



THE LITTLE BROTHER

The hacienda was a dark continent... The hacienda was a dark continent...

She lingered but a moment; her years of Eastern schooling and of European travel had not divorced her from the deorous customs of her mothers.

"Good night," he said, because he must. "Yes," she answered playfully, "a good and beautiful night."

"I am tired of earthlings and earthliness," he said, "all day long at the ranch I weary of it. Out of sunshine and dust storm alike they swarm about me—men of the earth, earthy. Chinks, greasers, or cowboys, they are dusty all; browner than the alkali, dust on their sombreros. Chiquita, I am sick to death of all the South—save you."

"Greasers," Chiquita said the word slowly, with ineffable softness and with absolute no suggestion of reproach.

"Chiquita," he cried, "you are a Castilian. I am thy cricketer; the lonely night flies are my sisters. Are not the dusty greasers and cowboys your little brothers?"

"No," said Northcott gently bred gentleman that he was, answered somewhat curtly. "No, Bianco here is my only brother." And turning he called into the shadow: "Come old fellow."

A magnificent collic, slender and perfectly formed, but like a heavy plume for snowy whiteness, rose and came at the moment of his throat, and swayed his tall form from side to side. His feet were set lightly on the moonlit soil as though ready to move at the man's command, but his head was proudly held, and his eyes alert.

"Are there, then, no men worthy to be your friends in the valley? What of Manuel?" She hesitated before speaking the name, and lingered on the sound of it when she did so.

"What Manuel?" asked Northcott. "There are probably as many as ten or fifteen of the name of Manuel."

vanous towards friendship on your arrival."

Northcott was both surprised and amused. "I have not noticed," he replied. "Yes," said the other, "I did many little kindnesses and courtesies to win you to be my friend."

The Mexican dropped his hat from his bosom and straightened his bosom, and straightened his shoulders as he turned toward the door.

"Stay here, Bianco," said Northcott, in a low tone to the collic, which was moving restlessly.

After the obstructive Manuel was gone, the superintendent found that he had been still in memory. His glance, his bearing, the musical monotone of his voice, were continually present in the other's thoughts.

Strolling idly, with Bianco at his heels Northcott decided to walk toward the Needle Rocks in the Upper Canon, a place generally conceded to be the most desolate in the whole barren prospect.

"Go to the head!" he said, and Bianco plunged forward; or "Back and follow!" and the gaucet collic obeyed at the word.

"Do not beg of me!" cried Manuel earnestly. "Remember the panther—that cruel, creeping beast."

"You are too solicitous, my man. Even if that beast exists outside of your imagination, it will hardly venture so near to the houses in the broad daylight."

"I am Manuel," answered the young Mexican. "I am to be sent out tomorrow to the lower mesa with a lot of sheep—especially chosen ones; superfluous."

As Northcott raised his eyes after a moment from the collic's face, he saw a slight that paralyzed him with terror. Over their heads some fifty feet in air, on a pinnacle of rock, stood the great panther that had for a week terrorized the ranchmen by its daring.

In the moment Northcott realized his peril to the full. He was absolutely helpless, without weapon of any kind. Well, he had no particular need of friends then—and since—how had Bianco. He is a splendid fellow, and certainly does credit to your training."

"Get it!" Northcott cried, in a low, tense tone, and tossed the bit of wood from him to the open air.

Bianco went after it like a flash. He had retrieved for Northcott before in an id hour. The movement distracted the panther's gaze, as the man meant that it should. She settled lower on her haunches for a new sighting and another aim; she was famished, and indifferent to the sort of prey.

"Stand!" Northcott commanded. "Stay where you are!" He knew he must keep the dog in the open till he could shrink to the deeper cover himself. He would try tactics of training; he would try to get the dog to the head!

Even as he looked, he saw the panther launch into the air with a birdlike swoop, her great claws spread.

"Well, I confess I was wondering how a man of your apparent intelligence and education could find time for such superstition as praying on beads," she replied.

"Do you know anything about these beads?" he said. "Not a thing, except they look extremely childish to me."

"You are too young to explain their meaning? It is very monotonous on the train. This journey is long, for I presume you are bound for San Francisco like we are (pointing to two Nuns who were seated some distance off), and anything is better than counting the miles till we get there. Shall I explain them to you?"

"These beads are a sort of Bible to me," he said; "they contain the Life of the Saviour from His Birth until His death. You believe in the Bible, do you not?"

Blanco had believed before that all men were brothers, but something in that sunset scene confirmed his faith; and he kissed first the hand of one, and then of the other of his master.—FLAVIA ROSAM in Ainslee's.

HIS LAST MISSION

Rev. Richard W. Alexander in the Mission. All day long, the heavy train rolled westward under the August sky. The sun beat down fiercely, and the passengers counted the hours until they should reach the "Golden Gate."

Some days back the angels were watching a scene for one of the parlor cars on this wondrous train. A young woman was travelling alone. She was refined in appearance, evidently intelligent and educated. There was not much to interest her when she threw aside her novel, but it happened on one weary, long day that she looked at a handsome appearance, who was seated some distance off in one of the chairs.

His head rested on the back of the chair, and his eyes were closed. His face was strikingly handsome. He was a palor on the high brow and around the mouth that told a tale of ill health. He wore a Roman collar, and the atmosphere of purity that seemed to hover around him spoke eloquently of his Catholic faith.

He was a man of splendid build and handsome appearance, who was seated some distance off in one of the chairs. His head rested on the back of the chair, and his eyes were closed. His face was strikingly handsome.

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rest. I will explain more of it to you later if you are not weary. We Catholics love our beads; and we lay these prayers as a crown of roses at the Throne in Heaven, being assured that the Son of God is King His throne in Queen. Not one jot or tittle of honor do we take from the Almighty. We praise Him for the noble, splendid, tender gift of His Mother to us. She is as Wordsworth says:

"Our tainted nature's solitary boast. Here Father Doyle passed. The lady looked thoughtful. Father Doyle was on her face, the dawning of grace. She took the well-worn rosary from the priest's hands, held it for a moment, and reverently returned it.

With a beautiful smile Father Doyle rose, kissed his beads, placed them in his pocket, and in leaving said: "We shall meet later. Think over what I have said. I have more to tell you if you wish it. May the blessed Mother have you in her keeping!"

There was a new look on the lady's face, a softened light in her eyes. The train rolled on. Father Doyle had later he lay dead in the church of his Parish brethren in San Francisco. God rest his precious soul!

If these lines ever meet the eyes of her to whom he spoke on the Santa Fe train, may her heart melt at the remembrance of the zeal of a dying Apostle of the Faith, who may have ransomed soul add later he lay dead in the church of his Parish brethren in San Francisco. God rest his precious soul!

WHAT THE MONKS DID There was once a professor who used to close his lectures with the pathetic cry: "Priests and monks are good for nothing; they always hated science, art and progress; their schools are poor and all the books published by Catholics are of no value, and when a young man cannot become anything else, he studies for the priesthood."

"Only some questions, professor. Who preserved for us the classics? How is the progress of the Greeks and Romans did not get lost during the barbarism of the Dark Ages?"

"Monks copied them, and thus they have been saved." "What, professor? Monks, you say, copied them?" "Yes, my friend, and especially the Benedictines."

"So, monks copied the old codes and saved them for us. Indeed, that must have been a very troublesome work. Was it not? And protection from the monk caught on fire? Well, I am surprised. Strange times and curious monks to spend their lives copying letter after letter from Livy, Orosius, Cicero, Virgil, Ovid, Homer, Demosthenes, etc. And how those codes look! Carefully written just like printed matter, and the initials are in fact, the initials of the monks! Wait, professor, is it true that without the monks we would not have a Columbus and a Vasco de Gama? A monk, Fra Mauro, history tells us, made that costly map which gave Columbus the first impulse to the discovery of the New World."

"Of course. Why should the monks and priests alone, have those great ideas? Listen professor. I also read that a Pope introduced the great Arabic figures in arithmetic and abolished those clumsy Roman characters."

"Yes, and now stop, you blockhead!" "Don't get hot professor. It is not our fault that history is full of these black devils." Moreover, I read that a monk by the name of Schwartz invented gunpowder; a monk from Bavaria the process for glass making; the Jesuit School is especially distinguished for his discoveries in spectroscopic analysis and in solar and stellar physics; the Jesuit—

"Shut up! You are geying me. Do not take me for a lightning rod." "You're right, you're right, professor. The first lightning rod was made by Franklin, but it was invented by the Premonstratensian monk Diviac. You can read that in any up-to-date encyclopedia.

"For heaven's sake, hold your tongue. You are too talkative." "Ah, the greatest polyglot of modern times was Count de Maffei. He was a talker! He knew only seventy-eight languages and dialects, and talked fifty six."

"That'll do, you silly goose. Get out of here." "In what direction? The deacon Flavia Gioja, who improved the compass about the year 1300, could certainly tell me."

"What's the matter? You're getting the brain fever, fellow." "What, if I have the brain fever, go and get the fire engines which were first introduced by the Clerical monks, and the Catholics were the first to use them in the seventeenth century the first firemen of Paris."

If you don't shut up now, you'll fly out the window, you infernal rascal. "In aerial heights. Oh, truly. The first balloon was made by monk Bartholdi, who lived sixty years before Montgolfieri, and in 1720 this monk ascended with his balloon in the presence of all the lords and courtiers of Portugal. What do you clean your eyeglasses for professor? They are also an invention of the black devils and were invented in the thirteenth century by the Dominican Alexander Spina. Are you in a hurry, that you look at your watch? You shouldn't do that, because it is an invention of the priests. The first clock is from the ecclesiastical writer Casiodorus (505), but his invention was improved by the monk Roger Bacon, who invented the gas light. Without any doubt the Jesuits invented and introduced it in 1794 at Stonyhurst, England, and the Jesuit Dum established the first gas company in 1815 in Preston. Now, goody, professor. Kindly excuse. By the way, the first bicycle was built by the priest Pianton in 1845. Good night, professor."—Selected.

THE IMPORTANCE OF RELIGIOUS TEACHING A great Roman empress, says Bishop Cleary of Anaheim, N. Z., in one of his addresses, was once asked by her guests to exhibit to them her jewels. She consented, and immediately she led in and presented to them her children—trained in every art and grace suited to their age and time. "These," she said, "are my jewels." The children are also the living jewels of Christ our Lord. He blesses them; He sets them up as the models of all that would aspire to the kingdom of heaven; He proclaimed the Magna Charta of the little ones. One of the most popular pictures of our day represents a Christ blessing little children. One of the mothers is there depicted as gently pushing her child up to receive a blessing from the Saviour's willing hands. That is what the Church of Christ is doing with her crown jewels, with the blessed little ones of her flock—generally pushing them to the feet of our Lord. He is the incomparably perfect ideal that she ever places before the little ones, the highest inspiration to noble thought and endeavor. Around the personality of Christ centers the training of all teachers. He stands upon an eminence which no other has reached; His educational influence has been the most far-reaching, the most profound, the most abiding, the most vital and creative, that this old world has ever known. The wealth of truth and what is revealed in Christ—that is what has transformed the world, enabled men, and raised woman to her proper sphere, brought the children into their own, and given us all that is best and sweetest in our civilization. The knowledge and love of Christ are, indeed, the most precious and educational possessions of race. They are the basis of true culture, of real intellectual and moral progress.

"Let knowledge grow from more to more, But more of reverence in us dwell; That mind and soul, according well, May make one music, as before, But vaster."

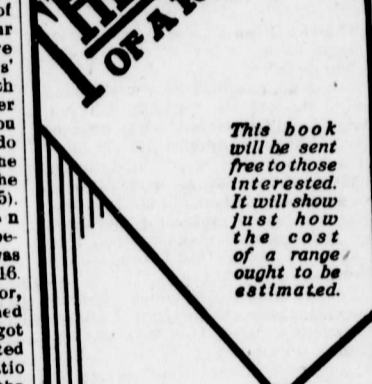
WHAT THE CHURCH TRIES TO DO This knowledge and love of Christ, our faith tries—in the home, the church, the school—to instill into the mind and heart of every child that her holy hand has blessed with baptismal grace. As Christ took His stand beside the child, so does she. At every stage of her existence, she stands beside Christ's little ones—she stands beside them like an archangel with a flaming sword, protecting her hand, sheltering the outcast in her peaceful home, educating them in the knowledge and love of God, guarding them, as far as she may, against the philosophies and the dangerous school systems that would imperil the precious grace with which heaven has endowed them.

It is in childhood and youth—that is, in the school period—that the most important stage of human development takes place. The school-period is, then, a time of tremendous importance in the training of the child. In the home and the school we do the winter seeding and the spring seeding of life; and that kind of L'Espece!"

RAILROAD MAN HAD TO LAY OFF

Buffalo, N.Y. "I have been a Pullman conductor on the C. P. R. and Michigan Central for the last three years. About four years ago, I was laid up with intense pain in the groin, a very sore back, and suffered most severely when I tried to urinate. I treated with my family physician for two months for Gravel in the Bladder but did not receive any benefit. About that time, I met another railroad man who had been similarly affected and who had been cured by GIN PILLS, after having been given up by a prominent physician who treated him for Dialectes. He is now running on the road and is perfectly cured. He strongly advised me to try GIN PILLS which I did—with the result that the pains left me entirely."

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of seed will grow which then and there we plant.

From the time of the apostles the Catholic Church has preached the Gospel. It has been well said that Catholic missionaries...

THE OBJECT OF ALL CHILD-TRAINING The formation of character—that is the object of all child-training...

A CONTRAST In the nature of things, the Kingdom of God must grow chiefly by giving a right direction to young life.

As sickly plants betray a niggard earth, So barren bosoms starve their generous birth...

In like manner, a sickly moral and spiritual growth can be the only natural outcome of that kind of system which refuses to Christianize children...

DANGER OF A ONE SIDED TRAINING

There are two features of our time that give a special importance to this question of religion in education. One is the extent of which the powers and responsibilities of government are being shared at last by the masses of the people...

WHAT HISTORY TEACHES

One thing is clearly taught by the lessons of history; a nation is not fitted to endure merely because of its intellectual or artistic attainments, nor merely by its practical knowledge and control of the material world...

SPREADING THE GOSPEL

We learn from the Liverpool Times that since the foundation of the British and Foreign Bible Society of 1804 this organization has issued 236,500,000 copies of the Scriptures...

Just what the net result of this remarkable output of Scriptural literature we have no means of knowing. We take it the object is the conversion of the heathen.

Teach all nations does not appear to appeal to the Protestant missionary. Rather, his motto appears to be "Read the Bible and you'll be right."

DIOCESE OF PRINCE ALBERT BISHOP PASCAL'S MISSIONARY WORK

Last week Monsignor Paschal, Bishop of Prince Albert, visited the Catholic Colony of Sinnett, Sask. Many changes had taken place in the settlement since His Lordship's previous visit, six years ago.

The Bishop arrived at Sinnett on Wednesday, Sept. 25th, and having enjoyed two days good sport among the feathered inhabitants of the colony, he proceeded to the celebration of Mass at the Galicians have constructed for their own use.

Sunday was a busy day for His Lordship. He said Mass at 8:30 in St. Ignatius' church, assisted by the Rev. J. C. Sinnett, Father French, of Pembroke diocese, preached on the Gospel of the day, the healing of the man sick of the palsy, and drawing attention to the fact that Our Saviour forgave the man his sins before He cured his body.

The children were then subjected to an examination in catechism, and their replies being satisfactory the Bishop proceeded to administer the sacrament of Confirmation, the choir and men while singing the "Veni Creator," were confirmed at this church.

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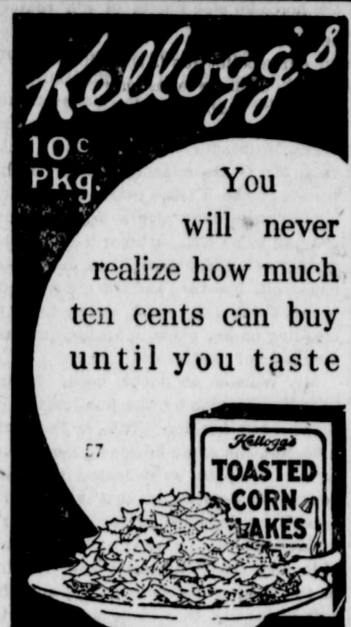
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Blessing of the congregation brought the ceremony to a conclusion, and the children assembled outside the church to be photographed, while the clergy were the guests of Mr. William Knans at dinner.

In the afternoon took place the blessing of St Ignatius' Church. The congregation in this parish are more fortunate in having possessed a good frame church for the past three years. Here, too, stands the original log church, and the little log shanty in which Father Sinnett had the courage to brave four winters of cold, and form years of hardship.

After the children had been questioned by Father Sinnett, and again by Father French, some forty of them received the sacrament of confirmation. In all ninety-six children were confirmed in the three churches. Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament followed, the choir being assisted by members of St. Patrick's congregation.

My Lord, in the name of the Catholics of this settlement I welcome you into our midst. No doubt more urgent duties have detained you from visiting us during the past six years, and your present visit is a proof to us that you have not forgotten the existence of this Catholic colony, and we have hopes that in the future you will be honored by your presence amongst us.

The spiritual care of nine townships, almost entirely settled by a Catholic population, and comprising, therefore, at least two hundred Catholic families, is no light burden for a single priest. But in addition to this Father Sinnett has undertaken missions in six districts, such as Gurney, Lockwood and Drake, and he humbly trusts that his presence in the conscientious manner which is characteristic of Father Sinnett, is altogether too great a burden for one man, even were he still young and active.

His Lordship, in his most interesting reply, again expressed his inability to provide an assistant priest, and referred once more to his early missionary experiences; congratulating himself that during the thirty years of his missionary career his flock, once a handful of pagan

Indians, had now become a large population of civilized and educated Christians. He made no reference to his long absence, but it is to be hoped that his reception in the Colony will induce him to repeat his visits at more frequent intervals.

After the service some twenty guests were entertained at Father Sinnett's hospitable board and an eventful day in the history of the Sinnett Colony was brought to a happy termination. His Lordship drove to Muenster next morning, accompanied by Father Casimir, and leaving behind not a few new friends whom the charm of his personality had drawn to him.

CHURCH OF CHRIST

The following is a synopsis of Rt. Rev. Bishop McFaul's sermon at the eleventh annual convention of the American Federation of Catholic Societies held this year at Louisville, Ky.

The Bishop read that part of the twenty-second chapter of St. Matthew, which tells of the Pharisees trying to tempt him in his speech by asking him, "Master, which is the greatest commandment?" and how He replied, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart and all thy soul and all thy mind. This is the first and the greatest commandment, and the second is like unto this, thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself."

"We know, even the least and the youngest of us, know that to enter eternal life we must love God and our neighbor in this order: our lives in accordance with this rule."

"The world has repudiated the doctrine of the so-called reformers that faith alone is necessary to salvation. To-day those outside of the Catholic Church have gone to the other extreme in reversing their early tenants; they tell us now that works alone will count, and faith has no place in the scheme of salvation. But not so with the Catholic Church; she is teaching to-day what she taught nearly two thousand years ago, what she taught in Luther's time; she is telling the world that man is justified by faith in the true God and His Christ, and by the works which spring from that faith."

"If the world would but open its eyes to this fact of the Church's preservation, unchanged and unchangeable, the scandal of Christianity divided into countless warring sects would not last one night. Nearly twenty centuries ago Jesus sent those twelve poor fishermen to teach the whole world and spread His Church over all the earth, and during this time she has had to struggle against the forces of hell and the world, but to-day she is stronger and more vigorous than ever, still calling upon mankind not to look and hide her head when they do not understand her teachings and the principles for which she stands. As the Master did to His tempters, she still is demanding unqualified obedience to the Ten Commandments and announcing the quest, "What think ye of Christ, whose son is He?" The world replies as of old, "an only son, merely a man, a perfect man, a will, a wonderful moral teacher, the founder of the greatest religious organization that time has ever seen, a profound philosopher, a man leading a life of most exemplary virtue, but the Church answers, in thunder tones: Jesus Christ is more than man; He is God."

"In our schools and universities we are teaching young hearts to love God, to know that Jesus is the Saviour of mankind, and that by keeping the commandments and respecting the rights of our neighbors only can a life be rightly ordered. Here in this country, then, if the nation is doing her part for the Church, yet sometimes she receives in return abuse and despair. We do not want to tear down, we want to build up the social structure. We want to bring the law of God into our everyday relations; to teach capital its duty toward labor and labor its duty to employer; to show mankind that there is no other Jesus alone is there a solution of the evils which infest society. Ambassador Bryce, a great statesman and a non-Catholic, many years sounded the warning of the destruction that would befall our country if our people turn entirely

from God and the restraints which Christian morals put upon their selfishness and passion. His prophecy is coming true and the Church of God now calls upon all to hear her voice, ere it is too late.

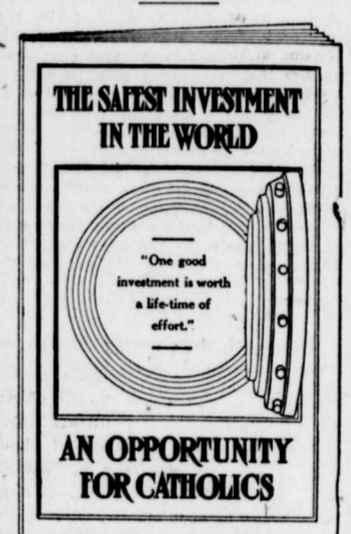
"It will be admitted, I am sure, that only by concerted, united action, we can bring about effective results. Here let me say that we Catholics are anxious to hold out the right hand of friendship to all Christian denominations combating the civil and religious errors of our day. We are with our non-Catholic neighbors against divorce, against race suicide, against intemperance, against the enemies of the Bible of the ten commandments and of the divinity of Christ."

"Looking out into the future I see the Catholic Church as she will be in America not many centuries hence. My vision is that of a great cathedral, built not by mortal hands, but the Great Architect of the universe, the

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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 fact.

Mr. Thomas Coffey. Dear Sir: For some time past I have read your paper. I am glad to see that you are so true to the Catholic faith and so true to the Catholic spirit.

LONDON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 26, 1912

THE RELIGION OF THE FUTURE

Mathew Arnold believed that the religion of the future would be some sort of modified Catholicism; of recent years however, it has become the fashion to assert that the religion of humanity must discard all outward creeds, and, above all, free itself from the shackles of dogma.

Beneath all this is the recognition of the passing of narrow national patriotism, or rather its broadening out so as to include all men as brothers. Socialism and even sane and legitimate labor movements have already swept away narrow national limitations.

Very Rev. Mr. Benson, in the September North American, discusses the question under the title of Cosmopolitanism and Catholicism.

"Cosmopolitanism," says Father Benson, "is the last stage in a movement that has been developing for centuries: it is as inevitable a development of patriotism as patriotism is of the tribal instinct, and the tribal instinct of family affection."

"In the former delegates of all civilized countries are attempting to establish a Supreme Tribunal whose decisions shall be final in matters of dispute—a tribunal which, if it ever effectively exists, will be a real 'Parliament of man and federation of the world' in the latter there is exhibited the amazing spectacle of a dozen separate and distinct nationalities, loyal to one flag, living in one country, and submissive not only to one government, but to one form of its too, and that essentially democratic."

He then traces the attempted suppression of the Huguenots under Louis XIV., and discusses the moribund condition of religious life in France on the eve of the Revolution.

"The household gods, tribal deities and national churches are the natural and inevitable outcome of each bond of unity in its expanding development, since, whatever be the truth or falsehood of any given religion, man in the long run will insist on some species of faith."

Hence in the new order of the future there must and will be a universal religion.

"Now it appears to me simply amazing that so few of our Modern Thinkers ever seem to have dreamed, even theoretically, of the question as to whether Catholicism may not be the most suitable candidate in the field."

We should like to summarize more of Father Benson's arguments and can spare forbear to quote more fully his own graphic language, but space forbids. Many of our readers will be grateful to us if they peruse the whole lengthy article. Following are the concluding sentences:

"It is remarkable, if nothing more, that that vision which prophets and kings are only now desiring to see—a breaking down of partition walls between nations, a unity based itself upon a common humanity and judging itself to be of more value and permanence than local or temperamental divisions that have hitherto separated the race of man into competitive and mutually jealous groups—that that vision should have been actually perceived by Catholic Christianity two thousand years before its secular counterpart—word or thing. There is neither Jew nor Greek, Barbarian nor Scythian, bond nor free. They are all one."

THE CHURCH AND THE FRENCH REVOLUTION

The traditional view of Catholic writers for upwards of one hundred years has been that the French Revolution was primarily, and, in its essence, opposed to the Catholic Church.

In the preface to his book he says: "If a personal point may be noted, the fact that the writer of these pages is himself a Catholic and in political sympathy strongly attached to the political theory of the Revolution, should not be hidden from the reader."

Having thus established his qualification for the task, he discusses the political and military aspects of the revolution, and begins the final chapter of his book as follows:

"The last and the most important of the aspects which the French Revolution presents to a foreign, and in particular to an English reader, is the antagonism which arose between it and the Catholic Church. As this is the most important, so it is the most practical of the historical problems which the Revolution sets the student to solve; for the opposition of the Church's organization in France has at once been the most profound and the most active in its methods, counter, the more active in its methods, against the Revolution as it proceeded. We must, then, approach our business by asking at the outset the most general question of all: 'Was there a necessary and fundamental quarrel between the doctrines of the Revolution and those of the Catholic Church? Historically and logically, theologically also, those who affirm a necessary antagonism between the Republic and the Church are in error. Those who are best fitted to approach the problem by their knowledge, both of what the Revolution attempted and of what Catholic philosophy is, find his finger upon a political doctrine essential to the Revolution and to say, 'This doctrine is opposed to Catholic dogma or to Catholic morals.' Conversely, it is impossible for the Republic to put his finger upon a matter of ecclesiastical discipline or religious dogma and to say, 'This Catholic point is at issue with my political theory of the State.'"

He then traces the attempted suppression of the Huguenots under Louis XIV., and discusses the moribund condition of religious life in France on the eve of the Revolution.

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with the old society that was crumbling upon every side." The attempt to enforce this "Constitution" produced an unexpected resistance on the part of the clergy, and provided the revolutionists with a definite concrete object for their attacks.

"There followed immediately a general attack upon religion. The attempted closing of all churches was, of course, a failure, but it was firmly believed that such a step was due only to the ignorance of the provincial districts which displayed it, or to the self-seeking of those who fostered it. The attempt at mere 'dechristianisation' as it was called, failed, but the months of terror and cruelty, the vast number of martyrs (or they were no less) and the incredible sufferings and indignities to which the priests who attempted to remain in the country were subjected, burnt itself, as it were, into the very fibre of the Catholic organization in France and remained, in spite of political theory one way or the other, and in spite of the national symphonies of priesthood, the one great active memory inherited from that time.

THE OPPOSITION TO HOME RULE. One naturally asks what is at the bottom of all the burlesque opposition to Home Rule which is manifesting itself in Belfast and in a few of the northern towns of Ireland.

DOLLARS VERSUS DUTY. The other day the English papers contained a summary of the will of Mr. Hons Gaspard Schmitz, a "nitrate king," who died leaving an estate of about \$12,000,000.

Now, what is behind all this? A clever Protestant writer in a London daily newspaper answers the question. The motive is ascendancy. These people have ridden for over a hundred years on the backs of the majority. They have monopolized practically every fat office in Ireland. They have controlled the administration. The police, the law, the judges, have been of their making.

MR. WATSON, POET. A short time ago, Rudyard Kipling, who has written verse of great merit, as well as verse and prose of no merit at all, published in the London Times some verses entitled "Ulster" which obviously wrote for a money reward, as he had his production copyrighted, thus preventing the reprint of the verses except with his permission.

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him at the time was that when he wrote the poem he was bereft of his reason, and our recollection is that that excuse for the unmanly effusion was put forward by a member of his own family.

SOUTH AMERICA

Mr. John S. Ewart, K. C., is just home from an extended trip in South America and is much impressed with the evidence of development in that part of the world. He says: "The twentieth century belongs to Canada, but the South American Republics will loom largely in the picture."

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care of a priest and taken to the market where they are put up at auction and inspected like cattle. The Guardian editor appears to be a very enterprising person, for he gets despatches from very remote parts into which even correspondents of the London Times do not penetrate.

WHEN WILL WE REALIZE THE DANGER?

Recent events in Toronto give us a sad picture of municipal government by oath-bound secret societies. Of the five and twenty members of this year's council, the Globe tells us, no less than eighteen are members of the Orange order, and six of the eighteen are also members of the Sons of England.

ANOTHER ONE. Here is something rich and rare. In the Charlottetown Guardian of Oct. 8, appeared a despatch dated Toronto, Oct. 5th, in which it is stated that "a student named Krymski, who has enrolled at McMaster University (Baptist), was, according to his own statement, subjected to persecution and imprisonment in a Quebec monastery. Several months ago, the young man says, he became a teacher of languages in a Montreal Catholic institution, and having visited the Polish Protestant mission became converted to Protestantism.

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THE MINER'S MAGAZINE

Mr. John M. O'Neil, Socialist, editor of the Miner's Magazine (now he is honest, dear sir, is not your real name something like Rosenthal) has paid his respects to the editor of the CATHOLIC RECORD in words of burning indignation. Copying one of our editorials he says: "The above editorial shows the ponderous intellect of the scribbling scavenger who furnishes verbal garbage to satiate the mentality of weaklings who have vacant apartments in their coupolas. It is safe to assume that men and women of intellectual weight do not peruse the pages of the Record, for there is nothing to be learned from a light weight sheet carrying the oblations of a driving nonentity whose occult violon has been obscured by the cobwebs of superstition."

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fool tax gatherer grabbed out of a cup of tea... The Uster Barnum bids fair to achieve immortality.

NOTES AND COMMENTS

DOM CLARKSON, O. S. B., who comes to this country after a ripe experience on the English missions, to found a Benedictine College at Calgary, is still in the prime of life, having celebrated the silver jubilee of his priesthood in May last.

THOSE who were sufficiently curious to read the reasons given for non-attendance at church in the columns of a Toronto daily recently could not fail to be struck with the stress laid by more than one upon the blind bigotry which disgraces so many Protestant pulpits in this city.

ANOTHER REASON, from a different source, for the decay of the influence of Protestant pulpits, was that advanced by Inspector Kennedy of the Toronto Morality Department, who was called upon to testify in the recent theatre case against Rev. R. B. St. Clair.

FROM the publishing house of Longmans Green & Co. comes "Catherine Sydney," a novel by Francis Deming Hoyt, a new recruit to the rather "thin red line" of Catholic writers.

the enquiring mind. A Catholic physician, Dr. Eaton, the confidant of the two central figures in the story, the means of bringing them together, and of unravelling by lucid explanation of Catholic doctrine the tangled web in which heredity and early training had involved Fred Drayton, is a sterling character, well worthy of emulation.

ONE of the most interesting phases of the High Church movement in England in the middle of the last century, centred in St. Saviour's Church, Leeds, a building erected and endowed by Dr. Pusey himself, with a view to translating the Anglican theory of Catholicity into practice.

THE STORY of St. Saviour's has been very fully and sympathetically told in the recently published Memoir of John Hungerford Pollen, to which allusion was made in these columns a few weeks ago.

HAD IT BEEN possible to vindicate the claim of Anglicanism to the title Catholic, the successful issue of the St. Saviour's experiment would have gone far to achieve that end. It was undertaken in a spirit of faith, and was prosecuted throughout with a zeal and selflessness worthy of a better cause.

DR. WALTER FARQUHAR HOOK, who had at first co-operated in the foundation, soon began to look upon it with jealous eyes. His diocesan, Dr. Longley, Bishop of Ripon, was a Low Churchman, and had no sympathy with "high" ambitions.

investigation later, of course proved to be untrue, were directed against these devoted men. For eleven trying years, the episode lasted, and then in 1851, upon the conversion to the Catholic Faith of most of those connected with it, it died of sheer inanition.

OF the clergy connected with St. Saviour's, whether as rectors, curates or occasional assistants, all with one or two exceptions became Catholics. Some of them awoke to the realities of the situation sooner than others, but, in the event, only two or three remained Anglicans.

SACRED HEART CONVENT

SECOND ANNUAL MEETING OF THE ALUMNAE AT LONDON

Immensely successful and the most delightful gathering was the general meeting of those who had the opportunity and privilege of attending the Alumnae meeting last Thursday at the Sacred Heart Convent in this city.

Our meeting was presided by greetings from Rev. Mother, and shortly after 11 o'clock we assembled in the spacious study hall where from our beloved honorary president, Rev. Mother Lewis, we were given in the most graceful form a truly heartfelt welcome.

Rev. Mother, members of the Alumnae: It is with feelings of unfeigned pleasure I greet you and bid you welcome to the second annual meeting of the Alumnae of the Sacred Heart Convent.

The evidence I have had of warm regard for the Sacred Heart from the members new and old has made my incumbency of the office a pleasant task. The whole-hearted interest in the affairs of the convent, the sentiment of high regard for its work, which I am sure is ever on your lips in the world outside, has borne fruit, and may it be that this sentiment will continue to grow as the years come along.

without the convent walls it is a joy to call up the old memories and reveal in the past as we meet the faces long separated in the great world outside.

It admonishes us to ever seek the perfect, the noble, the good—to treasure quality rather than quantity, to hold aloft that which has a pre-eminence of virtue rather than the bulk of deeds.

Following this the Secretary and Treasurer read their annual reports which were most gratifying. Miss Forristal then gave a short account of the work accomplished during the past year by the Literary Society, which had been formed only one year ago and has been most successful.

Madam President—May I be permitted on behalf of the members of the Alumnae to offer a vote of thanks to our Honorary President, Reverend Mother Lewis, our devoted Mistress, and the dear Sisters who have so ably and untiringly laboured for us.

Madam President—It is a privilege and a pleasure to second the motion for a vote of thanks tendered by Miss Darcy to our Honorary President, Reverend Mother Lewis, and her devoted Sisters.

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Miss Forristal spoke as follows: Rev. and Dear Mother—Another year has passed and again we meet under the hallowed roof of our beloved Alma Mater.

While following various avocations in the life which tries the work of education we are brought to realize that beyond all price is the value of what by word and example we have received from the hands of our dear loved mistresses.

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FUNERAL OF MR. DOMINIC FALLON

On Monday of last week took place in Cornwall the funeral of Mr. Dominic Fallon, the much esteemed father of Right Rev. M. F. Fallon, Bishop of London.

From the Diocese of London came Right Rev. Mgr. Aylward and Rev. Fathers McGee, Egan, McKeon, Laurendeau and Campeau.

When the sacrifice of Mass was concluded the procession was formed and proceeded to the Grand Trunk station. Accompanied by the relatives and many friends the remains were conveyed to Kingston for interment.

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the interment took place and where was placed in mother earth all that was mortal of a man whose memory will ever remain green in the minds of a host of friends who ever admired him for his innate goodness and his sterling manliness of character.

Confinement in Confessional Cause of Many Deaths

The alarming mortality among Philadelphia Catholic pastors has caused Archbishop Prendergast considerable trouble in filling the vacancies by the deaths of the priests.

Upon the arrival of the Archbishop from Europe, his medical adviser suggested that the subject be taken up in place of the closed compartment now in general use there will be placed in one section of the church a screened enclosure.

To My Sister

By Michael Earls, S. J., in the Ave Maria Storms of care at the forts of thought And thunders of high demand, And between us lies the Valley of Death.

Advertisement for Na-Dru-Co Tasteless Cod Liver Oil. Includes text: 'Prepare Yourself For Winter's Worst' and 'Don't wait till you have caught one of those nasty colds—fortify yourself against them by taking a course of Na-Dru-Co Tasteless Cod Liver Oil.'

Advertisement for RE-NU YOUR HARDWOOD FLOORS. Includes text: 'RE-NU-ALL has scooped up all the dirt, dust and grease, and has left it shining like a ballroom floor.'

Advertisement for RE-NU-ALL. Includes text: 'Eventually you will clean your house from top to bottom with the magic cleaner, RE-NU-ALL. Why continue to plod along with broom and duster and soap and water and lots of hard, tiring work, when you can easily test the merits of RE-NU-ALL.'

FIVE-MINUTE SERMON
TWENTY-SECOND SUNDAY AFTER PENTECOST
OUR DUTIES TO GOD AND THE WORLD

Remember therefore unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's, and unto God the things that are God's. (St. Matt. xxii, 21.)
If the Pharisees were a bad set and tried to enslave our Lord by the question they propounded, we may at least thank them for the answer it brought forth. For it unmistakably shows us that we owe a duty not only to God but to the State as well.

No Christian worthy of the name would hesitate to admit the claim that God has upon us. He is our Creator, our Redeemer, our Sanctifier. All that we have we owe to Him, and our innate sense of gratitude prompts every man to see the justice of the claim that He has upon us. But it is one thing to acknowledge the justice of the claim, it is quite another to make it good.

It is easy enough to admit that we should honor God's claims, by serving Him with our whole heart and our whole mind; but the difficulty arises when God in this or that particular circumstance demands of us that we should render unto Him that which belongs to Him by every right. The natural inclination is to put off the fulfillment of the claim as long as we can. Men in most cases strive to invert the logical order which God has established of sending first the kingdom of heaven and other things afterward, by striving for everything else first, and then God's claims at the end.

Never forget, brethren, that we always are the subjects of God, that we owe Him a service, and that the debt we owe Him is not to be paid in the last few days or years of our life.
Neither must we ever forget that we have to render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's. That is to say, we must always remember that we owe respect and obedience to the government under which we live.

This, indeed, should not be a hard task for who have the great privilege of living under one of the best governments in the world. Here we enjoy peace, freedom, and happiness. Here we can build up our churches, our schools, and our public institutions without any unnecessary interference from the State. Here we can practise our religious observances to our hearts' content, and no one will interfere. Here we can render unto God the things that are His. Therefore should we all the more willingly render unto the State all that belongs to it. And the State all that belongs to it. And the State all that belongs to it. And the State all that belongs to it.

No, brethren, for just as we must never forget our duty to God we must never neglect our duty to the State. We must have a conscience on this matter, and learn to love, cherish, and obey the laws and fulfill with a good conscience all the obligations it imposes upon us.

CURED OF THIS HORRIBLE DISEASE

Edmonton Girl saved By "Fruit-a-lives"

EDMONTON, ALTA., Nov. 20th 1911.
"Edmonton a sufferer from babyhood with that terrible complaint, Constipation. I have been treated by physicians and heard of, but without the slightest benefit. I concluded that there was no cure for this horrible disease. Finally, I read of "Fruit-a-lives" and decided to try them, and the effect was marvelous.

The first box gave me great relief, and after I used a few boxes, I found that I was entirely well.
"Fruit-a-lives" is the only medicine that ever did me any good for Chronic Constipation and I want to say to all who suffer as I did—Try "Fruit-a-lives"—you will suffer any longer when there is a perfect cure in this great fruit medicine."
(MISS) E. A. GOODALL.

"Fruit-a-lives" works in the world made of fruit and the only one that will completely and absolutely cure Constipation.
50c a box, 6 for \$2.50, trial size, 25c. At all dealers or sent on receipt of price by Fruit-a-lives Limited, Ottawa.

him who through all those years had faithfully kept his pledge.—Magnificent.

TEMPERANCE AND SUFFRAGE

For years, it has been argued that woman suffrage would promote temperance and temperance legislation. The Woman's Christian Temperance Union has proposed suffrage under that assumption, and the National Prohibition party has incorporated suffrage in its platform.

But the Remonstrance, the organ of the anti-Suffragists in Massachusetts, asserts that the practical workings of woman suffrage in States where it has been adopted, do not sustain this assumption. The Remonstrance quotes to sustain its assertion, Dr. Clarence True Wilson, a leading temperance speaker, who writes thus in the Portland (Ore.) Telegram:

of a large Eastern daily tells of the first notable victories won by American athletes over those of England. An English team had come to New York for an international meet, and expected to have an easy time in maintaining their old-time superiority over all other nations. The evening before the opening of the events a few Americans dropped into the British headquarters and were astonished to find several of them slipping on ice. In reply to their expressions of surprise, the Englishman protested: "O, we always drink ale, but not much of it." In the ensuing contests Great Britain was badly beaten. Sportsmen in the tight little ale are now speaking seriously of the United States' rise in the athletic world, and are beginning to admit that the use of alcoholic drink by British athletes may have had not a little to do with the result.—Sacred Heart Review.

THE GIRL WHO WORKS

SHE HAS A MODEL IN ST. ROSE OF LIMA, WHO SEWED TO HELP HER FAMILY

Speaking recently before the Sodality of St. Mary Star of the Sea Catholic Church, in South Baltimore, the pastor, Rev. John T. Wheelan, vigorously spoke present-day conditions, and declared that it was the mother and not the daughter, who should be blamed.

Drawing a parallel, he pointed out that St. Rose of Lima, Peru, the first American saint, was a working girl, and he said that she should be a model for the working girl of the present day. He said:

How wonderful it is that the first American saint, whose feast we celebrate August 30, should be a working girl! St. Rose of Lima, in Peru, was born in 1586. She was a Christian girl, but the figures and color of her face caused her to be called Rose while still in the cradle. She grew up a beautiful girl, but one day, hearing a young man admiring her beauty, she deliberately disfigured her beauty, lest she be an occasion of temptation to others.

"We talk of children hiding themselves behind their mothers' skirts. Alas, the skirt no longer hides even the mother. And it is the mother, and not the daughter, who should be blamed for the indecent dress of to-day. What are mothers for, if not to see that their children wear becoming clothes? Children may know no better; parents should. The parents of St. Rose were wealthy, but like many American families, lost their fortune. The old story—three generations from shirt sleeves to shirt sleeves. St. Rose gladly went to work as a sewing girl to help her family in their necessities, and by her pure and beautiful life edified the whole city. After her death she was declared a saint by Pope Clement in 1671. And so the first American saint was a working girl.

"What a splendid ideal she is for American working girls! According to the census, there are about 1,000,000 working women in the United States. This is about one-tenth of the entire population.

"The working girl is everywhere in the American industrial life to-day. The business world could not get on without her. She fills the streets morning and evening. The sight should be an inspiration to us all. She does not choose the easy way. We do not find her loafing on the street corner, nor filling the saloon. She is not too proud to earn her bread and butter by the sweat of her hand, and a helping hand. It assists many a sick father, many a widowed mother. It helps many a brother and sister to future success. It keeps many a family together.

DRUNKENNESS CAN BE CURED

Old Fallacy That Drunkenness Cannot be Cured Exploded
Many men drink who desire to stop the habit. Whiskey, however, has undermined the constitution and created a craving that is not to be denied, and the man must have whiskey or something that will remove the craving and build up the system and restore the nerves. Samaria Prescription stops the craving, steadies the nerves, builds up the general health and makes drink actually distasteful and nauseous. It is tasteless, and odorless, and can be given with or without the patient's knowledge, in tea, coffee or food. It is used regularly by Physicians and hospitals. It has cured thousands in Canada, and restored happiness to hundreds of homes.

QUENCH HELL FIRE

It is gratifying to learn that long service in the higher grades of the United States Army does not destroy the democratic spirit, and that old age and retirement do not quench military ardor. We have seen lately a retired Lieutenant General in company that to many seemed unbecoming his high dignity, leading an attack on the Catholic Church. We now read of a retired Brigadier General heading a brigade of International Biblical Students three thousand strong in a charge on hell fire.

"We do not find the Bible to teach the doctrine of a literal hell fire," cried the students in answer to the gallant general; and it is noteworthy that their contempt of the English language is as great as their contempt of future punishment. "Secular history of the formation of the creeds of the Middle Ages reveals the fact that for various reasons the doctrine of torment in hell fire was added to the Gospel as taught by Jesus and the twelve apostles, necessitating many ridiculous interpretations of the Lord's parables." This is a very definite statement. Perhaps the three thousand are ready to tell us whose secular history reveals the fact. Before puzzled Catholics how the history of the formation of the creeds of the Middle Ages can be called "secular"; how many creeds there were in the Middle Ages and how distinguished from one another; how one is to account for the doctrine of hell fire in the writings of the fathers of

PRESIDENT SUSPENDER NONE SO EASY

The Church, who lived long before the Middle Ages; what were the reasons that brought about the adding of the doctrine to the Gospel; who added it; the names of the twelve Apostles who preached the Gospel, and a few of the ridiculous interpretations of the Lord's parables the addition necessitated.

"We now repudiate as thoroughly unscriptural the teaching of a place, state or condition of literal 'lake of fire and brimstone,' etc." The English is again indisputable; the sense is tolerably clear. The International Biblical Students Convention should imitate the International Bible students and repudiate the doctrine that there is such a place as Sing Sing or such a state or condition as imprisonment. The burglar would not be so indisputably very consoling. The International Small Boys should repudiate indignantly the fable of the woodshed, the shingle and the slipper; they would like to ask the Brigadier General and the International Biblical Students some questions very consoling. Unfortunately between the place where we hope to be, and that where they will probably be unless they repent, there is, according to one of our Lord's parables too clear to need interpretation, "a great gulf" that makes communication impossible.

THE BUSINESS MAN

who does not protect his creditors by insuring his property is not looked upon as a safe or desirable man with whom to have dealings.
Yet, what creditors are there who have such great claims upon a man as his wife and children?
As the head of a family, it is your duty to see that those dependent upon you have the benefits and protection which life insurance provides.
See one of our Representatives To-day Regarding a Policy, or Write to the
NORTH AMERICAN LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY
HOME OFFICE "Solid as the Continent" TORONTO

What the newspapers called characteristically, the quenching of hell fire, took place at a place called Glen Echo. No place could be more appropriate. The gallant resolution in response to the Gallant Brigadier General is like echo itself.
"Vox est proterea nihil."
One might make an interesting study of the strange propensity of retired officers often have to engage in things for which their active life has made them absolutely unfit. We may take it up some day.—America.

Cure that Bunion
No need to suffer bunion torture another day. DR. SCHOLL'S BUNION RIGHT removes the cause of your bunion or enlarged toe joint by permanently straightening the crooked toe. Gives INSTANT RELIEF and a FINAL CURE of all bunions, pain, shields, splinters or shoe stretchers never cure. Dr. Scholl's Bunion Right is comfortable, sanitary, convenient, guaranteed, or money back. 50 cents each or \$1.00 per pair at Dr. Scholl's Bunion Right Co., 214 King St. W., Toronto. Illustrated Booklet Free.

O'KEEFE'S Liquid Extract OF Malt with Iron
is an ideal preparation for building up the BLOOD and BODY. It is more readily assimilated and absorbed into the circulatory fluid than any other preparation of iron. It is of great value in all forms of Anemia and General Debility. For Sale at Drug Stores. W. LLOYD WOOD General Agent Toronto :: Canada

The Merit of the Fixed Premium
Recent events in the domain of life insurance afford another illustration of the superiority of the Fixed Premium System, under which the regular legal reserve companies operate. In the evening of life, when earning power is declining, a man's monetary obligations should grow less, rather than greater. That is just what happens in regard to premium payments for life insurance, through the application of dividends in reduction of premiums, under the participating policies of

The Mutual Life Assurance Company of Canada
Head Office: Waterloo, Ont.

There are No Substitutes For Eddy's Matches
Insist on getting Eddy's Matches. The home needs our safety; the smoker, our vests; the out-of-doors man our flammers. There's an Eddy Match for every purpose—make sure you get them. For Sale Everywhere
THE E. B. EDDY COMPANY HULL, CANADA

This Stylish Ulster
Best English Tweeds \$8.75
Lined with Fleece or Italian Linings
Here's a remarkable overcoat at a remarkable price. The price is English—all clothing is cheaper in the "old country" than here—and you get the benefit of our colonial output. England is the home of "Tweeds"—and is, too, the home of good tailoring, both in style and workmanship. This winter overcoat will excite the envy of your friends who have paid three times as much. The fleece lining is a new feature—will keep you warm in the coldest weather. The coat is double-breasted style, with belt behind. In fact, this garment is a chance to Canadians to get a coat to their own requirements at the English price, from a leading London firm of tailors—and London style leads the world. (Cut in either American or English style.)
Also an English "Fall" Raincoat "The REGOETTE" \$8.75
Made to Your Measure. Two Styles.
The "Regoette" Raincoat is right up to date in cut, style and finish. Light in weight, it may be carried over the arm without inconvenience, whilst as a walking coat in cool weather it is just right. Easy fitting and good looking. The excellence of both material and tailoring is apparent at once to discriminating men. It carries an absolute guarantee to keep out the water or money refunded. This is a smart, dressy raincoat, of which thousands are being worn by well-dressed men in England—men who are notoriously hard to please in the matter of clothes. (American or English cut.)
Get the Two Coats for \$16.25
Carriage and Duty Paid.
Such a price is only possible by reason of our huge business—one of the largest in London—enabling us to purchase largely, and therefore cheaply. Have your garments made to your measure. Maintain individuality in your dress.
Address for Magazine and Pattern Samples our Canadian office—The Rego Clothing Co., Limited, 122 Cheapside, London, E.C.

SAVE OVER \$25 WHEN BUYING YOUR RANGE THIS FALL.
You Can Buy "DOMINION PRIDE" RANGE At Factory Price
DIRECT FROM THE LARGEST MALLEABLE RANGE WORKS IN CANADA
If you want to save from \$25 to \$30, and at the same time get the most satisfactory kitchen range made, write for our Catalogue and look into the merits of the "DOMINION PRIDE," at from \$41 to \$49. If we sold you identically the same range in the usual way, through a dealer, you would have to pay from \$65 to \$78 for it. You would be paying 25 to 30% to the cost of your range, but absolutely nothing to its value. Besides costing much less than other ranges in its class, the "DOMINION PRIDE" is much more satisfactory. It is made of tough, strong, malleable iron and the best blue polished steel—materials which will not warp, crack or break. The polished steel does not need blacking—simply rub it over with a cloth. With its coil-rolled steel plate oven—sectional iron fire-box lining, with air chambers—and double-walled flues lined with asbestos—the "DOMINION PRIDE" is the most economical range you can buy. Actual tests have proved that it saves over 30% of fuel, burning either wood or coal. WE PAY THE FREIGHT
A "DOMINION PRIDE" Range, with high closet shelf and elevated blue polished steel pipe and two elbows, will be delivered to any station in Ontario, Quebec or the Maritime Provinces for \$41, or to any station in the four Western Provinces for \$45 to be sent with order and balance to be paid when the Range is delivered at your station. If not convenient to pay cash we will arrange to accept your note.
Canada Malleable & Steel Range Mfg. Co., Limited, Oshawa, Ont.
When writing it will be a distinct favor to us if you will mention this paper.

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Name..... Address.....
This coupon, when mailed to Magic Foot Draft Co., Dept. PK43, Jackson, Mich., will bring you a \$1 Pair of Magic Foot Drafts, prepaid, TO TRY FREE, as explained below.
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FREDERICK DYER, Corresponding Sec'y.
My unbounded faith in Magic Foot Drafts is built on my record of results. If you could see the thousands of letters I get, telling of cures at every stage in the progress of this cruel torture called Rheumatism, cures of all kinds, as well as all the milder stages, and even 40 years, as well as all the milder stages, you would lay aside your doubts. But I do not ask you to believe. I send you my drafts to speak for themselves. Send my coupon today. You will get a pair of Drafts by return mail to try FREE. Then, after trying, if you are fully satisfied with the comfort they bring you, send me \$1. If not, they cost you nothing. You decide. Can't you see that I couldn't do this if my Drafts didn't satisfy? Wouldn't you mail a coupon to know for yourself, when I knowing as I do, risk my dollar treatment on my word? Address Magic Foot Draft Co., PK43 Oliver Bldg., Jackson, Mich. Send no money—only coupon. Do it now.

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

DON'T WASTE TIME

Often we have talked to our readers about wasted time, but few actually realize what the admonition means.

These three words should be in the mind of every man every day.

They should be repeated over and over in every pulpit, in every newspaper, in every school, in every family group.

Don't waste your time. Don't waste it in idleness, don't waste it in regretting the time already wasted, don't waste it in dissipation, don't waste it in resolutions a thousand times repeated.

Don't waste time. Remember that however much time you may have wasted already you have time enough left if you will use it.

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A MAN'S MOTHER

But your mother's life has not been easy. Your father was a poor man, and from the day she married him she stood by his side, fighting the wolf from the door with her naked hands, as a woman must fight.

She worked not the eight or ten-hour day of the union, but the twenty-four-hour day of the poor wife and mother.

She cooked and cleaned and scrubbed and patched and nursed from dawn until bedtime, and in the night was up and down getting drinks for thirsty lips, covering restless little sleepers, listening for croupy coughs.

She had time to listen to your stories of boyish fun and frolic and triumph.

She had time to say the things that spurred your ambition on.

She never forgot to cook the little dishes you liked.

She did without the dress she needed that you might not be ashamed of your clothes before your fellows.

Remember this now while there is yet time, while she is living, to pay back to her in love and tenderness some of the debt you owe her.

Don't get into the habit of being late for Mass. A moment of preparation before Mass may be the means of opening your souls to many graces.

Don't go to Mass without a prayer-book, unless you wish distraction and not devotion to occupy your mind.

Don't talk in church without necessity. Talk with God, whom you may not have visited, in His Temple, since last Sunday; you will have plenty of time to talk with your neighbor.

Don't criticize the sermon, nor the manner of preaching. It is a message from God bearing some truth to you. Heed the instruction and profit by it; it has something for you to learn.

Don't leave the Church until the priest has left the sanctuary. Take a moment in which to thank God for the graces of the Holy Mass.

Don't talk in the aisles going out. Remember you are in the presence of God in His Holy Sacrament. Your gossip will keep until you reach the street.—Bishop Conaty.

It was just a little before lunch in the office of a great railroad. Some of the clerks were putting on their coats, some leaving for the washroom, some consulting the clock; some were still busy. Suddenly the "boss" entered.

He glanced about him and then approached the young bookkeeper.

"What time is it?" he asked.

"The young man kept on figuring, and the boss put a hand on his desk and repeated the question.

Instantly the chief looked up, surprised to see the clock at his elbow. "I beg your pardon, were you speaking to me?" he asked.

"Merely inquiring the time—that was all," said the other.

The bookkeeper glanced about the room, located the clock, and said, "It's ten minutes to twelve."

scholarship which paid her tuition, she did not mind the hardships, nor the poverty. Was not this her life-long dream to be in college? And so earnestly and joyfully did she work that she won her way to the head of her classes, and into the most coveted college circles.

At last commencement came with its receptions and flowers and hosts of admiring friends.

In the midst of it Margery had a big share of the attention and admiration.

Almost everybody had heard her story, how she had worked her way and won against all obstacles. They admired her for her pluck and loved her for herself.

When the graduates had received their degrees and their friends and college mates crowded forward to congratulate them, the last in the long line that greeted Margery was a crippled girl.

She impulsively took both Margery's hands and with tears in her eyes said: "I'm so glad, Margery! I so glad!"

"Why, it's Eleanor!" explained Margery, still holding her hands. "You entered the freshman class when I did. But soon left, and I haven't seen you since. Why did you quit? And where have you been?"

"The slow color crept up in her face; she turned her eyes aside.

"Oh, I couldn't make it," she said. "I went back to teaching a country school up in the hills. I've been there ever since."

"But I'm so glad, Margery!"—her eyes again brightened—"that you stayed and won. I wouldn't have amounted to much even if I could have graduated. But you are so strong and splendid. You'll do great things, and the college will be proud of you. You'll do things that will make your name remembered here."

At the reception that evening Margery spoke to one of the professors about Eleanor Chalmers.

"Do you know why she left school?" "Yes," and the professor explained. "One day the dean of the college looked up from his desk as his secretary handed him a card."

"Margery Nelson."

"Send her in at once," he said to the secretary, and smiled for he was pleased and curious to see Margery.

Since her graduation five years before she had not been back to the college.

They looked for her every commencement, but she never came. They wondered about it, they talked it over, but they had all been proud of her and predicted great things for her. She must have loved the college. Why then had she never returned? Occasionally they heard of her, read of her. She was succeeding in her chosen work.

The dean was still wondering when Margery came in, buoyant and happy as ever.

"Margery," asked the dean after the first greetings, "why haven't you been back?"

"I've been too busy making money," she replied with a quizzical smile.

"Why, we never suspected you of all people to become a 'money grubber,'" laughed the dean. "Why so mercenary?"

Margery grew serious. "It was to pay a debt."

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to seek my little bed and hear dad say: "That worthless boy, he isn't worth his bread!" I'd like to be a boy again; a boy has so much fun; his life is just a round of mirth, from rise to set of sun. I guess there's nothing pleasanter than closing stable doors, and herding hens, and chasing bees, and doing evening chores.—Catholic Sun.

ELOQUENT TRIBUTE OF MACAULAY TO CATHOLIC CHURCH

Lord MacCaulay's opinion of the Catholic Church, written in his best style, is a classic of the English language. It is reprinted here:

"There is not, and there never was, on this earth, a work of human policy so well deserving of examination as the Catholic Church. The history of that church joins together the two great ages of human civilization. No other institution is left standing which carried the mind back to the times when the smoke of sacrifice rose from the Pantheon, and when came leopards and tigers bounded in the Sclavian amphitheater."

"The proudest royal houses are but of yesterday when compared with the line of the Supreme Pontiffs. The line we trace back in an unbroken series from the Pope who crowned Napoleon, in the sixteenth century, to the Pope who crowned Pepin in the eighth; and far beyond the time of Pepin the August dynasty extends, till it is lost in the twilight of table. The republic of Venice came next in antiquity. But the republic of Venice was modern when compared with the Papacy; and the republic is gone and the Papacy remains. The Papacy remains not in decay, not a mere antique, but full of life and youthful vigor."

"The Catholic Church is still sending forth to the farther ends of the world missionaries as zealous as those who landed in Kent with Augustus; and still confronting hostile kings with the same spirit with which she confronted Attila. The number of her children is greater than in any former age. Her acquisition on the new world have more than compensated her for what she has lost in the old. Her spiritual ascendancy extends over the vast countries which lie between the plains of Missouri and Cape Horn; countries which a century hence, may not improbably contain a population as large as that which now inhabits Europe."

"The members of her community are certainly not fewer than one hundred and fifty millions; and it will be difficult to show that all the other Christian sects united amount to a hundred and twenty millions. Nor do we see any sign which indicates that the term of her long dominion is approaching. She saw the commencement of all the governments and of all the ecclesiastical establishments that now exist in the world; and we feel no assurance that she is not destined to see the end of them all who was great and respected before the Saxon had set foot on Britain—before the Frank had passed the Rhine—when Grecian eloquence still flourished at Antioch—when idols were still worshipped in the Temple of Mecca. And she may still exist in undiminished vigor when some traveler from New Zealand shall, in the midst of a vast solitude, make his stand on a broken arch of London bridge to sketch the ruins of St. Paul's."

"Is it not strange that in the year 1799 even sagacious observers should have thought that at length the hour of the Church of Rome had come? An infidel power ascendant—the Pope dying in captivity—the most illustrious prelate of France living in a foreign country on Protestant aims—the noblest edifices

which the munificence of former ages had consecrated to the worship of God, turned into temples of victory, or into banqueting houses for political societies or into Theophilanthropic chapels—such signs might well be supposed to indicate the approaching end of that long domination.

But the end was not yet. Again doomed to death, the milk-white hind was fated not to die. Even before the funeral rites had been performed over the ashes of Pius VI., a great reaction had commenced, which appears to be still in progress. Anarchy has had its day. A new order of things rose out of confusion—new dynasties, new laws, new titles; and amidst them emerged the ancient religion. The Arabs had a fable that the great pyramid was built by the antediluvian kings, and alone of all the works of men, bore the weight of the flood.

Such was the fall of the Papacy. It had been buried under the great inundation, but its deep foundations had remained unshaken; and when the waters abated, it appeared alone amidst the ruins of a world which has passed away. The Republic of Holland was gone, the Empire of Germany and the great council of Venice and the old Holy Roman League, and the house of Bourbon, and parliaments and aristocracy of France. Europe was full of young creations—a French empire, a kingdom of Italy, a confederation of the Rhine. Nor had the late even a affected only the territorial limits and political institutions.

The will is strengthened by the practice of virtue, as the body by food and exercise.

25 Years Experience. White Swan Yeast Cakes are made by the most successful dry yeast expert in Canada, with an experience of 25 years in this difficult art. Free sample from White Swan Spices & Cereals, Limited, Toronto, Ont.

VALLEY CITY SEATING CO. DUNDAS ONT.

Keep in Good Health with Oxydonor

OXYDONOR causes a large supply of the oxygen contained in the air to be absorbed by the human system, so increasing bodily vitality. By oxygenizing the blood, making it purer and better able to do its work.

Oxydonor Conquers Disease. If you are sick, run down, or rheumatic, Oxydonor will make you well, and if you are well, it will keep you well.

Oxydonor is the invention of an eminent physician, Dr. H. Sanche. Thousands upon thousands of letters praising the wonderful Oxydonor have been received by Dr. H. Sanche. They tell of the marvels of Oxydonor Treatment.

No Drugs, Medicine or Doctors. Beware of Fraudulent Imitations. Dr. H. Sanche & Co., Dept. 13. 364 St. Catherine St. W. Montreal, Canada.

The distribution of property, the composition and spirit of society, had, through a great part of Catholic Europe, undergone a complete change. But the unchangeable church was still here.

White Swan Yeast Cakes are made by the most successful dry yeast expert in Canada, with an experience of 25 years in this difficult art. Free sample from White Swan Spices & Cereals, Limited, Toronto, Ont.

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OUR VALUABLE BOOK FREE.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

MARGERY'S RETURN

Margery Nelson was sitting on the boarding house stairs waiting for the postman. This was the day she would hear whether or not she had won the scholarship. Margery had found a place to work for her board and she could earn her room rent; but if she didn't get the scholarship she would simply be compelled to go home, for she had no money to pay her tuition with, and no loans were made to freshmen.

A week before she had taken the examination with a number of others who were trying for the freshman scholarship. Margery felt sure if she had won the scholarship she would get the notification that afternoon; but if she had not, she would not hear until after the holidays.

While she waited, wondering how she would get the money to pay her car fare home if she had failed, a long official envelope was slipped in through the letter slot of the outer door. Margery bounded down the stairs—she knew she had the scholarship.

That was the beginning of four long, happy years. To earn one's board and room rent by three hours of hard work every day outside of college would have seemed hard to many. But not so to Margery. Now that she had the

scholarship which paid her tuition, she did not mind the hardships, nor the poverty. Was not this her life-long dream to be in college? And so earnestly and joyfully did she work that she won her way to the head of her classes, and into the most coveted college circles.

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When the graduates had received their degrees and their friends and college mates crowded forward to congratulate them, the last in the long line that greeted Margery was a crippled girl.

BE LOVING GIRLS

Girls are very apt to wish to be popular among their school friends—to be admired as the prettiest girl, the wittiest or quickest scholar. Certainly it is a good thing to be loved, but it is not a good thing to exert one's self only for the sake of being loved and admired.

When we have helped a friend with a lesson because we love her; when we have kept our temper in spite of vexation because that is the only way we can be like Christ; when we run errands for mother, because it is the right thing to do, and we love to help her, even if it does interfere with our plans for our own pleasure—then any admiration that may be given us cannot hurt us to make us vain, because we did all with a right motive.

Don't think too much about being loved; it is much more important that we should be loving.—Catholic Sun.

BOYHOOD DAYS. I'd like to be a boy again, without a woe or care, with freckles scattered on my face and hayseed in my hair. I'd like to rise at 4 o'clock and do a hundred chores, and saw the wood, and feed the hogs and lock the stable doors; and herd the hens and watch the bees, and take the mules to drink, and teach the turkeys how to swim, so that they wouldn't sink; and milk about a hundred cows and bring in wood to burn, and stand out in the sun all day and churn, and churn, and churn; and walk four miles to school, and get a licking every day for breaking some old rule, and then get home again at night and do the chores once more, and milk the cows and feed the hogs and curdy mules galore; and then crawl wearily upstairs

"This is the Range I Use—the GURNEY OXFORD"



When a range is recommended by one woman to another, it has met the final test.

The staunchest friends of the Gurney-Oxford Range are those women who have experience with it day in and day out. They know how dependable it is; they know that no other range gives such constant and unvarying satisfaction, not simply in management and economy, but in cooking results.

The Gurney-Oxford works constantly for its owner's peace of mind, and it supplements her efforts to make each meal one of absolute satisfaction.

Every woman who has had experience with the Gurney Economizer cannot help telling her friends the satisfaction of being able to regulate the fire by turning up or down one small lever. She tells about the flues that make and keep the oven always evenly heated, but above all she is enthusiastic about the golden brown biscuits, the light delicious bread and pastry, the roasts and fowl done to the queen's taste, that her Gurney-Oxford turns out.

The Gurney-Oxford owes its popularity to the recommendation of those for whom it works.

The Gurney Foundry Co., Limited. TORONTO - CANADA. MONTREAL - HAMILTON - WINNIPEG - CALGARY - VANCOUVER.

To Prevent Chapped Skin

—use warm water and Baby's Own Soap.



The warm water opens the pores of the skin and the minute particles of pure refined vegetable oils which form the creamy, fragrant lather of Baby's Own Soap are absorbed into the skin, keeping it soft, healthy, and preventing cracks and chaps.

A perfect rinsing, then smart rubbing when drying guarantees a fine smooth skin in any weather.

BABY'S OWN SOAP Best for Baby Best for You

Canada's Standard toilet and nursery soap for over 30 years. ALBERT SOAPS, LIMITED, - MONTREAL.

WILL GO TO LONDON

REV. FATHER FOLEY EXPED TO JOIN THE STAFF OF THE CATHOLIC RECORD

North-West Review, Sept. 25

The Rev. James T. Foley, for the past ten years pastor of St. Patrick's parish, Fallowfield, Ont., is about to sever his connection with the Ottawa diocese.

Before and until Father Foley's arrival in the parish the presence of a priest in the public school was unknown. As a loyal and true citizen of Canada however he asserted his right to take an active interest in everything affecting the welfare and being a thorough educationalist, it was not long before his visits were highly appreciated.

It is unofficially announced that Rev. Father Foley, whose health has been greatly impaired by his strenuous parish work, intends joining the staff of the CATHOLIC RECORD of London, Ont.

ARCHDIOCESE OF OTTAWA

FATHER FOLEY LEAVES FALLOWFIELD

Sunday, Oct. 6th, was Father Foley's last Sunday in Fallowfield where he had labored as parish priest for over eleven years.

The occasion was marked by many evidences of the affection and esteem in which the whole-souled and warm-hearted people of the parish held their pastor and of the unfeigned love and respect of the laity, especially the ladies of the flock.

In the evening the entire congregation re-assembled and presented Father Foley with \$400 in gold together with a complimentary address expressing the very great esteem in which he was held by the members of the congregation and the great sorrow felt at his departure from amongst them.

In his reply Father Foley warmly thanked his people for their generous co-operation in all the work, spiritual and temporal, that had been accomplished during the past eleven years; their generous offering was valued a thousand fold more because it was the spontaneous outcome of that spirit of filial affection which always animated the good people of Fallowfield.

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Father Foley then paid a deserved tribute to the parents and the young people of the parish: "I am pleased beyond words that my last official act will be to bless you with the most Blessed Sacrament of the Altar." He then exhorted them to increased love for Jesus in the Sacrament of His love, to steadfast loyalty to Holy Church, which is the legacy that is leaving the whole world.

ARCHDIOCESE OF KINGSTON

ARCHBISHOP'S VISIT

His Grace, the Most Reverend Michael J. Spratt, made his first pastoral visit, Sept. 23rd, to Frankford and Stirling, of which places the Rev. James A. Traynor is pastor His Grace was very highly pleased at the wonderful intelligence displayed by the candidates for Confirmation and at the great training, such effusive knowledge must have entailed. He was also highly gratified at the great improvements done during Father Traynor's pastorate.

This indeed is a happy morning for our young girls and boys, who have just received the Holy Sacrament of Confirmation. It will be a red letter day in the history of their lives, and we trust and hope that the resolutions they have made will never be broken, and that Your Grace will always pray for them. It must please Your Grace to witness the many extensive improvements that have been accomplished during the short regime of our dearly beloved pastor,

The Martyrs to Diabetes

There are hundreds of martyrs to diabetes walking the streets of our cities and towns. They are to be found in every walk of life. They will be found principally among the successful men, the men who have worked and eaten and drunk not wisely but too well, who, in the frenzied pursuit of success and wealth, have neglected to take proper rest and proper exercise.

While they were piling up their wealth or working indefatigably toward a goal of profit and professional success a scientist in far-off Germany was working in their behalf, working patiently, industriously to provide a means of saving for them their health, the greatest boon of life. He succeeded. They—the martyrs—may now enjoy the benefits of his research and work.

Before and until Father Foley's arrival in the parish the presence of a priest in the public school was unknown. As a loyal and true citizen of Canada however he asserted his right to take an active interest in everything affecting the welfare and being a thorough educationalist, it was not long before his visits were highly appreciated.

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To Become a Nun

The following item of news comes through the press from Harrison, N. J.: In the big local office of the General Electric Co. Miss Mary Stevens, successful business woman, frequently characterized as the "brainiest" woman in New Jersey, explained why she is giving up probably the biggest salary paid a woman worker in the state to devote the remainder of her life to church work and charity.

While they were piling up their wealth or working indefatigably toward a goal of profit and professional success a scientist in far-off Germany was working in their behalf, working patiently, industriously to provide a means of saving for them their health, the greatest boon of life. He succeeded. They—the martyrs—may now enjoy the benefits of his research and work.

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DIED

BRENNAN.—In St. Catharines, on Oct. 5, 1913, John Francis Brennan, City Editor of the Daily Standard. May his soul rest in peace!

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