

# The Catholic Record.

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

VOLUME XX.

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## ARCHDIOCESE OF HALIFAX.

Lenten Pastoral of the Archbishop of Halifax.

Cornelius, by the Grace of God and favor of the Apostolic See, Archbishop of Halifax:

To the Clergy, Religious Orders and Laity of the Diocese, Health and Benediction in the Lord:

Dear Beloved—It is a well known fact that all men, in every age, have longed for, and sought after perfect happiness. The objects which seemed to them to promise this happiness, and the methods of attaining them, have been very different; but the impulse which moved to action, and the desire which shaped the course, have been identical. Human nature is borne, by a vehement tendency, towards that peace and quiet of the rational faculties and appetites, in which felicity consists. Man is the work of God's right hand. An infinitely wise Creator must have constituted an absolutely final end proportioned to the nature of his creature, and attainable by a right use of the means placed at his disposal.

For a rational being like man, there must be, then, a rational end, which may be reached by acting in a rational manner. It is in the manner of acting that our free will has its place, finds its opportunity of meriting, and meets its awful responsibility. We cannot seriously wish to be unhappy; we cannot successfully resist the tendency, in general, to happiness; we can, however, by the overmastering power of our free will, endure pain and suffering patiently—yes, joyfully—and we can control and direct that tendency aright.

Since, then, all men tend, by a natural impulse, to a good which will make them supremely happy, this impulse must have been implanted in their nature by God, the Creator. Now since He is infinitely wise as well as loving, He could not have done this without having, at the same time, constituted a final end for man, in which that tendency to happiness should find everlasting rest. In what does that final end consist? How is it to be attained? These are questions worthy of the serious consideration of all reasonable men; for it is only by understanding their aright that we can rise to the true dignity of our nature, apprehend our duties, and appreciate our advantages as Christians and children of God. What object can satisfy the longings of our rational appetite, dispel every fear of loss or change, banish forever all possibility of pain, or sorrow, or worry, and fill up the full measure of perfect and unalloyed happiness? Can any of the various earthly goods in the pursuit of which so many expend time, and energy, and life itself, do this? Assuredly not; for although our soul is finite, yet it has a craving for, and a capacity of universal happiness which no created object can satisfy. Give, if it were possible, all the riches, glory, power, honor and esteem of the world to one man, and think you would he be perfectly happy? Would not the fear of loss haunt him? Would not the infirmities of human nature cast their shadows round him? Would not the spectre of death sit at the festive board dethroning his riches to forbid him entrance, or his riches to stay his approach? And, apart from all these ills, the soul would look beyond the special and particular goods so abundantly possessed, to a universal good which it had not. It is evident, therefore, that perfect happiness can not be had in this world; it must be looked for in another state of life—in the hereafter.

Much of the misery and most of the evils that surround us arise from the fact that so many refuse to recognize this salutary truth. No doubt, in theory, all will admit that perfect happiness cannot be found here below; yet we see how many so shape their conduct and employ their time and talents as if there were no other end for man than the acquisition of perishable goods, or the gratification of one's whims, or fancies, or passions. The voice of conscience is stifled; the sense of duty disregarded; the dignity of human nature debased; honesty and honor laughed at as something antiquated; the glorious gifts of intelligence and free will perverted for their noble purposes to base uses—all, all is forgotten in the reckless quest for pleasure or for the means to lead an idle life without an aim worthy of a rational being or an object save self-indulgence. What wonder, then, that on all sides the bitter cry of baffled schemes, and the low sad wail of broken, wasted lives, are heard? Poor, wayward hearts, with unlimited possibilities for good, if guided aright, have been left untrained and undisciplined in youth, and ruthlessly exposed to the danger that lurks in the practical maxims of a social system that lives without God, and the corruption that openly invites to evil in so many of the publications of our time. Poor wayward hearts! Shall we be surprised if you make shipwreck of your character, blast your lives, and find only vanity and affliction of spirit. The world is trying now, as it tried in the time of St. Paul, to live without God, and you are partly the victims, and partly the willing dupes of this mad attempt. Man may, indeed, put God out of his

life, but he cannot change His laws, nor escape the consequence of violating them. Whether we wish it or not God rules the world and exacts our homage and obedience. If we cheerfully give them we shall enjoy a fair measure of happiness in life and ensure everlasting bliss; if we refuse, then even though worldly goods may abound, they will give no real pleasure here, and the disappointment of today will become the despair of eternity. God lives and rules and walks in His own world, and is, although unseen, intimately present to all His creatures. Man has been created to enjoy Him as his final end; hence, the human heart can find rest in Him alone; hence, too, the sadness, anguish of spirit, and bitter disappointment of those who seek for pleasure outside of, or in contradiction to His law.

The Apostle St. Paul gives an apt illustration of the manner in which we should work to attain our final end. He says: "Know you not that they who run in the race, all run indeed, but one receiveth the crown? So run that you may obtain." (I Cor. ix., 24) The successful runner, the one who bears off the prize, exerts all his powers, and keeps his attention fixed on the goal toward which he is tending. He does not stop to pick up flowers on the roadside, nor to hold idle conversations with companions. He never turns aside from the straight path; but with mind alert to avoid obstacles, and with will firm set on success, he bends all his energies to outdistance his rivals. Now, according to the Apostle, we must so run if we wish to gain the prize of eternal felicity. "So run that you may obtain." Earnestness of purpose and perseverance are primary requisites. Moreover, the Apostle adds: "And everyone that striveth for the mastery refraineth himself from all things; and they indeed that they may receive a corruptible crown; but we an incorruptible one." (25) What a subject for serious reflection, what a comment on our own folly is suggested by these words! The athlete in training for a race—even the debased competitors in the prize-ring, control their passions, and deny their appetites to win a corruptible prize; and Christians, for whom there is prepared an unfading crown, a seat of glory, and an eternity of happiness, are too indifferent, or thoughtless, or vicious to put a curb on their sinful inclinations, or to deny themselves any of the pleasures they can find in the frivolities of life, to secure these eternal rewards. The prize fighter may be a very low minded creature; but assuredly he has some qualities more rational and ennobling than the person who, having the knowledge of a Christian, leads the life of a sensualist.

Let us, further, learn from the Apostle how we should act: "I, therefore, so run, not as one uncertainly; I so fight, not as one beating the air" (26). How many in our day deny the great truths of the revelation, or doubt as to their binding force on our conscience? Against them the words of St. Paul bear witness. He was absolutely sure that an eternal crown could be gained by each one; he was, under God's grace, and by a right use of his free will, shaping his course in a manner which he knew of a certainty would enable him to gain it. He was not beating the air in doubt and misgiving; he was up and doing with the strength and perseverance that come of invincible faith. He was denying himself too, for he says "But I chastise my body and bring it into subjection" (27). There is no other way of winning in the race; we must deny our selves, restrain our evil passions, and with unwavering faith so run that we may obtain the incorruptible crown. There are those who make no effort to win; and there are those who wish to receive the reward without too much inconvenience to themselves. These latter would sit with our Saviour at the marriage feast or follow His triumphant entry into Jerusalem; but they shrink from the chalice of Gethsemani, and from the cross of Calvary. Let us not deceive ourselves, dearly beloved: if we wish to reign with Christ we must first suffer with Him. Self-denial, honesty, humility, purity of thought, word, and action, lively faith, unflinching hope, ardent charity, are necessary for those who would be victors in the race for true and enduring happiness.

These truths should be diligently taught by parents to their children, and the principles of Christian action carefully inculcated into their minds in youth so that becoming deeply rooted in their consciences, they may exercise a salutary and guiding influence over their conduct. Our Holy Father the Pope has recently told us in his Encyclical to the Bishops of Canada, that "purely scientific instruction," and "vague and superficial notions of virtue," are not sufficient to form good Christians, or upright citizens. I ask you all to have a copy of that magnificent letter in your homes, to study it carefully, and to be guided by its wise and loving words. Would that all may see their truth, and recognizing that without "religion there is no moral education worthy of the name, none truly efficacious," lay aside prejudices deliberately fostered by the secular spirit that is seeking to overthrow

all supernatural teaching, and unite in proclaiming that God has a right to hold a place in all educational systems. Education without definite religious principles has been put to the test in many communities; it has had a long and fair trial; it has had all that a lavish expenditure of public money could purchase in its favor, and now, in the judgment of thinking men, it stands condemned by its results. Where it has had its fullest scope there lawlessness, municipal and State corruption, cheating in all forms that an intellectual training makes possible, have increased in startling proportions; the spirit of religious observance has decreased, the sanctity of the home has been polluted, and self murder, the outcome of a gospel of despair, is afflicting society. The agents of unbelief, with fair words and specious promises, deceived many well meaning Christians into an acceptance of a pernicious system; it is surely not too much to expect that they will now awake from their delusion, and help to restore the Creator to His rightful place among His creatures, and thus cure the ills that afflict society.

In the meantime, dearly beloved, be watchful over yourselves lest the integrity of your faith be undermined by false doctrines, or motives of self-interest; be anxiously watchful over your children, teaching them from infancy to love God, and to seek for happiness, not in the goods of this world which pass like a shadow, but in the enjoyment of God hereafter. Understand that our final end is not in this world; hence only disappointment and anguish of spirit can result from a life unfulfilled and unguided by revealed religion.

Imitate St. Paul, and bring your bodies into subjection by the chastisement of self-denial. This self-denial must not be merely in sinful pleasures, but, also, at times, in harmless ones. Habits are formed by the repetition of the same act; once acquired they become, so to speak, a second nature. Acquire the habit of self-denial, which gives strength and vigor to character, by practising acts of mortification. Be assured the one who never denies one self a lawful pleasure, will soon indulge in unlawful ones. Hence the Lenten season has been established to teach us to restrain ourselves and to master our sinful passions by abstaining from food or amusements otherwise quite lawful. Enter into the true spirit of Lent and fit yourselves to become winners of the eternal prize that goes to those who chastise their bodies and bring their senses into subjection to the laws of a God given religion.

† C. O'Brien,  
Archbishop of Halifax.  
E. F. Murphy, V. G.  
Halifax, 15th Feb., 1898.

## SECRET SOCIETIES.

Bolton, Miss, Feb. 18, 1898.

Ed. N. Y. Freeman's Journal:

Why is it that the Catholic Church condemns Free Masons, Odd Fellows and Knights of Pythias? Give us an article on the subject, setting forth the real objections.

It would prove most interesting and instructive to hosts of your readers. Respectfully,

Inquiring Protestant.

The Church condemns all secret, oath-bound societies as dangerous to the Christian religion and the Christian state. That this danger is not merely speculative or a deduction *a priori* is sufficiently evident to any one who carefully and intelligently reads the history of Europe for the last hundred and fifty years. Nihilism in Russia, Illuminism in Germany, Carbonarism in Italy, and Freemasonry in all these countries, but more particularly in France and Italy, illustrate in the social upheavals within that time the destructive tendency and influence of secret societies. The same danger was illustrated in this country by the Knights of the Golden Circle, the Ku Klux Klan, the White Caps, the Mafia, the Chinese Highbinders, the Know Nothings and the A. P. A.

All attempts to gain unlawful ends are invariably hidden under the cloak of secrecy. Good and lawful ends fear not the light of day. Consequently any association or society whose motives and purposes are guarded by oath-bound secrecy is justly suspected, and should be feared. Why seek in the dark if their purposes are good and may be avowed? He who takes an oath to carry out ends that cannot be made known to him until he has taken the oath, is a dangerous man to society. He who swears to obey the yet unknown commands of unknown and irresponsible superiors is a slave, and those who require such an oath are tyrants if they had the power. He who takes such an oath is like one who, standing in a room one-half of which is light and the other half in black darkness, swears that he will not reveal anything whatsoever that is done in that darkness to which the oath alone gives him entrance. Be it conspiracy against the Government, against society, against the liberty or life of others of the community, against the honor of men or the virtue of women; be it assassination, bestiality, sodomy, or the cult and practice of Greek Paganism or Buddhist Lignism; all the same, the oath-taker swears that his lips will ever be sealed, that no court of law, no power

on earth shall ever open them. All future oaths, all social and natural moral obligations must be disregarded if they militate against the oath taken on entering into the dark side of that room. Is he who takes such an oath a safe companion or a trustworthy member of society?

You may say that secret societies do not practice or encourage any of these outrages against the laws of God and of humanity. How do you know, since they are secret? The secrecy makes them all possible, and with bad men, probable. And facts prove the contrary. Who assassinated the Emperor of Russia, he who had freed the serfs of Russia as Lincoln freed the slaves of America? The agents of a secret society. Who cut the jugular vein of Pellegrino Rossi, a member of the Ministry of Pius IX., on the steps of the Cancelleria in Rome in 1848? Agents of a secret society. Who murdered the late President of the French Republic? The agent of a secret society. Who attempted the assassination of Napoleon, late Emperor of the French? Orsini, agent of a secret society. Read the account of this, and Napoleon's subsequent bargaining with the Carbonari for his life, as given by Vandam in his "Undercurrents of the Second Empire," and you will better understand the dangers of secret societyism.

Aside from its oath-bound secrecy, there is another and a fundamental reason why the Church condemns Freemasonry. According to the authority of the great leaders of Freemasonry in Continental Europe, Masonry is a religion, the religion of naturalism and Pantheism, as opposed to the religion of revelation. The Church of Christ, being the divinely instituted and commissioned organ of revealed truth, must condemn every society or sect whose principles tend to undermine, mutilate, or falsify that revealed truth. The antagonism then, in its last analysis, is that essential antagonism that must exist between the religion of revelation and the religion of Naturalism or Pantheism. We are aware that the Freemasons of England and the United States have broken with Continental Freemasonry, and that Grand Master Sutherland of the New York Masons recently severed fraternal relations with the Masons of Peru because they rejected the Bible and substituted in its place the Masonic constitution. But Rome deals with Masonry as she knows it and its principles, as explained by its greatest and best known European exponents, and not with exceptional cases.

Space allows us to give but a few quotations to prove that European Freemasons hold that Masonry is the only and all sufficient religion.

Bizot, General Secretary of the French Grand Orient, in his "Historical, Philosophical, and Moral Tableau of Freemasonry," written when he had been thirty-one years a Free Mason, says: "Our religion is the natural, primitive, universal, and unchangeable religion—it is Freemasonry." M. Ragon, in his "Interpretative Course," says: "The first man who, on perceiving the order manifested in the universe, concluded that there is a God was a benefactor to the world; but he who made that God speak was an impostor."

Here is a direct denial of revelation. According to M. Ragon, Abraham, Moses, the Prophets, and even Christ Himself, were impostors!

The "Freemason Orator," "a selection of discourses pronounced on Masonic solemnities, relative to the dogmas and history of the order, and to the morality taught in the workshops," and published by the French Grand Orient at Paris in 1825, gives the following words of a member of the Lodge of St. Tabor, Paris: "Nothing is more incontestably true than nature—that is, existence. The Masonic Order is derived from the ancient mysteries, which themselves arose from nature, and had nature for a sacramental basis. It certainly follows that this royal art, this symbolic and mysterious temple, in fine, the Masonic Order, is the emblem of nature and of pre existing truth. Therefore, this order is natural law, the true and unique religion."

Note here how it is all nature, natural law, etc., and nothing of God as Creator and Revealer. Much more of the same kind might be quoted to prove that the fundamental dogma of Masonry is naturalism. Those wishing to look further into the subject can consult "The Secret Societies and Society," by N. Deschamps, with an introduction on the action of secret societies in the nineteenth century, by Claudio Janet; the Abbe Barruel's work, "The Memoirs of the Jacobins"; Robertson's "Lectures on Modern History and Biography," and Barson's "Studies in Church History," Vol. 4, page 408. We are indebted to Dr. Parson's work for much that is said above.—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

## Another English Convert.

The ranks of titled converts in England has just been augmented by the reception into the Church of the young Viscount Encombe, preliminary to his marriage to Miss Fraser, sister of Lord Lovat of the Scottish peerage. The Viscount is a grandson of the first earl of Eldon, who so bitterly opposed Daniel O'Connell's fight for Catholic Emancipa-

tion, and denounced the Church as "the abomination of desolation spoken of in Holy Writ." Miss Fraser is very wealthy and said to be, also, very clever and pretty; but as her prospective husband is heir to the title and estates of Eldon, with an income of about \$50,000 a year, it is reasonable to suppose that material views did not enter into his reasons for embracing the Catholic faith.

## JUSTICE SMYTH A CONVERT

### A Distinguished New York Jurist Received into the Church by Bishop Farley.

New York, March 1.—Justice Frederick Smyth of the Supreme Court, who lies seriously ill at his residence, 15 West Fortysixth street, was received into the Catholic Church on Saturday, February 19, by Mgr. Farley, pastor of St. Gabriel's Church, in East Thirty-seventh street, and auxiliary Bishop of the archdiocese of New York. Justice Smyth is the second of his family to become a Catholic, his daughter having entered the Church two years ago.

On Saturday morning the justice sent a messenger with a carriage to the parish house of St. Gabriel's Church and requested Bishop Farley, who has been his friend for many years, to call on him at his earliest convenience. Bishop Farley responded at once, and when he was shown to the sick jurist's room, Justice Smyth informed him that he wished to be received into the Church without loss of time. The request surprised the Bishop somewhat, as the applicant is usually required to prepare himself for baptism by a course of instruction covering several months. Upon questioning Justice Smyth, the Bishop, however, found that he was well prepared, and after Justice Smyth had made a profession of faith, Bishop Farley baptised him and anointed him with holy oil. On Saturday evening Justice Smyth's illness took an alarming turn, and Bishop Farley was again summoned to his bed-side. He found the sick man conscious, and gave him extreme unction.

When Bishop Farley left the bed-side of the new convert, it is said that the latter addressed him as follows: "I hope that God will send to you when you come to die the same blessing that you have brought to me."

Later the patient took a turn for the better.

## THERE ARE TWO CONCERNED.

Rev. L. A. Lambert, LL. D., in N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

The letters written by Rev. D. McAllister, D. D., to Rev. L. A. Lambert, D. D., and Dr. Lambert's replies to them, both of which appeared in the Commercial Gazette in the form of a discussion of Church doctrines, will shortly be issued in book form by Dr. McAllister. Additional matter will be prepared by the doctor, in order that his argument may be complete. The volume will likely be a 12mo. of about 200 pages. It is published in response to a general demand, and will form a valuable addition to the religious literature of the day.—Pittsburg Commercial Gazette.

In view of the fact that we—a party to the discussion—have not been consulted about it, this proceeding of Dr. McAllister is exceedingly strange. We cannot consent to this thrifty enterprise except on certain conditions. First, he must publish only those of his letters that we have thus far replied to in the Freeman's Journal. Several of his letters we have never seen, as the doctor was not considerate enough to send them to us. Second, the letters and replies must appear as originally written—excepting typographical errors—without note or comment, or any additional matter whatever. Third, we must have the proof reading of our articles and the making of headings and subheadings. Fourth, all our articles in reply in the Freeman's Journal must appear. Fifth, we must have half the net proceeds of the sale of the proposed book.

The reader will see that these conditions are only reasonable and fair. We ask nothing that we are not willing to grant. The doctor is acting as if there were but one side to the matter, and that his side. We have reminded him of his error on this point, and taken measures that our rights shall be respected.

With regard to his later letters published in the Gazette and which remain unanswered because that paper has closed its columns to our replies, we will answer them on condition that the Gazette, having published them, will publish our answers, that its readers may see both sides, and on condition that the letters are sent to us. We cannot, of course, undertake to answer them without seeing them.

## Uses a Protestant Bible.

Rev. P. F. Brannan, who is giving missions to non-Catholics in Texas, gives a special invitation to all Protestant preachers to attend. He borrows a Bible from a Protestant minister, if possible, and uses no other Bible during the whose series of lectures to prove Catholic doctrine. The ministers generally attend one night and no more. They are asked to present objections if they have any, but it is an exceptional occurrence to have a single objection presented during the entire week.

Some people come a night or two, and when asked: "Are you going out to night?" the answer is "No." "Why?" "Well, that priest makes things so plain that if you listen to him you must be a Catholic in belief, even if you don't profess it, and as I wouldn't be a Catholic under any consideration, I shall not go again."

## WHERE THEY ORIGINATED.

Christ founded a Church to teach men the way of salvation, and commanded all to obey it. He promised that the gates of hell should never prevail against this Church. (St. Matthew xvi., 18.) That Church must, then, be today the true Church of God, and teach men truly the way of salvation, or the promise of Christ has failed. Which is that Church? We know that Christ founded His Church nineteen hundred years ago. That Church, then, must be nineteen hundred years old. Any Church, therefore, which is not two hundred or not four hundred or not nineteen hundred years old can not be the Church of Christ. There is only one Church that is nineteen hundred years old, and that is the Roman Catholic Church. There is no Protestant Church that is four hundred years old. Can anyone of them be the Church Christ founded nineteen hundred years ago? The following table, showing the ages, founders and the place of origin of the principal Churches, has been compiled by that distinguished author Cardinal Gibbons. In each instance, with one exception, his authority for his statements is non-Catholic:

Anabaptists. Place of origin, Germany. Founder, Nicholas Stork, Year, 1521. Authority quoted, Vincent L. Milner, "Religious Denominations."

Baptists. Place of origin, Rhode Island. Founder, Roger Williams, 1639. Authority quoted, "The Book of Religions," by John Haywood.

Free Will Baptists. Place of origin, New Hampshire. Founder, Benjamin Randall, 1780. Authority quoted, "The Book of Religions."

Free Communion Baptists. Place of origin, New York. Founder, Benajah Corp, close of eighteenth century. Authority quoted, Rev. A. D. Williams, in "History of All Denominations."

Seventh Day Baptists. Place of origin, United States. Founder, General Conference, 1838. Authority quoted, W. B. Gilbert, in "History of All Denominations."

Campellites, or Christians. Place of origin, Virginia. Founder, Alexander Campbell, 1813. Authority quoted, "Book of Religions."

Methodist Episcopal. Place of origin, England. Founder, John Wesley, 1739. Authority quoted, Rev. Nathan Bangs, in "History of All Denominations."

Reformed Methodist. Place of origin, Vermont. Branch of the Methodist Episcopal Church, 1814. Authority quoted, Rev. Nathan Bangs, in "History of All Denominations."

Methodist Society. Place of origin, New York. Branch of the Methodist Episcopal Church, 1820. Authority quoted, Rev. W. N. Stilwell, in "History of All Denominations."

Methodist Protestant. Place of origin, Baltimore. Branch of the Methodist Episcopal Church, 1830. Authority quoted, James R. Williams, in "History of All Denominations."

True Wesleyan Methodist. Place of origin, New York. Founders, delegates from Methodist denominations, 1843. Authority quoted, J. Timberman, in "History of All Denominations."

Presbyterian (Old School). Place of origin, Scotland. Founder, General Assembly, 1560. Authority quoted, John M. Krebs, in "History of All Denominations."

Presbyterian (New School). Place of origin, Philadelphia. Founder, General Assembly, 1840. Authority quoted, Joel Parker, D. D., in "History of All Denominations."

Episcopalian. Place of origin, England. Founder, Henry VIII., 1534. Authority quoted, Macaulay and other English historians.

Lutheran. Place of origin, Germany. Founder, Martin Luther, 1524. Authority quoted, S. S. Smucker in "History of All Denominations."

Unitarian Congregationalists. Place of origin, Germany. Founder, Celarius, about 1510. Authority quoted, Alvan Lamson, in "History of All Denominations."

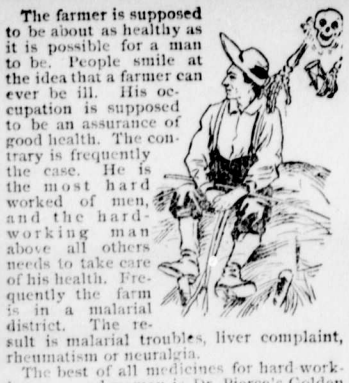
Congregationalists. Place of origin, England. Founder, Robert Browne, 1583. Authority quoted, E. W. Andrews, in "History of All Denominations."

Quakers. Place of origin, England. Founder, George Fox, 1647. Authority quoted, English historians.

Quakers. Place of origin, America. Founder, William Penn, 1647. Authority quoted, American historians.

Catholic Church. Place of origin, Jerusalem. Founder, Jesus Christ, 28. New Testament.

There is no place like the Catholic Church where one may feel the very reality of intellectual and spiritual freedom. No man stands so upright and feels the power within him as one whose feet are firmly and securely planted on the solid rock.—The Missionary.



The farmer is supposed to be about as healthy as it is possible for a man to be. People smile at the idea that a farmer can ever be ill. This occupation is supposed to be an assurance of good health. The contrary is frequently the case. He is the most hard-worked man above all others needs to take care of his health. Frequently the farm is in a malarial district. The result is malarial troubles, liver complaint, rheumatism or neuritis.

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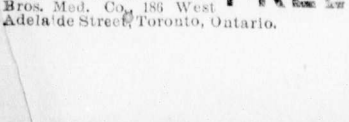
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#### CHAPTER XVII.

"I love thee much. Within this wall of flesh there is a soul counts thee her creditor. And with advantage means to pay."  
—King John.

On the afternoon of the second day, as he rode forward at an easy canter on the grassy margin of the roadside, he heard, at some little distance in front, the sounds of a fierce struggle, shouts, and the clang of weapons. The pistol-shot, then a volley, and then the clatter of hoofs apparently in swift flight and pursuit. He just tickled with the spur the sides of his horse, who in an instant leaped forward with a bound like a deer. At a turn of the road he came upon a horse lying dead, and a yeoman, with many curses, dragging himself out from under the carcass. A glance told Maurice that the man was unhurt. In front some hundred yards off, he saw a dozen of his fellows lumbering forward, their heavy horses in an awkward gallop. Further still, there was a single horseman apparently in full flight. The thought flashed through his mind that here doubtless was some wretched Papist whom the law had given over to the tender mercies of these true Christians, to be converted by pitchfork and halber, bullet or sword.

He resolved to lend a helping hand, if need be, to their victims. Shaking Phooka's bridle rein, and keeping still on the strip of sward, he flew forward noiselessly, and was safely through the hunting troop of yeomen before they were aware. It was no such easy matter to overtake the fugitive in front, who had increased his lead to a quarter of a mile. Even Phooka, at full stretch, gained on him at first only by inches. So they sped along for a couple of miles, and the space between seemed scarcely lessened. His blood began to tingle with the excitement of this strange race. While the air through which he rushed whistled past him like a hurricane of his own creation, he bent forward over Phooka's neck, and with caressing hand urged him to redoubled speed.

It was not needed. The pace had told. The gallant horse in front began to slacken in his stride. The pursuer was gaining rapidly. A hundred yards, ninety, eighty, seventy, sixty, fifty yards off now; as he closed in, Maurice noted the horse in front was a dappled grey, of splendid symmetry. A broad streak of red down its back, the black of its mane and tail, and the red stream still oozing from the bullet wound drained the poor brute's life away.

The rider was a tall, strong man, but his right arm hung limp and useless by his side, and slung backwards and forwards like a pendulum with the swift motion of the horse. His left hand held the reins.

He heard the sound of quick hoofs behind him, and turning, shouted some words which Maurice Blake could not catch. Maurice shouted back "a friend." But his voice, too, was lost in the clatter of the galloping horses.

The race was nearly over. The grey still struggled forward gallantly, but one of his hind legs began to drag a little in the stride. With swift, easy stretches the black crept closer and closer. They were scarce twenty yards apart now, and that narrow space is closing rapidly.

The man in front flung the reins on his horse's neck. His left hand went down to his holster. He wheeled half round in his saddle. Maurice Blake saw the gleam of a pistol-barrel levelled at his head. There was a crack and flash, and a bullet whistled by so close that he felt the rush of the air as it almost brushed his cheek.

At the same moment the gallant grey, wounded, exhausted, and no longer sustained by a strong hand on the bridle, stumbled, staggered for a moment, and then came heavily down, flinging its rider forward on the road half-stunned by the fall.

Maurice Blake was going too fast to stop. Right in his way the fallen man and horse lay together, a struggling heap, to be tumbled or trampled under his horse's hoofs. But he lifted Phooka with the rein. The gallant steed rose lightly as a bird, and lit as lightly.

Maurice turned him to his length, and was beside the fallen man and horse in a moment. The grey horse lay quite motionless where he had fallen. The rider's leg was caught under its body, and he struggled with his left arm to free himself. The right arm Maurice could see was broken above the elbow, and the sleeve drenched with blood.

The wretch's condition quenched at once the quick anger of Maurice at his own life. He was eager to help and save the fallen man's struggle grew fiercer.

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as he saw him approach. He writhed like a beast caught in a trap that sees the trapper coming through the woods. "I'll not be taken alive," he growled out. "You are not one of those hell-hounds. Have some pity on me. Shoot me right off and have done with me. If I could only reach my own pistol!"

With a violent effort he moved the wounded limb, and then lay quite still, growling with the agony of it. Maurice Blake was full of pity. His guess, then, was right. Here was a hunted and persecuted Papist; he must save him at any cost.

"I am a friend," he said gently. The other seemed more startled with the gentle tone of his voice, than if a pistol shot had been fired off close to his ear. He looked quickly in Maurice's face to find the meaning of it. He seemed satisfied with what he saw there. His face brightened. Maurice noted that it was a wild but hardly an evil face. One restless eye alone lit its pale expanse. But the tangle of bright red hair and beard gave it a kind of light of their own.

Without another word Maurice drew him from under the horse's body and set him on his feet on the road, when he shook himself like a dog, testing the soundness of his limbs. "Hurt?" asked Maurice.

"Only this," replied the other, touching the disabled right arm with his left hand. At that instant the trained ear of Maurice, which rivalled that of the wild beasts or the Indians in its acuteness, caught the sound of the hoofs of the yeomanry horses clattering over the road afar off, no louder yet than the feet of mice in the wainscoting.

"There was no time to be lost. "Can you ride?" he asked the stranger abruptly. "If I had a horse," was the reply, "but this one never again. In all Ireland there was not a better an hour ago. Confound the cowards who killed him." He bent over the motionless body of the gray, as he spoke, and touched the shapely head, quietly with his left hand. "You shall ride with me," said Maurice hastily; "if you can hold on. It is not the first time that Phooka has carried double weight. He will get us to Mullingar yet — it is but a few miles off — before those bloodhounds can catch us. If not, we will have our pistols. You have shown me your right arm, pointing to the left hand. I can shoot with both, and use a sword, too, at a pinch."

"No, to Mullingar," groaned the other, his helpless right arm slinging loose while Maurice lifted him to his horse. "Not to Mullingar, sir, we will carry more to the clump of trees yonder, pointing to the left hand. I can shoot with both, and use a sword, too, at a pinch."

Gallantly Phooka stretched forward with his double load, and the sound of the hoofs of the yeomanry faded into a faint murmur behind them, again died away. A mile further on, Maurice drew rein at the clump of larch stretching up the side of a steep hill.

The stranger slipped quickly to the ground. "You have saved me," he said abruptly, "from death, and worse than death. If my thanks were worth having you should have them. They are not worth having. But I may sometime get the chance —"

"No," returned the other, "you will know it. You have saved me, and I am bad as he is, is not ungrateful. Pray God you may never know more of me: or else, know me only when you need my help."

He climbed the high wall with an agility that was almost miraculous remembering his disabled arm, and plunged in amongst the trees. The ground was rough and rocky. Maurice saw him spring from boulder to boulder, until he had reached more than half-way up the ascent. Then suddenly, as if the ground devoured him, he disappeared.

Even Phooka was a bit blown with that last burst under double weight, so Maurice dropped the reins on his neck, and let him walk, while nearer and nearer came the tramp of the galloping yeomen behind.

They came up to him at last, men and horses completely blown. "Hallo, you fellow!" shouted their officer; but something in Maurice's appearance checked his insolence in full career. "Your pardon, sir," he went on, awkwardly, "I have seen a man on the road—a tall fellow, with one eye and red hair? You could not mistake him?"

"Certainly," replied Maurice, with a quiet smile. "He introduced himself with a pistol shot."

"Well?" "He missed his aim and his footing, and I, or rather he," patting his horse's neck, "leaped over both, as they lay sprawling on the road together, that's all."

"It's a pity," said the other, "you did not waste a bullet on him when he was down at your mercy. You would have been well paid in good gold for that ounce of lead. There is a big price on that fellow's head. We found the dead horse by the roadside, but the fox had stolen away. He must have got to earth close at hand. They say he has one of his caves somewhere hereabouts."

"Back!" he shouted to his men, "we will try close round where the horse lies, he cannot have gone far from the spot on foot."

"Stay," cried Maurice, as the officer was whirling round to follow his party, who were clattering back the way they had come. "Who is the man you hunt so hard?"

"A fair maiden of France, whose beauty was the theme of the gay Irish capital, and in whose veins it was rumored coursed the royal blood of the Bourbons. Pamela, Lord Edward's fair young wife, was at Carton, the ancestral seat of the Leinster family, when Maurice arrived, but her husband welcomed his friend back with bright eyes and a beaming smile, which told that happiness had found him out at last, and that his bitter love trials of the old days were dead and buried deeper than ever plummet sounded."

The organization of the United Irishmen meanwhile went bravely on. The Government were already beginning to respect its power; they would soon learn to fear it. It was even hoped that all the patriots sought for might be effected by their own fighting, and reform, not revolution, give Ireland her liberty.

In return for this good news Maurice Blake had to tell his friend of a widespread revival of spirit in the West, and of tens of thousands determined men maddened with misery, and eager to strike a brave blow for freedom when the call to arms should sound. But Maurice Blake had not lost his old hatred for war, and he prayed heartily that the battle might be won without slaughter.

Lord Edward, though a little dazzled at the glorious prospect of leading the forces of Irish patriotism to victory against the arms of Great Britain, shared the gentler hope.

In truth, Maurice Blake's thoughts were at this time turned quite away from war and slaughter. It may be that the sight of his friend's happiness softened his own heart with a kindred hope, of which he was but vaguely conscious. Certain it is that desire ever carried him gaily to Dr. Denver's door, and duty— even duty to Ireland—carried him reluctantly away.

So Norah Denver and Maurice Blake lived in a blissful dream. Only they two in all the world were real to each other; all else seemed vague and far off. Every thought, look, or word, however slight or playful, which love touched, became a delight to both. Norah was not to all comers a man or woman (and that not to all comers) a man or woman, that joy to which all others life holds are weak and colorless. Better be born blind than miss that ecstasy.

They floated pleasantly together, those two, down the shining stream, with no thought or care where it should lead. They lived in the present only, and never wearied of its delights. Love to be perfect, must be unconscious, and theirs was perfect.

A fortnight had flown like a day. Earth and water were still locked in hard frost. To Maurice it seemed as if it were a delight. To Maurice it was a pleasant reminder of Canadian winters. He taxed the skill of Dublin artisans for a Canadian sleigh.

Very sweet and beautiful Norah looked as she sat beside him in the sleigh, cosily muffled in a suit of furs, and wrapped in a thick, closely wrapped slim figure and slender throat, and nestled snugly in the soft, rounded cheek, bright with health and happiness.

Merrily the ponies pranced along, jangling their silver bells as the sleigh sped over the frozzy ground, and the merryest of all was the sweet music Love sang in their hearts.

The time flew swifter than the sleigh, and, with a start of surprise, they found their journey done. They had reached their destination in the shape of a Dublin, where skaters in those days of snow and ice, and found the youth and fashion of Dublin gathered on its shores or scattered over its frozen water.

In a few moments they, too, joined the flying skaters on the shining surface of the lake. The ice was so soft and pressure of those little hands he held so softly in his own, sent the blood leaping through his veins with a wild rapture that was akin to pain. Like birds on the wing, they flew over the lake, whirling and circling as birds do in sheer delight of the smooth and easy motion.

The grace and swiftness of their movements challenged the admiration of the crowd. A low buzz of admiration followed as they swept past, lightly as the wind, and as swift. Norah noticed it with a blush that deepened the roses the keeper had made to bloom in her cheeks.

"We will go in, Maurice," she said. "How strangely those people stare at us pass."

Swiftly and smoothly they wheeled round on the outer edge, and glided in, hand-in-hand, to where a seat stood invitingly vacant, a little on the outskirts of the gay crowd.

Again the thought came to Maurice with a thrill, half excitement, half fear, that here was his chance to bring his wooing to a close; to whisper, as he hoped, in willing ears, the question on whose answer the happiness or misery of his life depended.

His earnestness made him awkward. He could not find the words he wanted, nor the time to speak them. "Norah, by the love in my eyes, or the trembling in his voice, or by that subtle power by which souls that love speak to each other without word or look, guessed what was coming.

His heart was all in a tumult at the thought. "The joy of my life would not tell, so wild the whirl of emotion. Overmastering all else, came the womanly instinct of flight.

"His eyes were upon her own fair face, and the color deepened upon her cheek under the passionate intensity of his gaze. But she kept her eyes resolutely away from his."

"Oh, I see," she cried lightly, glancing aside, "you, too, are an adorer of Lady Dulwich; even the sunset is less brilliant."

Maurice followed her gaze, and saw Lady Dulwich approaching in all the glory of her resplendent beauty. A young, soft-eyed, dark-haired girl was beside her, her eyes fixed on Maurice. A young, soft-eyed, dark-haired girl was beside her, her eyes fixed on Maurice.

"Not very encouraging this to a man that wanted to speak of love, and nothing but love."

"There was no help for it. He felt he must dash straight to the subject. He was conscious that he was talking like a stage hero; but he could not help it."

"Norah," he said faltering, "can you love?"

"What?" she asked, looking him innocently in the face with such childlike simplicity that he could not for the life of him say "Me."

"Anything," he answered foolishly. "Almost anything. There never yet was anyone more given to love. But why do you ask?"

"There was a mocking light in her eye, the humor of the situation had conquered her fear."

The longing was strong on him to catch her in his arms and answer her with a shower of kisses. Perhaps she guessed this new danger, for she spoke again quickly.

"Look, look," she cried, "how beautiful! how graceful!"

It was not all artifice, there was genuine admiration in her voice. Looking where she pointed, right over the lake, Maurice shared her admiration. A beautiful boy was flying over the ice in bend and whirl and curve with inimitable grace, while all eyes watched him from lake and shore.

With a boy's love of peril he sought the corner of the lake where alone it was possible to meet it. A pole and board with the ominous word "dangerous" on it stuck up from the ice. Round and round this pole he circled with whirrs and turns as if it were the tail of a comet, a tumbler pigeon in mid air.

The murmur of admiration changed to a cry of warning. Norah's face grew pale, her lips parted, and her heart beat quickly with the excitement and fear of it.

Is there any danger, Maurice?" she whispered.

"Troth, an' there is that, ma'am," said one of the keepers of the ground, who came up at the moment; "great danger, intirely. The ducks and the swans have been boring holes in the ice over there where the boy is skating. Just forint the place where he is sliding. The frost has set a skin over the holes, but it is no thicker in parts than an egg shell. If he were weightier than a bird, he'd be through long ago. Glory be to God! it is dancing poulticks he is on now."

The keeper's cry was echoed by the crowd. The reckless boy was figure-skating on the thin sheet of black water with chill death lurking there.

Heretofore the speed he went at saved him. Though the ice might break and crack, it had not time to break as he flew over it. Now with a short quick rush on the outer edge he leaped clean into the air, like a ballet dancer, and lit again on the sharp edge of a single skate. He struck right over one of the death traps the birds had made. Crash through the thin ice the skate went, and the skater after it.

aped along securely where the ice was firm as granite pavement under his skates. TO BE CONTINUED.

### THE ROYAL HOUSE OF DAVID.

Know Pop Mandelbaum? Why, everybody in the teeming lower east side of the metropolis knew honest Aaron, the pawnbroker, and public opinion stamped him a man of sterling honesty and perfect fair dealing. No man could say that Pop ever took advantage of his extremity. Plunderers, seeking for a place to pledge their booty, avoided Pop's shop, because he was on excellent terms with the police, and a hurried message from him to the nearby station house had brought many a wrong doer to justice.

His shop was in a tumble-down, quaint, old world looking building in a dark narrow street near Chatham Square. In its many paned little show window were dusty and dilapidated articles of clothing, guns, swords, musical instruments, tarnished plate-ware, the regalia and jewels of a long defunct lodge, old fashioned watches and chains, and a thousand and one articles, nearly every one of which, had it a voice, could tell a sad tale of its former owner's weakness, vice or adversity.

Passing under the weather-beaten, time-honored emblem of the proprietor's calling, the visitor entered through swinging, batze-covered doors and found himself in a musty smelling interior, its murkiness but dimly lighted by the two gas jets in the show window and the single jet above the long counter, the end of which was lost in the gloom at the rear of the shop. Shelves everywhere were laden with unredeemed pledges.

Every evening, when business was dull, Aaron seated himself in his armchair, under the gas jet, and read the "New Yorker Herald" or the "Talmud," and his great shock of gray hair, long gray beard and strongly marked face reminded one of his ideal of a prophet of old.

Every night when the wheezy, dust-choked old clock in the show window hammered out the closing hour Aaron put aside his book or paper and taking his most valuable articles from the show window placed them in the ponderous old safe and swung to the heavy door with a clang that shook the place. Then the lights in the show window were extinguished and he walked to the door to look what kind of weather the heavens above promised for the morrow and to see what the confines of the narrow street revealed of what was transpiring on the earth beneath, and, mayhap, to chat a moment with a neighbor.

One night, in early November, Aaron swung open his doors before closing for the night. A fog partially obscured the outlines of the houses opposite and the falling rain had formed inky little pools in the uneven pavement of the street. The sidewalks gleamed like polished ebony, on which the gas lights in the store windows shot beams of golden yellow. There was only one pedestrian visible—a dripping figure, which approached, carrying a large and seemingly heavy bundle.

"Am I too late?" the stranger asked as he approached the door.

"No, my friend, it's never too late to do business," replied Aaron as he led the way into the shop.

"I feared I was too late," said the stranger, as he placed his burden on the counter and proceeded to strip it of the oilcloth that covered it. The covering removed, a beautifully carved statue of the Blessed Virgin stood revealed. Aaron gazed spell-bound at the majestic beauty of the face raised heavenward. It reminded him of Esther, Judith, Rachel, Rebecca, Sara — of all the immortal women of his ancient race.

"I want ten dollars on this marble for about a month," said the stranger, recalling Aaron to the present.

"Whom does it represent?" asked Aaron.

"The Virgin Mary," replied the stranger.

"The Virgin Mary?" queried Aaron.

"Yes; and I hope your Jewish prejudices won't prevent you from loaning the money—God knows I need it badly—badly! Why, man, she was of the line of your royal prophet! Mary of the royal house of David!"

"Of the royal house of David," repeated Aaron, "I'll make you the loan; but although I'm no judge of art, this, my friend, seems to me to be the work of a genius. How come it that you are driven to pawn it?"

"By hunger, old man, by hunger. If I came to New York with a European reputation I might find purchasers for my work. I am only a young, unknown American artisan, therefore I starve! Do you know what it is to starve, old man? No, no, you don't; and God keep you from the experience. Come, let me have the money. I am cold and wet—and weak from hunger."

As Aaron busied himself making out the pawn ticket he stole a look, now and again, at the delicate, emaciated face of the artist—at his dark eyes blazing with fever, the drawn look about the mouth, and he doubted if he would ever redeem the pledge. As he counted the bills out on the counter, the artist snatched them up eagerly and hurrying to the door, cried: "God bless you!" "Take good care of my statue. Luck will turn and I'll redeem it."

under the counter he drew forth a bright, silvered glass reflector. He stream of light was thrown on the statue.

"Mary, of the royal house of David!" he murmured, as he sank into his arm chair and gazed on the marble. The flickering of the light changed the expression on the beautiful face of the statue and produced the effect of life. The old man's mind wandered back to the days of the founder of the royal line of Israel and followed the destinies of the chosen people through the ages. He was recalled from his meditation by the voice of Rachel, his wife, who had descended from the living room above to seek him.

Aaron Mandelbaum was an officer of the Synagogue and Rabbi Jacobs was a frequent caller on this pillar of Judaism. He entered the little shop a few days after the artist's visit and his eyes instantly rested on the statue.

"Ho, Aaron Mandelbaum, when you have seen the beautiful face of the woman under that orthodox roof?" demanded the Rabbi, pursing his lips and turning regarding Aaron.

"That," replied Aaron, "is Mary of the royal house of David."

"Vae!" cried the Rabbi, "knowest thou not she was the mother of Him whom the Gentiles call the Christ? Surely such a graven thing should not have room in the house of a Jew."

"I neither adore nor serve it," exclaimed Aaron, "it is a pledge brought here by a starving artist."

"Get rid of it, Aaron. Give it no room in your house," advised the Rabbi.

"Never will I part with it until my owner demands it," resolutely replied Aaron. "Is it not beautiful? The beauty of purity and goodness is in the face and, moreover, Rabbi, the woman she was of the Royal Palmist line, therefore shall her image rest securely here. I have said it!"

The Rabbi, knowing well Aaron's strength of will, and fearing a breach with the best friend and most generous supporter of the Synagogue, never again referred to the statue.

Time passed and the sculptor never returned to redeem his pledge. Many of the evening hours that had formed been given to the perusal of the newspapers or the study of the law of Israel were now passed gazing at the statue, and meditating on the fortunes of the chosen people. Aaron had often noted the effect that the beautiful statue produced on many of his customers. The loud and rancorous voices of the brazen and vicious were sometimes hushed to a whisper when their eyes rested on the pure white figure. Many times the weak and unfortunate had reverently made the sign of the cross, brushed away a tear and had departed to return no more. Memory had carried them back to better and happier days and had awakened resolutions of amendment.

When little Rachel and David, Aaron's grandchildren, visited the shop they sat at the old man's feet reverently regarded the beautiful statue and listened to his tales of Judah and Esther and Sara. While thus engaged one day the entrance of a poor stranger interrupted the old man's story.

"Mr. Mandelbaum, I presume. Some time ago, Mr. Mandelbaum, an artist pledged a statue,—ah, there it is! I'd know your poor dear Brownie's work anywhere. Poor fellow! The man was the greatest sculptor in the country has produced, sir. He died in Bellevue Hospital, of a complication of diseases, resulting from starvation. The miserable part of it was that he, his friends, who would have given the coats off our backs to help him, never guessed his poverty."

Mr. Mandelbaum, who had been laid away in his grave the comrade discovered that he was a genius not to business. A friend of mine, a detective, told me of the beautiful man in your possession and I determined to look it up. It is undoubtedly a valuable specimen of Browning's genius. The time for redeeming the pledge is, I suppose, long since passed, but I prepared to pay you a good round sum for it."

"The statue would have been delivered to its owner at any time, my friend," replied Aaron, "but as he is dead I will never sell it. It is mine. No inducement that the stranger offered could induce Aaron to change his resolution."

On that evening the green doors swung open with a crash and a woman entered. She was young years, scarcely out of her teens, her face had the dry, parched look of age. Its dead pallor was heightened by the rouge carelessly daubed on her cheeks. A battered hat rested on masses of dishevelled black hair. Great eyes had a hunted, hopeless expression.

"There, Pop, that's the last of old belongings," she cried, throwing small gold medal, with a faded soiled blue ribbon attached, on the counter. "The relics of former utility," she added, and the light, to laugh that followed had little to do in it.

"Now, you miserable old skinflint, I want enough iron to hit your pipe just once more and then—then when the tide is near the low I'll just slip off the dock and that'll be the whole miserable story," and there was a sigh and a catching of breath that sounded like a sob. As he pulled the medal and as he examined it the girl continued: "fallen,—fallen so low that there is hope for me in this life or in the her eyes, that had been wandering restlessly around the shop, had when she paused on the altar, a face of the statue of the Mother"

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"Now, you miserable old skinkflint, you, I want enough non' to hit the pipe just once more and then—and then, when the tide is near the flood, I'll slip off the dock and that'll end the whole miserable story," and there was a sigh and a catching of the breath that sounded like a sob. Aaron picked up the medal and as he examined it the girl continued: "I've fallen,—fallen so low that there is no hope for me in this life or in the"—her eyes, that had been wandering restlessly around the shop, had rested, when she paused, on the calm, pure face of the statue of the Mother Most

Chaste. They were held there, and bending her body she rested her elbows on the counter and her chin on the palms of her hands; but her great, awe-stricken eyes never left the marble figure standing out, in the glare of the light from the reflector, against the dark background of the shelves. When she ceased speaking, Aaron glanced at her, regarded her silently for a few moments, shrugged his shoulders, and then moved softly towards the front of the shop. The noisy tick of the timepieces and the far-off roar of the streets were the only sounds that disturbed the stillness of the place. Slowly—slowly but surely the hard, callous lines on the girl's face softened, the hunted, hopeless look was gone from the beautiful dark eyes and they became suffused with tears. A drop rolled, unheeded, down the face and fell on the counter.

"Mother of God," she murmured in the tones a little child uses in talking to its mother. "Mother of God, I wonder if your Blessed Son would forgive, have mercy and help one so wicked as I am?"

"With the Lord there is mercy and with him plentiful redemption." In deep, earnest tones the words of the royal psalmist flowed from Aaron's lips. Inured by forty years' experience to every phase of wretchedness and misery and vice the girl's prayer had touched his heart. She heeded him not but continued:

"O Mother, Blessed Mother! I cannot be the little girl who drove with father and mother from the farm to Mass, in the little church at Homedale, every Sunday. I cannot be the little child who was so light hearted, so happy—the sunshine of the house's father called me. All these terrible things that have happened since I left home must have been a nightmare and, by-and-by, I'll hear mother call and I'll wake up in my little room at home and hear the cows lowing and see the cherry tree, covered with blossoms, peeping in at the window—and O merciful Jesus, forgive a poor, miserable sinner." The little face was bowed to the counter and sob after sob shook her frame. Aaron waited patiently until, from exhaustion, she ceased weeping and then approaching her gently raised her, put into her hands the medal and a piece of money, and said:

"Girl, it is written that the Nazarene, Him whom you call the Christ, said to the sinful woman, 'Go, and sin no more,' and this I say to you: may the God of our fathers strengthen you."

With bended head, like one dazed, the girl walked towards the door. She halted at the threshold and after a long look at the statue, passed out into the night.

Although two years had passed there were but few changes in Aaron Mandelbaum's little shop. Aaron, it is true, was feebler and lent more attentive ear to his good wife Rachel's counsel that he should retire from business and pass his remaining years in ease.

He was debating this subject in his mind, one day, when a woman entered the shop. Her eyes, dark beautiful eyes, Aaron noted, rested on the statue that still remained in its compartment on the shelf. Pausing before it a moment her lips moved in prayer and then turning to Aaron, she asked:

"Do you know me?" Aaron scrutinized the pale face of the woman, marked its calm, sad expression, but failed to recognize her.

"Do you remember an unfortunate girl who called here one evening, two years ago, to pledge a medal and—"

"I do, I do!" interrupted Aaron. "I am that girl. Through God's infinite grace and mercy I fled from the awful life I had been leading and returned to the home I had disgraced. My poor mother had died, but my good old father was living, and he took me in. He has gone to his reward and, having left me well provided with this world's goods, I feel that I should devote my means and what remains of me of life in doing penance for my sins, and how better could I please God than by helping the fallen? I have submitted my plan to those in authority and they have given it their approval. I am seeking a house, hereabouts, to fit it up as a refuge for my fallen sisters. In it they shall be free to come and go. Its discipline shall be mild. Its sermons shall be preached in parable and by example. Oh, Mr. Mandelbaum, with God's help and the assistance of Our Blessed Lady, Refuge of Sinners, more souls will be saved from destruction even as mine was saved. Will you assist me in my work?"

Aaron, without replying, hurried to the rear of the shop and opening the door, called:

"Rachael! Rachael!" His old helpmate responded promptly to the call, and for an hour these three were deep in consultation.

The result of their deliberations was that Aaron consented to sell the old house to the visitor at an extremely low price, provided the refuge should be known as "The House of David."

The statue that had played so important a part under its roof was to be enshrined in the little chapel and Aaron expressly stipulated that he should have free entry to the chapel, at any and all times, to visit "Mary, of the royal house of David."

You certainly would not recognize the old building. The little show window has given place to a beautiful stained glass window. The baize covered doors have gone, and the doors of oak, beneath the little gothic porch, are always open to the weak and erring. That which was formerly the shop is now the chapel, and on a pure white altar rests the beautiful statue of Our Blessed Lady. On the floor

above are the bright, cheerful refectory and sitting-room, and on the top floor the dormitory, with its rows of cots covered with spreads as white as driven snow. Oh! what a contrast to the vile hovels of vice and misery in the same street, and that very contrast is a valuable aid in the work of rescue. Mother Ann, as the beloved foundress is lovingly called, and her devoted assistants, have snatched many a brand from the burning. She is loved alike by those who have found peace and by those who have not found it yet.

You should have been in the refuge on the eve of the feast of the Assumption. Mother Ann had called for flowers to deck Our Lady's shrine. During the evening and far into the night they came. Flowers of all varieties, brought by hands that were calloused and hardened by toil, purchased by money laboriously earned, every cent of which, so expended, was a prayer from the heart because it meant self-denial and sacrifice; flowers brought in by soft hands, glistening with jewels, purchased by the wages of sin.

On Assumption day Our Lady's altar was a bower of beauty. In the quiet afternoon, when the light streaming through the stained glass window cast its glow along the little aisle, two figures passed down towards the altar. Mother Ann supporting the tottering old man, Aaron Mandelbaum. He was paying his accustomed visit to Mary of the House of David.—William Harper Bennett in Donohue's Magazine.

REVERENCE IN GOD'S HOUSE. Reverence in the church is required of everyone because of the presence of Our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament. He is there in His Divine Majesty in the adorable Sacrament of the Holy Eucharist, and as no subject can be unmindful of the presence of his king, no one can be unmindful of the presence of the King of Glory, Our Lord. There should be no talking in the church or whispering either in the pews or in the aisles, in the front of the church, or in the choir, or in the back of the church, or any gossiping in the vestibule. The church is not a market place nor a news stand, but a place to adore our Lord, to pray, to receive the sacraments. The church, to quote the sentiments of a Paulist Father, is the best place to show good manners, a fact which a few persons seem to overlook. For the sake of the minority a few hints are given: If there is a crowd going into the church, don't try your utmost to elbow everybody else and increase the general discomfort. Take it easy. Don't aim a blow at the holy water font and immerse the whole hand. Dip the finger in lightly and then sprinkle yourself alone, not the others standing around you. Walk quietly down the aisle to your pew and take the most convenient seat therein. Don't lay siege to the end of the seat and hold it against all comers. We should like to see that "don't" printed in large and very black letters. Never disturb your neighbors by your prayers. They should know their own. Be attentive to the priest at the altar. A silent good example is most telling and most edifying. Never spit upon the floor: it is in exceedingly bad taste. In going out, after at least a short prayer of thanksgiving, take your time. Don't leave God's house in a great hurry. Try to postpone any prolonged meeting with friends until you are outside. During confession hours never deprive any one of his or her place. It shows but a poor spirit in which to receive the sacrament of penance to rob one of what belongs to him. It is not at all forbidden to allow another, who for some necessary reason must hurry, to go ahead of yourself.

Marriages or baptisms are not occasions on which to satisfy your curiosity. In all things use common sense. You would not forget yourself in visiting the house of a friend; do not do so in the house of God. Carry yourself modestly, becomingly, without affectation, without prominence. Look to the comfort of others. If inconvenience must be borne, let it be yourself who will be willing to bear it.—The Pittsburgh Catholic.

A PRIEST'S FIDELITY. "I was wonderfully impressed with the fidelity of Catholic priests in answering sick calls a short time ago," said a gentleman who dropped into the club as a visitor. "It was on one of the Northern roads last autumn, and at a certain station a Catholic priest came into the coach and dropped into a seat with me. After a few minutes he asked me if I would allow him to sit next the window for a short distance. 'The fact is,' said the Father, 'I want to throw off a note at a mill we will soon pass.' Of course I accommodated him, and when we approached the mill he leaned out and tossed a note, bound about a piece of stick, upon the steps of one of the little cabins in which resided mill employees. He smiled when he saw a little girl run to pick it up.

"You see," said the Father, "there is a sick man there and he has sent for me to come. It is eight miles from where I live and there is no road except the railroad through the woods and around the ponds and lakes. It is only three miles from the junction on beyond us here. I tried to get permission to have the train stop, but it is late and the summer travel is heavy and they would not stop there. I can get a man to bring me back on a hand car."

"So the Father went along to the junction, and as I had to change cars there and had a few minutes to wait, I saw the outcome of the trip. The track foreman and his men had gone away on a work train and would not be

back till night. The junction is a very deserted place, the depot and one house being all there is to it. The depot is manned by a force of one, who is baggage master, express messenger, ticket seller and key manipulator, so the priest could not find a railroad man to help him. But he had the permission of some one in authority to use a hand car on the track. The reverend gentleman mounted the platform, pulled off his coat, loosened his collar and bent to his work. He had been called to administer the last sacrament of his Church to a man supposed to be dying away out in an Adirondack lumber camp, and he had sent word that he was coming.

"I watched him till he pumped the heavy old hand car away up around the bend in the road, and when my train backed up the branch and I went forward about my duties it was with a higher idea of the priesthood than I ever possessed before.—Catholic Review.

DISCOURAGEMENT. The progress of spiritual life is slow with most of us. We go along day by day, and it seems as if we had advanced but little since the day we began. It seems to us as if we were still standing at the starting-place, with the goal as far off as ever. The good resolutions which we made when we began to serve God are not forgotten, neither are they broken. But the same evil influences are all about us, tempting us and luring us on to commit sin again, as in the days of our wickedness—those sins which we renounced years ago, and which we have renounced many a time since. And the older we grow the fiercer, perhaps, become those temptations. We think it may be that now we ought to be free from them; that as we have stopped sinning, the desire, even involuntary, of sinning again ought to leave us. And because temptations continue we imagine that sin is within us and that we must purge it out. So we try to make a general confession. The result is not satisfactory, and we fret and worry and delude ourselves with the belief that we are wholly evil, and that we have made no progress since we started. We have fallen into the error so common, especially among pious people, that conscience is sin.

The truth of the whole matter is this, summed up in a few words of Holy Scripture: "My son, when thou comest to serve the Lord, prepare thy soul for temptation."

God wishes us to purge our souls as well as to strengthen them, and He allows us to be tempted that we may have not only the merit of resistance, but also the strength which comes from repeatedly engaging in battle with the enemy. For the more you fight, the greater will be your experience in the battles to come; and the more victories you gain, the more easily will you gain those which God puts in your hand.

The whole man is to be purged and cleansed. Nothing defiled can enter heaven. So if you have put yourself into the hands of God, you must let Him do with you what He pleases. He has His ways and means, and His ways are not your ways. So he allows Satan to tempt you as He allowed him to tempt St. Paul and Job, and indeed all His chosen ones. He has chosen you, and He asks you to be patient while He works out His purpose in your soul. Look, therefore, on the temptations with which you are beset as so many chances by which you may resist, and so advance. Indeed we would not bid you to ask anything else from God but grace to overcome. With each temptation that comes there is a grace tenfold stronger, which is for your use. Use it, then, boldly for the honor of God and the good of your soul. And do not be discouraged if these temptations last as long as your life in this world. Do not get discouraged in the Christian life and be tempted to say, "I make no advance, because I am not free from temptation." But rather in the midst of your trials say with St. Paul, "I have fought the good fight; there is laid up for me a crown of just ice in heaven."—Sacred Heart Review.

THACKERAY ON THE CHURCH. William Makepeace Thackeray, the famous novelist, seems himself to have felt at times the heart hunger after communion with the world-wide Church which has led so many of his countrymen into her fold. This is how he expresses it in one of his later works:

There must be moments, in Rome especially, when every man of friendly heart, who writes himself English and Protestant, must feel a pang at thinking that he and his countrymen are isolated from European Christendom. An ocean separates us. From one shore or the other one can see the neighboring cliffs on clear days: one must wish sometimes that there were no stormy gulf between us; and from Canterbury to Rome a pilgrim could pass, and not drown beyond Dover. Of the beautiful parts of the greater Mother Church I believe among us many people have no idea: we think of lazy triars, of pining cloistered virgins, of ignorant peasants worshipping wood and stones, bought and sold indulgences, absolutions, and the like commonplace of Protestant satire. Lo! yonder inscription, which blazes round the dome of the temple (St. Peter's), so great and glorious it looks like heaven almost, and as if the words were written in stars, it proclaims to all the world that this is Peter, and on this rock the Church shall be built, against which hell shall not prevail. Under the bronze canopy his

throne is lit with lights that have been burning before it for ages. Round this stupendous chamber are ranged the grandees of his court. Faith seems to be realized in their marble figures. Some of them were alive but yesterday: others to be as blessed as they, walk the world even now doubtless; and the commissioners of heaven, here holding their court a hundred years hence, shall authoritatively announce their beatification. The signs of their power shall not be wanting. They heal the sick, open the eyes of the blind, cause the lame to walk to-day as they did eighteen centuries ago. Are there not crowds ready to witness to their wonders? Is there not a tribunal appointed to try their claims; advocates to plead for and against; prelates and clergy and multitudes of faithful to believe them? Thus you will kiss the hand of a priest to-day, who has given his hand to the friar whose bones are already beginning to work miracles, who has been the disciple of another whom the Church has just proclaimed a saint—held in hand they hold by another till the line is lost up in heaven.

THE POPE'S REPLY. In the address which he recently made to members of the Roman nobility, who called upon him to pledge their fidelity anew to the Holy See, Leo XIII. answered, in his characteristically trenchant and thorough fashion, an accusation that American Catholics have at different times being called to meet. That accusation, plainly stated, alleges that they who render allegiance to the Pope cannot be trusted to prove loyal to their country.

In repelling such an absurd accusation the Sovereign Pontiff asked what profit there could be in this false charge, which does not make for concord of minds, but, on the contrary, for dissension; which far from promoting the public good, shakes the State's solidest foundation, to wit, religion, and which profits no cause but the selfishness of sectarianism. Italy is not by any means the only land which has learned by bitter experience the truth and force of these Papal statements. Russia, not many years ago, waged war upon its Catholic subjects, charging them with disloyalty to the Empire, and the result was that anarchy grew apace and paused not until it assassinated the Czar. Germany was only too glad to recede from the position of hostility to the Church in which Bismarck and Falk placed her in the early seventies; and during our own A. P. A. experience more than one clear sighted Protestant did not hesitate to point out to those of his countrymen who were giving aid and encouragement to the proscriptionists, that they were pursuing a course which threatened society, the state, our liberties, and our cherished institutions with the greatest injury, if not with destruction.

Leo XIII. puts the matter pointedly and plainly when he says that whenever Catholics in any country are charged with civic disloyalty because of their fidelity to their religion and the Holy See, the only ones who profit by such truthless accusations are selfish sectaries and the enemies of Jesus Christ.

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When subscribers change their residence it is important that the old as well as the new address be sent us.

London, Saturday, March 12, 1898

THE OLD ENEMY AT WORK.

A story was sent recently from Rome by Reuter's telegraph to the following effect:

It is estimated that the value of the presents received by the Pope on the occasion of the sixtieth anniversary of his first Mass amounted to \$200,000. Among the more valuable gifts were a check from the Duke of Norfolk for \$25,000, a diamond cross from the Spanish Bishops and \$100,000 from the German Bishops, while a diamond cross from the Catholics of the United States is valued at \$25,000.

Tals has been officially denied by the Osservatore Romano, which states that it is an absolutely false and malicious fabrication. Being false, the originator of the story could not have known it to be true, and it was therefore maliciously invented to make it appear that the Pope is receiving large sums of money from all parts of the world, whereas his receipts are actually small in comparison with the large expenses which are necessary for the administration of Church affairs throughout the world.

HERESY AGAIN.

The Union (Presbyterian) Theological college of New York, so famous for the heresy trial of its Biblical exegesis Professor, Dr. Briggs, has produced a new heretic in another professor, the Rev. Dr. McGiffert, who declares that the Lord's supper is not a sacrament, but that it was merely a social meal, unpremeditated, and without anything in the nature of an abstruse and subtle doctrine. All the circumstances of the case give a contradiction to Mr. McGiffert's teaching. In the sixth chapter of St. John's gospel Christ promised to give His flesh and blood to bring us to eternal life. At His last supper He fulfils the promise, and commands that the mystery be perpetuated as a remembrance of His death, and from St. Paul's first epistle to the Corinthians (chap. xii) we learn that it was so perpetuated, and that Christians are bound therein to "discern the body of the Lord." Surely, then, the whole Christian Church for nineteen centuries has not been in error in receiving the institution of the Eucharist as a solemn mystery of religion, having sacramental efficacy. It remains to be seen whether there will be a heresy trial held over this new doctrine.

THE FUNERAL OF ARCH-BISHOP CLEARY.

As we announced in last week's issue of the CATHOLIC RECORD, the funeral of the Most Rev. James Vincent Cleary, Archbishop of Kingston, took place on March 1, in that city.

The Pontifical High Mass for the repose of the soul of the late Archbishop was sung by the Right Rev. R. O'Connor, Bishop of Peterborough, and an eloquent and touching sermon was preached by the Right Rev. Bishop McQuade of Rochester. The priests and the people present were much affected, and exhibited every mark of affection for the deceased prelate, and sorrow for his departure from amongst them. They all felt that they were deprived of a good father and a great defender of our faith. It is the universal judgment of the clergy that they have lost a superior who was as just and charitable in his judgments and dealings with them, as he was an able administrator.

We insert in another column from the Globe a full account of the funeral ceremonies.

We pray earnestly that the deceased Archbishop may rest in peace.

A CASE OF BIGOTRY.

Notwithstanding the fact that the United States Constitution was intended to put all religions on an equality before the law, the Congressional Committee on Military Affairs has rejected a Bill authorizing religious denominations to erect buildings for divine worship on national military reservations. The purpose of this is to prevent Catholics from having a

chapel at West Point, N. Y., where there are 500 Catholics, including 5 officers, 6 officers' families, 38 cadets, and two-thirds of the enlisted men. The Protestants have two chapels there—one for officers and their families, and the other for privates, servants, etc. The Protestants have, likewise, a chaplain paid by Government, and all the furnishing of their two chapels is supplied by the Government. Surely the Catholics might have been allowed to have a chapel also, which they proposed to erect at their own expense. It is evident the Military Committee of the House has yet to learn the true principles of religious equality.

GLOOMY MEN.

Bishop Sullivan of the Anglican Cathedral of Toronto in a Lenten sermon preached a few days ago, pointed out that gloom is one of the most palpable characteristics of unbelief. He said, according to the short report given in the Toronto Mail and Empire:

"An unbeliever boasts of freedom of thought; he rejects Church creeds and dogmas, and declares that he can seek truth untrammelled by any tenets. For intellectual tastes there is much fascination in the search for truth. 'Man, however, is not more intelligent. He has a heart which cries for nourishment. Take his faith away from him and he is unable to do anything of the great questions of setting life. The most that the unbeliever's philosophy can do is to train him to mental indifference. He looks for truth, and makes no guesses. Unbelievers have frequently confessed to the dissatisfaction arising from their tenets. Professor Tyndal declared that unbelief furnished no solution of the mystery of life. Coleridge and Carlyle, who drifted away from their simple faith, lived a midst gloom."

This is much to the point. It is the comfort which St. Paul offers to the Christians of Thessalonica that their brethren who are asleep in death will rise again in glory: "And we will not have you ignorant, brethren, concerning them that are asleep, that you be not sorrowful, even as others who have no hope. For if we believe that Jesus died and rose again: even so them who have slept through Jesus will God bring with Him." For the unbeliever in a future life there is no such hope as this. There is only the gloomy prospect and expectation of annihilation.

ARE THEY CATHOLICS?

The mythical meaning given by modern sectaries to the characteristic title of Catholic given to the Church of Christ in the Apostles' and Nicene creeds, has had some queer results. It is an undeniable fact that notwithstanding all efforts of sects to claim the title, it has remained the distinctive name of the one Church which has existed without change throughout all the ages since it was originally instituted by Christ Himself.

The attempts to steal the name Catholic from the one Church to which it belongs, usually take some such form as one of these. Sometimes when a Catholic has been asked concerning his religion, and has answered "I am a Catholic," he will be told: "Oh we are all Catholics; perhaps you mean that you are a Roman Catholic." Or, as we have sometimes heard it said, especially by Anglicans, "We are Catholics: you are Roman Catholics."

These and similar assertions are absurd. The word Catholic, meaning universal, implies the threefold universality which Christ promised to His Church—universality of time, place, and doctrine. The Church must exist for all time, must be spread throughout all nations, and must teach unwaveringly and without change all Christ's doctrine. There is, and there can be, only one Church possessing these qualifications, and that one is the Catholic Church, presided over by the successor of St. Peter.

It is, therefore, with some amusement that our readers will learn that a section of the so-called "faith healers" of Chicago, under the leadership of the Rev. John Alexander Dowie, have organized themselves into a Church to which they have given the high sounding name of "the Christian Catholic Church," as if there were no Christians or Catholics in the world until this sect was organized a few days ago. It appears that this new claimant to be the only universal Church has about fifteen hundred members, including seven ministers of the denomination. It would thus appear to be a very easy matter to construct a Catholic or Universal Church at the will of a few fanatics or mountebanks. But why should these sectaries be so anxious to take the name Catholic? If the reason is because that name is given to the Church of Christ in the Apostles' and Nicene creeds, is it not evident that the Catholic Church in which we profess our belief should be always in existence, instead of suddenly emerging out of nothingness on or about the 1st of January 1898?

It would be more consistent for these

sectaries to reject both creeds entirely to do so, or to pervert them as they are doing.

A STILL-BORN SCHISM.

Our American exchanges mention the total collapse of the attempt of a pretended "Old Catholic" Archbishop to establish a schismatical Polish Church in the United States under the name of the Old Catholic Church of America.

The pseudo-Archbishop Vilatte is a French Canadian, who before going to the States appears to have tried several different religions with the object in view to become a minister in one or other of them, but after several religious transformations he entered St. Viateur's College, Chicago, as a Brother on trial. He next fell in with the notorious ex-priest Chiniquy, and became a Presbyterian minister and preached for a time in Green Bay. There he became an Episcopalian and received some sort of ordination from Bishop Brown of the Protestant Episcopal church of Fond du Lac, after which a charge was given to him to preach among some Belgians in that diocese.

He was not content with Bishop Brown's orders, but went to Switzerland, where he asserts he obtained priest's orders from the "Old Catholic" Bishop Herzog. Returning to America, he again attempted to obtain employment in the Protestant Episcopal Church, but Bishop Gratton, who succeeded Bishop Brown, of Fond du Lac, would not come to terms satisfactory to the applicant, and the latter, after trying to find an appointment under a Schismatical Greek Bishop in San Francisco, went to Asia, where he claims to have been made a Bishop by the Nestorian patriarch of Malabar, and later he is said to have been made an Archbishop by the Schismatical patriarch of Antioch.

Some few years ago Vilatte returned to America claiming to be authorized to establish the "Old Catholic" Church on this continent, himself being its Primate. He actually blessed a church which had been built in Detroit as a Polish Catholic church, but which, owing to trouble between the pastor and the Bishop of Detroit, was then for a time in a state of schism.

It has since become known that the pretence that Vilatte had been made a Bishop by the Nestorian Metropolitan of Malabar was a falsehood, as a sufficient price was not offered to the Malabar Primate. Nevertheless Vilatte has been operating under the title of Archbishop, and in this character he built a church at Green Bay which he called his cathedral. He had also a Church at Duval, in Keweenaw county, in which he officiated. His cathedral has now been sold for \$1,025 under a mortgage. It was purchased by the Catholics, and was blessed as a Catholic church last week. The "Old Catholic" congregation at Duval has also deserted the pseudo-Archbishop, and he is now without a flock, the whole attempt at constituting a schismatical Church having collapsed.

THE PROVINCIAL ELECTIONS.

The elections of members for the Ontario Legislature took place on Tuesday, March 1, as already announced. When the results are so evenly balanced, it is often difficult to say where the victory rests, as there are usually a few of those elected who do not announce clearly which party they will support, and this is the case at present. There are, besides, one or two constituents with a scattered population, so that the present estimate must be based upon somewhat incomplete returns. From the returns now in it would appear that Mr. Hardy's Government is sustained by a majority of four. As there are a few seats in which the majorities are small, a recount may change this result, and as there will probably be a considerable number of protests entered, the result may be further changed by the courts.

Among the members elected there are eight Catholics. On the Conservative side, Messrs J. J. Foy, S. Toronto; T. A. Wardell, N. Wentworth; O. R. McDonald, Glengarry; J. McLaughlin, Stormont. On the Liberal side, Hon. W. Hart, Kingston; A. Evan-turel, Prescott; Jas. Connee, W. Algoma; J. Loughrin, Nipissing. The election returns are not in from Russell as we go to press, but both candidates are Catholics in this case, O. Guibord, Liberal, and H. Robillard, Conservative. Of the other members 34 are Methodists, 20 Anglicans, 22 Presbyterians, 8 Baptists, and 6 of other denominations.

It is somewhat amusing to find the Evening News of Toronto accusing the Globe of having raised a religious issue in the effort to defeat Mr. J. J. Foy. We must give the Globe the credit due

to it by saying that the accusation is unjust. On the other hand, it cannot be forgotten that four years ago the News was full of the religious issue, the theme being the abolition or at least the crippling of the Catholic Separate school system of Ontario.

During the recent contest religious issues were kept well out of the arena of discussion, and the result was a contest without the bitterness which marked the three previous general elections. The single exception to this was in the elections for the County of Lambton. Mr. N. Clarke Wallace went to Sarnia in the hope of influencing the result there, by an appeal to old prejudices, but the two candidates for whom he spoke were defeated by majorities of 48 and 300 in the East and West ridings respectively. Messrs. P. D. McCallum and A. T. Gard, defeated candidates, were elected four years ago as P. P. A. candidates, with majorities of 184 and 88 respectively. On this occasion they raised the combined standard of Conservatism and P. P. A. As they were the only P. P. A. standard bearers in the last Legislature, their defeat now may be regarded as the last nail in the coffin of the dark-lantern organization.

WHAT ARE EVANGELICAL CHURCHES AND DOCTRINES.

It has grown to be a custom with many Protestants to speak of some of the sects as the Evangelicals and of their Churches as "the Evangelical Churches."

The expression thus applied is evidently as much a misnomer as it is also to call certain sects exclusively by the names they arrogate to themselves, as Disciples, Disciples of Christ, Christians, and the like, as if each of them alone, having sprung up within but a few years during the present century, were the one true Church of Christ which must date back nearly nineteen centuries.

It is a matter of surprise that people generally have practically conceded these absurd claims, rather as a matter of courtesy, owing chiefly to the persistence of the claimants in taking to themselves these names, to which all Christians consider themselves as much entitled as those who have ostentatiously assumed them. It is, however, well understood by the public, especially when outsiders to these sects use these designations, that it is done under an implied protest that the sects so designated cannot reasonably claim to be in reality and exclusively what they are called.

The word Evangelical as applied to a church denotes that its teachings are in accord with the Gospel of Christ, and it is evidently improperly applied to any agglomeration of churches which teach contradictory doctrines. Yet this is just how it is commonly used when the Evangelical Churches are now spoken of. Christ does not and cannot contradict Himself.

When the word is used in reference to a number of churches it is difficult to define exactly how it is to be applied. But there seems to be an understanding among those Protestant denominations which are furthest from the Catholic Church to call themselves by this name, provided they teach the principal mysteries of religion, the Unity and Trinity of God, the divinity of Christ, His Incarnation, death, and resurrection. By this means those sects which usurp the title exclude the Unitarians, Universalists, and other Free-thinking associations which profess more or less of Christianity. On the other hand, they will not include the Church of England as a whole under this designation, though Low Churchmen, as a party within that Church, are commonly called the Evangelical party. To High Churchmen or Ritualists, however, the name is denied.

From this it may be seen that the use commonly made of this designation is a mere usurpation. But we are somewhat surprised at a new use of the term in a recent issue of the Presbyterian Review of Toronto. In its Book Review column, while treating of a new work entitled "The Significance of the Westminster Standard as a Creed," that journal says:

"It is written in good style, and vindicates the evangelical character of the Standards as opposed to Sacramentalism on the one hand, and Arminianism on the other."

This use of the word evangelical, whereby all the anti-predestinarian or Arminian-inclined sects are excluded from the catalogue of Evangelicals, and Presbyterians or Calvinists alone included, will, assuredly, be regarded by the Methodists, Free-Will Baptists and similar denominations as a piece of unpardonable arrogance—

all the more unpardonable, as it is now admitted that the majority of Presbyterians themselves are heartily sick of the predestination and eternal reprobation doctrines which distinguish Calvinism from Arminianism. We are familiar with the statement which has been frequently made by Presbyterian journals during the last few years to the effect that it is not obligatory on members of that Church now to believe these exploded doctrines. Why, then, should they exclude from the Evangelical fold those sects which do not accept them?

THE ANTI-SEMITIC AGITATION IN FRANCE.

The trial of Emile Zola for slandering members of the French government and the military officials who presided as judges at the courts martial which were held over Captain Dreyfus and Major Esterhazy for alleged treason in betraying military secrets to a foreign power, has been made by enemies of the Church the occasion for calumniating it. The evil-tongued persons who have promulgated these calumnies have not hesitated to say even that the Holy Father Pope Leo XIII. exerted his influence to create the anti-Semitic sentiment which has appeared in several European countries, especially in Austria, Germany and France.

The London Saturday Review has been specially forward in representing that Catholics as particularly apt to indulge in attacks upon the Jewish people, and that the Protestant Churches are quite free from this form of bigotry. Dr. Max Nordau has also brought the accusation against Pope Leo that he has been the moving cause of the whole anti-Jewish agitation.

Nothing could be more absurd and false than these statements. It cannot be denied that France is just now greatly agitated against the Jews, but it must be remembered that there are other influences powerful with the French people besides that of religion, and it is rather to the un-Catholic and worldly influences that the present agitation is to be attributed.

There have been frequent betrayals of military secrets to foreign governments in all countries, and strict military discipline requires that such betrayals be severely punished when the perpetrators are discovered, and in proportion to the importance of the secrets thus made known to an actual or possible enemy, the countrymen of the traitor are very apt to be worked up to a high pitch of indignation. It was for this cause that Benedict Arnold's name has been and is to this day held in execration by Americans, and it is not an extraordinary circumstance that the people of France should be indignant against Captain Dreyfus who has been found guilty of the same crime by a properly organized court. The popular indignation has been further increased by the efforts which have been made to reverse the verdict against Dreyfus.

We do not desire to pronounce on the question of Dreyfus' guilt or innocence. On this point we have only to say that the presumption is against him, as he was found guilty by a court which examined the evidence carefully. We cannot readily believe that this court was prejudiced against the accused, or had any desire to convict him unjustly, and the French people evidently believe that the sentence was a just one. In their detestation of the treason their anger has been turned against those who have ostentatiously endeavored to set Dreyfus at liberty, and as it is known that a Jewish syndicate is working for his acquittal, their anger has, been, for the time being, turned against the Jews as a body. This is, of course, unjust and deplorable, but the fact is not to be attributed to the Catholicity of the people. On the contrary, the Parisians generally are known to be more influenced by anti-religious than by religious sentiments. The rule of the Commune in Paris in 1871 is sufficient to show this, and even the present government of France has shown more sympathy with Judaism and even Atheism than with the Catholic religion. It cannot be said, therefore, by any stretch of the imagination that the punishment of Dreyfus is the consequence of government ill-will toward the Jews, nor could that ill-will, if it existed, be attributed to Catholic leanings.

On the other hand, there has not been even as yet more hatred of the Jews manifested at Paris than was shown at Berlin under the leadership

of the Lutheran pastor Herr Stocker, when there was much less provocation than the French have had. We do not however attribute the anti-Jewish outbursts at Berlin to the Protestantism of the German capital, though they came mainly from Protestants: so neither should the outbursts at Paris be attributed to Catholicity, whereas we know that the whole influence of the Catholic Church has been employed to mitigate their violence.

We do not consider it incumbent on us to defend the manner in which the French Government has conducted the Zola trial. But in speaking of this it should be remembered that Zola's counsel practically endeavored to make the trial of Zola a new trial for Dreyfus. The judge properly would not allow this to be done. Zola was not allowed to bring up evidence which belonged only to the trial of Dreyfus. Again it was not allowed to bring up matters which pertained to the secret service of France. To do this would have complicated the relations of France and Germany. Hence evidence which solely concerned the trial of Dreyfus was excluded. It does not appear that either the judge or the Government should be blamed for this.

In regard to Mr. Nordau's accusations against Pope Leo XIII, we must say that they are entirely without foundation. The Holy Father has taken some interest in the case of Captain Dreyfus, and has gone so far as to express unofficially the desire that his case should be duly re-enquired into, to give him the opportunity to prove his innocence. He could not do more than this, as the French Government as now constituted is not disposed to take the Pope's official interference amicably. But Leo has several times shown himself to be a true friend to the Jews when they were threatened with violence in Austria and Germany, and when they were actually suffering under persecution in Russia. In this Pope Leo has only repeated what his predecessors have been accustomed to do. They have many times protected the Jews in Rome against the anger of the populace, and have frequently prevented the Jewish quarter of the city from being sacked.

As far as Zola himself is concerned, we cannot help admiring the courage he has shown in standing up for the cause of Dreyfus in the face of an angry multitude, but we do not admire his general course on other matters: and even on the present occasion there is room for the suspicion that he is in a measure influenced by the desire for notoriety, that he may be well advertised for the future novels which it is his declared intention to publish.

AMERICAN JINGOISM.

We can easily understand the grief of the people of the United States at the loss of the man of war steam ship Maine which was blown up in Havana harbor, but it is unworthy of the people of a great nation to throw the blame of this disaster either upon the Spanish officials or the Spanish Government, without a particle of evidence showing that they had anything to do with the matter. There are, nevertheless, jingoes who throw the blame of the disaster upon the Spaniards, taking it for granted that the Spaniards desire to avenge themselves on the United States for the aid and countenance given to the Cuban insurgents by Americans, ever since the struggle for Cuban independence began.

It is barely among the possibilities that some Spanish fanatics, goaded to vengeance by the frequent demands made by a large party in the United States, that Cuban belligerency should be recognized by the American Government, concerted a plan for the destruction of the American warship, but so far is this supposition from even a probability, that there is not the least foundation for a suspicion of this kind. On the contrary, the United States authorities, and especially Secretary Long, have expressed their belief that the disaster was accidental, having been caused by some mishap on board the steamer itself.

The affair is at present being investigated by a special commission sent by the United States government for the purpose. If any discoveries of foul play have been made by the commission, they have not been made known, and it is most unjust to presume that such foul play occurred.

A ship-of-war is always exposed to accidents from explosives, and it is only by constant vigilance that they are avoided. In the case of the Maine, nearly all the officers had absented themselves for the purpose of attending a merry-making on board the Washington, and it is not at all un-

likely that on the ill-fated vessel vigilance was somewhat relaxed while inferior officers were in charge, and possibly among those who lost their lives in the explosion there may have been some who could have given an account of such relaxation of discipline, only that they do not survive to tell the tale.

Notwithstanding the fact that all the probabilities point the other way there are newspapers and politicians who are endeavoring to arouse a sensation of hostility to Spain by a session of the disaster. It counts for nothing with these stirrers up of strife that the Spanish Government has expressed condolence for the accident, and that the Spanish sailors at Havana risked their lives in rescuing the drowning men from the wreck, and that every manifestation of sympathy was shown by the Spanish population at Havana. All these facts are overlooked by the jingo party who wish war with Spain at any hazard. The fact is the jingo press want to stir their papers, and so they must have sensation, and stories are invented and retailed as truth to show that the explosion was caused by Spanish officials by means of torpedoes. The story-makers, however, are not agreed whether it was a torpedo which being in the harbor was purposely exploded by electricity, or that a torpedo boat was sent out to strike the Maine. This disagreement by itself is enough to show how unfounded these stories are, yet they are all eagerly devoured by all who wish for war at any price.

Captain Sigsbee publicly thanked the Bishop of Havana for the kindness the latter showed in having a funeral service of the most solemn character for the dead sailors, and declared that the personal courtesies shown to himself by the Bishop and clergy a people of Havana could not be surpassed. All this goes to show that the sympathy of the Spaniards was real, and it is scarcely reconcilable with supposition that they perpetrated a crime attributed to them by the jingoes. At all events, Americans should await the investigation which is now going on before assuming that Spain is guilty in this matter.

The most regrettable part of the jingo agitation is that even ministers of the gospel of peace are exciting their flocks from pulpits. The chaplain of the Illinois Legislature in his opening prayer the senseless hardihood to ask mighty God, amid applause, that barbarous, bloodthirsty nation, meaning Spain, "shall be wiped from map of the world." Another minister the Rev. Thomas Dixon, of New York, abused the recent Spanish Minister Lome as a colossal and masterful and a cunning hypocrite, and roused his audience to cry out in their chorus "Let us get at the Spaniards. There be war," etc.

As war with Spain would necessarily take place by sea, and not by land, might very easily happen that the goes who are so anxious to have it gun may come off only second best, they would probably escape, for jingoes would be the very men who would remain beyond the sphere of danger.

SCANDALS AT YALE AND OTHER AMERICAN COLLEGES.

For those Catholics who imagine their sons will enjoy greater educational and social advantages at testant colleges and universities in Catholic institutions, the revelation made about a month ago in the York Voice, in regard to the doings of the students of Yale College, Haven, will be somewhat astounding. There are at Yale, according to authority, somewhat over two thousand five hundred students, and this number about eight hundred members of various social clubs and secret societies.

The social clubs are admirably organized for the purpose of amusement, and the form which this amusement takes is of the most demoralizing character, as it consists of drinks and banquets in which tipsy is carried on without restraint, from the professors, who condescend in order to make themselves the institution popular with students. The secret societies, ever may have been their objects first started, have now become more numerous than clubs wherein of drunkenness are carried on in the other college clubs, the principal of which have regular licenses. The Voice declares

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likely that on the ill-fated vessel vigilance was somewhat relaxed while inferior officers were in charge, and possibly among those who lost their lives in the explosion there may have been some who could have given an account of such relaxation of discipline, only that they do not survive to tell the tale.

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For those Catholics who imagine that their sons will enjoy greater educational and social advantages at Protestant colleges and universities than in Catholic institutions, the revelations made about a month ago in the New York Voice, in regard to the doings of the students of Yale College, New Haven, will be somewhat astounding.

There are at Yale, according to this authority, somewhat over two thousand five hundred students, and of this number about eight hundred are members of various social clubs and secret societies.

The social clubs are admittedly organized for the purpose of amusement, and the form which this amusement takes is of the most demoralizing character, as it consists of drinking-bouts and banquets in which tippling is carried on without restraint, even from the professors, who connive at them in order to make themselves and the institution popular with the students. The secret societies, whatever may have been their objects when first started, have now become nothing more nor less than clubs wherein orgies of drunkenness are carried on just as in the other college clubs, the two principal of which have regular saloon licenses. The Voice declares that "the college periodicals are well sprinkled with advertisements of rumshops and the pictured performances of drunken students

and standard jokes of the 'funny' periodicals. Victories in college athletics are universally celebrated at Yale in drunken orgies very similar to the debauch following the Yale Princeton football game described in the Voice a few weeks ago."

It is stated besides that there are sixty-six rum saloons within two blocks of the college green which subsist by the patronage of the students, and that wine, beer, and punch suppers are regular features of college life.

Tippling is said to be even not the worst evil which results from the way in which matters are carried on, but it is notorious that there are numerous more flagrant offences against order and decency in which Yale students are wont to figure prominently.

Excesses such as we have described are frequent in other institutions besides Yale, but they are probably carried on with more impunity in this institution, and with less fear of retribution. Thus forty-one students of Stanford University at San Francisco, California, were recently dismissed for drinking and carousing and for disorderly conduct at a parade on the city streets on Thanksgiving Day.

Surely Catholic parents at least should have more at heart the welfare of their sons than to permit them to go to non-religious or sectarian institutions where Catholic religious influences are unknown. There is not a Catholic college on the American continent wherein there have ever been such scandals enacted as those the existence of which has been deplored as having taken place at Yale and some other colleges which might be named. Social advantages, forsooth! The rising generation would be better without the social advantages which these institutions are supposed to offer, than to lose their faith and morality through the temptations to which they are necessarily exposed in institutions thus conducted.

CHRISTIAN REUNION.

The Rev. Dr. McArthur, of New York has had his say recently in Montreal on the much talked of subject of Christian reunion. It is remarkable that while he strongly urges the necessity of reunion he just as resolutely maintains that, except the Baptists, all the sects which propose to enter into the union teach humanly invented doctrines instead of those which were revealed by Christ.

Of all the confessions of Faith which have been issued by the various Protestant sects since the Reformation, he speaks disparagingly. He would reject equally the Lutheran and Calvinistic confessions, and the thirty-nine Articles of the Church of England.

Of the Westminster, which he calls also "the Puritan Confession," he says: "In 1643 the Westminster Assembly voted by a majority of 1 against giving the choice as between immersion and sprinkling as baptism, and in the year following Parliament sanctioned their decision, and decreed that sprinkling should be the legal mode of baptism. It was interesting that it was a human Parliament, and not the divine word, which was the ultimate authority regarding baptism. The Westminster Confession was a document remarkable for its rhetorical skill, for its scholarly breadth, for its Christian devotion. But these great creeds do not conserve doctrines."

This piece of history is highly interesting, in view of the fact that the most zealous of the Protestants sects in attacking the Baptist mode of administering that sacrament are the Presbyterians. Sunday after Sunday sermons are preached in the Presbyterian churches to prove that the Apostolic mode of baptizing is by sprinkling or effusion, and not by immersion, and some books have been written even by Canadian Presbyterian divines to establish the same thing. But these teachings of history show that were it not for the accidental majority of 1 in the Assembly, and the subsequent Acts of Parliament, whereby sprinkling was declared to be the Apostolic usage, the Presbyterians would be today as strongly in favor of immersion as they are now opponents of that practice, and no doubt they would then have asserted as positively that it is the only mode of baptism authorized in Scripture, as they now maintain the contrary doctrine.

But notwithstanding Dr. McArthur's desire for Christian reunion, he insists that the proposed united Church, to be composed of all existing Protestant churches, and even possibly including the Catholics and the Greek schismatics, shall adopt the Baptist practice of rejecting infant baptism and of immersing adults, under pain of being excluded from the union. The Baptists, having alone discovered recently the true scriptural meaning of the word baptism, must predominate in the New Christian Church which is to be organized, and all other denominations, even though they be

more numerous and more ancient, and even though they follow the belief of all ages, must give up their traditions to embrace the new fangled Baptist practices.

With the Church of England, the Rev. Dr. deals in very cavalier like style. It must also accept the Baptist practices as the price of reunion. He says:

"The Lambeth conference had made use of the term 'historic episcopate' in discussing the question of Church unity. It was proposed that the historic episcopate may be locally adapted in the methods of its administration to the varied needs of the nations and peoples called of God unto the unity of His Church. When one analyzed the remarks made regarding the historic episcopate, he inevitably found an implication of the so-called apostolic succession. So long as this implication is present, a great majority of Christians will refuse to endorse the historic episcopate. In the very nature of the case, the apostles could have no successors. It is not possible that the great majority of believers could accept the historic episcopate, as the term was originally understood, as a basis of unity in the Church of Jesus Christ."

Surely the doctor is drawing a very long bow here when he claims that a "great majority" of Christians are opposed to the conception of a historic episcopate. It is true that the great majority would reject the claim of the Church of England to possess a historic episcopate which goes back to the Apostolic age. The episcopate of the Church of England is historic only as having been instituted three centuries ago by Act of Parliament, but there is a historic episcopate which goes back to the Apostolic times, and it is found in the Catholic Church. A majority of Christians does not repudiate this Episcopate. It is accepted by the whole Catholic Church, which alone greatly outnumber all the sects together: and of the remaining bodies of Christians, the Oriental churches, which number about one half, also admit this Episcopate. Add to these the Church of England, and some minor sects of Europe, who claim apostolic succession through the Catholic, and we have the vast majority of Christians, not only to-day, but during past ages, admitting the historic and Apostolic Episcopate of the Catholic Church.

There is, however, one thing clear from Dr. McArthur's lecture, that the Protestant sects are far from being so ready for the reunion of Protestant Christendom into one Church, as we might have supposed to be the case if we judged merely from the utterances of a few enthusiastic clergymen of the various denominations who have told us from time to time that union is in the air, and that it must be brought about soon.

In regard to Dr. MacArthur's statement that the Apostles could not, from the very nature of the case, have successors, we must remark that he is greatly at variance with the teaching of all ecclesiastical writers from the very beginning of the Church's history. St. Irenaeus in the second century not only gives a list of the successors of St. Peter in the See of Rome, but he speaks of the succession of Bishops in other Sees, and other early Christian writers do similarly.

A Reward Too Long Deferred.

From the Pittsburg Catholic. We are under grateful obligation to the party who wrote us, saying that "Heaven will reward you for your good work." This is very soothing, but a reference to the subscription book shows us that "a friend" is considerably back on the list. Just at this writing we would prefer a reward right here below, either in silver or in gold, and paid up to date. This would be more to the point than pay in good wishes.

SHAKESPEARE'S TOPERS.

The works of Shakespeare have been studied more closely and critically than those of any other author, and from them have been evolved all kinds of philosophy and morality. It, however, has been left to Mr. John V. Postgate, a journalist and author, to discover that Shakespeare was a great temperance teacher, says The Banner of Gold. He has made an exhaustive investigation, and the result has been a lecture entitled, "The Toppers and Tipplers of Shakespeare." Mr. Postgate has gathered together every allusion to liquor and its use and proves conclusively that Shakespeare was well aware of the danger of drinking. Mr. Postgate concludes his lecture as follows:—"Sentiments like these are worth a million jingling verses in praise of rosy wine or nut brown ale. They are founded on wisdom and philosophy. They form part of the key-stone of eternal truth. They need not the aid of tinkling rhyme to impress them on the heart and mind. The Bacchanalian lites of Byron, Moore or Burns may stir the pulse of the world's toppers and tipplers, but the grand diapason of Shakespeare's mighty temperance chorus sinks deep into the soul, arousing the purest and noblest feelings and carrying peace and joy and gladness into countless Christian homes. "In an age of general debauchery he alone depicted the miseries and pitfalls which beset the topper and tippler. When water was slung as a beverage, he alone sang its merits and praised its virtues. He was the pioneer temperance reformer. Centuries before drunkenness began to be exploited as a disease, Shakespeare described its physical

and mental ravages with graphic hand. Almost every reference he makes to the drinking customs of his time is in the line of censure and warning. In that famous toast at the banquet of Timon of Athens is compressed volumes of wisdom and counsel. Here is that which is too weak to be shown as honest water, which ne'er left man the mire!"—Sacred Heart Review.

A CHURCH UNKNOWN TO THEM.

How little even educated Protestants know of the Catholic Church, is shown in the following instance. Here for instance, is the Rev. Dr. Patton, President of Princeton University, who in an address to the Presbytery of New Brunswick, N. J., the other day, made this absurd statement: "It may be that some future Pope will declare against his own infallibility, and that the council erred in proclaiming such a doctrine." Why, the dogmas of the Catholic Church, once defined, are more unchangeable than the laws of the Medes and Persians. Never has an article of faith been altered, never has a part been taken out, and never has a part been added. It is God's truth. To vary from the known truth, would not be to falsify, heresy, and sin against the Holy Ghost? The infallibility of the Pope is a part of the Catholic creed forever. It was a part of the creed from the beginning, and will remain so until the Vatican Council, and it will always be a part of it. A future Pope would as soon strike out the doctrine of the divinity of Jesus Christ as to deny the infallibility of the Pope. Dr. Patton could entertain such an erroneous idea concerning the Catholic Church, what can be expected from the mob of ignorant Protestants?—Catholic Columbian.

MEMORARE FOR MARCH.

Some of our readers have requested us to publish the "Memorare for March." We gladly insert it here, and whilst doing so feel certain that during the month of March it will be read by thousands of lips, and bring down upon those who say it a multitude of blessings through the hands of our holy Patron and Protector. Here is the prayer: "What consolation I feel, O my amiable and powerful protector, to hear thy servant, St. Teresa assure us that no one has ever invoked thee in vain, and that all those who have true devotion to thee, and invoke thy assistance with confidence, have always been answered. Animated by similar confidence, I have recourse to thee, O worthy spouse of the Virgin of virgins; I take refuge at thy feet, and though I am a sinner, I present myself before thee. Recollect me in thy prayers, O thou who hast borne the glorious name of father of Jesus; but listen favorably to them, and deign to intercede for us with Him who vouchsafed to be called thy Son, and who has always honored thee as His father. Amen."—Carmelite Review.

SAVONAROLA.

It is to be hoped that the career of Savonarola will be better understood among non-Catholics as the result of the commemoration this year of the fourth centenary of his martyrdom. The committee of arrangements includes several Cardinals and Bishops. It is no new experience to find saints and prelates especially to the Florentine reformer, but appreciation of his work is greater now than ever before. It is generally felt that Savonarola was the best Catholic of his time, though the secularists have not been backward in claiming him as a forerunner of his martyrdom. "How," asks an Italian writer, "could saints have shown such deep veneration for a friar if he had been guilty of disobedience toward the Church? How could it have been allowed at the time that his name should be painted among the theologians in the renowned fresco of Raphael in the Vatican, and how could later Popes have allowed his name to remain there? The anti-clerical party attempted to induce Carducci, the author of a 'Hymn to Lucifer,' to deliver an oration on the occasion, hoping to turn it into an anti-Catholic demonstration; but Carducci refused, that the life and death of Savonarola could be treated only by a consistent Catholic.—Ave Maria.

THE HOLY SEASON.

The Church of God, in her scheme for the sanctification of souls, builds upon nature. Nature is not to be destroyed, but to be redeemed. Redemption, however, is only possible through prayer. The life and death of Christ on the cross. Penance and mortification are absolutely necessary for the birth and growth of virtue. The season of Lent is pre-eminently a season of holiness, and especially of prayer. The sacraments are all employed to redeem our weak fallen nature. At no time was a firm belief in the necessity of mortification more necessary than at present. Every individual is urged to pray. Prayer is encouraged in the child, becomes the habit of youth, the ruin of the adult, and the shame of old age. It is the cause of the frightful law of the Holy Spirit, which is the cause of modern society. It is the cause of more misery and wretchedness than the abnormal growth of monopolies and bought legislatures. There is but one possible remedy to it, that cannot be found in nature. Self-control, as a natural virtue, is never complete, even in the noblest of men. It requires a supernatural help to make us ardent followers of the Cross. Every day to grace. One who prays is more ready to fast, than one who does not. Hence we find that the most prayerful souls are the most mortified. Religious orders, which are especially dedicated to prayer, are the ones whose rules are most austere.—Carmelite Review.

QUITE A DIFFERENCE.

A correspondent of the New York Sun, pointing out the difference between a community which the drunk traffic is repressed by law, backed by a strong public sentiment, and one within which the same traffic is a deposit. It has a public library of 6,000 volumes, splendidly housed, as is its public reading room. It has a paid fire department, concrete sidewalks and sidewalks, two large covered walks, and a kindergarten. It has a liquor selling, they are smarter than the wealthy and public spirited citizens who are so known and determined in their support of the prohibitory law that nobody dares run the risk of an attempted violation. This village has its High School in one of the finest buildings in the country; its intermediate school is another elegant edifice; its primary school and kindergarten beautifully housed. It picks up in a carriage the small children and conveys them to and from school at the public expense. The writer then describes the New York village with its twenty odd saloons, and states that it has no public library or reading room, no paid fire department, no concrete streets or sidewalks, and only one school building.—Sacred Heart Review.

THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

A Presbyterian preacher up in Watertown by the name of Dulles, in a letter to Father Burns, gets off the following evidence of his brilliant theological scholarship:—"That Jesus is 'incomparably superior' to the Virgin Mary is neither the faith nor the practice of the Roman Church. In the very words of the proclamation of her immaculateness she is called the *Dei par a Virgo*, the God equal Virgin." Of course, Father Burns must despair of

doing anything with an opponent who can wield the Latin in that shape. But serious thought is given to the above quotation should bring Dulles to the attention of his ecclesiastical superiors. The question is, can they prevent him from exhibiting his before the public as a representative of Presbyterian scholarship?

"*Dei par a Virgo*," the God-equal Virgin. And the man who got off this nugget of Latin to impress his hearers in N. Y., U. S. A., is a Presbyterian minister, and an alleged teacher in Israel! Had the theological luminary of Watertown been conversant with the controversy between Nestorius of Constantinople and Cyril of Alexandria on the person of Christ, and with the action of the councils of Ephesus and Constantinople, he would have understood the purpose and profound meaning of the term "*Theotokos*," the God bearer or Mother of God—of which "*Deipara*" is the Latin equivalent. He would have known that the term was adopted and used as an expression of the profession of Catholic faith on the union of the divine and human natures in the one person of Christ, the God man. Knowing this, he would have known that the words "*Deipara* 1 Virgo," in the decree of the Immaculate Conception, meant the "Virgin Mother of God," and not the "God equal Virgin" as he very ignorantly translates it. The real labor of a Catholic polemic is not to show the error of Father Burns, but to give Rev. Dulles a course of instruction in the Catholic catechism. It would not require more than a couple of years—that is, several centuries of our present time to present to the ignorant Protestant a more gently and not malign.—Freeman's Journal.

IRISH VIRTUE AND HONESTY.

E. J. Lloyd, who was recently appointed County Magistrate at Cahirciveen County Kerry, has found at least one of the so-called "disturbed districts" free from the vices which too many brutal Britons among the governing classes unfortunately lay at the door of the suffering people of Ireland. He says: "I should like to congratulate the public and the police of this district on the fact that after four months of constant attendance as resident magistrate in this territory, Ireland, comprising an area of 1,000 square miles, I have never yet had before me a single complaint of theft and not one case of criminal assault on women or children. It is above all things a most gratifying fact that I have never seen a case in which the magistrate is to be earnestly commended, but his candor and firmness is deserving of even more praise, when he goes on to remark that he has seen cases to which he refers as terribly common in England. He emphasized, too, the fact that he was an Englishman, who had lived all his life in England and had only recently returned to Ireland. In conclusion he remarks: "I think it speaks volumes for the people of southwestern Kerry that they should be so strictly upright and honest, considering their great poverty and that during this time they have been so patiently enduring." There is only one thing that he forgot to allude to in this connection, and that was the people were all Catholics, who, for the most part, are naturally the people of the Church, could not be other than strict observers of law, and patient endurers of the present hard conditions of their lives.—Sacred Heart Review.

THE LATE FRANCES WILLARD.

Prayers were offered last week in the Church of the Immaculate Conception, Minneapolis, for the repose of the soul of Miss Frances E. Willard, and an exquisitely touching address deploring her demise was delivered by the Rev. Father Keane, the pastor. Here is a fact which furnishes a practical answer to the question often propounded, concerning Catholic belief regarding salvation outside the Church. "Other sheep I have who are not of this fold," we find our Blessed Mother pointing out, and yet good though unable to accept the living invitation of the Church to become incorporated with her in deed as well as in spirit. Miss Willard's life was truly noble, both by her own example. She was a most indefatigable worker in the noble cause of the moral elevation of humanity, and her charity recognized no lines of denominational difference. She was a kindly and liberal minded and had a deep love for the good she saw in the Catholic Church, and she was beloved by those Catholic co-workers with whom she so frequently brought into play her sympathetic influence. It is unusual to find a person of such high character and noble life, who is not a member of the Church in life, we can scarcely wonder at the depth of feeling which called the aspiration forth in the case of a noble woman like Miss Willard, for charity is charity's begueter, and our human sympathies will not be satisfied with a mere earthly outlet.—Philadelphia Catholic Standard and Times.

SOCIETIES.

A marked feature of our times is the increase in the number of societies. We have in our midst associations of every kind, good and bad and indifferent, and we meet few men, nowadays, who do not belong to one or more of these organizations. Even women have caught the list of societies for women, and are enlarging the membership of those already in existence. Catholics, indeed, when women formed branches of the men's associations, and contented themselves with their share of the benefits, leaving the direction of the society's business to the men who were, mostly, their own fathers, or other relatives. Their "new departure" in this respect is but another evidence of the prevailing spirit of independence which is rapidly permeating all the various phases of society, whether the ultimate good or ill of society, remaining to be seen.

There is one suggestion, however, which comes to the mind in reference to these new organizations. They show a tendency of the times, and it behooves all who have the good of their fellow men at heart, to adapt themselves, so far as they can conscientiously, to new ideas, and to be foremost in the march, so to be able to influence their final formation and ensure the correct application of them. Christian men and women of ability and position would do well to acquaint themselves with the true character and aims of the various associations, and thus render themselves fit guides for intending members who have not the time or ability to investigate for themselves.

It has nearly come to this, indeed, that unless one belongs to some association, he will be looked upon as a dead man. It would seem, therefore, a duty incumbent on us all to seek some good association and become a faithful member of it. But we must make sure that it is a good one.—Catholic Review.

BEGGARS AND BEDESMEN.

The Church and the World take very different attitudes towards poverty, as, in fact, they do towards all things else. The World despises poverty, and seeks to keep it out of sight. The Church venerates it, and sees in it the image of the "self-emptying" of Christ. The world does not wish its eyes and nostrils to be offended by contact with industrial poverty, still less by the intrusion of importunate beggary. The Church of the poor greets the beggar with an embrace which is all the more tender the more repulsive he appears. To provide work for the unemployed, to teach industry to the idle and penurious to the slovenly, to expose fraud and cruelty—all these are good and useful works; but so-called "charity organizations" can never take the place of the personal relation

between the servant of God and the penitents and forsaken which was contemplated by our Divine Legislator when He said: "Give to him that asketh of thee" (St. Matt. v. 42).

The legal prohibition of mendicancy leaves the starving and shivering without recourse; and the world's scorn for the street beggar tends to augment the volume of crimes suffering and increase the number of acres motivated by despair.

Before the sixteenth-century Revolt it was customary for a person of wealth to leave part of his fortune to endow a bedesman, i. e., prayerhouse, which offered a home to a certain number of poor persons on the condition of praying for the benefactor's repose of his soul. If he could not afford this, he would establish a fund from which a certain amount should be given on condition that the "poor man" should pray for him in the choir at specified hours, in a certain church or chapel.

These persons were called bedesmen and bedeswomen, as were the inmates of bedehouses and, in general, all secular lay persons who bestowed their prayers in return for corporal aims.

The Christian ideal is to transform the beggar into the bedesman. He who receives life of having his prayers heard, the alms given for Christ's sake will have a reward as sure as the word of Him who is Truth itself. Catholics should try to acquire the habit of giving, in addition to small alms whenever a beggar is seen, the habit of praying for him at the same time begging a prayer in return. It would be well if a little Bedesman's Manual could be prepared, in a very small cheap form, containing the simple and common prayers, and other instructions and devotions especially adapted for the use of beggars. Then every well-to-do Catholic who felt so disposed would be able to carry several copies in his pocket, and to present to those who asked alms of him. Thus a spiritual alms would accompany the temporal, and a level be introduced among the beggars of our cities tending to transform them into bedesmen and bedeswomen like those of medieval Europe.

There is no doubt that the development of the proper Catholic spirit in almsgiving would contribute more to the salvation of our souls and to our material prosperity than almost anything else we could do. "He that watereth shall be watered also again." "Give and it shall be given to you." is our Blessed Lord's rule of the true measure and pressed down and shaken together and running over. (St. Luke vi, 38).—Church Progress.

CHARITY, NOT HATE.

The idea maliciously fostered by a certain class of bigoted preachers that Catholics are encouraged or even enjoined to hate those who differ from them in the rules of their worship is erroneous. One of the chief virtues inculcated by Catholic teaching is charity, and charity in its real meaning precludes the possibility of such hatred. If there are Catholics who hate those who do not believe in their charity and are disloyal to an essential obligation of faith, therefore they cannot be good Catholics. But we do not believe that many of our brethren are in such a category. There is no hypocrisy or double dealing in either the theory or practice of the Catholic religion. Its doctrines are plain, positive and unequivocal and must be accepted as such, or not at all. We are to follow their manifest intent, otherwise those who profess to adhere to the soul of the Church act vainly and without merit.

We do not despise our dissenting friends on account of their heresy, indeed where they are sincere in their belief or disbelief we are bound to respect their sincerity, we must hate and loathe the error which places them in error, but we do not hate the error itself. There is no question that thousands of non-Catholics are honest in their rejection of the tenets of Catholicity, yet it must be added that the majority of those outside of the Church are the ignorant, who are unable or ignorantly refuse to learn what their teachings really are. They cherish misconceptions of Catholic truth and cling to inherited or acquired prejudice, and are thus in such a condition as to be unable to receive the truth of the doctrine which distinguishes between the soul and the body of the Church and comforts with the hope of eternal bliss those who mourn for the sweet peace which has departed from their lives through good though unable to accept the living invitation of the Church to become incorporated with her in deed as well as in spirit. Miss Willard's life was truly noble, both by her own example. She was a most indefatigable worker in the noble cause of the moral elevation of humanity, and her charity recognized no lines of denominational difference. She was a kindly and liberal minded and had a deep love for the good she saw in the Catholic Church, and she was beloved by those Catholic co-workers with whom she so frequently brought into play her sympathetic influence. It is unusual to find a person of such high character and noble life, who is not a member of the Church in life, we can scarcely wonder at the depth of feeling which called the aspiration forth in the case of a noble woman like Miss Willard, for charity is charity's begueter, and our human sympathies will not be satisfied with a mere earthly outlet.—Philadelphia Catholic Standard and Times.

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CATHOLIC NEW WOMEN.

A contemporary asks why it is that some Catholic women lose their Faith when they gain riches. There are various reasons. When a woman of means and educational advantages gives up the Faith, her mind is not so much as almost invariably behind her apostasy. There are many Catholics of the humbler classes in her town or district, and the wish to rise leads her to dissociate herself as much as possible from them. She often declares that there is no Catholic society; she sends her children to secular, or sometimes to distinctly Protestant schools; she is proud to proclaim herself the only Catholic in the local "Woman's Club." She frets against the prohibition of Catholic attendance at non-Catholic religious services, "fables in theosophy, Christian science, etc.," by way of showing how "broad minded" she is; and finally gives up her Faith altogether. But for what? Really good society—from the world's standpoint—will have more of her; and so people who take her up and compensate themselves therefor out of her lavish hospitality have not the refinement nor the cleverness, to say nothing of the virtue, of the respectable Catholics whom she had not the heart or mind to appreciate.—Boston Pilot.

Father Fred. W. Faber, D. D.

BROTHER REMIGIUS, C. S. C. Dear Father, post priest, two worlds are blest...

"QUESTION BOX."

Father O'Connor in Philadelphia Catholic Standard and Times. The queries deposited in the question box at St. Teresa's last week...

Maggie B.: "Is it proper for a Catholic to go to theatres or balls in Lent?"

The practice of good Christians is to abstain from worldly amusements during this holy season.

M. C. E., a convert baptized for the first time on admission to the Church, is scrupulous about sins committed before baptism...

If you had not been previously baptized, the baptism received on admission to the Church remitted all your sins...

K. B. submitted questions which were a curious admixture regarding the keeping of company, marriage and divorce...

The article on Christian courtship a few weeks ago will no doubt, if looked up, cover the first part of the query...

The Eucharist is both a sacrifice and a sacrament. As a sacrifice it is celebrated with bread and wine according to the institution of Christ.

Nellie M. P. (1) "Can a Protestant stand for a child at baptism?"

No. Sponsors assume the obligation of rearing the child in the Catholic faith in case of the death or apostasy of the parents.

(2) "Can a Protestant act as best man at a Catholic wedding?"

Yes. The position is not essential to the validity of the marriage. He is merely a witness.

(3) "Does the Catholic Church recognize Protestant marriages as valid?"

we alone are responsible.

(3.) A lady friend, a fine singer, who sings as a volunteer in a Catholic choir and finds non-Catholics singing in Catholic choirs at good salaries...

For a Catholic to sing in a Protestant choir is held by theologians to be a denial or betrayal of the faith and cannot be properly done either with or without pay.

(4.) "Is it true that Catholics more than others dislike the Jews?"

The first Catholics were converts from Judaism. There is no reason for doubting the sincerity of a Jewish convert to the Catholic Church.

(1) "Did the Blessed Virgin ever give birth to children after Christ?"

Already answered in the Catholic Standard and Times. The term "brothers" is applied in Scripture to near relatives.

(2) "The strongest argument why the Catholic religion is the true religion?"

If by this is meant what is most likely to convince non-Catholics of its truth, the answer depends considerably on what common basis the person to whom the argument addressed agrees with Catholics.

(3) "Does the scripture ever mention marriage as a sacrament?"

Yes. Ephesians v., 32, though the Protestant bible uses "mystery" for "sacrament."

(4) "What is the oldest record of the New Testament and what proof have we of its authenticity?"

It was known as we have it in the early part of the second century. Its authenticity is proved as that of any other book, by tradition and by internal evidences.

(5) "In what part of the New Testament is the canonization of saints and the mandate to obey the councils of the Catholic Church?"

The canonization of saints is an ecclesiastical procedure, by which it is determined whether one is worthy of honor as a saint.

THE SOUL OF THE HOLY CHILD.

The question must naturally arise in many devout and thoughtful minds: What did the Child Jesus do or accomplish during those early years that to the ordinary observer of human life seem to be practically so useless?

Here on earth was the incarnate God, Almighty, all-wise, all-seeing; and yet, in the eyes of men, He was only a helpless child like other children.

Whether we keep the truth in mind by means of a formal act of the reason, faculties, or, better still, that truth remains always present to us through a habit of profound and solid faith.

He was endowed with reason and understanding to a supereminent and unparalleled degree from the first moment of His human existence.

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WHAT ARE WE HERE FOR?

To decide this question intelligently we must determine how we originated, and what we are. Certainly we did not make ourselves, nor did we spring out of the ground.

If it be true, as, undoubtedly, it is, true, that the thing produced is an indication of the mind and design of the producer, it becomes an interesting question what does the constitution of man indicate as to the mind and will of the Creator?

The first lesson which such a study reveals is that the ultimate design of the Creator extends beyond the bounds of this fleeting, transitory world.

The sentiment is universal. Even the most savage tribes have the idea, however vague, of something better beyond the bounds of time, and we aspire to it.

But there is another indication of the will of our Creator furnished by the constitution of the human mind, which is, if possible, more striking, more impressive and important than any other.

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Tired? Oh, No. This soap greatly lessens the work. It's pure soap, lathers freely, rubbing easy does the work. The clothes come out sweet and white without injury to the fabric. SURPRISE is economical, it wears well.

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Vapo-resolene. Whooping Cough, Croup, Colds, Coughs, Asthma, Catarrh. The Wonderful Pontiff.

The Holy Name of Jesus. In the Old Testament, the name of God begot sentiments of dread and awe, so much so that the faithful were not permitted to pronounce it.

Fat is absolutely necessary as an article of diet. If it is not of the right kind it may not be digested. Then the body will not get enough of it.

Scott's Emulsion supplies this needed fat, of the right kind, in the right quantity, and in the form already partly digested.

As a result all the organs and tissues take on activity. Scott's Emulsion, Chemists, Toronto.

Help the Priest. Help the Priest! beside him standing in his never-failing care. Help! the layman too is priestly, and may claim his rightful share.

Walk as children of light. (Eph. v. 8) It often happens, my dear brethren, that the devil chooses for his worst attacks upon us the very time when we are trying to draw nearer to God.

Five-Minutes Sermon. Third Sunday in Lent. THE SPIRITUAL COMBAT. Walk as children of light. (Eph. v. 8)

Believe him not, O Christian for he was a liar from the beginning his promises are but vain and illusory he will not, he cannot keep them.

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OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

When Leo XIII. Was a Boy.

It was spring time in Italy seventy-nine years ago. The southern sun beamed radiantly from a sky whose charming blue was broken by never a cloud; its golden rays played brightly on the rolling Mediterranean, and shrouded in a luminous haze the jagged summits of the Apennines.

"Yes, my dear boy, you acted nobly," was the reply, as the proud and happy mother brushed back the brown curls and kissed him fondly.

We don't know whether or not the young goatherd of 1817 is still alive; but as mountaineers are a hardy race, he possibly is; and, in that case, we are sure he often tells his little grandchildren how tenderly he was aided long, long ago by the gentle young Joachim Pecci, whom the world knows nowadays as Pope Leo XIII.

Success.

What is "success?" When may a woman know that she has achieved it? In its accepted form it is worth a struggle? Does it crown with honors and esteem that will repay self-denial, self-repression, self-immolation such as it calls for? Most certainly it does not.

"My dear Joachim, we should recognize the Creator in His works. This all-powerful God, who is goodness itself, has spread open before us the great book of nature, in order that by reading it we may learn to love and admire the Author of so many marvels."

"The real true sense!" That is the thing to consider. And when one thinks of the rest of soul and mind that will come to women when this horrible fever of senseless "ambition" is past, within the faithful and earnest workers within narrow limits are appreciated and imitated as they surely will be, one longs for the voice that shall startle the dreamers into clear-eyed wakefulness.

"The very best ideal of life they (the girls) can set up is to be cheerful, to be unselfish, to do the duty nearest with all one's strength. Sometimes it is good for one to think that perhaps, after all, God meant us to be one of the little wheels in the great clockwork of the world, and you know that little wheels are quite as important to the proper running of a clock as the large ones."

A PLEA FOR THE BOYS.

"Boys are often self-conscious, awkward and ungainly. This makes them by self-contradiction, lack the minor graces which facilitate intercourse. But one, sweet, kindly word can straighten out the tangled knot of future manhood, and make him feel all glorious within and without. The want of this goodly word will confirm the awkwardness and restrain the budding promise of the boy. Let a grown person go, but don't banish the boy from the home circle. Take out some of your useless brick-a-brack, cracked teapots, and esthetic crockery, and let God's image of your yourselves have right of way. Remove the furniture and make a space for living souls."

"If the sister's fastidious regard for other boys, and various other repellent causes too numerous to mention, drive the lad away from the home circle, even eternity itself may prove too brief for the consequent regret. All young folks desire sympathy and friendship—boys as much as girls, girls as much as boys—and their griefs, troubles, successes, and delights are as intense and real to them as yours and mine.

the blue sky of God against the assaults of vice; it is the memory of home and the parents who love him."

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

Married and Settled.

It is to be presumed that if you have married a wife you have done so to live as happily with her as human nature will allow. There will be minor differences of opinion, even in the best regulated households, but there ought to be none that can not be settled by a little yielding on both sides. No man or woman is always right, and there are times when fretfulness and ill-temper will obscure the fine qualities of the most good natured person.

But this compromise in domestic affairs can never be effected if the husband is continually telling his wife's faults to his friends and acquaintances, or if she is advertising his petty failings to her neighbors, who like nothing better than a little matrimonial difference to gossip about. No matter what the faults of a married couple are they should keep them to themselves.

Bear in mind that if you would have harmony in the house you must not keep all your good humor for those you meet beyond the portals of your home. Don't save all your smiles and politeness for the girls you used to know, and don't keep all your bright sayings for the men who were your chums before you became a Benedict. Because a woman has taken you for better or for worse, it does not follow that you should be always showing her what the dramatist calls the seamy side of a man's nature.

There are some men who think it is mainly to be rude to their matrimonial partners. They delight in repeating the lying old rhyme which says:

"A woman, a dog and a walnut tree, The more you beat them, the better they be."

Such fellows as this always speak of a wife as "the old woman," when they should know there is no better or more expressive word than that of wife. In what are called polite circles a husband usually refers to his wife as Mrs. with the addition of his own surname. This is no better, in its way, than "old woman." One is too familiar and the other too formal. Do not imagine from what I have said that "when a man marries his trouble begins." It begins with a human being's first tooth; perhaps sooner—Benedict Bell, in Sacred Heart Review.

Building Construction.

The best work is the work that is carefully planned beforehand; patchwork is seldom tolerable, and can never be admirable, and the man who, sitting down with his purpose, plans how to carry it out, with his eyes fixed on the future as well as the present, is the man who is doing lasting work.

You get lost in a word because you can't see more than a few yards ahead of you. A captain starts out from Liverpool for New York with his way marked down on his chart beforehand. He must stick to the particular curve which he takes up or he will not get quickly to port. Everything is made to serve that purpose: the sun and the compass and the stars are consulted, until at last, by the carrying out of a fixed purpose, he finds himself at the haven where he would be. In the old slavery days in the Southern States, when the slaves travelled to escape towards Canada, travelling by night and hiding by day, their guide was the north star, toward which, as you know, two of the stars in the Great Bear constantly point.

Again, not only is work better done

when planned before hand, but a man who has a purpose puts an intensity into his work which would otherwise be impossible. A life's purpose concentrates energy as a burning glass concentrates the sun's rays, and if you would seek the reason of the earnestness and effort that some men throw into their work, you will find it in the fact that they have before them some definite object in view. The merchant has the successful carrying on of his business, the soldier the victorious termination of a campaign, the apprentice the acquisition of the necessary skill and knowledge to enable him to perform his work.

Have you any such purpose in your life? Young as you are, have you put before yourself something other than mere self-pleasing—some vision on the Mount for the accomplishment of which you are willing to make some sacrifice, to offer some of the life-blood of heart and love and brain? Believe me, dear fellows, absence of purpose in life is one of the most fertile sources of shipwreck in the great cities where we live. It was when David ceased to go forth with the armies of Israel, and loitered at home when he should have been heading his regiments, that the grievous temptation came which brought his gray hairs down in sorrow to the grave. Progress toward a good object, pursued with earnest purpose, is in itself a safeguard to many a young man. When you stop the engines the ship begins to drift. Some of you are bicyclists; can any of you sit upon a machine when it is still? Do you not know that progress means safety? That velocity is necessary for equilibrium? Stop your machine and down you go; keep it full steam ahead, and your difficulty vanishes.

Finally, not only should a man have a purpose, but that purpose must be a right one. He must work according to the right pattern, or his work will end in smoke. "See that thou build according to the pattern," was the message that God sent sounding through the heart of His prophet as he went down from the Mount. How would God do this? How would God act? What would God say? There, if you will look for it, you shall find a pattern as perfect and as high as you can desire. If you would be a prophet, prophecy consists in catching some of God's thoughts and spelling them out so that the world may understand them, and the greater the prophet, the more he will find of God in the humbler things of life. He who spoke as never man spake, took the sparrows and lilies, the grass of the field, the sower, the little child, and spelled out God's name from such so-called trifles as these in such a way that they have never wholly lost the divine significance with which He has allowed the humblest things. Have you not to build something? Not, I know, a tent, not, perhaps, a house; but, at least, a life and a character; you cannot help building, dear fellows. Has God no message for you this very day, when He tells you to build after a right pattern? Look upward, not downward. Look at your pattern on the Mount, and be not like that man that Bunyan tells of in his immortal allegory, working in the mire with a muckrake, while an unseen crown of glory vainly hovers above him. Build nobly, build truly, for build you must. You may build on the sand, you may throw together the bricks of your character, as it were; you may expend the hours and the minutes of your lives so that they shall provide no shelter for man or beast, so that no one shall be the wiser, or the better, or the happier, for your work, or you may so build as to construct everlasting habitations. Let me leave with you God's message to Moses: "See that you build according to the pattern shown you on the Mount."

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"Our Best Men."

Some of our jingo journals have whipped themselves into a mild fury because Cardinal Vaughan said lately that "in America the best men don't go into politics." Of course they don't and everybody knows it. The New York Sun's denial of so evident a fact reminds us of the London showman's description of the ostrich: "This blooming hamminal when 'unted, 'ides 'er 'ead in the sand, wainly imaginin' that because she cawn't see nobody, nobody cawn't see she." If the Sun reads its exchanges properly, it would see that all the editors in the country are scandalized by the corrupt doings of the other side; and many a bad politician has been scorched to a turn by The Sun in the heat of the election season. The plain people, too, have ideas about politicians, as these concluding lines of a homely ballad prove: He writes from out in Denver, an 'theory's mighty short; I just can't tell his mother—it'll crush her poor ole heart; An' so I reckoned, parson, you might break the news to her— Bill's in 'an 'expositor', but he don't say what it's fur.

—Ave Maria.

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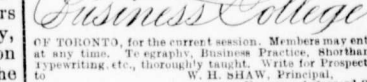
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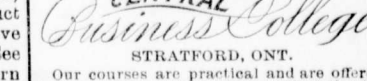
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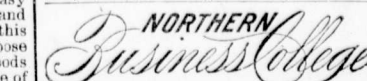


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