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Catholic

Record.

Christianus mihi nomen est Catholicus vero Cognomen."—(Christian is my Name but Catholic my Surname.)—St. Pacian, 4th Century.

VOLUME XXXI.

LONDON, ONTARIO, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 6, 1909

LONDON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 6, 1909.

A TERRIBLE SIGHT.

One of the most terrible sights of the city is the crowd of young girls who roam the streets. Up and down they come and go, night after night, with laughter as sad as a funeral bell, chat- cpinion. ting and bandying jokes with anybody, with never a thought of their danger. We declaim against this state of affairs. We arraign and condemn the picture show and vaudeville as responsible for the depopulation of homes. We point out the many tragedies, sordid and helltainted, that are staged on the streets. We talk, and we forget, and all the while the transformation of innocent souls into veritable cess-pools goes on space. We beg the police to clear the streets of this horde of young barbarians, but they either want evidence, or are blind or are loth to disturb so long as good people content themselves with shragging their shoulders and making melancholy. But the source of the trouble is in the family. The ruin of many must be ascribed to the heartsickening carelessness of fathers and mothers.

THE SALOON.

In a recent issue of the Intermountain Catholic the editor is pleased to write eulogistically of the CATHOLIC RECORD. We thank him for the pleasant words, which are worthy of the kind heart that has illumined the waste ways for many, and of the facile pen that has gained civil one. The sad results of this sweephim so many friends and admirers. His chaplet of flowers has, however, not a whole congregations, who have lived few thorns. Referring to some of our saloon articles, he says that on occasion we forget the amenities of journalism. We may not exude sweetness at all times, and perchance permit ourselves times, and perchance permit ourselves now and then a few words that are not deodorized. But for the amenities of journalism, so far as we understand them, we have due respect. We do not praise the saloon keeper : we pity him. If we have spoken harshly it was due to a desire to have every Catholic shun a business that is a source of danger both to himself and to the community. And perhaps our esteemed contemporary may view our lapse from journalistic rectitude in the light of a wish to have Catholics out of a business that exacts toil neither of brawn nor of brain and over which hangs a heavy cloud of social and religious disgrace.

with blasphemy and obscenity we have we confess, more contempt than we can express. For the man who waxes rich on the pennies of the poor, and squanders a life in peddling out liquor to young and old, recking little of the sorrow and sin that are occasioned by the business, we have an avowed detestation. We have due regard for the feelings of the dealer. We are, to use the words of a dealer. We are, to use the words of a great prelate, deeply concerned for the second highest Catholic dignitary poor man, but for that reason we wish to see him out of the liquor traffic. We cannot find in our heart such hatred for cathodral town for nine centuries, one to the second highest Catholic dignitary in France. Here in Tours, whose Archbishop is come too late.

Nor is it merely to Germany or Russia the second highest Catholic dignitary in France, here in this quiet provincial or France we are to look for the deportment of Socialism. We may study capital of Touraine, which has been a cathedral town for nine centuries, one to late.

Nor is it merely to Germany or Russia the second highest Catholic dignitary in France.

Nor is it merely to Germany or Russia the second highest Catholic dignitary in France.

Nor is timerely to Germany or Russia to children and women. Spirituality is come too late.

Nor is the weap study of the design of the second highest Catholic dignitary in France.

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Here in Tours, whose Archbishop is come to view everything spirit temporary, has informed from the second highest Catholic dignitary in France.

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Nor is the merely to Germany or Russia cannot find in our heart such hatred for any man as to wish him to spend his days behind a bar. It has also been said that the vast expansion of the liquor traffic to-day renders liquor selling, if confined within the limits of moral and civil law, an unprofitable and consequently an impossible avocation. Some time ago, according to the Detroit Free Press, a would-be model saloon keeper announced his advent in Detroit; he posted up over the bar rules which were to regulate his saloon: in less than a month he closed his doors. The saloon conducted in a decent manner does not pay. We have as much regard for the man who sells liquor by the glass as for the one who sells it by the barrel. The CATHOLIC RECORD advises those Catholies who are engaged in the sale of intoxicating liquors that they seriously consider how many and how great are the dangers and the occasions of sin which surround their avocation, however licit in itself this avocation may be. Let them adopt, if they can, a more decent method of gaining a livelihood. Our contemporary, guided by the saintly Bishop Kane, admonishes us to speak to Catholics in the liquor trade gently and fraternally. We hope to see the day when no speech on this transgress the harmonic laws which should regulate our speech in dealing in a bad way now that all the children should regulate our speech in dealing with the traffic we can but ask the dealer to read our words by the light of a brother's love for his welfare. Some years ago the late Bishop of Columbus' attitude towards the traffic wards the traffic wards. When he permutated towards the traffic wards which they themselves had expected in some quarters. When he permutated the last retreat held at the Jesuit Villa, Keyser Island, from Friday evening to Monday morning, and it is with a view to interest the sacristan at the cathedral shook his head mournfully, in an emotion beyond words. My dressmaker and photographic both had sad stories to tell, in solidents which they themselves had expected to words of its own acknowledged defenders, is mothing more or less than an organized force, equally destructive of the actual practical realization of their views in Socialistic circles of our day. Developments within our own country and at the Jesuit Villa, Keyser Island, from Friday evening to Monday morning, at the Jesuit Villa, Keyser Island, from Friday evening to Monday morning, and it is with a view to interest the held the last retreat held at the Jesuit Villa, Keyser Island, from Friday evening to Monday morning, at the Jesuit Villa, Keyser Island, from Friday evening to Monday morning, at the Jesuit Villa, Keyser Island, from the varieth held is the Jesuit Villa, Keyser Island, from Friday evening to Monday morning, at the Jesuit Villa, Keyser Island, from the Variet held at the Jesuit Villa, Keyser Island, from the Variety had at the Jesuit Villa, Keyser Island, from the Variety had at the Jesuit Villa, Keyser Island, from the Variety had at the Jesuit Villa, Keyser Island, from the Variety had at the Jesuit Villa, Keyser Island, from the Variety had at the Jesuit Villa, Keyser Island, from the Variety had at the Jesuit Villa, Keyser Island, from the Variety had at the last retreat held at the Jesuit Villa, Keyser Island, from Friday evening to Monday

The Catholic Record have a liquor dealer or a saloon keeper at its head or among its officers, and that no new Catholic society shall be formed which would admit, even to membership, any person engaged in the liquor trade, an appeal was made to the Apostolic Delegate, who sustained the Bishop in all points. The decision, while it made no general law, was a potent factor in the formation of public

THE UNFORTUNATE FRENCH

MEAN AND BLASPHEMOUS ACTION OF THE STATE OFFICERS TO OUST RELIGIOUS. STRUGGLE AS SEEN IN TOURS.

Six years ago the Concordat was broken. In other words, the bond which united the French government and the Catholic religion was dissolved. The government ceased to pay the expenses of the parish priests, forfeited its right to vote in the elections of the high Church officials, and thus abandoned all religious responsibilities. Soon after the breaking of the Concordat, the government, largely com-posed of atheists, forbade the teaching orders, both nuns and priests, to continue teaching, and threatened them with expulsion from France in case they resisted. All the Jesuits were also requested to disband. To be sure, these quested to disband. To be sure, these communities were given the option of staying, provided they would sign certain documents, but as so doing would deprive them forever of all their teaching rights, they very naturally refused.

CHANGE IS MURDEROUS.

Some orders left France peacefully; others were forcibly expelled, and in nearly every case the land and buildings were seized by the government.

ings were seized by the government. The separate members of the orders who remained in France were obliged to forsake their religious dress for a entire existence and live in the world died of sorrow and the sudden change in their quiet lives will never be known, the cases of misery and broken hearts are even more numerous. Many nuns and priests had spent their lives, as they firmly believed, for their God and their country. Suddenly their country exclaims: "You are of no use to us; worse than useless, you are a menace

The terrible mistakes made by the government were not in the line of its main policy, which was sufficiently severe, but in hundreds of small details, sharp, stinging blows at the Catholic religion, which were absolutely unnecessary, absolutely unpardonable and which naturally aroused an intense bitterness between religion and State. For example, in several towns the For the saloon keeper whose bar reeks crucifixes torn from the monasteries and convents after seizures by the government were flung into the river on Good Friday! In the recent Catholic celebration at Orleans of the sanctification of St. Joan of Arc the civil authortion of St. Joan of Arc the civil authorities—dwellers in a free republican country—were forbidden to take part!

These are only two cases among many which not only have happened, but which are still occurring all through

> cathedral town for nine centuries, one sees only too clearly the results of the friction between State and Church.

The little square leading out of the Cathedral square contains the splendid residence of the Archbishop, and has therefore been called for centuries the Place de l'Archeveche. Now all is changed. The residence has been seized by the government and worse insult still, the square has been given a name executed by all Catholics. Fasten on the old walls of the archbishopric is a new blue sign "Place Emile Zola!" new blue sign "Place Emile Zola!" On these same old walls an enemy of the government has painted in large black print, "Vole par le gouvernement" (stolen by the government.) These words are also written on nearly all the nonasteries and convents in Tours which have been seized, so that in nearly every principal street you come face to face with the ominous words, "Stolen

Stolen by the government!"
But where are the atheists? Where are the upholders of the State and its are the upholders of the State and its policy? I have certainly not found them among any class in Tours. At this pension are half a dozen French ladies of good families. Their entire sympathy is with the Church, and it would be an insult to tell one of them that you would meet her in the Place Emile Zola! She would not know where you meant though she walks through the Place de l'Archeveche every day. The cabman who drove out to Marmoutier, where my school used to be, said that it was The cabman who drove me

feeble to emigrate, had come to her to government and patriotism. The glory have their civil dresses made, and she said, weepingly, that the task of making loved nuns was almost more than she could bear. The photographer's story was even sadder. Menks and nuns in many orders were allowed to be a support of the sadder. many orders were allowed to be photo-graphed, and he said that since that act of the government against the teaching orders, many people had come to him to ask for photographs of former teachers and friends who died as a result of being expelled from their quiet, secluded life!
ACTIONS MEAN AND INEXCUSABLE.

If so much bitterness and sadness can occur in one town, it is terrifying to attempt to calculate the results all through France. The government has injured it own cause by its many mean and inexcusable actions, actions which one might expect of an angry, unreasonable child, but not of a supposedly able child, but not of a supposedly dignified government. In the country where all the villages cannot afford to support a parish priest, there is often practically no visible religion, but in cities and towns, churches are more crowded than they have been for years. Catholics of to-day are even more fer-vidly Catholics than those of yesterday; few serious thinkers believe that any other religion will invade France if Catholicism is entirely driven out; so that the burning question in this country to-day is: will Church or State triumph, or will there be a compromise?

—Hilda Millet in Boston Transcript.

AN IMPORTANT BOOK ON AN URGENT TOPIC.

'THE MORALITY OF MODERN SOCIALISM" BY THE REV. JOHN J. MING, S. J. OF ST. IGNATIUS' COLLEGE, CLEVE-

During the past few decades of years the question of Socialism has rapidly assumed a foremost place among the social problems of our day. Not merely the Sovereign Pontiff and the Bishops of the Catholic Church, in their solicitude for the salvation of souls, but all expectaged in the public welfare and tude for the salvation of souls, but all concerned in the public welfare and reading aright the signs of the times, have lifted up a voice of warning against the impending evil. Taking on, year by year, ever more alarming proportions, Socialism has threatened at last to become one of the great perils of our age. A book, therefore, sounding the very depths of this question, and putting before its readers a true conception of Socialistic doctrine and practices is of the utmost importance, especially is of the utmost importance, especially for those concerned in the charge of

It is a fatal mistake, often made in our day, to estimate the danger of So-cialism by the numerical strength of its professed adherents. It is rather in the general dissatisfaction and discontent, in the spirit of immorality and of irreligion which spread from it, as from a centre, among the working classes, that we learn to realize in full the possibilities of untold harm contained in it. The relations between capital and labor are not ideal. Grievances, real and well-founded, often exist on the part of the laborer. Here is the Socialistic lever. Because of this, men who would not accept Socialism itself will yet allow themselves to be infected by its tenets.
If their unions should ever be won over
—as some have already been—the situation would be critical in the extreme.
In the meanwhile, Socialism, so far from rig ting any existing evil, can only lead on to the most ruinous consequences. This it is the duty of all concerned in the public welfare to make clear to their people before the deadly venom has been instilled, when the prevention will

cisely the fact that this social movement is so little understood in its origin, in its true nature and in its final tenlency, that men allow themselves to be almost insensibly drawn into its vortex. Christian Socialism" is but the latest form assumed by this alluring evil. What, therefore, is needed at

resent day is not so much a rhetorica expansion of the evils of Socialism, as a lear and precise statement regarding its nature and purpose, gathered at first hand from the authorities acknowledged by all as the oracles of the Socialist propagands. This the author of the volume before us has shown himself emvolume petere us has shown nimself em-inently qualified to present. The Rev. John J. Ming, S. J., of St. Ignatius Col-lege, has devoted years of close research to this great question, and the present volume, like the one upon the "Religion of Socialism," issued from the press two years ago, is the result of the most scholarly and impartial investigation. It deals exhaustively with the bearing of Socalistic thought upon the vital ques-tions concerning the individual, the family the state, and morality in general, To the student of social economy and to the priest in charge of souls, for whom it is especially intended, it offers a com-plete and authentic summary of all the necessary information contained in the ccumulated libraries of Socialist litera-

The method employed by the author is most strictly critical and fair. He begins by first quoting the classical authorities upon the Socialistic side, then their more recent and popular ex-ponents, and finally the current issues of

of man's rational and spiritual nature is dragged into the dust, and the bestial dragged into the dust, and the bestial elements of his lowest passions are given unlimited sway. No rights of private ownership, no marriage, no family life, no material education, no liberty of re-ligious instruction, no duties of parents wards their children or of children wards their parents, since the offspring tself is free and belongs to the common wealth and to the care of official nurses and public teachers, no law, no state, no faith, no heaven to hope for and no hell to fear; only one world-wide tyranny of Socialism mercilessly destructive of all other views and practices—such is the supreme goal to which, in its fully de-veloped form, Socialism proudly proes to be tending.

As a brief, but decisive, justification of the conclusions arrived at by the Jesuit critic and reviewer of Socialistic tenets, we quote from the famous Social-ist leader, Robert Rives La Monte. Thus he terminates a course of reasoning: "The thesis that the realization ing: "The thesis that the realization of the Socialist ideal involves the atrophy of religion, the metamorphosis of the family, and the suicide of the state would now appear to be sufficiently demonstrated." This is high-sounding demonstrated." This is high-soluding phraseology, but it tells us plainly enough that the destruction of religion, the passing away of the family, as now we know it, and the final and inevitable. we know it, and the final and inevitable annihilation of all law and government at the rise of the new commonwealth, are to form the grand Socialistic triumph of the future. What then, we wonder, shall be left to us. "In truth," concludes our author, "Socialism stands condemned by the Nihilism which is its ultimate outcome." ultimate outcome."

A LAYMAN IN RETREAT.

FORTY-EIGHT HOURS OF RETIREMENT SUPPLIED A NEW FOCUS FOR EVERY-DAY LIFE.

A thoughtful writer who signs him self "Retreatant" considers the Layman's Retreat movement and its signi ficance in an article in the New York Beacon.

No one who takes a serious interest in life around him, and in the true inter-ests of his country, he says, can have failed to realize how serious a phase of ocial evolution we have attained to-day. For the past few generations social life has been undergoing a process of disin-tegrating under the sombre influence of the doubts and speculations of those scientific enquirers who have labored to trace man's origin from the earth. Had such theories been confined to the laboratory and the studio, the true home for all theories, as long as they are theories — their influence on life would

theories — their influence on life would be harmless.

The great number of dilettante po-seurs who aspire to intellectuality and mistake pugnacity of intellect for intel-lectual depth, carried these theories far leyond their domain as physical possi-bilities, exaggerated their importance nest reception, and assumed before an past recognition, and assumed before an undiscriminating public such an air of victory as the intellectual leaders never dared to proclaim. Such an attitude on the part of the apparently intellectual was bound to exercise a pernicious influence on public morality.

Socialism makes converts by the thou-sands, for why should one clod of earth sweat and be compelled to keep another clod in luxury? Such is their atheistic reasoning, and in an atheistic society unanswerable. The ever increasing hurry and scramble of life has compelled men to center their attention more and more on their business, while they have finally come to view everything spirit-American impulsive generosity than indicative of any realization of the bonds of Christian brotherhood. The greatly disordered condition of

The greatly disordered condition of the social body lends a peculiar interest to this new movement initiated by the Jesuit Fathers. In every country in which it has been tried—Germany, England, Belgium, Ireland, etc., the Layman's Retreat has proved of incalculable service, not merely in keeping alive the religious spirit and acting as an antidote to the suicidal and immoral poison with which the very vitals of modern social life is to such an extent modern social life is to such an extent impregnated, but also in promoting feelings of sympathy and amity between employer and workmen, between man and fellowman. Convinced free thinkers of Germany and England have joined the leaders of Christian thought in proclaim-ing their most unstinted admiration for the new movement, although, of course, it is merely to its social value that their thoughts are directed.

Papers like the Spectator, perhaps the ablest paper in England, though it still displays the inherited English prejudice against every idea emanating from Catholic quarters, shrew aside on this occasion all secular bias, and declared without reserve that the Catho-lic Church had again diagnosed the disease of modern life and, what is infinite ly more important, had prescribed the remedy.

IMPRESSIONS IN RETREAT.

The present writer has had the good fortune to attend the last retreat held

Forty miles from the noise and bustle of New York, housed in a villa ten paces from the Sound, the various interest of life could be viewed at a proper focus. Matters which in our daily lived seemed to possess a supreme value, motives which exercised such a disproportionate influence on our actions now assume their proper dimensions. Some of us had looked forward, not without a certain trepidation to this new experience but when the time arrived for the in troductory lecture of the retreat, the sense of remoteness from the wonted distractions and worries had already prepared the soil for the calm reception of Father Shealy's words. This first lecture showed us how dis-

torted had been our conception of the difficulty of meditation, at least under our present favorable circumstances.
Of the consequent forty-eight hours, adequate description is impossible. One must experience the feeling of perfect inward peace and calm which we experienced to be capable of appreciating it.

We have time to compare the simple directness of the Christian teaching which in the mouths of uneducated fishermen reduced to silence a world skilled in philosophy to an extent undreamt of to day. We hear the application, the incomparable suitability of this doctrine to worldly conditions; we trace under this skillful guidance with misgivings for our country to-day—the view of every state and individual which has disregarded that law, and are forced to the conclusion that hitherto we have al-lowed to remain fallow and untilled that great side of our human nature which alone distinguishes us from the rest of the animal world. In our efforts to trace our descent from animals, we have not brought them an inch nearer to us, but have advanced far along the to us, but have advanced far along the road to demean ourselves to their level. We were fast becoming mere animal machines. By the end of the lectures we felt a new dignity as men, the most perfect work of God's creation. We returned to our ordinary avocations not with a less keen interest in our temporal duties, but, with a clear realization.

tion that they were means to an end and not the object of life. EFFECT OF RETREATS.

poral duties, but with a clear realiza-

It is difficult to overestimate the salutary effect such retreats must have on all who participate in them. They deal with a side of life for which magazines do not cater. The present low state of society and debasement of literature act and react, and the tendency is ever downwards. In our daily lives we meet thousands who will unhesitatingly give their ideas concerning the origin of the guish between syllogism and the primum mobile.

bling of earnest men of every rank—not according to the various social layers in which birth or chance has placed them, but on the common footing of Christian men — must lead to a better understanding of, and respect for one another's feelings and views and also to a combined effort to counteract the destructive tendencies so widespread to-

day. They become convinced that relig-ion is no mere show, no Sunday parade, but a real vitalizing principle of their every day lives. Such men on their re-turn to the world will be the apostles of a true Christian civilization-a civilization whose main characteristic willinot be, as Mr. Dooley declares, "the wearing of uncomfortable clothes."

PRIEST CONVERTS PREACHER AND HIS CONGREGATION.

Archbispho Brioschi of Cartagena, Columbia, South America, says a con-temporary, has informed Rev. Father St. John, in charge of the missions of Old Providence Island, Caribbean Sea, the next. Even our great charity is the next. Even our great charity is of confirmation in that island, to Kev. rather the outcome of that typically Albert Stroebe'e, the founder of the Catholic mission there. During the past four years Father Stroebele has been doing missionary work in Cuba, where at present he is engaged in establishing a Catholic American colony near the port of Nuevitas, on the northeastern

> In 1903 he visited Old Prov dence Island, and, not finding one Catholic there, with the consent of one of the local Protestant preachers, E. Howard, his church. The result was that the preacher and his people joined the Cath-olic Church. Father Stroebele then came back to the States, and collected funds to build a new church for his converts. During the past four years, under Rev. Father St. John's charge the number of converts increased that a second chapel was needed.

Father Stroebele, expecting a number of colonists during September, will have to delay his visit to Old Providence until November, when he will give a renewal of the mission of 1903, and on that occasion administer the sacramen

In society one should learn behavior, sympathy, forbearance, modesty, tolerance, discretion, in solitude one acquires insight, depth, wisdom, inwardness, independence, freedom and peace. In society he should converse with man joyfully, bravely, uprightly; in solitude he should live with God in humility and all aincretity. Our fellows are predigals

1620

Ad Proelium.

A light bursts on the dark horizon's

The crystal deeps of morning open

And gleams of sunshine warm the swelling tide Of gallant knights who look in trust to

Him.
The merry chimes sound in the belfry

As moves the staunch, glad army

satisfied,
Adown Life's street where Faith has
knelt and cried
And begged for shelt'ring help from

monsters grim, Soldier of Christ, the honored one and

Guided by Virtue's sweet, unfalt'ring star, Suppress the bitter conflicts cruel

that mar Hope's perfect reign on earth! With

eager zest Give thou to men Love's gifts that whitest are And Faith shall yield to thee her treas-

ures blest.
- Dr. William I. Fischer.

CATHOLIC NOTES.

The mantle of deanship of the American hierarchy has now passed from the shoulders of Bishop McCloskey to the much honored shoulders of the illustrious Cardinal Gibbons remarks the Louis-ville Record. The Cardinal is now our oldest Bishop by virtue of consecration.

After him comes the revered Bishop Hogan of Kansas City.

High Church Episcopalians in England are mourning over the dismissal from the ministry of Rev. O. P. Henley, who has been prosecuted because of the too Catholic nature of the services conducted by him. The reverend gentleman gave a very good imitation of the ceremonies of the Catholic Church, and the loss of his position is the result.

Father J. J. Plantvigne, colored pastor of the Catholic Church of St. Francis Xavier, Baltimore, delivered a short sermon to New York newspaper men recently in which he asked his hearers not to give the misdeeds of the negro prominent places in the newspapers, under glaring headlines, but asked them to pay more attention to their good

The Biblical Commission of the Church has rendered a decision that the first three chapters of Genesis are historical facts. These facts embrace the creation of the universe and the creation of man, original grace, the obedience required of the first man and woman, their fall and the promise of a Messiah. All Christians must accept these as facts, not legends.

During the ten years in which the Salt Lake Cathedral, just recently dedi-cated, was building, Bishop Scanlon per-sonally directed the operations, and to his credit be it said that not a man was killed at his work, which was oftentimes hazardous; no one was injured and no labor troubles whatever were met with. Good wages were paid and the work was well done. That is the kind of Socialism that is worth while.

Speaking at a Catholic gathering in England the other day, Father Maturin, a noted English lecturer, said that in the Archdiocese of Westminster alone there were about 10 conversions every day, or about 3,600 in the year. suggests a remarkable increase in the number of yearly conversions. Twelve years ago, in 1897, the number for all the dioceses of England and Wales was 8,436.

Hearst has again become a candidate campaign in that city is attracting national attention. Hearst first pledged his support to Gaynor and then repudi-ated his promise. He does not expect to win, but he does intend to hurt Gaynor. He pursued the same tactics with his independence League last year. a journalist Hearst is unspeakable; as a politician he is a scavenger.

The Catholic University of America resumed its course on Tuesday of last week under the most promising auspices in its history. With the scholarships already established by the Ancient Order of Hibernians and the prospective endowments of the Knights of Columbus, the membership in the lay student body is almost tripled and there is an appreci-ative increase in the theological faculty and in the various affiliated colleges.

During his recent visit to Portland, Ore., President Taft honored the Church of the Ascension by presenting to it a silk flag and his best wishes, together with the following autograph letter, which he sent to Father Fitz-patrick, the pastor: "I send this silk patrick, the pastor: "I send this silk flag to the Sisters of Mercy to help lift the indebtedness of the School of the Ascension, and I wish that all prosperity shall come to the fair and the school. "WM. H. TAFT."

Notwithstanding the fact that there are already three hundred and sixty-six church edifices in the city of Rome, a committee has just been appointed and was received the other day by the Pope in special audience, to find ways and means for the construction of another church not far from the Varican palace. The facade of the new church

By permission of Charles Scribner's Sons

WILL SHAKESPEARE'S LITTLE LAD.

BY IMOGEN CLARK. CHAPTER VI. Fo rsince the birth of Cain, the first male child, To him that did but yesterday suspire, There was not such a gracious creature born. King John.

To see inherited my very wishes And the building of my fancy.

"Twas on Saint George's day, then, "Twas on Saint George's day, then, two and thirty years agone, that thy dear father first saw the light," the gentle voice began, "and three days later, as is the custom here, he was christened at Trinity. Twas as pretty a morn as thou could'st wish to see, and summer-like too, for the spring had come early that year. The fields on both sides o' the river were soft and green, and there were blossoms peeping up everywhere. The trees had most o' them put forth their bravery, and the birds sang right cheerily amid the young leaves. I was singing too in my leaves. I was singing too in my for joy o' all the beauty in the world as I glanced ever and anon from my open casement. I was above stairs with the little one donning his finery, and my sister, thy grand-aunt, Joyce, was e'en helping o'me. She had made a mantle for him, fair with fringe and broidery—a bearing-cloth fit for a squire's child—and when the time came for them to go, she wrapped it about his head and tiny shoulders and it became him wondrously. Then she took him in her arms and bore him gently, but first she needs must go up the stairs a little way, as is always meet with a new-born child. And what think'st thou she did? child. And what think at thou she did?

'Why,' quoth she, looking back at me
with mischief in her eyes, 'an a few
steps up will bring him luck, I'll not
mind the trouble o' going the whole
flight for his dear sake, for from my
heart I wish him all honour and ad-So with a laugh she went up the stairs to the very top, and then, turning, she came down again, smiling softly to herself. And she brought him to my bedside for a farewell kiss, and saith she, when that she showed me his little peaceful face: 'No matter how high he climbeth, sweet sister mine, his love will always bring him back to Those were her very words Peradventure there be some that would say 'twas only a merry maid's fancy that caused their utterance, but I know better. I tell thee lad, those words so lightly spoken fell deep into my heart, and many's the time I've thought on and manys the time I've thought on them in these later years, and I know, i' faith, 'twas no whimsey on her part, but 'owas an angel bade her speak them. "Then she left me and went down to

where thy grandfather was waiting, here in this very room, with our friends and kinsfolk, and they, with one accord, gathered about her to see the babe, some cautious like and others pushing and crowding; but marry, the manikin knew not fear. He just looked at them all with something like a smile in 's eyes, as though he wist well what their brave sallies meant. And after they had gazed their fill they formed into little band and went through the door. and I, watching from my window above, saw them troop out into the sunshine and wend their way down the lane. Soon they passed from my sight, but I could still follow them with my mind's eye, faring along by the Market Cross, on and on to Old Town; friends and relatives led the way and then came relatives led the way, and then came my sister Alys carrying the chrisom, made o' fine-wrought linen, white as driven snow. Oh! 'twas a goodly com by but fairest o' them all was the child Joyce's arms, and full well she knew that too, for she stepped as proud as proud, walking between his father and good Master William Clopton, who would e'en stand sponsor to my little

"And he it was that gave him six Apostle spoons and the gilt bowl yonder; thou must not leave them out,

'Nay, not I, though I heeded them not at the time, I trow; I'd only eyes and thoughts for the babe. Well, they all went along gay and merry—I could almost hear their laughter—until they white petal floated down, but they passed white petal noted down, but they passed beneath them silently. Twice before had they been along that same path with a little child o' mine, and they needs must think o' those times. And to me waiting in my chamber, there came a thought that shadowed the brightness o' that bright day—a thought o' those other little ones loss had left my home so desolate, and my heart was heavy with the remem

ance, for a mother always remembers "But they tarried not; they went on to mayhap many a prayer was whispered by them for the boy on my sister's breast, as they halted in the porch to let him enter first. In that way the christening party passed up the nave to where Sir John Breechgirdle stood waiting at the font. Thou would'st not think but the little one was not affrighted in the least by the strange the deep, gruff voice; nav, he let fall no whimper. And at that Joyce felt her heart misgive her, as I did mine when that she told me, for thou knowest they say 'tis always a good sign an a child crieth lustily at such times. But when she would have been dismayed a bar o' golden light came in through the window and touched his face, and the glory o' it stilled her fears. When 'twas all over, Sir John shook thy grandfather by the hand, and said the babe was a likely one and he hoped 'twould thrive, whereat thy grandfather thanked him for 's kind o'lice and bade him to the gossips' feast, and then they all came back to the house and had a cup o' merry-go-down and some o' the christening cake and a store o' all things fine.'

She broke off in her recital and looked down at the eager, upturned face.
"All this thou know'st, little lad."

marry that do I; but go on, come

the Plague."
"Hark to him now! The Plague, say'st thou? Ah, those were bitter days that followed; pray God they come

not again! The land was pleasant to see, but a grievous ill lay over Strat-ford town, and the green and gold fair-ness was but a mockery to the anxious hearts. 'Twas a summer o' smoke, as we knew it would be when the ash budded before the oak, and a great pestilence was all around. Scarce a house was there that was not held in its house was there that was not held in its deadly grasp and bore not the red cross upon its door above the words: 'Lord have mercy upon us!' writ in a trembling hand. 'Lord have mercy upon us!' How many tires I said that over as I hugged my little babe close to my breast! and my heart grew faint at the thought that no matter howsoever tight I held him I could not keep him an 'twas not the Lord's will. All day an 'twas not the Lord's will. All day long I stayed within doors—I dared not stir abroad—with the little fellow in my arms. I couldn't bear to have him from me a minute, and every hour he grew dearer and dearer, and every hour the fear o' losing him pressed closer. The air was heavy with sobs, and the passing bell rang slow and solemn, each peal quivering on my heart-strings. Sometimes the little babe would stop his crowing and seem to listen to the fearsome sound. Then would I fall to kissing him and crying: 'Thou'lt not go sweet—thou'lt stay with mother?' though he understood, and once he his tiny arm up on my neck as it

rievous wrong, I ween, and yet I could not help it. Twice had my arms been not neight. Twice nad my arms been lightened o' their load and my heart sore burdened, and I could not let this manchild go. But God was good. He did not chasten me. Sure, there was some charm laid upon our threshold, for the Plague came not nigh us. The summer waned and still all Stratford suffered waned and still all Stratford suffered, and 'Lord have mercy upon us! was evermore the cry. The bell tolled by night and day, until its very voice grew hoarse with grief, but there came no harm to the little one that lay upon my heart. He grew apace, the finest, lust-iest child I ever saw, with eyes like stars that even then took note o' all around. The woods about here turned to red and gold and still the Plague lingered and the people were wasted with despair. "Twas winter before it really left us, and in that time-in that time, boy, a sixth o' the Stratford folk were taken and the shadow o' sorrow lay on many hearthstones." She raised her apron to her eyes and wiped away the tears that had gathered there, then

she went on speaking very tenderly.

"There was no shadow on mine, thank God! Only a great joy that had trembled so near the brink o' danger it had taught me how to feel for my neighbors in their woe. I wot not if 'twas because o' those dark times that my little William was dearer to me than any o' my other children were, though I loved them and love them still with a true heart's love. But he must ever be first in my sflection, for my heart-strings were bound so tightly around

him.
"Well, lad, he was the sunshine o' the house, and he was happiest at my side, though he ever loved to ride on his father's shoulder, but even from there he would stretch out his arms to me to be taken and kissed and laughed over. He was the best and sweetest-tempered babe that ever lived, I warrant me. cried but rarely, and when he did, marry twas not to bellow like most children his little lip would quiver and the big tears would grow in 's eyes: sometimes they would fall, but oftenest they'd disappear and he'd be smiling again. He was ever smiling, peradventure the fairies were whispering to him."

" Tell about the time he was lost " "Ay, marry, sweeting, thou'lt have the whole loaf: thou'lt not be content with less. But to the tale. That was when he had just turned two in the June o' that year; 'twas on a Saturday and he and I were in this very room, he on the floor at my feet, e en as thou art, when who should come to the door but my good gossip Mistress Quiney, and she and I fell deep in talk and paid no heed to the child. When she had gone I turned me to speak to the little one, and lo! he was not anywhere to be seen. almost hear their laughter—until they reached the pleached alley that leadeth to the church door; then their light talk ceased. The trees above their heads were fair with buds amid the heads On a sudden my heart was like a stone there was no sound abroad save the song o' the birds without in the garden, for the house-door stood open wide. Then I was dumb with fear. Methought the fairies had stolen him away, that 'twas they who had sent Mistress Quiney to lure me from my watch, and then they had spirited him to Fairyland. ran out into the garden half-mazed with grief, and the sunlight blinded me to that I stumbled along the path, not knowing what I did nor whither I went. and then suddenly I saw a sight I shall never forget. There was Willy standing on the grass by the elder bush, gazing up at a bird that was singing on spray, as if he knew its song. I ran close and the bird spread its wings and flew away; then Willy turned and

> it myself and kiss it too." "That was because he loved the flower, Gran, and wanted thee to love it.' "In good sooth, yea. He loved the flowers, and often would I gather them for him and he would use them for his mammets, but tenderly, too, as if he would not bruise them. All that summer, pleasant days we'd sit in the garden or go into the meadows by the river, and he would play with the little things he found there, or he'd listen with all his heart in 's face to the birds' songs. He loved them even then. And when he was forwearied with roving he'd nestle close beside me and I'd talk to him low and tell him little tales, or I'd sing the old carols and ballads to him, and though he was but a babe, he seemed to understand. Then I said to my heart: 'Peradventure my little child may grow to be a man wh ose dole it is to hearten the whole world.' Nay, then, we women

and laughed and laughed again.

would content him b

my arms and kissed the dimples in 's

often dream fond dreams o' our little babes, and how each one holdeth, bebabes, and how each one holdeth, belike, some great gift that, an we but
knewit and could foscer it with properest care, would flower into beauty.
Only oftenest we do naught! And so,
when I felt this feeling growing and
ever growing within me as I looked into
my Willy's eyes, I did bethink me 'twas
a sign sent from on high, and I resolved
to learn from the books that I might
teach my little son when he grew old teach my little son when he grew old enough to commence scholar. Thou know'st I'd never been to school—there were no dame schools at Wilmcote when that I was a child—but I made shift to that I was a child—but I made shift to learn myself, and when Willy was three, though Baby Gilbert was in my arms, I used to give the little fellow lessons from the horn-book." The one I studied ?"

"Een so, the very same. First he conned the criss cross row and very soon he could make the letters, both small and big, and then 'twas no long time be-fore he'd mastered the little words and got the 'Our Father' by heart. All that was done ere he was four years old, and he would have to reach the age o' seven before he could enter the grammar-school; so thy grandfather brought me home an Absey book and Willy learned the catechism and commandments therefrom, and soon he'd all the reading-matter safely stowed in 's little brain. Learning came easier to him than to me. Many's the night I've sat "Nay, nay, lad, that lack o' trust was up late studying by candle light—and up late studying by candle light—and studying hard—what it didn't akke him long to master. And besides the Absey book there was the 'Book o' Riddles ' I had as a fairing, and there were some ballads printed by good Widow Toy and the Carols. I borrowed me some books too, from Billesley Hall, and the lad and me did read them together. 'The Pass-tyme o' Pleasure,' 'A Lytell Geste o' Robin Hood, and the story o' the small boy and the Frere—I've told it to thee oft, how that the little child with his magic pipe could set the whole village dancing to his music, and could e'en made his harsh stepmother and the Frere obedient to his innocent will. were other books besides, and then there was the black-lettered Bible yonder which he would read and read. But he was not vain o' what he could do—not he! Thou would'st never have wist from his bearing that he knew more than other children o' his age. He was ever ready to be with them at their sports. 'Twas he that taught thy uncles Gilbert and Richard and thy sweet aunts Joan and little Nan their letters, making a play out o' it that took all the sting o' study away. He'd a wondrous way with children both big and small. They all looked to him as leader, but in their games he never wanted the best place for himself, still they'd follow him everywhere and listen to his tales by the hour-he had many merry and sad, at 's tongue's end.

And the dumb beasts and the birds were his friends too ?" "Yea, that they were. I've seen the birds light on his shoulder, and they never stopped their singing when he went by. But anything that was hurt, or weak, was dearest to him. His heart was so large. Yet most o'all, methinks, he loved the dogs. He'd a little beastie o' his own that followed him as Silver

Hamnet bent over his dog and pulled his ears gently. "He couldn't have loved Little Sweet-

heart as I love thee, Silver, not quite as much. There wasn't so much to love." " Marry and amen, that's chop-logic. As well say thy father careth not so much for thee because for sooth thou'rt little, and wert thou twice as big he'd love thee twice as much. That could never be when his whole heart is thine already; and yet, dear wag, he hath room, and large room, for the others of us too. Thou canst not make a measure

for love: it knoweth no bounds." "But Little Sweetheart was not s fine-looking as Silver, thou'st said so of ... "Nay, not so fine, I wis, and not so proud neither, for Master Silver there is vain o' his glossy, grey coat; but think'st thou thy father only judged from the outside? When he was no older than thou art he found the little When he beast at Snitterfield, harried by some work, and though he was but one agains the two o' them, he treated them to good threshing both with his fists and his tongue till they were forced to run away, for they were cowards at heart, as all are who attack poor dumb things, of fight the helpless. When they were gone thy father searched for the little dog and found him at last under sombushes, whither he had crawled to b out o' harm's way. He lifted him gently in 's arms, for the thin, yellow body was covered with cuts and bruises and one small paw dangled helpless-like. The out o' his sad, hunted eyes, then seeing only kindness in my Willy's face, he put orth his tongue and kissed the hand

that held him. toddled toward me and seized my gown, and laughed and laughed again. I did "So they came home together, and well I remember the tears my Willy shed, him that never cried for his own not rate him; instead I caught him in hurts, as he tended to his little charge cheeks and the creases in 's fat little neck, whereat he thrust the rose he had in 's hand into my face, and naught nd set his leg with deft fingers. he looked deeper than the outside; h looked into the heart o' the dumb thins ut that I should take and saw the love and gratefulness there and love grew apace in's own breast And from that time they were always together. We all loved Little Sweetheart heartily, ay faith, heartily; how could we else when he was so thankful for the least kind word, and his body would wriggle all over did one but take notice o' hin by a glance? But the he cared for us all 'twas thy father that was first in 's thoughts, as 'tis to-day with Silver and thee; he would never see him coming but he would catch up something in 's mouth an 'twere only a dead leaf, and carry it to him proudly as though 'twere a gift fit for the king. And thy father now—God bless him! would take it with a laugh and a fond touch that would make the little creature leap and leap again for very joy. There be some who prize not a dog affection, but 'tis not so with me. 'Ti a thing to treasure and be thankful for, methinks, for sometimes when all the

ways are dark, thou canst get a deal o' comfort out o' a dog's true love."

Mistress Shakespeare leaned back in her chair, her fine grey eyes turned towards the window, but little did they see of the summer hearts. These see of the summer beauty. There was a mist before them like a soft curtain a mist before them like a soft curtain that shut out the simple room and the boy's upraised face and made other things clear to her mental vision. They were far less bright than the scene before her, but she looked at them daunt-lessly, as she had looked at them at the

time of their happening.
"I'll never say that again about my father's love for Little Sweetheart," Hamnet broke in. after a moment of silence; "I'll think 'twas as great as mine is for Silver and then I'll know it couldn't be greater. But all the same, Grandam, Sweetheart wasn't nearly so

fine-looking as Silver here."
"That he wasn't, but I do protest, ls.
thou makest * very peacock o' thy dog
—see how proud he looketh! Nay then, Sweetheart was not so goodly to sweetheart was not so goodly to see, but suppose you mass o' vanity was bandy legged and always went a little lame and had great scars on 's body and a queer stump o' a tail—what then?" Hamnet hugged the dog close. "I should love him with all my heart, hecause he'd still ha Silvan"

because he'd still be Silver.' "I trow so. Verily, 'tis not his beauty that maketh him dear, 'tis something deeper. They are sorry eyes that cannot see below the surface, but there be many that are thus sand blind and judge only from the fine feathers without. W won't do that, dear boy, we'll look closer and think o' the beauty within."

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE TEST.

There was a sudden stir in the dense growd about the Capitol. The tired men and women who composed it had been waiting all morning, heedless alike of the chilling March wind and the rain that fell in frequent, drenching showers. It was 2 o'clock, and a rumor went around that the Governor elect had would begin at 2.30 prometly. arrived and the inauguration exer ises

A mighty cheer went up. A printhe second story, on the east side of the building opened, and the man for whom they had waited came out alone. He ooked down on the sea of faces turned up to him, and his eyes grew dim. There was another wave of enthusiastic There was another wave or entinusiastic greeting of the "people's choice," and then they were silent, that they might hear his voice. He leaned forward, and as he talked each one there felt somehow that the speaker's words were addressed directly to him. He thanked them warmly for their

support, and promised them in return that he would serve them faithfully, renewing once more the pledges he had made, for the fulfilment of which they hadelected him. Thy laugtel together over the humorous incidents of the campaign, laughed a little sadly, for the fight had been a hard one, after all. And as they looked at him tenderly, for he had become very dear to them, a beloved comrade, they saw that it had aged him just a little. There was a tired look in the frank, fearless eyes, gray threads in the thick, dark hair. But as he threw back his fine head in an enthusiastic moment, picturing the glori ous future when lawmakers and official not of the nation alone, but of each state should be united in the common desire to make the country the abiding place of truth, honor and peace, they felt with glowing heart that that rugged frame was fit and ready for any rightful struggle, that through him and with him they would come into complete civic

victory.

At 5 o'clock the ceremonies were office that was to be his, leaving word that he wished to be alone for a while But scarcely had the door closed him when it was opened again and Dixon LaVelle, the great criminal lawyer, stood hesitating on the threshold.

"You have your democratic ways to thank for this unseemly intrusion, your Excellency, but I have been wait-ing all day for a word with you. First of all, permit me to repeat my congratulations. We are all proud of you. Eight years from now 1 shall be hailing you as Mr. President, I have no doubt." The Governor laughed, and his boy-

ish face flushed. 'I have no such great expectations

LaVelle. I aspire to no such dizzy heights.

" Mark my word, you'll be offered the nomination, and you're safe if you take it. The people love you."

" But we have time enough to think of that. I came to lay before you a pressing matter, to ask that your first official act shall be one of mercy. Mark Gannon is condemned to death, as you know, and will be hanged to-morrow-

unless you pardow him."

There came into the Governor's eyes look that LaVelle had never seen there pefore. He walked the length of the room and tack.

"Mark Gannon will be hanged to morrow—unless I pardon him," he re-peated slowly as he went. "Then let him hang; I will not pardon him."

LaVelle did not know the voice. was hard and shrill, and the blazing gray eyes that looked into his were steely, pitiless.

t you have followed the case Harrington; you believe him innocent? You must believe him innocent with your knowledge of technicalities; and he is not a young man, Philip. "Innocent of this crime, yes, no doubt

La Velle stared at him a moment in "And you are the man, you who used

to plead in the courts with tears in your voice and in your eyes for some poor wretch's life? God, the pictures you wreten's the pletures you called up of the horrors of the death while we all hung breathless on your words. Was it all gallery play? Have you forgotten what you said of the awful responsibility of officially taking life? Have you forgotten that only a few hours ago, while we gloried in your sincerity, you promised to serve the sincerity, you promised to serve the people faithfully and with the very best that is in you? Mark Gannon is one of you. You were my own brave boy."

the people, Harrington, and he is as in-nocent of this crime as you and I." "I will not pardon him," said the Governor coldly.

"Then you are not the man we thought you, not the man for the office."
LaVelle was at the door, white-faced, hurt, bitterly disappointed and angry.
He was too, a good bit puzzled. He was half-way down the hall when the door half-way down the hall when the door behind opened and the Governor called

im.
"I will give you my final decision in he morning," he said, "but hope for the morning," he said, "but hope for nothing," and the door was closed again.

The Governor went slowly back across the office, walked as one who is weary in heart and mind, and sank down beside the great table in the centre, burying his face in his folded arms. An hour passed. When he looked up again the gray shadows of dusk had fallen on the room, and the outer chill had crept in with the gathering darkness.

"God," he said softly. "God, and on the very first day!" He had been fac-ing the thing that had lain in his heart all these years, and the mighty grip and st ngth of it terrified him. It was the

i struggle, the great test.

He left the office and went out down the long corridor to the street, answering mechanically the greating of these ing mechanically the greetings of those he met. He took an eastbound car that went out past the city to a quiet suburb. He lifted his face to the cooling rain as he went down the dim avenue to the little house at the end. It was an unpretentious dwelling, but the Governor looked at it as if he loved it. There was about it an air of peace and quiet and contentment, and this impression was intensified within its walls. The of its owner cleared and his face regained somewhat its wonted expres-

ion as he went upstairs.

It would have been hard to tell wherein lay the beauty of the apart-ment. It was an elusive quality, some-thing that was not altogether in the furnishings or hangings, though these would delight an artistic eye. From its softly tinted walls sweet-faced Madonnas looked down, and at its farther end hung a crucifix, large for so small a room vet not at all out of place. It was a quiet room, a sanctuary, yet from it emanated the radiant cheerfulness that nade the house a home.

spirit, was a slender, white-haired, wellnigh helpless woman in a great chair before the open fire. The glow of its leaping flames was the only light in the

Mrs. Harrington greeted her son with a smile that lit up her kindly old face to

"So my boy is the Governor," she said, and there was tender pride in the " Mother, I think you shall have to be

Governor, too. You remember how used to come to you with my cases You always helped me straighten out the tangles, never failed to find the common sense view, no matter how wrapped round it was with legal sophistries. Things don't get easier higher up,

"No, Philip, they won't get easier, but you have more knowledge and strength to bring to them."

The Governor signed.
"I feel to-night as if I should have to learn your lessons all over again." He sank into a low chair by the side of hers. "I've run away from the feasting and celebration for a quiet hour with you. They won't mind; they're used to my queer ways. I shall have to go back directly, but I want to forget for a while." "What, weary of it already, Philip? You haven't changed much. You never cared for parties, even as a lad."

" No, mother, there always seemed se much to be done, so much to be done.' His words trailed off into a weary sigh He sat gazing dreamily into the fire a time, and his mother, watching him wistfully, saw that the dreams were no

pleasant ones.
"I've been thinking of father all afternoon. How he would have liked all this Tell me about him, about the time be fore the trouble came. It's long since you've spoken of him."

She looked at him keenly, noting the

lines that had not been on his face the day before.
"You are tired, my son. Can yo

take a rest now, even a short one?"
"I am not tired, mother; I canno rest. Mother, do you remember the old days when I was a boy and we lived in

the little house on Lane street in two "Yes, I remember, Phil." " How little we dreamed then of to

it. The people love you."

"And I love the people," said the Governor, simply. They fell silent a my boy, greater things for my boy, greater things than you have

my boy, greater things than you have yet accomplished, but which will come to you in God's good time." "You rever told me that before, So I haven't surprised you, then? Mother,

I'm disappointed. But why did you fancy I should amount to anything?" was not because you were my son that I felt sure of your coming to the high places; it was because you were not like other boys. I tried not to let ny love deceive me; I tried to see you

my love deceive me; I tried to see you with impartial eyes. You were a born leader, and your leadership was always for the best. The virtues you had were of the big-hearted order, and your faults "—she laughed softly—" well, they were of the big-hearted order, too, You were notitian anylous nor propored!" were neither envious nor revengeful."
The Governor winced. "The other boys would try to 'get even,' would do

mean little things for revenge. You forgave and forgot."
"Mother, you are praising me. I cannot

let you. I do not deserve it."

She laid her hand on his head, and they were silent a while. "How you used to toil for me in those

days; it makes my heart ache to think of it," Philip said presently. "And we were poor and struggling, and you had to face it all alone because of— Mark Gannon. It was because of Mark Gannon, was it not, mother?

"I was not alone; I had my boy."
"I was little good to you in those days. I can see you yet, toiling, day in and day out, your hair whitening, growing old before your time. You taught me to work and to love it, but I could do I was not alone; I had my boy.

But she could not lift him out of the mood into which he had fallen.
"When I first learned all the hideous

story, and you could not tell me that it was not true, I vowed that I would never give up until I had roused the people of give up until I had roused the people of this State to oust from office rascals like Mark Gannon and his gang. And I thought that was all of my resolve," he added, half to himself. "I have succeeded beyond my hopes; the last one of them is gone down into bitter disgrace, But it can't blot out the past; it can't bring back the dead."

"My dear, my dear, the past is in the hands of God."

"All the hideous story," he went on bitterly. "father's ruin and his death.

bitterly, "father's ruin and his death.
And nobody knows the full measure of "Why do you speak of those things to-night, Philip? It all happened so long ago." There were tears in the dim eyes, and the hand she held out to

him trembled. But he was gazing moodily into the fire and did not see "And father forgave him

died, and you have prayed for him all these years, prayed for the murderer

forw look they

was and that that

the

" Philip, Philip, that is a hard name. A Christian could do no less, my son."

"And he stole our home, the home that you loved, and you have prayed for him all these years, prayed for the thief, the villain, the miserable coward." He caught her suddenly, passionately in his arms. "Mother," he sobbed, "you are a saint; no one else could do it, one else.'

She put him from her striving to look she put him from her striving to look into his eyes, but he turned his head away, evaded her.

"Philip, surely you are ill. It has all been too much for you."

He arose without answering, to pace the floor with nervous, hurried steps. He paused at the window and laid his hot forehead against the cool pane or which the rain ceased to beat. "Mother." he said, after a little

while, "if your worst enemy was in your power, would you save him?" "Surely I would, Philip, what else should I do?" "Even if it was Mark Gannon, mother?"

"Even if it was Mark Gannon,

Philip."

He stood awhile longer in the deep, restful shadow. The turbulent wind had died down and the moon was rising a pale golden globe into a clear, peace

fullsky. His face softened and changed.

I shall have to leave you, mother, sooner than I intended. I promised Dixon La Velle an important decision in the morning. I thought I could not I grant his request, but I have found that I can, so I will go to him before I go back to the city."

Absorbed in thought, he was dimly

aware of a soft step on the stairs and that some one entered the room.

"Tessa told me to come up, Mrs. Harrington; that you were alone. It is a long time, but, you see, I haven't forgotten the way."

It was the voice of a girl, sweet and low, and very sad. The Governor turned and saw her standing there in the

dim light and his heart leaped and he

caught his breath sharply.

"Why, it is Margaret Gannon!" his mother was saying. "My dear I am glad you remembered. Come and sit here where I can see you. It is a long time, to be sure.'

"I cannot stay, only a moment."
She went forward as she spoke and stood by the older woman's chair. "I stood by the older woman's chair. "I came from father," she said slowly, and as, if the words hurt her, "he is about to—die. And he sent me to you to beg you to forgive him for the past." She stood straight and slender in the bright firelight, its glancing flames shining upon her dark, beautiful face. "He would give me no peace till I came. I did not like to leave him. He told me to tell you that he would undo it all if he could; that—that—" A great tearless sob shook her and her voice broke.

"Margaret, my child, I forgave him long ago. And Vincent, my husband, forgave him, too. Tell him that, it will comfort him.

"I don't know what it was all about," the girl went on drearily: "no one would ever tell me. But I no longer care. I only know that he is the best



As a Beautifier of the Skin Dr. A. W. Chase's Ointment holds a unique position. It does not clog the pores as do unsanitary powders but positively pro-motes a healthful action of the skin and thereby makes it clear, soft, smooth and velvety.

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ot lift him out of the ne had fallen.
earned all the hideous
uld not tell me that it
wed that I would never
d roused the people of
from office rascals like

d roused the people of from office rascals like and his gang. And I all of my resolve," he aimself. "I have suc-ny hopes; the last one wn into bitter disgrace, out the past; it can't ead."

dear, the past is in the

ous story," he went on 's ruin and his death. ws the full measure of e you—and father.' e you—and father."
speak of those things
? It all happened so
were tears in the
s hand she held out to

But he was gazing mood-and did not see. forgave him before he ave prayed for him all ayed for the murderer

p. that is a hard name.
Id do no less, my son."
le our home, the home
and you have prayed
e years, prayed for the
the miserable coward."
uddenly, passionately in
ther," he sobbed, "you
one else could do it no

rom her striving to look ut he turned his head

y you are ill. It has all or you." out answering, to pace nervous, hurried steps. he window and laid his

cainst the cool pane on beased to beat. e said, after a little r worst enemy was in ould, Philip, what else

was Mark Gannon,

was Mark Gannon.

ile longer in the deep, and the moon was rising lobe into a clear, peace-The turbulent wind ce softened and changed. e to leave you, mother, intended. I promised an important decision in I thought I could not st, but I have found that go to him before I go

thought, he was dimly step on the stairs and entered the room.

me to come up, Mrs.
hat you were alone. It,
but, you see, I haven't
way."
oice of a girl, sweet and
ad. The Governor turner standing there in the

Margaret Gannon!" his aying. "My dear I am embered. Come and sit can see you. It is a long

stay, only a moment."
ward as she spoke and
older woman's chair. "I
eer," she said slowly, and
s hurt her, "he is about he sent me to you to beg him for the past." She and slender in the bright glancing flames shining k, beautiful face. "He no peace till I came. It believe him. He told me the would undo it all if t—that—" A great tearher and her voice broke. my child, I forgave him ad Vincent, my husband, oo. Tell him that, it will

ow what it was all about," t on drearily: "no one ell me. But I no longer know that he is the best ever had, and that I—am



utifier of the Skin . Chase's Ointment ique position. It does he pores as do unsaniers but positively proealthful action of the hereby makes it clear, th and velvety.

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W.Chase's ntment

ng promptly and heals uickly. It is antiseptic ore of utmost value in blood poisoning when scalds, sores and wounds

losing him. There is no justice any- He fought through the war of 1870, and

"Yes, it is merciful, I used to think that mother's death was the greatest sorrow I could possibly know, but now I am glad she is gone, glad she is away from the horror of it all."

Mrs. Harrington was leaning forward, tooking at her in bewilderment.

"Margaret, what is it? You said he

"Margaret, what is it? You said he was about to die?"
"Yes," she answered, in a strange, stifled voice, "in the morning. Everything we did was in vain. Dixon La Velle was sure he could save him. He had some great hope. I don't know what it was, but it failed him. He has

hold them apart, but it could not destroy their love. They had not willed it so; peace lay another way, but they could not change while life lasted. What did it matter that no words had ever been spoken? They knew; they had always known.

"You mean that you can save him-

"I not only can, but will. I am going to Dixon La Velle now, to-night, and you need not fear, all will be well." She held out her hands to him, tried

to thank him, but it was no use; the words would not come. She sank down at his mother's side to sob out in those tender arms the bitterness that had frozen about her heart in the long, terrible hours.

And he left them so when he went out,

his best beloved together.—Anna Cecilia Doyle, in Extension.

THE FRENCH CLERGY AND THE

prosperity and glory through the war of 1870.

The attitude of the French clergy convinces me that the Concords of 1801, though loyally accepted by the French Church, was looked upon as a mere instalment of restitution due to her on account of the violence and confiscations of the Revolution. It was ally a favorite measure in the minds of the nobler and more enlight-ened members of the French clergy. ened members of the French despressions. It was a dole, and a pitiful one. It was accepted at the sacrifice of honor and liberty, and it was utterly insufficient as a wage for the services demanded of the Church by the State.

However that may be, it is clear that now (I speak the open confession of my confreres) there is no regret among the priests of France either over the sur-cease of the Concordat or the loss of the stipend that accrued to them from that unworthy compromise. They are to-day poorer but better and nobler men. They feel too, that the time is fast coming, or has come, when they will gain in the eyes of the people they love all or more, than they have lost from the suppression of their Government alimony. No longer the paid servants of a protean State system, they own a higher title to respect and support from the people. These they had lost through connexion with and dependence on the State. These they may well hope to regain when thrown into the catholic people. But, whatever they may gain or lose by the new order of things, they are resolved to face the situation like men and adapt themselves to it in a dignified Christian spirit.

where, no mercy."

"No justice, no mercy?" Mrs. Harrington repeated, wonderingly. "But you said he was dying, Margaret.
There is no injustice in death, and it is the merciful."

"No merciful."

"Mrs. Harrington repeated, wonderingly. "But the effects of which he still suffers. He is pound, though not boastful, of his country. But there are others who were forcitly enlisted later on, and in country. But there are others who were forcilly enlisted later on, and in time of peace, not to serve France exactly but the Republic. Their account of their soldier days is a more convincing proof of the good spirit entertained by the clergy towards the form of government adopted by France.

I never heard the slightest complaint from any one of them against what must.

from any one of them against what must have been to them, men of peace by instinct and training, a great hardship and rude trial. One, a corporal, a fine, tall, dashing fellow, was (under his soutane) all the soldier still; he approached you always with the military salute, and made you feel sure that he would prove what it was, but it failed him. He has given up."

"Then he gave up too soon; it has not failed him." The Governor came forward out of the shadow, and they were looking into each other's eyes. And as they looked they knew that their love was a death'ess thing; that the years and silence had no power over it. All that had come between them, the things that the girl could not understand that the man understood, only too well, might hold them apart, but it could not des-Le Mans), had to go to Carcassonne— the military headquarters of this depart-ment—by order of the General and Staff ment—by order of the General and Staff residing there. They "had him on their list," and, in spite of the bad report of his physician here in Amelie, he had to run the gauntlet of the military medical staff in the presence of the General. They pronounced him (as his own doctor here did) unfit for service at present, but bound him to appear again when called upon. Pitying the lot of this scholarly young priest—one of the most brilliant I ever met—I spoke severely of the treatment accorded him in his delithe treatment accorded him in his delicate state of health. He answered, "Oh! that is nothing I am first of all a Frenchman and a man of the people, the son of poor villagers. I do not deny my ambition to pursue my studies, and, perhaps, reach some little eminence in my career as teacher. But, I am ready to give my heart's blood for France any day or hour she may call upon me. For France—her liberties and her rights, whosoever may

THE FRENCH CLERGY AND THE

"SEPARATION ACT."

By Rev. Dr. Richard Howley in the Westminster Gazette.

In this corner of France—a charming retreat, hollowed out of the side of the Eastern Pyrenees—I claim to hold the best possible position for feeling the pulse and noting the bearing of the French elergy in facing the new freedom and the new difficulty created for them by the Act of "Separation."

I have been here for over six months—the only English-speaking guest among a body of French secular priests over thirty in number. They are all men of character, zeal, and ability, all engaged, in various dioceses, in the active work of the ministry. They are here for a time, shorter or longer as their condition of health may require. They represent almost every department and a great number of dioceses in France. It is certain that what they feel and say on this burning subject is the feeling and opinion of the elergy of France. I do not adopt or advocate these views. I simply state them.

The first feature notable in their manner of treating the situation is the dignity and gravity—the coolness, in fact—they bring to bear upon its discussion. I find—to my surprise—that there is set deep down in the French eharacter a power of calm reflection for which the world has given them little credit.

These men, my courteous and amiable blow of the Revolution. A Second the remainer only the death of the Revolution. A Second the remainer only the colored the profit bound them together from Charlemagne to Louis XVI. Another—or the same league—modified by a Concordat, bandaged up, but lidid not reset the fracture dealt by the terrible show of the Revolution. A Second the price and seeing only the blow of the Revolution. A Second the price and her rights, whosoever may be her rulers. These men, whole of the doth them, out of our small company, representing, however, the whole of clerrations presenting, however, the whole of them, out of our small company, representing, however, the whole of them, out of our small company, represen there is set deep down in the French character a power of calm reflection for which the world has given them little credit.

These men, my courteous and amiable conferes, waste no words on the theme that occupies their whole mind. Care is on their brow, caution on their tongue, but no mark of fear or despondency. They indulge in no impotent invective, no futile ridicule of their foemen in the desperate fight that is impending. I will go so far as to say that a strong sense of relief—a vigor unknown to them while they wore the shackles of State support—pervades their spirit; they stretch the limbs of their soul and rejoice to find them forceful and free.

Not one word is uttered here argiest.

possibly construct upon the ruin of her prosperity and glory through the war of perilous and destitute of resource? This is what I would deal with, if permitted in future correspondence.

RELIGIOUS BIGOTRY. Newman in one of his lectures give an illuminating exposition of the bigotry of Protestants towards Catholicism. They imagine, he points out, that educa-They imagine, ne points out, that education, light and progress will be the certain destruction of our system of religion. They think "our creed is so irrational that it will fall to pieces of itself, when the sun of reason is directed in upon the places which at present it is enveloping." At the same time, acknowledge that the Catholic pr acknowledge that the Catholic preschood, as a class, cannot be regarded as ignorant; on the contrary, they know that much learning and much ability may be found in the ranks of the Catholic clergy. What, then, is their conclusion? Newman states it thus:

They not only sourn our creed and

They not only spurn our creed and ur worship themselves, but they are (as they think) in a condition to maintain that we too in our hearts despise both he one and the other as really as they. Tuey will not believe that educated mey will not believe that educated men can sincerely accept either; they do not hold them, therefore no one else can hold them. They conclude, there-fore, that we disbelieve what we teach fore, that we disbelieve what we teach and practise; and in consequence, that we are hypocrites, as professing one thing and thinking another. Next they come to a third conclusion, that since no one acts without motives, we must have a motive in professing without believing, and it must be a bad motive; for instance gain or program accordingly. for instance, gain or power; accordingly we are, first, unbelievers; secondly, liars; thirdly cheats and robbers. And statements than the demeanor of those amongst us—not a few for so limited a company—who, priests as they are, have served in the Army of the Republic. During the past winter we have had one captain of infantry—now a cure of a mountain village. He is too old to render further service as a soldier.

For that tired, run-down feeling eat

SHREDDED

It has all the body-building material in the whole wheat prepared in a digestible form. Try it for breakfast.

They think that this spontaneous feeling (it is nothing more) against our years; let yours live as many months. doctrine and worship is synonymous with reason. What is the source of this feeling, or whatever else it may be called? The answer is made clear by an observation or two. There are on observation or two. There are opinions and beliefs which do not depend on previous grounds, that is, opinions that are held without proof as self-evident. We call them first prinself-evident. We call them first principles, and every argument presupposes them. Now, these principles fall into two categories. In the one we have the principles which are common to the great mass of mankind, and are therefore true, as having been imprinted on the human mind by its Maker. Such are the great truths of the moral law, the duties for instance, of instice truth the duties for instance, of justice, truth and temperance. In the other category are the principles which are peculiar to individuals and which are in consequence of no authority; as for instance, the opinion that there is no difference between virtue and vice. This set of principles does not essentially differ from principles which are common to extended localities, but are not univer-sal. Men catch them from each other, by education, by daily intercourse, by reading the same books, or by being members of the same political community. Hence nations have very frequent-ly one and the same set of first prin-

riples of this secondary sort—principles that are not necessarily true and are in fact erroneous for the most part. Thus, for instance, it was the opinion of the ancient pagan Romans, that everyone should follow the religion of his own accountry, and this was the reason why country, and this was the reason why they persecuted the first Christians. There are indeed many principles of this sort. The celebrated Roman patriot Cato stabbed himself rather than fall into the hands of Cæsar. In like manner Saul fell on his sword when defeated in battle. A first principle was at the bottom of their conduct, namely that there is no evil so great in the whole universe, visible and invisible in time and eternity, as humiliation. Take, again, our belief in the miracles wrought by the relics and the prayers of the saints. The Protestant laughs at the very idea of miracles or super-natural acts as occurring at this day. Why? Because of his first principle:

there are no miracles since the Apostles. Now, first principles of this kind characterize a man. They are the conditions of his mental life. They are hidden for the very reason they are so sovereign and so engrossing. Bigotry consists, not in holding such principles as true, but in the infliction of our own unproved first principles on others, and treating others with scorn others, and treating others with scorn or hatred for not accepting them. And that is precisely what the religious bigot does. It is by such assumptions that ultra-Protestants come to their foolish conclusions concerning the roguery and superstition of the Catholic Church. But let us quote Newman ex-

them while they were the shackles of State support—pervades their spirit; they stretch the limbs of their soul and rejoice to find them forceful and free.

Not one word is uttered here against the Republic as such. Nay, the prevalent feeling is in its favor, as the only form of government that France could possibly construct upon the ruin of her " Catholicism has its first principles, external observances'; or, 'It is all a be once established that there are souls bondage, because there is no such thing as sin; or 'a blasphemy because the Supreme Being cannot be present in who are yet in this life." Boswell ceremonies; or, a mummery because prayer cannot move Him; or a tyranny, because vows are unnatural : or, 'hypocrist', because no rational man can credit all.' I say here is endless assumption, unmitigated hypothesis, reckless assertion; prove your 'because,' 'because,' 'because;' prove your first principles, and if you cannot, learn philosophic moderation. Why may not my first principles contest the prize with yours? They have been longer in the world; they have lasted longer, they have done harder work, they have seen rougher service. You sit in your early chairs, you dogmatize in your lecture-rooms, you wield your pens: it all looks well on paper: you write exceedingly well: there never was an age in which there may better writing; legical new these was better writing; legical new these was the second property of the second page. there was better writing; logical, nervous, eloquent and pure—go and carry it all out into the world. Take your first principles, of which you are so proud, into the crowded streets of our cities, into the formidable classes which make up the bulk of our population; try to work society by them. You think

means

Excellence

years; let yours live as many months. That man can sin, that he has duties, that the Divine Being hears prayer, that He gives His favors through visible ordinances, that He is really present in the midst of them, these principles have been the life of nations; they have shown they could be carried out; let any single nation carry out yours, and you will have better claim to speak contemptuously of Catholic rites, of Catholic devotions, of Catholic belief.—Antigonish Casket.

BICENTENARY OF JOHNSON.

HE FAMOUS LEXICOGRAPHER WAS NOT-ABLY SYMPATHETIC TOWARDS THE

CATHOLIC CHURCH. The bicentenary of the birth of the famous lexicographer and man of letters, Dr. Samuel Johnson, is to be commemon. br. Samuel Johnson, is to be commended ated in September by appropriate celebrations in his native town, Lichfield, Staffordshire. In Irish papers it has been suggested that Catholic Ireland should be represented on the occasion in should be represented on the occasion in view of the great doctor's friendly sentiments towards the Irish people and his sympathy with them in the oppression to which they were subjected through the anti-Catholic Penal Laws, which were in full operation in his time. Speaking of those laws, he said: "The Irish are in a most unnatural state, for we see there the minority (Protestant) prevailing over the majority," adding that "there is no instance, even in the Ten Persecutions (of the early Christians) of such severity as the early Christians) of such severity as that which the Protestants of Ireland have exercised against the Catholics."

We are told also by an Irish Protest-ant elergyman, the Rev. Mr. Maxwell, a close friend of the doctor, quoted in Boswell's immortal "Life," that: "He Boswell's immortal "Life," that: "He (Johnson) had great compassion for the miseries and distresses of the Irish nation, particularly the Catholics, and severely reprobated the barbarous, debitating policy of the British government, which he said, was the most detestable mode of persecution." His remark to another Irish friend about the Parliamentary union between England and mentary union between England and Ireland, which was even then talked of, indicated the same line of thought. "Do not make a union with us, sir," he said, "we should unite with you only to rob you"—a prophecy which Irish history since the union, accomplished not many years after those words were uttered. abundantly verifies. Johnson was also very respectful, even

sympathetic, in his sentiments and ex-pressions regarding the Catholic Church and its doctrines, as may be seen from
the following dialogue recorded by his
biographer and companion, Boswell, in
his great work: Boswell—"What do
you think, sir, of purgatory, as believed
in by the Roman Catholics?" Johnson—
"Why, sir, it is a very harmless doctrine.
They are of the opinion that the generality of mankind are neither so obstinately wicked as todescrycleverlasting nunand its doctrines, as may be seen from ly wicked as to deserve everlasting pun-ishment, nor so good as to merit being admitted into the society of blessed spirits, "The idolatry of the Mass?" Jonhson— "There is no idolatory in the Mass. "There is no idolatory in the Mass.
They believe God to be there and they
adore Him." Boswell—"The worship of
saints?" Johnson—"Sir, "they do not
worship saints; they invoke them;
they ask their prayers." Boswell—
"Confession?" Johnson—"Why, I don't
here, they that the good thing. The know but that is a good thing. The Scripture says, 'Confess your faults one to another,' and the priests confess are well as the later. Then it must be a can well as the laity. Then it must be considered that their absolution is only upon repentance and often upon penance also. (You Protestants) think your sins may be forgiven without penance and

On this dialogue, Boswell goes on to observe: "I thus ventured to mention all the common objections against the Roman Catholic Church, that I might hear so great a man upon them. Wh he said is here accurately recorded. Boswell also recorded some interesting views by Johnson on "conversions" in religion. "A man," said he, "who is religion. "A man," said he, "who converted from Protestantism to Pop you can: I say you cannot—at least you have not as yet; it is yet to be seen if you can. Let not him that putteth on already had. But a convert from Popery off.' Do not take it for granted that that is certain which is waiting the test of reason and experiment. Be modest until you are victorious. My principles, which I believe to be eternal areasy nad. But a convertion topely already nad. But a convertion topely a predict of what he has held as sacred as anything that he retains; there is so much thought nad. But a convertion topely already nad. But a convertion topely nad. But a convertion to prove the nad. But a convertion of what he has held as sacred as anything that he retains given the nad. But a convertion to prove the nad. But a convertion to prove the nad. But a convertion of the nad. But a convertion to prove the nad. But a convertion to prove the nad. But a convertion of the nad. But a convertion to prove the nad. But a convertion to prove the nad. But a convertion of the nad. But a convertion to prove the nad. But a convertion of the nad. But a convertion to prove the nad. But a convertion to pro

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marks that: "The truth of the reflec marks that: "The truth of the rener tion may be confirmed by many an eminent instances, some of which will occur to most readers," as to all o which, coming from Johnson, the fur ther remark may be made that it might not have been a difficult task to make a good Catholic of a great doctor.

SEEKING THE SOURCE.

One of the congregation of a Texas parish was giving a dinner, to which the colored minister was invited. The reverend gentleman evidently was delighted with the goose served, and re-

"Dat am a berry fine goose, sar! Where did you get it?" Now for some reason or other the host didn't like the question, so he answered: "'Deed, sar, dat ain't fair. When you preach a berry good sermon, do I eber ask you where you got it from?"-An Exchange.

A school teacher was explaining the use of the hyplien to the children.

"Why do we put a hyplen in 'bird-cage?" she asked.
One small boy raised his hand. He was told to give his answer.

"It's for the bird to set on," he said.

"Here !" shouted the railway official, "what do you mean by throwing those trunks about like that?"

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The porter gasped in astonishment, and several travelers pinched themselves to make sure that it was real.

Then the official spoke again:
"Don't you see that you're making big dents in this concrete platform?"

big dents in this concrete platform?"

It was said of a certain village "innocent" or fool in Scotland that if he were offered a silver sixpence and a copper penny he would invariably choose the larger coin of smaller value. One day a stranger asked him:

"Why do you always take the penny? Don't you know the difference in value?"

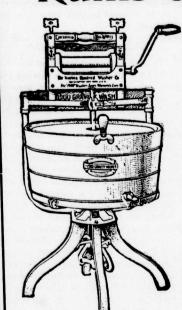
"Aye," answered the fool, "I ken the difference in value. But it I took the sixpence they would never try me again."

An Engine for Good or Ill. Writing to America, Supreme Knight A. Flaherty, of the Knights of

Columbus, says:
"There is no work that I propose to
myself during my administration as
supreme knight of our order that is more vital, more pressingly important than a general awakening among our people to the value of the product of people to the value of the product of the printing press, in both periodical and book form. What an engine it is for good or ill; and how little we have used it for the former, while so many others have been diligent in its exploit-ation of the latter! How happy I shall be to have a part in beinging about, an be to have a part in bringing a improvement in this condition."

There's much injustice and unfairness on every side, but there will be some-what less if you stick to justice and fairness.—Leigh Mitchell Hodges.

The Washboard **Ruins Clothes**



Then soap it, and rub the stains out of it

on a Washboard.

Do this six times. Then look at the hems, collar and cuff edges and the button holes, You'll find them all badly frayed, ripped,

months' hard, steady use. Half the life of the garment gone-eaten up by the Washboard.
Shirt cost a dollar, say—washboard takes

50 cents of wear out of it- you get what's Why don't you cut out the Washboard? water through the clothes like a force pump. It takes out all the stains, in half the

cracking a button. No rubbing, scrubbing, wearing, nor tearng the clothes against a hard metal Wash-board. That costs twice as much for hard work, and wears out twice as many clothes

without wearing a single thread, or

Try the "1900 Gravity" for four washings! Won't cost you a cent to try it, either. You write to me for a "1900 Gravity" and I'll send it to any reliable person without a cent of deposit, or a cent of risk on their part. I'll pay the freight, too, so that you may

test my offer entirely at my expense. Use it nonth, free of charge If you don't like it, send it back to me, at my expense

If you keep it you pay forsit out of the work and the wear it saves you—at say 50 cents a week. Remember, it washes clothes in half the time they can be washed by hand, and it does this by simply driving soapy water swiftly through their threads. It works like a spinning top and it runs as easy as a sewing machine

Even a child ten years old can wash with it as easily as a strong woman. You may prove this for yourself and at my expense.

I'll send the "1900 Gravity" free for a month anywhere so you can prove it without risking

I'll take it back then, if you think you can get along without it. And I'll pay the freight

both ways out of my own pocket.

How could I make a cent out of that deal if the "1960 Gravity" wouldn't actually wash clothes in half the time with half the wear and do ALL that I say it will?

Write to me to-day for particulars. If you say so, I'll send on the machine for a month, so that you can be using it in a week or ten days.

More than 200,000 people are now using our "1900 Gravity" Washers. Write to-day to me, personally, C. R. X. Bach, Manager The "1900" Washer Co., 357 Yonge Street, Toronto, Ont.

The above offer is not good in Toronto or Montreal, and suburbs—special arrangements are made for these districts.

The Catholic Record

Price of Subscription-\$2.00 per annum. THOS. COFFEY, LL. D., Editor and Publishe

vertisement for teachers, situations wanted, etc. red and recommended by the Archbishops of Kingston, Ottawa and St. Boniface, the of London, Hamilton, Peterborough, and aug, N. Y., and the clergy throughout the

mion. Luke King, P. J. Neven, E. J. Broderick, M. sers. Luke King, P. J. Neven, E. J. Broderick, M. sers. Luke King, P. J. Neven, E. J. Broderick, M. sers, and the season to the CATHOLIC RECORD. Agent for New-Uland, Mr. James Power of St. John. Agent for tof Nioussing Mrs. M. Revnolds, New Liskeard becribers changing residence will please give old Subscribers changing residence will please give old us well as new address. Obituary and marriage notices cannot be inserted uccept in the usual condensed form. Each insertion

then subscribers ask for their paper at the post hen subscribers ask for their paper at the post e it would be well were they to tell the clerk to them their CATHOLIC RECORD. We have infor-on of carelessness in a few places on the part of erry clerks who will sometimes look for letters

LETTERS OF RECOMMENDATION. Apostolic Delegation. Ottawa, June 13th, 1905.

Mr. Thomas Coffeyi
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 imbused with a strong Catholic spirit. It strenuously defends Catholic principles and nights, 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,

University of ottawa. Ottawa, Canada, March 7th, 1900.

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

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

LONDON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 6, 1909

THE CHRISTIAN GUARDIAN

The Western Watchman, one of our strong storm-centres, passed lately a somewhat severe criticism upon the Catholics of the United States. "The people of the United States," said the Watchman, "are credited with being great Catholics, with doing wondrous things. Yes, they do great things, but they are very poor Catholics; for they don't think. There is to-day very little Catholic thought in the United States. Catholics don't read: they don't read Catholic books; they don't read Catholic newspapers; they are not interested in Catholic subjects and questions; they simply don't think." Propositions of this kind, whilst classified as universal, have a large number of exceptions. It is a lamentable concession which is forced upon observers and critics by many circumstances and some national characteristics. We are not quite sure about modern thought anyway. Except for its utilitarian purposes and the narrow senile horizon of its boundaries we see no depth to its principles and no height to its power over the soul. Thought in the United States is in the inverse proportion to the extent and measurement of the country. Americans cannot be said to be a thoughtful people They are too active in other pursuits, and especially in business, to be profound thinkers. And as for the Catholics of the country they have had a stern struggle for existence, so that thinking was narrowed to earthly cares and concerns. Even admitting a certain amount of truth in the charge, we place the reason at three doors-physical activity, want of education and social prejudice. The first of these has made too many of our young men the soldiers the Republic. athletes The second is due to there being no system of Catholic secondary and university education. Social prejudice has also played its part in rele gating Catholics to be the helots whilst others were Spartans. Times have somewhat changed. But thought in the higher sense does not change with external circumstances. If our good people are to be thinkers they must have more leisure, their religion must be less material and more spiritual. Our United States co-religionists are very much to be commended for their obedience to the laws of the Church and also for their meterial generosity. To maintain the two pillars of religion and education, church and school, they make heroic sacrifices which strike their neighbors with wonder. Their energy spends itself in this laudable effort. Their work is done. It has to be done again and again. It leaves no room for that reflection and communion of a higher order which is religion's richest fruit, as it is the soul's greatest want. Catholics may, and may not read Catholic books and papers. They should, if they do not. If they do read them, it should be with a motive, not of leisure, but of spiritual improvement It is a taste for good and healthy reading which is required. This is all a preamble-leading up to the Christian

Guardian of Toronto. Commenting

upon the extract from the Watchman

the Guardian, with its usual distorted

thought, attributes the effect to the

Church. If Catholics do not think the

Church is to blame. The Church does

not aim at producing, nor does she de-

The charitable Methodist organ in support of this view appeals to Spain, Italy and South America. When Metho dism produces such giants of thought as Catholic Spain and Italy can boast of then we may listen to the Guardian. If we mentioned the names of some the poor organ would screen itself behind its own ignorance. Protestantism as a religion has never produced a thinker yet. Nor will it ever have one. Having no dogma to defend and no authority to direct it, its men of thought are driven out of religion for the activity they may have displayed. Its greatest scholars are to-day higher critics. Its philosophers began in sensation and ended in scepticism or materialism. Its apologists can find no basis for religious belief nor material for philosophica support. The time is too far spent when any critic can accuse the Catholic Church of not producing, or desiring to produce, a thinking people. In science law, theology and philosophy the fire she kindled on the hills of Europe still burn as the only true beacons of light and learning throughout the western world.

THE EXECUTION OF FERRER.

We cannot understand the readine to waste sympathy upon the shooting o the anarchist Ferrer, who was executed by order of the Spanish government. Why in this Dominion of Canada any one should talk of a service in honor or in pity of him is a mystery. True he was condemned by Spain and Spain is Catholic country. True he was a leade of a revolution which sacked convents and fought with religious sisters. But that is the act of a modern hero - to be commended, not to be condemned. It is our Anglo - Saxon privilege to see that every other house is kept in order, no matter what may be the condition of our own. Another and special privilege w have is to see that all rebels in Latin countries and against Catholic rulers are protected and proclaimed heroes The Barcelona riots were the chief incident in the year's programme of Masonic and Judaic attacks upon established government. Any one who reflects upon the international currents which have been rushing from all quarters towards Madrid may readily understand the purpose of all the noise. Ferrer is no martyr. Socialists and radicals are doing their best to make his death an occasion of trouble to Spain. They threatened the king. They had a bomb prepared for the President of the Council. It was no use. The law took its course. The socialists hoped that the army would turn traitor. But the Spanish army is solidly loyal; for it idolizes the king. It is the busybodies of the outside world-anarchists from here and there, bigoted anti-Catholics who hate to see a ray of peace shine upon the hillside of a Catholic country. Had there been less interference and fewer threats Ferrer might have had a better chance for life. The king could not according to the constitution take the initiative in an act of clemency. The government would not do it, by reason of the threats. Most likely the government would have asked the king to spare Ferrer if the anarchists had not declared that they would avenge his execution by assassinating the king and M. Maura the President of the Council. This was too much. Whether anarchy rules or terrifies justice should be done Justice was done when Ferrer was as we are to Spain it does not behoove us to sympathize with its rebels and outlaws.

THE WESTERN SCHISM.

In answer to a correspondent who has asked for information upon this subject, we ask his pardon at our seeming neglect. It is the second letter he has written to us. Our silence is due to the fact that other matters crowded his question out. The subject is difficult and delicate. It needs such study and attention as we cannot at present give to it, not having literature at hand or time at our disposal. If our friend will be patient until the Plenary Council has closed we promise to treat the subject as well as we know how. Involving as it does that period of history whose storm threatened the very flagship of the Church's fleet, the Western Schism, the circumstances leading up to it and the consequences flowing therefrom are not to be taken by chance from memory's shelf. One thing our correspondent may lay to heart. The institution which passed through that dreadful trial with its central power intact is divine. We return to the question in a short time.

WE ARE AFRAID we will have to place Rev. W. T. Graham, of the First Avenue Baptist Church, Toronto, in the platoon of the bigots. At a Baptist convention in Hamilton "Romish aggression" was his theme. It has become the habit of certain preachers, looking for prominence and thirsty for hand-clapping, to introduce "the Pope, Popery and Romish aggression" on stated occasire to produce, a thinking people. sions. They are seldom mistaken in

plause comes spontaneously. Nor does the preacher for one moment imagine that he is, in the minds of all right thinking people, guilty of an assault on the proprieties, not to speak at all of his bidding adieu to the first principles of Christian conduct. Such is the Rev. Mr. Graham, Baptist, Toronto.

In the wild west many years ago we read of a noted individual who in his day was a terror to his peaceably inclined neighbors. He died with his clothes on, and his boon companions thought it would be quite proper to have a funeral oration preached over his remains before burial. The speaker recounted all the terrible crimes with which the dead man had been charged. but, my dear friends," he concluded " he always loved the flag." We do not wish to put Mr. Graham in the criminal class. Far be it from us to think of such a thing. But we regret to say many of our non-Catholic neighbors are always ready to palliate mediocrity as soon as a public speaker or preacher introduce and denounces the Pope and Popery. We can understand these things as accesories to an Orange holiday, but com ing from the mouth of a man who is supposed to preach and practise Chris tian charity, it is to us inexplicable.

"ROMISH AGGRESSION!" What Romish aggression? Now, brethren, let us sit down for a moment and talk the matter over. The Catholics of our Dominion are desirous of giving their cildren a first class education, and coupled with this they will have them taught the doctrines of their Church. For this they have been paying out of their own pockets. Not one cent of Protestant money do the; ask. Is that Romish aggression?" Some years ago a valuable property in Quebec, which belonged to the Jesuit Order at its suppression, was restored to the Jesuits, but the money derived from the sale was devoted to the purpose of education, in which Protestants had a share. Is that "Romish aggression ?" In the Dominion cabinet, with a Catholic premier, Catholics have four representatives, including the Premier himself, while Protestants have eleven, and Catholics, be it remembered. form about 45 per cent. of the population. Is that "Romish aggression?" But, we may be told, the priests interfere in politics. This is quite true where Cath. olics are engaged in a battle for their rights. Under similar circumstances every Protestant minister of every Protestant denomination in Canada would do the same. In the matter of party politics, however, and on questions which belong exclusively to the layman, priests are very seldom found interfering. Amongst them we have men of Conservative as well as of Liberal leanings. They are citizens and they are entitled to form their own opinions on questions of the day. But as to actual interference in the ordinary party contest it is a rare thing to find the priest. This much cannot be said of the ministers of the sects. It is quite true, also, that many ministers have, particularly on Sunday observance, gone to such extremes as to bring upon them the condemnation of thousands of good Christian citizens. We would like to have the Rev. Mr. Graham give us a bill of particulars about "Romish aggression." nembers of the Catholic Church in Canada, 'rom the Papal Delegate to the humblest layman, wish to live on executed. He deserved it. Foreigners amicable terms with their non-Catholic ighbors. They will do them no injustice and they ask Protestants to concede to Catholics only those rights and privileges which Catholics are ever ready to concede to Protestants. This childish nonsense about "Romish aggression" should be left with the "property man" of the Orange lodge To hear an educated minister of the Gospel roaring about "Romish aggression" gives us another proof that educa tion does not always educate.

> But Rev. Mr. Graham was not alone in his attack on "Romanism." The spirit moved other rev. gentlemen in the same direction. It seemed indeed as if the Baptist Convention was held for the sole purpose of indulging in rifle practice on the Vatican. " How these Christians hate their Christian neighbors" will come to the minds of the scoffer and the infidel. The report of the proceedings of the 28th introduced us to a Rev. J. Sullivan, Baptist, who said he was educated for the priesthood. Possibly. But the pedigree of the Rev. J. Sullivan, Bantist, would no doubt make interesting reading. We desire not to cast aspersions on his character. What we would like to know is how he came into the Baptist fold. We have a suspicion that he 'drifted," because the text of his little sermon was on "drifters." In this connection he said the Baptists were justified in sending their missionaries to Quebec even if they only succeeded in picking up the "drifters," by which he meant those who had stepped out of the Church into infidelity and atheism.

atheism never enters a Baptist or any other Protestant fold. If grace come to him he goes back to the mother that bore him. It is not correct, we think, to state that the "drifters" have gone into infidelity and atheism-rather into indifferentism. They are largely composed of that class who are looking for comfortable meal and a share of the new or second hand clothing rushed to the scene of conflict or a fast freight by the good Baptist ladies in other parts of the country.

So LONG as they get a little money to procure the necessaries, a good mea and garments to keep the body warm, they will smile on the Baptist mission ary. During the time of the famine in Ireland, there were a few drifters of the same character in that country and this is how there came to be outside the fold men bearing the grand old Irish names. Even a Sullivan might have been found amongst them.

AND THERE was a Rev. R. R. McKay, of Ottawa, Baptist, who also entered th Colisseum to attack the Roman lions He claimed that inroads had been made by the Catholics in the Baptist population near Ottawa, and that it was ne sary now for the Baptists to carry on evangelization where once was a Baptist settlement. Rev. Mr. McKav gives us most pleasing intelligence. Proof we have here that the Baptist chrysanthemum withers in a Catholic atmosphere and it can never again be nursed back to a comely appearance. But resolute and determined is the good Baptist soul of Rev. Mr. McKay! On his banner is inscribed, "Onward Christian Soldiers," No Surrender." For he says the Baptists must continue their missions as long as Catholics were taught to place money above Christ and tradition above the Scriptures. Were the speaker called upon to prove his statements, he would be in the same position as a shuffling witness in a court of justice at contested election trial in the hands of great criminal lawyer. When the Baptist convention at Hamilton draws to a close all who are worthy of the name of Christian will sincerely hope that it will be a long time before we have another one. The banner of peace and good will " was discarded and that of "rancor and bigotry flung to the Baptist breeze.

THE following reference to this rev. gentleman appeared in the London Free Press of Saturday last. We print it be cause it is well worthy the consideration of this clerical gentleman. The letter was signed "Sheet Anchor."

In your report of the proceedings of the Baptist convention at Hamilton in your issue of to-day, it is stated that a clergyman—Mr. Sullivan—said the Catholic Church is "one thing in Barce lona and another in Frantford." I would be under deep obligation to this gentleman if he would kindly state just exactly wherein the difference lies. Not in generalities nor suppositions, but in cold facts.

Having spent a great part of my life mongst the Spaniards. I can most truthamongst the Spaniards, I can most truth-fully assert that neither in Barcelona nor any other part of Spain have I seen any differences in the services or doc-trine of the Catholic Church. They are

the same throughout the entire world.

The last paragraph in your report of
the proceedings, viz.: that "Catholics
are taught to place money above Christ," would be laughable, were it not so seri ous, when one remembers the much that Catholic countries are wealthy. Truly, consistency is a jewel. If Catholics placed money above Christ,

I have neither the time nor the inclination to enter into a controversy; hence I cannot consider that I would be called upon to notice any reply which Mr. Sullivan might make to this letter, unless he sticks close to the statement he has made about the Church in Spain.

THE HOUSE OF LORDS has passed the third reading of the Irish Land Bill. It was, however, emasculated to such an extent that the Commoners did not recognize it when it was returned to them. Premier Asquith has taken up the gauntlet for the people and despatches tell us that he will appeal to the country on the Irish Land Bill, without waiting for the action of the Lords on the budget. The premier says that the course of the Lords removes the last vestige of government by the people. This measure for the relief of Ireland, he continues, will be fought to the last and there will be no compromise To most people it appears simply astounding that the members of the privileged chamber are acting in a manner more becoming the gamblers in Monte Carlo. It is now a settled conviction in the minds of the English people that the House of Lords will abstruct all legislation which will have tendency to affect their private in-

THEIR execrable conduct at the present day is but a repetition of the course they took regarding Ireland during the Gladstonian period. On page 380, volume 2, of Morley's Life of Gladstone, that great statesman is quoted as

the estimate of their hearers. The ap- | Church and "drifts" into infidelity and is this: that when the future historian | United States Steel Corporation purspeaks upon the greatness of this empire and traces the manner in which it has grown through successive generations, he will say that in that history there was one chapter of disgrace, and that chapter of disgrace was the treatment of Ireland." On page 767 Mr. Gladstone also stated, "They could not look at Ireland and say that the state of feeling there was for the honor and the advantage of the United Kingdom " But Gladstone's statesmanship and eloquence availed not. The House of Lords ignominiously rejected the bil whole and entire. They would not even deign to amend it.

> A DISTINGUISHED English statesman of the present day, Mr. G. K. Chesterton, has given the hereditary chamber one of the most severe castigations it has yet received. Here is an extract from a speech he lately delivered :

"The Duke does not think about all his estates, field by field and hedge by hedge. If the duke did he would go mad. He can only understand the land when it is put into a ledger; he can only read fields when they are translated into figures. Property so enormous that it escapes from the imagination is not even property, just as a hat so huge that it comes down to my boots is not even a tume. In practice it would more probably be an unpleasantly small prison. And a man who makes a monstrous soli-And a man who makes a monstrous soli tude of any sort around him is making prison, large or small, not a property. The idea in the desert is the same as that in the cell. The Bible puts it perfectly, in the course of some remarks on landlords: "Woe unto them that lay field to field, that they may be alone in

And here is how Mr. Chesterton describes the way in which many of the proud and haughty and intolerable dukes came by their wealth:

"If there should happen to exist in the world a class of persons who made their pile out of pillage of churches and abbeys, who increased it systematically for four centuries by the moving of fences. the falsification of boundaries, the inclose ure of fields, who in our own time have been eagerly to the fore in every scheme for snatching remote territories or exploiting independent peoples, then these I think may positively and correctly be called the enemies of property."

must believe and how they must live if they would obtain eternal life. No On THURSDAY last a touching cere man ever spoke as He spoke; no man can ever live such a life of perfection as He lived. He taught them in the mony took place in London. It was the translation of the remains of the Rev. M. J. Tiernan from the cemetery at Mount Carmel to St. Peter's cemetery in the cathedral city. In this cemetery a large plot of ground has been reserved for the interment of deceased priests of the diocese. During a quarter of a century Father Tiernan had been rector of St. Peter's cathedral. During his incumbency of that office the stress and strain of the erection of that magnificent building fell heavily upon his shoulders and age and infirmity came to him before his time. The ceremony of Thursday reawakens in the hearts of the people of London the noble qualities of Father Tiernan. He had the heart of a child and withal a nobility of character, coupled with an intense charity, which made him very dear to the people. He never spared himself when duty called and it was this great devotion to his flock which brought him to a premature grave. On Thursday last he was not forgotten, nor will he be forgotten for generations to come. He deserved, and, may we not hope, he has received, a high place in heaven as a reward for his fealty to his Saviour, to his Church and to his flock. Rev. Father McKeon, of with a large number of the laity.

ON SUNDAY LAST, in one of our city churches, the minister dealt in an exhaustive fashion with the question of building a Canadian navy. Many a time reports of sermons in the churches of our separated brethren must give a shock to those in the congregation who have regard for becoming conduct on the part of gentlemen of the cloth. Here we have one ordained as a Christian minister. He has been told to go out and preach the Gospel; but instead of this he takes up the discussion of questions which belong exclusively to the Governors of the State. It is no wonder there are so many empty churches and so many people spend the Sundays reading novels and the Sunday papers. With some preachers, we regret to say, the Gospel has become threadbare and they dabble in matters which they think will create more interest in the minds of the members of their congregations. If they would only go to the old Church, the Church of the centuries, the Church founded and preserved and blessed by our divine Lord, they would find week in and week out, year in and year out, the preaching of the same Gospel ever old and ever new. There is no room there for fads and fancies introduced to tickle the ears and the eyes of the worldly-minded who go to church to be entertained and amused.

FROM PITTSBURG comes the report that twenty-five thousand persons in

pose to control the nine breweries now existing in that district. The wealthy magnates, strange to say, purpose increasing the saloons with the object of preventing people drinking at their homes. They claim that the keg of beer in the house does more harm to their workmen than would the beer supplied over the counter. It appears to us that a much better way would be to establish temperance societies, or, better still, total abstinence societies, and in this way the home drinking and saloon drinking would be discontinued, The result would be better health better work, better morals and a greater degree of genuine prosperity.

THE PLENARY COUNCIL.

The laborious and important work of receiving the reports of the various committees was concluded on Wednesday the 27th ult. An idea may be formed of the time this required when the task meant the reading of nearly three hundred pages of large octavo pages, not to say anything of additional suggestions from the committees as well as motions proposed by others.

Thursday, Oct. 28th, was the twentyfirst anniversary of the consecration of Mgr. L. N. Begin, the venerable Archbishop of Quebec, First Vice-President of the Plenary Council. From all quarters His Grace received messages and expressions of congratulation upon the occasion.

The members of the Council joined most cordially in the pleasing incident of offering the Archbishop their homage and gratitude for all that had been done to make their stay pleasant in the metropolitan city of Quebec.

The following is the English sermon delivered at the Basilica on Sunday, Oct. 24th. It was preached by the Very Rev. Father Walsh, O. M. I., Administrator of Vancouver, B. C.:

This is life eternal to know Thee and Him whom Thou hast sent. St. John. Your Excellency, my Lords, my dear rethren-When our blessed Lord was

upon earth He taught men what they

temple, on the roadsides; He taught Everywhere large crowds gathered to listen to Him as He spoke to them things holy, of death and judgment, of the beauty of virtue and of the glory And as His teaching was sublime so also was His life. "Which of you," He would say to His followers, "can convince Me of sin?" In Him was reflected immense charity, poverty, umiliation and every virtue. brethren, it is a long time since our Lord was on this earth. More than two thousand years have elapsed since He trod this earth, and even though He is no longer seen and is no longer heard, yet how well we know Him, for are not His words and His life to be found in which is inspired by Almighty God has which is inspired by Aimigue, God and been transmitted to the Church for safe-guard. As a holy bishop has recently said, "no man is born with the Gospel written on his intelligence. When a soul," he says, "comes into this world, the Gospel has to be laboriously instilled in his mind, and it has to be carefully impressed on it, otherwise that humas soul becomes estranged from God and as though it had never lived, and thus it follows that the Church has to perpetu te the work of Christ and to teach the truth of salvation.' How well, my dear brethren, has she fulfilled this task Our divine Master said to her, "G teach all nations, as the Father sent Me I also send you. Go forth and teach all they would be the richest—as the world understands the term—people in the world.

St. Mary's church, recited the prayers they would be the richest—as the world at the grave. Father O'Neil, of the cathedral, was also present, together an nations, as the Father sent Me I also send you. Go forth and teach all nations and I will be with you until the end of time." The Church are the prayers they would be the richest—as the world. cathedral, was also present, togethe end of time." The Church, my dear with a large number of the laity. marched in the vanguard of intellectual progress. It was the Church that reserved for us, and rescued from oblivion the writings of the ancient Greeks and Romans, and during the wars and social upheavals which lasted dursocial upneavals which lasted during many centuries; the perpetuity of learning was due to the efforts of the Church. In those days when kings and warriors were building citadels and fortresses the Church was building churches and great schools and universities. The many sects which during these later days have broken away from the Church often boast that they have in their possession the book of books-the Holy Bible. Be it so, but let them remember that they received it from the Catholic Church. They are indebted to her for this, and, my dear brethren, what the Church has done in the past what the Church has done in the passe in regard to learning she is at present doing. Men will make sacrifices for that which they love. Where are such sacrifices being made for education as are being made in the Catholic Church to-day? Every year she is spending enormous sums for the support of it, and wherever we look she is having success, and her success would be suffering from the effects of spoliation, and were it not for the fact that very often, even to-day, she has to be content with injustice, if not open persecution. But, my dear brethren, and this is my point, secular learning is, after all, not the only learning. There is something else to be learned in this world besides the arts and sciences. Man's destiny does not terminate in this world. He is made for something more noble and more lasting—his highest knowledge is to know God, for Whom and by Whom he was made. This is the eternal life, to know Jesus Christ, to know God, to know the Son of God made man, to be familiar with His life, to be imbued with Church into infidelity and atheism. Vain endeavor—bootless quest. The Frenchman who leaves the Mother Rule Bill, "What weighs upon my mind, afflicted with the drink habit. The lally that the Church proves herself to

sets aside a p to pray and religion, for ience, how in sions are, th they are ne that very off is but little in holy religion has the co-o men and w and women world; other ing God in a re of ther they are d many uld gi ve uch men to grateful fo there is Canada, fro these noble ed schools. yond the co of them re ting Indian that land west. For is gratefu the battle ool days great work and when passions gr more dang ments dans the world w the Churc point out rather the she does al minds and this world Church wo heart of A not in her Him Who nations," have to follow her escape etc love for sp Holy Sacr the dark there are, listening t

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ncouver, B. C.: rnal to know Thee and hast sent. St. John. ey, my Lords, my dear our blessed Lord was taught men what they d how they must live btain eternal life. No as He spoke; no man taught them in the roadsides; He taught and on the mountain. ge crowds gathered to s He spoke to them of death and judgment, of virtue and of the glory His teaching was sub-s His life. "Which of say to His followers, Me of sin?" In Him mense charity, poverty, every virtue. My dear a long time since our his earth. More than ears have elapsed since th, and even though He and is no longer heard, know Him, for are not His life to be found in And that holy Gospel d by Almighty God has d to the Church for safe oly bishop has recently born with the Gospel intelligence. When a comes into this world o be laboriously instilled it has to be carefully

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they received it from the ch. They are indebted, and, my dear brethren, ch has done in the past arning she is at present will make sacrifices for y love. Where are such g made for education as e in the Catholic Church y year she is spending s for the support of it, we look she is having it not that she is still the effects of spoliation,

the enects of spontation, but for the fact that very day, she has to be content, if not open persecution, brethren, and this is my learning is, after all, not ing. There is something ned in this world besides sciences. Man's destiny nate in this world. He is thing more noble and more

whom and by Whom he whom and by whom he his is the eternal life, to Christ, to know God, to of God made man, to be His life, to be imbued with lk in His footsteps, this is arning. Here it is especi-Church proves herself to be a true and great teacher. She respects and honors and gives due aid to secular learning, but otherwise she teaches man not to labor merely for that which is perishable, but for that which is eternal, and, therefore, she begins with the young mind, she begins with the did in school, the great work of educating. Besides the study of secular that teaches the child to every hicating. Besides the study of section bjects, she teaches the child to every ay join hands in prayer and to raise ay join hands in prayer and to raise is heart to love God. Every day she is heart to love God. Every day she his heart to love God. Every day she sets aside a part of the day for the child to pray and receive instruction in his religion, for she knows well, from experience, how important these early impressions are, the most lasting, and where they are perfected, experience provides they are perfected, experience provides they are perfected. sions are, the most lasting, and where they are neglected, experience proves that very often in after years the mind is but little imbued with the great truth of holy religion. And in this work of education, my dear brethren, the Church has the co-operation of a little army of men and women. Some of these men and women are people living in the world; others are persons who are serving God in a religious station. We have the Christian Brothers—would we had

Christian Brothers-would we had e of them-for everywhere they are more of them—for everywhere they are they are doing noble work, and there are many families in this land that would give much to be of service to the Christian Brothers. We need more such men to teach, and yet we must be grateful for what we have, for there is perhaps not a town in Canada, from ocean to ocean, where these noble trachers have not established schools. They are to be found be-yond the confines of civilization, many of them re spending their lives educa-ting Indian children scattered over land of the north and northwest. For all this the Church is grateful, for what they are doing in preparing children to fight the battle of life, for after all when shool days are over it is then that the more dangerous allurements — allure-ments dangerous and sinful, and it is in ing in this were it not that she is the heart of Almighty God, for she speaks in her own name but in the name of Him Who sent her—"Go teach all nations," and, therefore, her children have to obey her, they have to follow her directions, if they would escape eternal punishment. We know that there are some who have lost all love for spiritual things, they shun the Holy Sacraments, they wander through the dark and seamy paths of life, but there are, on the other hand, a multitude which no man could number, who are listening to the Word of God, for whom the word of God is a help and a light to their path in this world, yet they are not of it; with the eye of faith they see beyond this material world the glories of Heaven. These are to them remedies which are permeating their whole lives, such as these there are multitudes in the world. We find them everywhere, in mining countries, in the mountains, in little hamlets and villages, in our great industrial centres. my dear brethren, are the children of God, they are the joy and pride of the Church, the effect of her teaching, and

KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS.

is it not true to say of them, that they are Eternal Life. Amen.

A LARGE GATHERING OF THE BROTHER IN LONDON,—FIRST, SECOND AND THIRD DEGREES EXEMPLIFIED.

On Monday last, about six hundred members of the Knights of Columbus gathered at Hyman Hall, in this city. This included about one hundred and fifty local knights, the balance being visitors. At 9 o'clock they marched in procession to St. Peter's cathedral. It men in procession—perhaps the largest that has yet taken place in the Forest City. Solemn High Mass was sung by Rev. Father James, O. F. M., of Chatham, with Father West of St. Thomas, and Father Robert of Windsor, deacon and sub-deacon. The sermon on the occasion was such as the same standard as those resulting from minds feeding on the truth. You see then, that it makes a difference then the same standard as those resulting from minds feeding on the truth. You see then, that it makes a difference then the same standard as those resulting from minds feeding on the truth. You see then, that it makes a difference then the same standard as those resulting from minds feeding on the truth. You see then, that it makes a difference then the same standard as those resulting what I believe about the same standard as those resulting what I believe about the same standard as those resulting what I believe about the same standard as those resulting what I believe about the same standard as those resulting what I believe about the same standard as those resulting will not be of the same standard as those resulting will not be of the same standard as those resulting what I believe about the same standard as those resulting what I believe about the same standard as those resulting what I believe about the same standard as those resulting what I believe about the same standard as those resulting what I believe about the same standard as those resulting what I believe about the same standard as those resulting what I believe about the same standard as those resulting what I believe about the same standard as those resulting what I believe about the same standard as those resulting what I believe about the same standard as those resulting what I believe about the same standard as those resulting what I believe about the same standard as those resulting what I believe about the same standard as those resulting what I believe about the same standard as those resulting what I believe about the same standard as those resulting what Rev. Father Canning, pastor of the Church of Our Lady of Lourdes, Toronto. It was a deliverance in every way worthy the occasion. The preacher has a most impressive style and there is about his delivery a sincerity and earnestness which takes deep root in the hearts of his hearers. The large congregation will for a long time remember his beautiful discourse on this occasion. He took

for his text: "Christ loved the Church and de-livered Himself up for it . . . that He might present it to Himself a glorious Church, not beging and a supply Church, not having spot or wrinkle or any such thing, but that it should be holy and without blemish." (Eph. v. 24-Father Canning spoke in part as

Whether it is that we live in an age of inexact terms or whether it is due to some other cause, this much is certain, that there never was in any age a word so universally misused as the word church is in our day and in this country. Reading in our magazines and newspapers, we find such sayings as "The Church should take up the labor question," "The Church should take up question," "The Church should take up the social question," "the Church should take up the social question," "the Church should cleanse politics of their corruption," etc. Now the thoughtful man reading such expressions, begins to ask himself, what do such writers mean by the Church? Perhaps if they were asked what do such writers mean by the Church? Perhaps if they were asked for a definition they would hesitate, but the true explanation is that the non-Catholic world has lost all idea of the real meaning of the word "church," and when these people use it in their writings and addresses, it means in a vague way a union of the good people of the world, laboring for this or opposing that but always casting aside as of no ac-

count any fixed principles. They forget that good works can no more exist without definite teachings than a tree can exist without its roots. Now such organizations of good men are all very well in their way, but they should be called by their proper name—charitable unions, educational clubs, philanthropic societies, etc., etc.; it will not do to unions, educational clubs, philanthropic societies, etc., etc.; it will not do to call such organizations a church, as good men seem fond of doing. In as much as they are formed for the purpose of doing good, they partake somewhat of the nature of a church, and indeed, were the Church only a human organization, only the work of man, an object so yague and general would be object so vague and general would be all we could expect to find in it. But a church is far other; Christ did not need to come down on earth and "deliver Himself up" for a mere human organization; men had been establishing such organizations from the time of Adam; such work would have been unworthy of the God-man. Nevertheless, He certainly did come to establish an organiza-

We see this from the text which I have quoted from St. Paul, and from many others which might be quoted; and the great St. Paul calls this organization the Church, and Christ Himself also called it thus. It is, therefore, certain that Christ established a Church; we are all agreed in this. As reasonable men we next ask ourselves what was the work to be done by that Church? It could have but one main object and that was to teach the doctrines of Christ—remember, not my doctrine or your doctrine, but the very doctrines of Christ. It was, in other words, not only to teach work to descond thisses. to teach men to do good things, but especially to teach them to believe the truth about Christ. It is evident, therefore, that we must not only believe that there was a Redeemer, but that since He came to teach, we must likewise beschool days are over it is then that the great work begins in the struggle for life eternal. In that battle they are brought into contact with all conditions, and when they have left school their passions grow stronger and they meet the teachings of Christ, His coming would be almost in vain for me. Some more dangerous allurements—allurements dangerous and sinful, and it is in the world when school days are over that the Church follows her children, to point out the dangers as they travel throughout these paths. She tries to point out the dangers as they travel throughout these paths. She tries to gather them around her, she admonishes them to receive the Holy Sacraments, she does all she can to impress on their minds and hearts the things they should about Christ; for Christ Himself lays down the penalty for not believing. do so that they may toil on in safety in this world. My dear brethren, the Church would have little chance of acting in this were it not that she is the saved; but he that believeth not shall be condemned." (Mark xvi. 15.) Therefore, since the penalty is so severe, the thoughtful man will ask, what are we to believe? Is it enough to believe that Christ came, and to stop there, as many people do? If so, why did Christ teach, as we know He did? He evidently taught for our benefit and the things He taught are to be believed, as well as the fact of His coming. Therefore, you see it does matter what we believe, and matters so much that the Master, Hinself, has said that if we do not believe

> Again, it does matter what we believe about Christ, just as it does matter what you believe about your neighbor. You do not wish your neighbor to be lieve what he likes about you, you want him to believe the truth about you. And on the other hand your neighbor claims the same with regard to your belief about him. Why, then, should men claim a privilege with regard to their Creator, Who is the Supreme Truth, which they would not dare to claim with regard to their fel-

those things we shall be condemned.

Again, it does matter what I believe about Christ, because a man's belief affects his actions; in fact is frequently the main cause of his actions. For example, if the brain be made a store-house of impure thoughts, actions in keeping with these thoughts will be sure to follow; if it be filled with the desire for money (miserly thought) actions mean, if not dishonest, are bound to result. Boys have been known when their minds were engrossed in dime-novel detective stories to man-ifest this by stealing revolvers and

going out to play the desperado.

We see, then, that the mind was not meant to feed on evil; but untruth or lieve falsehood about Him, my actions will be in keeping with what I believe. As to the contention that so long as a man is sincere nothing more is required, we answer that sincerity is not truth. Hunger is not something to eat, but it may lead one to get that something, so sincerity is not necessarily truth. but may lead one to the truth.

Granting, then, that it does matter

what we are to believe about Christ or in other words, that we are bound to believe the truth about Him, and this according to His own words under the penalty of being condemned, you will easily understand how reasonable the Catholic Church is when she refuses to accept the statement of the broad-minded man who says that one religion is as good as another. She claims in the face of the whole world, unpopular and unpleasant though the claim may be, that one religion is not as true as another. She claims that truth is one, not divided, and that Christ binds all not divided, and that Christ binds all men to accept that truth and lays down the penalty for not doing so. The thinking man will say, "if this be so He must have left a sure way whereby I shall be able not to guess at what He taught not simply to have an opinion about it, but to know it with a certainty beyond all doubting; for He surely could not under pain of eternal punishment have commanded us to believe an opinion of theory or a guess." And moreover, the

course this is not the fault of the Bible, but of the men who misunderstood it and took the wrong meaning out of it. Again, we must remember that for the first three hundred years of Christianity the Bible did not exist in its present form, and yet none would say that men did not know what to believe for the first three hundred years after Christ went away. There must be a sure way, therefore, outside this, otherwise there is no certainty in religion, and though is no certainty in religion, and though Christ came to teach the truth, we can

not find it out in this twentieth century The answer of the Catholic Church—and let me tell you that it is well worthy of your serious consideration—her answer is that Christ came down to teach and meant His teachings to be certain in all ages, and that she is the living, infallible voice whereby we shall know without any doubting the whole revelation of Christ, the certain meaning of the written Word of Christ, as found in the Bible, for all that He taught was not written down; St. John says that if all things that Christ said had been written down the whole world would not

written down the whole world would not contain the book.

This, then, is what we Catholics mean by a "Church" when we speak about her mission to mankind. She is the living voice which teaches infallibly the whole revelation of the Master. She claims to teach not human doctrines, claims to teach not human doctrines, but divine, and therefore infallibly. A Church of this kind would be the only possible means by which Christ could propagate His doctrines with certainty, and foreseeing that He promised hat she should never teach telephone or over a doubt varying to her falsehood or even a doubt, saying to her first head, "Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I shall build My Church and the gates of hell—that is falsehood or sin—shall not prevail against it."

Such, then, is the divine Church, which comes down to us through the ages, teaching with no uncertain voice, but as one having authority, acting with a force and vigor begotten of its Founder. She had had her difficulties with nations and with men—it was necessarily so—because she had principles, because she was the divinely appointed guardian of the truth as it is in Jesus, and so could not, dare not surrender. "Woe be to me if I dare not surrender. "Wee be to me it i preach not the Gospel," was her unfail-ing maxim. Kings have arisen who would make her subject to the princes of this world, who would put her teachings at the mercy of parliament, but from the earliest days, even down to the later times, when she refused to be dictated to by the French Republic, she has had for all the same answer, "We must obey God rather than man." And though whole nations may cry out as did men in the olden days to Christ Himself, "Who can believe it?" and walk no more with her, she must, as He did, allow them to go their way. Yet, being divine, she has power to resurrect herself among these nations, and to-day we see in England and in Germany, nations which many years ago revolted a flood of converts every year until she bids fair in both these nations to more than counter-balance what she has lost in France. Well has the poet said:

Truth crushed to earth shall rise again, The Eternal years of God are hers,

She has had her difficulties with the discontented of the earth, with the masses who have urged her to adopt revolutionary principles and so to level up society. But she has refused; claiming that though all men are equal before But she has refused : claim-God, that no two are the same in their endowments. She claims that had the world obeyed her counsels, there would have been immeasurably less misery have been immeasurably less misery than there now is. She counsels to go slowly, but surely. The old pagan poet said, "The mills of the gods grind slowly, but they grind exceedingly fine," and so we say the mills of the Catholic Church grind slowly, but they grind exceedingly

surely.

She has had her difficulties with indi-She has had her dimentices with individuals, men proud of their achievements in literature, in science, in philosophy, but by none could she be swayed. They are gone, and the path of history is strewn with the wrecks of their shattered and discredited theories: but she lives on, a living witness that her wisdom is not of this world, and that men who place their theories against her knowledge must surely come to grief:

Thus, with nations, with the masses, and with individuals she has dealt throughout the ages; dealt when men knew little about science, dealt with all kinds of theories, with all kinds of men, wise and foolish; dealt through the long span of almost two thousand years, and during all that time, wonderful to nar-rate, she has never once contradicted herself. She stands forth in the glare of the scientific light of this twentieth century, and she has nothing to be ashamed of, nothing to take back, for she is the living voice of the living God. Surely Christ did not deliver Himself for her in vain, for surely she is a glorious Church, not having spot or wrinkle or any such thing, but holy and without blemish.

CHURCH EXTENSION.

SERMON BY FATHER CANNING OF TORONTO. Sunday of last week the congregation of St. Peter's Cathedral, London, had the leasure of listening to a very earnest and eloquent discourse by Rev. Father Canning, pastor of the Church of Our Lady of Lourdes, Toronto. The subject of his sermon was Church Extension. His statement in regard to the loss the Church suffered in Ontario in the early Church supered in Ontario in the early days when priests were few and far between, came home to the minds of the elderly portion of his hearers. Because of this condition many a good old Irish name is found to-day in the ranks of the william of Orange. Not only this; but they are, as a rule, more intolerant than whose ancestors were Protestants.

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listened to a very interesting sermon from Rev. Father Canning, rector of Our Lady of Lourdes church, Toronto. He dealt with the Ruthenian question at some length, but avoided the controversial aspect of the case, making a direct appeal to the congregation for funds to carry on work among those people in

In reference to the Catholic Church Extension Society, he characterized it as a movement unique in the history of the Catholic Church in Canada.

Father Canning declared that he was not going to ask for funds for vestments or other church equipment for the church in Ontario. The church was well enough equipped at the present time. In Outario Catholica had been time. In Ontario Catholics had been working so hard that they had almost forgotten other places. They had in-creased the membership of the church, built many churches and schools, had made such progress as would fill the most optimistic with enthusiasm. In this era of progress and building, how-ever, there had been a tragedy.

"I call it a tragedy," said the speaker
"I refer to the fact that while the Cath olic Church in Ontario has made great progress in the past half-century, I venture to say that we have lost 50 per cent. of the descendants of the Catholics who came to us from England, Ireland who came to us from Engiand, freiand and Scotland. They settled in rural places, far away from the church centres, it may be and slowly but surely drifted away from us. The non-Catholic meeting house was always open to them, and the boys and girls went to these places, to be lest to us perhaps forever.

to be lost to us, perhaps forever.
"The boys and girls were laughed away from the church by their companions. You can laugh at a boy per-sistently enough to make him ashamed of his mother. That happened in many places in Ontario, with the sons and daughters of Catholics, and they went

"We have not come to plead for Ontario. What has been done has been done. The only way to bring them back is to reconvert them. A movement has been undertaken by the Pauliest Exthere of New York in the United states, and it is meeting with assured success. The Catholic Church, which is the living voice of God, is making a direct appeal to the educated and the intelligent men and women of the United States, and many are coming under the Church's wing. The same is true of a similar movement in England.

"The Archibishop of Canterbury once stated there was a convert to Catholisies in his discounter or years hour in

cism in his diocese for every hour in the day. There is something to be done in Ontorio along that line, but of that I

in Ontario along that line, but of that I am not here to speak.

"What took place in Ontario years ago, is taking place in the Canadian North-West to-day, perhaps on a larger scale. The people of Ontario are migrating to the West. Among the number are many Catholics from this province. In addition there are many from England, Ireland and Scotland, and continental Europe. These are scattered all over the enormous extent of tered all over the enormous extent of that country. The priests were the first to visit that part of the country, but they cannot keep pace with the enormous work, and that is the reason for the formation of the Catholic Exten sion Society. We want men and money to go there to keep our own people from leaving the church. If we do not look after our own, others will and the result

will be unfortunate for the Church.

"Among the settlers are from 100,000 to 150,000 Ruthenians, in addition to

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other Catholics, many of them without a priest. What about these fo eigners some ask. Are they worth it? They are as good as our grandfathers. They have as much money. They have in themselves the foundations of good citizenship. They are honest, they are sober, they are healthy, and they are religious. That ought to be sufficient

"In the next decade these men wil be covering the west, and they will speak the English language. If you wait for ten years before commencing work, it will be too late. The history of old Ontario will be repeated, and are we to sit idly by and allow that to happen? Are we going to sit idly by, and watch so many of our fellow Cath-olics lost to the Catholic Church? The Church in calling to its side the best educated men of England, Germany and the United States. If we do not do this work, others will, and the shame will be

"We want money to send priests both to the English-speaking residents an the foreigners. We want Ruthenian priests for the Ruthenians, to teach them of the Church. We want chapels built all over that country—little meeting houses, if you will, all over the west country—for the people of that country, in order that they may receive the consolations of the Church. That is the object of the Catholic Extension Society. We have received generous donations wherever the work has been made known, and we are confident of the same treatment in London. Two wealthy Catholics of the West are building a chapel car for use there, and a New York gentleman has built a chapel. Others are following that example. In one place where I made an appeal for this work \$175 worth of jewelry alone was given us. I trust you will be as generous as possible with this work.'

NEWS FROM SCOTLAND.

Lady Margaret Crichton Stuart, sister of the Marquis of Bute, who has endeared herself to Scottish Catholics by her many acts of kindness and bene-volence, will be married in Edinburgh, next month to Captain Colin MacRae, late of the Royal Highlanders, and at present junior officer of the king's yeoman of the Guard. Captain MacRae, who has had a distinguished military career, is a convert to the Catholic Church of several years' standing.

Father Widdowson, S. J., Edinburgh, a doughty defender of the faith, has published a letter calling attention to the fact that the schools under th school boards are so frequently lauded by their supporters that unwary Catholics are in danger of believing that they are superior to their own elementary schools. Those who really want to know how Catholic schools stand, says Father Widdowson, should direct their attention to the results achieved by all the schools, Catholic and non-Catholic, in the same Government examinations, when the comparison will satisfy them as to the efficiency of the former.

Miss Madge Moult, the ex-nun who "escaped" a few months ago by walking out at the front door of an English convent, has sadly disappointed her newfound Protestant friends by her "revelations" of convent life. The Protestant Alliance has been booming her as a lecturer, but her audiences feel they are not getting their money's worth, as stories of the "Maria Monk" type do not find a place in Miss Moult's reper-toire. She has no "shocking dis-closures" to make regarding the nuns whom she treated so ungratefully.

Admiral Lord Walter Kerr, who has just retired from his post as Admiral of the Fleet, is a distinguished Catholic convert of a good many years ago. He is an uncle of the present Marquis of Lothian, and heir to that Scottish title and estates. Admiral Kerr has had a brilliant career as a naval officer, and is held in the highest esteem as a Catholic and a gentleman.

Members of the established Presbyterian Church of Scotland are making desperate efforts to adapt their Confessions of Faith to "modern conditions." While accepting the Confession as being that of the Church or an unavoidable acknowledgment under the law of its establishment, they are seeking to remodel it so as to make it contain nothing beyond what they conceive to be "the fundamental doctrines of the Christian Faith."

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FIVE-MINUTE SERMON.

Twenty-third Sunday after Pentecost.

REVERENCE FOR GOD. Brethren: I wish to speak to you this morning on reverence for God. But it is natural to ask, why talk about rever-ence? why is not that included in the love of God? So it is. But even if one es not love God, even if he is in mortal sin, that is no reason why he should

tal sin, that is no reason why he should give up all respect and reverence for God. Take an example. Here is a disobedient son; yet he is not disrespectful. "I won't obey my father," he says, "but that's no reason why I should despise aim; I won't spit at him, I won't insult him, even if I haven't the virtue to obey him." So with a sinner: if he gives up sim." So with a sinner: if he gives up the love of God by mortal sin, it is a terrible state to be in and an awful calamity. He has lost the divine love. But if in addition he has no respect for God, talks slightingly of him, cracks his jokes about God's Holy Scriptures, makes little of the sacraments and the Church, ridicules her laws and despises those who keep them, do you not see the difference? Do you not see that such a one has not only lost the tove of God, but that, having lost all reverence for Him, you cannot help suspecting that there is something the matter with his

I will give you another illustration. Here is a man who is a hard sinner; and yet he never eats meat on Friday. Sick or well, and in all his sinfulness, he sticks to the observance of the Friday abstinence. Now, why does he do that? Because it is a test of personal reverence for what that man knows to be the true religion. It is a very conspicuous act of respect for Him Who died that day. It is one of the great outward signs of veneration for our Lord and His Church. If the sinner gives that up he drops away down low in his own opinion and considers himself a reprobate. Having before lost love by mortal sin, he has now lost reverence by slighting the Friday abstinence.

Take another case. You hear a man Take another case. You hear a man pout a big curse; you look at him, you see him in a towering rage. All bad enough. Such habits place one in mortal sin. But here is another man, who coolly embellishes a fiithy story with the venerable name of Jesus. Are you not much more shocked? Does not this last one seem to you a worse enemy of God than the former, far worse? Sincer, if you have made up your mind Sinner, if you have made up your mind to go to hell by a life of mortal sin, what is the sense of going clean to the bottom?

Arreverence towards God and holy things is often by word of mouth and takes the form of some kind of blasphemy. It was so in the case of the heathen King Sennacherib. He ravaged the land of Judea and put multitudes of Ene land of Judea and put multitudes of the people of God to death; yet God apared him. He laid siege to the Holy City, threatened to destroy the Jewish action, and even then God gave him time to repent. But he blasphemed, he insulted the God of Israel, he cast off all reverence and respect for Him. And the angel of God came down from heaven and slew his army; Seanacherib fled to his every country and was put to death by

We see from all this why it is that the first petition of our Lord's own prayer concerns inward and out ward reverence for the divine Name—"Hallowed be thy Name." We see, too, why the great commandment of God, "Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain," not only forbids blasphemy, and eursing, and false swearing, but any and every disrespectful use of that Holy Name. Yet how many are there not only whose words but whose whole conduct is marked with utter indifference, total want of reverence for God, His saints, His word, His sacraments, His Church! Let us hope that such persons do not always realize the deep guilt of their offence. At any rate, let us for our part pay true reverence to God and godlike things. However conscious we may be of our own failings, let us who hope to be in the enjoyment of God's friendship for ever show our reverence for Him. When we pray, let it be reverently and slowly and respectfully. When we are in the house of God, let us act with decorum as becomes children of God. When we speak of holy things, let us do

THE JESUIT MIND.

What is the mind of the Jesuit? The confroversi I novelist, the parrot historian and others, relying on a well-known definition and on centuries of prejudiced tradition, will perhaps tell you that the Jesuit mind is "fit for stratagem and spoils" and characterized by "ways that are dark." But how will the true that are dark. But now will the true historian arrive at a correct insight into the Jesuit mind? Is not the question ampossible to answer? "Many Jesuits, many minds," one might say, and he would be right. But there is a sense in which we may take the words and get perhaps a satisfactory answer to our question. The product of the mind is an index to its contents. A man would wish to be judged by his deliberate and representative thoughts. A country adopts as its own the official acts of its accredited ambassador. So the Jesuit mind might well be content to be indexed by its works, and surely will prefer such an indexing to being forever classified under a discreditable and unfounded formula.

Now all this is but an introduction to the teath volume of Sommervogel's Bibliotheque de la Compagnie de Jesus." Carlos Sommervogel, S. J. Strasbourgeois, as he liked to call himself, brought out a new edition of the edictionary of Jesuit writers which had been written by the Fathers De Backer, S. 3., and by Auguste Carayon, S. J. Father Sommervogel enlarged the work to nine volumes and had just begun to classify its contents. Pierre Bliard, S. J., has now made an index of the nine volumes and gives a classified list of all the works published by Jesuit writers from the foundation of the order until quite recent times. ("Bibliotheque de la Compagnie de Jesus." Tome X., Tablet de la Première Partie. Par Pierre Bliard. Paris. Librafrie Al-gphonse Picard et Fils. 1909)

That index should give a picture of the Jesuit mind, a picture quite different from the traditional one and yet a



mery rod and Towel drier—found only on Pandora When a knife is dull a

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wastes time hunting for a "steel." She just walks over to the M:Clary's emery rod attachment to Pandora, gives knife Pandora six or eight passes over the high-grade emery, which puts on the keenest kind of an Range edge. This combined emery rod and towel drier is a patented attachment you cannot

picture which historians may accept as authentic. The published works of the entire Jesuit Order may well serve to show what the mind of its members is. The index proper consists of more than 1900 columns. Of these, 100 columns are given to works on Sarioture 200 to

are given to works on Scripture, 200 to Dogmatic and Moral Theology, 200 to Ascetical Theology, and 200 to Controversy. If to these are added the 100 columns of Ecclesiastical History, the 50

columns on Missions, and the 100 on the Lives of the Saints, it will be found that

950 columns or about one-half of the

whole index is taken up with theology in its wide sense. The remaining col-umns are divided among Literature, 450

columns; Szience, 200 columns, and History, 200 columns. The figures, of

course, are given approximately and in round numbers. The Jesuit mind, then,

if we are to judge by its official and rep-

resentative products of several centur-ies, is one-half theological, somewhat

less than one-quarter literary, and about one ninth scientific and in the same ratio

An inspection of the subdivisions

under the larger classifications reveals some strange facts. Perhaps the most remarkable is the collection of works on

poetry, made up of compositions as well as treatises on the art. One hundred

columns are taken up with poetry. Twenty columns are given to dramas written by Jesuits. Under the heading

German, which includes Austria, 350 authors of plays are mentioned, exclus-

ive of the larger number of plays grouped under the names of colleges. These names fill 8 columns. The other

12, devoted to the cataloguing of dramas

contain chiefly the playwrights of Bel-gium, France, Italy and Poland. Read-

grum, France, Italy and Foland. Read-ers familiar with Jesuit education will know the large part dramatic represent-ations occupied in its system. Most of the plays enumerated are Latin. Other

interesting sections are those on Astron

omy, with 35 columns, and on Medicine and on Music, with 4 columns each. In

a word, Fathers Sommervogel and Bliard

afford the means of drawing up a very detailed phrenological chart of the

NOVEMBER THOUGHTS.

November is our month of the holy

souls departed. Apart from its religious character, which is always comforting, what a consoling human significance it

has! Who among us is a stranger to

death? Yesterday we knew only bright-ness and joy; to-day death's cold pres-ence comes and there is a shadow in our

ence comes and there is a shadow in our heart. Nay, more than that, a part of

ourselves has been taken away and we

stray on wondering at the chill in the very sunshine, at the dul'ness in our

one time in erests. We stare into void blank years before us and our courage

droops, or would droop did not som

great stiong bond unite us, a bond stronger than earth can give; yea, stronger than time. This bond, sweet beyond expression, unites us to dear father, the loss of whose protective

tenderness our tearless eyes deplore; to dear mother in whose love there was for

us a very heaven of delights; to that brother or sister whose devoted gentle-ness so won our lives that our concen-trated affection was borne by them to

But Holy Church understands every working of our human souls, and her comforting dogmas bring hope and happiness. She tells us we need not be

evered from our friends, our love for

them may transform our lives into one

long prayer since even "profane work is prayer" if sanctified by a holy intention.

It were unwise to brood vainly over

It were unwise to brood vainly over our loss when the great Almighty Father is the cause, and He has left us the means to make our love as endless as eternity; it were unkind should we forget our own who may still be in the expiatory sorrows debarred from the Eternal Presence when it is within our power to aid. Our full conviction and

power to aid. Our full conviction and firm belief in the Communion of Saints should be as practical as it is comfort-

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Jesuit mind.—America.

historical. The residue is varied.

secure on any other range. Just one of the many improvements that go to make Pandora the handlest range you can buy. we allow dear father or mother or so other departed friend to languish in suffering while we smile and laugh and move on thoughtlessly through years. They may be awaiting our Aves, are we saying them? One Holy Sacrifice of the Mass may be the culmination of their hopes, why do we hesitate to have it offered?—B. C. Orphan Friend.

A LESSON FROM OBERAMMERGAU.

The people of Oberammergau, Austria, there the Passion Play is enacted every where the Passion Play is enacted every ten years, hit upon a great truth in the preparation for the representation of the Christ-life, in choosing the actors ten years in advance of the time set for the play.

When Maier, who has for three dec-

ades taken the character of Jesus, was a very young man, he was chosen for this great work and trained for it by studying the qualities which made that short life a pattern for all time. He was expected to live in every respect the blameless life of Christ—a man set apart to become in his life, mind, body, spirit and personal resemblance as near a re plica of the Christ as has ever be ceived by a painter or poet. It is said that the likeness to these artistic repre-sentations is so striking that one feels as if in the very presence of the Re-

deemer.
Now, what is the great truth which
this fact teaches? That "the inmost," in
due time becomes the outmost," the perfect spiritual life reproducing itself in

ne outward semblance.
This furnishes a great object lesson for those who are interested in physical and spiritual development. This is not a miraculous change, nor the result of a socalled course of lessons, but it is a growth, as the experimenting florist prepares the soil, arranges the amount of sunshine|the plant shall receive, irrigates with the necessary waters, and brings with infinite patience the budding flower to perfecpatience the budding flower to perfection; so the spirit of those essentials to ultimate perfection of body and soul that are spoken of in Holy Writ, leaf and bud and flower until they reach "the fruit of the spirit, which is love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meckness, temperance," and adds, "if we live in the spirit let us also walk in the spirit." in the spirit.'

"As a man thinketh in his heart so is he," said the wise Solomon, so the semblance may not be put on for an occasion, but must be indigenous, or cultivated by strong self-control and ardent

A Desecrated Host. A Desecrated Host.

In a letter preserved in Bishop's Memorial Hall of Notre Dame University, and dated Dayton, O., January 15, 1849, says the Catholic Fortnightly Review, just after the event, Bishop Purcell tells a curious story of a desecrated host.

During the Mexican War a priest was killed in the act of giving an officer the Viaticum. An Englishman named Jamison picked up the host and gave it to son picked up the host and gave it to Captain Lowe, of Batavia, near Cincinnati, who brought it home and kept it in his Episcopalian prayer book. A young Catholic woman, to whom he showed the host, reported the fact to



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ing.

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Bishop Purcell, who, with Rev. J. F. Wood, afterwards Archbishop of Phila delphia, immediately proceeded to Batavia. Captain Lowe was not at home, but his son showed the visitors the host—a large one, such as priests use at Mass—which the Bishop, though not fasting, consumed, as "it was indispensable to put an end to the desecration. Captain Lowe came home soon after and "though disconcerted and abashed," treated the Bishop and Father Wood politely and related the history of the

How the Church Stands in the Burning of Joan.

Summing up the Church's case against those who accuse her of putting Joan of Arc to death, J. H. Girdleston

says: The Church then has nothing to re proach herself with in regard to the Maid: but heresy and free thought can-Maid: but heresy and free thought can-not say the same. The Gallican and half-schismatic University wished to besmirch the memory of the plous young girl by burning her body, and the Uni-versity is the chief culprit. Protest-antism broke the monuments and statues of the heroine in the past; Voltaire, the father of unbelief, tried to defile her in a filthy book: the Revoludefile her in a filthy book; the Revolu-tion forbade her festivals, and the Em-pire restored them; the Freemasons have at one time insulted her, at another time glorified her with praises worse than any insults, as misrepresent-ing her mission and taking from her her halo of sainthood. The Church alone has the right to be proud of Joan.—Catholic World for September.

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Then Cne Bottle of D. D. D. Cured Him

It must have been rather a surprise to Mr. Joseph Birtrind, of Yatesville, when the trouble that had stuck Que, when the trouble that had souch to him for over a score of years was cured by one bottle of D. D. D. Pres-cription. He wrote July 19th last to tell the good news:
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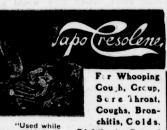
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have returne put them to so They should ing, learn to I ment, begin se tricity, enginetry, or practicity, enginetry, engine ing—anything dleness, goss and similar v eisure time. Exercise th ething wo along or ve course and la reached the h

Elis One of the Peary in An Elisha Kent He was re later went to Here he brok long time it v live, but he m at last left much encoura year, or he hour. He wa heart disease death. But he was if you must d the call of hi go out into the with others bravely. Whad declared

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was apt to d or night cau possible, the earnest and At the ho technical su might well l strong man The results stated in h thesis was c quested. At and surgeon Elisha Kent was trembli as the peer subject. After his geon in the rigated the fever in in Mexico, from all whi

he looked al services. 1 1850, in res Franklin, expedition Sir John heard from that his e ficed in a Passage. surgeon of quest was g consciously begin it in of suffering God, and Christian.

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norabl frozen reg Optimi thing har sacrifice plished if its possible to his own put down put down enterprishath over faith," setting of the spirit conquero ceed.

There of the s duck are legs of to make the

They should take up a course of reading, learn to play on a musical instrument, begin some useful study like electricity, engineering, drawing, or chemistry, or practice an art like cabinet making—anything useful to get way from idleness, gossip, card playing, billiards and similar worthless ways of wasting takener time.

leisure time.

Exercise the mind actively. Produce something worth while. Don't drift along or vegetate. Mark out your course and keep to it until you have reached the harbor of your ambition.

Elisha Kent Kane.

One of the predecessors of Cook and peary in Arctic exploration was Dr.

death.

But he was not to die yet. "Elisha, if you must die, die in the harness," was the call of his father that nerved him to go out into the city and take his place with others who were facing obstacles bravely. When in the university he had declared he would make his mark in

make the world; now he was resolved to make the world forget that he was a sick man. His friends thought

he could not do it, but he knew he

was appointed a resident physician in the Pennsylvania hospital. The physi-cian who shared his room later said that

Christian. Well for him that he was, for many times before he returned from the frozen north he was in the midst of

perils which he could not have borne

alone. Referring to the second expedi-

tion, of which he was commander, he

wrote: " A trust, based on experience

as well as on promises, buoyed me up at

the worst of times. . . I never doubted for an instant that the same

Providence which had guarded us through the long darkness of winter was

still watching over us for good, and that

it was yet in reserve for us. . . . to bear back the tidings of our rescue to a Christian land." That rescue was

accomplished by a relief expedition.

Not long after his return from the
Arctic, Dr. Kane died in 1857 at the

frozen regions around the North Pole.

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duck are short; you cannot make the legs of the stork short, neither can you make the legs of the duck flong. Why

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or Sale at Drug Stores LLOYD WOOD, nto, - Canada CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN. Covan's Catholic Columbian Now that the long winter evenings have returned, our young men should put them to some good use.

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He was reared in Philadelphia and later went to the University of Virginia. Here he broke down in health. For a long time it was thought he would not live, but he made a gallant struggle.

long time it was thought he would not live, but he made a gallant struggle, and at last left his bed, though without much encouragement from the doctors, who said that he might last a month or a year, or he might die within half an hour. He was suffering from the acute heart disease which finally caused his last "There is no little enemy," is one of Benjamin Franklin's nuggets of wisdom. Any enemy, any evil, may at some crisis overturn all our defenses, unless we look well to it. A single drink is a tiny matter; yet it is often the beginning of absolute destruction to a young life.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

On Vocations.-A Word to Catholic Youth and Their Parents.

Doubtless the word vocation sounds new to a young man's ears. Not so the expression teacher, priest. Even to the great mass of youthful manhood the word job is an ever familiar term.

be could not do it, but he knew he could.

Compelled to give up his dream of becoming a civil engineer, he entered the medical college and studied to such purpose that before his graduation, and while he was only twenty years old, he was appointed a resident physician in the Pennsylvania hospital. The physician in the Pennsylvania hospital. The physician in the physician in the Pennsylvania hospital. The physician in the Pennsylvania hospital in t ligious can your son or daughter aspire?
Surrounded as we all are with trials, his appearance was insignificant, and his heart disease was evident to all because of the "bellows sound" which accoming the bellows sound which accoming the property of every kind, the first concern should be exertion. At night he slept with his head almost at right angles to his body; only so was he able to breathe.

He was still an undergraduate when he became one of the senior resident physicians. His care to take advantage of every opportunity to fit himself for his duties made him an acceptable practitioner. Not once did the fact that he was apt to die at any moment of the day or night cause him to abate his zeal; it possible, the thought made him more to carry out the one great purpose of

was apt to die at any moment of the day or night cause him to abate his zeal; if possible, the thought made him more earnest and devoted.

At the hospital, in the rare intervals when he was not on duty, he devoted himself to investigation in an obscure technical subject and accomplished what might well have been a year's work for a strong man able to give full time to it. The results of his investigations were stated in his graduation thesis. This thesis was considered such a remarkable document that its publication was requested. At once the learned physicians and surgeons of two continents hailed Elisha Kent Kane, the puny youth who was trembling on the brink of the grave, as the peer of them all in that special subject.

When that confessing that God's holy will want to followed because of ambitious and worldly parents. Again has he seen sadness overspread a bright and blameless life, simply because a fond mother wanted her son to be a lawyer when that son wished to be a priest. Many a girl does he know who lives a life of continual "blues" because she could not find the means nor the good will of her parents to enter the religious life. *

After long years of religious life and priesthood the writer knows whereof he speaks. What hope has the blighted life of a man who should be at the altar; not in a banking house, not clerking or

not in a banking house, not clerking or After his graduation, he became a surgeon in the U. S. Navy and circumnavigated the globe. He had jungle lever in Africa, typhoid fever in Mexico, and an attack of lockjaw, locking the comes across her path. A nurse in the from all which he recovered only so far as to be a chronic invalid, never free simple serge and modest veil, was her But he refused to be cast aside. Still helooked about for anlopening for telling services. He saw his chance when, in 1850, in response to the appeals of Lady young man's brow. He hopes, he plans young man's brow. He hopes, he plans

surgeon of the expedition, and his request was granted.

Then, at thirty years of age, he began the service for which he had been unconsciously preparing, but he did not begin it in his own strength. The years of suffering had shown him his need of God, and he had long been an earnest Christian. Well for him that he was constructed by the control of Young man, young woman, do not despair. You feel that our dear Lord wants you to be one of His chosen ones, and your future happiness depends on your following this innermost longing, this continual desire, this your vocation, in a continual desire, this your vocation, in a word, call to the life of a religious or the priesthood. Should you neglect this call you must answer for not responding to grace. Learn to realize that amid all the sacrifice of the religious there is a feeling of sweet calm and quiet rest

Therein you know duty and obedience

direct your work, your very actions are

unselfish, given as they are to God and for souls. There is nothing higher or

MADE IN CANADA early age of thirty-seven at Havana, Cuba, where he had gone for his health. He had crowded into his few years a long life and made his name forever memorable as an intrepid pioneer in the frage. C-REAM TARTAR sacrifice and effort would ever be accomplished if some one did not believe in its possibility and hold it to be worth all it might cost. A doubter is a traitor to his own cause; he has no power to put down difficulties or push forward enterprises. "This is the victory that hath overcome the model even our Grade High GILLETTS GREAM TARTAR hath overcome the world, even our faith," says the apostle John, and it is Guaranteed Chemically Pure true of the material world as well as of the spiritual. The doubtful are not the SOLD IN PACKAGES AND CANS conquerors; the half-hearted never succeed. Same Price as the poor Adulterated Kinds There is a Chinese saying: "The legs of the stork are long, the legs of the E. W. GILLETT CO., LTD.

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more beautiful in life than to follow in the footsteps of the Master, Who gave His life for those He loved; even unto

We follow, knowing well He bore on We follow, knowing well He bore on His sacred brow a crown of thorns, while His bleeding shoulders carried the wood of sacrifice. His glorious resurrection beckons us on, and though often faint and weak His strength becomes ours when we faithfully correspond to vocation.—M. Charles in B. C. Orphans' Eriend. Friend.

The Polite Boy.

In this world of rush, push, hurry and worry, what a pleasure it is now and again to come across a polite person, and the pleasure is all the more if the person happens to be young, for experience tells us that many of the young of both sexes nowadays are sadly lacking in one of the principal external graces of character — politeness. Emerson tells us that a beautiful behavior is better than a beautiful form; it gives a higher pleasure than statues and pictures; it is the finest of all the fine arts. Politeness is nothing more or less than a beautiful behavior. Polite persons are courteous, sincere, kind and truthful to everyone, especially to those placed in a lower rank than themselves. There is everyone, especially to those placed in a lower rank than themselves. There is nothing of the swagger or the brag about them and they have the happy faculty of always placing self in the background. Rudeness and vulgarity in any shape or form are things altogether foreign to their nature, and to say or act uncivilly is not in their composition. Alknowledge of the languages, the arts and sciences, makes up the education of a boy. A knowledge of the languages, especially her own, with a knowledge, too, of house duties, make up for the most part the education of a girl; but if the boy's or girl's education includes not that which tends most to make their success in life a certain quantity, of that which leavens social intercourse—politeness—then, though quantity, of that which leavens social intercourse—politeness—then, though they may know all subjects which appertain to their special walk in life, still their name ever will be rudeness. Take the polite boy, no matter what walk of life he belongs to. Just watch him walk down one of our thoroughfares. But he refused to be call, must carry out his or her services. He saw his chance when, in 1850, in response to the appeals of Lady Franklin, Congress voted to send an expedition in search of her husband, Sir John Franklin, who had not been heard from since 1845; it was feared that his entire party had been sacrificed in a search for the North-West Passage. Dr. Kane asked to be sent as surgeon of the expedition, and his request was granted.

Your boy, your girl must answer the quest was granted.

Your boy, your girl must answer the call, must carry out his or her vocation. The word fashion in ties give to so suit of clothes and patent leather boots are fashion in ties give to so and the latest fashion in ties give to so many of our modern dudes. No, he does none of these things; he walks, and about his every footstep there is a

sound which speaks the man; about his conversation there is a tone which speaks the gentleman. Aye, his every act and gesture speak robustness and manliness of character.

"Manners are not idle, but the fruit of noble nature and of loyal mind."-True Voice.

Need of an Intelligent Faith.

"One ignorant Catholic can do more harm than a thousand infidels," says the Southern Messenger. "A need of the times is an enlightened Catholic laity.

The why is equally important with the what. We must not merely know what we believe, we must also know why we believe. The acquisition of the why will increase our admiration of the what. That acquisition is easily obtained. Ten ninutes a day devo ed to one of the many lies of this country especially, who meet daity with persons of all classes and creeds, should have an intelligent faith in order that when the occasion occurs they may be able to give a reason for the felt that is in the famous thing in Paris. We wonder how many Catholics will go to see the felt that is in the famous thing in Paris. We wonder how many Catholics will go to see the felt that is in the famous thing in Paris. faith that is in them.

Will I Once More be a Little Irish Boy?
only eighty-nine, and they tell me I am dying, I hear the loved ones sobbing 'round my bed. I ask them with a sigh, as with bent heads the

And I hear the loven one.

And I ask them with a sigh, as with bent neares pass by,

Will the viscons that I now see, be, when I am dead

Will my father in his pride, and my mother by his

side

**Transport of the price of the

And! Oh! tell me, will, I once more be, a little Iris

loved to stand And gaze with awe upon its towering height, Still spread its cool sweet shade o'er the swings ou young hands made Where we romped and played and swung, from mor

till night.

And the old thatched cottage barn, where at eve we'd sit and yarn.

Telling tales of Sarsheld's pluck at Fontenoi,
Will the "boys" who fought and bled, be with me when I'm dead,
And! Oh! tell me will I once more be, a little Irish boy?

Will the old ditch, and the style, where we'd res when after toil, Be still there as it was in ninety-eight, Will my brother proud and strong shout still the old, old song And will my sister meet me smiling at the cabir gate.

gate,
Will the old church steeple still, towering high o'e
Wexford hill, To me again appear as reaching to the sky, Will the blackbird and the linnet sing o'er the grav

Will the school house be the same, on the old plo

in the same place longside the parish well,
And the old moth-eaten seat where the boys an
girls would meet,
And to each other their little nothings tell.
Will I hear the joy bells ringing and Erin's daughter
singing.

singing
Their simple lays to "Him" Who reigns on high,
Will my country's page be whiter, will her sunburs
then be brighter,
And! Oh! tell me will I once more be, a little Irisl

Will the round tower and the mill not far from Vinegar Hill
Across the bridge whereon our names we cut so keen Have still their meadows sweet where high grew Ireland's wheat.
And the little three-leafed shamrock fresh and green. Will the faith our country spread and for which her sons and daughters bled
Sustain me now as judgment's drawing nigh,
Oh! shall I then find rest with those loved most and best

And! Oh! tell me will I once more be, a little Iris

Just as the belfry tower chimed forth the midni The old man's soul sped on to stand its test

And 'round God's throne above where everythin

love, Stood with him those he loved the most and best, And pleading strongly there in sweet and ferv prayer
They ask that he be given peace and joy
Ahd his angel smiling speaks, Father this is he wh
seeks
To become again, a little Irish boy.
I. W. KINSELLA.
G. P. O., St. John's Newfoundland.

EMPTY HOUSES AND BAD TENANTS.

Pleasant reading for Catholics, the historic churches of Paris. At a moderate rent, and in some cases none at all, these sacred edifices may be obtained. For example the Jesuit Church of St. Pierre is now the Salon of an American woman. The neighboring parish church houses a moving picture show. other churches have become the ateliers of artists and their models.

At the Church of the Sacred Heart,

the dancer Loie Fuller and her company of brazen, shameless women have until of brazen, shameless women have until Rheumatism of every kind—chronic lately been rehearsing for their coming or acute—fluscular, Sciatic, Lumbago American tour.

According to the report we read, the

scenes that took place within that erst-while House of God quite equals the re-volting accounts of the doings in the churches at the time of the French Revolution.

As the light poured in through the

beautiful stained-glass windows, squads of barefooted and barelimbed women ar seen pirouetting upon a platform erected in the sanctuary before the altar to the wild accompaniment of sensual music. books explanatory of Catholic belief will a short time store the mind amazingly and enable the reader to give a good ac The titled and idle rich are present to count of Catholic faith on every possible occasion. Try it, and also support a Catholic paper; it is your duty. Catholic paper; it i

them! It will all be done in the name

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of Art, and surely our Catholics who

of Art, and surely our Catholics who have the price must be artistic.

Let them stay away. Let them follow up the vile thing from its beginning in the Church of the Sacred Heart in Paris and protest, at least by their absence, against the sacrilege and the immorality of it all.

It is a sin and a shame for Catholics to attend many of the shows running at this moment in the New York theatres. What shall we say of Catholics who will attend this one?—The Monitor (N. J.).

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of kindly and worthy deeds and less imition offads and follies and foibles. More
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Pickthall. Catholic Record

Richmond St. London, Canadas

The Feast of St. Ursula and her companions, virgins and martyrs of Cologne was brilliantly celebrated at the shrine

of the holy martyrs in the Church of La Salette, Wednesday evening, Oct. 20. The relic of St. Ursula was recently translated from the Golden Chamber of the Church of St. Ursula in Cologne by Rev. Father Gnam and placed in the beautiful shrine prepared for it together with a relic of St. Anthony brought from Padua. The congregation rejoice ex-ceedingly over the possession of so precious a treasure and especially on account of the signal favors and bless-ings from heaven to the parish since the relies arrived. In consequence of this the devotion to the holy saints and martyrs has greatly increased. A large congregation from the parish and surrounding country gathered for the rounding country gathered for the cele-bration. The shrine and altars were beautifully illuminated with colored crystals and candles and decorated with rich votive offerings and ornaments. A long line of school girls in white, with wreaths of flowers and boys in black with sashes, well trained for the occasion by the teacher Madam Tyrrill, marched in procession from the school and formed in front of the shrine singing hymns to St. Ursula. The choir rendered an in-spiring Ma nificat during the incensing.

Father Mugan delivered the pane-gyric. He related how St. Ursula, a British princess with a number of virgin British princess with a number of virgin companions driven from their native land by the invasion of the Jutes in 449, went in triremes from the shores of Britain and were wafted by a favorable wind across the channel and up the river Rhine to the far distant Basel. river Rhine to the far distant Basel. Thence they went overland to Rome where they imbibed so deeply the spirit of the Christian religion and so great a zeal for the conversion of nations and the salvation of souls, they determined to return to their native provinces to help spread Christianity. On their return journey they were joined by a large number of virtuous maidens. They had reached Cologne when they were overreached Cologne when they were over-taken by the devasting army of Huns under leadership of Attila the scourge of God. These barbarian warriors inflamed with licentiousness surrounded the holy maidens on the field of Cologne on the banks of the Rhine. The heroic Ursula banks of the Rhine. The heroic Ursula exhorted her companions to suffer every torment even the most cruel death itself rather than lose their virginity. The noble band of virgins, strengthened and inspired by heaven, so constantly resisted, that the enraged Huns turned their weapons and rushed upon them partly cutting them to pieces with their swords and javelins and partly overwhelming them with showers of arrows. Ursula, falling the last, a glorious victim upon the corpses of her companions piled up like a heap of celestial diamonds and decorated with the purple of their flowing blood, triumphantly ledher illustrious band into heaven bearing the double crowns of Virginity and Martyrdom. So large a number of re-

Martyrdom. So large a number of re-mains were found on the field that some mains were found on the field that some writers 32y they numbered eleven thousand. For this reason they are sometimes called the "eleven thousand virgin and Martvrs." Their remains cologne and are found to-day entombed and embedded in the walls and floors of the church of St. Ursula, built on the church of St. Ursula, built on the site as a species of sepulchral mosiac, site, as a species of sepulchral mosiac, schile their garments and other sou-venirs decorate the interior. The remains of St. Ursula and many of her chosen companions are preserved in the Golden Chamber and in the interior of

Golden Chamber and in the interior of the gold and silver statues.

Such a long line of illustrious miracles wrought by the intercession of these martyrs followed that the people of Cologne and the German provinces of the Rhine became so deeply imbued with Christian faith and piety that, describe the many invasions and persons. spite the many invasions and persecuthat faith. It is interesting to know that the single diocese of Cologne con-tains to-day, according to the official reports, more than three millions of Catholics, with twenty-two hundred priests and six thousand nuns. And so it is with all the cities of the Rhine in from Cologne to Mayance. In Strasbourg and Munich in Bavaria the Catholics are about three quarters of the population. The great universities at Bohn and Munich have about seven thousand students each. The common and technical education is at so high a state of efficiency that very many educationists and students from the United States and Canada are found in the German schools and academies studying their educational system and

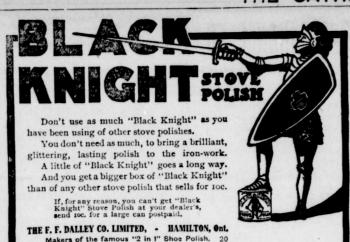
After the lecture the band of white robed girls filed into the sacristy and changing their flowers for maple branches issued forth again carrying the branches as palms of martyrdom and aurrounded the shrine. The relics were then venerated by the congregation and solemn benediction was given by Rev. and Father Gnam.

One is assumed to appear in rags; but tattered speech is more disgraceful, for it is a more certain indication of a mind made up of shreds and patches.-Bp.



DR. CHASE'S OINTMENT,





DIOCESE OF LONDON.

MARRIED.

PEGNAM - O'SULLIVAN.—At St. Mary's Chu Campbellford, on Wednesday morning, Oct. 2 by Rev. Father O'Sullivan of Port Hope, brothe the bride, assisted by the pastor, Rev. Father Whi Katherine, youngest daughter of Mrs. Mary O'Su van to Evor Raymond Pegnam of Rochester.

O'Brien - Graves. At St. Peter's Cathedra London, on Tuesday Oct. 26, by Rev. Father O'Nei Dr. T. W. O'Brien of Toronto to Miss Helen Margaret Graves, daughter of the late O. B. Grave of London.

DIED.

CLARK.—At the residence of her daughter, Tracy, 265 St. Helen Ave., Toronto, on Wednes Oct. 20th, Mrs. Elizabeth Clark in her eighty-ty year, relict of the late Kieran Clark (county Le ford Ireland) and mother of Nicholas J. Clark of Ontario Bureau of Statistics. May her soul res

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enty fifth anniversary of the founding of of Our Lady of the Lake Church, Walker-be celebrated Oct. 4th and 25th. Already er Beaudoin, the parish priest, has sent out of invitations to old parishioners who have vay, inviting them to return and assist in programme has already been prepared and lly occupy the two days. Sunday, Oct. 24th the celebration will com-with a Pontifical High Mass and a sermon

organ. The organ cannot lend itself to the frivolities of the gay places of amusement. With its grand inspiring notes it is the 'King of instruments,' and its place is in the house of God. Its mission is to fulfil the command of the God Who said: 'Praise ye the Lord in His holy places. Praise Him with sound of trumpet. Praise Him with psaltery and harp. Praise Him with timbrel and choir. Praise Him with strings and organs.' uitable for the occasion.

At 1 p. m of the same day there will be a banquet, articipated in by both clergy and laymen.

In the evening the blessing of the new organ will ake place, followed by a sermon and a sacred con-

Praise Him with tunore and cubic.

Transcriber Him with tunore and cubic.

"May the sweet strains of the organ we are dedicating to God to night lift our hearts and souls to the celestial mansion where the very atmosphere is music, and where the saints of God sing a continual hymn of praise to the Lord God of Sabbath!"

On Monday followed a Requirem High Mass for the deceased of the parish. At the same time were unveiled the tablets in memory of Rev. Father Wagner, the founder of the parish, and Father La Pierre, the first priest.

All through the two days trequent and touching allinsions were made to these two gentleman and the tablets to their memory were heartily commended by the parishioners. cert.

Monday morning, Oct. 25th, a Solemn Requiem High Mass will be celebrated for the deceased members of the parish. This will be followed by the unveiling and blessing of two tablets, one in memory of the late Rev. Father Wagner, of Windsor, who established the Walkerville church, and another in memory of Rev. Joseph Alfred Lapierre, the first regular priest of the parish.

The celebration will be held under the patronage of Very Rev. Mgr. Meunier, administrator of the diocese of London.

HISTORY OF THE PARISH.

A glance at the history of the parish, which has been carefully compiled by Father Beaudoin, as have the histories of all Roman Catholic churches in the dioces the past ten years, shows some very interesting lacts. In 1881 the district of Walkerville and the suburbs immediately east of the town as it now exists contained between sixty and seventy Roman Catholic families. The records say that all wee French with the exception of two, one an Irish family, that of P. J. Walsh, and the other Germans, Jacob

with the exception of two, one an instanny, that Bondes.

Father Wagner desired to establish a mission for their benefit and the Public school was put at his disposal, where Mass was celebrated once a month. Father Wagner quickly discovered that the constant ly increasing population demanded more spiritual attention and conceived the idea of cutting off some from the Sandwich parish, which then include and a large number along the Marais road in the rear and giving up some of his own Windsor parishioners thus form a new parish.

The history then goes on to recite the objections which the proposal met with from many who were tolbe thus alternated from the parish they had attended all their lives but in spite of all Father Wagner trumphed and parish they had attended all their lives but in spite of all Father Wagner trumphed and parish they had attended all their lives but in spite of all Father Wagner trumphed and parish they had attended all their lives but in spite of all Father Wagner trumphed and suffered many of the privations which are commonly supposed to come only to missionaries in outlying districts. It tells of the construing with accumulating debt and of the another work performed by the pastor and his copple in their efforts to establish the parish on a firm foundation. The history specially mentions the beneficence of the late Hiram Walker, who, though not a Roman Catholic, was a heavy contributor to the church funds in addition to lending his moral aid, which counted for so much.

church funds in addition to lending his moral aid, which counted for so much.

In 1890, Rev Father Lapierre died and the church was without a regular pastor until June, 1891, when Rev, Father Beaudoin, who had been in New York city as chaplain to the Sisters of Misericordia, was sent to Walkerville by the Archivological Condon. At that time the debt of the parish was \$5,700, and in addition many outstanding accounts were awaiting settlement. From that time outher progress of the parish has been uniformly upcased in the progress of the parish has been uniformly upcased. Father Beaudoin's first move was to purchase land for a cemetery. Furnaces were put in the church, altars were erected and ornaments bought for the interior decorations, and church societies were established. The first Separate school was established in 1894 and this was soon followed by the erection of a second one, the St. Louis school up the river. A presbytery was built for the priest's residence and a small convent for the accommodation of the Sisters who taught the Separate school. Walkerville, Separate school, Walkerville, Separate school, Walkerville, Separate school, Walkerville,

Windsor Record, Oct. 26.

With all the dignity the Roman Catholic Chu enveloped in its services, the feast of the twenty-fi anniversary of Our Lady of the Lake parish Walkerville, was celebrated Sunday and Monday. anniversary of Our Lady of the Lake parish of Walkerville, was celebrated Sunday and Monday. On Sunday the parishioners for the most part assembled and partook of Holy Communion at 8 o'clock. Later a low Mass was celebrated and the Mass of the day was sung at 10 30. This was celebrated by Rev. Father Pageau, of Sandwich, who was born within the confines of the present parish. The sermon of the day was preached by Rev. Father Osler, of Detroit, who dwell eloquently on the duties of the parts of the parishioners to their pastor. Father Osler's address was in French. He was followed by Rev. Father Foster of Sandwich college in a short English address.

After the coremonies at the church the majority of the congregation repaired to the basement of the church, where the ladies of the Altar society had prepared an elegant dinner. After the good things were disposed of speeches were made by the toastmaster, Charles Montreuil, J. D. A. Deziel and P. J. Walsh, early parishioners, and Hon, J. O. Reaume, Mayor Chulver of Walkerville, Gaspard Pacaud and A. J. E. Belleperche. Father Beaudoin also made a short address. After the dinner the majority of the parishioners repaired to the parochial hall, where they intermingled in social converse during the afterneon.

In the evening look place the blessing of the new

they intermingted in social converse during the afternoon.

In the evening took place the blessing of the new organ, when Rey, Father Blanchot, of Detroit, delivered the sermon in English. He said in part:

"The aim of religion and of worship is to absorb the entire man, body and soul, mind and affections, and bring him into the presence of the living God, it is a mistake to imagine that sentiment should be excluded from religion. A purely abstract religion is altogether impracticable and impossible. It must appeal not only to the intellect but to the heart and emotional feelings; for we are men and not angels. Not reason alone, but sentiment and emotion form part of our being, and God wants the homage of the whole of man. A man governed or controlled by his intellect alone may be a very good calculating machine, but he is not a manginat you or I would love and trust. Rightly or wrongly we have more faith in the man guided by his heart than in the man who is controlled by his head. To take away emotion and sentiment from nature and religion is to take away what appeals most strongly to the commod sense of men.

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