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VOLUME XXXI.

LONDON, ONTARIO, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 11, 1909

The Catholic Record

LONDON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 11, 1909.

PROTESTANT MODERNISM.

It becomes more and more apparent to every serious student of religion that morals. The new religion eschews both the conditions of human thought and human life have radically changed since the epoch of the French Revolution.

If the German Reformation were responsible for the immense change in the religious life of Europe, the French Revolution, its natural sequence, is now consistently regarded as the giant precursor of of those many phases of life and thought which are openly or secretly anti-christian.

Mediaeval Catholicism was established on the recognition of the rights of God over man and creation: modernism emphasizes only man's rights and is silent about his duties to his Creator. If the rights of God are assumed at all it is but to explain them in accordance not with revelation but with human reason, which eliminates every supernatural principle and motive and denies what is not contained either in the sensual or the sub-conscious.

The principles of Protestant modernism are all summed up in the "Re-birth of Religion," a work written by Rev. Algernon Sydney Orapsey. Up to a few years ago he was a prominent minister in the Protestant Episcopal church, but owing to his extreme views was requested by the authorities to sever his connection with that denomination. To begin with, he denies all dogma and refuses to believe that morality is the effect of religion.

Gyrating as we are around the maelstrom of modern religious thought it is not to be wondered that those who are regarded as fathers in Israel by members of their flock, should sometimes be so influenced by the unhealthy philosophy of the day as to prove unfaithful to that higher mission which is so regarded at least by the ordinary lay person. To begin to doubt for a Christian is treason and to make further progress on the broad way and to actually doubt is worse than treason to the Creator, for it is the everlasting death. Faith, like any of the supernatural virtues, though it be the first to come and the last to remain, yet may be increased, enhanced or

partially or wholly destroyed through the positive action of the recipient. The perfection of the act, as in even every natural act, depends on its formal object. Believing and continuing to believe the truths contained in the deposit of faith, relying solely on the supreme

of Descartes have so completely ignored divine communication, and even the posfaith are altogether forgotten or are barely tolerated when consonant with the dictates of individual reason.

To believe because we can prove each point of faith is no belief at all, and to seek proofs for the foundations of the supernatural which cannot, without the super-added energy of grace, become the object of human reason, is to reduce Christianity to the level of Buddhism. The Modernist type who sees through the philosophic spectacles of the Sage of Konigsburg must consistently deny the existence of a dogmatic God, as well as a dogmatic religion, which cannot be subjective to the criterion of experience. Hence the Triune God, the Incarnation of the Word, the general atonement, the great sacramental system, one and all of the mighty pillars of Love Divine which supports God's earthly temple, have to topple and fall because the Sampsonian arms of Kant's philosophy are around them. Some of these writers may admit revelation in an orthodox sense, but it must be formulated in their tioned if there be one point in common between Catholic writers and the socalled Protestant Modernists.

Between Higher Criticism of the Scripture and the application of Emperic philosophy to tradition, the average Catholic can readily understand how far removed his faith is from the men who are manufacturing the so-called New Theology of this century.

there is no practical difference between the religious beliefs of Swinburne, Tyndall and their German teacher and their contemporaries in India and Japan who profess Buddhism or ancestor worship. And as in dogma so in ethics or

and propagates such views in season and out of season. Religion does not depend on dogma, we are told, and has absolutely nothing to do with morality, for experience teaches that the most moral people are those who have the least religious belief. Rewards and punishments of supernatural sanction are declared untenable because they are no longer in keeping with the present aspect of Divine Goodness, nor with the Neriana theory which we have as-

own annihilation. With Protestant Modernists the eternal sanction is replaced by the natural code: " Be good and you will be happy, do evil and you will suffer." Just as Catholic Modernists adopt the comfortable theory that "Nature sufficiently penalizes evil without the aid of ascetic religion." Two principles are evidently forgotten in thus discriminating against the supernatural sanction of Divine Law. If nature does not connote in many churches, the faithful of many churches, the f the Personal God Who is Creator in the order of things, the conservor in the order of action, not only human but even non-intellectual activity, and the consummator because the Final Cause, then nothing is implied by such terms, for to a blind face without a personality which causes and regulates it no moral effect can logically be attributable. To deny this were to deny the first principle of causality. If then the God of Nature promulgates a temporal sanction which is self evident in the world without even the need of corroboration from the history of the Hebrew commonwealth, it is justificable to admit the higher and supernatural sanction also, which, though unsupported by physical experience, is nevertheless sufficiently guaranteed by the same God acting in the supernatural order through a revelation that is not merely problematical but absolutely

For if miracles and prophecies are facts, which they are, they bespeak the direct interference of the Supernatural God Who reveals a new law and sanctions it with an eternal sanction. To deny such a sanction because one can possess neither experience of nor testimony; to miracles and prophecies, is begging the question. For if there criteria of Revewhich presents God to man, increases the habit of Faith as of necessity the reiteration of any physicological action sustain, and energizes its connatural habit. Vires acquirit cundo.

On the other hand, the Act of Faith is weakened and impaired not only by include disuse but by positive abuse, as when men seek so far to explain the origins of objective revelation as well as the intellectual assent to it by systems of philosophy which since the days of Descartes have a completely ignored disloss of the sense to to the standard of the sense to the fact, the chain between the dead and impaired not only by includent dissuse but by positive abuse, as when men seek so far to explain the origins of objective revelation as well as the intellectual assent to it by systems of philosophy which since the days of Descartes have a completely ignored disloss of the sense to the product of the sense the laity, all men, to the number of 70,000. The Cathodies of Cologne the tent of the sense the laity all men, to the number of 70,000 the sense to the product of the sense the laity all men, to the number of 70,000 the sense the late of the late of the sense the late of the se lation are supernatural in se yet one's personal experience, would be sibilities of such, that the motives of to deny all historical investigation and destroy the foundation of every science that depends on tradition. It certainly does not require the science of a Huxley or the moral probity of a Stuart Mill to vouch for the historical accuracy of those Gospel facts upon which Christianity rests; all that is required is common sense and ordinary eye-sight. To those who follow the testimony is transmitted with the same unerring accuracy as that by which we are convinced of such events as the Diet of Augsburg or the death of Napoleon.

The senses are as much criteria of the reality of the one as they are of the other order of truth and, a pari, historical certitude of both is equally convin-

To the Protestant Modernist everything supernatural is a bugbear and he never stops to reflect that the same evidence can be brought to bear on the miracles of the Gospel as on any natural fact. He denies the supernatural in dogma and morals for the same reason that Luther denied the authority of the own terms. It might be seriously ques- Church. He does not want it. In the investigation of Truth the will precedes the Reason.

> A man's happiness and success in life will depend not so much upon what he has or upon what position he occupies, as upon what he is, and the heart he carries into his position.—S. J. Wilson, D. D.

The new creed is without dogma; IN TRIUMPHANT PROCESSION OF THE BLESSED SACRAMENT.

> EVENTY THOUSAND MEN MAKE PUBLIC ACT OF WORSHIP AT EUCHARISTIC CONGRESS AT COLOGNE.

The grand procession of the Blessed Sacrament on the closing day of the International Eucharistic Congress at Cologne was like the triumphant march of a Conqueror. Seventy thousand men from all parts of Christendom were in line. Between two and three hundred thousand were assembled along the route. It was a real triumph — a triumph of the faith which the Kultur-

campf tried to destroy.

The great Catholic metropolis was in gala attire. The city hall, the churches and the dwellings of rich and poor were exquisitely decorated. Along the line of march, at certain intervals, verses of the Te Deum Laudamus were done in flowers. In the windows were shrines of the Sacred Heart or of the Blessed similated from Oriental philosophy whereby virtue energizes but towards its

the Sacred Heart or of the Biessed Virgin. Flags, draperies and banners were to be seen on all sides. Even the theatres were decorated. In the procession and along the route, the native dress of the peasants of different parts of Germany, France, Poland and Switzerland formed a strik-ing contrast with the more modern gar-

Poland and Switzerland formed a strik-ing contrast with the more modern gar-ments of the residents of the city.

The day opened with a general Com-munion in all the churches of the city.

It was a sermon more eloquent than words to see the immense crowds that approached the altar to receive the Blessed Sacrament. At the same altar

which came down from heaven.

At 9 o'clock the Cardinal Legate pontificated at the Solemn High Mass in
the cathedral. Thrones were erected
for Cardinals Fischer, Archbishop of Mal. Cologne, Mercier, Archbishop of Malines, Ferrari, Archbishop of Milan, and Kopp, Archbishop of Breslau. In the choir stalls were seated the visiting Archbishops and Bishops. In the sanc tuary were Knights of Malta, Chamber lains of the Cape and Sword, and other dignitaries of the Papal court. First among these was the Burgomeister of

Cologne.

The interior of the great cathedral was richly decorated with banners and

was richly decorated with bankers and tapestries, and was illuminated with myriads of electric lights An immense throng filled the vast edifice. Groups of students from the University of Bonn and from many colleges held reserved places marked by their collegiate banners of various colors.

An augmented choir sang the Mass of St. Marcellus by Palestrino. The schola of the cathedral, which is well known in certain, as the external criteria abun-Germany, sang with more than usual The solemn services lasted till noon

day.

The hour set for the procession of the Blessed Sacrament was 3:30 o'clock, but shortly after 1 o'clock crowds began to gather in the square in front of the Cathedral. About 2 o'clock the societies are the procession of the procession of the cathedral. ties which were to take part in the pro-cession assembled in the places assigned

to them. Perfect order was maintained throughout, showing the care of previ-

After the laity was a great phalanx of Sisters in which a large number of

orders were represented. Then came the clergy, secular and regular. The chapters of many Cathedrals, seminarians and their professors,

drais, seminarians and their processor; and Monsignori were among them. Next was a choir of more than 1,600 singers. They were followed by 15 mitred Abbots; 15 Vicars-Apostolic, 15 Bishops and 6 Archbishops. The Blessed Sacrament was carried

by the Cardinal Legate. He was sur-rounded by Knights of Malta in uni-

Cardinals Fischer, Mercier, and Fer-The process on was more than two miles in length. The end was brought up by thousands of women, who followed it to the cathedral.

The line of march led to the great Newmarket square. In the centre of its immense area, a large altar was erected. Here Benediction of the

Blessed Sacrament was given. The procession then proceeded to the cathedral, where benediction was again

The procession was a sight never to be forgotten. The weather was delight be lorgotten. The weather was delightful, although a trifle too warm. The conduct of the participants and the onlookers was most edifying. The air was constantly filled with singing or the subdued murmurs of the recitation of the Rosary and other prayers.

THE SECTIONAL MEETINGS.

Every morning during the congress there were nine sectional meetings. Some of them were conducted in public halls, others in churches. Meetings were held simultaneously in six languages.
The Germans held their sessions in the largest public hall in Cologne, but so It is almost as difficult to make a man unlearn his errors as acquire his knowledge.

large was the attendance that two separate gatherings were necessary. The French assembled in the former Francise

can Church. The English-speaking de-legates met in the White Hall belonging to the Citizens' Club. Among the speak-ers in this section were the Archbishop of Westminster, the Bishop of Birming-ham, Bishop McSherry of South Africa, Bishop Lyster of Achonry, Father Colenan, O. P., Dr. Hogan of Maynooth and Hon. William Bourke Cockran. There were conferences also in Spanish,

talian and Dutch.
The Archbishop of Westminster pre sided at the opening session of the English-speaking section. Father Johann Muller in excellent English welcomed the delegates in the name of Cardinal Fischer. Papers written by Father Thurston and Monsignor Brown were then read

In the French section papers were ead on Daily Visits to the Blessed Sacment, by Pere Van Durne, and on At-ndance at Daily Mass, by Dorn Vande-ur, O. S. B., and Canon Held.

acrament; Father Ditges of Cologne a Devotion to the Blessed Sacrament the Rhinelands; Dour Wirz, O. S. B., d Father Schafer on Daily Visits and aily Communion.

Daily Communion.

The English-peaking delegates assembled for devotions at the Church of St. Ursula. Every evening there was a sermon and benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. On Wednesday evening, Bishop McSherry of Port Elizabeth, East Africa, was the preacher, on Thursday Bishop Clarcey of Elphin and on Friday Archbishop Bourne of Westminister. English-speaking delegates as-

minister.
On the second day, in the English section the Bishop of Birmingham presided and papers were read by Rev. J. Lomax on "Pere Eymard, the Apostle of the Eucharist," and by Mgr. Courtenay on St. Boniface and the Holy Eucharist."

Luxemburg.

At the general assembly on Friday, presided over by the Cardinal Legate, the telegrams from the Pope and the Kaiser were read. Cardinal Vannushers by an telli brought the session to a close by an address, in which he expressed his great satisfaction of all that he had seen and eard in Cologne.

At a general meeting of the perma-

nent committee, it was decided that the Congress in 1911 should be held in Spain and in 1912 in Vienna. The next year, as previously determined it will take place in Montreal.

CONVERTS AND PERVERTS.

There is a marked difference between cose who enter the Catholic those who enter the Catholic Church from without and those who leave her. It is a difference of motive. Even in existing conditions it costs something socially and financially to be completed to the faith a Catholic. Adherence to the faith

spells sacrifice.

Imputation of motives as a rule is an At the time set, the procession began to move from the Cathedral. First came the laity, all men, to the number of 70,000. The Catholics of Cologne headed the line. The societies represented carried their banners and wore some distinctive color. There were 70,000 to the great majority of cases. Go over in men and women who entered the against all human seeming, they come in,

taken captive by divine grace.

All these conversions, and they are numbered by the thousands, are stamped with a sincerity beyond cavil. In no land to-day is the Church attractive to the self-seeking and unscrupulous. In many places membership in her communion means social ostracism; every-where it constitutes an obstacle to worldly advancement. Her attraction is wholly spiritual. To her own children and to all mankind she propounds the stern Gospel question: "What doth it profit a man to gain the whole world nd lose his own soul?

and lose his own soul?"

To a weak or worldly non-Catholic, to an ambitious individual, life as a Catholic seems a nightmare. It means isolation, loss of friends and social prestige, the closed door and the cold nod. The convert goes out from among his own parish to enter an environment in which he is more often suspected than received with one arms. with open arms.

Even to strong and determined souls the leap is alarming and the outlook appalling. They must steel themselves against the aloofness of those they know and love best in this world, against financial loss, family opposition and may-hap a riven roof-tree. Their strength and consolation are in God. Intimates speak of them as failing in mind, of disappointed ambitions, hopelessly taking refuge under the shadow of a pseudo inrefuge under the shadow of a pseudo infallibility. Generally speaking conversion is a sort of death for the convert. The best he may hope for among his acquaintances is the statement that he is an honest though misguided man.

Every circumstance that shows forth the sincerity and single-heartedness of

the sincerity and single-heartedness of those who choose the truth above all those who choose the truth above an things in life militates with merciless force against those who leave the Fold. In a worldly way they have everything to gain and nothing to lose. They are

sure of a welcome in the enemy's camp, no matter how worthless they may be. The press hails them as men of enlightenment and talent. All doors are opened to them. The world is anxious to hear their story. Fortune smiles upon them. Go over the list of those who have sold their birth-right for a mess of worldly pottage, the ex-priest, the ex-nun are celebrities in Protestant circles. The lay apostate, too, is warmly received. He is introduced to men who can help him, he is accorded busisure of a welcome in the enemy's camp who can help him, he is accorded business advantages. While if a professional man, room is made for him even at the expense of more learned and better fitted colleagues. Civic or layman, his

loss is wholly spiritual. Investigate the history of any Pro-testant or unbeliever whose name or antecedents indicate that he was ever a Catholic. Is there any limit of sacrifice, of soul anguish, of a struggle to the ondance at Daily Mass, by Dorn Vande-eur, O. S. B., and Canon Held.

Dr. Brandt of the University of Bonn bone Aspects of Devotion to the Blessed acrament; Father Ditges of Cologne an Devotion to the Blessed Sacrament Devotion to the Blessed Sacrament wealth and honor, he threw it away in continent. She was a heautiful girl continent. She was a beautiful girl with opportunities contingent on the abandonment of her religion. Straight-

abandonment of her religion. Straightway she abandoned it, married well and
became a social leader. One and all,
they had saleable commodities, their
souls, and sold them to advantage as
this world reckons it.

The market for apostates is not as
good as in was formerly, for much of the
dust and calumny that once enveloped
the Church has been removed, and she
stands forth before mankind as a mighty
organization for good. Butenmity to her
and suspicion of her success and and suspicion of her success and strength abide. The day has not dawned when a man or woman can hope to win worldly plaudits and wealth by entering the Fold. May that day never

Archbishop Amette presided at the French meeting.

At the mass meeting on the second day the Cardinal Legate again presided. He opened with an address in Italian. Canon Meyenberg of Lucerne read in German an essay on The Holy Eucharist the Bond of Unity of the Church. An eloquent speech in French was delivered by Burgomaster Prum of Luxemburg.

At the general resided at the price of sacrifice, peace of conscience now in anguish. The unworthy drop out as chaff sitted, and their souls are led by the hand of God "through moor and fen. through crag and torrent," to the "Kindly Light" that beams forth from the ramparts of the City of God.—Looker On, in Boston Pilot.

"FAULTLESSLY LOGICAL."

A PROTESTANT WRITER IN A SECULAR JOURNAL PAYS UNWILLING TRIBUTE TO THE CHURCH.

A Protestant writer opposing dogma-tic utterances outside the Church, says

tic utterances outside the Church, says in the St. John Sun.

"The original essence of Protestantism was protest against clerical authority—against the claim of Pope and priests to the right and power to interpret the Scriptures, and to impose their interpretation in the form of dogma upon the laity. It was a revolt against ecclesiastical autocracy—a declaration of the right of the individual to read and to think for himself and to come to his own conclusions. Its essence was the principle that the honest convictions of the individual are for him the right and the truth. Obviously, then, Protestant churches arrogate to themselves the same authority against which they revolted, when they in turn set up they revolted, when they in turn set up fixed standards of dogma and his 'Heresy!' at those who venture to dis-agree. And the so-called higher critics

agency and yet imposing standards of Biblical interpretation and religious beliefs, is obviously illogical. In so far as it hampers individual freedom of thought and expression in its congre-gations, so far it returns towards the place it set out from—so far as it nulliies the force of the original protest.

An Age of Controversy.

Perhaps never in the history of the Church has controversy played such a part in the life of her members as in our days. Now and then one may hear the question discussed, whether controversy, question discussed, whether controversy, as a practice of policy, is necessary or useful or wise and opportune. The fact is that it is a holy and necessary work, which has been practiced by saints and doctors of the Church in all ages. Yet there are those among Catholics, learned and educated men, who maintain that all controversy should be avoided, and who boast of the fact that they never enter into controversy.

We cannot see how a man who love

his Church and is placed in the whirl-pool of modern life can avoid being drawn into discussion of subjects bearing on religion. The discussion, as a rule, will be, on his part, a defense of the Church. There is so much misinforma-tion, so many false views and so much ignorance of the Church and things Catholic, that it becomes every intelligent Catholic's duty to enlighten and to instruct the ignorant, to correct the erring, and to be the defender of truth against the maligner and the slanderer We stand in need of men to take up this work in the different walks of life. Discretion and charity should never be lost sight of, it is true; but there are cases where too much discretion and not enough controversy would turn out detrimental to the Church.—New Or1612

Unspoken Words. Unspoken words, the treasures in the

Are valueless until we give them birth; Like unfound gold their hidden beau-ties shine, Which God has made to bless and gild

How sad 'twould be to see a master's

Strike glorious notes upon a voiceless But, oh, what pain, when at God's own

A heartstring thrills with kindness,

Then hide it not, the music of the soul-Dear sympathy, expressed with kindly

But let it like a shining river roll To deserts dry—to hearts that would rejoice.

Oh, let the sympathy of kindly words Sound for the poor, the friendless and

the weak, And he will bless you! He who struck these chords

Will strike another, when in turn, you

CATHOLIC NOTES.

At the parochial residence of the parish of the Immaculate Conception, Lowell, Rev. Joseph Mangin, O. M. I., died on last Sunday.

The Rev. Thomas J. Ducey, founder and pastor of St. Leo's Catholic church New York, and because of his individuality and methods one of the noteworthy clergymen of this country, died Sunday of dropsy in his country home at St. James, L. I.

By a recent decree the Sisters of St.
Joseph in the United States will hereafter consist of only one class, choir or
teaching Sisters. The lay Sisters of St. Joseph will pass out of existence. The only distinction will be of occupation and that is a matter of pure obedience to which all are equally subject.

From Australia comes a new record.
Dr. Doyle, the Catholic Bishop of Lismore, New South Wales, left an estate valued at 1s. 6d. Surely, says the Westminster Gazette, this is the most microscopical sum ever possessed by a prelate at his departure from this

Bleirot, the aviator, who recently crossed the English channel in a flying machine, and won the prize offered by the London Mail for his great feat, is a graduate of the Catholic College of Our Lady of Graces, Cambray, France. The aviator was born at Malincourt, Canton of Clark, France. Canton of Clary, France. England and Ireland together sent

Lood delegates to the International Eucharistic Congress which met two weeks ago in Cologne. There they were extended a royal German welcome and met with other representatives from al-most every country in the world. What most every country in the world. What a potent illustration this of the unity and universality of the Catholic Church!

Vaughan the Titular Bishopric of Schas-topal and appointed him Auxiliary to the Bishop of Salford. Mons. Vaughan Bishop of Salford. Mons. Vaughan comes of a distinguished family and is a brother of the late Cardinal Vaughan.

ogne was that of Mr. Burke Cockran, the Irish American orator, at the meeting of the Irish section on Thursday, August 5, the Irish section on Thursday, August 9, in St. Michael's Association Hall, says the London Catholic Times. The flery eloquence of the speaker elicited the most enthusiastic applause. The Bishop of Achonry and Father John Miller, recommendations of the second by the s tor of St. Michael's, whose guest he was. also addressed the meeting.

Towards the end of 1906, the prefect Towards the end of 1906, the prefect of the Seine placed the basilica of the Sacred Heart on Montmarte under sequestration. At that time the late Cardinal Richard. Archbishop of Paris, appealed from this decision to the Council of State. The affair came up again re cently. The attorney for the archbishop insisted that the church was erected by popular subscription from all parts of France, and reminded the court that the belfry did not come under the law of sequestration and it would cost a million francs to purchase it. The decision of the court was deferred for some time, but it looks as if Montmartre was not to escape the fate of so many other of the churches of France.

Remarkably cordial tributes were paid to the late Lord Ripon from many Protestant pulpits in England. Canon Waugh spoke of him at Ripon Cathedral as a "devout Christian, ever true to the dictates of his conscience," and Dr. Freemantle, the dean of Ripon preaching in the church, said that though he had separated himself from the Anglican communion, no one doubted that he was most truly a servant of God. The Times and Daly News, of London, the Manchester Guardian, and all the the deceased's career articles in which the high motives that prompted all his actions are acknowledged. The Irish papers make grateful allusions to his constant support of Home Rule,

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IN TREATY WITH HONOR A Romance of Old Quebec.

MARY CATHARINE CROWLEY. of "A Daughter of New France," "The Heroine of the Strait," "Love Thrives in War" etc.

CHAPTER XX.

NOTHING VENTURE, NOTHING HAVE. A few days after this occurrence, I received a letter from Lord Durham's secretary informing me that I was to be secretary informing me that I was to be sent to England on a ship that had brought out military stores to Canada, the Royal Adelaide. A detachment of soldiers invalided home were to go at the same time. From this hour, when-ever I went on the ramparts, I alternate watched the wharf where the vessel was being laden with her new cargo, and turning my eyes to the heavens, prayed

for rain I had made a small hollow in the top f the parapet wall by picking out a lece of the cement. On the fourteenth piece of the cement. On the loursuit, I of October, when I went out as usual, I had the last details of our plan written on a scrap of paper and a letter to Jac-quette telling her that if we were unnette telling her that if we were un-ole to get on of the fortress by the end of the week I must needs sail away. Having paced up and down for a while, I observed Droulet on the promenade with two ladies. As they turned, my heart seemed to stop beating, for one of the demoiselles was Jacquette herself.

When they came nearer she smiled, but betrayed by no sign that we were other than strangers. Her escort looked fixedly at me. In reply to his unspoken question I warily held up the bit of paper for an instant, and having made sure he followed it with his eyes, de-posited it and the letter in the cavity in the wall and covered it with a piece of mortar. We were standing with our faces toward the city; thus the sentinels could not perceive the by-play. Then I sauntered around carelessly. But before my half-hour of exercise wa over, I perceived that the young man had possessed himself of the communica-tions. The next day I found his answer

in the same place.
"The Royal Adelaide will not sail for two days yet," it said. "And if all else fails, the ship shall be delayed longer. From the appearance of the clouds may expect a storm to night. Your friends will be at the appointed spot, as they have been every night for four

When I had contrived to read the note. I looked toward the glacis beyond the ditch. There lay Droulet on the grass, with Jacquette's dog beside him. I signalled to him with my handkerchief, as was previously agreed. He glanced up at the sky, smiled, and turning, leoked towards the mountains of Maine. "Perfectly understood," I said to yself. "To-night we shall either be myself.

or dead mer Ten minutes later, the sergeant oming to me said, "He who does not go indoors now, sir, will get a wet

"Allons," I answered. "Yet I should like after all to get wet to the skin to-night, just to see how it would feel."

The rain now began in good earnest. The sergeant stayed with us during supper in order to carry Sutherland's to him when it should be ready. As Chubbes was leaving I bade him good-

night, adding jocosely—
You are not put out with me, sergeant, for calling you Sutherland's aide-de

"Humph, I would rather be his hang man," he retorted surlily. "For fifty pornds I would hang the whole lot of

you."
"Not me, sergeant, surely not me?" "Yes, you as well as any of the rest."
"Ah, thank you. Good-night again,

sergeant,"
I laughed aloud, but as he closed the and locked it after him, I shook my fist at him. "Rascal," I muttered, "that speech of yours has cured me of any sympathy I had for you because of the

pickle you will be in to-morrow."

Three other men, Culver, Hull and Parker, having decided to go with my comrade and me, we agreed to try to get away early. Each man made up a small to the sentinel again at the other win-packet of clothing. Ramon and I rolled dow." our cloaks lengthwise, so that we could take them through the space between bars. We each put on a double set of underclothes and stockings; our boots were rolled in our coats. This arranged, we distributed the rest of our belongings among the men who elected to remain. I also gave them all the money I had, to buy the little necessaries with which had been accustomed to provide them.

When the sentinel was changed eight o'clock, we had agreed upon the part that each man going was to take in the carrying out of the plan, and the route each was to take.
"If we can be ready in time, and thi

sentry is a good natured fellow, we would better go during his guard," I whispered to the others.

The sentinel presently came to one of the windows to see what we were about.
"Will you have tobacco for a smoke, soldier," I saked, offering him a piece.
"I don't care if I do," said he.

I went back into the room, ostensibly to get a light for our pipes, but really to learn how Ramon was succeeding loosening the bar.

There will be an hour's work to ge it out," it out," he replied in a low tone. "We would better not try to go while this fellow is on duty."

I withdrew to the other window. The

sentinel and I lit our pipes, and I started him chatting about the Tower of London where he had once been stationed, and to which I would probably be consigned if I should be landed on British soil.

The rain had ceased for the time, but the wind whistled and sighed around the lofty summit of Cape Diamond. Within doors one of our men created such a din with his fife, and two or three others with their singing and dancing that the sound made by those who worked at the bar was drowned by the greater noise. At last, however, there came a crash that startled even myself It was the final effort. At the same

moment Culver threw over a bench. cried, turning about in pretended annoy-" Who fell over the bench?"

apologetically.

"It is outrageous to cause such a disturbance, after the gun has been fired, too," I said crossly. "Come, men, get to your beds. It is time to stop your carrying on."

The task was over, I knew. But I

kept the sentry engaged in conversation until the bar could be so replaced that its loose condition would not be ob-served without close inspection. Our lights were out and all was quiet

when the relief came. The new sentinel was an old soldier. He remained a little while in the porch before the door, glad of the shelter from the wind. I went to the window, opened the sash, and called to him. He came out.

"Ah," I said, pretending to recognize

"is that you? How are you to-

night?"
Well, sir, thank you."

"Well, sir, thank you.

"Sentinel," I continued, "one of my men has a severe cold and I want to light a fire that I may make him a glass of punch. Indeed, a taste of it would do you no harm this wild night. Will you please search outside for a few chips to kindle the blaze?"

kindle the blaze?"

"Certainly, sir, but I fear they will be too wet to burn," he replied, as he laid his musket inside the porch and began to pick up a few bits of wood.

"Thank you, I am sorry to trouble you, sentinel," I declared as he handed them the weak the sent the

them through the bars.

I busied myself, talked to my imagin-

ary sick man, got the fire burning, and returned to the window. You see, sentinel, I want to do all I

can for my poor fellows while I am still with them," I said. "Yes, sir," he answered. "We hear you are to be sent away in the morning."
"So soon? How did you learn this?"
"Have you not been informed of it,

He forthwith proceeded to tell me the news had come up from the guardroom. Having listened in silence, I seated myself and ostensibly forgot I had promised him a draught of good liquor. At last arousing myself. I exclaimed-

"Well, well, my friend, since I must go in the morning there is all the more reason why we should drink to-night. Will you have old Jamaica? Or stay, I have some fine London porter. The doctor advised me to get it because

have not been well." "I'll take the porter, if you please he chuckled.

I brought a bottle to the window and began to cut the wire, still talking to

m. "Captain Rycerski, please hand me Ramon brought one, holding it in such manner that the soldier could not se the few drops of laudanum he had put into it. I poured a draught for the sentry and handed it to him. My com-rade brought a second glass, and taking a smaller quantity for myself, I wished

the sentry good luck. "The same to you, sir," he said;
and may you harrive safe at the hend

hof your voyage."
"Thank you," I rejoined, adding mentally, "Heaven grant it may be so." He drained his glass, and having tasted the contents of mine, I smacked

my lips.
"Bah! It seems to me very bitter," said L "Lud, sir, that his the taste hof hall

porter," laughed the soldier. "Hi 'ave not tasted hany so good since hi left I asked my companions to join us in

drinking from the quart bottle, but they declined, under one pretext or another and I handed it to the sentry bidding him to finish it, which he did without him to finish it, which he did without urging. Soon the drug began to take effect. His voice grew thick; he stuttered, and finally attempted to marsh up and down. My comrade, the men, and I took counsel together.

"If the rounds come and discover the great in this drunken state, suspicion

guard in this drunken state, suspicto will be aroused," I maintained, " and since the bar is loose, our plot will be immediately discovered. Let us risk all now, even though we have been unable to get the countersign. While you prepare the rope of sheets and let your-selves down into the ditch, I will talk

So it was arranged, but straightway another obstacle presented itself. The soldier, having staggered along the wall, struck it noisily. For a moment we feared he had attracted the attention of the guard outside the fence. All was soon quiet again, however; but our had stopped before the window through which we were to go and stood eaning against it.

matter," I whispered, "I will manage this.' " Contrive to have him turn his face

from the window," muttered Ramon. Not daring to raise my voice, I crept as close to him as I could and said, Sentinel, the major wants to speak to

on at the other widow."
"Yes, yes, certainly," he stammered and lurched over to it. I was there before him, a glass of old

Jamaica in my hand. He took it readily and gulped it down. I did not venture to offer him any more, but putting the flask into his hand I said, "Hold this a

moment until I light my pipe."
"Darned if it isn't good, sir," he hie Better than can be had at coughed. ' public house in this d— town. I e tried them all, so I know—hie— "Scarcely had I left him when I heard the gurgle of the liquor as the re-mainder of it passed from the flask down

his throat. "Be ready, lads, and when I say 'rain' start without delay," I said under my breath. Returning to my post I smoked away, asked the sentry to smoke, and

gave him my pipe. gave him my pipe.

"Come closer to the window," I urged.
Presently he was close beside me. I
thrust my arm through the bars and
threw it familiarly about his neck,
ready to strangle him if he should try to

give the alarm.
"Ah, it rains a little now," I said significantly.

I could hear the tearing off of buttons of the clothes of the first man who pass ed the opening between the bars of the window. Another man, and still another followed him. Then Ramon tapped me ol the shoulder, warning me to be

"It was I, sir," replied the culprit, apologetically.

"It is outrageous to cause such a distribution of the sentry and twined his arm around the fellow's neck as mine had been.

"What am I to do if he makes any "Choke him, but don't kill him,"

said, with no waste of words.

It was now my turn. But alack, being larger than the others I could not

being larger than the others I could not get through the narrow space. Drawing back I stripped off my coat and waistcoat, and tried again.

Ah, this time I was able to force myself through, but not wittout compressing and scraping my chest and shoulders. Leaving the waistcoat, I caving the waistcoat, I caving my cett new teeth over the shoulders. Leaving the waistcoat, I carried my coat in my teeth over the fence. I descended easily by the aid of the rope of sheets. The other men were waiting for me. Noiselessly we skirted along the walls, keeping within the shadow of the lamps that were over each door. Fortunately for us they shed only a faint light.

shed only a faint light. The rain was now only a drizale, but The rain was now only a drizale, but the sound of the water pouring down from the conductors into the tubs placed to catch it, and the moaning of the wind, covered the sound of our footsteps. One by one we moved along toward the sheltering eaves of a small cook-house, our first rendezvous. All had reached it except Parker. Unluckily, in coming around, he stumbled against a tin pail that had been placed under a spout to catch the water.

under a spout to catch the water.
"Merciful Heavens, we are done for," xclaimed Ramon.

The clatter of course attracted the attention of the sentinel on the wall above us. As we pressed close to the wall, we knew he was peering down through the

darkness at the very spot where we were

"Who goes there?" he challenged.
We held our breath and remained motionless, expecting every moment to e discovered. Again he cried out, and

still a third time.

This last challenge was answere by the guard just emerging from under the gate where the guard-house was. Happily for us, at that minute they were coming to relieve the different posts, and the noise made by Parker in psetting the bucket was ascribed to

They came on, changed sentinels at the first post and continued up the hill actually passing within a few feet of were. Though the night was dark, from the glimmer of the lantern carried by the drummer boy we saw their features plainly as they climbed the path. They were buttened up in their watch-coats, and wore tall bearskin caps. They relieved the man above and re turned. As they passed us again, we crouched lower. One of our men had tied his packet in a white handkerchief. Fearing it might be seen, I leaned forward and covered it with the skirt of my coat. The rounds went on, pursuing their way outside the enclosure of our

prison.

We were still so near the point of our escape, and so short a time had elapsed that I could hear the man we had left at the window pulling in the sheets from the fence, and the low voice of another rousing the soldier whom we had drugged. Surely these sounds, loud to our ears rendered ac anxiety, must be heard by the ndered acute from They, however, having no suspicion, and with the thick collars of their coats turned up to protect them from the eather, took no notice of what seemed

to us so palpable. The opening of the door of the closure and the challenge to enclosure and the challenge to the outer sentinel evidently com-pleted the work of stirring up our soldier inside, for now we heard his soldier inside, for now we heard his voice loudly challenging, "Who goes

"Relief."

"Advance relief and give the counter-

sign. "Port arms, front, march!" rang out

the order.
We knew the guard was changed and presently, by the flicker of their lantern, we could see them marching back toward the guardhouse, our dupe last of the file and trying his best to walk straight.

Magin we moved forward, silently, and on our hands and knees, making a circuit as we passed the storehouses, in order to keep in the darkness beyond the spern-oil lights. Again Parket made a slight noise, and a sentin moved down towards us. We were in deed near discovery, and lay prone the ground.

(nee more, almost as if by a special providence, we were saved: always prowling around the fort. The sentry apparently mistook us for some of these homeless animals, for when he had wellnigh come up to us: he wheeled about, paced back over his beat, and en-

tered his sentry-box. A third time we moved forward a cautiously as ever Indian stole upon hi foe. At last we were in the centre the parade and opposite to the magazin All of a sudden, danger was close by and it came from an unexpected dire

From the darkness behind us broke a sharp call. "Who goes there?"

Down on our faces we lay, every man

of us. Some one came running our way, passed us, and made across the parade to

"It is an alarm," Ramon whispered to

"It is an atarm," Ramon whispered to
me, "The man came direct from our
prison and has gone to the adjutant."
"No, it is not," I maintained, although
I really did not know; but the courage
of our party must be kept up at all
hazards. "I'll wager it is the sergeant
who has recome part, to ours. His child hazards. "I'll wager it is the sergeant who has rooms next to ours. His child is ill. Perhaps he has gone for the doctor. Keep cool, my lads, there are now only three sentinels between us and the main walls. It will not be so difficult to pass them as it was to get by the others.

The first was at the magazine, oppo site to us; he was in his box. Beyond was, we were aware, another whose duty it was to guard the rear of the powderit was to guard the rear of the powder-house and a pile of firewood, and to prevent soldiers from sneaking off to the canteen. Farther on was stationed the third, at the entrance to the officers His box faced the messroom, s

mess. His box faced the me his back would be toward us. There was no further occasion for

and halt, and so on. In this way I had sent forward all except Parker, whose nervousness prevented him from hearing my directions. I encouraged, flattered, threatened him, but to no purpose. At last, laying hold of him, I dragged him up to the others and gave him into

amon's care. We marched again and halted, all except Parker, who kept on. Instead of going in the direction agreed upon, however, he ran toward the sentinel, who hearing the slight noise he made, promptly called out the challenge. Of ourse he received no answer.

course he received no answer.

"Onward," I whispered to the others.

"Keep to the left, pass the old telegraph station, (This was merely a signal station. The electric telegraph had been rendered practicable by Morse only the year before, that is, in 1837,) and come around to the flagstaff. I will

only the year before, that is, in 1837,) and come around to the flagstaff. I will try to find that fool Parker."

"Do you think he means to betray us?" asked Hu!l. "He has acted strangely ever since we started."

"No. Sickness and imprisonment have told upon him. He does not know what he is doing."

His whereabouts was soon made plain to us for we heard a crash at the wood-

to us, for we heard a crash at the wood pile and knew he had fallen there. go to him now was impossible without discovery. The challenge was taken up by the sentinel at the officers' mess. Ramon and our party had passed, the only course left to me was to go round the telegraph building to the right side, near the officers' stables. The sentinel there had, I knew, nothing but side arms, and I intended to keep far enough away from him to prevent his using them.

I stopped short, unfastened my cloak

put on my cap, which from its gold band and its shape resembled those worn by the officers, and boldly walked forward. had nearly passed the guard without being noticed, when suddenly he cried out, "Halt! Who goes there?" "Officer of the guard," I said in a low

"Advance, officer of the guard, and

give the countersign."
As I have said, we had not the count ersign, because the prison rounds had not made their visit before our departure. But it was generally an odd number and in the "teens." There was nothing for me but to make a guess at it. Putting my hand to my mouth, when I was about a dozen yards from him I said, "Teen," leaving him to fill in the blank as he fancied he caught the sound. The ruse succeeded.

" Pass, officer of the guard; all's well,"

I passed, made a circuit, and gained ramparts. The rest were waiting for me, and my comrade ran forward. "Our friends are not here," he said

desperation.
"Impossible," I cried. "Have you

given the signal? Yes, but they do not answer.' I ran along to the different points to see if those who had promised to help us were below; but no flash of a light came o us, through the darkness beneath our Meanwhile Parker among the wood was making noise enough to are the whole garrison, or so it seemed to

"What is to be done?" queries

Ramon.
"Cut down the halyards of the flag.
With rope we can descend the wall," I

A penknife was the only sharp instru we had, but he used it to good purpose. In the meantime I stationed each of the other two men at the ends of the telegraph building to warn us of the approach of any guard, while we ar-ranged for our descent. In a few mo-

they signalled to us. sh," said Ramon, "there is som 'H-sh,'

ne talking." Listening, we heard the officer of the guard actually speaking to one of these

men.
"Who are you, sir, and what are you doing here?"
"And pray who are you?" jauntily

answered Culver, imitating the voice the other.
"I am the officer of the guard, and you

I am confident, are a subaltern playing a trick," he replied; "but you must give me your name or swill report you." name will be of no use to you. retorted Culver, striving stood, to get away.

The officer rushed toward him, but we could hear Culver running toward the

ramparts. The other followed and, as luck would have it, when he came near The other followed and, as ly opposite to where Ramon and I were standing, my comrade behind the flag-staff and I on the farther side of one of the guns of the saluting battery, he cried out, "Sergeant pass the word to the sergeant of the guard to turn out

Sergeant of the guard, turn out the the picket." picket," was passed along the whole chain of sentinels, and the roll of the drum called out the corps.

"Here he is, sir, among the wood," announced the sentinel who had first challenged us.

By the lantern lights, from where we stood in the shadow, we plainly wit-nessed the whole commotion. The officers who until now, late as

it was, had not risen from the mees table turned out also to learn the cause of the alarm, some buckling on their swords, while others ran forward to the wood-An artillery man with his dog found

Parker, and as soon as the poor wretch was discovered the cry arose from a hundred British throats. "The Amerihundred British throats. "The American prisoners! The American prisoners! The American prisoners are escaping."

This shout of course added to the

hubbub. Many of the soldiers and some of the officers ran toward our prison room; others dragged Parker toward the guardhouse, while a band started off to search for us. Later we heard the good fellow could not be induced by either bribes or threats to say anything concerning us.

Amid all this commotion, while we

vere concealed as I have said, and the other two men lay hiding in an embrasure of the wall, Ramon persevered and cut the rope. Now, for the first time we realized that if we should at-tempt to haul it down the noise of the pulleys would at once direct the searching party to the place where we stood. We had no alternative but to

leap from the wall into the ditch. If taken, we should be promptly executed. Nothing worse than death lay before

"I will go first," I said. "If I a killed, you may attempt the feat or not as you please. I am the heaviest among you. If I succeed, there will be all the greater chance for you."

all the greater chance for you."

Mounting the wall, I swung down over it and for an instant hung on my hands. I let go. During the next moment all the acts of my life seemed to pass before me, as a man's deeds and misdeeds are said to pass before his mind when he is dring. Providence mind when he is dying. Providence did not decree this to be my last hour. then I fell back on my head and lay for a moment stunned. I thought every

bone in my body was broken.

"Are you hurt?" The question came anxiously from my comrade on the height above.

"I am alive. Throw down your cloaks and I will spread them out, so that you may not come down with full force upon this accursed rock, which is a little harder than even a Tory's heart," I answered, writhing with pain. In striving to get upon my fect, I found I had sprained my ankle, the consequence of the folly of bracing myself as I fell.

The others threw down their clocks

The others threw down their cloaks and packets. I arranged them in a heap, and, in a low tone, directed Culver at what point to let himself down. He fell, as I had done, and the blood rushed from his nose and mouth. One of his legs was broken. Our plight did not deter Hull and Rycerski. Hull jumped a few feet to the right of where Culver had dropped and he was so fortunate as to alight on

the pile of cloaks.

"Jupiter!" he exclaimed, "What a

jump!"
I could not but laugh at him, although we were in so serious a predic ment. Ramon also dropped on th pile and toppled over upon us. He too, was unhurt. He had cut off the end of the flag rope and brought it with him. There were about fourteen or fifteen feet more of the cliff to descend. Hull and Ramon held the rope and I slid down. At one extremity of the ditch and against the bastion, we found a piece of cedar-post which helped us much at this juncture. Culver managed to follow me. Then Hull held the rope alone and Ramon came down, Hull following after having tied the rope to

the post. They clambered over a wall at the base of the descent-Culver and I were base of the descent—curver and I were already on the other side of it. He could not walk, so they helped him up the ascent to the glacis on the farther side of the ditch. I was able to crawl along unaided, dragging my leg after me. The wall was faced with dry stone me. The wall was raced with dry interstices and using knees and feet-I could only trust to one foot-we eached the summit.

"At last we may rest a few moments," I ejaculated as we threw ourselves upon

From our position on the height we witnessed the search made for us. Lighted torches were flashed into every nook and corner of the ramparts, while

we sat opposite to them with only the width of the fifty foot ditch between us. But we had no time to waste in moral cravat I tightly bound it around my ankle, and we resumed our way. Hull carried poor Culver, and I hopped along leaning on Ramon's shoulder. From where we were, there was a depublic promenade. We gained it, reached a turnstile, passed through it and found ourselves in one of the streets of the town.

CHAPTER XXI.

WANDERERS. We were now outside the palisaded wall of the old château. From the ramparts, we had often seen ladies walk-ing in this garden and knew it to be onnected with the residence of the

governor-general.
"We would better separate," I suggested as we halted before it. "If the town watch encounter four men, two of them almost disabled, they will ask unpleasant

It was agreed that Hull and Culver should hide in the garden while my comrade and I would try to find our Canadian friends. If successful we ould send back for our comrades. If they heard nothing from us after waiting a reasonable time, they must needs shift for themselves. We then made a pact that, if taken, nothing that could be done to us would induce us to reveal anything of their future plans, nor would

they betray us.

"God keep you," I exclaimed, as I grasped the hands of those who were to remain behind.

When Ramon had bidden them a hope when Ramon had bidden them a nope-ful au revoir, also, he and I descended the terrace. At the residence of the receiver-general the sentinel mistook our cloaks and caps for those of officers, and presented arms to us. We politely returned the salute in military fashion,

and passed on.

It was so late that the streets were deserted. Sometimes I crawled on the ground; again, supported by my com-rade, I hopped along the unpaved way. Before long we heard the voices of people approaching, and ere we could reach a corner they came up to us and stopped near where we were. There

were two gentlemen and a lady.

"Sir," said I, accosting one of the men in French, "we are strangers here and have lost our way. Will you be so kind as to direct us to the palace gate?" For answer he turned his lantern that its rays shone upon my face, and I at once perceived that he recognized

"You are Major Adair, the American prisoner," he cried in astonishment.

I made a virtue of necessity. "What if I am?" I answered boldly. "Well

The other man started forward to look at me, and the lady gave a little shriek.
"Mon Dien, how did you escape from the citadel?" she cricd.
"I jumped the wall, madame."
"Merciful Heaven, are you not hurt?"

she inquired with womanly pity.
"My ankle is badly wrenched, but no matter. Gentlemen, will you kindly

direct me to the house of some good French Canadian? You are, I presume.

"That we are not," said the first man, tersely. "And since we are two and two, you shall go no further. We must

turn you over to the authorities, already searching the city for

"H'm, you must, eh !" I cried, thrust. ing my hand into my breast.

He thought I had a weapon, and not being armed himself changed his

"Oh, have nothing to do with detain-

ord, have nothing to do with detaining them—they are desperate men," implored the lady.

Willing enough to get out of their dilemma by yielding to her entreaties, they directed us to the gate, and proceeded on their way.

We did not immediately follow the route they indicated, fearing that, in spite of a promise they made they might betray us. Crossing a market place we came at last to one of the gates of the town. A party of soldiers stood about it listening to a distant commotion and ondering what it was all about. No wondering what it was all about. Not daring to pass them, we made a detour, creeping along in the shadow of the sloping roofs of the houses. In this way we reached the wicket and slipped through it unper eived. Scarcely were we outside the gate, when the voice of the sentinel rang out in challenge. A party of military double quick time. of military were approaching in

"Rounds, sergeant, turn out! It is the rounds, turn out !" cried one of the

loitering soldiers.

We hid in a clump of bushes by the We hid in a clump of bushes by the wayside until the rounds had passed, The party was, we afterwards learned, a posse of men hot in pursuit of us, Such a detachment had been sent to every gate of the city to prevent our the price of leaving it. But we were too alert for them. They had actually shut us out, them. and we had no wish to be shut in again I shall always remember that the by which we came out was called Hope Gate.
"Whether the next man we meet be

friend or foe we must compel him to take us to a place of safety," I declared.

Before long we descried a youth coming toward us. In his hand he swung lantern and, doubtless to beguile the loneliness of the way, he was whistling blithely.
"He is English," muttered Ramon.
"No Briton ever whistled that air," I

answered. "He is a French Canadian

The tune was that of a French ballad,

weet to me because I had first heard it

trolled by Jacquette at St. Denis. While I listened now, the words of the old song came to me involuntarily, as she had sung them. "C'est l'vent frivolant, c'est l'vent C'est l'vent frivolant, C'est l'vent frivolant, Derrier' chez nous ya-t-un-étang— C'est l'vent frivolant! Par les yeux lui sort'nt diamants. C'est l'vent qui vole, qui frivole."

When the young fellow got opposite to us, I called to him. For an instant he wavered. Then he crossed to where we were and held up his light boldly to look at us, keeping himself in shadow. Nevertheless, as I peered at him, I uttered an involuntarily cry, while he, on his part, recoiled limply, and the lantern fell to the ground. For the face that looked forth at me from the disguise of the pulled down cap and the turned up collar of a student of Laval College, was

the face of Jacquette.
"My God, Nial, is it you or your ghost?" she faltered, almost fainting from excitement, joy, and fear. "Ramon, dear friend! God be thanked, you are

both free !' "Jacquette, what madness is this? You alone here, and at this hour?

" A boy is safe anywhere and at any time," my dear love replied with a catch in her voice. "Oh, Nial, did you think I could stay calmly at home while you and Ramon were struggling for lib-erty and life? Droulet, Monsieur Beaufait-the other friend who volunteered to help you—and I watched at the prointed spot until long after the hour you named. But you did not come and they concluded you had been unable to pass the guards. In vain I entreated them to wait a little longer. They said you would not make the attempt tonight, and they took me back to Madam St. Germain's. She is now to Madam St. Germain's. She is now living in Quebec, and I am staying with her. Louis Droulet is her But I could not be content, so I around to the kitchen, called Pascal, who was dozing over the fire waiting for any orders I might give him and, with him for a protector, I stole away again noping, praying that in some might be able to help you. Pascal is just behind; we thought it less noticable to travel thus, and I whistled to let him know all was well."

"My brave darling!" I cried.
"Mademoiselle, I shall never forget your thought of me," exclaimed Ramon with passionate earnestness.

Pascal, Dr. Nelson's old servant, who

it seems had accompanied Jacquette in all her wanderings, now came up. He carried a stout club and at sight of us sprang forward ready to cudgel us for crossing the path of his lady.

"Pascal, do you not see? These are the friends of whom we have come in coarse. Let us make heave now to search. Let us make haste now to Madame St. Germain's," directed

Jacquette, alert and resourceful once more. "But you are hurt, Nial. Lean upon my shoulder." Instead, I took her arm and hobbled a few steps, but it was evident that if I could not proceed faster there was small hope for me, or for Ramon if he persisted in his refusal to leave me. Br "M'sieur must get upon my back and I will carry him," declared Pascal.

I laughed at this and, of course, would not hear of it. With his help and Ramon's I managed to do better presently, and Jacquette led the way for over a mile.

At last we paused before a house in the suburb of St. Roch. A light was burning in an upper room facing the road. Picking up a pebble, Pascal threw it at the window from which the rays of the lamp shone. It was opened cautiously, and a woman's voice asked

in a low tone, "Who is there?" "It is I, madame," said-the old servant. "I have brought the gentlemen to whom madame's nephew offered hospitality." tality."

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ement, joy, and fear. "Ramon, id! God be thanked, you are

here, and at this hour? v is safe anywhere and at any

y dear love replied with a her voice. "Oh, Nial, did you ould stay calmly at home while Ramon were struggling for lib-d life? Droulet, Monsieur -the other friend who volunhelp you-and I watched at inted spot until long after the named. But you did not come concluded you had been unass the guards. In vain I enthem to wait a little longer, id you would not make the tonight, and they took me back on St. Germain's. She is now Quebec, and I am staying with uis Droulet is her nephewald not be content, so I slipped

to the kitchen, called Pascal, dozing over the fire waiting for ers I might give him and, with a protector, I stole away again, a protector, I stole away again, praying that in some way I e able to help you. Pascal is ind; we thought it less notic-travel thus, and I whistled to know all was well." brave darling !" I cried.

demoiselle, I shall never forget bught of me," exclaimed Ramon ssionate earnestness. I, Dr. Nelson's old servant, who had accompanied Jacquette in wanderings, now came up. He a stout club and at sight of us

a stout club and at sight of an attention of the path of his lady.

al, do you not see? These are onds of whom we have come in Let us make haste now to be St. Germain's," directed

e St. Germain's," directed tte, alert and resourceful once "But you are hurt, Nial. Lean y shoulder." ad, I took her arm and hobbled a ps, but it was evident that if I not proceed faster there was nope for me, or for Ramon if he ed in his refusal to leave me. But

ieur must get upon my back and arry him," declare d Pascal. ghed at this and, of course, not hear of it. With his help mon's I managed to do better

ly, and Jacquette led the way ast we paused before a house in burb of St. Roch. A light was

g in an upper room facing the Picking up a pebble, Pascal it at the window from which the the lamp shone. It was opened asly, and a woman's voice asked w tone, "Who is there?" is I, madame," said-the old servil have brought the gentlemen to madame's nephew offered hospi-

madame's nephew offered hospi-

We heard an exclamation of surprise, we heard an excharation of surprise, a hurried call to some one in the house, and, after the delay of a few minutes, a quick tread upon the stairs. In another second the house door was thrown wide

hundred thousand welcomes, cried out young Droulet, as he drew Rycerski into the hall, and, anon, see

Rycerski into the hart, and, and, seeing my plight, turned to assist me.

Searcely had we crossed the doorstone when Jacquette disappeared. In her flight she must have encountered Madame St. Germain, for I heard the Madame St. Germain, for I heard the same voice that had spoken from the window exclaim in horrified dismay at the escapade of mademoiselle, and add a few words of chiding. Then the voice spoke again in a relenting tone, and I knew my darling had won in the hasty

Presently, Madame St. Germain appeared herself, to greet us, which she did most heartily. I observed that she had grown much older since the days at St. Denis. After the destruction of her house, she had been glad to leave the When Jacquette came back, the place. When Jacquette came back, the demoiselle was most demurely gowned in some dark-colored stuff.

in some dark-colored stuff.

"Sweetheart, I have not yet thanked you for the help you have given us tonight," I said. "But for you we would scarce have found this refuge." Folding her in my arms, I kissed her again and again. For the nonce I even forgot

Jacquette now turned to him and pressed his hands warmly, looking up into his face in a manner that would have made me madly jealous were he not my best-loved comrade, and had she not already shown me that I possessed

"Ah, my dear friend," she said to him, "daily have I thought of you, schemed to set you at liberty, and schemed to set you at liberty, and prayed for you, even as I have for Nial. Had you not escaped with him my happi

Had you not escaped with him my happiness would not have been complete."

For once Ramon's self possession for sook him. He could find no words to speak to her, but stood gazing into her eyes. At last, however, but still mute-

eyes. At last, however, but still mute-ly, he raised her hands to his lips.
"Ah, ha, my dears, this is no time for love-making," cried Madame St. Ger-main, bustling in with a tray. Her mis-understanding of the situation caused him to turn away abruptly; Jacquette blushed in confusion, and I could not

but laugh.
"Sir, I beg of you, do not give any more time to us," I said to Droulet, "but go at once, I entreat you, to the palace garden, where you will find our two men, who are hiding there. Take then ten place of safety." them to a place of safety."
"I will go with Monsieur Droulet,"
said Ramon, who now, for some inexplic-

said Ramon, who now, for some mexplicable reason, seemed eager to get away.

"If you wish to go with me as far as Antoine Beaufait's, sir, well and good,' answered Droulet, "you will be perhaps safer there than here."

"It is not of that I am thinking," said we compared that I am thinking," said

my comrade, "but perhaps I may be of

one justice to the sandwiches made by our kind hostess, Ramon and Droulet set out. When they were gone, Madame St. Germain insisted upon putting a compress of linen on my injured foot and bandaring. ting a compress of linen on my injured foot and bandaging it. Jacquette hovered near, the while, rendering any assistance in her power.

The ladies wished me to go to rest in

The ladlesswished me to go of the sar of this, they sat with me in the parlor, Jacquette in a chair beside me, and listened with breathless interest while I related to them the details of our escape. When it was nearly daylight, Droulet came back but without my com-

"Captain Rycerski was rash enough "Captain Rycerski was rash enough to want to go straight to the garden in search of the others," he said. "But I vowed I would not seek them at all, un-less he agreed to remain at Beaufait's. less he agreed to remain at Beaufait's. Going into the town alone, I searched for them in vain. Nor sould I bring the captain back here. Indeed, Major Adair, much as we should like to keep you with us, I fear, for your own safety, we must send you on. My gig is ready. I will drive you out to a farmhouse farther off in the country, and there you may lie concealed for a day or two." you may lie concealed for a day or two."
"Why, Major Adair is disabled; he
must rest," protested Madame St. Ger-

Jacquette said nothing but looked at me with affrighted eyes.
"Madame if he remains here he is like
to rest in the citadel before many

ours," said Droulet, laconically. " Let us go at once," I urged, starting up.

"Yes, go, Nial," begged Jacquette.
"Hasten on with all possible speed. My heart will not be at peace until I hear that you have crossed the border." I put my arms around her, kissed her

passionately again and, having made my adieus to Madame St. Germain and thanked her for her kindness, went walking with difficulty, out into the night

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE FOLLY OF ANNE. BY ELLEN FARLEY.

As Anne March turned to seat her-As Anne March turned to seat herself on the top step of the tightly shuttered house, she first saw the key, its bright, round top winking up at her like a friendly eye. Her misery-sodden mind regarded it indifferently. It belonged, probably, to the door behind her. But the house seemed deserted—closed for the summer. Then some one coming in or going out had dropped it—she would ring the bell and return it to the caretaker.

the caretaker.

She pushed the button lightly at first, then vigorously, but no one appeared. The caretaker was away, she reflected, or perhaps there was none. Anne paused, dancing the key in her hand; then a mad idea flashed into her head.

"A key in time is worth nine," she

with a quick glance round, she fitted it into the tiny hole, and the boarded door swung out; a massive inner door of mahogany and silver opened readily. She ctood, breathing heavenly, in the gloom of a wide hall filled with bulky, shrouded shapes. Only a moment she shrouded shapes. Only a moment she hesitated; then reckless daring super-

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eded vague terror, and noiselessly she went up to the floor above. The first door she tried gave way at her touch, and she entered, closing it carefully and slipping the bolt. Making her way through the semigloom to a broad divan in the corner, she huddled herself up on it, her hands hugging her knees, listening fearfully.

"Well, what of it?" she addressed an invisible accuser. "I'm neither foolish nor afraid. My intentions are honest and honorable—unconnected with the family silver. I need shelter—I'm depriving no one—and I stay, come what may, when or how, I care not."

Her head dropped back wearily: she settled herself more comfortably, and her hat slipped to the floor. An unutterable weariness of despair was upon her. She sighed again, pondered drearily, and so drifted into a deep, delicious sleep.

Velvet, inky blackness shut her in when at last she opened her eves. listened, after a prolonged stretching, for the racuous peal of the alarm clock that would summon her to the steaming griddle-cakes in the dinning room-and then with a start she remembered the vast distance that lay between her and Taylorsville, with its neat cottages, the toy schoolhouse, and her pig - tailed

She rose, her arms thrust out gro ingly, and advanced a few steps. Her fingers came in contact with something hard, big, rounding—the back of a chair. Another step—a little table tilted back a bit, then settled down with a jarring noise that seemed to reverberate in an endless void of darkness; then her fingers, fluttering over its surface, touched

" Matches!"

With a suppressed gurgle of delight, she lit a they candle on the desk and surveyed the room more carefully. Before the wardrobe, where a Japanese kimono dangled lonesomely, Anne hesitated.

"I believe I'd rather be hanged for a sheep than a lamb," she decided, and, unhooking her waist, she slipped into

Blowing out the candle, but clutching the matches, she slipped through the door, and at last she reached the kitchen, lighted her candle, and placed it on the plain, scrubbed table. At the coating of dust her fingertips imprinted, her heart leaped joyfully.

"I don't believe there is a caretaker," she whispered.

Marooned on the empty shelves in the cupboard, a tin labelled "Sardines," a tall bottle of pickles and a glass jar of

tall bottle of pickles and a glass lar of asparagus greeted her.

"Poor lonesome things — they're positively begging me to eat 'em."

In searching for a can-opener, she discovered a package of wheat biscuits, and climbed the stairs boldly, gleefully, begging here prizes. hugging her prizes.
"I don't care — it's wrong and selfish

and wicked to shut up a big house-good Directly opposite a shaft of light fell through a partly opened door; at her

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"I believe you," he said gravely.

Besides, you're just the person Shales slooking for—you'll be a gift of Providence to him!"

arnish references from your old town."

"Oh, yes, yes." He took an envelope from his pocket

and wrote an address rapidly on the back, which he tore off and handed to her.

dness and laughter in their depths.

s increditable strangeness.

Good night," he said.

do thank you !"

door behind him.

exclamation a man straightened up from a suit-case, a silver-backed brush in his II = 5165 81F 8%

"What the deuce—" He cheched himself, gazing at the girlish figure be-hind the pink glow of the candle open-mouthed.

Her fear-dilated eyes roved over the open drawers of the chiffonier, the dresser, and returned to his face, the significance of the confusion dawning slowly upon her. "O-oh! there are two of us, aren't

there?" she cried. She wavered slightly, and her laugh gurgled with hysterical shrillness. "You had better sit down," said the

"I hard had better sit down."

Staring at the polished nails of the long, slim hand that pushed it forward. Anne dropped into the big leather chair. "I hardly, hoped to find any one at home," he explained politely.

"I—I" she choked. A wave of deflance swallowed her fear. "I am not at home."

"No ?" He looked puzzled.

"I found a key on the door-step and came in," she said. "And then I was came in, sane said. And then I was hungry."

He looked at the tins still clutched tightly in her arms. Taking them from her, he opened one and offered her a sardine - and - biscuit sandwich. In the big chair, with her braids over her shoulder, and her wide, questioning eyes, she looked like a child.

"Excuse me," said the burglar, disappearing for a moment and returning

"Excuse me," said the burglar, disappearing for a moment and returning with a huge bottle.

"Apollinaris," he explained. "I ran across it in here," nodding vaguely.

He found a glass and filled it for her.

"Have some asparagus?" he asked, tearing the top off the glass jar.

In silence she dipped in with her fingers and sighed contentedly, over the fat, succulent stems. dreamily into the red heart of the grate-fire. Through the sweeping rose bro-cade curtains was the glimmering vista of a white, whirling snow-storm, but she was seeing the long length of a deserted

day that had developed since!

"Oh, I must go," she gasped, starting to rise.

day that had developed since!

"Anne—thou fool!" she murmured.

Her slender fingers flipped the pages of the starting than the star to rise.

The man put out a protesting hand.

The man put out a protesting hand.

"I am leaving in a moment," he said.

"Rather unfortunate our dates conflicted, h? But I resign the field to you."

"You don't believe me, do you? Why should you, though?" she added bitterly. "I suppose the world owes you a living, too—and won't pay. And you decided to take it? Oh—I understand. We just have to live—being good is a watter of convenience, somehow. You

matter of convenience, somehow. You don't split hairs when you're starving, do you? That's how I came here. But all I've taken is shelter — yet." She held up one slender hand. "It's like yours," she explained — "rather useless for real labor."

She felt that she was table.

but the attentive eyes of the burglar eemed to urge her on, to invite her confidence.

"Do you think I'd 'make good' in your — profession? I was penniless, homeless, and—incredibly reckless—but honest, until now. But do you know I think I'd like to relieve the corrupt rich of their tainted money. I'm sure I could teach my conscience to be no trouble at

all in time."

She paused, breathless.

"Any woman can," he agreed. "But"
—he smiled pleasantly—"despite appearances, I also am really an honest man—not even a kleptomaniac," he explained. "I live here—even when the family are at home. It is my cousin's house, and I returned to-night from a month at Narragansett. I meant to go to a hotel and then remembered some things I wanted here. Then you found me. I am sorry I disturbed you," some things I wanted here. Then you found me. I am sorry I disturbed you," he ended gravely. "Is there anything I can do for you before I go?"

"Oh, what an abandoned creature I

"On, what an abandoned creature I must seem!" Her face was flaming now.
"And I was rejoicing, glorying! I think you've startled me awake. I came in a mad impulse; I'm sane now—and I'm going. Where ?" The word struck her chilingly, like a

The word struck her chilingly, like a point of ice in her heart. She looked at him, her mouth trembling.

"That does not matter. Where do all the desperate, helpless creatures go? Oh, your monster of a town will swallow me quickly enough! If you know how confiden ly I came—a: Iloaded with precious ma:uscripts! Later I burned them to heat my canned soup, as long as I could buy canned soup."

"Ah! I wonder—now, if you were a stenographer — or a chauffeur— or a lady's maid—but you write! Dear me! Oh, I say how would you like to be a secretary?"

"Secretary—oh—but you do not know a line of the could be a secretary."

"Secretary—oh—but you do not know e! How could you trust me?" rushed

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had offered her, the image of the other man had faded and she had forgotten. Yet, at opera and reception, she some-times awoke to find herself looking for a sadly humorous mouth, for the black, questioning eyes that she would know among a million faces— " Anne, my love !"

"Yes, Gordon-in my sitting room," she directed sweetly.

"It's impossible—a miracle," she mur-Through the arched door beyon nured.
"But don't tell him about this weird deventure," he added. Despite his wonderful brain and marvelous work, shales is—conventional. You might say pale, stooped, partly bald man with mild, blue eyes and glasses came, carefully balancing a mass of photographs in one ou heard of the job through a friend of liss Gilkin —his last secretary, who seently married. I dare say you can

"I've been running through my desk, and I thought you might like to see the man your husband used to be—and the children," he smiled, tumbling the pictures on the little table at her elbow. Absently Anne scanned a weazened baby in a voluminous christen

back, which he tore off and handed to her.

"You are very kind," she whispered.
Joy at the wonder of this kindly Providence was mingled with a vague fear at its increditable strangeness.

baby in a voluminous christening-root, a high-browed, serious child of four in kilts, and then—her eyes gleamed, but she dropped her long lashes as she held the photo out toward Shales. " But this isn't you," she said.

"Good night."

She stood rooted to the floor, staring, overwhelmed. Then with a little rush she stopped him in the doorway, thrusting out her hands timidly.

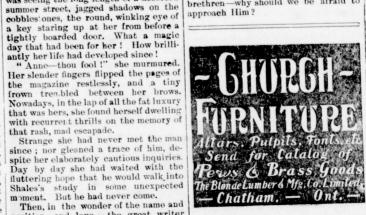
"Good night—and please believe—oh, I do thank you!"

But this isn't you, she said.

"Hardly—even with my hair I was never an Adonis, I fear. He's a good looking chap, eh? And clever—ah! That, my dear, is the picture of a gentlemanly and burglarious valet, who departed with an excellent collection of my studs, enfi-buttons, and searf-pins a my studs, cuff-buttons, and scarf-pins a year or so ago. I found this some time after, and meant to turn it over to the police. Perhaps I'd better now—eh?" His dark eyes held hers for a moment, "Good night, little girl, and good luck," he returned, and slammed the

"By all means," she said smoothly. She had turned back to the Shaies of younger days. "Gordon, what a dear you were—and are!"—The Cavalier. Mrs. Gordon Shales stretched herself luxuriously in her big chair, dropped the magazine she was reading to gaze dreamily into the red heart of the grate-

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

LONDON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 11, 1909.

LA SEMAINE. We learn from Toronto Saturday Night that the inimical friend of the French Canadians, Mr. Sellars, of the Huntingdon Gleaner, is quite concerned about the suppression of La Semaine. From the pulpits of a hundred churches the paper in question was denounced and people warned against it. The cause given in Saturday Night is that La Semaine deplored the illiteracy of the rural population of Quebec and suggested that the schools should be taken from the control of the priesthood. It is wonderful how Protestant English stand for liberty when they hear a bishop warn his people or command them to do something Puritanical to the marrow of their bones, they never mind their own business. They feel called upon by the Almighty to make war upon any Catholic hierarchy whose courage prompts it to govern the Church of God. It will be a cold day when a Catholic prelate asks permission to issue a mandate from the Huntingdon Gleaner or Toronto Saturday Night. Concerning the suppression of La Semaine, we are confident that the bishop will justify his action when called upon by proper authority. This question of church control of schools is broader. Saturday Night regards it as one of the serious problems of Quebec. Whether Ontario has not problems of its own to which it hould first attend or whether Ontario feels called to solve this or any other provincial question of Quebec, may be questioned too. Ontario education does not show up any too well. However, the point is church control of press and schools. To judge by the pamphlets issued by the Hon. S. H. Blake, Ontario is in sore want of church control. With Presbyterian Modernism and Methodist higher criticism, college education is, if we may believe Mr. Blake, dechristianizing this Province. Church control of education should according to Saturday Night, be abolished because the education is not sufficiently utilitarian. It teaches too much religion and does not train youth to worship the mighty dollar. Where education is secularized and where an educational system has adopted a clear draining channel down from the country to the city, and from the farm to the profession, and the counting house, where we have a Minister of Education and an army of officials, we have neither religion, reverence nor discipline. Whatever shortcomings the Quebec schools may have are easily corrected and more safely under Church control than if the system were secularized. The day would be an evil one upon which a close imitation of the modern spirit of French republicanism would be officially established in the Province of Quebec. Let religion be differentiate the punishment of these taken from these schools, forthwith two kinds of sin. Again, we premise atheism rules and forms every succeeding generation. It is all very well to complain that the world of to day is not the soul, but does not completely separin sympathy with the Church. Admitate it from God. A soul which dies ting the fact, it by no means follows that the Church should abandon her great absorbing mission of teaching. True, that children must be educated in venial sin dies in the friendship of for this world in which they have to live. Let everything be put in order God. On the other hand there are lest confusion arise. Eternity goes before time; and the kingdom of heaven is to be sought first. Efficiency of of God, so that he must pay this debt schools will urge itself upon Church before he can enter into the joy of his authorities with as much force as upon

ested in the welfare of their people. They are not, however, sowers of discontent. They do much to advance the material prosperity of their rural population. Never will they urge this beyond due limits: for they know that a simple contented people with the industry which their own farms supply are a more stable element in a nation's greatness and strength than countless proprietorless discontented artisans.

WHERE ARE THE DEAD. A Toronto correspondent has sent us a copy of the Brooklyn Tabernacle People's Pulpit containing a long dissertation under the above named title. The party who writes to us has a truly Irish name although not a Catholic style of asking for information upon these questions. She says: "This little booklet was left at my door Sunday morning, so thought I would forward to you. I will watch to see if there is an explanation in the CATHOLIC RECORD or in the Evening Telegram." We candidly acknowledge that when it comes to a question of Catholic theology we are not in the race with the Evening Telegram. If our correspondent had asked us for a simple answer as to where the dead are we should with pleasure have read her a lesson from our catechism. We should about as soon turn to the People's Pulpit for information upon Catholic subjects as to the Toronto Evening Telegram. There is no duty imposed upon a Catholic journal of entering into controversy. We have always felt it a duty, however, to correct mis-statements about the teaching of the Church, and also to give as clear explanations upon these subjects as we could-Waiving, therefore any non-Catholic journal aside, we think the explanation given by the People's Pulpit concerning the Catholic is a compound of theology and poetry which confuses and misleads more than it teaches and enlightens. Dante in poetry and his interpreter, Dore, in art, are not the sources from which we draw Catholic doctrine We advise," says this Pulpit, "that you see. Dante's work, 'Inferno,' because i gives our Catholic view of the proper answer to the question. Where are the dead? Nor is the People's Pulpit satisfied Speaking of the explanation it says: We regret to say that the answer is not all that we might have hoped for in clearness and reasonableness and Scripturalness." It is scandalized, for it regards the answer of Catholicism to the question as little better than that of heathendom. No wonder. If the Catholic Church relied upon poetry as the foundation of its belief on shifting sand. No doubt the Catholic teaching upon the dead presented to

would be a house raised literature the most sublime epic ever written. This poem, Dante's Inferno, nor any other poem can be the strict interpreter of Catholic doctrine. What is the source of the Pulpit's information we have no means of knowing. It is to be regretted that any one should give as Catholic doctrine what is only the poetry growing out of it. We maintain that the Catholic doctrine about the dead is as clear, as reasonable and as scriptural as any article of faith can be. Surrounded as we are by material bodies our comprehension of a spiritual world is unduly subjected to material conditions. It is a fact that our soul is immortal. Beyond the grave therefore the condition of the dead is closely connected with the theory of sin. According to Catholic theology there is a radical distinction between sins. Some sins are unto death. That is to say, their gravity is such that each one incurs the death penalty of the soul. If God does not remit the sin the sinner will after death be buried in hell. There are sins which are not unto death. These are what are called venial sins. They do not absolutely break the friendship of God. They weaken the soul's love for Him, they incline the soul to mortal sin, and in some virtues become by addition griev ous in their very nature. A sin is al ways edious in God's sight. No amount of natural virtue will make up for the least sin. We distinguish between sin and sin on man's part. Human frailty is everywhere. Even the just man falls seven times in the day. As therefore the Catholic Church distinguishes mortal from venial sin so does she

sin not fully atoned for

but in justice-and where the prayers and masses of earth aid the suffering chastened souls at the throne of the Most High. The night of trial swiftly passes, for one day in His Court is as a thousand years. How the fires of Purgatory cleanse, or how severe they are, or what is their duration, we know not. But we do know that the soul has seen God, heard the joyous sentence and has fallen down and out for a certain period as unworthy to abide face to face with Him in whose sight the angels are not pure. No realm of pain appeals to us with such force as does this silent lake of purgatorial fire. No murmur rises from its depths-only hope and longing and patient sorrow for sins too readily and too frequently committed here on the dull earth.

MR. BLAKE AND THE COLLEGES. The Hon. S. H. Blake of Toronto is out again, armed as well as a Protestant can be armed making another attack upon the modernistic tendencies of some theological colleges. He has is. sued pamphlet No. 7, entitled: "A Rebellious People : a God of Judgment. The End Thereof? Who will have the Last Word? The Judge?" Mr. Blake is a zealot. His spirit is certainly moved within him seeing the intellectual city given up to the dest-uction of Christian revelation. However earnest his own convictions may be, and however well founded his complaints, his intemperate language weakens his case. There is no force of argument in calling opponents names; nor does sereasm carry conviction with it. Men's minds are largely swayed by their feeling. Touch a man's sympathy, or appeal to his goodness, or even approach him upon the falsity of his premises and the dangerous conse quences to be derived from them: he will listen and reflect. Now Mr. Blake styles some of these professors "uninspired backsliders of to-day." The question according to him is God or Darwin. These professors choose Darwin with the nauseous "olla podrida" that flows from it-"a seething mass of sin concocted by the children of the devil. Baal and Barabbas." "It may be well," argues Mr. Blake, "that we should have had this illustration-alluding to the case of incest and murder near Sudbury-"in order that people may see what a hell upon earth a country will be turned into when the uggestions of our professors - devils clothed in the guise of angels of lightare fully known and regulate the citizens of the land." This language is too fierce to be forcible. The fault we find with it and, indeed, with the whole position taken by Mr. Blake, is that for Protestant it is untenable. Standing as he does for the Bible, the whole Bible and nothing but the Bible, by the light of private interpretation Mr. Blake assumes to himself a power to which he can lay no claim whatever. If he falls back upon Anglicanism he is forced to admit serious divisions in his own house hold. It is surely a lamentable thing to question or undermine the divinity of Christ, Equally deplorable is it to deny the sacrificing priesthood of the New Law or the infallibility of St. Peter's successor. Anglicanism has no jurisdiction beyond private judgment, no mission other than the call to hear the Church. Mr. Blake has no power over his Presbyterian friends. It is the is the true and higher life of the soul. illogical stand of any and every Protest-Coming more directly to the question, ant. There is no authority to decide loubts or coerce insubordination. All are equal - simple plowman, astute lawyer, learned professor - Anglicans, Presbyterians, Baptists, Methodistsequal rights for all. Why then does any Anglican go out to his Presbyterian or Methodist friends and tell them: You are demons in disguise; you are teaching error. Mr. Blake is trying to exercise what he has often denouncedviz., papal authority. Let us before parting give him credit in that the fault of which he complains is more and more patent every year. Every non-Catholic theological college is Arian and modernistic in its teaching. Protestantism is helpless in the storm. Without a guide, without a master, without a rudder and without a compass the ship is being fast driven into the raging floods of scepticism and infidelity.

THE CANADIAN PLENARY

COUNCIL. As our readers are aware, the great historical assembly opens on the 19th with the Church that nothing defiled inst. Its fathers will consist of the archcan enter heaven. Venial sin defiles bishops, residential bishops, vicars-apostolic and the administrators of vacant sees. There will also be present the in a state of venial sin, or with auxiliary bishops and titular bishops, the mitred abbot of Oka, the proctors of must be cleansed before it can enter the absent bishops, delegates of the heaven. On the one hand a man dying chapters of the metropolitan and cathedral churches, vicars-general, domestic prelates of His Holiness, the rectors of stains on his soul which must be purithe Catholic universities, the superiors fied. He is still indebted to the justice of higher seminaries, the provincials of religious orders and the theologians and canonists of the bishops. His Lord. The place of cleansing is Purga-Excellency Mgr. Sbarretti, the Apostolic secular powers. The former are inter- tory, where God corrects not in anger Delegate, will preside. The preliminary land bill, making the sixty-second Irish front in the body politic.

meetings will take place on the 17th | land bill within one hundred years. In and 18th, when officers will be named and committees struck and the official order determined for the examination, discussion and approval of the decree These decrees will be first discussed in committee, then in the plenary sittings of the bishops and theologians, and examined afterwards by the fathers of the council assembled in congregation. When finally settled they will be promulgated publicly in the solemn sessions which will be held every Sunday in the Basilica of Quebec.

The following Pontifical Brief regard ing the Plenary Council has been received from Rome:

PIUS P. P. X. To all the faithful in Christ to whom

these present letters come, Health and the Apostolic Benediction: Our Venerable Brother Donatus Sharretti, Arch bishop of Ephesus, and Apostolic Delegate to Canada, having informed u hat on the nineteenth and following of the month of September the Plenary Council of the Canad-Bishops is to be convok in the Metropolitan Church of Quebec and presided ove by him: this auspicious event appeal to us as worthy of the opening of th heavenly treasures confided to the over Roman Pontiff by the Most High. therefore, agreeing to the pious wishes of those who give spiritual food to a Christian people inasmuch as becometh by the mercy of the All-powerful God and the authority of the Blessed Apostles Peter and Paul, grant and concede once to each and every one of the faithful of both sexes confided to their care, who whatever time during the Council they may elect, and having conessed their sins and strengthened the elves with the Bread of Angels, visit Metropolitan Church of which we have mentioned already or any for the Concord of Christian ces, the Extirpation of Heresy, the conversion of Sinners and the Exultation of Holy Mother Church-on that day—a Plenary Indulgence and remission of all their sins, applicable also to the souls in Purgatory, who in the peace of God have departed this life. We also desire that a copy of these let ters bearing the sign manual of some notary public and the seal of a person vested with ecclesiastical dignity, have the same authority as would be accorded to these presents if exhibited and Given at Rome, at St. Peter's, un-

der the Seal of the Fisherman, this 19th day of July, 1909, and in the sixth year of Our Pontificate. (Signed)

R. CARD. MERRY DEL VAL,

Secretary of State The Council convoked under the supreme authority of the Holy Father reaches in interest and influence to the least of the flock in the broad acres of Canada. In things spiritual there is action and reaction. Prayer for the guidance of the venerable prelates bemes the grateful duty of the children the Canadian Church that the Council in its deliberations and decis ions be led by the Spirit of God - that all may keep the bond of peace in the unity of the same Spirit.

IT IS THE CUSTOM amongst certain people to hold up the British Empire as a model for all the world. Once in a while, however, it would be well were we to make a close inspection of our actual conditions. There would be found herein an antidote for that plenteous pride which sometimes become tiresome and quite frequently disgusting. The brainy editor of the Toronto Globe, Rev. Mr. McDonald, a manly man at all times, has a habit of calling a spade a spade. One always knows where to find him. If there is an abuse to be corrected that fountain pen of his becomes a gatling gun. On a recent trip to England with the members of the press conference, he appreciated to the fullest all those features of the metropolis which constitute Briton's glory, but he looked at the reverse of the picture and here is what he writes

"Fraukly, the thing that impressed me most, the thing that stands out as the background of every reminiscence, was the bloodless, mirthless, hopeless face of the common crowd. Nothing seems able to din or wipe out or soften the hard lines of that impression. The dress receptions, the gorgeous pageants, the galleries, the colleges, the storied castles, and all that rare procession o beauty and wonder and worth may fade into a dreamlike memory, but the pale and sunken faces of the nameless city and sunken taces of the nameless city crowd haunt one like a weird. We were given, as we had been promised beforehand, rare and illuminating glimpses of 'Britain at work and at but we could not shut our eves of play, but we could not shut our eyes or steel our hearts to that Britain which is out of work, which may not even want to work, and which has long forgotten how to play."

THE NOTED Irish member of parliament, T. P. O'Connor, has given us a pen picture of most extraordinary things which now prevail in English Parliamentry procedure. It seems that Ireland has secured the ear of English legislators. "All the proceedings of the most momentous budget of modern times. he writes, were arrested, all measures for the betterment of conditions in England were left, all debates with reference to India and the

fact, Westminster was for a week transformed as if the House of Commons sat in the college green at Dublin. This startling fact has impressed greatly all the intelligent organs of English opinion and makes one of the many factors which are daily facilitating the success of the next attempt to solve the home rule problem." All signs give us assurance that at the next general election the people of England will arise in their might and place in power a government that will at long last treat Ireland justly. We may expect considerable noise from the Orange leaders, the agents of the oligarchy, but their influence is becoming more impotent every day.

AN EXCHANGE tells us that the world has always held in abomination a man who on reaching the goal of his ambition spurns the means by which he ascended. Such will be the case, however, as long as the world endures. Ingratitude is a characteristic of humanity, of which the world's ways give us examples only too often. We have known Catholics-very few in number, and for this we may be thankful-who, upon obtaining positions of dignity, separate themselves almost entirely from the social life of their former friends. An American paper truly says that such a person must be either a cad or a simpleton. This is a severe description, but not, we think' undeserved. We have known some of the most eminent Catholics, however, who retain their ardent Catholic practices while occupying positions of a most exalted character. They continue to teach Catechism and are active members of the St. Vincent de Paul Society, bringing the necessities of life to the poor and needy. The Catholic who forgets or ignores practical work in the church when he is raised to an exalted position, must have been always a poor specimen of a Catholic. Oftentimes the Church has served to place him where he is, but, once there, he has little further use for the Church.

THE LONDON FREE PRESS draws attention to the shortcomings of a mayor and aldermen, and then asks, "Are the mayor and aldermen more open to criticism than the citizens who elect them from year to year?" This is very pertinent indeed. Our contemporary is playing upon the correct note. Many a man will hold up his hands in horror when reading accounts of dishonest transactions in municipal life, but does he ever consider that a certain percentage of the odium might possibly attach to himself? Has he ever examined his conscience and asked himself the questions, "Have I voted for the best man?" Or, Have I been influenced by politicals religious, or secret society consideraations in casting my vote?" We know men in civic life with whom the average men would not care to do business. and yet he will cast a vote to put him in a position to transact business for the city. We trust the Montreal scandals will have a salutary effect all over the Dominion, and it will be strange indeed if the outcome of the Royal Commission will not place some of the actors in the grafting business behind the prison bars.

OCCASIONALLY there is a gleam of light in the condition of France. The haters of God conceived the idea that their system of government will be the means of obliterating all religious influence from the minds of the French people. It has had the contrary effect. We are now told that the persecution of the Catholics have drawn them more closely together than they have been for years. Rev. Father Wm. T. Russell, rector of St. Patrick's Church, Washington, states that while he was in Paris he observed more reverence than ever before amongst the people. The outcome in France does not surprise us Wherever the Church has suffered persecution there will grow a more fervent attachment for it. The people at the next election will, we hope, put their sentiments into practical shape and cast from the government of the country those men who have brought to France little save disgrace.

JUDGING by the editorial utterance of our esteemed contemporaries in the United States it would seem that there are still in evidence in the great republic Catholics who trade upon their faith for the purpose of attaining prominence in the community. In the political wig. wam they are labelled representative Catholics, but the label is far from stating the truth. They are merely timeservers and they are not unknown in that circle where grafting has been made a fine art. We'do not say that there are any such in Canada. It is possible, however, and we would advise our people to be always on the alert so that they may not be tricked into casting a vote for one who is in every way unworthy. It were difficult to estimate imperal defence, and all other the magnitude of the disgrace brought imperial problems were postponed indefinitely to make way for another Irish erers who have pushed themselves to the erers who have pushed themselves to the

OUR BOSTON contemporary, the Sacred Heart Review, is of the opinion that if Ireland got Home Rule the great majority of Irishmen in Ireland would be just as loyal to the British Empire as the Irish Canadians and Australians are today. Our contemporary is quite right. The Irish in both Canada and Australia are loyal because they are free. We may remark, however, that were Canada and Australia next door neighbors of the mother country, as Ireland is, their local affairs would still be managed in Downing street. Distance makes the difference. They would not be so easily held were the boon refused. The governing class in England has Ireland under its heel. It is to be hoped they will ere long come to their senses. The necessities of the empire may yet force a generous measure of Home Rule, in which case Ireland will be the strong right. arm of the mother country.

FROM LONDON, England, comes the intelligence through the Daily Mirror of that city, that a medical man had given it as his opinion that there is a sound physiological reason for swearing, He declares that all animals have natural cry of anger and that when man is annoyed he starts producing superfluous mental and physical energy, He may get rid of it by running, kicking, smashing, things or swearing, and if he is not permitted to do this, blood poisoning may follow. It is a pity we are not given the name of this medical genins so that we could put him in the catalogue of the most noted freaks of the day. We commend the new discovery to Dr. Elliott of Harvard. Perhaps it could be grafted on the cult which he lately gave to a cult-burdened world.

How TRUE it is that the average Englishman at home has seldom made a study of the Irish question from the standpoint of common sense. He listens to the demagogue who will tell him that Home Rule means a disruption of the Empire. This is the battle cry of the "Unionists," a body amongst whom the real article of patriotism is seldom found. Every day brings the intelligence that a different view has taken hold of the people of England. They see plainly that a contented, happy, prosperous, and loyal Ireland would strengthen the United Kingdom. Such, indeed, is the simple truth. Friendly feelings towards the mother country on the part of the Irish at home and abroad would add honor and glory and power to the United Kingdom.

ONE WOULD not expect a great New York daily paper to call a halt in the mad rush for money getting. Such, however, is the case. The editor of the New York Sun asks its readers to "Imagine a man who should abstract himself from the world and immerse himself for fifteen minutes every day in the imitation of Christ. He might not attain to much of the detachment and mystic joy of the religious, but vulgarity would be washed from him. That reader would be liberally educated." It is to be hoped that many a one amongst our American neighbors will give serious thought to this suggestion of the great daily of New York. The furious business methods prevailing. in the republic give many a man grey hairs at thirty.

Religious indifference in England has called forth some very sharp criticisms in the newspapers. The masses, it said, as a general rule, do not go to church, chapel or mission, and the classes only go to church fer fashion's sake. The Rev. Mr. Goodman, at the Methodist conference, stated that he was obliged to spend a week end at a very fashionable hotel, and there were only three persons out of the large number of guests who attended a place of worship. They were, he stated, possessed of a profound spiritual indifference and disregard for the Sabbath. Evidently there is as much need of mission work at home as in foreign countries.

THEY HAVE an admirable mode of promoting temperance in Mexico which might with advantage be copied in this country. The play houses have been employed to promote total abstinence amongst the people. Recently a production entitled "La Taberna," which means a saloon, the design of which was to demonstrate the worst phases of these resorts, was produced at one of the opera houses. When this has been presented a number of times others of a similar character will follow. The purpose of this new departure, in which a Catholic priest is the prime mover, is to promote a taste for amusements of the higher order.

It is a matter of deep regret that so many people flock to the early Masses because they consider the High Mass too long. As a general rule the Catholic who is in the habit of making this remark has anything but a fervent love for the Holy Sacrifice. Some there are who consider an hour and a half at the High Mass somewhat frkseme but would think the same time all too short were ontemporary, the Sacred w, is of the opinion that if Iome Rule the great majoren in Ireland would be just the British Empire as the ans and Australians are tontemporary is quite right. both Canada and Australia cause they are free. We however, that were Canada a next door neighbors of the try, as Ireland is, their local still be managed in Down-Distance makes the differwould not be so easily held on refused. The governing gland has Ireland under its to be hoped they will ere their senses. The necessimpire may yet force a generof Home Rule, in which

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SEPTEMBER 11, 1909.

CARDINAL ANDRIEU URGES FRENCH TO RALLY TO STANDARD OF CHURCH.

At the opening of the convention of the Social Week, in Bordeaux recently, Cardinal Andrieu delivered a most opportune sermon which presents the terrible condition existing in France in vivid form. The object of this society is to consider existing social evils and their remedies from a Catholic stand-

Taking as his text," I have pity on the multitudes," from the incident of the multiplication of the loaves and fishes,

His Eminence said:

"The Gospel narrative contains a beautiful lesson, that would quickly solve the questions of society if rulers had but the courage to put it into practice. It teaches us to recognize, to pity, and to alleviate social misery.

"Our Divine Master teaches us first in the state of the blind to the misery.

of all not to be blind to the misery that exists in human society. A multitude, drawn by His divine loveableness, followed Him into the desert. He was solicitous for it, for He knew that the people had nothing to eat for three days. He realized the consequences were He send them away hungry—they would

faint by the roadside. This is our first duty, then, to recognize the existence of misery. And this duty we must hasten to fulfil, for the social misery of France is extreme, and we see it clearly when we recall what has been done since the day a doubtfully celebrated demagogue shouted the well-known shibboleth, 'Clericalism—behold

"Under the pretext of combating clericalism, which is the enemy only of error and vice, men have striven without rest or truce to dechristianize France. To accomplish their devilish purpose the enemy. without arousing the scruples of a people still devoted to their religious practices, they have invented a word that means nothing, but in the name of which all things are permitted—laicisation—and they have laicized, or rather dechristianized charities, hospices, cemeteries, barracks, schools, and even the churches, which we now occupy as mere tenants, expecting any moment to have them

taken away, or to be deprived of the ex-clusive use of them.

"The official dechristianization of France, brought about by excessive laicisations, has been completed by the law of separation—a thieving, tyrannical and supremely hypocritical law, which under a pretence of organizing the churches on a more liberal footing, has decreed disorganization—yea, the very destruction of the Roman Catholic

hurch in our country.
"Having dechristianized France, it is now necessary to make this condition permanent-to dechristianize the people and these men are actively engaged in this by the press, which our people neglect to bring to task for publishing principles, to which they do not subscribe; by the schools, in which the teachers, veritable ministers of atheism and socialism, outrage, with impunity, religion, patriotism ; which ignore the rights of the Church in regard to marriage, and the rights of parents to educate their children; and last of all by political offices from which all persons even sus-pected of clericalism are excluded and which are given as favors to persecu-

"The dechristianization of the religin of France was but a part of the programme of secret societies. Now that it has been executed (at least so they think, although at certain times, or on the occasion of certain celebrations and

and women. So they are preparing to do this first. They are looking to a common ownership of children by laws which take from the father and transfer the control of the co to the State the right to educate the

They are following a similar policy in regard to women by divorce more and more easily obtained amounting to free which is its fatal effect. And what will become of the men? They will be nothing more than they were in pagan society, where the individual was noth-

ing, the State everything.

Nevertheless, there will be an aristocracy (for the machine of government will not be alone) in the ideal city, which they seek to set up on the ruins of the city built according to the Gospel plan. And this aristocracy, be it of common or proletariate origin it matters not, will be not less selfish, nor less crue than that which dominated an improper comment always before Christ. immense army of slaves, before Christ brought to the world the truth that

Behold the beautiful and reassures, who should conbat it, day by day reforms they are planning for our land, reforms they are planning for our land, its victories.

"But a voice has been heard at the "But a voice has been heard at the foot of the hill of Fourviere — a voice foot of the hill of the hil

We are in the face of a great social. evil—and I ask you not merely to re-cognize the fact, but to make it known for all Frenchmen have a right to know it, since it threatens the future of France

"Encouraged by the blessing of the successor of St. Irenaeus, you have entered the field against the great enemy of the existence of the evil it is our duty to compassionate it and to strive to remedy it. This is the desire that is inspired by love which is eminently a social virtue for there is no better definition of love than that which following Aristotle, St. Thomas of Aquinas gives—"Talow it. Thomas of Aquinas

"But the natural law was so nigh blotted out of the conscience of man that

when Jesus came on earth, He could say to His disciples: 'I give you a new ommandment. "It was not new in the sense that

such a law never existed before—for God had written it in nature itself be-fore He inscribed it by the hand of Moses on the tables of Smai. "But it was new in the sense that men

had ceased to observe it, and had erased it from the code of their social obliga-

So at the hour of His entry into the world the Master republished it and the angels sang at His crib, 'Glory to God in the highest and peace to men of good will.' These words contained the entire object of the Incarnation. Out of love for God, His Father the Incarnate Word came to procure His Glory; out of love for men, His brothers, the Incarnate Word came to bring them peace, and these two loves which bear the relation one to the other of flower to stem, spring from the same source.

"Hence, when asked, 'What is the great commandment in the law? our Lord replied, 'Thou shalt love the Lord thy God, with thy whole heart, etc. And the second is like unto the first, Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.

'Now we love ourselves,' says St. Augustine, 'when we love God, and we love our neighbor when we aid him to

love God Who is his last end, and supreme good.

What nature and the Gospel tells us, history confirms. History records the numberless benefits that Christianity has conferred on the world for ninet-en controller. centuries.
"A social history of the Church has

not yet been written, but it will be written. You need not, however, wait written. You need not, however, to for such a history, for you know how to answer those alleged professors of sociology who accuse the Church of sociology who accuse the Church of against it at every turn, sees it looming up larger before him at every step he

neglecting human misery.
"Let them remember St. Vincent de Paul, the great modern patriarch of charity, and St. John Baptist de la Salle, the Vincent de Paul of the school.

the Vincent de Paul of the school.

"Our Lord pitied the multitude, but He did not content himself with mere compassion. He fed them with seven loaves, which He multiplied by a miracle. But before He performed the miracle, He thanked His Heavenly Commenter.

Eather for having given Him power.

Father for having given Him power.
"So must we proceed in this hour of trial. The present generation hungers for truth and demands that we let it not starve. It lacks strength on a journey where enemies lie in wait to induce it with false promises to make war on the Christian civilization that is written on the brightest pages of our national history, and the destruction of which would open for our country an era of

would open for our country an era of terrible catastrophe.

What bread shall we give it? The bread of sound doctrine, based on the teachings of human knowledge, which cannot be left out of the solution of the social problem, and above all on the teachings of divine wisdom, of which our enemies take no account. And why? Does not God, Who created human society, know better than sociologists and ety, know better than sociologists and ety, know better than socionogists and economists the laws by which it must live to give to its members the happiness due to the actual conditions of their existence? The teachings of divine wisdom constitute a factor that can not be omitted in solving current questions, and are not found in the com promises to which recur certain Catholics who forget that they are joining with error, and without profit to truth, the fall of which they hasten under the

retext of helping it.

"These teachings are found in the social maxims of the Church, in the commentaries on these maxims by the most accredited organs of Catholic

Tradition.
"The food which is the result of such elements can not be other than excellent,

watch not over the city, they watch in

vain who guard it."
"Without religion, the social problem will remain unsolved. God alone car will remain unsolved. God after earlier to men the light and the strength they need to practice in spite of egotism from within and violence from without, the two virtues which sum up now and the desire of second always will sum up the duties of social life—justice and charity.

"In the fourteenth century, there was

great misery in our land. France had fallen into the hands of the English, and was threatened with destruction. But on the banks of the Meuse, a young girl heard voices that said to her: "Go, child

of heaven, go.'
"At first she hesitated, but reassured that she was not the victim of delusion, she bade good-bye to father and mother. After many efforts she was permitted to head the army. She met the enemy in deadly battle. She conquered. "As in the time of Charles VII., so

ade them free.

Behold the beautiful and reassuring for our land, identity day are planning for our land, identity day are planning for our land, identity day are planning for our land, it is should conbat it, day by day counts in the time of Charles vii., so now there is great misery in our country, where error championed by those who should conbat it, day by day counts in the time of Charles viii., so

that is from heaven, and it says to you, Go, son of France, go, try to free your mother.

SCIENCE, MYSTERY, FAITH.

O DEATHBEDS AND THEIR LESSONS-TABLEAU OF THE INTELLECTUAL WORLD TO-DAY. ritten for the Catholic Standard and Times by George Metlake.

Molto si mira e poco si discerne. Much is aime , and discerned but little. (Parad. vii., 62.)

"However far science pushes its con-quests, its domain will ever remain limited. All along its frontiers mystery hovers, and the farther these frontiers are removed the more extended they These significant words were spoken by M. Henri Poincare before a crowded session of the French Academy on Jan.

28, on the occasion of his reception into that world-famous body. Poincare is one of the greatest savant of France and of the world. His labors and discoveries in the vast and myster-ious realms of higher mathematics have made his name honored and his authority paramount in every civilized land. He professes no religious belief. The notion of a personal, living God is for-eign to him. Science is his religion, as it has been his life study. He should be in a position to know its resources. And yet he declares that science is hemmed.

reality. Berthelot, the chemist, whom France honored with a public funeral, and whose remains are in the Pantheon, once said to a friend; "The word mystery—this word is to-day excluded from the vocab-ulary and the methods of science as completely as the word miracle." Poincare's words are a categorical answer to this self-conceited declaration, as well as to all that jumble of nonsense so often flung out to the world with the label "conclusions of science." The word

in, bounded by mystery, and that the farther it advances the more it feels the

resistance of a sovereign, mysterious

Sully Prudhomme, the poet of "happi-

Sully Prudhomme, the poet of "happiness," and one of the most unhappy of men was Poincare's predecessor in the Academy. He was born of deeply religious parents. He lost his father when still a child, but his saintly mother watched with jealous care over his infancy and boyhood. After his First Communion he even seriously thought of entering the Dominican order. But the peace of the cloister was not to be for for him. His literary tastes drew him to Paris. Here he won wealth and fame, but lost the faith of his mother and forgot her teachings. got her teachings.

In the course of his reply to Poincare

M. Frederic Masson, the historian of Napoleon and president of the Academy, describes a visit which several Acader cians paid to Sully Prudhomme in his last illness:

It was four years ago on a spring morning after a breakfast to which our dear friend Theuriet had invited several dear friend Theuriet had invited several
of us in his villa in Bourg-la-reine. We
went—Francois Coppee was with us—
past gardens fragrant with springing
flowers and verdure to Chatenay to cheer
up our poor friend, Sully Prudhomme.
The sick man was suffering terribly for
all his limbs were convulsed and the
intensest pain was mirrored on his
handsome coustenance. But the sufferincs of his soul appeared to be far handsome contenance. But the sanctaings of his soul appeared to be far greater than his physical pains. * * * We made every effort to lead the conversation to subjects which had always interested him, but they had lost the sanctain poet. all their charms for the dying poet. Death and the dread of something after death, engrossed his thoughts completely, and he would speak of no-thing else. He told us how he had en-joyed rest of soul in the Christian faith;

him; how he had left it, and how he had ever since gone astray in the tangled pathway of doubt, always seeking and never finding anywhere what could satis-fy his imagination and his reason. He the occasion of certain celebrations and of certain discourses they tremble at the but it has yet not been distributed expet to a chosen few. So, I ask you to thought that the dead body of clericalism may still have a little life in it), they must take up the dechristianization of society to build the city of to-morrow on a new basis.

"And what is this new basis? The communism of goods, by means of a social modernism would lead them.
"In order, however, to do this, you must, after the example of Christ, look to dragoon the Catholic Church in devine and over again, and your heart, they refused to obey laws which they refused to obey laws which they could not obey conscientiously. At the beginning of the war upon the Church in Germany things, would be accomplished for the social modernism would lead them.

"In order, however, to do this, you must, after the example of Christ, look to dragoon the Catholic Church into submission. Bishops and priests on they are imprisoned and exiled because they refused to obey laws which they could not obey conscientiously. At the beginning of the war upon the Church in Germany things. They do not confine themselves to they can be asked us over and over again, and pressed us for an answer, if our hearts, when they are imprisoned and exiled because they refused to obey laws which they could not obey conscientiously. At the beginning of the war upon the Church in Germany things. They do not confine themselves into submission. Bishops and exiled because imprisoned and exiled because they refused to obey laws which they could not obey conscientiously. At the beginning of the war upon the Church in Germany things. They do not confine themselves into submission. Bishops and exiled because imprisoned and exiled because they refused to obey laws which they could not obey conscientiously. At the beginning of the war upon the Church in Germany things. They do not confine themselves in the catholic objects of this could not obecome imprisoned and exiled because they refused to obey laws whi

how consoling its promises had been to him; how he had left it, and how he had

reflected, full upon him and raising his emaciated hands said: 'Ah, Coppee, you do not know how happy you are!'
"And as we leit the sick room to-gether, without speaking a word, to profoundly had we been moved by what we had seen and heard, Coppee, lighting a cigarette and drinking in with his eyes cigarette and drinking in with his eyes the beauty of the trees and the flowers, the azure of the sky and the happiness of awakening nature, said, as if continu-ing the conversation: 'And then it is

ing the conversation: "And then it is much simpler."
"Perhaps to Sully also, when the supreme hour of departure came, this seemed much simpler."

Another deathbed scene. It is March 1, 1842, in Paris. The philosopher Theodore Jouffroy is waiting for the breaking of the veil. The priest, who had just administered the last sacraments, is still standing beside him. Summonis still standing beside him. Summon-ing his remaining strength, Jouffroy says, in a voice that all present may hear: "Ah, dear father! I have fol-

says, in a voice that all pleached have hear: "Ah, dear father! I have followed after new doctrines and have invented new doctrines myself. * * * Thave strayed far from God and have been very unhappy. I have returned to my God, to the faith of my childhood, and I am happy. Faith alone can make happy the heart of man." Then turning to the attendants, he says: "There's a little book which children learn by heart: this little book contains more heart: this little book contains more wisdom than all the books of all the savants of the world. Read this little book; it answers all the questions of the heart. This little book is the cate-

chism.' Science, mystery, faith! In Berthelot we see science attempting to dismiss mystery with a sneer and a wave of the hand; in Poincare we see science honestly confessing its powerlessness in the face of profound, immense and sover-"Social love is to wish good."

"Social love is a law of nature. God placed men in society in order that they might aid one another to obtain the end of their existence: and this they cannot do unless they love one another.

The person who winks at sin will soon lose his sight.

The person who winks at sin will soon lose his sight.

The person who winks at sin will soon lose his sight.

The person who winks at sin will soon lose his sight.

Things around us will look brighter if to despair because doubt, lose his sight.

Things around us will look brighter if to hope; in Coppee and Jouffroy we see they love one another.

The person who winks at sin will soon lose in sight.

The person who winks at sin will soon lose in the putting the question, which, if successful, would inflict such irreparable injury upon Germany.

As one contemplates the splendid driving it to despair because doubt, lose his sight.

Things around us will look brighter if to hope; in Coppee and Jouffroy we see the putting the question, why

faith's glorious conquest. Is not this a cannot the unity, which has made tableau of the intellectual world to-day? work of our German brothers so frui work of our German brothers so fruitful, be established among Catholics in other To deny the existence of an all-per-vading, mysterious reality is to outface lands? If it had existed in France the

the sun at noonday. The scientist may chafe and fret and fume and try to ignore its presence, but it is always there. To penetrate this mystery is not given to mortal man. To say: "We know the intate constitution and properties of matter" is so nonsensical as to be unpardonable, and the fool who makes this assertion deserves to be German brothers in the faith. It is true that we are not called upon to exert our energies, as Catholies, in the political field as German Catholies have been compelled to do by the force of circummakes this assertion deserves to be answered in Mareo's words: Lo mondo e circo e tu vien ben da lui. (The world stances. Luckily we are living under a form of Government that can be relied upon not to adopt Bismarekian tactics. But whilst there is no need of a Catholic political party in this country, there is still a field in which Catholics acting a wait way offects a great deal. It is is blind, and verily thou comest from it.)

Purg. xvi., 66.
"The last reason of things," Abbe "The last reason of things, Abbe Piat justly says, "is ever dying, like another Ithaka, from him who toils to discover it: it is beyond his reach." After all his researches the scientist, if he is honest, must confess with Newman: "What do I know of substance and mathematical like the greatest the greatest." ter? Just as much as the greatest philosophers, and that is nothing at all." Disenchantment and disappointment have ever been the portion of those who placed all their hopes in science and in science alone. Only those who can say with Coppee, "I believe," and with It is. Dante :

"I believe in one God, sole and eternal, Who moveth all the heaven, Himself un moved, with love and with desire") have solved the riddle of the universe have solved the riddle of the universe. They are content to "see now through a glass, darkly," to wait until "the earthly house of this habitation be dissolved," and they see in the light of God "the whole essence of the universe, all beings and all their attributes and all their relations no longer as scattered and imperfect fragments, but as one perfect whole, and that whole naught else than one single flame of love." (Parad. xxx. one single flame of love." (Parad. xxx., 85.)

missions to non-Catholics to dispel ignor-ance and remove prejudice, condemna-tion of indecent plays, assistance in the suppression of the "white slave" traffic, support of mission work among negroes and Indians, support for the Catholic press and of clean newspapers, proper observance of Sunday, opposition to Socialism and the divorce evil, the erec-tion of a monument at Gettysburg to Meanwhile "all jarring protest and opposition to the divine order gives way in the heart of the believer to oneness of wish and will with God, Who Himself is

(Parad. xxx., 143.) How much simpler is faith with its mysteries than science with its riddle of the universe! "Can you," asks New-man, "deliberately sit down amid the bewildering mysteries of creation when a refuge is held out to you, in which reason is rewarded for its faith by the fulfillment of its hopes?"

THE EXAMPLE OF UNITY SET BY GERMAN CATHOLICS.

The Catholics of the United States and of every other country owe a debt of gratitude to the Catholics of Germany for furnishing a practical demonstration of the good which can be accomplished to the good which ca gratitude to the Catholics of Germany for furnishing a practical demonstration of the good which can be accomplished by Catholic unity. The victories they have won are the more remarkable from the fact that they were scored in the face of difficulties which seemed insurmountable. Bismarck was in the full least of recess yielding a power which flush of success yielding a power which seemed to be irresistible. Stricken seemed to be irresistible. Stricken France lay Meeding at every pore. The policy of blood and iron had carried policy of blood and iron had carried everything before it, brushing aside all obstacles that would impede its onward progress. The iron will back of the series of events which led up to the German Empire and a United Germany, had compelled obedience to its behests,

and was ready for new conquests.

The Catholic Church in Germany was selected as the next object for Bismarck's onset. Its spiritual independence was distasteful to him and he determined to make it an humble servant of the State. He had great armies at his beck and call and could wield the influence of the most powerful Government in Europe.

He never doubted for a moment of his final triumph. He himself gave voice to his confidence where he proudly boasted that he would never go to Canossa. It was with a fight heart that he under took to dragoon the Catholic Church into submission. Bishops and priests were imprisoned and exiled because they refused to obey laws which they could not obey conscientiously. At the beginning of the war upon the Church, victory seemed about to declare itself on the side of the iron Chancellor.

The affairs of the Church in Germany were in as bad, or perhaps worse conwas with a light heart that he under

nunciations, resolved upon putting forth their whole strength in defence of their spiritual Mother. Under the splendid leaderships of Windhorst and other able leaders they began the work of organizing and never flagged in it until had marshalled their forces in numbers so imposing that the sponsor of the in-famous May Laws had to give heed to their wishes. Bismarck did go to Canossa and as a result his anti-Catholic measures were expunged from the

When the attempt to make the Church the obedient servant of the State was inaugurated, the German Catholics were able to poll 718,000 votes which were able to poil 715,000 votes which were represented by 58 deputies in the Reichstag. That was a fairly good be-ginning. Three years later an army of 1,000,000 Catholic voters deposited their ballots in the ballot box, electing 91 deputies. Organization, for which Germans seem to have a genius, had done its work. But 1,000,000 voters were not its work. But 1,000,000 voters were not to be the high water mark of German Catholic endeavor in behalf of the Church. In the closing years of the nineteenth century 1,000,000 votes had been increased to 1,500,000 and in the opening years of the present century it had reached 1,800,000. At the last general election in the winter of 1907, German Catholics elected 107 of the 397 deputies in the Reichstag. To-day they deputies in the Reichstag. To-day they hold the balance of power in the Reichstag as between the other warring political parties. Whilst ever on the alert to champion the legitimate interests of the Champion Corpus Catholics, as a political parties. Church, German Catholics, as a political factor, have shown themselves thoroughly loyal to the Fatherland.

thoroughly loyal to the ratheriand. They have stood as a solid phalanx against the inroads of Socialism and Anarchism, which, if successful, would inflict such irreparable injury upon

Recommended As An Ideal Remedy



as a unit may effect a great deal. It is this conviction which has summoned the Federation of Catholic Societies of

America into existence. Its aim, as is

well known, is to bring about unity of action of all existing Catholic societies

in certain matters affecting Catholic interests. This is not intended to inter-

fere in any way with the special work to

which each individual society is de-

It is to be unity in diversity in the sense that all Catholic societies, whi'st remaining perfectly independent, will co-operate for the purpose of enforcing Catholic wishes in reference to certain

matters. A demand made by all Catholic societies, as represented by the Catholic Federation of America, naturally

will carry more weight with it than if it were made by only one Catholic society. The resolutions adopted by the Federa-tion at the final session of the National

Convention recently held in Pittsburg.

Pa., will give an idea of the character of

tion of a monument at Gettysburg to Father Corby, chaplain of the Irish Bri-

gade; condemnation of calumnious statements reflecting on the civic loy-alty of Catholics, Catholic aid to move-ments for better public morality, com-pensation for secular education given in

Catholic schools and the support

persons seeking employment, and the necessity of religious instruction being

given during the entire period of educa-

We have here outlined a field exten-

if Catholic unity be established on

of Germany have an organization of one

thousand members, with which are con-nected an employment agency and a pension bureau. Here again we have a

pension bureau. Here again we have a sample of the practical manner in which our German brothers set about doing things. They do not confine themselves to theories or fine speeches, but get right down to hard work. If the spirit that animates them could be infused into the Catholics of this country, what great things would be accomplished for the Church within the space of a few years.

Shakespeare's Catholic Instinct.

In a recent lecture on "Shakespearean Silhouettes" Father C. E. de la Moriniere, S. J., of Spring Hill College, Mobile, Ala., said:

Shakespeare lived at a time when the first agitation against the Roman Catholics was at its height, and its bitterness

W. B. BOND, Esq.

Lloydtown, Ont., March 19th, 1909.
"For some years I have been greatly troubled with headaches and indigestroubled with headaches and indiges-tion, brought on by stomach disorders, constipation and biliousness. I had tried many remedies with only indiffer-ent success, until "Fruit-a-tives" came to my notice. Being a general store-keeper, I was selling a good many "Fruit-a-tives" to my customers and, remarking how pleased they were with the results obtained from using "Fruitthe results obtained from using "Fruita-tives," I decided to try them and, I might say, the effects were almost magical. Headaches and bilicusness disappeared and to-day I recommend "Fruita-tives" to my customers as 'An Pa., will give an idea of the character of the work in which the Federation is engaged. The resolutions recommend the suppression of profanity, extension of missions to non-Catholies to dispel ignormal records projudice, condemna-

ideal remedy.'
"I might also add that about three
years ago I was laid up with LUMBAGO AND SCIATICA—couldn't get bago AND SCIATICA—couldn't get out of bed or lift one foot over the other. A good treatment of "Fruit-a-tives" cured me of these pains and banished the Sciatica and Lumbago so that to-day I am as well as ever and can lift anything necessary." lift anything necessary." (Signed) W. S. BOND.

their best light. Wolsey, whose fall he their best light. Wolsey, whose fall he paints, would have been an ideal target for a non-Catholic. Had any other writer of the time taken the subject of Wolsey's career, Wolsey would have been painted as an arch-villian. He would have been shown as despicable in his fall as in his triumph. But Shakespeers does not do this. peare does not do this.

The soul that meets sorrow fairly and squarely and accepts her burden as coming from God, is preparing well for that day when "the stream has reached a dark, deep sea, and sorrow, dim and crowned, is waiting" for her. It is almost as difficult to make a man

The soul that meets sorrow fairly and

unlearn his errors as acquire his knowledge.

We have here outlined a field extensive enough for Catholic zeal and Catholic activities. Unity of action, for the promotion of which the Federation was formed, is necessary if this field is to be cultivated effectively. Something of the success that has crowned the efforts of German Catholics undoubtedly will reward Catholic endeavor in this country, if Catholic unity be established on a Western Fair London Sept. 10-18. The Dairy department of the Western Fair this year is attracting special interest. Surrounded, as anothen is by one of the best Dairy and Agricultural listens of Ontario, it is quite in keeping that the management should give special attention to this inhibit. Butter making contests will take place also morning and afteragoon during the exhibition, when in addition to large prizes offered, there has more a beautiful Silver Cun kindly donated by the frm and enduring basis.

One of the resolutions adopted at Pittsburg calls for "support for the Catholic press and clean newspapers."

How the German Catholics have employed that how the German Catholics have embodied in practice the motive that prompted this resolution may be judged by the fact that German Catholics have 500 publications of all sorts, of which 225 are dailles. The Catholic writers of Germany have an organization of one

The THORNTON-SMITH CO. Church Decorators

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From our many vears experience w w wha know exa needed and will make the selection when so-

TORONTO

OUR GOODS are the best in respect both to matter and make-up and are to be had AT A PRICE TO MEET ALL.

and fury were extreme. In spite of this, never once do we find the master poet laughing at the Catholic faith. On the W. E. Blake & Son COMPLETE CHURCH FURNISHERS contrary, his nuns, his monks and all his 123 Church Street, Toronto, Can. church characters were presented in

Whatever amount of money one puts by in an investment—whether it is \$10,000 or \$100—the first consideration is the security of the investment. If added to the security there is

a profitable dividend, the investment becomes an ideal oneexactly the kind that the saving people of Ontario most desire.

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Fifteenth Sunday after Pentecost.

HOW TO HELP OTHERS.

At first sight, my brethren, this may appear to us a rather difficult way of ful-filling the law of Christ. We think, and very often express the thought, that our own burdens are already heavy enough; but to bear, over and above these, the burdens of others would seemingly make life unendurable, and that it would apply rather to the Apostle's heroic age than to ours. Such, I say, might be our first to ours. Such, I say, might be our first thought in regard to these words; but it does not need much reflection to see that such is not the meaning of the apostle, and that his command is as much

applicable in our time as it was in his.

We who are Catholics profess, in words at least, to be fulfilling the law of Christ; but, unfortunately, our works are too often tainted by the spirit of the world, and that spirit is selfish. It bids each one consider simply himself. Never mind your neighbor, it says; he must fight his own battle, and if he is weak and unable to do it, let him go under. Such is the way the world acts, and we but too often follow it, and the fruits of it can be seen in the countless burdens that men have to bear to-day, and that their neighbors allow them to bear, be-cause they do not have the Christian spirit, and do not undertake in the right way the way pointed out by the apostle, way the way pointed out by the apostic, to help them. Who does not see that the Christian spirit bids us help, with both sympathy and money and other goods of this world, those multitudes of unfortunates whom the world despises, but who are the true friends of Jesus Christ?

But it was not so much of the burden of this life that the apostle was speaking. He had in mind, as is evident from context, a far worse burden, much more suffering than that causes much more suffering than any temporal loss, and that is the bur-den of sin. "Bear ye one another's bur-dens." How can we help others to bear their burden of sin? How can we lighten it or free them from it alto-gether? My brethren, it is easy enough. Have you never, in a time of great sorrow, felt the consolation that came to loving words of friend? He did not say much, perhaps but you knew his words came from the heart; that he sympathized with you en as he spoke, the weight seemed lifted from you. He had helped you bear your burden, and his words of con-solution had lightened, and, perhaps, en-tirely taken away your sorrow.

Thus might we help others bear their burden of sin, by kind, cheering words, by words of encouragement and hope. Who can tell how much good we might thus do? Who can tell how many lives that are now full of misery might have kind words? If, when the first misstep of a young man became known at home, the fither had only spoken to him words of sympathy and hopefulness instead of bitter reproach, had helped him bear his burden of horror and remorse and have led him to repent-ance! Instead of this, parents and others drive sinners to worse things by violent language and by coldness and uncharitableness. There would be much less sin in the world if the sinful and miserable were dealt with in a spirit of charity rather than in that of severity

So, I say, each ofe of us can help others, more or less, to bear their bur-dens. It may be some one who has been burdened with sin for years. He longs to be freed from it, but he is afraid; he has become a coward; and the word that would help him on, that would give him courage and hope, is the word of kindthat any one of his friends may

But you may say, "I never have chance to do that; no one ever comes to me; they go to the priest." My breth-ren, that may be so; but why is it? Are we not to blame ourselves? Do we cultivate the qualities that would inspire others to come to us. When we ire others to come to us. hear that our neighbor has fallen, do we hear that our neignost spasip, and per-not make it a matter of gossip, and per-haps puff ourselves up, as did the Phari-see of old, and thank God that we are not like the rest of men? We can help others. There are many persons living in the world who have thus done untold good, who have comforted the sorrowful and che red the despairing, who have won by their words of kindness and hope souls that otherwise would have been lost for ever.

ARCHBISHOP GLENNON'S ELOQUENT AD-DRESS, FEAST CF THE ASSUMPTION HISTORICAL FACTS, APPEAL TO SAC RED SCRIPTURES, A PROMISE FUL-FILLED. CIVILIZATION INSEPARABLE FIGURE OF HONOR ASSIGNED TO MARY.

Oa the feast of the Assumption Arch-On the least of the Assumption Archi-bishop Glennon of St. Louis preached the following sermon in Salt Lake City. We are indebted for the report to the Intermountain Catholic. The Evening Telegram of Salt Lake City stated that the discourse was filled with the state-liness and splender of a great anthem. The Archbishop said:

To-day we dedicate to Almighty God, our merciful Father, this new and beautiful temple. And we place it under the auspices of the great sain who, representing humanity in her penience, heard from the Blessed Saviour the words of consolation, 'Thy sins are forgiven thee because thou hast loved much.' It was she who became in her penitence and devotion the illustrious follower of the Master, rejoicing wit Him in His joy, following Him in His journey to the cross, and at that by others deserted, standing with Mary, His Mother, at the foot of the cross: she was to be the last beneath the shado of the dying Saviour and the first to welcome Him risen from the tomb. It is her forgiveness and life that remain for all time the sublime expression of the great charity of our Lord and Savi-He Who will not break the bruised reed, nor quench the smoking flax, who came to save sinners, to call them to repentance, to bring back the lost sheep

of the house of Israel and to teach that, however bruised and broken the individual be, yet that human life, though a broken vessel, is still deemed worthy of the life and sacrifice of the Almighty. This is, therefore, a day when God's mercy to men should stand as the first lesson of our heautiful argament. lesson of our beautiful ceremony.

"It must be a day of special joy, and of special thanksgiving for your venerable Bishop, who now sees crowned the labor of many years, and to day watches the transferring of this majestic temple from the hands that toiled in its uplift. in its uplifting, to the Lord for Whom it was built. Again, it is an auspicious day, for have you not with you a group of prelates so numerous as rarely to be seen in the westernland—men individually eminent in their various dioceses as in the church at large? And yet they are pleased to be with you and your Bishop on this occasion. Auspicious is it because of these distinguished visitors from outside, and particularly because at their head to-day, in this sanctuary as at their head in all these United States, stands that prince among pre-lates, that prince of the Church Univer-sal, His Eminence James, Cardinal Gibbons. It is a long way from here to Baltimore. It is longer from here to Rome, yet distance is to day overcome, and the pleasing spectacle is presented of the prince pastor of Santa Maria in Trastevere coming to greet his brother, the pastor of Santa Maria in Salt Lake City. Lastly it is an auspicious day be cause it is the feast of the Mother, the feast of the Virgia, the Assumption Day of the Queen, the feast known wherever the church is known as the 'Lady Day of Christendom and the Church.' "I would ask your thought for this

feast of ours, because it is the feast day of the Blessed Mother, and because through the Blessed Lord's public min-istry as well, and particularly toward its close, the Mary whose feast we cele-brate and the Mary to whom a temple we dedicate, were friends : the one a ways the recipient of Our Blessed Lord's honor and affection, the other of his mercy and forgiveness. And I would direct your thoughts especially to the position of the Blessed Mother in her elation to the Catholic Church and Catholic devotion; in her relation to society and social well-being; in her relation to Christian morals and their permanency.

"Do we speak of the Blessed Mother in her relation to the Catholic Church, the Christian religion? We may have to meet at the very outset the objection of the modern religious purist who would claim that 'Mary has, or should have, no place in Christian service, in Catholic devotion—for what was the Blessed Mary but an humble maiden of Israel who became accidentally an instrument unto the Incarnation of the Blessed Lord? We will admit,' they say, 'that she was pious and virtucus, but there were many other such as she amongst the women of Israel. When Christ would become man it was necessary that He be born of oman — and Mary was the woman dected; but the selection was not selected; but the made with regard to the personal merit of the Virgin; it was only an act of divine condescension to one of His creatures.'

"This my dear friends, is the average teaching outside the Catholic to-day concerning the Blessed Virgin and if it were true, it would follow that Mary deserves no more than passing notice, to be ranked at best with Esther and Judith and the other good women of her race. "But we may not agree with such a

view, for it is false to history; it is false to fact, it is false to Our Mother. "True, M ry was a creature-a human

being-just as human as we are; and true is it also as a consequence that, as there must ever remain an infinite distance between the creature and the Creator, we may not, cannot, give to Mary or to any other creature the worship and adoration due to God alone. This we admit. Catholics the world over and during all the history of the church have so held and taught and

"But while this is true, we next and with equal energy profess that Mary a mere pious woman of Israel; but that she was preordained, and by God's grace and the merits of the Redeemer, pre-pared by her high and holy mission, the highest and holiest ever performed by a human being; that she was prefigured human being; that she was prengured in type and prophesy, and by the singu-lar providence of God preserved im-mune from the slightest stain of sin; ALW D DEVOTION TO THE BLESSED VIRGIN. that, therefore, honored by the Lord in singular a manner and proclaimed by Him as His mother, it becomes pleasing duty to honor and to look to her with highest reverence and deepest affection.

"And for proof of these things we need do no more than open the sacred scriptures, these very scriptures which the religious purist proclaims to be the sole source of his belief and the only court to which he is willing to make an At the very beginning, in the very

first chapter of Genesis, when the sacred writer records the history of the primal fall, the Almighty gives hope to fallen man. If the enemy has conquered, and evil is for the moment triumphant, yet between the evil one and 'the woman there shall be constant enmity; she, as the vulgate reads, 'shall crush the serpent's head.' So at the very dawn of history, when man emerges therefrom, though the light of God's presence is withdrawn because of sin, yet there is a rift in the clouds, and distant though the day of Redemption be, He sees through the rift the blessed promise of the coming Redeemer, Mary's child, who was to conquer sin and death.

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Onward we got through the pages of the Old Testament; and whenever these pages return to that first blessed promise, when the prophets of hope arise, when the poet-seers, looking into the future, tell of the great day that is yet to be—as the outline of the vision becomes clearer and clearer, so also do they more accurately define the dignity and prerogatives of Mary. Isaiah tells of a Redeemer; how was He to come? Behold, a virgin shall conceive and bear a son. Seer-like, they behold in vision this virgin approach, and ask in pear a son. Seer-like, they benoid in vision this virgin approach, and ask in the eestacy of this vision who she is: Who is she who cometh up from the desert?—and the answer comes: "Thou desert?—and the answer comes: I had art all fair, oh my beloved, and there is not a spot in thee. Is she not even as fair as the moon, as bright as the sun, terrible as an army set in battle array?

To these ancient prophets the Virgin mother was no accident, but a being of definite outline, virginal, beautiful,

clothed with majesty and honor.

"And when we come to the New Testament—the fulfillment of the promise—we find all this verified. The rift in the clouds broadens, the air is warmed with the flush of the coming day, the rustle of the angel's wings is heard, and the great angel messenger of God, Gabriei, comes with the message to the humble Virgin at Nazareth, and salutes her in erms never before spoken to human being: 'Hail, full of grace! The Lord the with thee. The months pass by and the Virgin mother gives birth to the Saviour, while angels sing glory and peace. The Virgin mother trains the Child so that, subject to her, He grows in wisdom, age and grace; she seeks Him when lost in the temple; she journeys the with the temple; she journeys in the same and table marries. when lost in the temple; sne journeys with Him to the temple, and to the marriage feast; she rejoices with Him in His joys, treasures His words and love in her heart; and when the hour comes to test her love and fidelity, she fails not, but stands by the cross—a Mater Dolorbut stands by the cross—a M osa—to watch her Son die.

osa — to watch her Son die.

"So, blessed by her Saviour and Son, honored asjno one ever has been honored, she will be honored and revered by the people who in all the after years place their faith and hope in that Son Who their fath and nope in that 350 medeemed them, and gave the life that He received from Mary in atonement for their sins, and Who, greeting Mary on the resurrection morning, proclaimed His conquest over death and sin and

From the earliest ages of Christian From the earliest ages of Christian church we find that Mary's name is sung in paeons of praise. A monk, Nestorius, denies her holy place in the great plan of the incarnation; says she is only the mother of the man Christ. But a solemn ecumenical council meeting at Ephesus rejects with indignation the false teachings, and selemnly defense and dealers. ings, and solemnly defies and declares Mary to be the mother of God. "Is it not proper, then, that we should

honor her; that we should join the Prophet in proclaiming her 'Ave;' join Christ, Himself in saluting her as Our Mother? When we hear criticism from without on the Catholic devotion to the Virgin mother, it comes with poor grace from those to whom the sacred scriptures are the only gospel; because we feel in honoring Mary, these scriptures so advise us, and that they in their criticism dishonor the blessed Savior's and disdain the injunctions of scriptures themselves. The Archangel as 'full of grace.' The Catholic in all ages repeats angelic words in the language of sacred scripture. What think you then of those who criticise Catholics, who take from the scripture. and from the Angel the words of praise for Mary, His mother? Or what think you of a church which, claiming in any way to be the church of Christ, or, in other words, the family of Christ, would rise up to say that in that family the mother of Christ shall have no place; that in that church the one 'blessed mongst women' shall receive no bene true to our Master, true to all that is beautiful and good in human life, we shall remain devoted to our mother: because she for her virtues merits our honor, for her august position she proves her worth and makes her place beside her Son a place of power and dignity, while her title as 'mother of all living

merits our reverence and affection. "But again the Blessed Mother has not only a close and holy bond, uniting her to the Church and binding all the children thereof in a holy and reveren-tial union, the Blessed Mother has also a relation to this civilization of ours which is paramount. You will, I think, admit that one of the tests of a civilization's greatness, a test of its progress or decay, is the position that woman attains therein. Her place in the home, her place before the children, her place in the popular mind—these indicate the standard that civilization has attained in the world. Now, if we take this as the test of civilization before our Blessed Lord came, we will find that though in some aspects there were civilizations noted for domestic and national virtues, yet not in one of them (Grecian and Roman not excepted) had woman, whether as wife, mother or daughter, any recognition—her influence was un-felt because she had none to wield—a e of honor denied her because she

was deemed unworthy of any.
"When our blessed Lord came on earth to redeem and save it, the blessed Virgin who guarded His infant life, who followed Him to Calvary, who stood beneath the cross, who was honored as His mother, became to all His spiritual children, henceforth a mother, and be-came then and for all time the type of what the Christian wife and mother should be. And as the Kingdom of the Cross became more firmly established, so also she who stood by the cross grew so also she who stood by the cross grew in influence and power. Womanhood, that at her coming was degraded, help-less and hopeless, finds in her a friend and an inspiration, for as Mary was honored so should be honored the mothers, wives and daughters of those who would revere and adore the Christ

"But it was only when barbarism was conquered that woman began to fully benefit by the protection of their Christian faith and the example of Mary, their mother.

In those crude but vital ages, now for In those crude but vital ages, how lot better or worse forever gone, those middle ages, called by various names as men love or hate their memories, we witness the coming together of barbar-ism and faith. We watch the struggle

and hear the clash of arms and the voice of the preacher. The men swore and drank as did their barbarian forefathers in the forest of the Northland; but anon, above their passions and their pride, there arose the conquering symbol of peace and good will. The standard of the Crucified One rises over city and hamlet, and the strong, impetuous children of the Northland lower their standards and accept the sweet yoke of the gospel; while close to that cross, as on Calvary, stood also for them the sweet Mother Mary, compelling not alone their deepest admiration, but eliciting also their heart's love. Her name will they honor: for her will they henceforth draw their swords. She will govern their homes while they go forth, henceforth draw their swords. She will govern their homes while they go forth, and home-coming they will bring to her shrine the treasures that they gather. And as they honor Mary, so they will honor their own wife and daughter and mother, for of all these Mary is the type, and as God has honored her, so shall her sex be honored. So we have, in the beginning of chivalry under the influence ginning of chivalry under the influence of faith, the proper place finally accorded to the wife and mother and daughter in the economy of the Christian world. So that if to-day the degradation and miserable lot of the women of pagan times has given way; if the woman is no longer regarded as the property and slave of man: if she reaches up to her dignity and can assume the proud position she holds to-day; if, I say, woman is honored in the home, it is because that Nazareth home where Mary ruled has been its type and forerunner; if the Christian matron and mother is onored to-day it is because the Mothe of the Christ on being herself exalted has lifted her up and ennobled her. The slaves of antiquity are the ladies of to-day—gentle women, queens — and they owe it after Christ to the first Lady who could say that henceforth all generations shall call her blessed. "But not alone for woman's elevation has the blessed Virgin been a power. Her refining influence is felt in every

form of life. She becomes an inspiration unto all noble endeavor, unto all heroic sacrifice, unto all holy and exalted living. She enters the temple and there her litanies are chanted. She appears hving. Sne enters the temple and there her litanies are chanted. She appears to the little children, and there her shrines are builded. She enters the heart of the artist, and he seeks to fix on canvas—but all in vain—the majestic presence that fills his soul. Yet he would try, and behold! the canvas glows with his creation. There is the Madonna—a virginal face, all pure, or a mother all teader, or a mater dolorosa wrapped that the state of th in the mantle of despair. Whence comes these effects? He can see in that youthful face of the Virgin, shining through her eyes, the dawn of the eter-nal day. He can see the hues of the morning, the solemnity of the eve, the gladness of the accomplished promise, the sorrow of the sword-pierced heart all gathered in that one beautiful, pity-ing Madonna face. Whence comes it that all this could be seen and set on canvas by the artists of the long ago,

canvas by the artists of the long ago, while to-day those who would be their successors cannot even be their imitators, and can only look with despair on these masterpieces of ages of faith? It was because when Rafael lived and Corthese masterpieces of ages of rath 1 was because when Rafael lived and Correggio and Murillo and Fra Angelico, the hand that painted was clean and the heart of the artist was filled with visions of faith and pure love. Mary was the queen over all hearts, and at once their inspiration and reward.

"My brethren, if ever in the world's history, this day is the day and this nation is the nation when we must take the Blessed Mother—her place, her history and her example, and apply them to the social conditions that surround us. We may boast of an advanced civilizaprosperity; we may boast of great commercial prosperity; we may boast of a commanding position among the nations of the earth, but what will these stand for, if beneath the surface there be a beginning of our decay and fall? What solves is those in inches we may boast of great commercia solace is there in riches, power or influence if the standard of life is lowered; if the home begins to fall, and with their failure a happiness that heretofore dwelt therein also disappears? What use to speak of greatness abroad, if we only have to contemplate weakness at home? And yet is it not true that paralleling our advancing wealth and prestige there is also through the nefarious influences around us the gradual decay of the home and all it stead to the same and all it stead to the same around us the gradual decay of the home and all it stead to the same around us the gradual decay of the home and all it stead to the same around us the gradual decay of the home and the same around us the gradual decay of the home around the same around us the gradual decay of the home around the same around us the gradual decay of the home around us the gradual decay of the home are same around us the gradual decay of the home are same around us the gradual decay of the home are same around us the gradual decay of the home are same around us the gradual decay of the home are same around us the gradual decay of the home are same around us the gradual decay of the home are same around us the gradual decay of the home are same around us the gradual decay of the home around the gradual decay around us the gradual decay of the home and all it stands for? Is it not true that the position of a great multitude of women is made miserable, if not impossible, by the deadly action of the divorce court, while

who have not had recourse to this same tribunal await with anxiety the outcome of the injustice done their sisters before them, expecting that their time will soon some to be made wives that are aband oned, mothers that are compelled to struggle for themselves and their children alon ? The upbuilding of two thousand years in the blessed mothers the blossoming out of the influence. Christian home and all it stands for are now imperiled, and it looks as if that first and best result, humanly speaking, of our Christian civilization is soon apparently to pass away. Have we not reason then to turn to her whose influence have been for woman's elevation, whose example has been for the stability and the perpetuity of the home, and whose life has by its many virtues en-

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nobled all her sex? Have we not a right to turn to her to-day and to pray to her that she may restore Christianity to the home and such blessed influence as she exercised in Nazareth long ago, guiding still and guarding those who would claim kinship with her divine Son and membership in the family of Christ?

mum of Wear and Tear on Clothes.

"In truth, it is high time to call a halt, and say to the neo-pagan—the de-stroyer of the home, the leaders in this ruthless revolution—to say, before it is too late, that the homes we have builded are sanctuaries, and that no enter either by the decree of the court or the desire of the libertine to desecrate these homes or pillage them of their treasures; that with all the strength of our Christian faith and will not allow to become broken links those we hold to be the golden chain binding our civilization together, uniting generation to generation in the solid bond of their devoted lives.

"This new and hopeful land of our has been specially dedicated to Mary under the title of her Immaculate Conception. It is our duty as Catholics, as well as citizens, to uphold that which Mary, our mother, represents, to make her reign complete in the duty and strength of her daughters; in the per-manency and stability of our homes; and thereby in the ennobling and strength-ening of our national life. For as the home is to day so shall be the republic home is to day so shall be the republic to morrow; as life in the home 's to-day so shall be the national life to - morrow. We build wisely, therefore, who build under the influence of the Blessed Mother; we worship wisely when we stand with her at the foot of the cross; we pray wisely when we say with the angel, 'Hail, full of grace, the Lord is with thee,' or, kneeling with the sinners,

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we say to her, 'Holy Mary, mother of God, pray for us sinners now and at hour of our death."

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Too much introspection is a great health killer. Nervous people are always thinking about themselves. There seems to be an intimate connection between the nerves and the imagination—and in the mind of nervous people everything is exaggerated. Every little ache or pain is interpreted as a symptom of something worse to come. These people are always nagging themselves, blaming themselves for eating too much, for exposing themselves to draughts; worrying for feathey will not sleep, or that their food will hurt them. In other words, their eyes are always turned inward. They never see life in a sane, healthful way. They get morbid. They make mountains out of mole hills.

I know people who, for many years, Self-Analysis and Health,

out of more little.

I know people who, for many years, have carried the thought that they had some incipient disease lurking within the system, inherited or contracted, which would sconer or later carry them

What a terrible thing it is to go through life with such a nightmare staring one in the face! How foolish, and destructive of all power, to live with the specter of death constantly by one's side

To drag through years with the settled To drag through years with the settled conviction that you are not going to live long, that there is some disease gnawing at your vitals which will ultimately kill you, not only casts a gloom over yourself and those about you, but is also fatal to all efficiency.

Health and success are so largely developed the property of the set of the property of the set of

pendent upon balance, upon symmetry of development, physical and mental har-mony, that we should do everything posmony, that we should do everytung possible to secure that physical poise which also means mental and moral poise. A large part of our ills come from one-sided development, caused by overstimulating some tissue cells and starving others—overfeeding and underfeeding. Scientific feeding, therefore, importance.

feeding. Scientific feeding, therefore, is of vast importance.

Overeating and improper eating are among the curses of the world. Think of the people who put all sorts of incompatibles into their stomachs at the same time and then use all sorts of nostrums to get rid of their bad effects.

One of the most pathetic sights in the One of the most pathetic sights in the world is that of a human being struggling hard to carry out his ambition yet handicapping himself through his ignor-

ance of physical laws.

What a pathetic figure Carlyle cut in the world—a one sided giant who might have been a symmetrical power, possessor of a colossal brain largely controlled by a dyspeptic stomach. He was cross and crabbed, and did just the things that he did not want to do, things that he knew it would be better not to do; but he was the victim of starved nerves. of physical laws.

he knew it would be better not to do; but he was the victim of starved nerves, of exhausted brain-cells, largely for want of common sense feeding.

What would ex-President Roosevelt ever have accomplished had he not made a study of the physical side of himself? He would probably have been a pitiful failure. He says of himself: "I was a slender, sickly boy. I made my health what it is. I determined to be strong and well and did everything to make myself so."

The first requisite of success is to be a first-class animal. Pupils are taught Latin, Greek, and different sciences, but they frequently can not locate their own physical organs, and know almost nothing of physicalogy.

ing of physiology.

Isn't it pitiable to see a man made to dominate the universe, and who ought to be a giant, going all to pieces over a trifle in his office, losing his head over little things with his office boy or steno-grapher, things which would not cause the slightest disturbance in a strong, which was!

health standards would be raised im-measurably in this country.

The time will come when we shall look health standards would be ranked in measurably in this country.

The time will come when we shall look upon all this waste of energy and loss of opportunity, the almost universal suicide upon many years of our lives, as a position of the pavement with instantation deep in his trousers' pockets, and a cigarette in his mouth, looking rudely into the face of every passer-by. He does not effect the swagger which a new suit of clothes and patent leather boots. opportunity, the almost an inversal and access not elect the access and patent leather boots with version to the suit of clothes and patent leather boots and the latest fashion in ties give to so active work of millions of our people who are incapacitated by preventable ill health!

Health and harmony are the great normal laws of our being, and our suffer-ing comes from wrong thinking, from vicious or ignorant living.—Success.

Exaggerating Trifles. You can always take a man's measure by the way in which little annoyances and petty vexations affect him. If he exaggerates them, talks a great deal about them, spends valuable tire fussing over them you know them he is not a big-souled man. big-souled man.

The habit of making a fuss over a little thing, of exaggerating the importance of what, to great characters, would be but a trifling annoyance is not only indicative of smallness and narrowness and habit and the state of the s of nature but is also demoralizing and

weakening.
The really large man will not allow himself to be troubled by trifles. If he wants to go anywhere, he does not make a great ado because it rains, is hot, is a great ado because he "does not feel like it." This would be too small, too picayune for the broad, large minded character.

Some people are upset by the least obstruction thrown in their path. They "go all to pieces" over somebody's blunder—over a stenographer's mistake or a clerk's error. Large natures rise above such trifles.

Some men do splendidly when they have the encouragement of good business, the tonic of good times; but when business is dull and goods remain on the shelves unsold, or they have any little discord in their home, they are all upset.

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"I have seen men lose their temper "I have seen men lose their temper and waste energy swearing at a knot in a shoestring, or something else just as insignificant. The foolish or ill tem-pered have no range in their scale. Small, irritating things come to and 'tag' us all; but the only way to con-quer them is simply to smile and 'pass them up.'"

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

The Polite Boy.

In this world of rush, push, hurry and worry, what a pleasure it is now and again to come across a polite person, and the pleasure is all the more if the person happens to be young, for experience tells us that many of the young of both sexes nowadays are sadly lacking in one of the principal external graces of character—politeness. Emerson tells us that a beautiful behavior is better that a beautiful form; it gives a higher pleasure than statues and better that a beautiful form; it gives a higher pleasure than statues and pictures; it is the finest of all the fine arts. Politeness is nothing more or less than a beautiful behavior. Polite persons are courteous, sincere, kind and truthful to every one, especially to those placed in a lower rank than themselves. There is nothing of

than themselves. There is nothing of the swagger or the brag about them, and they have the happy faculty of always placing self in the back-ground. Rudeness and vulgarity in any shape or form are things altogether foreign to their nature, and to say or act uncivilly is not in their composition. A knowl-edge of the languages, the arts and sciences, makes un the education of a edge of the languages, the arts and sciences, makes up the education of a boy. A knowledge of the languages, especially her own, with a knowledge, too, of house duties, make up for the most part the education of a girl; but if the boy's or girl's education includes not that which tends most to make their success in life a certain quantity, of that which leavens social intercourse—politeness—then, though they may know the slightest disturbance in a strong, robust man!

There are thousands of people in this country who are enduring a living death, who are tortured with ambitions that they can not satisfy. Many of them are college-educated, and yet their hands are tied by the lack of health, which they lost while trying to cet their cucation, trying to prepare taemselves for a great career.

If we could only have a national health ideal instead of a national disease ideal—an ideal which is based upon our inherited belief that a certain amount of sickness and disease is a necessity—our health standards would be raised immeasurably in this country.

There are thousands of people in this that which leavens social intercourse—politeness—then, though they may know all subjects which appertain to their special walk in life, still their name ever will be rudeness. Take the polite boy, no matter what walk of life he belongs to. Just watch him walk down one of our thoroughfares. He does not elbow and push and trample on everything the hand and working of God for their good, accepting without murmuring all the trials He does not special walk in life, still their name ever will be rudeness. Take the polite boy, no matter what walk of life he belongs to. Just watch him walk down one of our thoroughfares. He does not slow and push and trample on everything the hand and working of God for their good, accepting without murmuring all the trials He does not special walk in life, still their name ever will be way of my Lord Superbus. He has a great respect for the aged and those the gentler sex. He does not gape and grin or give vent to loud laugh "which speaks the vacant mind." He does not stand at the street corners or the pavement with his hands thrust deep in his trousers pockets, and a light provided to those pressing upon them.

An inward cheerfulness is that which sees in everything the head to those one everything the head to those pressing upon them.

An inward cheerfulness. Always say "Good morning" on etter story the pavement with hi

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

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

Legend of The feapular.

The following beautiful incident is related in the Chroniques du Carmell: A Christian named Joseph Gemonat was on his journey towards Bagdad. He passed through the desert of Killa, in which there was many lions. Whilst nearing Samona Joseph suddenly heard the roar of the dreaded beast, and in another moment saw it furiously rushing toward him. The poor traveler abandoned all hope of escape, and his horse stood still and shook with fear. Death appeared certain, Gemonat recommended his soul to God and then taking his seapular from his breast, held it before the lion and said: "In the name of the Blessed Virgin, I command Legend of The Scapular. it before the lion and said: "In the name of the Blessed Virgin, I command thee to do me no harm." At this the lion stood, still, ceased to roar, turned and fled. The Prefect Apostolic, together with many other people of Bagdad and Borsozail, listened to the story of Gemonat and bore testimony of its truth. Thus, as on many occasions, was verified the promise of our Mother that the scapular is "a safeguard in danger."

Cheerfulness.

Cheerfulness.

There are always two sides of life on which you can look, according as you choose—on the bright side or the gloomy side. You can cultivate the habit of looking on the bright side and for the dark; and while you view the clouds or are enveloped in them, heavy though they may be, do not shut your eyes to the silver lining, and dispel them by your cheerfulness just as the sun dispels the mists and lifts them after a foggy night.

There are some natures so happily

night.

There are some natures so happily constituted that they instinctively turn to the bright side, and nothing can darken their day. Such happy natures are to be envied, and it takes no effort on their part to be cheerful.

All can so far cultivate such a disposition and cheerful spirit as to enjoy serenity and peace even amid trials, troubles and disappointments.

The first and fundamental rule is to see in every evil which may befall you the will of God. No matter what the provocation, never let discontent weigh you down, for such a disposition will not only impair the health of the body but the welfare of the soul as well. No one ever removed trials by discontent, but only added to those pressing upon them.

ing. "Good afternoon" on leaving the school room. Be prompt to render service to your

teacher, cleaning the blackboard, etc.
When vistors enter rise, stand on both feet and let the arms fall naturally

No Doctor but OXYDONOR FOR 15 YEARS Mr. B. E. Sparham writes from Smith's Falls



on Jan. 16th last:

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Copyright 1907 by Dr. Hercules Sauche years I have not had a doctor in my house for any disease. "I find it will cut off short any acute disease if applied immediately, or will cure it incredibly quickly if applied even late."

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Never use the property of others

without their permission. If you meet a teacher or visitor in the halls, stand aside to let them pase, inclining the head slightly.

Be kind and willing to play with all, as you would have others do to you. No screaming, pushing or quarreling on the playground. Never hurt the feelings of your com-

panions, and never criticize the dress of a poorer child. Our Lord teaches us this lesson: "Learn of Me, because I am meek and humble of heart."

Wise Lines.

In these days of fierce competition, the



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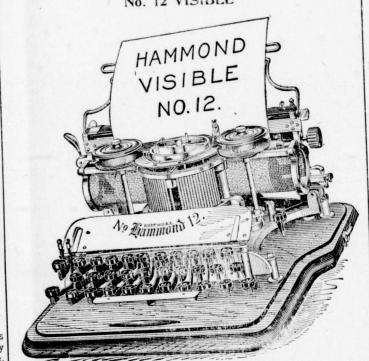
There are no elevators in the house of low who is making a botch of a better

ability to save is as necessary as the ability to read, write and cipher.

The fellow who is making the most of of a small job is really ahead of the fel-



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to, - Canada

CREMATION A PAGAN CUSTOM.

AN ABLE EXPOSITION OF THE SUBJECT S. J., IN THE CATHOLIC ENCYCLOPEDIA. THE REASONS FOR THE CHURCH OPPOS-ING THE IRRELIGIOUS PRACTICE.

Though the custom of burning the dead was very common among the pagans says Father William Devlin, S. J., in the fourth volume of the Catholic Encyclopedia, it was wholly unknown to and forbidden by the Jews. The Christians never burned their dead, but followed the practice of the Jews and the personal example of their Divine Founder.

What Christian faith has always held, the bear of the control of their Divine Founder.

in this regard, is clearly put by a churchman of the third century after

"We do not fear that if the body be burned, there will be no resurrection; but we adhere to the custom handed

In all the legislation of the Church the placing of the body in the earth or tomb constituted a part of Christian burial, and in the fourteenth century Pope Boniface issued a decree excom-municating all who neglected to closely follow the injunctions of the Church in regard to burial of Christian dead. In 1886 Pope Leo XIII, issued another decree, in which he forbade membership

decree, in which he forbade membership remailing societies and declared the unlawfulness of demanding cremation for one's own body or that of another. Why the Church has legislated so in the matter of cremation, and in forbidding it, rests on strong motives; for cremation in the majority of cases today is knit up with circumstances that make of it a public profession of materi-alism and irreligion.

It was the Free Masons who first obatined recognition of the practice from the various governments. And it was clear enough that the movement was anti-clerical and anti-Catholic.

Reasons based on the spirit of Christian charity and the plain interests of humanity, have but strengthened her in her opposition. She holds it unseemly that the human body, once the living temple of God, the instrument of heavenly virtue, sanctified so often by the sacraments, should finally be subjected to a treatment that filial piety, conjugal and fraternal love or even mere friendship seems to revolt against as inhuman.

Another argument against cremation, and drawn from medico-legal sources, lies in this: That cremation destroys all signs of violence or traces of poison, and makes examination impossible; whereas a judicial autopsy is always possible

a function autopsy is always possione after inhumation, even of some months. It is in the interest of all murdets by poison to have the bodies of their victims cremated, in order that the evidence of their foul deeds might be undiscovered, or at least be befogged

There exist in Europe ninety crema tories, and the number of incinerations is above 125,000. In France there are three crematories, in the United States three crematories, in the United States twenty-nine, in Great Britain twelve, in Italy thirty, in Germany nine, in Swit-zerland four, in Sweden two, in Den-mark, Canada, Argentia and Australia

At first sight, 125,000 seems a large number; but at a glance at the Paris statistics: from 1889 to 1905, there were 73,330 cremations in Paris.

Of these only 3,484 were by request 37,082 were hospital cases; 32,757 were

Of requested cremation, there were 216 in 1894 and 354 in 1904—an increase

It cannot, therefore, be said to be a fact that cremation is a sign of progress in civilization. The world would appear to be against it wholly. of 138 in ten years.

THE TWO FRANKLINS BOTH DIS-TINGUISHED CONVERTS.

Rear Admiral Samuel R. Franklin, U. S. N., has recently died, and while a great deal has been said of the civic side of his character, little comment has been made on the religious side. It is this side that, after all, reveals the nobility of the man. The Hartford Transcript

closed twelve years ago, had cover period of forty-six years, was a brother of the late General William Bael Frank-lin, corps commander during the Civil War, whose memory is fragrant of glory War, whose memory is tragrant of glory to Hartford and Connecticut and whom the Army and Navy Journal numbers among America's Immortals. The Ad-miral was also a convert to the Catholic religion of long standing, robust as a soldier in his faith, fearless in its profession, but as simple as a child in his piety and devotion. " During the life of the General, his

no less distinguished brother was a frequent visitor at his home on Washington street. And while in the city he was a regular and devout attendant at St. Peter's Church or the Immaculate Conception on Park street, invariably assisting at the High Mass accompanied by his wife, who was also a Catholic, and occupying a pew well up towards the front. The people of that neighborhood cannot have forgotten that tall, hand-some, dignified figure, whose personal appearance was striking. Straight as a ramrod, his erect form, light step and graceful carriage almost belied the years that had blanched his abundant hair and large mustache and unmistakably pro-claimed the soldier and officer accustomed to command. Distinction was written on his strong, cleancut features. The first impression of a forceful character, used to authority, was soon, with agreeable surprise, tempered by a charm of simplicity and frankness of speech and manner which blended happily with his stern might bearing. He was a man good ok upon, whom one was

apt to rem "He seems never to have lost the first fervor of his conversion and his religion was the greatest thing in the world to him the pearl of great price, for the possession of which he would have parted with all else. A near relative of the late Admiral relates this story: A young lady, mee ing him in the vesti-bule of St. Matthew's Church in Washlar visit to the Blessed Sacrament, remarked: 'Why, Admiral, I did not 'Why, Admiral, I did not 'Why, Admiral, I did not 'BR. CHASE'S OINTMENT.

know you came here too!' 'Certainly, Miss—,' was his reply. 'I have to re-port every day to my Commander in-chief, you know.'
"It is indeed remarkable that two

"It is indeed remarkable that two brothers, the one a soldier, the other a sailor, should each in his chosen calling, have 'trod the ways of glory and sounded all the depths and shoals of honor. Both lived to a ripe old age after long, most valuable and distinguished service to their country; and both died starred with the highest honors in their respective departments, the one a major-general, the other a real-admiral. Both were veterans of the Mexican and Civil wars."

were veterans of the Mexican and Civil wars."

The Admiral, who was in his eighty-fourth year when he died, was appointed a midshipman in 1841, four years previous to the establishment of the Naval Academy at Annapolis, and thus with him was broken one of "the few remaing links that bind our present huge aggregation of floating steel giants with the wooden ships and half-steam, half-sail vessels of half a century ago." The list of his appointments—his roll of honor—would fill columns. Therein, among other things, it is mentioned that he was a volunteer on board the Roanoke he was a volunteer on board the Roanoke when that vessel met the Merrimac in when that vessel met the Merrimac in an engagement in Hampton Roads in March, 1862. While in command of the "Franklin," he brought "Boss" Tweed back to New York from Spain. He was president of the International Marine Conference in 1889.

In him patriotism and religion went hand in hand. He served his country well, his God not less well. Wherefore, he was not in his age left naked to his enemies.—The Missionary.

KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS.

NOVEL COUNCIL ORGANIZED A'ND DISBAND ED ON SHIPBOARD.

That Knights of Columbus fraternize when they meet was exemplified on the last outgoing trip of the Mauretania. Among the passengers were many members of the order from various sections of the country, and in a spirit of fun it was decided to organize a council to be known as Mauretania Council 1909 (address by wireless). A meeting of all the Knights on board was held, and the following officer were duly elected: G. K., R. J. McMahon, of Michigan; D. G. K., Richard Bennett, Brooklyn, N. Y., chaplain, Rev. Father Brady, Colorado; chancellor, David J. Sherlock, Xavier chancellor, David J. Sherlock, Xavier Council, New York City; recorder, P. M. Heron, Auburn, N. Y.; F. S., John Condon, California; warden, R. J. Gray, Kansas; I. G., P. J. O'Connell, Chicago; O. G., Thomas Cowan, New Jersey; advocate, Judge William Scott, Onio; trustees, Rev. J. Cordon, New York, Rev. P. Enright, Arkansas, and Judge P. H. Smith, Michigan.

By special permission of the steward one of the private dining rooms was placed at the disposal of the Knights. where two meetings were held daily. The morning session opened at 10 a. m. and continued until noon, and the night session, which was entirely of a social character, commenced at 9 o'clock and lasted until 11 p.m. The condition of the order in various sections of the country was discussed and many interesting experiences were related. Music, mirth and song enlivened the night session.

A special meeting was held on Sat-urday, July 18th, at which it was resolved to hold religious services on the following day (Sunday.) The exclusive use of the dining saloon was turned over to the Knights for divine service, and for the first time Mass was celebrated on the big liner. The dining saloon was taxed to its capacity. Rev. Father Cor-

On Sunday evening July 18th, an entertainment under the auspices of "Mauretania Council" was held, follow-

Irish coast a hail storm was noticed in of his published reasons for seeking ad-"This splendid type of the naval officer, whose active service, when it closed twelve years ago, had covered a Moore's beautiful melody, "Erin, the "It was the result of my deliberate".

Tear and the Smile in Thine Eye. It was unanimously agreed that the "chancellor," Brother David J. Sherlock of Xavier Council, should, as press agent, report the council proceedings for The Register, and after farewell greetings, "Mauretania Council, 1909," disbanded.—Register.

LORD RIPON, THE CATHOLIC.

Preaching on the occasion of the funeral of the Marquis of Ripon, Rev. Bernard Vaughan, S. J., paid a notable tribute to the deceased statesman as "a devoted son of Mother Church" whose claims he acknowledged thirty-five years ago under circumstances that proved his loyalty to conscience at whatever cost.
"There is no need," said the eloquent Jesuit, "to remind you of the personal interest he took in all her (the Church's)

public institutions, confraternities and charities. On his prie-dieu, in his pri-vate chapel, I noticed, after his death, a anch used little book of rules belonging to the brothers of St. Vincent of Paul. He did not merely lend his name to the splendid sceiety, but he became an energizing member of it, visiting his poorer brethren and ministering to their wants as to the suffering members of Christ's mystical body. His interior life was "hid with Christ in God." To be a Brother of St. Vincent of Paul was to him a greater privilege than being a member of the Government. Lord Rupon's life was duly ordered:

there was method in every detail of it. I may tell you that, rising early, he prepared for his daily Mass and Holy Communion by mental and vocal prayer

The White Plague

Other Poems

Thaddeus A. Brown

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We may say he lived from one visit to the Blessed Sacrament to another. He was constantly in and out of the chapel. was constantly in and out of the ensperiors. So spiritual a man, you may be sure, was not easily put off his devotional reading. A devourer of books, Lord Ripon was familiar with a wide range of ascetic literature. He kept the ideals of sanct-

ity before his soul.

Great men are very simple. He, who was so ardent a politician, so keen a sportsman, and so ready a conversationalist upon a wide range of subjects, a Cabinet Minister and a foreign Vice-Cabinet Minister and a foreign Viceroy, was in his spiritual life as simple as the child put before us by our Lord in the Gospel. He loved such plous practices as putting up a penny candle before our Lady's statue, placing a flower from his buttonhole at her feet, and telling her beads, and singing her hymns with a heart brimful of joy. His crucifix he liked to hold in the hollow of his hand, pressing it with plous ejaculations to his lips. Was he not a Catholic to his finger-tips?

A touching incident characteristic of him was the incident which I must tell

A touching incident which I must tell you. Shortly before he breathed his last, his chaplain attempted to draw from his hand a crucifix that he might bless him with it, but our dying friend bless him with it, but our dying friend looked up, smiled, and with both his hands clutched his cross, as though he meant to say, "I cannot part with it for a moment." When the end came, like a child falling asleep, he closed his eyes forever to this world, but he opened them to see the smile of the Master he served so loyally. May we not believe he heard the word: "Well done, well done, enter inth the joy of thy well done, enter inth the joy of thy

CONVERSION DUE TO YOUTHFUL IMPETUOSITY.

Lord Roseberry, in a speech several years ago on the Accession Declaration, made that rather rare thing in the conmade that rather rare taining in the conventional atmosphere of the House of Lords—an intimate personal allusion to a brother peer. Needless to say, it was a particularly happy and graceful one. The futility of a declaration of adherence to Protestantism made at the beginning of emission as any guarantee of the perof a reign as any guarantee of the per-manence of that adherence was his theme anneace of that addressee was theme.

A fit illustration was at hand. "Is it supposed that men only join the Catholic Church in early life?" asked Lord Roseberry, turning toward Lord Brampton's seat. "There is—I hope I may be pardoned the allusion—one of the brightest jutablets of this House, a law lord. est intellects of this House, a law lord, who gave in his adhesion to the Church of Rome long after he had passed the span of life." Lord Roseberry might have added that, even a senior to Lord Brampton was the late Sir Bourchier Wrey, who—a neophyte at over eighty— nevertheless used to say that a still more venerable relative, writing to him about his conversion, attributed it to the im-

"Mauretania Council" was held, followed by a grand banquet. Among the guests who attended were the Duke of Sutherland, Captain Pritchard of the Mauretania, Hon. J. Sargent Cram of New York, Robert Goelet, Justice Crain of the supreme court of New York, Rev. J. McFrazier, and many other notables.

As the great turbiner neared the Irish coast a half storm was noticed in

"It was the result of my deliberate conviction that the truth—which was conviction that the truth—which was all I sought—lay within the Catholic Church. I thought the matter out by myself, anxiously and seriously, uninfluenced by any human being and I have unwavering satisfaction in the conclusion at which I have arrived, and my conscience tells me it is right."—Catholic learns. Reselvet Penny Booklet. MARION CRAWFORD AND CONFES-

SION. An able non-Catholic writer who con-

An able non-Catnonic writer who contributes articles on literary matters to the Otago Daily Times, Dunedin, Australia, makes in a recent issue the following references to the lately deceased novelist convert, Marion Crawford: "I have extreme pleasure in testifying to the illumination which I personally obtained while reading one of Mr. Marion Crawford's novels in re-gard to the Catholic faith and its church system. I had inherited the Protestant prejudice against the confessional, but

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happiness communicable, it seems to me that ere he died Marion Crawford was able truthfully to say: 'I have done what I could.'"

pon't Like Everything In Church

"Descriptions by converts of their feeling as Catholic neophytes have become familiar," according to the London Tablet. "The late Father George Angus recalled more than once, for the benefit of our readers, the circumstances of his recention into the Church thirty-

of his reception into the Church, thirty-

six years ago, by Father Walter Richards, of the Oblates of St. Charles, Bays-

water—himself an Oxford convert. Father Angus taking up his pen twenty-

eight years after that event, in an intro-spective mood asks himself a question which is a corollary of that earlier one. 'Do I like everything in the Catholic Church now?'he writes: 'By no means. As the Church has her human element, as

the Church has her human element, as she is composed of men and women of course I do not like everything—or, for that matter everybody—with which, or with whom I come into contact.' But then he adds: 'In the Catholic religion there is an amount of freedom found nowhere else.'"

All Must Speak Gaelic.

the Wicklow Steam Tramway Company, whether his name is Smith, McPherson, or O'Flaherty, will have to show himself thoroughly acquainted with the Irish language, for after ten years all

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