

GIENANAAR

A STORY OF IRISH LIFE BY VERY REV. CANON P. A. SHEEHAN, D.D., AUTHOR OF "MY NEW CURATE," "LUKE DELMEGE," "UNDER THE CEDARS AND THE STARS," "LOST ANGEL OF A RUINED PARADISE," ETC.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

ACCEPTED. "Look here," I said, a few days after the Yank, "you won't mind my saying a little word to you?" "Not in the least, Father," he said, looking surprised. "Well, I'd advise you to bring that matter to an issue, one way or the other. There's a good deal of talk in the town. You have been noticed visiting that house and there are tongues wagging, I can tell you!" "People will talk," he said, standing on the defensive. "And for real downright gossip, commend me to an Irish village. One would suppose that Nora Corrin would escape if anyone could."

know nothing of the world. You'd better leave these things alone." "I didn't start the conversation, mother," said Tessie. "But Katy thinks the whole world is watching her and is growing interested in her." "I think nothing of the kind, Miss," said Kathleen. "I'm not speaking of myself, at all, at all. I'm only telling what the whole town is talking about." "And let them talk," said her mother. "What have they to say?" "Enough to bring shame and sorrow upon us forever," replied Kathleen. "I'd rather beg my bread from door to door than to see that Casey come in here."

at home have been coupling my name with the family in a way I never could dream of, nor hope for." "Don't say that, Ted," said Mrs. Leonard. "It is what you were dreaming of all your life." "You don't understand me, Nora," he said. "It was you who were the dream of my life, but the people think otherwise." "And the people are right," said Nora. "What you were dreaming about is the girl you left on that Monday evening under the hawthorn at Ballinlea." "And that was you," said Casey, in bewilderment. "It was not," said Mrs. Leonard. "Look at me and look at Tessie there, and say are the people right or wrong?"

back of God-speed. Can't he leave you here with us, and come to see you sometimes?" "We're glad to hear the good news, Miss Tessie, but look before you get too agitated. I was once a Yankee fellow, like Casey, who came over here, and I know how it is. I was once a poor, raw, innocent girl like yourself to go with him. Sure, when she went over, she left her standing at the door of the hotel, and she found that she had a wife or two in every State in America." "I hope you won't forget us, Miss, when you go over there. There's my little Ellie now. She'd be the fine maid for you! You could train her yourself, for she's apt to learn, and a cleaner or a better little girl there isn't in Ireland."

once had given carte blanche to the hotel proprietor to make the material justification as profuse and perfect as possible. And like a sensible fellow, our host took the ball at the hop. That long table, running the entire length of the coffee-room, was simply dazzling. Such cold meats, garnished with all kinds of fillings and condiments, such as cold jellies, such pies and puddings, and tarts and confectionery, such as gorges of fruit, great pineapples, and purple and green grapes, and bananas, and yellow oranges; and, loading the sideboard, such gold-necked bottles of the "foaming wine of Eastern France," as I took care to mention in my speech, were never seen before. Sam was in his element. He brought in every farmer and every farmer's wife whom he saw passing the hotel window, and he was to be the hotel's chief exhibit his great triumph. Nay, even the laborers' wives and daughters who came in to town in their little donkey-carts to make their cheap and humble purchases, were all brought in to admire this magnificent display of culinary and other sciences. And I am afraid many poor mouths, accustomed to plainer fare, were red at the sight of such tremendous and appetizing viands. I gave him all credit for his industry and skill. He modestly disclaimed the honor, and placed it all to the credit of Terence Casey.

body. And everybody was not only in excellent humor, but felt a share of the exuberant happiness of the bridegroom and the bride. 'Tis a little way of our own we have in Ireland, to try and kick the ladder from under a fellow-countryman who wants to get to the pinnacle of things, careles whether we kill him or maim him for it. We all wave our hats and say Huzzah! And so, on this day, there were none but good wishes for the happy pair; the memories of the past were all subdued and hallowed and the forecasts of the future were sunny and golden. Why will poor human nature be always manifesting its worst and darkest features, when the bright, kindly, loving side can be turned out as easily?"

The train was running between the tunnel and the light of a mile up several passengers began to remove the racks. One woman the forward door of had hurried as soon as the train stopped. As the door opened, man came in from baggage lay on the had picked up and across his arm before woman and child who had forced back. I shut with a quick the "I beg your pardon did not notice you at the door, but I was not here late. Not in more than busy place then, everywhere, an's rages, an' folks sellin' land. I live the mountains below there was n't but two my folks are still to There was a light and for the first time with surprise voice had quavered woman, and the hidden by a sun was raised for a he saw that she was a girl, but oh! so wistful, in spite coming which was The checks were at an the eyes were toll and inadequate behind the dark cheeks he could see had been unusual before. "You live here? as she saw the me to his face. "Yes." "Then mebbe folks?" eagerly. Hindy, in the age up the railroad at forty five, an' pa can't be dead." "Mose Hindy, musingly. "Seen you, they moved eight years ago, about their date, curiously: "Aro did you not write The sunbonnet "They couldn't the quavering v. "An' I never le either. Our folks books. But I— the same, livin' in —an' Mary Crooked used to be my girl? "Yes; she my factory, and drives for me. the station wait now." As he spoke stop, and he plac upon the woman's tending forward to the platform. Tyburn was at said. "The car end of the dep he caught sight sunbonnet. "Kil he ejaculated. from "Over the r folks," she saw gentleman says "Yes, a long Then "I he lon "No; he die started home jus money 'nough an' get here." Tyburn's eyes then he caught agly. A his and examine the tuckles and ho "Dara him! under his breath do this?" The an answer, and the people ar "round to the st I want to talk a lady to her de look 'ver strom me. Tyburn sear him. "Kitty," she in his voice wa ing tenderness mistiness to he must tell me a you write — o for you? It al ma." "I — I did wouldn't let stoed, and quicly, as a back the escap "Beat you? But the won "I didn't burn," she sa ing of ma an' After a while his "Yes," he sa about him je

TYBURN'S WAITING.

The train was rouding the curve between the tunnel and Basic. As it passed the dirt hole which sloped an eighth of a mile up the mountain side several passengers rose leisurely and began to remove their baggage from the racks. One woman was already at the forward door of the car, where she had hurried as soon as the train emerged from the tunnel. She held by the hand a boy of nine or ten. Both appeared a little frightened.

him for always. You were a plump girl when you went away from here, and the handsome in all the country 'round; an' now! The abruptness of 'A man who works hard out doors all the time don't get hands rougher than yours. 'Twas field work?' She remained silent.

Winder. Mebbe the wind's blowing that way." "Tyburn," the voice said slowly and distinctly, "can-you-go-straight-to-the-cabin-by-yourself?" "Course," indignantly; "straight's an arner. But I'll wait two hours."

CONVERTED BY HISTORY AND SHAKESPEARE.

A TALE FROM REAL LIFE BY REV. RICHARD W. ALEXANDER, IN THE MISSIONARY. Once I knew her as an interesting child. She is now a charming woman. She is a convert to the faith, and when I asked her how it was, she told me the story.

give you." "I love Shakespeare," said the child, "and I am putting him in contrast with my English History. The books I study do not tell the truth about Henry the Eighth."

St. George's Baking Powder. THE BAKING POWDER THAT MAKES THE BEST BREAD—THE WHITEST BISCUITS—THE LIGHTEST CAKE AND PASTRY—YOU EVER SAWE.

Educational. Assumption College. SANDWICH, ONT. THE STUDENT EMULACE THE CLASSICAL AND COMMERCIAL COURSES.

St. Jerome's College. BERLIN, ONT. Commercial Course. Latest Business College Features.

CENTRAL Business College. STRATFORD, ONT. A commercial school of the highest grade. A school without a superior in the Dominion.

\$12 WOMAN'S SUITS, \$5. Suits to \$15. Cloaks, raincoats, skirts and waists at many of our prices.

JUST READY! Better than Ever. Colored Frontispiece. CATHOLIC HOME ANNUAL For 1907. Profusely & beautifully illustrated. Price 25 Cents.

INCULCATING THE THOUGHT OF IMMORTALITY.

BY SISTER M. FIDES, CONVENT OF MERCY, PITTSBURGH, PA. The religious teacher cannot too frequently, too deeply, too thoroughly cut into the nascent minds of the children before her that basal Christian dogma—immortality.

Scott's Emulsion strengthens enfeebled nursing mothers by increasing their flesh and nerve force. It provides baby with the necessary fat and mineral food for healthy growth.

Church Decorating. By a highly skilled staff of Artists and specially trained artisans. Colored sketches and designs submitted free of charge.

Little Folks' Annual. For 1907. Stories and Pretty Pictures. Price 10 Cents. Catholic Record, London, Canada.

er without complain-plain without en-

Yes," she said gently, "I was thinking of man an' pa. He was my husband. After a while—when he got hurt. An' he's dead now. We won't speak about him."

Yes," she said gently, "I was thinking of man an' pa. He was my husband. After a while—when he got hurt. An' he's dead now. We won't speak about him."

Yes," she said gently, "I was thinking of man an' pa. He was my husband. After a while—when he got hurt. An' he's dead now. We won't speak about him."

Yes," she said gently, "I was thinking of man an' pa. He was my husband. After a while—when he got hurt. An' he's dead now. We won't speak about him."

Yes," she said gently, "I was thinking of man an' pa. He was my husband. After a while—when he got hurt. An' he's dead now. We won't speak about him."

THE CATHOLIC RECORD.

The Catholic Record

Price of Subscription—\$2.00 per annum. THOMAS COFFEY, Editor and Publisher. Approved and recommended by the Archbishops of Toronto, Kingston, Ottawa and St. Boniface, the Bishops of London, Hamilton, Peterborough, and Ogdensburg, N. Y., and the clergy throughout the Dominion.

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

Mr. Thomas Coffey:—Since coming to Canada I have been a reader of your paper. I have noted with satisfaction that it is directed with intelligence and ability, and above all, that it is imbued with a strong Catholic spirit.

Dear Sir:—For some time past I have read your estimable paper, THE CATHOLIC RECORD, and congratulate you upon the manner in which it is published.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JUNE 29, 1907.

WELCOME HOME.

The hierarchy, the priests and the people of the Dominion, with one accord, welcome, in the heartiest manner, the return to Canada of His Grace the Most Rev. Archbishop Sbarretti, Apostolic Delegate.

AN APPRECIATED HONOR.

The publisher of the CATHOLIC RECORD is grateful for the honor of the degree of Doctor of Laws (LL.D.) bestowed upon him by Ottawa University.

let us say that these annals are at once a revelation of the devotedness of the priest, and a rebuke to indolence and selfishness. All these weary years they have walked with labor and poverty, neither for fame nor pelf, but for the good of Church and country.

Their system of education has stood the test of time. It has been and is the defence of religion and the bulwark of citizenship. Its trophies are the world's best treasures.

But we must write our own history. The glories of the past are ours, but it were proof indeed of indolence if we did aught to tarnish their splendor.

But we are far from being fearful of this. The zeal and generosity of the Ontario Catholics forbid it.

Hard study, patient application, unceasing repetition, the use of opportunities, have been the great masters in all things that have brought laurels to the efforts of men.

THE CATHOLIC ENCYCLOPEDIA.

We have received the first volume of the Catholic Encyclopedia. We acknowledge its receipt with thanks—all the more cordial because the book is so valuable and important.

For some little time the Methodists have been entertaining one of their prominent English brethren, a member of the House of Commons, Mr. R. W. Perks.

The public, however, will not be excited over this matter, because it is well known that there are a few yellow papers in Quebec as well as in Ontario.

The advent of the Rev. Archibald Campbell, S. J., of Glasgow, to give missions in our Gaelic-speaking communities will mark an epoch in the history of the diocese.

counteracting the many prejudices which some Encyclopedias too laboriously perpetuated. We hope that wherever possible Catholics will not only have a copy in their own library but also see that it is in all the public libraries of the country.

FRANCE.

France is a most unfortunate country and its Government scandalous. The forces which ought to make for the people's welfare are turned into bayonets to be used one against another.

METHODIST BROTHERHOOD.

For some little time the Methodists have been entertaining one of their prominent English brethren, a member of the House of Commons, Mr. R. W. Perks.

The public, however, will not be excited over this matter, because it is well known that there are a few yellow papers in Quebec as well as in Ontario.

all the small firms out of business, have cities and eventually countries entirely Methodist. Instead of the Standard Oil we shall have a larger concern under the management of Perks & Co.

BECOMING EXCITED.

A correspondent draws our attention to the deliverance of the gentleman holding the highest Orange title in British North America, Dr. Sproule, M. P. for the East Riding of Grey.

BIRDS OF A FEATHER.

A person named Bowers, who is said to be president of the American branch of the P. P. A., has sent a letter to Premier Clemenceau of France praising him for the action of his Government.

A SCOTCH JESUIT.

The advent of the Rev. Archibald Campbell, S. J., of Glasgow, to give missions in our Gaelic-speaking communities will mark an epoch in the history of the diocese.

who is admired of the Orange order because he is ever on the watch tower, not as alert, however, as he might be, because there are quite a few things of which the Pope may be guilty that have not dawned upon him.

To reach perfection in the exalted position which he occupies the member for East Grey should have a little more of the Sherlock Holmes in his character.

Perhaps the most extraordinary and reckless assertion of all the Grand Master's address was the following, having reference to the Orange Sentinel:

"No Protestant journal that I have any knowledge of (equals in merit, or compares with its editorials, in breadth of thought, comprehensiveness in the field of observation, or intelligent criticism of the subjects under review from week to week."

The president in his reply calls the course of Mr. Bowers and his "executive" precious encouragement, and adds that he is specially sensible of the personal homage done him.

WE DESIRE to say to our contemporary, The Eastern Ontario Review, published at Vankeek Hill, Ont., that he is making a sad mistake in trying to imitate the Orange Sentinel of Toronto.

A SCOTCH JESUIT.

The advent of the Rev. Archibald Campbell, S. J., of Glasgow, to give missions in our Gaelic-speaking communities will mark an epoch in the history of the diocese.

UNIVERSITY.

The Commencement Ottawa University. Patrick's Hall, a vantage point for the Irish people have reason to be in. Since the g... ago the University in the habit of holding exercises in the Church of the Sacred Heart.

Gentlemen—upon me the de... and I accept precious par... nobility, the v... over-estimate, which binds a... Ottawa, where... Twenty-three... stage in life... a confession of... since I have st... hairs, I turn m... gret towards... Shall I own... bustle of poli... me back to the... to break the u... al duties with... among the n... University... calamitous... found myself... gate of the al... students and... the recreation... more refreshm... muning of the... the past, the... eternal poem... back the m... many voices... youthful, co... memory, in... where, by u... usually grou... seem that I... them all. B... They have f... forever.

Far from a... ing a sad no... fresh and yo... up the joy... But you will... the field call... young days... bless your s... standing this... long strike... attempted t... prose in nat... This natu... words as to... ing which... Ottawa. I... in the pres... the respect... is always w... this great... fortunately... its ashes, w... way inferi... its rivals.

Yes, M... sons, Chr... strong in... enlighten... ciples wh... teaching... student i... spirit of... dignity.

Erected... parent p... grouping... of the tw... of Ottawa... strongly... The o... once cla... stirred—u... without b... but adequate... Those... yourself... that it b... implant... of a high... and pra... luminou... enourm... always... cultivatio... tion, dr... craving... materia... subtle e... queering... bend th... ing the

Virtue that demands a salary changes its name and is called cunning.—J. Simon.

SURPRISE
A PURE HARD SOAP.

INSIST ON RECEIVING IT.

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

Secret of Success. It is not the tools that make the workman, but the trained skill and perseverance of the man himself. Some one asked Oric by what wonderful process he mixed his colors. "I mix them with my brain, sir," was the reply. It is the same with every workman who could excel. Ferguson made marvelous things—such as his wooden clock, that actually measured the hours, by means of a common penknife, a tool in everybody's hand, but then, everybody is not a Ferguson. A pan of water and two thermometers were the tools by which Dr. Black discovered latent heat; and a prism, a lens, and a sheet of pasteboard enabled Newton to unfold the composition of light and the origin of color. An eminent foreign savant once called upon Dr. Wollaston and requested to be shown over his laboratory in which science had been enriched with so many important discoveries, when the doctor took him into a little study, and pointed to an old tea tray on the table, containing a few watch glasses, test papers, a small balance, and a blowpipe, and said: "There is all the laboratory I have." Stockhardt learned the art of combining colors by closely studying botanists' wings; he would often say no one knew low much he owed to these tiny insects. A burnt stick and a barn door served Wilkie in lieu of pencil and canvas. Bewick first practiced drawing on the cottage walls of his native village, which he covered with his sketches in chalk; and Benjamin West made his first brushes out of the cat's tail. Ferguson laid himself down in the fields at night in a blanket, and made a map of the heavenly bodies by means of a thread with small beads on it, stretched between his eyes and the stars. Franklin first robbed the thunder-cloud of its lightning by means of a kite with two cross sticks and a silk handkerchief. Watt made his first model of the condensing steam-engine out of an old anatomist's syringe and to inject the arteries previous to dissection. Gifford worked his first problem in mathematics between his cobbler's apprentice upon small scraps of leather which he beat smooth for the purpose, while Rittenhouse, the astronomer, first calculated eclipses on his plow handle.—Catholic Mirror.

Others to do your thinking or to conquer difficulties. Be conscientious in the discharge of every duty. Do your work thoroughly. No boy can rise who slights his work. Don't begin at the top. Begin at the bottom and you will have a chance to rise, and will be surer of reaching the top some time. Trust to nothing but God and hard work. Inscribed on your banner "Luck is a fool; luck is a hero." Be punctual. Keep your appointments. Be there a minute before time, even if you have to lose your dinner to do it. Be polite. Every smile, every gentle bow is money in your pocket. Be generous. Meanness makes enemies and breeds distrust. Spend less than you earn. Be obedient in all lawful things to your superiors.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

The Best Prize of All. James Norris was a little Scotch laddie, who came all the way from his far-away home—beyond the great ocean—to his uncle's home in America alone. He was only eight years old when a low fever carried off both father and mother in a single week. After they were buried, neighbors wrote to Jamie's uncle and asked what was to be done with the orphaned boy. "Tag him for Baxter, III., U. S. A.," and ship him by express to me," was the reply. So, after a fortnight's journey he reached the station to which he had been shipped, and was taken in charge by his uncle, who was waiting for his arrival. James was homesick and tired after his long trip, but he was a brave little fellow and winked back his tears when his aunt kissed him and welcomed him to the prairie home. There were three children in the Norris home—Bruce aged eleven; Francis, ten; and little Jean, just Jimmie's own age. It was on Saturday that he completed his long journey, and on Monday he went with his cousins to the village school. The boys laughed and teased Jamie and mimicked his Highland brogue, but he walked off, knowing very well that he was too small to defend himself from their rudeness, and that it was better to endure their taunts quietly than be worsted in a fight. In the evening when the roll was called Jamie observed that most of the scholars answered "merit;" a few said "demerit" when their names were called, but not understanding what they meant by the answers, when they came to "Jamie Norris," he simply replied "Here," as he had been accustomed to do in the little school across the big waters. "Are you 'merit' or 'demerit'?" asked the teacher, glancing up from her daybook; and when Jamie said he did not know what was meant by these answers, she explained: "If you have not whispered one word during study hours, answer 'merit,' but if you have 'demerit.'" "Then 'I'm 'demerit,'" replied Jamie, for I whispered several times." "How often?" questioned the teacher. "I don't know," Jamie returned quietly. "As many as two!" urged the teacher. "More than that," said Jamie. "Three, four or five?" asked Miss Ray. "More than that," was the answer. "Six, eight or ten times, I suspect." "I didn't know the rule, and so I didn't keep count." "Then I'll have to give you zero," said the teacher, sternly. "You ought to know not to whisper in school, even if you were not told." "You're a gilly to tell," said Bruce on the way home in the evening. "But I did talk, even so much," insisted Jamie. "What else could I do but talk?" "Why, answer 'merit' like the rest of us, of course. The teacher didn't see you, and it'll spoil your report dreadfully. Just think of it, zero the first day! Father will think it is awful. He always wishes us to get 'merit.'" "Not if you do not deserve it," Jamie returned. "And I can't see what difference it makes whether the teacher saw me or not. I saw myself, and that's the same." "No, it isn't," contradicted Bruce. "That sort of whispering doesn't count and in the future answer like I do. Why, we all do that kind of talking. Making signs and writing notes aren't talking." "But they are breaking the rule, and that's the same," persisted Jamie. "I'll try to keep from breaking the rule after this, but I forgot, I'll not answer 'merit.'" And he held to his resolution despite the twitting of the scholars about his soft conscience and big 'demerits.' If he whispered or did things against the rule, he did not call them by some other name, or try to sneak out of them and get away with his poor report the teacher said he was one of the quietest, most obedient pupils in the school. His lessons were always well prepared, though it was a matter of regret that no honors went his way. A series of prizes for high standing in classes and best reports in conduct

NEWMAN'S STYLE.

I have been going through Newman's Apologia for the twentieth time, and as usual have fallen completely under the spell of this incomparable style; its perfect lucidity, showing the very shape of the thought with it, its simplicity (not in Newman's case, I think, the result of labor, but of pure instinctive grace), its appositeness, its dignity, its music. I oscillate between supreme contentment as a reader, and envious despair as a writer; it fills honey fills a vase from some gently tilted bowl. There is no sense of elaborateness about the book; it was written swiftly and easily out of a full heart; then it is such a revelation of a human spirit, a spirit so innocent and devoted and tender, and, moreover, charged with a sweet naive egotism as of a child. It was written, as Newman himself said, in tears; but I do not think they were tears of bitterness, but of a happy, tearful sorrow, the pathos of the past and its heaviness, viewed from a quiet haven. To revert to Newman's literary genius, he seems to me to be one of the few masters of English prose. I used to think, in old university days, that Newman's style was best tested by the fact that if one had a piece of his writing to turn into Latin prose, the more one studied it, turned it over and over, the more one mastered it, the more one did it become, because it was not so much the expression of a thought as the thought itself taking shape in a perfectly pure medium of language. Bunyan had the same gift; of later authors, Ruskin did it very strongly, and Matthew Arnold in a lesser degree. There is another species of beautiful prose, the prose of Jeremy Taylor, of the prose of Stevenson; but this is a slow and elaborate construction, pinched and pulled this way and that; and it is like some gorgeous picture, of stately persons in seemly and resplendent dress, with magnificently wrought backgrounds of great buildings and curious gardens. But the work of Newman and of Ruskin is a white art, like the art of sculpture. I find myself every year desiring and admiring this kind of lucidity and purity more and more. It seems to me that the only function of a writer is to express obscure, difficult and subtle thought easily, but there are writers, like Browning and George Meredith, who seem to hold it a virtue to express simple thought obscurely. Such writers have a wide wrong, because so many people do not value a thought unless they can feel a certain glow of satisfaction in having grasped it; and to have disentangled a web of words, and to find the bright thing lying within, gives them a pleasing feeling of conquest, and, moreover, stamps the thought in their memory. But such readers have not the root of the matter in them; the true attitude is the attitude of desiring to apprehend, to feel, to understand. The readers who delight in obscurity, to whom obscurity seems to enhance the value of the thing apprehended, are mixing with the intellectual process a sort of acquisitive and commercial instinct very dear to the British heart. These bewildered and bewildered Browning societies, who find themselves upon Sorcello, are in fact craving for a virtuous and virtuous craving for "taking higher ground." Sorcello contains many beautiful things, but by omitting the necessary steps in argument, and by speaking of one thing allusively in terms of another, and by a profound desultoriness of thought, the poet produces a blurred and tangled impression. The beauties of Sorcello would not lose by being expressed coherently and connectedly. This is the one thing that I try with all my might to impress on boys; that the essence of all style is to say what you mean as forcibly as possible; that the essence of successful composition is held to be to "get in" words and phrases; it is not a bad training, so long as it is realized to be only a training, in obtaining a rich and flexible vocabulary so that the writer has a choice of words and the right word comes at call. But this is not made clear in education, and the result on many minds is that they suppose that the essence of good writing is to search diligently for sparkling words and sonorous phrases, and then

THE MIDNIGHT VIGIL OF BISHOP VAUGHAN.

It is to the cathedral of that diocese of Salford which Bishop Vaughan ruled so well that memory throws back for second "twilight" adventure though, by the clock it befell at dead of night. A priest was removing the Blessed Sacrament from the tabernacle in order to administer the Viaticum to a dying parishioner. No clerical reader need be reminded that the rubric strictly commands two candles to be lit for this purpose. In his great haste the priest lit but one, and, as he genuflected before the open tabernacle, was terrified to hear a strong voice call out from the black body of the chancel, "Light two candles please!" The commission of a fault against obedience and its instantaneous rebuke so frightened the good man that he was relieved rather than concerned when he found that the speaker was Bishop Vaughan, who was spending a night of sleeplessness and pain before the Blessed Sacrament.—John Kevin Magner in May Donahue's.

IMPERIAL BAKING POWDER. PUREST, STRONGEST, BEST. E.W. GILLET COMPANY LIMITED TORONTO, ONT.

London Mutual Fire INSURANCE CO. OF CANADA. ESTABLISHED 1859. Assets including re-insurance \$87,410 88 Reserve \$314,000 28 Surplus \$48,516 02 Security for Policy holders \$62,900 30

The HOME BANK of Canada. Head Office and Toronto Branch 8 King Street West. City branches open 7 to 9 o'clock every Saturday night. 78 Church Street Queen St. West cor. Bathurst. 78 Church Street. Alliston, Belle River, Cannington, Lawrence Station, Melbourne, St. Thomas, Warkerville, Fernie, B. C., Winnipeg, Man. JAMES MASON, Gen. Mgr.

WILSON'S FLY PADS. Every packet will kill more flies than 300 sheets of sticky paper. SOLD BY DRUGGISTS, GROCERS AND GENERAL STORES. 10c. per packet, or 3 packets for 25c. will last a whole season.

WASHES CLOTHES IN FIVE MINUTES. 25 minutes to wash a tubful of clothes by hand. 5 minutes to do it better with the "New Century" Washing Machine. There's no rubbing—no keeping the clothes in dirty water. Simply fill the tub half full of hot, soapy water; put in the clothes, turn the handle, and the "NEW CENTURY" does all the work. Let us send you a book about this new way to wash clothes. It's free. The Downswell Mfg. Co., Limited Hamilton, Canada.

The Kyriale Or Ordinary of the Mass ACCORDING TO THE VATICAN EDITION. Transcribed into Modern Musical Notation with Rhythmic Signs by the Monks of Solesmes. Price, 25c. post-paid. Kyriale Seu Ordinarium Missae. Cum Cantu Gregoriano ad exemplar editionis Vaticanae Concinatum. Price 25c. post-paid. Catholic Record LONDON, CANADA.

TWO NEW BOOKS. In Treaty with Honor—A Romance of Old Quebec, by Mary Catherine Crowley, author of a Daughter of New France, The Heroine of the Street, etc. \$1.50 post-paid. A Little Girl in Old Quebec, by Amanda M. Douglas, \$1.50 post-paid. CATHOLIC RECORD, London, Canada.

PROFESSIONAL. HELLMUTH & IVIE, IVIE & DROMGOLD. Barristers, Over Bank of Commerce, London, Ont. DR. STEVENSON, 391 DUNDAS STREET, London, Ont. Specialty—Surgery and X-Ray Work. Phone 511. WINNIFEG LEGAL CARDS. DONOVAN & MURRAY, BARRISTERS, Solicitors etc. Offices, Algonia Building, 21 Melbourne Ave., Winnipeg, Man., Wm. J. Donovan, Thomas J. Murray. 1442-15.

MEMORIAL WINDOWS ART GLASS. H. E. ST. GEORGE. London, Canada.

MONUMENTS GRANITE & MARBLE. Artistic Design. Prices Reasonable. The D. WILKIE GRANITE CO. 493 RICHMOND STREET, LONDON.

HOBBS MFG. CO. LIMITED. ART MEMORIAL AND DECORATIVE WINDOWS. LONDON, CANADA.

O'KEEFE'S Liquid Extract of Malt. If you do not enjoy your meals and do not sleep well, you need O'Keefe's Liquid Extract of Malt. One bottle every two days in doses of a wine-glassful after each meal and at bed-time will restore your appetite, give you refreshing sleep and build up your general health. W. LLOYD WOOD, Wholesale Druggist, General Agent, TORONTO.

Fabiola A Tale of the Catacombs. By Cardinal Wiseman. Paper, 30c.; Cloth, 60c., post-paid.

Callista A Sketch of the Third Century. By Cardinal Newman. Paper, 30c., post-paid.

History of the Reformation in England and Ireland (In a series of letters) By William Cobbett. Price, 85c., post-paid.

