a number of co-operative stores. The to preserve what remains and foster first store of this kind was started in 1896 with merely \$85.00 for capital. That store now does a business of \$11, 000 a year and pays a dividend of 30 per cent. No wonder his friends should praise Dr. Grenfell: he is one of the greatest promoters of the day. Mission ary? He is an aureate apostle. We do not see what those old Catholic missionaries were doing that they did no start co-operative stores-for it should not be forgotten that Catholic mission were founded and flourishing on the coast long before this co-operative promoter set out for Labrador. These Franciscan monks were too slow. They never took to money kindly anyway they would not touch it, for their rule

"There are," he added, "various ways of getting joy out of working for Christ," Quite right! co-operative missionary stores paying 30 per cent are the latest, if not the best paying. Who would not go and be a missionary? Self-appointed, self-seeking and selfsacrificing-whichever way one looks at the doctor's plan-commercial school. medical school, co-operative store-self stands out from start to finish a deusion and a snare, bringing ridicule upon religion and contempt upon the very term of missionary.

MONEY STEWARDSHIP.

We have been brought to task be cause we said not long ago that men are beginning to see that money is nothing more than a trust rendered to us by [God. Life itself is best measured by this standard. It is to throw a halo about external goods, or more strictly speaking, it is consecrating what so often is desecrated. Few doctrines have lost so much hold of the Christian mind as the part our possessions should take in the work of sanctification. They are not ours in the sense of absolute ownership-yet in them we have sacred, inviolable rights. No one can take them from us against our will. Without such a first principle industry would stagnate and society crumble. I commerce has got away from its moorings, and if money itself as well as other articles has acquired an artificial value it is due to this wandering. Money has ceased to be a trust; it is a term to be sought, an idol to be worshipped. The difficulty, or at least one of the difficulties, is that money and labor are in less stable equilibrium than money and capital. Money is simple, labor is complex-much more so than capital. We readily know the unit of money, whilst the unit of labor is often an impossible quantity. Rent comes in as a third factor, increasing wages somewhat, but not nearly so fast as it increases labor. As consequence the workman has to seek labor in a congested district where he must also live, and so add a large premium to the cost of living. If noney, coming back, be considered a rust from God, it will fall more directly under the law of charity; it will have to be accounted for at judgment; t will cease to be an idol. All God's friends will benefit by it-and God has no friends on earth whom He cherishes nore than the poor. Man cannot do making reference to the life of the late petter than foster, and care for them Patrick A. Collins, says: "What an too. God sets such a value upon alms inspiration and example for us all in the and respect for work that He rewards life of this poor Irish immigrant boy, the one in an infinite kind of way; and a violation of the wages of the workman He regards as a cry to Heaven. We omit reference to the extreme cases which our correspondent quotes as not relevant to the point or beneficial for reflection. Greed is no doubt to be found everywhere. We may bewail the fact; delete it absolutely, we cannot.

OUR TIMBER. From an address of Prof. Fernow of the University of Toronto we may gather that Canada is much poorer in good timber than was thought and that Canadians are criminally negligent in the care of what little is left. According to the professor the tree growth is considerable, covering as much as 50 per cent of our territory. "If," he says, commercially valuable forest growth is considered, land covered with or caplocated in sufficient quantity and accessible for commercial exploitation, not 10 per cent will be found to be of that des cription. Two real timber areas alone remain: one in the East and the other in the West. The latter, situated in British Columbia occupies only about 5,000,000 acres ; the one on the Atlantic south of the height of land contains 200,000,000 acres. There is on both an estimated stand of 600,000,000,000 feet of timber. This represents not more than fifteen or twenty years' requirements for the United States. Forest fires, which not only destroy standing trees but doom all timber to destruction. than commercial use. Ignorance and carelessness are largely to blame for the destruction. It becomes every citizen what may be reproduced in our forest area. The seed time is ours, though not the harvest. That will be for our country and some other generation.

OUT-OF-THE-WAY PLACES.

Is there such a place in the Church of God? Through the Church the sun goes down. Day hath uttered speech to day for many a century, till through the whole earth the Church sends up praise trial. to the Lord. No place is out of the way for the Church to go. There is not a Bishop everywhere, nor even a priest. Large as the circle is, away on the circumference are souls to be saved, distant and lonely, far from centres of forbade them. "In closing, Dr. Grenfell | Church organization and parochial administration. They need more care to go out and preach the gospel." than the better situated; for they have Certainly not with dividen's of 30 per, no unstruction, or they meet with no

sympathy in life's pilgrimage. They re not exactly the stray sheep whom the shepherd must seek. They are, if taken care of, the pioneers of new Catholic parishes and dioceses. These are in out-of-the-way places-in the pathless lands and the waterless deserts. They may be found anywhere-in the bye ways of the crowded cities as well as in the sea-like prairie or the lonely mountain. Who, if not the zealous lovers of souls, will go out to them with instruction and sacraments? Grace moves mysteriously-it will find means of reaching many of these famishing souls whose salvation is in danger. The Church is the best organized institution in the world. Its completeness in this respect militates against these out-ofthe-way places. With encouragement we look forward, with prayer and hope that charity is sending, or preparing, messengers who will break the word of God to these outlying districts. We refer to the Church Extension Society, which, if prudently conducted, has a glorious work to do in out-of-the-way places.

WORDS OF BURNING IMPORT WORD uttered by Bishop Canevin at the meeting of the Total Abstinence union of America at Hartford, Conn. "The Church mourns," he said, "over the scandalous and devastating work of intemperance which openly and aggressively defies the laws of God and assails the peace and well-being of society. The havoe which drunkenness works amongst large numbers of people is dreadful to contemplate, marring in their souls the graces and power of religion, sacrificing to sensuality and brutal excess not only their reason but their morality, their property, the honor of their children, their health, their souls and the hopes of eternity." Time and time again have sentiments akin to these been ground into the hearts and minds of the weak ones in the flock of Christ by their faithful pastors. But too often promises are broken, thought is postponed, and the glare and glitter of the well-appointed whiskey den entices the unfortunates to degradation. The young man who begins life in this way will be a failure and the elderly man who leads his children towards the bar-room by giving bad example himself will sooner or later feel the stings of remorse.

A WRITER IN THE Boston Pilot,

who began his career so humbly in this city, without friends, without fortune, yet by his perseverance, his magnetism, his tact and his indomitable industry, became chief magistrate of this great city. . . . He was faithful to duty, incorruptibly honest, possessed magnetism, tact and breadth of view, and he placed a higher value upon character than upon success." We may be thankful that we have many a Patrick A. Collins in Canada and they are forging their way to the front. We would say to our Irish people, however, that there are a few, very few, but very noisy, who occasionally seek the confidence of the people for public positions. They should in every case be rejected. We want Irish Catholics worthy the name to represent us. Let the other kind be made to realize that they are not wanted. The elector who goes to the poll and votes for any man for a public

able character, commits a serious crime LORD NORTHCLIFFE recently addressed the Pilgrims' Club in New York and said some very pungent things in regard to conditions in Great Britain and America. He made particular reference to the press of both countries. His statement as to the reliability of the press despatches of some Sunday or yellow papers most people will agree with, but many will take issue with him in his estimate of the character of the London Times. That it has been a great newspaper no one will deny. But its editors from generation to generation seem to have been guided in their utterances solely by the privileged class. They could see and denounce in unmeasured terms tyrannical procedure in other lands but religiously shut their eyes to similar conditions at their own doors. The Times was always the bitter foe of Ireland and Irishmen. That country, in the mind's eye of the editor, was destined by the Almighty to be merely a pleasure ground for the English fox hunting gentry who robbed the original owners of their inheritance. The Irish people, however, have had their revenge. The Thunderer has never recovered from the blow received at the Parnell

HERE IS SOMETHING from an America paper which gives us an example of a certain kind of modernism. We have a class of both sexes who love dogs more than they love children. A couple in Wilmington, Del., whose pet dog died, had the animal interred with due solemnity. Here is how the local paper

"The night the snimal died an undertaker was sent for and a chestnut ket with a silver plate bearing words "Our Darling" was made. body was laid out in the sitting room of the home the next day, where it was viewed by many neighbors. It rested on a silk blanket and was surrounded with flowers." One's first thought upon reading this eads to a suspicion that the couple re ferred to are fit subjects for an insane asylum. To the Christian this conduct s simply shocking. Too often is it the case that a certain maudlin class give more thought and care to brutes than they would give to Christ's needy little

> ONE OF OUR American contemporaries draws attention to the practice of Catholic societies, when making announcement of their entertainments, do'ng that which borders on the irreverent. No wrong is meant of course, but it is nevertheless shocking to the Catholic instinct to see it announced in the public press that there is a Sacred Heart Card Club or St. Paul's Euchre Party. We have often asked benefit society people what good is derived from entertainments of this sort. The answer is that it passes the time. If no better mode of passing the time could be employed it would be preferable if the members were in their homes. Surely there could be some cheme devised that would enable society members to carry with them from the meeting room thoughts worth cherishing and ambition to noble purposes stimulated. The inveterate card player and the inveterate novel sucker will always hold a place at the foot of the class.

IT IS QUITE THE CUSTOM nowadays to refer in most complimentary terms to the purity of life of Irish women. The picture is not overdrawn, and we be lieve there is no country in the world which equals Ireland in this regard. Father Bernard Vaughan, the English Jesuit, in a sermon of recent date, re ferred to race suicide in England. Contrasting the two countries, he said Oh! how I wish with all my heart and soul that my country were like Erin across the water, untainted by a sir which is a plague spot in our midst. Let us do honor to a people whose beautiful homes is the only part of our great empire where the birth rate has not declined."

WE ARE GLAD to be able to state that great work is going on in Ireland for the promotion of temperance. Many a time the wish is expressed that one or more Father Mathews would come to the front to stem the tide of intemperance in that country. We do not wish to convey the impression that the Irish are any worse than their neighbors. Indeed they have a better record in this respect than the people of England and Scotland, as Government statistics show the consumption of intoxicants per capita in the Emerald Isle is less than either of the countries named. Father Aloysius, a Franciscan of Dublin is now engaged in a temperance crusade which bears resemblance to the work of Father Mathew. We trust unbounded success will crown his efforts.

A MOVEMENT-is on foot by the pastor and people of the parish of Penetanguishene to erect a monument in their church to perpetuate the memory of their former saintly pastor, Father Laboureau. It is the told, to have a large bell placed in one of the towers of that church which is a fitting monument to the Jesuit martyrs and to the erection of which Father Laboureau had devoted his best energies for many years. Contributions may be addressed to Rev. Henry Brunet, admininistrator, Penetanguishene, Onto

On November 9th our Holy Father celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of his ordination into the priesthood. The nembers of the Sacred College offered him their warmest congratulations. In replying to the address of the Cardinals. the Pope spoke in the most touching erms, thanking them most heartily for their good wishes. At the conclusion of the function His Holiness conversed pleasantly with each of his visitors.

THAT GUNPOWDER PLOT.

We reproduce this week the following etter which appeared in the London Free Press of the 14th inst. This plain statement of the Gunpowder Plot will be a revelation o our Orange friends on the side lines who take their lessons in history from eaders who trade on their simplicity. We commend a careful study of this ricle to those men who believe their Cataolic neighbors would, had they the power, play havoc with their civil and religious liberties :

In the Free Press of November 9 eport was given of a public meeting held in the city hall, London, where Mr. Hocken and a couple of reverend gentlemen discoursed on Guy Fawkes, or Cecil's Gunpowder Plot. There are generally two sides to every question. These gentlemen have given me side, or their views, it is right that the public descriptions of the side of the s should bear the tue: side as

What was the result of this plot? It is What was the result of this plot? It is certain that none of the intended victims were killed or injured by it, and it is also certain that most of those who took any part in it were put to a most cruel death, were hanged and quartered, and that against innocent Catholics and Puritans Nonconformists penal laws were enforced in all thir severity.

What led up to or provoked the Gun-powder Plot? A most cruel and relent-less persecution for conscience sake any man who did not worship at the altar of the church as established by law was deprived of civil and religious liberty. deprived of civil and religious liberty.
If his conscience forbade him to attend
the church he had to pay a fine of \$100 a
month, and if he had a family \$50 for
every member. If he refused to do this he was sent to prison and finally put to a most cruel death. In the year 1605, previous to the discovery of the Gunpowder Plot, six thousand persons were cited before the courts for no other reason than their refusal to attend the services of the church established by the Government. No wonder that some people were driven to desperation against a government that robbed them of their faith and earthly goods. Just imagine Mr. Hocken every Sunday attending a state church, against his conscience, with a \$100 monthly fine dangling over his head for non-attendance. Would not his head be full of plots or comething else against a Government that dealt so severely with him for con-science sake. Yet this was exactly the case in England before as well as after the Gunpowder Plot. How many were implicated in that plot? Some historians ay about a dozen, others a score or so. Neither the Catholic Church nor the Catholic people of England had anything to do with it. Garnet, a Jesuit, was condemned to death, not for taking part directly or indirectly, in that plot, but for not revealing to the Government the knowledge he obtained of it through the confessional. From the testimony of witnesses, it is evident that he used his influence to divert the conspirators from their evil purpose. It is unjust to con-demn the Church for the wrong doings of any of its delinquent members. When they do wrong it is in spite of her teachings. At the beginning of King James reign the half of England was Catholic The Catholics were not implicated in that plot. It was their leader, Lord Monteagle, a Catholic, who discovered the plot and made it known to the King and Parliament. Some of those who took part in the plot were never known as Catholics or to be in a Catholic church. People who celebrate such an event must be sorely in want for a subect to keep up religious strife between neighbors.

In Parson's studies in "Church History," we read vol. iv., "King James in his first speech to Parliament declared that he would not persecute Cathelier." As a consequence of this mildness thousands returned to the faith; in the diocese of Chester alone one thousand abjured the heresy they feigned to embrace. These conversions caused a panic among the partisans of the estab-lishment, and in 1604 an act of Parliament confirmed the bloody statutes of Elizabeth. Priests were banished, a voman was hanged for relieving or harboring a priest and a citizen was hanged for being reconciled to the church. Terrible, indeed, had been the sufferings of the faithful during the reign of the daughter of Anne Boleyn, but during the reign of her successor Catho-lies were wont to say that "although the times of Elizabeth were most cruel, they were the mildest and happiest in comparison with those of James I."

No person of sane mind, now asserts that the Roman court had any connection with the gunpowder plot, or that the lay Catholics of England, outside the circle of less than a score of conspirators, knew anything of it. No respectable publicist accuses the English priesthood, as a body, of any complicity, direct or indirect, in the matter, and very few mederns manifest any inclination to credit the charges which Cecil brought gainst the Jesuits, Garnet, Gerard and Greenway. . . . In one year alone, 1065, six thousand recusants were cited before the courts for having neglected to attend the services of the establishment, and each was fined £20 a month for himself and £10 a month a month for himself and £10 a month for each member of his family. Catholics could hardly go out to walk without seeing the heads and limbs of their dear ones stuck upon the gates that divide the country of the puke of Norfolk will retain his English title of Earl of Arundel, but on the streets, and the birds of the air perching upon them. Atrocities such as these were the cause, if not the justification of the gunpowder plot.

"In the diocese of Chester the number of recusants increased by a thous-and. Rumors of Catholic conversions spread a panic which showed itself in an act of the Parliament of 1604, confirm ing the statutes of Elizabeth. The dis appointment of their hopes, the quick breach of the pledges so solemnly given to them, drove the Catholics to despair' Green's English History, vol. 3, pages 468, 469. The persecution of Catholics in those days surpassed in its severity the persecution of the early Christians by the pagan R. man Emperors.—C. D. L.

CHRISTIANITY MULTICLIED BY THE DOLLAR. the press gallery for forty-two years, and for thirty-two years of that time he wrote the "Herald's" parliamentary DOLLAR.

Mr. Fred B. Smith, International Secretary of the Y. M. C. A. for religious work, concedes, according to the report of his speech at the semi-centennial of that organization in Chicago that "men do not attend church as they used to" and "possibly" this is " to be regretted." Mr. Smith finds much consolation, however, from the large sum of money which these "types of Christians" lave been devoting to philanthropic work—the Y. M. C. A. securing from the "types" last year about one million of dollars per month. Mr. Smith thinks "" If solation, however, from the large sum of that this is a step "in advance," "If to be money-mad means prosperity," he says, "let us be money-mad." He holds the online to says, "let us be money-mad.
the opinion too that we are having now
"-i-ile Christianity" a clash between "virile Christianity" and the "ascetic type"; that the latter is "obsolete"; that we have "outgrown it"; "it meant sacrifice and suffering. it"; "it meant sacrifice and suffering.
We are getting religion in a new and upto-date form."—all of which leads us to
wooder much, not at Mr. Smith but
that he should so inthinkingly show
hi hand and so canvissly let every me

OFFICERS OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH EXTENSION SOCIETY



Chairman of the Board of Governors of the Catholic Church Extension Society. REV. ALFRED E. BURKE, D.D., President of the Canadian Church Extension Society

end of it all.-Extension.

NEWS FROM SCOTLAND.

By the death of Lord Herries, the

Duchess of Norfolk, his daughter, succeeds to the Scottish Barony of Herries.

and her infant son, the Earl of Arundel becomes the master of Herries. In Scotland the title of Master is always

the Herries estates in Scotland he will be known by his Scottish designation. It is interesting to note that the Herries and Norfolk families fought on opposite sides at the great battle of Flodden, the Earl of Surrey, after-

wards Duke of Norfolk, being in com-mand of the English army, while Lord Herries fought by the side of King

The death is announced of Mr Bernard F. Bussy, for many years Parlia-mentary correspondent of the "Glasgow Herald." Mr. Bussy, who was "Father"

of the Press Gallery in the British House of Commons, was one of the many

Catholic newspaper men who occupied seats there. He had plied his pencil in

Preaching in St. Peter's Church, Edin-

burgh, the other Sunday, Father Benson said that it was hard for non-Catholics to

understand how Catholics were so optimistic. There was about Catholics a serenity and tranquility that bewild-

ered the world. Those who lived up to their faith appeared to be able to cheer-

A confirmation service was held in

St. Peter's Church, Aberdeen, on the feast of St. Luke. The Right Rev. Aenas Chisholm, Bishop of Aberdeen,

administered the sacrament of confirma-tion to over fifty children, besides a

James IV. of Scotland.

letter.

President and Founder of the Catholic Church Extension Society. MOST REV. JAMES H. BLENK,

HON. SIR CHARLES FITZPATRICK.

the church-destructive tendency of the Y. M. C. A. A religion which may be purchased by money without any other Catholic Church in Scotland in which High Mass was celebrated after the so called Reformation. " sacifice or suffering" and which inter-feres in no way with ease and Sunday morning sloth will find, as it has already found, many devotees. Of course we presume that Mr. Smith has now and gast, St. Patrick's, Glasgow, gave a lecture on "Historical Spots in Ireland." then noted the teachings of Christ rethen noted the teachings of Christ re-garding poverty and fidelity as well as the dangers of riches, but he feels per-haps that the "virile" type of the "new and up-to-date" religion can afford to Father Prendergast, in the course of his lecture, compared the stately and mag-nificent mansions of the landlords with the poor hovels of the real owners of the land. Why were the people so poor? They did not get a chance to beignore what was said so long ago and under such distressing circumstances. But Christ surely was not of Mr. Smith's come rich. They had to live on a small patch of land, and in a house hardly fit for a human being, for which they had to "virile" type, which builds perfection on basket-ball, hurdle races and dollars. pay an exhorbitant rent. If they made any improvements on their lands or The spirit of "sacrifice and suffering" which prompted His forty days' fast could have no lesson to the "up-to-date," houses, their rents were raised. non-church-going Christian of philan-thropic build. Mr. Smith is just one of the straws which indicate the direction of the wind. When the money-mad vind blows thousands far out o the seas of cupidity, indifferentism and luxury, the straw bends before it till it breaks the little real Christian stamina that is in it, for straws of course have no backbone. The International Secretary of the Y. M. C. A. for religious work may not realize it, but he is himself a "type" not of real virile Christianity, but of that new and up-to-d: te form of Protestantism which is hastening fast to the

The rehabilitation of Burns proceeds apace. The Rev. Father Caruana, O. S. B., delivered a lecture to the members of the Catholic Young Men's Society, Portobello, on the morality of Society, Portobello, on the morality of the poet's teaching. A mutual friend and he had been discussing the works of Burns, and they came to the conclusion, said Father Caruana, that in many of his poems he had proved himself to be an excellent moral mentor, and, probably structing them for ourselves as we live.

know what some always knew regarding Peter's Church, Aberdeen, was the first theologian. Father Caruana quoted number of Burns' verses which estab-lished the title the Benedictine had given him. The lecturer praised Burns' estimate of the weaknesses and strength Under the auspices of the Caledonian Catholic Association, Father PrenderPatrick's, Glasgow, gave a of the moral maxims. The lecturer ism some of the best utterances of the national bard.

> The Empress Eugenie was recently asked by the Glasgow Dumfrieshire Society, in view of the fact that her mother was one of the Kirkpatricks of Closeburn, in Scotland, to allow her name to be enrolled among its patrons. She has now replied, through her secretary, M. Pietri, that she "regrets that, as she has for a long time past declined to allow her name to appear on any public list of associations or of patronage, she is unable to depart in this case from the rule which she has imposed upon her-self. But, being desirous to prove to you the interest which she takes in your (for £5) which you will find enclosed.

Hell, purgatory, heaven, we are con quite unconsciously, a sound Catholic As we make them, so they will be.

A CALL TO THE RICH.

Was it not the great Archbishop Hughes who said proudly that St. Pat-rick's Cathedral was built with the pennies of the servant girls?

The Cathedral in New York had few

rich sons when it was begun and not many more saw it finished, but there it stands complete and beautiful, the work of the poor. We are often tempted to think and say that they alone do God justice when out of their slender means they offer generously. If we are all or they offer generously. If we are all expected to do for God and religion in proportion as God has done for us, it will surely be the poor who stand in the front rank at the judgment. Prominent at all celebrations are names that are names and nothing more all seeks. names and nothing more. "I can not give as generously as I want to, Father," said a rich man once in our hearing. "It costs me \$15,000 a year to live." The said a rich man once in our hearing. "It costs me \$15,000 a year to live." The rich man whose name is on every program, often—too often—stops his generosity there, forgetting that the show of his grandeur was ample payment and so God may take it. There is no comparison at all to be considered between a ison at all to be considered between a twenty-thousand-dollar income and a six-hundred-dollar one. The world ho ors one and despises the other. Maybe God reverses the judgment, for it is the God reverses the judgment, for it is the rule and not the exception to find the giving in proportion a hundred times greater from the six-hundred-dollar man than from his richer brother. Artificial excuses in the shape of luxuries in life, may look very poor and paltry for a God Who knows. The poor built St. Patrick's marble magnificence, fitting white testimony to the purity of their love for God. The act was symbolic, for so they have built the Church in America. Rich man, it is your turn. To make the Church still greater, to allow it to reach out its arms still farther, ought to be your task. You have the charity of the poor to thank even for the roof which everys you as you working. poor to thank even for the roof which covers you as you worship. Be entury. Heed the calls of the Great West, which will some day be filled with cities as great as your own. Build your Cathedrals of souls since your lowly brothers have preempted the marble. Gather the fragments—there remain baskets enough to feed millions with spiritual food and make strong and mighty a new host to gather in city after city when another century has rolled city when anothe by.—Extension.

BAD FICTION

Parents and guardians, in these days of cheap books and a sort of intoxica-tion in the matter of the reading of novels and romances, need to be put on their guard as to a certain class of fiction which may fall into their children's hands. Bram Stoker, writing in the September Nineteenth Century and

After, declares : Within a couple of years past quite a number of novels have been published in England that would be a disgrace to any country even less civilized than our own. The class of works to which I allude are meant by both authors and publishers to bring to the winning of commercial success the forces of inherent evil in man. . . . The merest glance at some of their work will justify any harshness of judgment; the rough est synopsis will horrify. It is not well to name either these books or their authors, for such would but make known what is better suppressed, and give the writers the advertisement which they crave. . . . The evil is a grave and dangerous one, and may, if it does not already, deeply affect the principles and lives of the young people of this country. . . . The offenders are such as try. . . . The offenders are such as are amenable only to punitive measures. They may be described as a class which is thus designated in the searching Doric of the North of Ireiand: "They

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Be wise. Profit by Mrs. Eaton's example, and start with "Fruit-atives." They will quickly relieve Pain in the Back, and stop Headaches because they keep bowels, kidneys and skin in perfect order and insure the blood being always pure and rich.

"Fruit-a-tives" is now put up in the new 25c trial size as well as the regular 50c boxes. All dealers should have both sizes. If yours does not, write Frult-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

would do little for God's sake if the devil was dead !"-Sacred Heart Re-

Book.-" Della Dorn, Struggles of the Boers," a poetical work by Thomas J. Allison, written on the metre of Scot's "Lady of the Lake," has been received. Especially to those who took an interest in the Boer war this book will prove a most interesting companion for spare hours. It is a very clever production and deserves a permanent place in American literature. It is published by the firm of J. S. Hyland & Co., Chicago.

Our Lord and Saviour wishes us to face, the thought of judgment without undue terror or excitement. He says that if we judge ourselves, we shall not be judged. The habitual practise of confession, of examination of conscience, and of serious reflection, accompanied by constantly renewed resolution, is a most certain security against a severe judgment.





Twenty-fourth Sunday after Pente

THE LAST JUDGMENT.

For as the lightning cometh out of the east peareth even unto the west, so also shall the peareth even unto the west, so also shall the

Next Sunday will be the beginning the Advent season. The word Advent means the coming. The Advent season is the time to prepare for the coming the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ the Second Person of the Blessed Trin-ity, the Eternal Son of the Eternal Father, God Himself, into this world t redeem us from sin, to set us an example of all virtues, to open for us the gates of the kingdom of heaven, and make us the sharers of His infinite happiness for all eternity. Holy Church, our mother, appoints these four weeks to prepare for this great coming, or Advent, which took place at Christmas, so that we may be in the proper state of mind to appre-ciate the benefits of His coming and to derive from it all the good it was to pro-cure for us. This state of mind should be one of humility, acknowledging the greatness, goodness and justice of the Infinite Majesty, with a deep contrition for all the sins and faults we have com mitted against Him, with that love which makes us firmly resolve never more to offend Him, and to spend our lives as far as it is possible to human frailty in acmolishing His holy will. In order to bring about this disposition of soul the Church sets out for our consideration th second coming of our Lord, when He shall come in His majesty to judge the living and the dead, in order to strike : holy fear into our souls, for, as the Psalmist says: ""The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom;" and again "Blessed is the man that feareth the Lod; he shall delight exceedingly in

In the Gospel of to-day our Lord fore-tells the destruction of Jerusalem. This was the scene of the most direful calamity and suffering the world has ever seen from its beginning, or probably will ever see again. An immense number of people were assembled within its walls— over two million according to Josephus the Jewish historian. Suddenly the Roman army surrounded the city on all sides so that there was no escape. Then horrible scenes began within the city-rage and discord prevailed, the people fought desperately and butchered one another without mercy. Then famine and pestilence did their work. Even mothers devoured their own children in madness of despair. The Romans a last took the place by assault and utterly destroyed it. Over a million souls were destroyed in this siege, and all that remained were dispersed in captivity over the face of the earth. All this was distinctly foretold by our Lord forty years before it happened, when it appeared most improbable. It was God' judgment executed on this wicked people. Our Lord foreshadows in thi people. Our Lord forestadows in this calamity the still greater one to the wicked of the awful day of judgment, both at death and at the end of the world. "If these things are done in the green tree, how shall it be in the dry?

We shall each one of us have to under go the judgment of God. Jerusalem, th glorious city, is the figure of the soul. next week or to-morrow some fatal disease will seize upon us. In its grasp we shall be utterly helpless. All the skill of physicians will be of no avail. Our bodily powers will fail. Then our sins will stare us in the face. If we have been disobedient and impenitent up to that time how. Shortly we shall be surrounded on every side by our spiritual enemies. Perhaps will stare us in the face. If we have been disobedient and impenitent up to that time, how shall we repent? Racked by pains, the mind enfeebled, how can we drive off the dreadful despair which will surround us and press us in on every will surround us and press us in on every side? And death will come upon us unprepared. "For as the lightning comet the from the east, and appeareth even unto the west, so shall the coming of the Son of Man to judge us and settle our deavors, prove ourselves worthy of those who went before us; and let us seek to win by our Christlike lives our fellowment to the one true God.—Sacred Heart Review. lot for all eternity, either for weal or for

let us reflect seriously upon them. Let us turn over in our minds what will take the sound of the last trumpet the dead, small and great, shall arise to give an account of the deeds done in the body. Let these thoughts be accompanied by many heartfelt prayers to God for contribution and a firm determination so to live as to be ready for this last judgment. Thus we shall make our peace with the sound of the great judgment, when at the sound of the dead, small and great, shall arise to give an account of the deeds done in the body. Let these thoughts be accompanied by many heartfelt prayers to God for contribution and a firm determination so to live as to be ready for this last judgment. Thus we shall make our peace with a condition of their opponents that private property in land involves landlordism. But surely it does not. Under the law of nature one has a right to have and hold as one's own all that is needful to enable one to live one's whole life, physical, intellection, and moral, in other words, to demonstrate the assumption of their opponents that private property in land involves landlordism. But surely it does not. Under the law of nature one has a right to have and hold as one's own all that is needful to enable one to live one's whole life, physical, intellection, and all danger of involves landlordism. But surely it does not. Under the law of nature one has a right to have and hold as one's olive one's whole life, physical, intellection, and all danger of poponents that private property in land involves landlordism. But surely it does not. Under the law of nature one has a right to have and hold as one's own all that is needful to enable one to live one's whole life, physical, intellection, and all danger of poponents that private property in land involves landlordism. But surely it does not. Under the law of nature one has a right to have and hold as one's own all that is needful to enable one to live one's whole life, physical, intellection, and of the does not under the law of nature one has a right to have and hold as one's opponents that prove the law of nature one has a ri

MANY ACTIVE AND VALIANT CATHOLIC IN FRANCE, SAYS POPULAR FRENCH NOVELIST.

M. Rene Bazin is a man who still has faith in his country, and the fact that his novels, Catholic in tone as they are, are selling by the hundred thousand. gives him some reason to hope. But he claims to have better reason than this. In conversation with a representative of

the New York Times, he lately related the following incident: "Last year in the course of a lecture gave at the religious retreat in Belgium, described in 'Le Ble qui Leve,' I invited my auditors, who seemed to have but a poor opinion of my country, to attend the Congress of the Jeunesse Catholique de France, to be held at Angers in March, 1908. Four young men accepted the invitation. They found assembled at Angers 8,000 young men (delegates from 1,800 groups), principally peasants and laborers. They to attend the Congress of the Jeune cipally peasants and laborers. The saw 4,000 of these partake of Holy Com munion in the Cathedral at 8 o'clock of a Sunday morning. They listened to lectures upon the social and religious development of the working classes. They were astounded by what they saw and heard, and they carried word back to Belgium that Christian France still possesses many active and valiant sol-diers, and that those who despair of her de not know her. It is this growth. do not know her. It is this earnest, de vout France I aspire to reveal to her-self and to the world."

LET US NOT FORGET OUR DEAD.

In the different exercises of the Cath-olic Centenary, our thoughts have been borne, in various ways, to many who are dead and gone. Our eighteen prelates, our unnumbered priests, our many brothers and Sisters of active and teaching and contemplative orders, our lay-men and laywomen who worked, heart and soul, for the Church's advancement and soul, for the Church's advancement here, each of us will have some of these to think of, very specially, either through some connection with the life in question, through reading and the like, or through personal knowledge. To all of them we owe a debt of gratitude, and this we must strive to repay by our fervent prayers for the dead. Many of those who have gone before us are, we trust, already seeing the Blessed Vision of God's Face, but we can not tell how many nor who they are. All through this November, the month of the faithful departed, let us pray often for the dear departed, let us pray often for the dear dead. Let us often say the Rosary for them fervently and lovingly, remembering by name before God this one and that one, the pastor who baptized us, the Bishop who confirmed us, the priests who absolved us and gave to us Holy Communion so many times, the old pastors of our parish churches, the kind, wise, self-denying priests of God. Let us parts denying priests of God. Let us pray for the Sisters who taught us, the Conference men who, perhaps, befriended us the sodalists who were our companions the friends with whom we used to walk to the house of God. Let us give thanks for their good examples, let us pray for their eternal rest. Let us not forget. Then let us meditate very carefully on

this most noteworthy fact, that all these souls care for us now more deeply, and oh, how far more truly, than they did on earth. Whether it has been granted to them to enter heaven, or whether they still wait patiently, in purgatory, their entrance to our Father's house, they have, at least once, seen His Face and by the light of that vision they have een all things else in a clearer and disincter and far more accurate man er han ever they did in life. What now to them are the glories, the joys, the ambi-tions, the fame, of this fleeting world of ours? They see all these things as they really are, their littleness, their folly nothingness, when compared to eternity and heaven. They wish for us this one thing only, that we may perfectly serve God.—They long for our salvation, our sanctity, our zeal in the cause of other men's souls. Not theirs the wish that we Catholics shall impress our fellow-citizens by our numbers, our power, our influence, unless we impress them also with our goodness, with the fact that we are fellow-citizens of the saints and that we are, literally, loyally, lovingly, always and everywhere, of the hou hold of God.

As we wear the badge of the centen-nial on our breasts, let us learn from it a lesson of fearless defense of the Faith, loyal devotion to the cross of Christ, filial obedience to our Bishops and pas tors, union everywhere, loving and steadast with one another as members of one holy family, true to its commands and

This week should give us a very clear nsight into the meaning of the Communion of the Saints in the Holy Cath-olic Church. We may, in our human weakness, forget those who have gone deavors, prove ourselves worthy of those

Brethren, let us think of these things; GOLDEN WORDS OF BISHOP HEDLEY.

We venture to predict, says the Ave place at the hour of death and all the scenes of the great judgment, when at Congress is held in London, the howls acquiesce in the assumption of their civilization.

> so worthy of Jesus Christ as the cease-less coming and going of rich and poor, young and old, in the sanctuary where He waits to give Himself to His Child-ren. With this we may be well content, ren. With this we may be well content, whilst we wait for better times. But truly the times will be good and accept able when the devout frequentation of daily Mass and daily Communion shall have formed the great Christian body nto a compact, resolute, and disciplined army of Jesus Christ, clear-sighted to the things of this world, militant on be-half of the Kingdom of Christ, and not afraid to lose even life itself that life may be found. When such times have come—and may we not say they are it sight?—it will not be long before another great world-movement takes place, and the Holy Eucharist is once more put in possession of the outward glory which is Its right."

LIQUOB AND TOBACCO HABITS

A. McTAGGART, M. D., C. M. 75 Youge Street, Toronto, Canada

FATHER IGNATIUS

The passing of "Father Ignatius," as the Rev. Joseph Leycester Lynch chose to have himself styled, removes from the human stage one of its most picturesque and puzzling figures. This Anglican "monk" seems to have really persuaded himself that he was a genuine disciple of St. Benedict, and he certainly lived an exemplary life under that impression. Ordained as a clergyman of the Church of England, he soon developed Pussyite Ordained as a cl-rgyman of the Church of England, he soon developed Puseyite tendencies and ritualistic practices. Later h-joined thh "Old Catholic" group and entered the field of controversy to defend the validity of his ordination. He organized a priory for nuns as well as an abbey for monks, the latter fol-lowing the ancient rule of St. Benedict, and using the Benedictine Breviary for choir office and the Sarum missal of the ante-Reformation Church of England, Their attire is the old English Bene dictine dress. The founder took the monastic name of "Ignatius of Jesus." He set forth as his recreation in recent years the holding of eight services a day in Llantbony Abbey Church. A special crusade was undertaken by Father Ignatius in defence of the Scrip-tures and orthodox Christianity against the higher criticism, and in 1893 he se-cured many signatures to a petition to cured many signatures to a petition to the Archbishop of Canterbury against attacks on the faith by the clergy. Afterwards he refused to preach in churches on account of the "rational-ism" permitted by the Bishops. Finally he set up a claim to have the power to work miracles. He was, indeed, one of the most remarkable of that mysterious class of religious enthat mysterious class of religious en-thusiasts who seem to have latent psychic power over both themselves and their immediate followers.-Catholic

COMMUNION FOR THE SICK.

" A Nurse " writes to the " Editor of "One hears so many different Rome." "One hears so many different opinions about the communion of sick ersons who cannot fast, that it is difficult for seculars to know what really is allowed. Would you kindly let us

The confusion probably comes from confounding the privileges granted by Decrees, with privileges which are pure-

ly personal.

The Decree of December 9th, 1906, is general and allows Holy Communion to sick who are confined to their bed for a month with no hope of immediate re-covery, provided the confessor judges that they are not able to keep the natural fast. These may take something to drink before Holy Communion. As to the frequency, the Decree allows Holy Communion twice a week to a person living in a community where the Blessed ent is reserved, or where Mass is celebrated. In other places Holy Commion is allowed once or twice a

As in the Decree only those confined to bed were mentioned, a decree dated 6th of March, 1907, allows the same privieges to those who are sick as above but not confined to bed.

All who desire more frequent Commun

ion than this must have recourse to the Holy Office for permission and in these cases the privilege is purely personal. It may be well to explain the words "something to drink." What is taken nust be liquid, and should anything not iquid be put into the drink it must be iquified, for example eggs in milk.

TO THE SOCIALISTS.

parties to the discussion were Catholics, which shows that Socialism is making which shows that Socialism is making disciples within the Church. We could not help feeling that the assailants of the theory—for a theory Socialism is, and a theory it is like to remain—were badly handicapped by the existence of landlordism in Scotland as part of the economic system that the Socialists seek to overturn. They seemed tacitly to acquiosee in the assumption of their civilization." trition and a firm determination so to live as to be ready for this last judgment. Thus we shall make our peace with God, welcome the new-born Saviour at Christmas, and welcome Him with joy even at the great and, terrible day of judgment.

A HOPEFUL VIEW.

Let us take to heart these words of Bishop Hedley:

"No golden banners, no flowers, no festal music, no incense, can honour the Holy of Holies like the devotion of a loyal Catholic multitude. No glorious High Mass or outdoor procession can be so worthy of Jesus Christ as the ceaseless coming and going of rich and poor, young and old, in the sanetuary where He waits to give Himself to His Childente.

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ownership. The millionaire can no more shelter himself behind the dictate of nature's law on which ultimately rests the right of private ownership than can the landlord.—Casket.

A CONQUERING CARDINAL.

In the detailed report of Cardinal Gibbons' return in Baltimore and his reception by the heads of the State and municipality and the people at large will be found a very remarkable "sign of the times." Nothing like it has been witnessed ever before; so far as our memory goes, it stands alone. It was the formal presentation to His Emi-nence of a loving cup, subscribed for and presented by non-Catholics, Luther-ans, Methodists, Baptists, Jews and Spiritualists participated in the function. The gentleman who acted as spokesman of this body of admirers, ex Congressman Schirm, in addressing the Cardinal, showed by the filial tender ness of his language how deep is the the affections of all the people of Baltiore and how highly his type of Ameri can citizenship is prized by men who have had the carefully cultivated scales of prejudice long ago removed from their eyes by practical contact, with the real Catholic priest and real Catholic people. They see how very different these are from the ecclesiastics and laity of the novelist, the platform lecturer and the magazine writer. We believe that so beautiful and touching an incident cannot fail in working blessed results for the best interests of the whole nation. It is a manifestation all the more remarkable from its com plete spontaniety. It is a mark of unity true spirit of religion most conin the soling at a time when the symptoms of widespread indifference to religion were beginning to alarm many of those earnest minds who see in that influence the only sure guarantee for the permanence of the Republic and our cherishee popular institutions. — Ph Catholic Standard and Times.

PROTESTANT, TRIBUTES TO THE CHURCH.

The Protestant historian Lecky, in his "History of Rationalism," says : is "History of Rationalism,"
"The Catholic Church is the very
"The Christondom. The result of We have read with not a little heart of Christendom. The result of the ascendency it gained brought about We have read with not a little interest a series of letters in favour of and against Socialism, that have applied in the Glasgow Observer. Both ceeded the downfall of the Roman em pire; by infusing into Christendom the

> The Protestant Samuel Laing in his "Observations on Europe," page 395, says:

all that we term civilization in the

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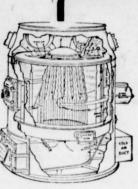
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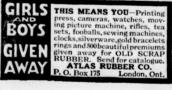
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people, spring from the supremacy of the Roman Pontiff and of the Catholic priesthood over the kings and nobles of the Middle Ages. All that men have of civil, political and religious freedom in the present traced in the history of every country to the working and effects of the independent power of the Church of Rome over the property, social economy, movement, mind and intelligence of all nnected with her in the social body.

Let us reflect that every hour has to be answered for. The day of reckening must come, where there will be no more labor, merit, liberty, illusion; but in-stead of these things, there will be an inexorable truth, the indelible record

the irrevocable doom.—Bishop Hedley



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CHAIS W

NOVEMB

Why He

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Of cour thousands and dete atically in and demo life; but, find that ing of the or at leas

The Alc "Above gaiety—o deeds wit of the so everythin

Why He Failed as a Leader. His mind was not trained to grasp great subjects, to generalize, to make

He was not self-reliant, did not depend upon his own judgment; leaned upon others; and was always seeking other people's opinion and advice.

He lacked courage, energy, boldness.
He was not resourceful or inventive,

could not multiply himself in

He did not carry the air of a conqueror. He did not radiate the power of a leader.

There was no power back of his eye to make men obey him. He could not handle men.

He antagonized people. He did not believe in himself. He tried to substitute "gall" for ability. He did not know men.

He could not use other people's brains. He could not project himself into his lieutenants; he wanted to do everything

He did not inspire confidence in others cause his faith in himself was not strong enough.

He communicated his doubts and his

ears to others. He could not cover up his weak points.

He did not know that to reveal his own weakness was fatal to the confidence of others.

Too Many Opportunities.

It takes a strong purpose and a great deal of determination to resist the thousand-and-one distractions in city life and concentrate one's mind upon self-im-

There is such a thing as having too many opportunities, too many facilities, As a rule, boys who are born and brought up in the midst of libraries, books and hools, become indifferent to the value of these opportunities; while in the country, where books are rare and opportunities for education limited, the ambitious boy is more anxious to make the most of his time, to seize every opportunity for self-culture with avidity,

to redeem himself from mediocrity.

One of the greatest dangers of city life is that of becoming superficial. Where there are so many editions of t'e daily papers every day, we get in the habit of "skimming," which is very dangerous we just glance at a paper for a few min-utes and throw it aside—just look at the headings and read a few lines of the most important paragraphs, then lay the paper away. This desultory habit is spicidal to all deep and lasting culture After we acquire this habit, it is almost

impossible to get rid of it.

No great and lasting success can be attained until one has formed a habit of continuous, persistent thinking along fundamental lines. A little dipping into this and that, a few minutes reading with very little thinking, or contemplation, or reviewing of what we read, will

result in a most shallow life. Easy access to many books has been a stumbling-block in many a career. It is natural for us to depreciate what is common, and easy to obtain. Perhaps, if Lincoln had been reared in a large city. in the midst of great libraries and schools, he might not have been so well educated as he was. He did not mind walking through the forest many miles to borrow a coveted book, and he considered it the greatest luxury imaginable to have an opportunity of devouring its precious pages, lying on the floor of the log cabin before the old fire-place, for candles and lamps were luxuries in which the Lincolns could not indulge. He would sit up nearly all night poring over the precious contents of a book as if he never expected to see another. Half a dozen books constituted his whole library, but these he knew thoroughly. He did not skim them over, he devoured them; he read them over and over again until he could almost repeat them by heart. Many of the great giants in American history never had access to libraries in their youth, but what few books they could get hold of, they almost

learned by heart. In cities, books, pictures, schools and that he does not half appreciate their value. A few good books read and digested and re-read would do more toward forming a solid foundation for a successful life than thousands of books

Many young people of to-day can n recite the names even of the books which they read six months ago, any more than they can recite the articles which they

erely scanned in the daily papers.

This habit of skimming over books and papers is not only fatal to all genuine culture, but it helps to form superficial habits generally. The mind becomes demoralized when you do things in a passve way; for there is nothing which tend to keep it from grasping and seizing hold of ideas, more than the habit of crowding upon it pictures, half-pictures, h quick succession that no impression is possible. We lasting impression is possible. We read the dailies without the slightest effort to remember or retain what we read. The mind is not active, it is not held accountable for everything which comes to it, but it is allowed just to glance at scores of items within a few minutes, without feeling inver fear; and, to lose no time, we will minutes, without feeling

held persistently to any one thought Great readers and great thinkers try to keep out of the city as much as possible. They long for the quiet hours of the country, where they can think and read without distraction or inter-

Of course there are hundreds and thousands of people with a persistent and determined purpose sufficient to enable them to read and study systematically in the midst of most distracting and demoralizing surroundings of city life; but, on the other hand, we shall find that a large part of the great think-ing of the world is done in the country, or at least in the suburbs of cities.

The Alchemy of a Cheerful Mind.

everything, seasons his thin porridge with a joke taught ever his crimitive marched straight up to the great house bed, he inc. mercy of the seas as and not, alled the neil. His delight was

LHAIS WITH YOUNG MEN. hums the tunes of his native country further increased when the old gentlewhile firing his gun."

What a marvelous gift to have that mental alchemy which makes even povert seem attractive, which sees the Indicrous sides of misfortune.

I once met a young American in a oreign country who was so poor that he was obliged to resort to all sorts of expedients to pay his way. He would stop at the cheapest kind of places. It did not matter how hard the beds, or how poor the food, he always managed to get a lot of fun out of his discomforts because he saw the ludicrous side of everything.

I have seen him when he had only twenty-five cents in the world, and he would toss it up into the air and laugh over the situation as a buge joke. I have known him for many years and I have never seen him dejected or dis-couraged, although he has had an un-usual amount of trouble, and many dis-

ouragements. couragements.

He is always cheerful, always ready to crack a joke. His optimistic attitude toward life is worth infinitely more than a fortune without it.

While traveling at this time, I also et an American millionaire with his family, who seemed to be having a most uncomfortable time. They said it was almost impossible to get anything fit to eat. The man's wife and daughters com-plained of the laundry work done for hem, found fault with their accommoda tions, and lamented the lack of comforts nd conveniences on the railroads. In fact, they did not seem to be having a good time at all. They were irritable, cross, and disgusted with everything. They said they were longing to get back to God's country.

When I saw them they were in Naples, one of the most charming cities on the globe. The Bay of Naples and Mount Vesuvius, which form one of the most beautiful pictures in the world, were entirely lost sight of by them. The great works of art in Italy did not excite any great admiration, in fact the cite any great admiration; in fact the little inconveniences and disagreeable experiences which they encountered seemed to overshadow, obscure every-

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

Jean Pierre's Good Fortune.

The day was warm and the sermo long; yet such was the eloquence of the preacher that the large congregation which filled the church of St. Thomas gave no sign of impatience or fatigue. One stout old gentleman, however, was a solitary exception. Seated in a distant corner, the words of the text had, indeed, reached his ear; but his attention had wandered from the pulpit to the red and blue dots which danced in through the stained windows, thence to the motley crowd which surrounded him, and lastly to a small urchin who stood leaning against one of the pillars.

have fitted one twice his size. But the coat, which was one mass of patches, each of a different hue; and the onlook-er fell to wondering whether anything of the original material yet remained. The lad himself seemed totally unconscious of the oddity of his appearance, and stood listening to the sermon with such rapt attention that the stout old gentleman felt tacitly rebuked, and finally made an earnest effort to catch the purport of the preacher's words.

The sermon, however, was drawing to a close; and a few minutes later the a close; and a few minutes later the congregation had broken up and was streaming out of the church, the stout old gentleman himself being caught up in the vortex and deposited outside, in the Rue du Bac. As he started, walking briskly toward the Seine, he again caught sight of the strange little figure which had attracted his notice in church. To his emprise, he saw the ragged urchin To his surprise, he saw the ragged urchin stop before a beggar and drop a penny into his hat. The next minute the boy works of art are so plentiful, a youth is likely to become so familiar with them pocket. This time the gentleman was unable to restrain his curiosity.

"Look here, youngster! What is your

not shy, and the old gentleman did not

not sny, and the old gentleman did not look so very formidable.

"You see, Monsieur, this is how it is. I want a new coat very badly, and mother can't afford to buy me one; and the preacher told us just now that what we preacher told us just now that what we gave to the poor God would return to us many times over; so I thought that for my two pennies God would perhaps give me a coat. They were my own pennies, Monsieur; I earned them this morning

by carrying a lady's parcel."

The old gentleman stood an amused and interested listener to this quaint ex-planation. As he met the boy's artless

go and choose one this very minute. Come along!"

And this oddly assorted couple set off down the street, peering eagerly into every shop that seemed likely to contain coveted article.

Half an hour later a casual passer-by might have seen a delighted urchin tearing down the street with a large brown paper parcel under his arm; while a stout gentleman stood gazing after him, with a smile on his face and a warm feeling at his heart, such as he had not known for many a long day.

Jean Pierre's good fortune did not Jean Fierre's good fortune aid not end here; for some weeks later, through the old gentleman's interest, he obtained a situation as errand boy in a large warehouse. Great was his delight when Above all else, I love a courageous for the first time he saw himself decked gaiety—one that can accomplish great deeds with smiles and song; that gaiety of the soldier who makes the best of everything, seasons his thin porridge with p joke faughs ever his primitive bea, he inc. mencey of the seasons has made and alled the neil. His delight was for the first time he saw himself decked out in his dark blue livery, with its shining brass buttons. His first thought is shining brass buttons. His first time he saw himself decked out in his dark blue livery, with its shining brass buttons. His first time he saw himself decked out in his dark blue livery, with its shining brass buttons. His first time he saw himself decked out in his dark blue livery, with its shining brass buttons. His first time he saw himself decked out in his dark blue livery, with its shining brass buttons. His first time he saw himself decked out in his dark blue livery, with its shining brass buttons. His first thoughts was for his kind patron: and, embodies with a potential patron in the first time he saw himself decked out in his dark blue livery, with its shining brass buttons. His first thoughts was for his kind patron: and, embodies with p joke predictions and the properties of the season his first time he saw himself decked out in his dark blue livery, with its shining brass buttons. His first thoughts was for his kind patron: and, embodies with p joke predictions and the properties and the properties and the properties are shining brass and the properties are shining b

man failed to recognize him at first, then thumped him on the back, vowing he had never seen such a change—never!—and admired him to his heart's content.

"Live up to your buttons, my boy! Keep straight, please your employers, and you will get on in life."

The old gentleman's parting admoniion became a true prophecy; for several years later Jean Pierre rose to be manager of the very same warehouse he had entered as an errand boy.—B. C. Orphan Friend.

Six "Minds" for Boys.

1. Mind your tongue! Don't let it speak hasty, cruel, unkind or wicked

2. Mind your eyes! Don't permit them to look on wicked books, pictures, or objects. them to listen to wicked speeches, songs

4. Mind your hands! Don't let them steal or fight, or write any evil

walk in the steps of the wicked. 6. Mind your heart! Don't give it to satan, but ask Jesus to make it His throne.

Advice To Girls. Do the little things, and then if you we time dream of the great things.
Be natural. Remember there are

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."

UNDER THE CITY LIGHTS.

TIMELY AND KINDLY ADVICE TO THE YOUNG MEN AND WOMEN, IRRESPECT-IVE OF RACE OR CREED, WHO ARE BE-GINNING LIFE'S BATTLE.

a boy when first he leaves hi along the dusky highway near and wn, the light of London flaring like a arven the fight iry dawn, spirit leaps within him to be gone before m there, eath the light he looks at in among the

Since Tennyson wrote the above lines many a boy everywhere throughout the world has journeyed over the highways on to the city. Fired with laudable ambition, with the eager desire of win-This boy was the picture of poverty, from the crown of his rimless hat to his hobnailed boots—boots which would good by e to the old roof trees and all the ealm, simplicity and beauty of country life.

They are about to begin a new career to meet new scenes and new faces, and oh! how different all is to the old. As we look upon those boys with the pulse of life so strong within them, with hearts is yet so free from guile, and who know the temptations, the sin that lurk there beneath the city's light; we, I say, feel inclined to take those boys by the arm pointing the way back again to their father's home and say to each: "My dear boy, return to the old roof tree; for how much better is poverty there with virtue safe, than probable riches and fame in the city yonder with all its temptations and sin around you!" And many boys have trod over the highway on and on to the city, noble, manly, virtuous boys they were then, but one week there in the city, and their manliness was gone and their virtuous life lost forever. Temptations in all shapes and forever. forms surrounded them. They fell; bad habits assumed a complete mastery over them, and those young lives, so full of noble hopes and aspirations, became blighted in their very springtime, and now it is forever for them a winter. And many young girls, too, have trod over the highway on to the city. Pure as "Jean Pierre, Monsieur."

"Well, Jean Pierre, you don't look overburdened with this world's goods, the boys had. With a heavy heart and yet here you are throwing away your money right and left."

The urchin thus addressed hesitated only a second. The Paris street boy is not shy, and the old gentleman did not

THE SICK MADE WELL WITHOUT MEDICINE



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es its force.

ther Agatha, Home of Our Blessed Lady of Vicy, West Seneca, N. Y., writes: April 22, 1907.

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ditution and in every case it has done all you claim
d more for us.

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country who has used it for a few weeks, and
is wonderfully well, for her. She has Heart
puble. May God bless you and your works.

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feel the time passing until I see you again." And oh! the future of many again.' again. And on: the littere of many such girls! Many of them have said their last good bye to their mother, for down into the pit abyssmal they fell, in the heart of the city they lost their virtue, and now, though their hearts are Mind your ears! Don't suffer breaking for just one word from mother's lips, for just one fond, soft caress of the olden times, that one word they shall never hear, that, one caress they shall never obtain, for between them and mother is the barrier of shame. Oh! is Mind your feet. Don't let them in the steps of the wicked.

Mind your heart! Don't give it sinful life of cities, this fact is forced strongly on our minds, namely; it requires a great fortinde, a great grace for a boy or girl to escape this contamination. Just take your stand for a few minutes in the heart of a city. Over there at the street corner is a group of boys gathered outside a beer shop; note Be natural. Remember there are others as lovely as you are.

Be conservative. Your acquaintances do not want your confidences.

At all times be womanly. A maseuline girl does not retain admiration.

Be quick to believe good. Believe the good until the evil is evident.

Be pleasant at all times. A smile does more good in this world than all the bestow upon that group. See how she jerks her head and looks over her shoulder while her body assumes a shoulder while her body assumes a shoulder while her body assumes jaunty, immodest attitude. Those bo nudge one another as she passes and call out some low pet name. Approach a little nearer and listen to the conversation of that group. Oh! don't, for God's sake, for their conversation is about what think you: "They are boasting about the sins they have committed."

> Look at that group of young men and women. They are entering a drinking saloen. Follow them in and what will you see? Gambling, blasphemy, and every form of immodest conversation! See that music hall, that theatre there with a blazing front of light. What is inside those? Half dressed women on a stage, playing the part of heroines, and those beroines are heroic for what? They were unfaithful to their husbands and have polluted the pure springs of marriage. Look at those middle-aged men and women, who walk the streets on the prowl. Human vultures they are, and they are on the watch for what?—for in-nocent victims to destroy body and

All this is but the outside; all this is but the eternal badness of the city. There are dens of vice, dens of infamy there, that the pen of man cannot describe their foulness and their filth. Yes, many young men and women who o-day figure amongst the s nful number, oh! once they traveled over the highway on to the city full of great nopes for the future, their hearts fired with noble aspirations, pure as the snows that to-day glisten in the sunshine on the peaks of Utah. They fell in with bad companions, gone are all their high hopes, dead forever are their noble aspirations, and their end—oh, sickening thought!

If any poor young fellow reading these lines with me thus far recognizes himself in them, to him I say this :

"There is none who falls ever so low but can rise again. Be a man: shake off the shackles which bad companions have woven around you. Be a slave no longer. You live in a liberty-loving, a free America. Take your stand again as an nonorable member of society beneath the grand old banner of the stars and the grand old banner of the stars and stripes, and be a worthy son of the church to which you belong. Augus-tine in his young days sowed his wild oats and he reaped tears. He rooted out the wild oats and he sowed the good grain, and to-day he is a saint with God. Imitate him-rise, rise, I

the awful depths of her degradation she rose up and went to the Great Master's

Dear sisters, imitate her; leave the glare; the sin of the pavements. Be a slave no longer. Repent of the past:

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akness of your poor human nature the temptations that caused your fall; is the strength of a noble woman to rise again. Young America wants all er good woman.

And my dear young girls and boys of every creed and every class, you who are about to set out on the highway for the city's lights, grave this upon minds: In the glare of the city's the human vultures are waiting, are watching for you. Be on your guard; shun them as you would the plague. Be virtuous. Be industrious, and then ou will be using well the talent which od has given you.

I will conclude with the words of scipio, that great old Roman of the faroff pagan days of Marinissa :

"But of all those virtues, on ac f which I seemed to you worthy of your egard, there is not one in which I gloried o much as temperance and the control of my passions. There is not so much to be apprehended by persons of our time from armed foes as from the pleasures which surround us on all sides. The man who by temperance has curbed and subdued his appetite for them has acquired for himself much greater tory than we now enjoy in the conquest of Syphan. Subdue your passion vare how you deform many good qualities by one vice, and mar the credit of many meritorious deeds by a of guilt more than proportioned to the of its object.-Intermountain

WHY THEY ARE SHUT OUT.

Alluding to the shutting out of saloon-Monitor of Newark, N. J., says: "When we come to seek the reasons for this exclusion from membership we find that with God. Imitate nim—rise, rise. I say!

And young women, you who have fallen, my deaf sisters whisper. In a far-off old Jewish city there once dwelt a woman. Men called her Magdalen the sinful, the profligate. Wherever her shadow fell there was sin. From the awful depths of her degradation she rase up and went to the Great Master's the content of the society. Those organizations which have an insurance feature to the first organization of the society. follow the opinion and practise of the regular insurance companies in rejecting those connected with the manufeet with a repentant heart, and sinful Magdalen of the old Jewish city is to-day St. Mary Magdalen of the city of feeture or sale of intoxicants as 'hazardous' risks. Again, there is no gainsaying the fact that the degradation of drunkenness is more universally recog-nized in our day than formerly. A cenlook forward to the future. It is the tury ago it was not counted much of a

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disgrace to be drunk. Drunkenness was a common thing at social gatherings. whereas now the door is closed ruthless. ly against the man who could so far for-get himself. The necessities of our commercial and industrial life have intensified the repugnance and opposition to drunkenness and the drunkard. Education, also, is doing its share in exposing the dangers and ill effects of a habit, as injurious as it is degrading. Religion continues to reprobate it as a vice that saps the foundations of a moral life and endangers the temporal and eternal safety of its victims. drunkard hears all the load of condem-nation. Could it be otherwise than Alluding to the shutting out of saloon-keepers and bar-tenders from many fraternal and insurance orders, the liquor which ministers to this vice should bear their share of opprobrium and be subject to many



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Chicago Priest Rings Curfew.

Chicago Priest Rings Curfew.

The curfew bell is ringing these nights "back of the yards." Rev. Denis Hayes, pastor of St. Rose of Lima Cathelic church does the ringing. At the 10 o'clock Mass last Sunday Father Hayes told his parishioners how pleased he was with the innovation. The curfew was inaugurated last week and already the priest said, beneficent effects were observed by him. The five hundred children who attend the parochial school had shown greater interest in their lessons the last week than heretofore and he gave all the credit to the bell. "I am going to keep on ringing the bell every night at 8:45 o'clock," announced the priest from the altar, "and I want the priest from the altar, "and I want parents to assist me in making the children of this parish keep off the streets at night."

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MAN'S RELIGION HIS OWN AFFAIR SAYS ROOSEVELT.

President Roosevelt's characteristic reply to a citizen of Dayton, O., upon the question of Secretary (now President-clect) Taft's religious views is of interest wherever liberty is held to be a jewel. The President's letter in full was as fol-

"My Dear Sir: I have received your letter runnien part as follows:

while it is claimed almost universally that religion should not enter into politics, yet there is no denying that it does, and the mass of voters that are ribt Catholies will not support a man for any office, especially for President of the United States, who is a Roman Catholic.

Since Taft has been nominated for President by the Republican party, it is being circulated and is constantly urged as a reason for not voting for Taft that he is an infidel (Unitarian) and his wife and brother Roman Catholics.

* It his feelings are in sympathy with the Roman Catholics church on account of his wife and brother being Catholics, that would be objectionable to sufficient number of vot-

"But now that the campaign is over, when there is epportunity for men calmly to consider whither such propositions as those you make in your letter would lead, I wish to invite them to consider them, and I have selected your letter to answer because you advance both the objections commonly urged against Mr. Taft, namely: that he is a Unitarian and also that he is suspected of sympathy with the Catholics. "Taft's own PRIVATE CONERN." "You ask that Mr. Taft shall 'let the world know what his religious belief is. This is purely his own private concern, and is a matter between him and his Maker, a matter for his own conscience and to require it to be made public under penalty of political discrimination is to negative the first principles of our government, which guarantee complete religious liberty, and the right to each man to act in religious affairs as his own conscience dictates.

"Mr. Taft never asked my advice in the matter, but if he had asked it, I should have emphatically advised him against thus stating publicly his religious hellef.

"Are you aware that there are several states in this Union, where the majority of the people are now Catholes." I should reprobate in the severest terms the Catholieshi those States (or in hay other States) who refused to vote for most fit man because he suppened to be a Protestant, and my condemnation would be exactly as severe for Protestants who under reversed circumstances refused to vote for a Catholic.

EFFURILE WILL ENDORE.

"In public life I am happy to say that I have known many men who were elected and constantly re-elected to office in districts where the great majority of their constituents were of a different religious belief. I know Catholics who have for many years represented constituencies mainly Protestant, and Protestants who have for many years represented constituencies mainly Catholic, and among the congressmen whom I know particularly well was one-iman of Jewish faith who represented a district in which there were hardly any Jews at all. All of these men by their very existence in political life refute the slander you have uttered against your fellow-Americans.

"Thelieve that the republic will endure for many and the congressmen whom the congressment is a superior of the protection of the

DR. CHASE'S OINTMENT.

CRESOLENE ANTISEPTIC TABLETS

SORE THROATS AND COUGHS

"Mr. J. C. Martin, Dayton, O."

A GREAT PRIEST DEAD.

GUSHEND PATHER LABOUREAU, OF PENETANGUSHENR, IS UNIVERSALLY MOURNED.

Goodness and greatness are not always found together, but in Rev. Father Laboureau, the long-time
and dearly revered priest of Penetanguishene, these attibutes were found in a conspicuous degree, and
that his was everywhere recognized. If one dides, at his
funeral obsequies, which took place in Penetanguishene on Saturday morning of last week.

Born in the Diocese of Dijou, Province of Burgundy,
France, Rev. Theophilius Laboureau came to Canada
in 1858 and was ordained to the priesthood in Moncal January 14, 1866. Coming to the Diocese of
Teal and the Company 14, 1866. Coming to the Diocese
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of Teal and 1861. The Company 14, 1866. Coming to the Diocese
of Teal and 1861. The Company 1862. The Company 1861. The C

and zeal in the cause of religion and the extension of the glory of God and His saints.

The story of the active life of Father Laboureau runs concurrently with the rise and progress of the town in which the best thirty-five years of his life were passed. When Father Laboureau, in the enthusiasm of the first years of his priestly vocation, went to Penetanguishene, he found a village with a scattered and mixed population, speaking the English, French and Indian tongues, and his charge embraced the Reformatory for novs and extended out to Christian Island, and islands adjacent where Catholic Indians were located. Nothing save the annals of the pioneer Jesuits, the saintly Brebouef, Lalemant, Jouques and their conferres parallels the life off ather Laboureau in the early years of his ministry. Much of what they endured in journeys by cance or over frozen lakes, from nights spent in smoky wigwams or tormented by the insect of the summer camp, were also endured by the insect of the summer camp, were also endured by the spect of Penetanguishene over the frozen lake found a watery grave, while nothing but the dexterity of a life insured to such situations saved the missionary priest from the same fate.

In search of assistance for his great Memorial Church, Father Laboureau travelled through many parts of Canada and the United States and even back to his native land, France, and his strenuous work in connection with its erection doubtless helped to wear out a virile life which otherwise might have seen greater length of days.

While the spiritual wants of his people were the first care of this devoted pastor, their temporal needs for the proper seeds and the first care of this devoted pastor, their temporal needs for the proper seeds and the contents of the proper leads the first care of this devoted pastor, their temporal needs for the proper seeds and the contents of the develop to the proper leads the first care of this devoted pastor, their temporal needs for the proper leads the content of the devoted pastor, the

on relicious grounds; some of them on the ground that he was a Unitarian, and others on the ground that he was suspected to be in sympathy with Catholics.

"I did not answer any of these letters during the campaien because I regarded it as an outrage even to agitate such a question as a man's religious convictions, with the purpose of influencing a political election.

"But now that the campaign is over, when there is eportunity for men calmly to consider whither such propositions as those your make in your letter would lead, I wish to invite them to consider them, and I have selected your letter to answer because you advance both the objections commonly urged against that he is subspected of sympathy with the Catholics.

"Tarl's own PRIVATE CONCERN."

"You ask that Mr. Taft shall 'let the world know what his relivious belief is. This is purely his own revisions to the made public under penalty of political discrimination in to negative the first principles of exhibitions that he right to each man to act in religious falsic as his own conscience and to require it to be made public under penalty of political discrimination in to negative the first principles of the made public under penalty of political discrimination in to negative the first principles of the made public under penalty of political discrimination in to negative the first principles of the made public under penalty of political discrimination in to negative the first principles of the first to each man to act in religious falsic as his own conscience dictates.

"Mr. Taft never asked my advice in the matter, but if he had asked it, I should have emphatically advised him against thus stating publicly his religious belief.

"The demand for a statement of a candidate's religious helief can have no meaning except that there may be discrimination or reasonable magnitudes that the provide provides and the provides and t

Death of Mr. John Quinlan.

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The heartfelt message of the second of the will repay you every one. For ev'ry deed you've ever done. And when the hour of death draws nigh. With anxious fears and parting sigh. We shall befriend you till it's past. And welcome you to bliss at last.

—LALLA ROOKH.

Dawn on the Coast of Ireland.

Th' anam an Dhia! but there it is.
The dawn on the hills of Ireland!
God's angels lifting the night's black wil
From the fair sweet face of my sireland!
Oh Ireland, isn't it grand you look.
Like a bride in rich adorning.
And with all the pent-up love of my heart,
I bid you the top of the morning.

This one short hour pays lavishly back
For many a year of mourning:
I'd almost venture another flight,

Oh, kindly, generous, Irish land,
So leal and fair and loving,
No wonder the wandering Celt should think
And 'ream of you in his roving:
The alien home may have gems and gold—
The shadows may ne'er have gloomed it
But the heart will sigh for the absent land,
Where I he love-light first illumed it.

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And doesn't old Cove look charming there. Watching the wild waves motion, Leaning her back against the hills. And the tips of her toes in the ocean? I wonder I don't hear Shandon's bells, Ah, maybe theischiming's over, For it's many a year since I began The life of a Western rover.

O'er Memory's dim horizon, Even so, 'twas grand and fair they seemed In the landscape spread before me; But dreams are dreams and my eyes would ope' To see Texas skies still o'er me.

Ah! often upon the Texas plains
When the day and the chase were over,
My thoughts would fly o'er the weary wave,
And around this coast-line how r;
And the prayer would rise that some future day
All danger an' doubting scorning,
I'd help to win my native land
The light of young Liberty's morning.

Now fuller and truer the shore line shows—
Was ever a scene so splendid?
I feel the breath of a Munster breeze.
Tank God my exiles ended.
Old scenes, old songs, old friends again—
The vale and cot I was born in!
Oh, freland, up from my heart of hearts,
I bid you the top of the morning.

C. M. B. A., Branch No 4, London Meets on the 2nd and 4th Thursday of every month at eight o'clock, at their hall, in Albion Block, Rich-mond street. Thomas F. GOULD, President; JAMES S. McDOUGALL, Secretary.

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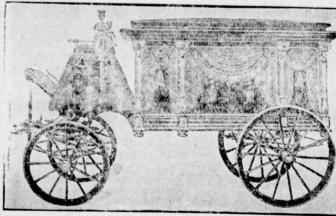
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