The Day we Celebrate L'ave the yellow gold to Jews— Fur it's little that they lose— L'ave the balance o' werld power L'ave the balance o' werld power to the Saxon;
Though they scarce could do it worse,
L'ave them run the universe,
'Tis fur little that they have that we'd be axin'.
Sorra wan o'ns that cares
Fur their high an' mighty airs,
Or the robes o' r'yal purple an' the linen stiff wid starch,
But there's wan day in the year
When they mustn't interfere—
Sure, the whole world is Irish on the Seventeenth of March!

O! it's little that we hold Of dominion or of gold In the blessid isle that saw us first nation, But we made all lands own

But we made all lands own
As we spread from zone to zone;
So, come, all o' yel an' share our jubilation.
O! the music in the air!
An' the joy that's everywhere—
Sure, the whole blue vault of heaven is wan grand triumphal arch,
An' the earth below is gay
Wid its tender green th'-day
Fur the whole world is Irish on the
Seventeenth of March!
—Tom Daly

METHODIST CRITICISM

Protestant criticism often goes far afield in search of the reason why the Catholic Church in the United States is meeting with such success. She has not at her command the material resources that are at the service of the sects. Yet in her financial poverty she is making spiritual conquests, whilst the sects, as is shown by recent religious statistic, are decreasing numerically. This striking contrast suggests to the Zion's Hersld (Boston), the organ of New England Methodists, the need of Methodism making more strenmous efforts to hold its own. The outpouring of a great part of Boston's population to welcome the home coming of Cardinal O'Connell evidently has given our Methodist contemporary a bad quarter of an hour. It calls upon the Methodists of New England to bestir themselves. It tells its readers that wherever foreigners are to be found in the land of the Puritans "we must reach out in every possible way to save them to a pure Biblical Christianity."

save them to a pure Biblical Christianity."

If the said foreigners should ask the Methodist Missionaries, what is pure Biblical Christianity, they would be putting a poser the Protestant sects of to-day, infected as they are with the virus of "the higher criticism," would find it difficult to answer. Biblical Christianity, however, is not so much the question as it is how to check the progress of the Catholic Church. The Zion's Herald startles its Methodist readers by asking. "Do we want a Zion's Herald startles its Methodist readers by asking. "Do we want a Roman Catholic America? If not, we must be prepared to meet the challenge of the present. We must meet states manship with statesmanship." In reading these words the thought occurs to us, would the one who wrote them, if it were given him to choose, prefer "a Roman Catholic America" to an infidel and a Godless America? It is often difficult to tell what is the relative proportion of anti Catholic prejudice and of zeal for "Biblical Christianity" embody in appeals such as the Zion's Herald makes.

It will be noted that this organ of

It will be noted that this organ of It will be noted that this organ of Methodism asserts that it is a question of statesmanship, whether the Catholic Church or Protestantism come out shead in America: "We must meet statesmanship with statesmanship," says the Zions's Herald. It was Napoleon who said that God is on the side of the army having the heaviest artillery. Something of the spirit that prompted this remark is manifested in this suggestion about statemanship. It implies that perfect organization,

prompted this remark is manifested in this suggestion about statemanship. It implies that perfect organization, backed by money, will carry the day as against the Catholic Church.

Let us say in passing, that the Church, if she relied for success on human means, would be beaten clean out of the field by the Protestant sects. No, her strength is of the spiritual order derived from the commission she received from Christ Himself. Those who are not of her household cannot understand how she has gone on from age to age doing in all lands what she is repeating to-day in the United States. Noting her success they believe it can be duplicated. Hence the Zion's Herald suggestion that the Protestant sects adopt her methods. It points out that "in every centre of the country she has her strong men, bishops and archishops known to all, who by continuity of residence acquire influence and power and are in a position to lead their forces to great victories. It is upon this leadership the Pope counts to make the United States of America 'the first Catholic Nation of the world.'"

Running through this extract is the thought that it is the personal endow-

Runing through this extract is the thought that it is the personal endowments of the heads of the Catholic dioceses that have been the soul determinations features in the Running through this extract is the thought that it is the personal endowments of the heads of the Catholic dioceses that have been the soul determining factors in the progress the Church has made in the United States. Taking this for granted, the Methodist organ we have been quoting urges that Methodism adopts what it would call Catholic tactics. "We have as strong men in our connection as are to be found in the Roman Catholic Church," says the Zion's Herald; "but what man is there among us who can command the attention that do some of these prelates? Ireland, Farley, O'Connell, Gibbons—these, and many more that might be named, have, by the very fact of their residence in certain places acquired power for Roman Catholicism, and through their leadership have built up their Church in the part of the country where they were stationed."

Convinced that it is the personal element in the government of the Catholic confession and received absolution, ments of the heads of the Catholic dioceses that have been the soul determining factors in the progress the Church has made in the United States. Taking this for granted, the Methodist organ we have been quoting urges that Methodism adopts what it would call Catholic tactics. "We have as strong men in our connection as are to be found in the Roman Catholic Church," says the Zion's Herald; "but what man is there among us who can command the attention that do some of these prelates? Ireland, Farley, O'Connell, Gibbons—these, and many more that might be named, have, by the very fact of their residence in certain places acquired power for Roman Catholicism, and through their leadership have built up their Church in the part of the country where they were stationed."

Church that is the cause of her success, the Zion's Heraid advocates the utilis ing the personal element in the ranks of Methodism to score similar success for the Methodist Church. It would have "strong, inspirational leaders—men who will be able to touch the outer section" "strong, inspirational leaders—men who will be able to touch the outer section" stationed in the centres of population. Speaking of the need of this, the Zion's Herald says: "We are face to face with a situation. Methodism, as perhaps no other Church among Protestant denominations, is fitted, by its aggressiveness, its inheritance, and its natural genius to meet and resist Roman Catholicism. It must do its full share, and perhaps more, to save this country to Protestantism."

Such is the task outlined for Methodism. One taking an objective view of the present condition of the Protestant sects, would be disposed to advise the followers of John Wesley to devote themselves to the work of preserving intact what of Christianity Protestantism still posseses, rather than dissipate their energies by combatting the Church from which Methodism and the other Protestant sects have taken over the Christian teachings that impart to them what of spiritual vitality they still retain.

It is in no uncharitable spirit we make these comments. We have no wish to offend Protestant sensibilities. But we cannot refrain from saying that at this time, when the forces of infidelity are marshalled to make a deadly assault upon the Christian inheritance of the country, it is no time for an organ of Methodism *o exhort Methodists "to meet and resist Roman Catholicism," which is the strongest bulwark against the anti-Christian tendencies of our day.—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

JUDGE ROBINSON A GOOD TYPE OF CONVERT

The Honorable William C. Robinson, who recently died as Dean of the Law School at the Catholic University, was one of the leading Catholic laymen of the country. He was a good tppe of a devoted convert. While he rose to preeminence in the profession of the Law, he was, at the same time a devout and earnest Catholic.

He was received into the Church by Father Deahon of the Paulists. The chronicle of the Missions of the Paulists Fathers has this record: "Mission given at Carbondale, Pa., Rev. Francis Carew Pastor, from January 25 to February 3, 1863. The Missionary Fathers were Hewit, Deshon, Baker and Young. Seven converts were received into the Church by the Fathers, one of whom was the Reverend William C. Robinson, late Rector of the Protestant Episcopal Church of Scranton, Pa."

Father Elliott writes some interesting reminiscences of Judge Robinson. He says:

reminiscences of Judge Robinson. He says:

The first time I saw Judge Robinson was in the late sixties, when I was a novice. He was more than once a guest at the Paulist table, and was Assistant Editor to Father Hecker when starting the Catholic world. No such helpwas needed those times as the magazine wasyet largely "electric." ButMr. Robinson was offered opportunity to do good work for Catholic truth. Later on he devoted himself to the profession of the Law and in due time he made his mark as a lawyer and built up a good practice in Hartford, later on in New Haven, Conn.

with him was at our mission at St. Mary's Church, New Haven, in the fail of '73. He lived in that parish. He of '73. He lived in that parish. He was on the Bench at the time. He visited us often. He attended the exercises early and late with characteristic regularity and his peculiar incandescent forward. 5 o'clock morning service was rather hard on him, and that while sitting in

5 o'clock morning service was rather hard on him, and that while sitting in court he sometimes caught himself nodding. From time to time he visited us n Fifty-ninth Street, always welcome, of course, and always a profitable man to listen to. But his manners were the extreme limit of unobtrusiveness. I never knew anyone who seemed less conscious of amounting to anything.

When the Paulists were projecting our system of non-Catholic missions, we felt that he should be consulted as a matter of course, and so I called on him in New Haven in 1893, he being then professor in Yale Law School. His suggestions were of prime importance and he showed then and ever afterwards the liveliest interest in the undertaking. He was superior to most converts in this; he was absolutely impartial, actually judicial, in his estimate of the virtues and defects of non - Catholics. During my visit with him, he told me that when his first wife died he had intended entering the priesthood, but had been deterred by the counsels of his father confessor. He loved the ministry to which he had given his earliest energies.

He also showed me his great work on Patent Law. I forget the number of volumes, and he told me that he had looked up and made reference to 7,000 judical decisions in the course of its compilation.

He venerated his mother's memory

and Father Schmidt was about to turn to another penitent, he heard sobbing. Looking towards the Judge he saw him bent down low, and fairly shaken to pieces with weening. Why what's the matter?" said Father Schmidt. The Judge answered: "O, Father, I could help weeping, but it is for joy; this is the fortieth anniversary of my reception into the Church."—The Missionary.

MINISTER APPALLED BY HIS CHURCH'S SCRAP HEAP

REV. DR. LATHAM TELLS PRESBYTERIANS THEY HAVE COUNTED TOO MUCH UPON PUBLIC SCHOOLS, IN WHICH CHILDREN RECEIVE NO RELIGIOUS TRAINING

Ir an interesting talk to the Presbyterian Ministerial Union on the "Ecclesiastical Scrap Heap" yesterday, Rev. Abram L. Latham, of Chester, Isid special stress upon the necessity of the religious instruction of the children, and sharply rapped the methods used by the Presbyterian Church for holding its communicants. The term "Ecclesiastical Scrap Heap" he applied to the large number of church members who after a short time dropped out.

He quoted some interesting statistics to prove his attacements that while Presbyterianism seemed to have an increased number of confessions each year, there was a steady growth of the scrap heap, which last year claimed an enormous percentage of former communicants. In the last five years, he said, two hundred and forty three thousand members had been thrown into the "scrap heap," with few, if any, to return to the Church, while in the past year there was a gain of only one-hundreth of 1 per cent.

He said he had, as he looked over the Church statistics each year, become more and more alarmed, and it was only

He said he had, as he looked over the Church statistics each year, become more and more alarmed, and it was only recently that he felt he had solved the problem. Did the fault lie with the ministers, or were the elders to blame for the ever increasing scrap heap?

"I finally have arrived at the conclusion," he said, "that the cause of the loss of membership, and the danger which threatens to destroy our Church, is all owing to the attention of all these people being directed in the wrong channels. We have been working to get the men and women, which has proved a sinister failure, because when they were children they were not rained in the principles of their religion."

A LENTEN MEMORY

It was recalled by a prayer-book with a frayed cover and discolored leaves. There are sacred pictures slipped in here and there as book marks, though indeed ithe book falls open of its own accord at certain places—at the Prayers for Mass, the Litany of the Blessed Virgin, the Memorare, and the Rossry. The Rosary pages are much worn, and there are many finger prints,—broad firm prints, and little marks made by tiny fingers eager "to find the place," for father while he enjoyed his pipe and paper until mother spoke the summons "Come now, we'll have the Rosary."

The mother was always busy and there was always a baby who would not go to sleep accommodatingly, but from Ash Wednesday to Easter Sunday no matter what else was overlooked, she never failed to say each night, "Come now, we'll have the Rosary."

It was not easy sometimes to start the father if he was engrossed in Home Rule news or had got his pipe to the point of perfection. "Yes, yes," he would answer in a far off tone, and then with a show of alextenses. Error actually wrote a book or taught a school. Once, when he was silving lessons in Spanish during his sojourn in Paris, he wrote a small "Methode Espagnol Pratique," and off whethode Espagnol Pratique," and director of a system of grouped teachers of anarchist doctrines to immature minds.

The products of these schools were the recruits fashioned for rebellion and anarchy. Yet the author of this book, with a view to absolute impartiality, merely observes concerning the textbooks used in the Ferrer schools:

"I have found nothing that can reasonably be construed as incitement to violence or immorality. The teaching is frankly acratist, frankly inspired by the principle, ni Dieu, ni matire; but there is no forecast, no suggestion of any resort to arms, and much less any remendation or nallistion of terrorism.

the point of perfection. "Yes, yes," he would answer in a far off tone, and then with a show of alertness, 'Bring my prayer-book." But there were always three or four little busy-bodies right at his elbow, with a book open at the place; and a second summons, "Come John, let us have the Rossry," usually brought him to his knees. The mother took her place beside him, and the children knolt up at their chairs very straight and very attentive, for they felt the dignity and responsibility

very straight and very attentive, for they felt the dignity and responsibility of their position.

The one drawback to their satisfaction was that the five Mysteries did not go round the circle. There was one child left out; and after some more years there were other children who rather envied the three eldest the privilege of "having a Mystery." For the father said the Rosary in the "old-fashioned way" giving out the meditation and the prayer, and allowing the other members of the group to lead in turn with the Our Father and the Hail Marys.

After the Rosary and the Litany there were other prayers that the father introduced at will—now it was a prayer for the dead, again it might be for the poor, or the ill, or perhaps a thanksgiving. There was always generous measure. When the last one was said, the children trooped off to bed, the father resumed his pipe and paper and the mother brought out the overstocked work basket.

A Lent came when the eldest child.

the mother brought out the overstocked work basket.

A Lent came when the eldest child knelt beside her father, whose head was bowed low over his book and whose voice broke as he paused after the last prayer and said: "Offer this Rosary, children, for the repose of your mother's soil."

And for all the after years the me-

And for all the after years the m mento was never omitted. The family circle grew smaller—some of the children went to other homes, some rejoined their mother—but those who remained knelt Lent after Lent with their father

knelt Lent after Lent with their father to recite the beautiful prayers she had loved so dearly.

Though the prayer-book came to show the marks of time, no newer or finer one could take its place. The pages loosened, but the prayers for Mass, the Memorare, the Rosary and the Litany were written in the father's heart, with other holy things the book recalled.

He laid it down for the last time some years ago, with the marker at the Mem-

And out of the past it has evoked this memory, bringing back familiar faces, and making one hear again the mother's gentle summons: "Come now, let us have the Rosary."

EVANGELIZATION " OF THE ITALIANS PROVES TO BE LABOR LOST

PROTESTANT MISSIONARY WORK A FAILURE IN PHILADELHIA AND A FAILURE ABROAD

Philadelphia, February 22.—A few days ago a Philadelphia Episcopalian minister told his brethren of the pitiful paucity of the results of their twenty dive years' labors and their expenditure of \$100,000 for the "evangelization" of the Italians in the City of Brotherly

the Italians in the City of Brotherly
Love.

Another Protestant minister, Rev.
Charles W. Wendt, D. D., who does the
correspondence from Papal lands for
The Christian Register (Unitarian), of
Boston, Eebruary 1, reveals what sectarian zeal and dollars have accomplished
among the Italians at home. It was the
same old story.

Dr. Wendt says that in 1872 the census showed 58,561 Protestants in Italy,
and the present census 65,595—an increase of 15 per cent. in forty years.
(In the meanwhile the general population of Italy has increased over 30
per cent.) Dr. Wendt is forced to
confess:

"The Roman Catholic See has long

onfess:
"The Roman Catholic See has long ince lost all fear of Protestant growth in this country, and treats the propagands with profound indifference.

How about Methodist activity in the Eternal City? Let Dr. Wendt answer

How about Methodist activity in the Eternal City? Let Dr. Wendt answer the question:

"The American Methodist Episcopal Church," says Dr. Wendt, "has a splendid plant in Rone, spends some \$100,000 annually in Italy for missionary work, conducts colleges and schools, supports some seventy pastors, and is certainly very much in earnest. Yet at the Euglish service we recently attended only thirty-five persons were present. This may have been due, in part to the absence of the senior pastor in America. Its Italian services are, of course, better attended, particularly in Rome, where an eloquent minister attracts excellent audiences. Yet these are, in good part, made up of the employees of its publishing house and its college. An average attendance of fifty persons may be safely allowed for the Methodist parishes of Italy."

TRIAL AND DEATH OF

resort to arms, and much less any re-commendation or palliation of terrorism.

I do not even find in passages treating of religion, that there is any unseemly scoffing or vulgar sourrility."

That is to say, the powder is laid, the explosives are ready, but the author failed to find any recommendation to strike a match. Ferrer's text-books strike a match. Ferrer's text-book give the major and the minor premise but Mr. Archer thinks, in order to pro

strike a match. Ferrer's text-books give the major and the minor premise, but Mr. Archer thinks, in order to provide an "incitement to violence or immortality," one would need to find the conclusion broadly drawn. If Mr. Archer will read over again "El Compando de Historia Universal," by Mile, Jacquinet, in which Christ and Christianity are mocked and reviled, and also "Patrictismony Colonizacion," where both violence and immorality are taught he may change his opinion. The form of the printed page and the collocation of the words easily add to the force of scoffing and scurrility.

Now why should there be a Catholic point of view, or why should the Catholic point of view, or why should the Catholic point of view, or why should the Catholic authorities have had sught to do with the case? That is precisely the point about which Catholics have had to complain in the various accounts of the Ferrer case. Two charges have been made: one that 'the Catholic Church raitroaded Ferrer to his death, and the above quotation is a sample. We are woll content to let the Spanish military and judicial anthorities defend their acts upon purely legal and ppliticial corime, a my rate of an enormous judicial stupidity." If that text had been the victim, if not of a judicial crime, at any rate of an enormous judicial stupidity." If that text had been the victim, if not of a judicial crime, at any rate of an enormous judicial stupidity." If that text had been preached during the whole Ferrer controversy, there would have been no need of bringing in any alliasions to the Church whatever. A truly impartial book would have viewed the matter, irrespective of whether the participants were or were not Catholics, and have let the uncolored facts speak for them.

We may add the legend that Ferrer's trial was wholly private and secret is also demolished by the picture given on page 190 of the book, showing a large, airy court room filled with spectators, who are seemingly following the proceedings with great interest. The author also admits that the plenario or taking of evidence was also public, quoting the statute to that effect, and asying that in the plenario of the case against Emiliano Iglesias the statement of a witness caused "great laughter among the public." The book is really a great improvement over the previous among the public." The book is really a great improvement over the previous recitals of the trial and execution of Ferrer; one by one the myths of the secrecy, the rail-roading and the lack of evidence in the case are being dropped; and we may hope for some future obronicler to take up the matter in a purely historic spirit, leave out the mistranslations, inuendo and unnecessary comments and rhetoric of the present volume, and give us the facts without undue partisan comment.—Andrew J. Shipman, in the February Catholic World.

THE FOOLISH CUSTOM OF TREATING

TREATING

Many, if not all, hopeless human wrecks from excessive use of intoxicants can trace their destruction to this vicious custom of treating at the bar. It is especially dangerous to young men who lack the requisite firmness of will to resist its fatal influence. It is not only an expensive habit, but silly besides. Think for a moment. A young man is induced to join one or two, or a half dozen others in a "social glass" of liquor, for which, perhaps he has really an abhorrence. But he accepts, and the effect of custom is that he takes not only one drink of spirits which he does not relish, but two, or half a dozen, as the case may be. He puts this flery field into his stomach, not because he needs or craves it, but simply in obedience to a senseless tradition of perverted politeners. This description of gluttony, if we may call it such, is infinitely worse than other kinds, because there is no plausible excuse for it, or mitigation of its downright badness. What would be thought of an individual, who, having accepted a friend's invitation to dine, should insist, after partaking of the meal of his host, on immediately duplicating the performance in deference to a distorted custom of sociability? Yet there is just as much reason why a person should gorge himself with two or three consecutive dinners, as for his indulgence in successive libations, that; instead of benefiting him in any way, injure him both physically and morally. The treating habit is a curse to American manners, and an outlandish notion of sociability and good fellowship, which every seberminded young man in possession of his mental faculties should assiduously avoid. Make up your mind now, before the habit has grown upon you, that in your case, at least, the custom will become more honored in the breach than the observance. Even if you do not intend to practise total abstinence from spirituous liquors, turn your face resolutely away from this fruitful agency of end to practise total abstinence from pricting to precise total abstituence from pirituous liquors, turn your face reso-lutely away from this fruitful agency of demoralization—Catholic Universe.

THE YELLOW PRESS AND THE YOUNG PEOPLE

The power for evil of the yellow press is one that Catholics surely ought to appreciate inasmuch as Catholic papers and magazines are constantly referring to it. Nor are the Catholic papers without warrant from higher authority in the matter. Catholic priests and bishops have many times urged upon Catholics the duty of supporting their own papers instead of soiling their own papers instead of soiling their souls with the indecent sensations of a corrupt press. In Ireland at the present time, as the Review has told its readers more than once, there is a splendid movement against what are known as the "penny dirties"—papers which contain a daily or weekly record of British crime and which up to a short time ago had a large sale in Ireland.

The influence of the yellow press on

blind to their own shortcomings. I am not afraid to declare that 50 per cent. of the most brutal crimes are due to the effect upon degenerate minds of suggestions in the reports of orimes in the newspapers. Ask the men who commit these crimes where they got their criminal ideas and they will tell you it was in the crime columns of the press. In the trial of the car barn burglars in Chicago it came out that every detail of the crimes committed by these young men had been read by them in the newspapers before they set out on their criminal careers."

The fact that the yellow journals are now so anxious to print news that interest Catholics, and that they give such generous space even to Catholic matters that have little news valre, has the effect of deceiving Catholics into the belief that those papers are "all right." But they are far from being all right, on this account. The Catholic who takes a sensational and vulgar paper into his home on the pretense of getting Catholic news and getting it served up in a picturesque and striking manner, will discover that it is not the Catholic news feature of the paper his children are interested in. It is the things of "human interest"—to use a bit of current jargon—that the growing boys and girls are after; and God help the young souls exposed to the evil suggestions that flaunt themselves from almost every page of the ordinary yellow journal.—S. H. Review.

IS DIVORCE WRAPPED UP IN THE FLAG?

Whatever material benefits the planting of the United States fiag in the Philippines may have brought the natives can hardly be regarded as a blessing to the inhabitants if it entails the thrusting of a Divorce Law upon a Catholic people. It was bad enough to have a school system ignoring God set up there, in place of the fold Spanish one, wherein God was the Alpha and Omega of the teaching. It will be an act of inexcusable and wanton aggression upon a Catholic people's fatth and traditions to set up the detestable deity, Divorce, with her full unfeminine visage and her filthy drapery, in their midst.

The United States Government is asked to sanction the introduction of the horrible divorce system as we know it here at home among a people who abhor it, at the bidding of a handful or renegade Catholics and Godless Freemasons resident in the Philippine Archipelago. The hierarchy and clergy of the islands, the pious Catholic womanhood, the decent portion of the man-hood resident theirin protest with all their energy that the introduction of such an institution among them would be an abominable outrage. The methods of Spain may have been at times despotic, but they never jarred upon the moral and religious feelings of the native population. Even the religion of the Mahometan Moros was respected by the Spanish Government.

A pathetic letter of remonstrance on Spanish Government.

A pathetic letter of remonstrance

A pathetic letter of remonstrance on the subject has been received from the islands. The Catholics here are im-plored to come to the help of their co-religionists, who, between the hammer of the Y. M. C. A. and the anvil of Governmental support, are in sore

straits.

"Shall their cry be disregarded?
We may here very opportunely give the opinion of an eminent American Judge who has administered the law for the past quarter of a century from the Circuit Bench of Ann Arbor, in Michigan. He has had many heartrending cases to adjudicate upon, and this is the solemn verdict of his own conscience and his own manhood on the unnatural business of defying God's ordinance in intervening between man to sink deep into all hearts that bear even a remnant of reverence for their own parents, the prayers they taught them, the tender ties of home and wife and children. Judge F. D. Kinne advises Michigan to make a clean sweep of its divorce laws. He said (December 28 last):

28 last):

"Hitherto, as a rule, I have administered the law as I found it on the statute books. It seemed to me that divorce was the only escape from brutality, wretchedness and hopeless unhappiness, but of late the privilege of divorce has been so misused and I have witnessed such fiagrant disregard for truth, morality and decency that my former convictions have experienced considerable modification, if not revolution.

"Doubtless some good may come from agitation, surveillance and revision, but these means will not successfully meet the issue.

"In my opinion, their is just one way to solve this problem. Let the next Legislature enact a law that never again for any cause whatsoever shall there be granted a divorce from the bonds of matrimony in the State of Michigan. In certain cases let there be a decree of separation, but no dissolution of the marriage contract." Day by day the divorce problem is

hanging heavier and heavier around the neck of the United States as a national hanging heavier and neavier around the neck of the United States as a national shame. It is more than a shame: it is a desperate danger to the whole social organization. How can eur Government, which has undertaken the responsibility of governing a Catholic people ten thousand miles across the globe, bring itself to countenance any attempt tolplant the virus of this awful moral ulcer upon that innocent people? President Taft has declared his views on this tremendous issue in no uncertain tones. The best intellects of the country have been heard from on the subject of limiting and restraining the evil as far as possible, and yet here we are unblushingly permitting an attempt to stretch it across the whole breadth of the Pacific to a people who detest, denounce and curse it! What an idea of "liberty!"—Philadelphia Standard and Times.

CATHOLIC NOTES

The Coilege of Cardinals, the Senate of the Church of God, is now almost in its full strength numerically. There are only about four vacancies now.

On the occasion of a recent visit to his diocesan seminary, Archbishop Blenk of New Orleans, was welcomed in twelve

A movement has been started to erect in New York a statue of Blessed Jean of Arc, the Maid of Orleans, by popular subscription. The memorial will cost subscription. The memorial

The Duke of Norfolk has offered to endow a new cathedral for England, and his munificent offer is now under consideration. It comes in connection with the changes now about to take place in the various dioceses.

Over one thousand Catholic elementary school teachers of London attended a meeting at the Cathedrai Hail, Westminister, recently, to listen to an address by Cardinai Bourne, who spoke on the improved position and the duty of Catholic teachers.

The Jesuits have five colleges in India One of them, St. Joseph's in its sixty-five years of existence has sent out more than 1,000 educated Catholics and given 150 to the Church in Holy Orders. Its student corps numbers this year

Rev. William Shinnick, whose death is reported from Marblehead, Mass., was the oldest priest in New England. He was born in Cork, Ireland, in 1820, and went to Australia, where he was ordained, and labored until 1870, when he came to the United States.

Replying in the Belgian Chamber to a question on the subject of the Papal "Motu Proprio" dealing with the question of citing the clergy before civil tribunals, the Minister of Foreign Affairs said that the Cardinal Secretary of State had intimated that the "Motu Proprio" was not applicable to Belgium.

Large bequests to charitable institu-tions and churches, including \$235,000 to St. Patrick's Cathedral, appear in the will of Eugene Kelley, son of the late Eugene Kelley, the banker, which was filled Feb. 8. The bequest to St. Pat-rick's is for the purpose of completing and furnishing an annex to the cathe-dral, known as "the Lady Chapel."

Sir Heffernan Considine sometime
Deputy Inspector of the Royal Irish
Constabulary, who died recently in Dundrum, Ireland, was the son of a man who
became a convert to the Catholic Church
at the same time that the two De Vere
Brothers, the late Lord Dunraven and
the late Lord Emly came over from Protestantism.

testantism.

In point of numerical strength the great archdiocese of Liverpool heads the list, embracing as it does 371,762 Catholics. Of clergy there are 318 secular and 127 regular priests—a grand total of 445. There exist 247 churches and chapels. The convents number 75, and the nuns therein (including 30 exiled Sisters) total 1,050. The schools total 209, and are attended by 80,000 children. There are 2 hospitals and 35 other charitable institutions. institutions.

At the annual dinner of the Villa-nova At the annual dinner of the Villa-nova Alumni Society held in Philadelphia recently announcement was made of a large bequest to the institution for the erection of a new hall to replace the one recently destroyed by fire. The Rev. Bernard J. O'Donnell, O. S. A., who acted as toastmaster, announced that Mr. Bernard Corr had donated \$109,000 for this our nose as a memorial to his son

The late Elizabeth Lady Herbert of Lea, mother of the earl of Pembroke, left estate of the gross value of \$169,045. She left the Fitzwilliam plate, the ring of the Abbess of Old Wilton Monastery ("which I always wear") and other articles to the Earl of Pembroke; \$25, articles to the Earl of Pembroke; \$25,-000 to the Sisters of Charity of St. Vincent de Paul for the industrial school at Salisbury and the furniture of her domestic chapel, with the marble altar, plate, vestments, etc., to the Foreign Missionary Seminary at Mill Hill.

The monastery of the Trappist monks The monastery of the Trappist monast Gethaemane, twelve miles from Bardtown, Ky., is in ruins and the seventy-five monks who comprise the local chapter of the "silent brotherhood" are homeless. A fire on March 1st, completely destroyed the picturesque brick quadrangle and left nothing but a heap of smoking embers and tottering walls. or smoking empers and tottering wails. The Gethsemane monastery was founded in 1848 and was the oldest home of the Reformed Cistercian Order in the United States.

United States.

Recently a number of non-Catholic gentlemen of Boston called upon Cardinal O'Connell of Boston, and presented him with a handsomely engraved set of resolution, expressing their regard for him and their recognition of the honor that had been conferred upon him in his elevation to the Cardinalate. The Cardinal in replying, stated that his preelevation to the Cardinalate. The Cardinal, in replying, stated that his predecessors in effice, from the first Bishop of Boston, had ever experienced kindness from prominent non-Catholic families of the city, who in time of need, lent them aid.—How unlike Toronto is Boston.

ton.

An event of some little importance occurred some months ago in the parish of Kilcummin, a few miles from Killarney. It was the erection of a memorial cross to mark the spot on which Mass was said in the open air for nearly a century in the penal times. It is known as Liss an-Affrion, or the Liss of the Mass. The Cross, which is the work of Mr. Maguire of Cork, is of marble, Celtic shaped, and resting on a pedestal of lime stone. It was blessed by the Bishop of Kerry. It is the first of its kind erected in Ireland, and the example will of Kerry. It is the first of its kind erected in Ireland, and the example will probably be followed in other parts of the country.

MILES WALLINGFORD

By JAMES FEMIMORE COOPER CHAPTER XIV

**let. Gent. What is my ransom, master?

Let me know.

Mast. A thousand crowns, or else lay down your head.

Mate. And so much shall you give, or off goes yours."

King Henry VI. King Henry VI.

Inever saw a man more actounded, or etter disposed to fly into a passion, han was the case with Mr. Moses Oloff 7an Duser Marble, when he was told hat the Dawn was to be sent into Engand for adjudication. Nothing kept sis tongue within the bounds of moderation, and I am far from certain I might not add his fists, but my assurances he his tongue within the bounds of moderation, and I am far from certain I might not add his fists, but my assurances he would be sent on board the Speedy, unless he behaved with prudence. As our people were sent out of the ship, I thought several times he would break out in open hostilities; and he did actually propose to me to knock Sennit down, and throw him overboard. With a significant look, I told him it was not time for this. The mate now laid a finger on his nose, winked, and from that moment he not only seemed cheerful, but he assisted in hoisting in and out the different articles that were exchanged, in shifting the grews.

When all was ready, if appeared that Sennit was to be our prize master. Although a lieutenant in commission, he had only been lent to Lord Harry Dermond by the admiral, in order to fill up the crew of that favored officer; the Speedy having her regular complement of lieutenants without him. As the cruise was so nearly up, and the ship had experienced great success in impressing since she sailed, Sennit could be spared; and, if the truth were said, I made no doubt his measmates in the frigate were glad to be rid of him, now they had no further occasion for his peculiar skill and services.

Mr. Sennit brought on board with him, as a prize crew, ten foremast-men, besides a master's mate, of 'he name of Diggins. Under ordinary circumstances, this last dignitary would have been of sufficient skill to take the ship in; that this was the first prize Lord Harry had taken; she promised to be

been of sufficient skill to take the ship in; but this was the first prize Lord Harry had taken; she promised to be valuable if condemned; and I suppose he and his young gentleman-like luffs were desirous of getting rid of their vulgar associate. At any rate, Messra. Sennit and Diggins both came on board us here and between

when both ships filled at the same time; the Speedy on a wind, with two reefs in her topsails, as when first seen, to play about for more prizes, and the Dawn under studding-sails, with the wind nearly over the taffrail. When all was ready, each ship started away from the vacant point on the ocean, where they had been lying for hours, moving on diverging lines, at a rate that soon put 2 wide expanse of water between them.

I felt the circumstance of being left I felt the circumstance of being left under the command of such a man as Sennit almost as sensibly as I felt the loss of my ship. He and the mate established themselves in my cabin, within the first hour, in a way that would have brought about an explosion, had policy forbade it, on my part. Sennit even took possession of my state-room, in which he ordered his own cot to be awang, and from which he coolly directed my mattress to be removed. As the lockers were under locks and keys, I permitted him to take possession without a remonstrance. Diggins stowed his bedding in Marble's berth, leaving my mate and myself to shift for ourselves. At a suggestion from Marble, I my make and myself to shift for ourselves. At a suggestion from Marble, I
affected great indignation at this treatment, directing Neb to clear away a
place in the steerage, in which to live,
and to swing hammocks there for Marble
and myself. This movement had some
effect or Senit, who was anylous to effect on Sennit, who was anxious to get at the small stores; all of which were under good locks, and locks that were under good locks, and locks that he did not dare violate, under an order from the admirality. It was, therefore, of much importance to him to belong to my mess; and the necessity of doing something to appease my resentment became immediately apparent to him. He made some apologies for his cavalier conduct, justifying what he had done on the score of his rank and the usages of navies, and I though it prudent to receive his excuses in a way to avoid an open rupture. Sennit was left in possession of the state-room, but I remained in the steerage, consenting, however, to mess in the cabin. This arrangement, which was altogether premeditated on my part, gave me many opportunities of consulting privately with Marble, and of making sundry preparations for profiting by the first occasion that should offer to retake the ship. In that day, recaptures were of pretty frequent occurrence; and I no sooner understood the Dawn was to be sent in, than I began to reflect on the means of effecting my purpose. Marble had been kept in the ship by me, expressly with this object.

I suppose the reader to have a gen-

in the ship by me, expressly with this object.

I suppose the reader to have a general idea of the position of the vessel, as well as of the circumstances in which she was placed. We were just three hundred and fifty-two miles to the southward and westward of Scilly, when I observed at meridian, and the wind blowing fresh from the south-southwest, there was no time to lose, did I meditate anything serious against the prize crew. The first occasion that presented to speak to my mate offered while we were busy together in the steerage stowing away our effects, and making such dispositions as we could to be comfortable.

making such dispositions as we could to be comfortable.

"What think you, Moses, of this Mr. Sennit and his people?" I asked, in a low voice, leaving forward on a water-cask, in order to get my head nearer to that of the mate. "They do not look like first-rate man-of-war's-men; by activity and surprise could we not handle them?"

handle them?"

Marble laid a fluger on his nose, which looked as sagacious as he knew how, and then went to the steerage door, which communicated with the companion-way, to listen if all were safe in that quarter. Assured that there was no one near, he communicated his thoughts as follows:

will want good looking after, but his mate drinks like a coal heaver; I can see that in his whole face; a top-lantern is not lighter. He must be handled by brandy. Then, a more awkward set of long-shore fellows were never sent to manage a square-rigged craft, than these which have been sent from the Speedy. They must have given us the very sweepings of the hold."

"You know how it is with these dashing young man-of-war captains; they keep all their best materials for a fight. French frigates are tolerably plenty, they tell me, and this Lord Harry Dermond, much as he loves sugar and coffee, would like to fall in with a La Vigilante, or a La Diane, of qual force, far better. This is the secret of his giving Sennit such a set of raw once. Besides, he supposes the Dawn will be at Plymouth in eight-and-forty hours, as will certainly be the case should this wind stand."

"The fellows are just so many London loafers." (I have always thought Marble had the merit of hydrograchie.

wind stand."

"The fellows are just so many London loafers." (I have always thought Marble had the merit of bringing this word into fashion.) "There are but three seamen among them, and they are more fit for a hospital than for a lower yard or jib-boom."

There was a good deal of truth, blended with some exaggeration, mixed up with this statement of the mate. As a matter of course, the captain of the Speedy had not sent away his best men, though they were not quite as bad as Marble, in his desire to overcome them, was disposed to fancy. It is true that there were but three of their number whom the quick mautical instinct of the mate had recognized as real seamen, though all had been on board ship long enough to render them more or less useful.

"Whatever we do must be done at once," I rejoined. "We are four athletic men, to act against twelve. The odds are heavy, but we shall have the advantage of being picked men, and of attacking by surprise."

"I wish you had thought of asking to keep Voorhees in the ship, Miles; that fellow would be worth three ordinary men to us."

"did think of it, but the request

to take life, to which I have as strong a reluctance as you can have yourself."
"There's my hand!" exclaimed Marble, "and for its owner's heart, you well know where that is to be found, Miles. Enough has been said for a beginning. We will look about us this afternoon, and talk further after supper."

"Good. Do you say a word to Billings, the cook, and I will open the matter to Neb. Of the last we are certain, but it may be well to make some promises to

may be well to make some promises to your man."

"Leave that to me, Miles. I know my chap, and will deal with him as I would with an owner."

Marble and myself now separated, and I went on deak to observe how things.

Marble and myself now separated, and I went on deck to observe how things promised in that quarter. By this time, the Speedy's topsails were beginning to dip, and the Dawn was driving forward on her course, with everything drawing that she should carry. All the English were on deck, Sennit included. The last gave me a sufficiently civil salute as I put my foot on the quarter-deck, but I avoided falling into any discourse with him. My cue was to note the men, and to ascertain all I could concerning their distribution during the approaching night. Diggins, I could see, was a redfaced fellow, who probably had lost his promotion through love of the bottle, though, as often happens with such persons, a prime seaman and a thorough man-of-war's man. Of him, I thought I could make sure by means of brandy. Sennit struck me as being a much more difficult subject to get along with. There were signs of cognac about his face, too, but he had more rank, more at stake, and brighter hopes than the master's mate. Then he was evidently better practiced in the ways of the world than his companion, and had constantly a sort of uneasy vigilance about his eye and manner that gave me no little concern.

It was my wish to atrike a blow, if possible, that very night, every minute

itance about his eye and manner that gave me no little concern.

It was my wish to atrike a blow, if possible, that very night, every minute carrying us fast toward the chops of the Channel, where the English had so many cruisers in general, as to render ultimate escape next to impossible, should we even be so lucky as to regain command of our own ship. I was afraid, moreover, Sennet might take it into his head to have all hands all night, under the pretext of drawing in with the land. Should he actually adopt this course, our case was nearly hopeless.

"Your mate seems to love the cupboard, Mr. Wallingford," Sennit remarked to me, in a good natured manner, with an evident wish to establish still more amicable relations between us than had yet existed; he has been in and about that galley these ten minutes, fidgeting with his tin-pot, like a raw hand who misses his mother's tea!"

Sennit laughed at his own humor, and I could hardly answer with a smile, for I knew my mate had adonted the

tavor to sap with us in the cabin, I hope, for I see signs at the galley that it will soon be ready?"

"I shall expect to join your mess, sir, now explanations have passed between us. I suppose my mate is to be one of my party, as well as yours?"

"Certainly I shall ask the favor of you to let Mr. Marble relieve Diggins, for half an hour or so, while the poor fellow gets a bite. We'll do as much for you another time."

This was said in a dry, laughing sort of a way, which showed that Mr. Sennit was fully aware he was making a request a little out of rule, to ask a man to aid in carrying his own ship into port as a prize; but I took it, as it was meant, for a rough joke that had convenience at the bottom.

It was not long ere Neb came to announce that supper was ready. Sennit had made but an indifferent dinner, it would seem, and he appeared every way disposed to take his revenge on the present occasion. Calling out to me to follow, he led the way cheerfully into the cabin, professing great astisfaction at finding we were to make but one mess of it. Strictly speaking, a prize crew, under circumstances like those in which the Dawn was now placed, had no right to consume any portion of the vessel's own stores, condemnation being indispensable to legalize Lord Harry Dermond's course, even according to the laws of his own country. But I had ordered Neb to be liberal with my means, and a very respectable entertainment was apread before our eyes, when we reached the cabin. Sennit was soon hard at work; but under pretence of looking for some better sugar that had been placed on the table, I got three bottles of brandy privately into Neb's hands, whispering him to give one to the master's mate on deck, and the other two to the crew. I knew there were too many motives for such a bribe, connected with our treatment, the care of our private property, and other things of that nature, to feel any apprehension that the true object of this liberality weald be suspected by those who were to replicate the subject of this liberal

keep Voorhees in the ship, Miles; that fellow would be worth three ordinary men to us."

"I did think of it, but the request would never have been granted. One could ask for a cook, or a mate, or a servant like Neb, but to ask for an able seaman or two would have been to declare our object."

"I believe you're right, and must be thankful for the good stuff we have, as it is. How far will the law bear us out in knocking men on the head in such an undertaking? It's peace for America, and we must steer clear of piracy!"

"I've thought of all that, Moses, and see no great cause of apprehension. A man has certainly a right to recover that by the strong hand which he lost by the strong hand. Should blood be spilt, which I hope to avert, the English courte might judge us harshly, while the American would acquit us. The law would be the same in both cases, though its administration would be very different. I am ready to cast my own fortune on the issue, and I wish no man to join me who will not do so, heart and hand. I see no reason to apppose it will be necessary to take life, to which I have as strong a reluctance as you can have yourself."

"There's my hand!" exclaimed Marble, "and for its owner's heart, you well know where that is to be found, Miles. Enough has been said for a beginning. We will look about us this afternoon, and talk further after supper."

"Good. Do you say a word to Billings,"

"Good. Do you say a word to Billings," ing anything to do with the brandy. As he had taken two or three glasses of lore the two of three glasses of lore the two of three glasses of lore the two of the prosest forbearance proceeded from a consciousness of the delicate circumstances in which he was placed, and I because resher more way in my own movements. At length the lieutenant said comething about the "poor devil on and movements. At length the lieutenant said comething about the "poor devil on on the same of the said of the said

have their suppers at once; while that is doing, we'll tell off the watches for the

have their suppers at once; while that is doing, we'll tell off the watches for the night."

Diggins was evidently getting more and more under the influence of brandy, keeping the bottle hid so newhere near him, by which means he took frequent draughts unperceived. He gave the necessary orders, notwithstanding; and presently the men were mustered aft, to be told off into the two watches that were required for the service of the ship. This was soon done, Sennit choosing five, and Diggins his five.

"It's past eight o'clock," saint Sennit, when the selections were made. "Go below the watch, and all but the men at the wheel of the watch on deck can go below to the lights to eat. Bear a hand with your suppers, my lads; this is too big a craft to be left without lookouts forward, though I dare say the Yankees will lend us a hand while you are swallowing a mouthful?"

"To be sure we will, sir," cried Marble, who had come to the gangway to witness the proceedings. "Here, you Neb, come out of that galley and play forecastle man, while John Bull gets his supper. He's always cross when he's hungry, and we'll feed him well to make a good neighborhood."

This caused some who heard it to laugh, and others to swear and mutter.

This caused some who heard it to laugh, and others to swear and mutter.

Every one, nevertheless, appeared willmarked to me, in a good natured manner, with an evident wish to establish still more amicable relations between us than had yet existed; he has been in and about that galley these ten minutes, fidgeting with his tin-pot, like a raw hand who misses his mother's tea!"

"Sennit laughed at his own humor, and I could hardly answer with a smile, for I knew my mate had adopted this experiment to open communications with the cook.

"Well, he does not look it. I have seldom seen a more thorough looking sea-dog than your mate, Captain Wallingford"—this was the first time Sennit had dignified me with this title—"and I took a fancy to him on that account, as soon as I saw him. You will do me the

ject in view; nor was the other absolutely certain, as I afterward learned, ohe of the Englishmen soon coming out of the forecastle to eat on deek, quite likely aware that there might be some risk in letting all hands remain below. It was now sufficiently dark for our purposes, and I began to reflect seriously on the best mode of proceeding, when, all at once, a heavy splash in the water was heard, and Marble was heard shouting, man overboard!"

Sennit and I ran to the lee mainrigging where we just got a glimpse of the hat of the poor fellow, who seemed to be swimming manfully, as the ship foamed past him.

"Starboard your heim!" shouted Marble. "Starboard your heim! Come to these fore-braces, Neb; bear a hand thisaway, you cook. Captain Wallingford, please lend us a rull. Look out for the boat, Mr. Sennit; we'll take care of the head-yards."

Now all this had been regularly concoted in the mate's mind in advance. By these means he not only managed to get all our people together, but he got them a way fron the boat. The whole was done so naturally as to prevent the smallest suspicion of any design. To do Sennit justice, I must acknowledge that he behaved himself particularly well on this sudden appeal to his activity and decision. The loss of a man was to him a matter of deep moment; all his habits and propensities inclining him to be solicitous about the manning of ships. A man saved was as good as a man impressed; and he was the first person in the boat. By the time the ship had lost her way the boat was ready, and I heard Sennit call out the order to lower. As for us Americans, we had our hands full to get the head-yards braced up in time, and to settle away the topgallant-halyard, aft, in order to save the spara. In two minutes, however, the Dawn resembled a steed that had suddenly thrown his rider, diverging from his course, and shooting athwart the field at right angles to his athwart the field at right angles to his former track, scenting and snuffing the air. Forward all was full, but the after-yards having been square from the first, their sails lay aback, and the ship was slowly forging ahead, with the seas slapping against her bows, as if the last were admonishing her to

stop.

I now walked aft to the taffrail, in

Wallingford."

"Mr. Diggins," I said, approaching the master's mate, "as I have a necessity for this vessel, which is my property, if you please, sir, I'il now take charge of her in person. You had better go below, and make yourself comfortable; there is good brandy to be had for the asking, and you may pass an agreeable evening, and turn in whenever it suits you."

able evening, and turn in whenever it suits you."

Diggins was a sot and a fool, but he did not want for pluck. His first disposition was to give battle, beginning to call out for his men to come to his assistance, but I put an end to this, by seizing him by the collar, and dropping him, a little unceremoniously, down the companion-way. Half an hour later, he was dead drunk, and snoring on the cabin floor.

was dead drunk, and snoring on the cabin floor.

There remained only the man at the wheel to overcome. He was a seaman, of course, and one of those quiet, orderly men who usually submit to the powers that be. Approaching him, I said:

"You see how it is, my lad; the ship has again changed owners. As for you, you shall be treated as you behave. Stand to the wheel, and you'll get good treatment and plenty of grog, but, by becoming fractious, you'll find yourself in irons before you know where you are."

are."
"Ay, ay, sir," answered the man, touching his hat, and contenting himself with this brief and customary

means improbable, in the situation in which we were, placed, this circumstanstance might be of the last importance to us. In the meantime, however, I had to look to the boat and the ship.

The first thing we did was to clew up the three topgallant-sails. This gave us a much easier command of the vessel, short-handed as we were, and it rendered it less hazardous to the spars to keep the Dawn on a wind. When this was done, I ordered the after-braces manned, and the leaches brought as near as possible to touching. It was time; for the oars were heard, and then I got a view of the boat as it came glancing down on the weather quarter. I instantly gave the order to fill the aftersails, and to keep the ship full and by. The braces were manned as well as they could be by Marble, Neb, and the cook, while I kept an eye on the boat, with an occasional glance at the man at the wheel.

wheel.

"Bost shoy !" I hailed, as soon as the lieutenant got near enough for conver-

"Boat shoy!" I-hailed, as soon as the lieutenant got near enough for conversation.

"Ay, boat shoy!" sure enough," growled Sennit; "some gentleman's back will pay for this trick. The 'man overboard' is nothing but a d—d paddy made out of a fender with a tarpaulin truck! I suspect your mate of this, Mr. Wallingford."

"My mate owns the offence, sir; it was committed to get you out of the ship, while we took charge of her again. The Dawn is under my orders once more, Mr. Sennit, and before I permit you to come on board her again we must have an understanding on the subject."

A long, meaning whistle, with a muttered oath or two, satisfied me that the lieutenant had not the slightest suspicion of the truth, until it was thus abruptly announced to him. By this time the boat was under our stern, where she was brought in order to be hooked or, the men intending to come up by the tackles. For this I cared not, however, it being an easy matter for me, standing on the taffrail, to knock any one on the head who should attempt to board us in that fashion. By way of additional security, however, Neb was called to the wheel, Marble taking the English sailor forward to help haul the bowlines and trim the yards. The ship beginning to gather way, too, I threw Sennit the end of a lower studding-sail halyards that were brought aft for the purpose, ordered his bowman to let go his hold of the tackle, and dropped the boat to a safe towing distance astern. Neb being ordered to keep the weather-leaches touching, just way enough was got on the ship to carry out the whole of this plan without risk to anybody.

"You'll not think of leaving us out here on the Atlantic, Mr. Wallingford, the purpose, or the purpose, or the houle of this plan without risk to anybody.

"You'll not think of leaving us out here on the Atlantic, Mr. Wallingford,

out desiring to leave his crew the best arms as if to embrace some unseen figure. out desiring to leave his crew the best possible chance for their lives. I will do Marble the justice to say, he was active in making these arrangements, though had the question of destroying though had the question of destroying the entire prize crew presented itself on one side, and that of losing the ship on the other, he would not have hesitated about sinking Great Britain itself, were it possible to achieve the last. I was more human, and felt exceedingly relieved when I again found myself in command of the Dawn, after an interregnum of less than ten hours, without a drop of blood having been spilled.

regnum of less than ten hours, without a drop of blood having been spilled.

As soon as everything required was passed into the boat, she was dropped astern, nearly to the whole length of the studding sail halyards. This would make her tow more safely to both parties: to those in her, because there was less risk of the ship's dragging her under, and to ourselves, because it removed all risk of the ship's dragging her under, and to ourselves, because it removed all danger of the Englishmen's returning our favor, by effecting a surprise in their turn. At such a distance from the ship, there would always be time for us to rally any attempt to get alongside.

TO BE CONTINUED

Good Move in New Jersey

An attempt to safeguard the sacred character of the marriage relation and prevent hasty and ill-advised marriages of thoughtless young people, is reported from New Jersey where a bill will soon be presented (if indeed it has not already been presented) to the State Legislature withdrawing from Justices of the Peace, the power to perform marriage ceremonies. This measure will have the support, not only of the Catholic clergy, but of the Protestant ministers as well. A number of the latter have expressed to Monsignor Sheppard, Vicar-General of the diocese of Newark, their intention of urging the Protestant clergy throughout the State to see the their intention of urging the Processant clergy throughout the State to see the representatives of their respective dis-tricts and ask them to vote for this measure, which will take the power of per-forming the marriage ceremony out of the hands of public officials who have the hands of public officials who have such small regard for its sacred and binding character that they are not averse to assisting at it, no matter how unbecoming the circumstances under which 'it is performed.—Sacred Heart Review.

GOING HOME

A ST. PATRICK'S DAY SKETCH

By Rev. D. A. Casey

By Rev. D.A. Casey

The log cabin was set far back in the woods; a rude structure, knee deep in the drifting snow that lay around and about it on all sides. There was no sign of life around the building; no smoke curled up from the stove pipe in the centre; even the great white flakes crept stealthily down as if unwilling to break the all-prevading silence. The wintry sun had sunk to reat behind the pine trees; the shadows were lengthening in the clearing; the peculiar greyness of the Canadian night would soon envelop all.

ness of the Canadian night would soon envelop all.

Within the hut it was darker. The last embers of the wood fire were amouldering in the stove. A lamp, unlighted, was set on a table drawn close to the miserable bed, upon which lay the figure of a man, silent and still. One thin, wasted hand rested on the torn coverlet; the bronsed forehead was damp with the perspiration that tells of fever; the bearded lips were drawn together as if some pitying angel had touched them with her gentle touch. There was no other living creature in the room save the great collie dog that sat in the corner by the one window, his big, wondering eyes fixed intently on the silent figure in the bed. Alone in the silent house the man lay dying, with no witness of his passing, save the faithful companion of his solitude. Alone and dying.

A sound breaks the stillness. The dog

panion of his solitude. Alone and dying.

A sound breaks the stillness. The dog pricks up his ears and listens. Silence again. Then from afar it comes again—the cry of some prowling beast of prey deep in the forest. The sleeper hears it and murmurs uneasily in his half consciousness, The tired eyes open for au instant and wander around the room until they finally rest on the mute guardian by the window. As if divining his master's intention, the dog rises from his place, and going to the door pokes it open. Up and down the trail he peers into the darkness: then with ear to the earth he listens for the expected footsteps. But all is silent. Even the call of the wild beast is hushed for the moment. With a look of, almost human regret he returns to his place by the window. The tired eyes read the message in the mutely eloquent face. There is no hope.

Presently the dying man turned uneasily; the thin lips move in broken accents. The dog turns his head as if he understood.

"Home . . mother . . . God bless them. They will miss me now. . . . And baby Willie, what will he say when they tell him his big brother is dead. . . And Cissie too. . . . Will there he term in the bless are 2.0.

Cissie you must not cry . . I'm goin' to mother . . . Kiss me, Ciss . . . Where is baby Willie? . . . Yes, the Rosary is best . . . Patrick's Day is it? Sure, there is the beautiful in me and the control of the contr

"Oh, mother, mother," he cries, and a smile of perfect happiness lights up his

arms as if to embrace some unseen figure.

"Oh, mother, mother," he cries, and a smile of perfect happiness lights up his wan face.

From without comes the faint tinkle of a sleighbell. The dog hears it, and ashes wildly to the door. Yes, nearer and nearer it comes. The dog sees it now and goes bounding down the trail.
"And you really came for me, mother." I'm content now—only I fear Clissle and Willie will miss me. Yes indeed, we'll pray for them up there together, you and I. Kiss me, mother, and then I'll go home with you. Home with mother."
The wan smile fades away; the yes become fixed and glassy; the breath comes in short, quich gasps, he stretches his extended arms farther and farther, as if to enclose some object that was eluding his grasp; then with one convulsing shudder he falls forwarden his face. With joyful yelps the collie comes bounding into the cabin. At his heels are two men muffled to the ears in furs. The younger of the two comes forward to the bedside, a small packet in his hand.

"See Jack," he ries, "I've brought you your Patrick's Day shamrock. And there's a letter from Clissle too. Why don't you speak, Jack? Here they are?"
Then for the first time he sees the doubled up figure in the bed. With a cry of alarm he motions the dotor. One moment suffices. Jack Kelly will wear no more Patrick's shamrocks. He is with the blessed apostle himself.

They buried him there in the clearing where the young fir trees wave above the murmuring rivulet, and on his breast they placed the withered shamrocks and Clissle's letter. And as they drove away in the cold grey morning's light, one lonely mourner watched by the new-made grave, faithful even unto death.

"Rot only was I cured by that box, but it also cured two of my is an order to other had a sore, the murmuring rivulet, and on his breast they placed the withered shamrocks and clies letter. And as they drove away in the cold grey morning's light, one lonely mourner watched by the new-made grave, faithful even unto death.

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Free Sample of Campana's Italian Balm

Anyone suffering from chapped hands, sore lips, or rough skin may have a FREE SAMPLE of Campana's Italian Balm by dropping a post card to E. G. West & Co., Wholesale Druggists, 80 George St., Toronto. All druggists sell it at 25c. a bottle.

WHAT A MOTHER'S MEMORY DID FOR A BLACK MAN

A TRUE STORY

Not far from the beginning of my ministry (it was very many years ago, as you (may suppose) I was visiting a brother priest at his church in Balti-

more.

He asked me to help him in the confessional during a busy season, and I consented. "Many of my people are Negroes," he said, "and I think you will not be sorry for that, when you make friends with them in the box."

"Negroes!" Isaid, "I have yet to discover their fervor! They are very emotional, are they not?"

"Not so much," he replied. "They love to sing, so do the angels for that matter! Given fair instruction they are fine, reliable Catholics. I have no discount to make in comparing them with the whites. To be sure, they are a subject race, greatly despised by many whites, as well as feared and detested, others patronise them, spoil them, laugh at their fobles, and forget their striking qualities. But taken all in all they are good people, a submissive race, and religiously considered are the fairest prospect for our Catholic missionary field second to none!"

And we chatted about the blacks and their spiritual and other traits till far into the night, incidentally comparing notes about their social and domestic qualities, even their intellectual ones, which cross their religious state.

The work in the confessional, always consoling, was especially so with the Negro penitents that time, and it seemed to me I had the "lion's share" of them! In fact, few others came to me. I reveled in their simplicity and sincerity; I was heartsick at the sidelights of misery that were revealed.

One evening I was pretty nearly done,

was heartsick at the sidelights of misery that were revealed.

One evening I was pretty nearly done, and was thinking of a well-earned night's rest. Glancing between the curtains after my last penitent had gone, I saw a man rise in the middle of the church. He looked towards my box and doubtless noted that there was no one else to go to confession. Then he left the pew, made a genufication and started toward me. Evidently, bending his knee was made a genufiection and started toward me. Evidently, bending his knee was new to him, for it was anything but rubrical. He was under the full glare of the large central chandeller as he stepped along the middle aisle. I know a handsomely built man when I see one, and that Negro, black as my cassock, was an ebony Apollo! Tall, well-knit, with a fine head and broad shoulders, the swing of his body was full of elasticity and grace! It seemed to me he was about twenty-five years old, becomingly and neatly clad. His features were almost regular and they wore an expression that was grave almost to dignity. He halted square in front of me for I had drawn back the curtains of my box and looked at me with a half smile of expectancy and reverence, as if wishing me to any the farty made.

and tooked at me with a half smile of expectancy and reverence, as if wishing
me to say the first word.

"My son, do you want to go to confession?" I said.

"Most auttingly, suh, I do for a fact,

such; but I hardly know how to go bout it, suh." His voice was remarkably sweet and deep and his accent strongly African, but I will not venture to re-produce his dialect entirely which I afterwards found was that of the Cotton

Belt.

I stepped out of the confessional and shook hands with my bashful penitent and invited him to the sacristy, for I saw he needed some instruction on the method of making his confession, and no doubt on other points of our holy faith. And when I had given him a chair and aloned him at his case has a few himst. placed him at his ease by a few kindly words I asked him to tell me all about himself.
" My name," said he in his soft South-

ern tones, "is Jefferson Stewart. I was born in the city of Baltimore. My mother tled this time, I feel it . . . Tell Cliss I thought of her at the last."

Again the lonely call of the prowling wolves rings out in the night. Again, the sufferer listens. Then suddenly springing up in the bed, he flings out his arms as if to embrace arms unseen forces. had to say that. And I can look back

of Barber's Itch

Tells of Cures Among His Pupils

Raw, Inflamed, Itching Skin is Soothed and Healed by

Dr. Chase's Ointment Barber's itch is a form of Ringworm.

Barber's itch is a form of Ringworm, which, when once started, is most annoying and unsightly, and most difficult to cure. Barbers often refuse to shave anyone having this disease, for fear of passing it on to other customers.

But you can cure Barber's Itch and keep the skin wonderfully soft and healthy by applying Dr. Chase's Ointment. Just read what this teacher has to say about the healing power of Dr. Chase's Ointment.

Mr. Chas. C. Poirier, Upper Caraquet, N. B. writes: — "Two years ago while

Mr. Chas. C. Poirier, Upper Caraquet,
N. B. writes: — "Two years ago while
teaching at Shippegan I caught Barber's
itch. A friend told me Dr. Chase's
Ointment would cure me, as it had him.
When I went for a box I thought it dear,

When I went for a box I thought it dear, but when I found how good it was I thought it cheap.

"Not only was I cured by that single box, but it also cured two of my pupils, and this too quickly to be believed. One of them, a girl, had a running sore on her chin, which the doctor had tried in vain to cure. The other had a sore on the ear: water running out of it all the time. I can certify to the cure of these cases."

Wherever there is itching skin or a sore that refuses to heal you can apply Dr. Chase's Ointment with positive assurance that the results will be entirely satisfactory. The soothing, healing power of this great cintment is truly wonderful. 60c. a box at all dealers or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Limited, Toreven to my third year and mind the tears trickling down her face. But suh " (I had quite a time making him call me "Father," he evident'y thought it too familiar and hence disrespectual), "but, suh, I mean Father, many and many a time my good mammy took me to this very church, and brought me to that railing out there and made me say over and over, out loud, my childish prayers, while she fixed her eyes on the altar and seemed to see God! Then when I stopped for want of something else to say, suh, she would turn to me and whisper: 'God is right heah, Jefferson! He's alcokin' from that little dosh down into youh little heart!' and I would tremble lest the good God saw something there He didn't like. And then she would say sometimes, as we stood at the foot of this church: 'Jefferson, chile, look around at dis grand house of God! In dis heah church yoh father and me was married, and heah you was baptized a little, pooh baby! You was baptized a Catholic heah, a true Roman Catholic, and doan you nebber forget it, an' it any nasty Meth'dists or Baptists asks you to jing their 'ligion when you get growed up, tell 'em you are a Cath'lio, and that's the only 'ligion that's God's.'"

I suppressed a smile at the epithet my black man bestowed on our non-Catholic brethren; then I asked him about

I suppressed a smile at the epithet my black man bestowed on our non-Catholic brethren; then I asked him about his prayers—did he remember them? Yes! His mother (it was always his mother) taught them to him; and then, like a little child, this tall, fine fellow went on his knees and said the "Our Father," "Hall Mary "and "Creed" with numberless little wistakes, repeating the phases like a little boy when I corrected him. I cannot forget his simple fervor and his intense religion. Then he sat down again.
"My mammy, suh, was a free woman,

Then he sat down again.

"My mammy, suh, was a free woman, Father," he began, " and always carried in an olicloth purse in her bosom a printed paper with her name on it, her free papers,' as she called them. I have seen her show them to the constables

streets.

"She had to work hard and scrubbed and cleaned a number of offices. We lived with a colored Catholic family in

and cleaned a number of omes. We lived with a colored Catholic family in an alley full of our people.

"I often went with my mother when she was out working. One of her offices was along the waterfront, and one evening while she was working at her sweeping she sent me for some sand to strew on the floor. It was a long summer day, and I went over to a pile of sand that lay heaped up near the river. Mother knew the black man who watched there and told me he would give me some in a can. I got the sand, carried it to her and ran back to talk to the man.

"I found a black boy about my own age and we began playing tag on the long warf where several schooners lay moored on the river. A man soon began loosening some ropes on ene of the vessels and as we passed he called to us. He was a low-browed, evil-looking man—a white man, of course. When he saw us he shouted:

"'Here you youngsters, get aboard."

'Here you youngsters, get aboard help to haul this rope in, and I'll

and help to haul this rope in, and I'll give you each a penny."

"We raced each other who should be first to take up his offer, and I thought how proud I should be to give my mother my first earnings that evening! So we jumped aboard, and were instantly caught up by two other fellows, carried down below, locked in a room and told we would be killed if we made the least noise. We huddled together and shivered in speechless terror.

ered in speechless terror.

"Soon we heard the rushing back and forth of hurried feet overhead and felt the upward and downward motion of the boat. We were afloat and going — God

Oh, how we wept in that dark room. "Oh, how we wept in that dar room.
Oh, how my heart broke to think of my
mother, my poor, dear mammy, hunting
for me, her lost boy, her only boy, never
to see me again!" He stopped over-

come.

The pathos in that Negro's voice would have put to shame the tenderest, deepest feeling expressed by a cultivated white man, and I, too, felt my heart swell in sympathy, for I knew he was telling a true, simple fact. He went on:

"Soon everything was quiet, and we, too year, little darkies, nut our arms." too, poor little darkies, put our arms around each other and wept ourselves asleep. When it was daylight we were taken on deck, given something to eat and found ourselves sweeping out to the

"We were taken to Charleston and "We were taken to Charleston and there sold at auction to different planters. I remember my purchaser be-fore he bid for me thrusting his fingers into my mouth, bending all my joints, trying my eyes, my teeth, my hearing. "One man bid a \$150 but I was sold the sold my delivered over "One man bid a was delivered over at last for \$225, and was delivered over to this buyer. I was now a slave! I did not dare resist, but went passively

wherever I was told.

"How lonely I was, living in the silent country with three hundred slaves, toiling from dawn to dark. How I watched them, their strange ways, their poor cabins, their wild stories and their religion! How different from Baltimore!
And oh, how I pined for my poor mother!

I never saw her again !

"Almost the first thing that happened

"Almost the first thing that happened was a dispute about me.

"The family I was sold to was half Methodist and half Baptist, the father holding to the Methodists and the mother to the Baptists.

"They argued hot and strong with each other to possess me for their religion. They quoted the Bible—lots of it. The bigger children laughed, but took neither side. But I was a bold little darkey, and I waited for a lull in the dispute. I wanted my chance, for my dear mother's words came ringing into my head, and at last there was a moment's quiet.

moment's quiet.

"I mustered up all my courage and stood up in my bare feet and my little shirt and pants, my hands in my pocketholes, and called out: "The Methodists and Baptists are both nasty. I am a Roman Catholic, that's what I am!

It's God's only true religion!'
"When I got through and before they got over their surprise I thought I had better say it over again, because it didn't sound loud enough the first time, so I planted my feet firmly and fairly yelled out my good mammy's words. And, suh, I felt them deep down in my heart, and I would have said them if those people killed me, as indeed I thought they would! Not at all, suh. First they stared and glared at me, but I stared It's God's only true religion!

back. Then two of the big girls giggled, and then the children langhed, and after a while the old folts laughed and there was a short all around, and then they made me tell them all I knew. I said my prayers three times over during my story. I told them how I was atolen and about my poor mother, and I think my mistreas was kind-hearted, for a he said: 'You poor little nigger, no one shall touch you!' I never had any real trouble after that day about religion. The people were good enough to me-but I had hard work, and I often just hankered after my mother and never forget my prayers. When they wanted me to go to camp meeting I said 'No' so fierce that they let me alone. You see, Father, it was my mother's words! She had atamped them on my heart, and although I knew not one thing about Catholics, I knew hew was right, and anything different was wrong. So I stuck to my mother! When I was grown up I took up with a fine girl, but he was so swarge a Baptist that I quit her. I never saw a Catholic, never heard of any in reach. I have been a workingman all my life and always poor. After the war I was free and worked on a lighter in a little cotton port and got a chance of working my passage to Baltimore. My whole heart was set on getting to Baltimore and finding my mother!

"I got here a week ago, Father, and I began to hunt for my mother, but," (and here his voice broke and his big cheet heaved; he couldn't find anything as I remembered it in the docks, the streets or the alleys. I found an old auntie who realleys. I found an old auntie who realleys the foundation of the foundation of the first of the first of the first of the fi

getting to Baltimore and finding my mother!

"Igot here a week ago, Father, and I began to hunt for my mother, but," (and here his voice broke and his big chest heaved; he couldn't go on for a few moments) "everything is changed. I couldn't find anything as I remembered it in the docks, the streets or the alleys. I found an old auntie who remembered my name when I told her, and she took me by the two hands and looked up into my face while she oried: 'You! Jefferson Stewart! You? Yos, indeedy, I 'members youh pooh mother, my child; youh mother broke her heart and died when she couldn't find you! She pined and pined, and when the priest came to her poor bed an gib her the Bleased Saviour I was there, an' she turns to me and says:

"Rachel, if ever you meet my pooh boy on this earth, tell him his mother watches him day and night"—and den that night she died! I don't know where they buried her, for it was the war times and such things was done in a hurry."

"It was a hard blow. Father, a hard

war times and such things was done in a hurry.'

"It was a hard blow, Father, a hard blow! I could only bow my head and take it—but then I thought I must get to the Church my mother loved and be a good Catholic—for that's all I can do to please her, and, Father, I had a lot of trouble finding this church; it is much changed, but here I am, and when I saw you out there in that box I wanted to speak to you and ask you to help me to be a good Catholic like my mother, so that I can see her some day in heaven. Will you help me Father?"

Need I tell you my answer? My heart went out to that child-hearted, big black man! I saw the grace of God had come to him through that poor old hard-working mother. Her teachings, her influence had guarded his life and shaped his pathway to me, and I gave

her influence had guarded his life and shaped his pathway to me, and I gave him all I could of instruction and assistance day after day until I left him a true fervent, practical Oatholic! Where he is now I know not, but I firmly believe that his life is one that his mother in heaven is not ashamed of.

Oh, Christian mothers of the present generation, do you thus impress plety and faith on your children?

Learn a lesson from this lowly negro mother and her stalwart son.

other and her stalwart son.

LENTEN CONFERENCES

ATHER RERNARD VAUGHAN AT ST. PATRICK'S CATHEDRAL, NEW YORK, ON SOCIALISM .- CONFERENCE II -SOCIAL-ISM AND THE STATE

Father Vaughan continued his course on Socialism and Christianity on March 3rd, at High Mass before an im-mense congregation. He said that at first sight there would seem to be much in common between socialism and Catholisism. Both prosocialism and Catholisism. Both protested sgainst the evils of modern Capitalism, of fierce individualism, of iniquitious competition, and of colossal wealth in the hands of the few. But there was a yawning gulf between them. A socialist member of Congress recently had assured his comrades that the last and most powerful foe marshalled against them was the Church of Rome. He spoke rightly. To start with, they both held conflicting views about Civil Society, and about the origin and destiny of man.

In spite of all denials socialism was based on a materialistic theory of evo-

In spite of all denials socialism was based on a materialistic theory of evolution. As a living, going concern, socialism was not a mere economic, or politico-economic principle, but 'growth deeply rooted in a philosophy repudiated by every Christian man. Socialism, true to its philosophic temper, wanted to establish a State without reference to Ged. It had no use for God. It ignored Him when it was not convenient actually to deny Him. He might get "the moderate socialists" view of the State from a widely read book: 'Socialism and Society." The average socialist held views about the State that could not be made to fit in with Christian views about it. The communal life, they were told, was as real to Christian views about it. The commun-al life, they were told, was as real to the socialist "as the life of an organism built up of many living cells." Behold the old biological analogy, masquerading in the dress of a reality i "The being that persists, that develops is Society; the life upon which the individual draws that he himself may have life, liberty and happiness is the Social life." And it was contended that the likeness be-tween society and an organism like the and happiness is the Social life." And it was contended that the likeness between society and an organism like the human body was complete "in so far as Society is the total life from which the separate cells draw their individual life." The whole socialist position was summed in the dictum: "Man is man only in Society;" which done into other English spelt: "The State is everything." Those brave statements about the State reduced man to the position of a mere function, a cell, a muscle or nerve centre in the body politic, with no personality, initiative or enterprise of his own.

The prescher said that this fundamental misconception of the State as a real, living organism in which man was imbedded without personality, individu-

eing.
The Christian State was like a mothe

efore light.

Next conference and the Family."

ence will be "Socialism

STATION" MORNING IN

IRELAND

Tells of an Investment Safer and More Profitable than Bank or Railroad Stock

> Endorsed by Leading Bankers Government Officials and the Catholic Hierarchy and Lalty

> valuable book of interest to and A valuable book of interest to and for circulation only among Catholics has just been issued, and will be sent free and postpaid to any reader of The Catholic Record who has \$20 or more to

Invest.

The book tells of a line of business that has and is paying enormous dividends, and which is being supported by Catholics to the extent of \$75,000,000 a year. It contains most complete facts and figures relating to this particular business and the astonishing dividends paid stockholders. It shows how Catholics may, for the first time, now become stockholders and receive their share of the profits of this great business. The stock of old-established companies in this line is worth ten to twenty times par value, and original investors are receiving 100 per cent. dividends.

This is not a get-rich-quick scheme, but a high-class, legitimate business enterprise, endorsed by leading banks and the Catholic hierarchy and laity.

This is the opportunity of a lifetime to make a safe and profitable investment and worth the attention and investigation of every conservative investment and worth the attention and investigation of every conservative investment wire simply through idle curiosity, and unless you are a member of the Catholic Church the book will be of no interest to you, because only Catholics will be permitted to hold stock in this particular institution. The book tells of a line of business

The Christian State was like a mother teaching her child to walk by assisting and encouraging it; the socialistic State recembled a grandmother keeping the little one in a baby carriage trunding it about, and giving it a bottle to keep it quiet.

Father Vaughan urged his hearers by all means to resist being absorbed and assimilated by the State; to keep steadily in view that they did not exist for that State, but the State for them; and that the State had its definitely appointed province and its definitely appointed functions, outside of which if it attempted to interfere it was to be resisted as resolutely as any other thick who dared to break into premises not his own.

mony is begun. The priest's boy serves mony is begun. The priest's boy serves
Mass and the congregation, now crowding the room, are close up to the priest
and the altar. It is a heartening scene,
and one's mind wanders back inevitably to the penal days when the Holy
Sacrifice was offered up in the caves, or
in the hidden recesses of the valleys,
when a price was on the priest's head,
and watchers were planted on the hilttops to give the alarm of the approach
of the recemen. who dared to break into premises not his own.

There were two volumes, said Father Vaughan, which he would like to see in the hands of every Catholic American citizen—in one hand the Encyclicals of the Pope on Labor, etc., in the other the Constitutions of his country. With those two works to guide and uplift and inspire him he could become a power in that New World for the p opagation of those principles of truth and liberty, before which socialism with its all-absorbing State would vanish as darkness before light.

young and old. The "station" was for the mill employees and all others in the townland, and so the farmers and laborers with their families, as well as the mill workers, were all assembled, Parents and children, employer and employee, all blended together. The prosperous farmer kneeling with his servant, the foreman beside the young-eat apprentice, and the manager in the midst of his staff, proud to be associated with them. Young workers of fine with them. Young workers of fine physique, rosy-faced girls, a few old-aged, pensioners to complete the picture, all bent down devotionally over their books or beads as the Mass pro-

A walk through an English industrial city in the morning is dismal and depressing for an Irishman acoustomed to green fields, sunny valleys and fresh, invigorating mountain air. Narrow, smoke-begrimed streets of monotonous similarity, glant-like chimneys belching out black clouds of impenetrable smoke, and a heavy, oppressive atmosphere that almost stops one's breath. Bells are ringing and sirens blowing, calling the workers to their task. The streets are filled with a hurrying orowd a rapid stream of silent, gloomy, cheerless people, small in stature, cleanly dressed expression so inseparable to the inhabitants of industrial centers. Gradually the crowd knelt. From scores of factories the hum of machinery is heard and inside the toilers are busy at their various avecations. The day nasses.

the crowd knelt. From scores of factories the hum of machinery is heard and inside the toilers are busy at their various avocations. The day passes. The night comes with its numerous attractions. The English worker lives for the music hall, and thither they flock, to seek that cheerfulness which nature them in the stupid inantites of a variety entertainment. One day is like another; esting, drinking and "that halls" make up their lives. Acts of parliament look after the factory hands, and insist on all necessary presentions for the safety of their bodies, but there is no act of parliament to look after their souls, and religion is a matter of very remote interest to most of them.

If an Irishman happened to be on a matter of very remote interest to most of them.

If an Irishman happened to be on a mother of them.

If an Irishman happened to be on a mother of them and it, in his meanderings, he dropped in to visit a certain busy little dim lil on the morning of the Easter "Station," the unsuasi picture presented to him as he entered the premises would at once fill his mind with wonderment. There is no hum of mothinery; all is still and silent. A covered car, a side car and a trap are in the yard. Yet notice the queue of young men and women outside the door of the manager's house, and it extends into the hall; all are evidently engaged in some solemn ceremony. You inquire and find it is "tatation" morning. Then you notice the prayer-books and beads, and you know the people are waiting their turn for sonfeasion. Inside in the house, in separation, the shepherd makes a mental note of the missing sheep, and so he is always able to keep a watchful every on those inclined to be lax in attentions. In all of the house in separation. In all of in the house in submit of the missing sheep, and so he is always able to keep a watchful every on those inclined to be lax in attentions. In all of the house in submit of the missing sheep, and so he is always able to keep a watchful every on those inclined to be lax in attentions.

You inquire and find it is "station" morning. Then you notice the prayer books and beads, and you know the people are waiting their turn for confession. Inside in the house, in separate rooms, two priests are "hearing" confession. One by one the penitents enter, and, kneeling at the feet of the holy confessor, confess their sins and express their sorrow. Then having the priest's blessing and good advice, each passes out to a wareroom which has been prepared for a "mass house." The counters are hidden away under white linen, and on one of them is erected a temporary altar. Around the walls the show cards have been removed and replaced by familiar pictures of the Sacred Heart, the Holy Family, the Blessed Urigin and St. Joseph. The confession being over, all are assembled in the "mass house and the holy cere-

oup that cheers has a most exhilarating effect, and local topics, politics and elections are the subjects of pleasant discussion. There is sufficient variety of opinions to make up a parliament, but all are in the best of spirits and take the good in the best of spirits and take the good-humored banter of the P. P. plessantly. The homeliness of the priests in the midst of their people is here strikingly manifest. Their gentleness, refinement and great consideration for their fack are more than ever visible in these little speak, with unrestraint and open their minds freely on matters of practical in-

terest.

The mill bell rings to call hands to work, and soon the workers, in their working attire, are flocking in. Contented looking young men, rosy-faced young colleens, all chatting brightly and with every evident light heartedness. It is the sunniest of sunny mornings, and the very all seems sweetened. ings, and the very air seems sweetened with a fresh breath. The morning so gloriously begun has benefited all, not alone spiritually, but temporarily as well, and the daily routine has a fresh attractiveness after the uplifting of the "station."

"station."

The covered car, the side car and the trap carry away the good priests to their other duties. The mill wheels are starting, the merry music of the machinery once more rings pleasantly in our ears, and a commercial traveller from Lancashire, who has come on the morning train, and who has been all the time waiting, and gazing with wonder and astonishment at the varied phases of the "station," is at last able to undo his samples.

"I'm afraid you selected a bad morning for your visit," said the genial stationmaster, as the "commercial" sat waiting in the luxurious waiting room for the 12:35 express. "Ye-es, you seem to do nothing but pray in this country. Just fancy a Yorkshire factory shutting down for two hours for prayers! By jove! I don't think!"
"Oh! va're all too good over there."

"Oh! ye're all too good over there," dryly remarked the stationmaster, while he folded over his newspaper. "Ye have

he folded over his newspaper. "Ye have so many religions that ye don't want any looking after."

"Righto! guvenor, that we have. Why, my father is a Congregationalist and my mother a Baptist, my brothers go to the Wesleyan Church, I am a Nonconformist and my sister is in the Salvation Army and—"

But then the express a termed in and

But then the express steamed in, and, But then the express steamed in, and, as it steamed off again, the stationmaster waved an adien to the traveller and remarked to himself, "Wisha, some of that family ought to get to heaven anyhow."—Dublin Leader.

FEAST OF ST. JOSEPH

(MARCH 19)

"Go to Joseph," said Pharsoh of old;
"he will open to you the barns of
Egypt."
"Go to Joseph," says the Church to
the faithful, in these times of great spiritual famine; "he will lead you to the
Heart of Jesus and throw open to you
Its treasures."
St. Joseph, the plain artisan, was
chosen to be the spouse of the Blessed
Virgin, and the Foster-Father of the
Incarnate Son of God—no king or emperor, rich or prominent man, nor great
philosopher was selected for this dignity. Is not this a sign that God regards things quite differently from the
point of view of the world? Also that
often He loves the humble and insignifultheir books or beads as the Mass proceeded.

Holy Communion is administered to the entire congregation with great solemnity. During the most sacred part of the ceremony a startling noise in the distance conjures up a vision of an exciting interruption, such as must often have been the experience of our forefathers—maybe in this very glen. When the alarm was given the Mass had to be hurriedly ended and the gathering dispersed, or perhaps the priest, robed in his vestments, had to fight with his faithful guard for his life, and be shot down on the very spot where, a what structure of the world? Also that often He loves the humble and insignificant whom the world despises, that in a lowly condition we can serve Him well, please Him, and be especially beloved and preferred by Him? One glance at St. Joseph impresses this truth upon us: a poor but God-fearing man is of more account before Almighty God than one who is wealthy and powerful, yet wicked withal. This should inspire all those with his faithful guard for his life, and be shot down on the very spot where, a

with his faithful guard for his life, and be shot down on the very spot where, a few minutes before, he had offered up the most Holy Saorifice. But our alarm is harmless; it is only the noisy tooting of a passing motor car that has excited our easily distracted thoughts.

Mass being ended, the priest in simple and eloquent language, delivers a homely lecture which, owing to its simplicity and practical application, goes straight to the hearts and minds of his hearers. He speaks on the occasion of sia." He pictures the family seated at the fire at night, when Peggy of Shawn is reading a chapter of a story aloud for the family, they are distracted by the ever-circling moth dashing against the lamp. It comes and comes a

"God grants these marks of grace to "God grants these marks of grace to all those who invoke Him through St. Joseph. All the children of Holy Church should venerate him and they will experience all this in themselves if only they invoke him earnestly. I would exhort all to serve this glorious Saint, because I know from experience that he obtains much from God. I have never the program appeared and known anyone who really venerated and served him with special zeal who did not make raipd strides in virtue, for he bestows extraordinary assistance upon those souls who have recourse to him. those souls who have recourse to him.

"For a number of years I have asked him a favor on his feast-day, and my request has always been granted. If I might, I would gladly enumerate all the graces which this glorious Saint has obtained for others."

Under all painful appearances, it is God who comes to us, our Saviour and our Friend. We can show our love by suffering for His sake and with Him, in adoration, realguation, and perfect abandonment. How tenderly He will console us, and what peace we shall find, when we kneel every evening before Him, telling Him of all our trials and failures during the past day.

failures during the past day.

Is your cross greater than you can bear? Measure it beside the cross of Christ. How it dwindles! Is your poverty a constant grief to you? Measure it beside the poverty of the ragged, hungry, homeless child this winter night. Have you been wronged by ingratitude? Measure your hurt beside the pile of fagots upon which Blessed Joan of Are was burnt alive for her saintly patriotism. — Rev. Bernard Vaughan, S. J.

The greatest science man can study is the science of living with other men. There is no other thing that is so taxing, requires so much education, so much wisdom, so much practice, as to how to live together. We are studying

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LETTERS OF RECOMMENDATION

Apostolic Delegation. Ottawa, June 13th, 1905.

Mr. Thomas Coffey
My Dear Sir.—Since coming to Canada I have been a reader of your paper. I have noted with satisfaction that it is directed with intelligence and ability, and, above all, that it is imbued with a strong Catholic spirit. It strenuously defends Catholic principles and rights, and stands firmly by the teaching and authority of the Church, at the same time promoting the best interests of the country. Pollowing these lines it has done a great deal of good for the welfare of religion and country, and it will do more and more, as its wholesome influence reaches more Catholic homes. I therefore, earnestly recommend it to Catholic families. With my blessing on your work, and best wishes for its continued success.

Your very sincerely in Christ.

DONATUS, Archbishop of Ephesus.

Apostolic Delegate

Ottawa, Canada, March 7th, 1900.

Thomas Coffey ome time past I have read your timable paper, the CATHOLIC RECORD, and congralate you upon the manner in which it is published. I matter and form are both good; and a truly atholic spirit pervades the whole. Therefore, with easure, I can recommend it to the faithful. Blessey you and wishing you success, believe me to re-

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

LONDON, SATURDAY, MARCH 16, 1912

SOME REFLECTIONS ON THE BRITISH COAL MINERS STRIKE

Greater than war between Britain at d Germany is the significance of the gigantic strike of the British coal miners. Its significance is not lessened by the prospect of speedy settlement; even though the strike be over before this issue of the RECORD reaches our readers, the fact remains that it discloses a condition of things of tremendous import, and lays bare the flimsy foundation on which the whole British industrial and commercial edifice is bnilt.

The wealth, the capital of Grea Britain is concentrated in the hands of the few, while the many, millions upor millions, are in a state of abject depend ence on the few, a condition essentially the same as slavery.

During the past year Hilaire Belloc, a close student of history and lern economic conditions, has contributed a series of articles to the Catholic World, treating comprehensively of the rise and development of European civilization, which was inspired, guided and animated by the Catholic Church. The Catholic Church was and is the soul of European civilization. Mr. Belloc treats, of course of the Reformation, its causes, and its results. In the January number he deals with the economic results of the Reformation; in the light of the present strike this article is of supreme

He notes the Socialist argument that the "Industrial Revolution"-that is the mechanical inventions and discovery of new instruments and methods of producof comparatively few to the destruction of the widely-distributed methods of the

This he maintains is absolutely false as a matter of fact and of history capitalism was established before the indus-

"It was only because the industrial revolution fell upon a society aiready capitalistic that the industrial revoluon, the discovery of modern methods production, instead of bearing good or production, instead of bearing good fruit, have borne the execrably poisonous fruit of our great cities: and the force which established capitalism in Europe before the advent of the new industrial methods was the dustrial methods was the Reforma The matter is not one of conjecture; it is one of historical record."

Mr. Belloc points out that the modern industrial system arose in Britain. All or nearly all, its great discoveries were originally British discoveries, and were there first applied.

"And the Britain upon which this transformation in the methods of creation of wealth fell, was a Britain which had passed as to the making of its laws, as to the possession of its soil and of the major part of its instruments, into the hands of a small, wealthy class in Britain had been created by the Reformation, and established by a host of statutes, administrative measures, legal decisions and acts of state which are directly traceable to the great sixteenth century change." to the great sixteenth century change.'

Our author then points out that one of the predisposing causes of the Reformation was the dangerous extent to which the British people had allowed their wealthier men to occupy the Commonwealth. Little less than a quarter of the land of England was, upon the eve of the Reformation, in the hands of the squires. This state of affairs would not have endured, but would have been broken by the Catholic spirit. But the confiscation of the monastic lands by Henry VIII. rapidly and enormously

clety. First the squires from be ing the possessors of less than a quarter became the possessors of more than one-half of the land of England. Next, in company with the great merchants, they lestroyed the Crown and turned it into a salaried executive post of which they were the masters. Thenceforward is was easy for the new rich class to conentrate in their own hands both the ns of production and the right of naking and interpreting the laws of roperty. The industrial revolution, nghly speaking, took place between

"[Wherever during that period a new invention or process, had to be capitalized, the inventor could find no one to furnish the capital, save within that already monopolist class which dominated every organ of the commonwealth.

"That is why Capitalism and Industrialism grew to be the twin grants of evil during the eighteenth century. The more wealth grew the more it was concentrated in the hands of the rich, and the more the population grew the concentrated in the hands of the rios, and the more the population grew the more that population was bred hope-leasly proletarian."

Now let us look at the actual condition of the British proletariat as revealed by the great strike which shows the power of these poor slaves to par. alyize every industry, to stop every commercial activity and to bring hunger, suffering, disaster and ruin to the na-

The minimum wage demanded by the Miners' Federation varies in different localities, as Yorkshire 71 shillings a day; Lancashire 7; North Wales 6; Somersetshire and Bristol 4 shillings 11 pence; North Cumberland 6 to 7 and Scotland 6 shillings a day. That is varying from \$1.18 to \$1.80 of our ney. Remember these are not the wages the miners are getting, but what

they are now demanding. The other day we read in an English paper that the coal miners were generally a well paid but improvident class! It is probably true that they are omparatively well paid as British work men go. The following statistics are given by an English Economist, L. G. C. Money, who has studied exhaustively the living conditions of the working classes Of the 8,000,000 adult working men of Britain 1,000,000 receive less than 20 hillings a week; 1,600,000 get between 20 and 25 shillings a week; 1,680,000 from 25 to 30 shillings; 1,680,000 from 30 to 35 shillings: 1 040,000 between 40 and 45 shillings a week, and the remaining million £2 or more.

Twenty shillings, \$4.80 a week! The boasted wealth of England grinds the faces of the English work ingmen. No wonder there is degener acy, physical, mental and moral. No wonder there are millions of "unemploy-

It may be urged that we do not take into account the difference in the cost of living. The same authority, quoted above as to wages, draws up, after laborious study, a minimum weekly table of expenses for a father of a small family. That meagre minimum absorbs 37 shillings and 9 pence, and this calculation assumes that the father works fifty-two weeks in the year. Not one in six British workmen makes ever 37 shillings, 9 pence a week; or, according to the preceding table of wages 5,000,000 adult workmen receive less than a living wage; reckoning 5 to the tion-was the cause of centralization of average family 20,000,000 British men, the level of decency, not to speak of comfort. A fertile soil for the seeds of nocialism !

"Every evil," says Hilaire Belloc, "if it is of a fundamental and moral sort, may be observed (when it has produced its fruit) to attempt to remedy itself by yet another evil. So it is with the capitalist scheme of production which has its roots in the Reformation. It takes its moral vices for granted, thinks of them as normal to human nature and cessary to any condition of society, and then proposes to remedy their intolerable effects by the inhuman scheme of Collectivism.

"Wall in this matter as in every other important social affair, the Catholic Church is on one side and its enemies on the other; and the spirit of the Catholic Church, where it prevails in the future, will not permit industrialism as we now know it, and will certainly have nothing to say to Collectivism, but will restore the normal and fundam institution of property, widely distributed, among free men, which distribution with its accompanying freedom, was purely of temporal effects, the chief effect the faith had upon European civilization."

One is safe in predicting, that while glare of publicity shines on the squalor of the British proletariat, Protestant ministers will hardly be heard contrast ing boastfully and triumphantly the wealth, progress, industrial and commercial supremacy of Protestant England, with the backwardness, stagnation and decay of Catholic Spain. England where wealth accumulates and men decav. is a poor proof just now of the divine origin of Protestantism.

Meantime, babies die, children are robbed of childhood and innocence, men and women slave for shamefully inadequate wages, "and human life on its

terial side is degraded to a limit nich antiquity never knew and which unkind to day will certainly not long

MORALS IN THE SCHOOL

Miss A. E. Marty is President of the Ottawa Teachers' Association. At a re-cent meeting she delivered an address on the moral education of the children in the Public schools. "By moral edu cation," she said, "I mean the teaching not only of duty towards family, friends ommunity and country, but also of duty ce of international duties and rights. Moral training is obtained from the organization of the school, such as courses of study, methods of discipline the recitation, and the personality of the teacher." It will be noted that this lady, an excellent woman and an ex ellent teacher, we doubt not, leave God out of the question entirely. She ells us it is a most desirable thing to be polite, to be considerate to our neighbors in fine, to cultivate a disposition along the methetic line, but our duties to the Author of All-to the Crucified Who died for us-gives her no thought. It may be, notwithstanding, Miss Marty is recognized as a good Christian woman but, if so, why does she discard the Christian training of the children Catholics, of course, have little concern in a general way, with the conduct o the Public schools. They have their own system of education in which God is given first thought, and in which every hour of the day, the children are reminded that Christian doctrine is, as it should be, the very corner-stone of education worthy the name. Children who are marched along from the primary class to the highest university honors devoid of a sense of obligation to, and love for, the good God above us, may be very polite, very lady-like, very gentlemanly emitting in conversation beauti ful phrases, in immaculate English, but the heart that loves not God, that do not love his fellowman for God's sakethe heart that seeks but position in society and wealth, is but as a stone, and presents a sorry sight. Possibly Miss Marty considered that the teaching of religion in the schools, taking into account the numberless and sharp divisions amongst the sects, would not be an acceptable theme, and therended the teaching of morality-minus Christianity. The Godless school is a pitiable sight. With such a situation, what of the future, when the present generation has gone the way of

A DESERVED REBUKE

The Calgary Herald, of January 22, efers to the criticisms of the Western Canada Gazette of a sermon recently delivered in a church in the first named city. The minister's name is not given nor that of the church, but here is the text:

"Real Estate in the Pulpit-Calgary Ministe urnishes Further Proof of the Tendency of Present

The reference of the Western Canada Excette to the matter is so forceful and so timely that we copy it in full.

"A Calgary clergyman on a recent Sunday evening devoted the greater portion of his sermon to a harangue on real estate conditions in this city. It is say that he denounced the manner in be in need of adjustment. For the sake of argument we are quite willing to admit that such an adjustment is neces-sary. But why should a minister attempt such a readjustment from his pulpit? Did he imagine that his conpulpit? Did he imagine that his congregation was composed of real estate speculators and that their method of speculation was endangering their future state of existence? We hardly believe this to be the case. To the thinking mind it would appear to be but another indication of the desire for sensationalism which is rapidly creeping into the pulpit.

sensationalism which is rapidly creeping into the pulpit.

"Not so very long ago the pulpit was held sacred to the teaching of the good old gospel—the pure and simple gospel of our fathers and forefathers who attended a God's house for the purpose of offering up their devotions and lisof offering up their devotions and listening to an expounding of His Word. To interpret the meaning of many passages in the bible is not an easy task; there are many seeming paradoxes to be explained, many lessons to be made clear, many messages to be transmitted, and many hearts to be cheered by the unfolding of the promises contained within the sacred book. It is, we believe that they may be in a position to

unfolding of the promises contained within the sacred book. It is, we believe, that they may be in a position to do this that young men spend several years in college before formally entering the ministry. If, however, the present condition of affairs is continued, it will not be necessary to have a knowledge of the bible in order to enter the ministry—a fair oratorical ability and a church will be all that is necessary.

"We do not believe, however, that sermons such as that mentioned above meet with general approval. We believe that in the church in question the greater majority of the congregation would have much preferred to listen to a plain and simple exposition of the word of God. The daily press affords a surfeit of the sensational. For six days in the week the average citizen rubs shoulders with the world; he witnesses its joys and sorrows, its happiness and its misery, and on the seventh day he expects a momentary respite from the difficulties, worry and sordid details of the week-day. Imagine then the disappointment of those who attend church in the expectation of hearing and learning better things, when they are com-

We may be thankful that our separated brethren are beginning to realize that in too many non-Catholic pulpits the preaching of the word of God has given place to passionate outbursts, carefully penned and committed to emory during the week, on topics beonging exclusively to the layman and the world. More consistent would the sational preacher appear were he to drop the name "Church" altogether as applied to his meeting house, and call it a lecture hall, a place for the dispensing of choice music, the exchange of views on current events, and other entertainments of a like character, not forgetting "Romanism" once in a while, by way of tonic, as it were. Seriousminded people are coming to the belief that "Back to Rome" is the only safe course left open to them. They would return in multitudes were it not for pride on the one hand, and, on the other their false notions of the true Church, because they have not studied its claims from the inside. They have taken their inspiration regarding it largely from the "weeds" who have been ejected from its communion for good cause, and from pulpiteers who find it profitable to abuse and mis represent it. Rev. C. O. Johnston to

OGLE R. GOWAN'S LEGACY TO

CANADA The typical Orangemen of the concer sion line is made subject to hallucina tions under the tutorship of the district boss who has become ambitious to climb into prominence. The typical Orangeman sees things at night because he ha read the Orange weekly and sees therein fairy tales of persecutions and torturings centuries ago. But granting that son of these ridiculous stories have som foundation in fact the typical Orange man and the editor of the Orange paper will close their eyes to the fact that torturings are going on in this our day and in our very midst even in holy, God fearing, Bible-loving, Orange Toronto for a few days ago evidence was given in court that at the Victoria Industrial School the little boys had been system atically tortured for running away. Here is a little evidence which is illuminsting :

THE MOTHER'S STORY

"I went to see Wilbert on the next visiting day," said Mrs. Spain, " and I was atraid when I saw the condition he was in. He was just like a child getting over a sickness. He was very thin and pale. That room in the basement of one of the cottages was very cold, and I was nearly frozen when I was sitting there. He looked half starved, and he had only a cotton sheet and a pair of blankets over him, and no mattress, and no underwear, only a cotton night shirt. no underwear, only a cotton night shirt. He was kept like that all through the cold weather. He showed the was kept like that all through the cold weather. He showed me the shackles that were on his ankles. When I went away I had to lock the door on him and return the key to Mr. Parker."

Fred Spain, Wilbert's older brothe corroborated the evidence of his mother a beating on Wilbert's back and legs. The skin was raw and black, he said. An ordinary pair of handcuffs was produced, which Fred Spain said was like bare ankles.

Wilbert Spain, who is a slight boy of fifteen years, then gave his story. When he had come back on Jan. 9. after running away the third time, Mr. Ferrier had said to him, "We had better chain you up for a while." He was then taken to the basement of No. 5 cottage, and put in bed, and the handcuffs were put on his ankles by Mr. Parker, one of the guards. He was kept there for a week before Mr. Ferrier went to see him. When the superintendent did go to him, it was to give him a thrashing of about fifteen blows with a leather strap on his bare skin. He was thus confined for a month, during which the bandcuffs were Wilbert Spain, who is a slight boy of bare skin. He was thus connect for a month, during which the handouffs were removed only twice, once when Mr. Gordon, another guard, got him to go and read to about forty of the other boys, for an hour, and once to have a bath.

or an nour, and once to have a bath.
Breakfast—Two pieces of bread and a
pitcher of water.
Dinner—Two pieces of bread.
Supper — Two pieces of bread and resh water.
This was the menu on which the boy was fed during his period of confin

We will be surprised to be told that Orangemen have nothing to do with the government of this institution, as nearly every public office in the gift of the people of Toronto goes to some member of the lodge. Toronto is a lodgeridden city.

At the recent anti-Home Rule meeting in Massey Hall the manipulators of the Orange vote were in evidence. It was a ridiculous flasco. The Globe is the only paper, so far as we have seen, which appraised the gathering at its true value. In its issue of March 2nd it thne refers to it:

thus refers to it:

How many of those in Massey Hall on Wednesday last recalled Artemus Ward's account of his interview with the future King of England half a century ago? The Duke of Newcastle had incurred the wrath of the Orange brethren by his refusal to allow the then Prince of Wales to receive an Orange political address on his visit to Canada. The humorist in his own inimitable way described the incident.

saving sense of humor would be a solve the Ulster problem. But it is to be feared there were no Artemus Wards at the Massey Hall meeting. The humorous sally at the expense of the Orangemen can be recalled to-day with great profit by those who have bear;

the Orangemen can be recalled to-day with great profit by those who have ears to hear:

"Jest then," says the great humorist, "I met a long perseahun of men with gownds on to 'em. The leader was on horseback, and, ridin' up to me, he sed: 'Air you Orange?'

"Bez I, 'Which?'

"Bez I, 'Which?'

"'Air you a Orangeman?' "he repeated sternly.

"'I used to peddle lemins,' sed I, 'but I never dealt in oranges. They are apt to spile on your hands. What particular loonatic asylum hev you and yure frends escaped from, ef I may be so bold?' Just then a suddent thowt struck me, and I sed: 'Oh, yure the fellers who air worryin' the Prince so, and givin the Jook of Noocastle cold sweats at nite by yure infernal, catawalina, air you? Wall, take the advice of a Amerykin sitterzen. Take orf them gownds, and don't try to get up a sweats at nite by sweats at nite by lins, air you? Wall, take or of a Amerykin sittersen. Take or them gownds, and don't try to get up a them gownds, and don't try to get up a them gownds, and don't try to get up a them gownds, and don't try to get up a them gownds. wants to receive you all on a eka footin', not keerin' a tinker's cuas what meetin' 'ouse you sleep in on Sundays Go home and mind yure bisness, and not make noosenses of yourselves. which observashuns I left 'em."

ANOTHER ASPECT OF THE RELIGIOUS QUESTION

Protestants object to Home Rule for reland because they fear it will lead to a great Catholic revival. For more than three hundred years the Ascendancy which for all practical purposes mean the government, has strained every effort to win over the Irish people to the "reformed" faith. The persecutions of Elizabeth, the penal laws of Queen Anne, the unjust discrimination of later days, all miserably failed to make perverts of the Papists. Ireland is to-day as Catholic as it was before James en gineered the " Plantation of Uster." or foreign legislature devised the code of laws which Burke described as the most hellish and infamous that ever proceeded from the perverted ingenuity of man. Here is how the special con respondent of an English newspaper writes of the failure of prosleytism :

I set forth on Sunday morning to see what could be seen of religion as it actually appeals to the citizens of Dublin. Incomparably the noblest fabrics in a town full of churches are the two ancient Cathedrals of St. Patrick's and Christ Church built in the gracious Gothic of Strongbow's days, but now Protestant, though disestablished. On approaching these venerable piles one scarcely knew whether or not service scarcely knew whether or not service was proceeding—some of the more obvious doors were closed—but on obtaining entrance at last one heard the tender and pleading melodies of the English Prayer Book gently echoing over a congregation which did not fill the nave, let alone the aisles and transepts of the edifice. The worshippers were reverent and devout; well dressed every one of them; I could not detect a hint of poverty as poverty is known in hint of poverty as poverty is known in Dublin. "If," said my guide, "you see a man here with a top hat, you know he is going to a Protestant church or chapel." That was one of two contrasting pictures. Look now at the

next. We visited the Catholic Pro Cathe dral and two other Catholic churches— one conducted by the Carmelite Order and the other by the Jesuits—all of and the other by the Jesuits—all of them vast structures in the Italian manner. Turning off O'Connell street we ran into what in London I should de-scribe as a football crowd—hundreds of working men, a fair number of women and girls, and children not a few. What, I asked myself, can be the excitement that people should gather like this on a Sunday morning? It was the ro-Cathedral emptying after Ma We entered, but strange to say, the church was as full as ever. A new serchurch was as full as ever. A new service, with a new congregation, had commenced. So it was with the other churches, one Mass following another from 6 o'clock onwards till noon, and the people, the workers, men as numerous as women, filling, nay, crowding, the churches every time. Various are the estimates of the percentage of Catholics who attend Mass every week. It is apparently agreed that there is a clear majority, and some put the figure as high as 90 per cent. of availables.

HOME RULE AND ROME RULE

One look around upon these serried masses of Catholic worshippers, hundreds of them haggard with privation and toil, and then one thought of the saying "Home Rule means Rome Rule." What worlds has the Ascendancy left for Rome to conquer? Whatever may be the position under a national Parliament, it is certain that under Unionism the fatth and message of Protestantism have not a chance of general acceptance in Ireland. The Roman Church practically untouched by modernism, is to day beloved and revered because a strange evolution has identified it with the people in their sorrows and aspiration; it is the masking men there One look around upon these serried the people in their sorrows and aspirations. It is the working men then selves who collect the dues for the priests, who run the confraternities and Sodalities which meet monthly, and even weekly, to promote devotion, who talk to one quite simply of their creed what it means to them in difficulty, and how they encourage each other in it.
One of the most prosperous sodalities
consists of barmen, as they would be
called in England, or "grocors assistants," who labor in the composite pub-

lic houses.

Whatever may be true of France, of Spain, of Portugal, there is no trace in Ireland that one can discover either of scepticism masquerading under a convenient cloak of Catholicism, or of a rift between the Roman Church and the

people.

Well may we ask with this English correspondent, "What worlds has the Ascendancy (L e, the Protestant freetry to the utter exclusion of Catholics) great destiny.

Unionism the faith and message of Pre-testantism have not a chance of genera acceptance in Ireland," how can Rule load to a great Catholic revival If "90 per cent, of availables" are dooile children of the Church what becomes of the cry that Home Rule will mean Rome Rule? Whether the Home Rule bill becomes law or not the Catholic Church will continue to rule the ciences of her children. "The faith and message of Protestantism have not a chance of general acceptance in Ireland" whether her laws are made in Dablin or Westminster.

COLUMBA

NOTES AND COMMENTS THE GLOBE'S Parliamentary corre ondent, writing of an animated debate in the House, speaks of a certain mem per as "cooing like a sucking dove." We understand now why the Globe has weekly editorial on ornithology.

A PRESS despatch gives out the information that the imposing array of electrical signs advertising pianos, auto mobiles, and other commodities—not to mention sundry brands of Scotch whisky -which is a feature of New York at night, is now outshone by a sign, 130x62 feet, advertising the "Men and Religion Forward Movement." It reads: "Welcome for Everybody in the Churches of New York; Religion for Men; Men for Religion." We are further informed that this is "the beginning of a great advertising campaign for religion. financed by a group of Wall Street capitalists. It is advertising all right, but it would be just as well to omit the To serious men it is a useating example of the pass "religion," as understood by the sects, has some to in these latter days.

As AN echo of the Bishon Hay center ary of last October may be quoted the saying of Bishop Ullathorne: "The Sincere Christian' is the most solid and complete course of Catholic teaching in the English language." And coupled with it might be the affirmation of Bishop Hedley of Newport the (himself one of and most practical religious teacher of our day) regarding the author of "The lincere Christian," that he was "one of the greatest pastors and staunchest conors of Scotland, or of all Britain, during the eighteenth ceutury." In the reviving interest of the present day in Catholic religious literature let us hope that "The Sincere Christian" will have its due meed of attention.

A PROTESTANT Nationalist, Mr. George Crawley, speaking at a med of the East Waterford Executive of the United Irish League, said that he did not fear Home Rule as he had always been better treated by his Catholic neighbors than by his own co-religion ists. When evicted from his farm some years ago, his own clergyman refused to give him shelter, but a Catholic neighhor took him to his home. It was so always. The Orange fear of Catholic intolerance, of which we hear so much, is based solely on the fear (the groundless fear) of a just retribution. It is not in the creed of Catholics of any nation to oppress even so pitiable a creature as the Belfast-Toronto Orangeman.

to as "Irish." He is not and never was Irisb. He is an exotic, planted in Ireland by the Cromwellian invasion and, with some honorable exceptions, has failed wholly to absorb either the genius or the temperament of the Gael. His observance of the Feast of St. Patrick even, is anomalous, and is usually characterized by an acrid if stunid denunciation of Irish ideals and aspirations. In the present crisis the "preservation of liberty" is the burden of his cry, but, as his attitude to Winston Churchill proves, 'tis the liberty of the oppressor he has in mind. As well hope for reason from a tadpole as from the average Belfast Presbyterian. "Reason," "Free-speech" or "Liberty of Conscience" are words bevond his ken

THESE WORDS do not of course apply o Irish Protestants as a whole. Home Rule and the integrity of Ireland have known no truer friends than Irish Protestants of another type. We do not refer to certain historic names such as Henry Grattan, Wolfe Tone, John Mitchell, Robert Emmet, Thomas Davis, and a host of others, emblazoned on the tablets of a nation's heart, but to the many thousands, unknown to fame, who, hand in hand with their Catholic fellowcountrymen, have dared all and suffered all for the preservation of Erin. But the Belfast Unionist has nothing in commor with such as these. He is a stranger within the gates who has appropriated to himself the fourth part of a nation's heritage. Yet, even so, Ireland wishes him no ill, but, on coming into her own, asks of him nothing more than that he shall now lay aside the rusty weapons of the past and, even at this late day, bear mason minority who now rule the coun- a man's part in the working out of her

WE ARE reminded of these facts by the death, within the past fortnight, of Canada's gifted son and Ireland's faithful servant, Edward Blake, who, in maturity of his powers, gave to the country of his fathers, unstinted and selfless service that he might at length realize the ideal for which rivers of blood had been shed in the past. Edward Blake was a Protestant of the Prostants, but he was not of that alien race which, in the wake of Cromwell, came to transplant better men. In his veins flowed the real Irish blood, and while his education and environment were not, perhaps, conducive to the Nationalist spirit, he was great enough to see beyond the petty prejudices of a day, and, like his great compe Gladstone, to do his part in the effort to right a great wrong. For that, not Irishmen alone, but every man devoted to the cause of Right and Liberty will honor Edward Blake and, as the years go on, secord him a high place in the ranks of the world's stateamen. His life is the strongest reproof that could be administered to the benighted and reacranks of the world's stat tionary policy of Belfast Unionism

THE TORONTO end of the Anti-Home-Rule campaign outdoes even the Belfast wing in its ignorance and fanaticism An audience assembled in Massey Hall two weeks ago to voice the Lodges' protest against the "dismemberment of the British Empire." It was addressed by the Hockens, the Gearys, the Hinckses and several others whose names are conspicuous in the campaign against the Ne Temere decree. But not a member of Parliament, or a public man, the sphere of whose influence extends beyond the limits of Toronto, ventured to put in an appearance. The reason of the latter is not far to seek. No man with any reputation in the affairs of Canada at stake would 'venture to identify himself with so ridiculous and unreasoning a cause.

As THE Windsor Record pertinently asks: "What license has a crowd of Orangemen in Toronto to claim a monopoly on this loyalty business? About the same right, it may be answered, as a mule to moralize on the iniquity of the kick, or certain parsons. that might be named to sermonize on the evils of detraction. The Globe recalls Artemus Ward's definition of Orangeism as " a long perseshun of men with gownds on to 'em," and the same amiable philosopher's advice to them to go home and mind there bisness." and adds: "It (Orangeism) has resisted every advance of the tide of democracy. It has clung with childlike tenscity to the tattered robes of the privileged classes. . . . And their leaders still ride on horse-back-ride into place and emolument," on the strength of their party-ties. Who can gainsay the truth of the picture?

THE TORONTO STAR very unctuously lescants upon the increase of Protect antism in Canada as compared with the increase of Catholicism, and uses this questionable statement as a text to allay the fears expressed in some quarters on the subject of "Catholic aggression." "Whatever may be going on in South America," it says, certain that in Canada it is Protestantism that is gaining ground." THE BELFAST Unionist is often referred figures, but, assuming their correctness. it is remarkable what wails we hear from time to time regarding the "crowd. ing-out" towards English-speaking Protestants in the Province of Quebec and in Eastern Ontario. Whatever story the West may have to tell (and that is for the future to decide,) it is certain that Catholics are not losing ground in their old strong holds.

> BUT THE STAR assumes too much-Mere figures are no proper criterion of growth in the realm of the spiritual. In mere statistics, Catholics are always at a disadvantage. For, to be a Catho-lic means something in this and in any age, whereas, men of any other religion, or of none, rank in statistics as Protestant. What we mean is, that for one to become a Catholic, he must take on something, profess a fixed and definite creed and forego much that the world holds as precious, whereas, in reversing the process, a Catholic simply lets go by the board what convictions and restraints he had. On this account the uphill fight is always with the Church, and Protestantism is fighting down hill. But. on the other hand, under the ever-increasing process of dissolution outside the Catholic Church, and the growing indefiniteness of Protestantism, it means less and less, year by year, to be a Protestant, whereas, in the Church, it means more and more to be a Catholic Figures, then, are no indication of the strength of the two systems, and even if the process of Protestant expansion which the Star claims, continues to increase, that means but little against the solid phalanx of Catholics with their definite creed and imperishable organization. The Star's boast is ill timed. It might better concern itself over the conservation of what is left of Christian ching outside the Catholic Church

a little tale that bears upon the auboin a fashionable city church—one of the kind that closes its doors during the summer—broached the subject to the minister in charge, who, knowing the old man would be out of place in such surroundings, but not wishing to hurt his feelings, advised him to go home and pray over it. A few days after the minister was again accosted, and the following colloquy ensued: "What do you think of it now, Erastus?" "Well, sah, ah prayed and ah prayed, an' de good Lawd he says to me, 'Rastus, Ah wouldn't bodder mah hald about dat no mo.' Ah've been tryin' to get into dat chu'ch mase's fo' de las' twenty yeahs and Ah done had no The story is not new, but it has an eloquent bearing upon the subject of the waning Christianity of non-Catholic churches. They seem to be concerned about everything but Christ.

SOCIALISM AND CHRISTIAN MARRIAGE

Thomas Kirkup in his book, "An In-Thomas Kirkup in his book, "An Inquiry into Socialism," informs us that "it is still by many believed that socialism tends to subvert the family and the Christian ideal of marriage." "Some of the leading socialist writers," he admits, "have indeed enunclated theories at variance with these institutions. But it should be remembered," he says, "that such opinions are not peculiar to socialism, and that they have been most strenuously opposed within the socialist schools." "As a theory of cogomic organization," he within the socialist schools." "As a theory of cogomic organization," he concludes, "we cannot see that socialism can have any special teaching adverse to marriage and the family." 'And Professor Richard Ely in his book, 'Outlines of Economic," maintains that "a number of questions having no connection with socialism have been, even by socialista, not infrequently associated with it. Infidelity and free love may be mentioned." But "of course," he says, "these have nothing to do with socialism.

Now, what are we to think of this?

socialism.

Now, what are we to think of this?

Is it true that "socialism as a theory of economic organization has no special teaching adverse to marriage and the family?" Most assuredly it is not true. The present marriage system, so cialists tell us, is based on the general supposition of the economic dependence true. The present marriage system, socialists tell us, is based on the general
supposition of the economic dependence
of woman on the man, and the consequent necessity for his making provision for her, which she can legally enforce. This basis would disappear with
the advent of social economic freedom,
and no binding controt would be
necessary between the parties as regards livelihood; while property in
children would cease to exist, and every
infant would be born into full citizenship. Thus a new development of the
family would take place, an association
terminable at the need of either party.
Engels, in his "Origin of the Family"
(pages 91 and 99,) says: "Three great ebstacles block the path of reform, private
property, religion and the present form
of marriage. . . . With the transformation of the means, of production
into collective property the monagamic
marriage ceases to be the common unit
of society. The private household
changes to a social industry. The care
and education of the children become a
public matter. Society cares equally
for all children, legal and illegal."

In other words, marriage is no more
recognized by law: parental care and

In ther words, marriage is no more recognized by law; parental care and, responsibilities are wholly abrogated if the individual so elects, because the State in abolishing the present system of property assumes all those responsibilities.

But here the doctrines of socialism stand in flagrant contradiction to the teachings of the Church. Pope Leo, in his encyclical on the "Coudition of Labor," says: "Parental authority can be neither abolished nor absorbed by the State; for it has the same source as human life itself." "The child belongs to the father," and is, as it were, the continuation of the father's personality; and, speaking strictly, the child takes its place in civil society not of its own right, but in its quality as a member of the family in which it is born. And for the very reason that But here the doctrines of socialism as a member of the family in which it is born. And for the very reason that "the child belongs to the father," it is, as St. Thomas of Aquin says, "before it attains the use of free-will, under power and charge of its parents." "The socialists, therefore, in setting aside the parent and setting up a State supervision, act against natural justice, and break into pieces the stability of the family."

and break into pieces the stability of the family."

But let us suppose that marriage were to continue as it is, the children surely would not be brought up at home. All are to work for the State, the women as well as the men. The mother, therefore, will not be able to devote her time to her young children, nor can she employ any one else to look after them at home, since the State is to be the only employer. "Every child," says Bebel, "that comes into the world, whether male or female, is a welcome addition to society; for society beholds in every child the continuation of itself and its own further development; it therefore perceives from the very outset the duty, according to its power, to provide for the new-born child." The children must, therefore, be taken at the earliest possible age into the care of the State, and this is the socialist ideal. All means of education and instruction, even clothing and food, will be supplied by the State. The Erfurt platform demands: "Secularization of the schools. Compulsory attendance at the public schools. Instruction, use of all means of instruction, and board free of charge in all public elementary schools and in the higher institutions of all means of instruction, and board free of charge in all public elementary schools and in the higher institutions of learning for such pupils of both sexes as, on account of their talents, are judged fit for higher studies." The American socialist party platform adopt-

ed in Chicago, 1904, advocates "education of all children up to the age of eighteen years, and State and municipal aid for books, clothing, and food."

Thus the chief duty for the sake of which marriage has been instituted as an indiasoluble union would cease to exist; for a lifelong union and co-operation on the part of parents are not required for the mere propagation of children. As Pope Leo has it in his encyclical as "Christian Marriage": "By the command of Christ" he says, "marriagelooks not only to the propagation of the human race, but to the bringing forth of children for the Church, fellow citizens with the saints, and the domestics of God's; so that a people might be born and brought up for the worship and religion of the true God and our Saviour, Jesus Christ." . Parents are bound to give all care and watchful thought to the education of their off: spring and their virtuous bringing up: "Fathers, bring them up (that is, your children) in the discipline and correction of the Lord" (Eph. vi, 4.) To the parent belongs the right to educate the child.

From this we clearly see that the doctrine of the Church is very different from the teaching and demands of socialism. It we ever, are quite logical. For if socialism is to effect absolute equality in the couditions of life it must, first of all, remove the universal source of inequality, namely, unequal education; and this can be done only by making education a social concern.

But socialists do not stop here.

namely, unequal education; and this can be done only by making education a social concern.

But socialists do not stop here. According to their leaders, neither the State nor organized religion should have ought to do with control of the family or of the sexual relation. They would make love supreme. They would have it unfettered by any tie whatsoever. They, argue that compulsory love is not love; that all marriage save from love is sin; that when love ends marriage ends. For this statement we have the important testimony of Bax, the renowned English socialist and author. In his book, "Ontlook from a New Standpoint," (pages 114 to 15%) he says: "There are few points on which the advanced radicals and socialists are more completely in accord than their theoretical hostility to the modern legal monogamic marriage.

and Collectivism are incompatible; their antagonism is so rooted that reconciliation is impossible."—H. J. MAECKEL, S. J.,

PURE FOOD LAW FOR THE PRESS

Whatever answer one might be prompted to give to the venerable academic question as to whether or not the pen is mightier than the sword, there can be very little doubt that at times the pen is much dirtier than the sword. The uniform of blue and gold which goes all lovely into battle may, returning all rags and soo ched and clotted with gore, be still a very much cleaner thing than many a daily newspaper.

paper.

During the past summer a shadow was thrown upon a fair name by a leading morning journal of a great metropolis. A tale, worked up with journalistic skill, had been sent in as "news." It was put in the middle of the first page, and the black headings were chosen to catch the attention of anyone

It was put in the middle of the first page, and the black headings were chosen to catch the attention of anyone who might glance casually at the paper. There were heart breakings amongst the members of the family in the great metropolis, which was the birthplace of the distant one whose name was clouded.

Now, the whole story was a lie. It was made up for money. It was sent to be purchased and printed where it would be a "sensation." It was printed imprudently and unjustly on the solitary testimony of the manuscript which had come a night's journey, and which had given to the events described its own local coloring to further the deceit. And all through the details of the fiction the victim of this mercenary mendacity was living in a very quiet home, a thousand miles away. The lie, of course, came out. It was schnowledgement was not given the prominence and gorgeous setting that were put at the service of the false accusation. It was relegated to a place that is not turned to by perhaps one in a score of those who see the black-heads on the face of the paper.

One would be inclined to sak whether there might not be a wider interpretation of the law that is supposed to be to the citizen some assurance of "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness." Certainly, a man's reputation enters very largely into his life, his liberty and his happiness. There are those who count the good name as more in life than home or money. Home may be gone and money, too. The last earthly credit left to them may be the credit of their honor. But they would not give this up to have back the days of affuence.

There is a pure food law to protect a man against the stomach ache. There

We call to mind that, about sixteen years ago, at a banquet of journalists, the most distinguished amougst them, touching on the subject of misrepre-sentation ventured the opinion that it sentation ventured the opinion that it was hardly worth anyone's while to bring the newspapers into court for libel, since people did not take them seriously. There is no more objective resson now than there was then to take them seriously. Nevertheless there exists now, as there did then, the subjective impulse to put more trust in the subjective impulse to put more trust in the exists now, as there did then, the sub-jective impulse to put more trust in the printed page than the printed page may sometimes merit. It is not mere credulity. It is the working of an in-born trust, the working of the faith that one man puts in the word of an-other. It is the activity of a native instinct which is a necessary postulate of social life. If no man believed an-other there would be an end to the civil ther there would be an end to the civil order, to the amenities of life, to the commercial and economic status.—W. Poland S. J. in America.

DAVID AND GOLIATH

One would be inclined to sak whether there might not be a wider interpretation of the law that is supposed to be to the citizen some assurance "life, libery and the pursuit of hoppiness." Certainly, mand repute the property of the propert

into the Catholic Church. The sum mary of their conclusions regarding so-cialism has been gathered into the wellknown volume, "Socialism, the nation of Fatherless Children."

Fatherless Children."

Their entire reason for abandoning the cause they had at first espoused is thus unequivocally expressed by Mr. Goldstein: "As one of a little group I had tried for three or four years to make the leopard change his spots. . . . It was because the socialist way is fixed—it is headed pell mell for tophet—and because it is not to be turned back, that I turned back to the belief in God; to right reason; to common sense."

right reason; to common sense."

What might well exasperate him were the foul attacks made, in lack of arguments, against his honor and his morals quote. Since no ground for the slightest accusation could be found, his enemies

DAVID AND GOLIATH

As an opponent of socialism, Mr.
David Goldstein has won for himself well-deserved laurels in the Catholic lecture field. Various speakers have from time to time entered upon this work; but they have not been able to devote themselves to it exclusively. Mr. Goldstein is thus far the only public speaker who has taken up the fight against socialism to earry on a long and sustained campaign in a field which is left almost uncontested in the power of the foce. A brief review of the methods assustained campaign in a field which is left almost uncontested in the power of the foce. A brief review of the methods employed against him in his previous, lecture tour will, we believe, be of interest to our readers.

From his first appearance it became evident at once that Catholics were not to form his sole audience. "Welcome, David, thrice welcome to our fair city!" the Columbus socislist greeted his coming, "We have longed for your arrival. A committee of fifteen socialists to stend. In conse, see were scattered through the city in viting socialists to attend. In conse as clamoring socialists to attend. In conse as clamoring socialists to attend. In conse as clamoring socialist and showe that often far out-shouted, if it did not/cutnumber, and you were doomed to hell."

This were scattered through the city inviting socialists to attend. In conse as clamoring socialist and shower that often far out-shouted, if it did not/cutnumber, and you were doomed to hell."

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This were scattered through the city of the first through the city of the fi

applause. It was likewise a happy pre-lude to the speech itself, which consist-itself a choice assortment of the crimes and infamies of individual popes as found, if not altogether in history, at least in the imaginations of their worst enemies. The horrors of the inquisition, with its 172 000 victims, according to actual computation, were not forgotten nor, to be certain, "the 30 000 men, women, and children whom the Catholic authorities butchered" on St. Bartholomew's night, Bebel and Herron meanwhile received their proper justification; and on the question of divorce the speaker inciden-tally remarked:

question of divorce the speaker incidentally remarked:
"There were 62,000 divorces last year. Goldstein said there were no divorces in the Catholic Church. Plenty ought to have been. You can't have independent, clean-thinking, honest, clean-souled children if they are born of parents living together in hate. We socialists do not pretend to any great spiritualism, or assume to look beyond the skies. All we try to do is to do the best we can by one another here on earth." Circulars had been scattered throughout the city announcing the lecture and containing questions like the following: "Will you show that the Catholic Church is not despotic, undemocratic and un-American?" The socialism of the United States, as it manifests itself through press and platform, often proves to be only an exaggerated form of the old A. P. A. bigotry which we fondly thought had passed away.

It is true that positive social service.

away.

It is true that positive social service and organization are at present of the highest importance. But, like those who built the strong walls of Jerusalem, who built the strong waits of Serusaiem, we cannot raise the ramparts of the city of God except with the sword girded by our side, and the archers and spearmen to defend us from the enset of the foe. It would indeed argue a supreme indiffreede towards the greatest social issue of our day, and one of the most vital problems [from a religious point of view, if applications did not pour in from all parts of the country to the Central Bureau of the Central Verein (18 S 6th Bureau of the Central Verein (18 S 6th St., St. Louis, Mo.), under whose auspices Mr. Goldstein is now beginning a new lecture tour. It is not the Government of the country we are seeking, as socialists are clamoring from the housetops; but the souls of men and the extension of the Kingdom of God. In this work we will not abate a whitin our efforts for all their hue and cry.—Joseph Husslein, S. J., in America.

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH FIRST OF GREAT REPUBLICS

To understand the long life the power that has lasted through centuries, the purpose that continues unchanged as men come and go within the great Jatholic Church, it is necessary to realize that that Church was the first great republic of our era, and that it is a great republic now.

In the day of savage kings and despotic rulers, in the laster days of refined monarchs and government slightly leas brutal, the Catholic Church, an organization of spiritual as well as temporal government, had an immense advantage over every government on earth.

Kings and emperors came, died and each successor was a matter of accident. The child that happened to be born first inherited the crown. Because of the weakness due to accident of birth dynastics and kingdoms and empires changed, melted and disappeared.

But the Catholic Church went forward through the centuries, steadily gaining power, because from the first the government of the Church was a republican form of government.

No accident of birth determines any

republican form of government.

No accident of birth determines any important fact in the government of the

The Cardinals, a body of learned and

powerful men, themselves selected be-cause of special ability and regardless of birth or rank, elect in their turn the Pope to rule the Church—just as our electoral college was established by the founders of this Government to elect a

President.

When some feeble king was succeeding to the throne and the power of France when some weakling through the accident of birth was made ruler of Spain, or of England, the ablest man within the Church was chosen to rule.

A boy, that has been the humblest and poorest of children, tending animals in the field, sleeping on a hard bed or no bed while the boy emperor was in his palace lived to see himself upon the throne of St. Peter and to see the emperor grown to mannood humbly submissive without the gate.

That was the result of republican government within the Catholic Church. The ablest man was chosen for the highest honors and responsibilities. And many a royal and imperial accident of birth throughout the centuries knew what it was to bow his head to the chosen ruler of the Church chosen because of his ability, knowledge devotion, and chosen on the basis of true republican government.

Cavital Farley, who returns to

quote. Since no ground for the slightest accusation could be found, his enemies perforce contented themselves with vilest innuendoes, which were cease-lessly spread through their press. No means were too low and infamous to bring personal disrepute upon a man who had merely repeated the statements to be found in that literature which socialism is not ashamed to scatter broadcast through the land.

It is the custom of Mr. Goldstein to allow at least half an hour for questions to be asked. Here are a few of the queries made during his lecture at Columbus: "Who is God and where is He? Why are socialists not allowed to go through the convents? Why is it that where the Catholic Church dominates prostitution increases? What is hell and where is it?" etc.

At Braddock, Pa., and elsewhere, Mr. Goldstein was followed up by the socialist speaker Mr. John W. Slayton, who while attempting to answer his arguments and submission of the Catholic Church—methods of the Catholic Church—methods that date far back before the day when the proud German emperor stood for hours in the snow, penitent and submissive, outside the Pope's door at Canossa.

Cardinal Farley, who returns to America with the highest honor, save one, that the Church can confer, illustrates in our day the republican methods of the Catholic Church—methods that date far back before the day when the proud German emperor stood for hours in the snow, penitent and submissive, outside the Pope's door at Canossa.

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Cardinal Farley began life humbly. He was studious and earnest from his childhood, but he was a poor boy; his father had no fortune to give him experiment.

A NON-CATHOLIC ON THE CELIBATE CLERGY

In an article in the January Nine-teenth Century entitled. "The Church and Celibacy," Annabel Jackson, a non-Catholic writer, makes a plea for a re-form in the English Church which would

Catholic writer, makes a plea for a reform in the English Church which would correct what she calls a fundamental error in the Church, viz, the marriage of the ciergy. In the course of her article the writer argues for her position by contrasting the condition of the English clergy with that of the clergy of the Catholic Church.

"The Roman priest, whatever his social position," she writes, "has given up a great deal for his profession. He has practically renounced all that which to most men makes life worth living. The latty, whatever their religious opinions may be, recognize this, and in fairness pay a certain respect to the man who has done what they know they are not capable of. A certain alcofness—a certain loneliness—comes at once into the life of the man who has entered the priesthood. He dwells on the mountain peaks and ordinary humanity in the vale. It is because of this alcofness that he becomes not only the teacher but the It is because of this alcoiness that he be-comes not only the teacher but the friend of humanity in all its great mo-ments of stress. He who walks alone with God can help the soul that has suffered, the soul that has sinned and the soul that is going alone into the great darkthat is going alone into the great darkness. The ordinary English clergyman knows by bitter experience how seldom he is sent for by his parishioners when they are in trouble. Many devoted men chafe under this knowledge; they long to help and can not. They have not given up enough. For, because of all he has renounced, full measure of recompense is given the priest—the wonderful Communion with his Master, the power to remit sins, the power to confer the Grace of God, the actual God Incarnate called into being by his hands. He stands—solitary indeed—but never, alone, because with him is God Almighty, Very God of Very God."

HIGH CHURCH AND LOW CHURCH

How far some of the High Church Episcopalians have departed from the spirit and practice of the Church by Law Established appears in the differences existing between the Rev. Guy L. Wallis, Rector of St. Paul's Episcopal Church, Staten Island, and some of his congregation. A few of the charges said to have been filled with Bishop Greer of New York by one hundred members of this rebellious flock are as follows: follows:

The Sacrament of the Lord's Supper

reserved, litted up and worshipped. Its removal to parish house for adoration. Preaching and teaching the doctrine of transubstantiation, which is expressly forbidden by the Thirty-nine Articles. forbidden by the Thirty-line Articles.
Auricular confession compulsory as condition for receiving the Holy Communion.
Doctrine that only through a priest can there be meditation between God and man.
The protests include the further

charges: Water is kept in the vestibule, which, being blessed by the rector, is asserted by him to be holy. Stations of the cross, insertion of a service for them not provided in the Book of Common

not provided in the Book of Common Prayer, and therefore illegal. Also the blessing of candles and encouragement of their use at home.

Opportunity not given the people at regular Sunday morning service to receive the Holy Communion. Rector receives for them.

"All these statements concerning my teachings." says the Rev. Mr. Wallis.

teachings," says the Rev. Mr. Wallis,
"are true. I am rector of this parish
and I know my ground." What a hubbub there would be among Episcopalians e High Church congregation were to protest against these practices in their own respective churches in America! In many cases the introduction of "Roman Catholic practices" has been effected so gradually that the good people are now aping Catholics without any consciousness of their progress Rome-wards. Even where they are alive to their advanced position many seem to be

well satisfied, either because they close their eyes to the historical lie which they countenance in trying to be good Episcopalians or fall to see the contradiction in striving to be Catholics and Protestants at the same time. The pastor justifies his conduct by declaring that he is "rector and he knows his ground." With as much reason he might go further and state that he is Pope and has as much authority to teach what he thinks is Episcopalian doctrine as the bishop over him. Not so in England. There the King is the head of the Church, and with or without his State council may declare what is orthodoxy and what is heterodoxy within the realm. In America, the land of the free, there are no such petty interferences to be ex-In America, the land of the free, there are no such petty interferences to be expected, except, of course, from the bishop. What will Bishop Greer do? Decide that these practices and teachings are unepicopalian? He cannot very well do that in face of the prevalent usage among High Church people today. The easiest way out would be to remove the present rector and appoint one who would not attempt to Romanize his congregation in a day. The Rev. Mr. Wallis may suffer a shock, but, judging from his present stand, his nerves will not be permanently affected.—America.

SOCIALISM AND RELIGION

BIBLE HANDED DOWN BY A

Having nothing to do on Sunday night,

Having nothing to do on Sunday night, and being curious to hear the socialist view of the conflict between the police and themselves earlier in the day I dropped into the Empress Theatre.

Throughout the entire proceedings each speaker appeared to think, and rightly so that the heat results. reightly so, that the best means to win the applause of the crowd was to attack religion venemously. Here is a choice bit which almost brought down the

house :
"The Bible was handed down to us by

"The Bible was handed down to us by a bunch of savages who lived in Palestine about two thousand years ago."

That was the "hit" of the evening.

Later the speaker switched to Ireland, which, according to the socialist intellect is far behind in the march of civilization to wit conclude. lect is far behind in the march of civilization, to wit, socialism. That is due, to still quote the orator, to two causes—because the Irish cannot make up their minds which to follow, the Dutch king who crossed rhe Boyne about four hundred years ago, or the "imbecile" who is elected by the Cardinals, "the Roman priest."

Every sneer at religion and there were many was heartly applauded.

Socialism, as expounded in honeyed phrases to catch the unwary, and the socialism of reality, as expounded in the Empress Theatre, are wide apart.—Catholicus in Vancouver Western Catholic.

Let us walk with heads held so high that we cannot bother to look at every slimy creepiness that crawls across our

Each in His Own Tongue fire-mist and a planet A crystal and a cell
A jelly-fish and a saurian
And caves where the cave-men dwell;
Then a s-nse of law and beauty,
And a face turned from the clod—
Some call it evolution
And others call it God.

A haze on the fair horizon The infinite, tender sky
The ripe rich tint of the cornfields,

And the wild geese sailing high— And all over upland and lowland The charm of the golden rod Some of us call it Autumn And others call it God. Lake hides on a crescent-sea beach

Come welling and surging in. Come from the mystic ocean Some of us call it longing And others call it God.

A picket frozen on duty A mother starved for her brood-Socrates drinking the hemlock. The straight hard pathway plod— Some call it Consecration And others call it God.

-WM. HENRY CARRUTH



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FIVE-MINUTE SERMON

FOURTH SUNDAY IN LENT

Here is a legion, my brethren, in economy which it would be well for us all to consider this morning, for many of us will, I fear, have to answer to God for the wilful waste not only of spiritual goods but siso of temporal blessings.

There is, I know, a false economy, better called stingines, and which comes from a miserable spirit and this certainly very displeasing to God. There are some, and thank God they are few, who are foolish enough to starve themselves and live in meanness and weetchedness while their money is stored away in a bank. But the not uncommon fault which we have to meet and which with all the energy of our soul we deplore, is the wasteful, negligent, unthrifty spirit found among many of our people. People indeed, not lazy nor idle, but people who make hay while the sun shines, and then are unwise enough not to gather it in and lay it aside for a needy day.

"Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof," says the man who in the spring and winter months makes three or four dollars a day, lives like a prince, eats the best and drinks the worst—"Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof." "I know winter will come and with it no work for me, no bread for my children, and the coid shoulder from former friends; but no matter, "Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof." I have money now, and to-day! will eat, drink, and be merry."

Brethren, it is to such as these that our Blessed Lord would say this morning "Take care, be saving, gather up the fragments. Be more economical when the sun shines; lay saide a dollar now and then of the fragments, save those fragments you spend in the saloons on Saturday, evenings; save those fragments you squander in useless and needless amusements; gather them all up lest they be lost, and in the day of need you be found penniless."

And for those upon whom God has bestowed an abundance of temporal favors the lesson is as grave and important. For among such there is a wastefulness, an extravagance in dress, that will and useless expense, those fragments of every wh

lost. Then, if we have lived honestly, and demands on our generosity are made, we shall be able to meet them out of the fragments we have gathered up; and if poverty through hard times overtake us, we shall have the consolation to know in our distress that we have not wasted or squandered the blessings God gave us in the day of our prosperity. Remember that lesson—gather up the fragments that remain, lest they be lost.

THE REAL HUMOR OF THE IRISHMAN

STREAMS THAT GUSH FROM ERIN'S GREEN HILLS

People who go to Ireland expecting to find the male inhabitants of the Emerald Isle arrayed like unto the Irishman of find the male inhabitants of the Emerald Isle arrayed like unto the Irishman of the vaudeville stage, mounting impossible buils, sporting green whiskers, flourishing a shillelagh and making a loud hullabaloo generally, must receive the surprise of their lives when they encounter the real article, for what they behold in the Irishman on his native soil (as least, if they land in Queenstown) is a quiet, soft-volced person, wearing the ordinary sober-colored garb of civilization and betraying no tendency whatever either to batter one's brains out or do a song and dance, says Denis A. Mc-Carthy in the Boston Herald.

The Irishman with whom the vaude-ville artist and the so-called comic publications have made us familiar, the "don't-tread-on-the-tail-of-my-coat" individual—I will not say that he is not to be found in Ireland, but he certainly is not the chief figure in Irish life. Neither is the blundering Handy Andy type very much in evidence, and the visitor from other lands listens in vain for those sidesplitting "bulls" which he has fondly believed to be so common in the land of the shamrook.

splitting "bulls" which he has fondly believed to be so common in the land of the shamrock.

But if the Iriahman of the old-fashioned dramatist and novelist—to say nothing of the blithering idiot that misrepresents the Irishman on the vandeville stage—does not meet the eye of the visitor to day; iff the note of seriousness, not to call it sadness, seems to prevail in the old land, it must not be imagined that Irish humor is a myth—that it must be classed with those things that never were on see or land. Not so. Irish humor is still as unfailing, fresh and delightful as the streams that gush from Ireland's green hills.

The real Irish humor is so human, so personal, so subtle—it depends so much on the one who utters it, on the way it is said, on the occasion, on the spirit in which it grew, that it loses nearly all, if not all, its point when it is set down in cold print. Besides, as the Irish joke native to the soil is rarely a bull, it would never go in America, for we have grown so accustomed here to expecting

SURE CURE FOR THRUSH

ian Liniment

ian Liniment

Dr. J. L. Boyes secretary of the Napanee Driving Park Association has had a good deal of experience with thrush on horses' feet, and has tried various remedies. He writes:—

"I have cured bad cases of diseased feet or thrush on horses with Egyptian Liniment with two or three applications, after calomel, salt, coal oil, etc., had completely failed to do the work.—I consider it a waste of time to use anything but Egyptian Liniment for thrush."

Such an emphatic statement from an experienced horseman speaks volumes for Douglas'-Egyptian Liniment. Another man who has found it most effective is Mr. John Garrison, Morven, Ont. He says:—

all Irish humor to consist of bulls that we find it difficult to arrange for a laugh at

anything else.

Lady Randolph Churchill says in her memoirs that she never met a really dull Irishman in any walk of life. High or low, she says, the people she met in Ireland were always ready with an answer. This gift of repartee in the people the visitor to Ireland very soon notices. If he fig given to analyze he willinot be slow in coming to the conclusion that these spontaneous replies are not always or even often witty, but they are nearly always good natured, and good nature is the raw material of humor; for humor is a thing of the heart, while wit is of the intellect.

This all-pervading good nature, this

a thing of the heart, while wit is of the intellect.

This all-pervading good nature, this widespread good humor, is what impressed me more than anything else in Ireland. It was there unfailingly under the apparent listlessness and sadness. Everybody answered your questions as to the location of streets and places as if he took a personal interest in seeing that you did not go astray. Everybody was ready to respond to your mood and to amile or sympathize with you according to the burden of your tale. Were you worried because your trunk went astray? "Ah, sure then, it is the pity o' the world that your thrunk should have gone off and left you widout a thing, sir. Thim rallway lads are the divil's own boys, annyway, to be makin' mistakes. But sure the thrunk'il turn up again, sir, never fear. You can't lose much in Ireland, sir. An' you're welcome to annything we have in the house till your thrunk is found."

thrunk is found."

The ready responsiveness of the Irish to your mood, the desire to say the thing that will please rather than the thing that is literally true some misguided folk classify as insincerity. It is very far from that. It is founded on a sincere desire to please and serve you. In Queenstown a hotel runner handed me a card advertising a certain hotel in Cork. Being a follower of Father Matthew, I was interested to see the house advertised as a temperance hotel. "Temperance hotel?" I re narked, a question in my volce. Misconstruing my meaning, the man began at once and in a hurry to explain:

explain:

"Hould on till I tell you about that, sir. Sure 'tis a temperance hotel, sir, but I've tould thim over and over again not to put it on the cards. It's bad for the business sir. The minute an American sees 'timperance hotel' he hands the card back to me, sir. And there's no need whatever for that, sir. For, to tell you the thruth, sir, there's no need of anybody going dhry in Cork, sir, no matther what hotel he stops at. And, with an expressive wink, "if you come to us sir, I'il see that you can have all the dhrink you want, sir."

This was too much for a companion, who was familiar with my views on the

Worst Cases Yield to Douglas' Egypt-

ive is Mr. John Garrison, Morven, Ont. He says:—
"One of my horses had thrush so bad that his feet became offensive, and the neighbors advised me to shoot him. Before doing so I decided to try Egyptian Liniment, and in a short time my horse's feet were as sound as ever."

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ONTARIO

OSHAWA

Player-pianos are practically alike, and no matter what

make they purchase the results will be the same. This

lemperance question. He burst into a laugh and said:

"Why this man is interested in your hotel because it is a temperance hotel."

Whereupon the runner looked from one of us to the other in momentary bewilderment, and then said:

"Well, that bates the divvil I If you are a timperance man, sir, this is the house for you. You can be as drhy there as a lime burner's wig."

And, apropos of temperance, I wish to say in passing that more is being done in Ireland to-day to this line of effort than has been attempted since the days of Father Matthew himself. And it is worth while remarking that Irish humor is not dependent on Irish whiskey. It is found just as fresh and bright among total abstaining Irishman as among those who still hold to the traditional "glass of sperrets." A mighty change has been wrought in Ireland in this respect during the past decade or two, and one of the most hopeful incidents of my visit to the old land was to find a temperance society installed in what was once a soldiers' barracks. The building, deserted by the rilitary, are now leased to this organization of workmen, who are endeavoring to he'p themselves and others to live cleaner and more useful lives.

emperance question. He burst into a ugh and said :

A simple and good rule to remember and to follow is to buy nothing in the baking powder line unless all the ingredients are plainty printed in English on the label. This information is stated on every package of Magic Baking Powder. All Grocers sell it.

FEAST OF ST. PATRICK

March 17th.—To-day from every Irish heart goes up the thrill of victory—a victory the marks of which have been shown by the loyalty and devotion of Erin's many sainted ones who have laid down their lives rather than betray the faith that was in them, rather than renounce the precious gift handed down to them through our glorious patron—St. Patrick: a victory won without bloodshed; a victory retained and cherished by the posterity of Ireland even when she was threatened with annihilation by schism and herecy and by the poisontipped swords of a heartless government.

To-day the offspring of the sainted Isle

ment.

To-day the offspring of the sainted Isle of the ocean send up hymns of thanksgiving for the faith once delivered to them, and ever since shielded by the fairest of her flock and many times sealed

fairest of her flock and many times sealed in the blood of her martyrs.

In the pulpit and the home: in the stately cathedral and in the humble parish church will Ireland's history resound only to re-echo in patriotic hearts to make their warmth warmer and their real more sealous.

to make their warmth warmer and their zeal more zealous.

In every country of the globe have the works of her sons and daughters been felt, and in every country will her triumphs he recognized, as well as her tribulations of a later date.

Let us for a moment cast our minds on the lands of our forefathers or go in spirit to visit her green hills or her forsaken mansions. If we find not there the boast of earthly goods, if we find that, her only material wealth is that which was unjustly snatched from her, we will find also that it was her happiness, not to have martyred the holy missionaries, who carried to her the light of heaven, who preached the Way, and the Faith. In this she was unlike many of her continental sisters who



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nd many other prizes according to the Simple Con-ditions of the Contest (which will be sent).

This is a chance for clever persons to win Cash and other Prizes with a little ort. Count the Xs and T in the Square, and write the number of each that you not seatly on a piece of paper or post card and mail to us, and we will write you at ex, telling you all about it. You may win a valuable prize. Try at once. acatly on a piece of paper or post card and mail to us, and we will write you selling you all about it. You may win a valuable prize. Try at once.

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the place of his birth is still a matter of great obscurity. By some France is credited with being his native home, while others say that in Scotland

great obscurey. By some reacted to credited with being his native home, while others say that in Scotland Patrick first saw the lightlof day. Perhaps it is better this question should be disputed so that our spiritual father may belong all the more to the land where he labored and struggled, the land of his adoption, the country he freed from the bondage of sin.

As a boy Patrick was subjected to misery and slavery in the land which he was afterwards to convert. This same sided in preparing him for his labors in Ireland, for while a slave he became acquainted with the spirit of the people, their manners and their belief. He understood very well the generosity and manly worth of her sons and the full-heartedness and purity of her daughters; qualities which we see exemplified, on behalf of Erin's sons and daughters as well as on the part of the long and widebehalf of Erin's sons and daugaters as well as on the part of the long and wide-spreading line of her posterity which now inhabits every country of the globe, in the pulpit and the cloister, in the classroom and on the battlefield.

His uncle, St. Martin of Tours, educa ted Patrick and prepared him for the holy ministry which he afterwards so successfully fulfilled. In the fifth cenland. He started from France with a land. He started from France with a few zealous followers and after passing through Rome where he received the Pspal Benediction, he landed in Ireland and soon was begun the preaching of Christ and Him crucified.

So great was the zeal of the young missionary and the example of his sin-less life, so great the piety of the people whom he converted, that, in a short time whom he converted, that, in a short time the altars of paganism were overturned and their stead monuments to the true God reared their spires to heaven. Even pr nees assumed sackcloth and Druidic priests fell at the feet of our holy missionary asking for Baptism. Where in the history of ages can we find anything like unto this? Where can we find such an humble beginning? an humble beginning?

an numble beginning?

Irishmen have been made aliens in their own land, aliens we say and this by a government, which having cast off the yoke of Christ tried to have fair Erin share its fate; but Ireland stood by the faith of Patrick as firmly as did our Blessed Mother stand by her Divine Sen on the road to Calvary. Ireland's Son on the road to Calvary. Ireland's persecution seems to have been provi-dental; for her sons and daughters being exiles spread the gospel from North to South and from East to West. In every division from the sunny south-ern shores to the frozen Arctic regions do we find Irish names and Irish hearts among the first enrolled as the standard bearers of Christ's mission on earth.

We will continue to pray that Ireland may yet be fully vindicated. Let us be may yet be fully vindicated. Let us be missionaries by word and example in the land we have adopted as our home. Let us pardon all who have brought injury to us, for it is a trait of the noble—as we are,—to forgive. Let us prove the faith that is in us, that, by bolding to the hallowed precepts of our forefathers, we may be assured of receiving the promises of God to faithful and dutiful children.—P.V. M. in Annals of St. Anna.

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with or without the knowledge of the patient.

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(Name withheld on request.)

(Name withheld on request.)

Now, if you know of any family needing this Remedy, tell them of it. If you have any friend or relative who has formed or is forming the drink habit, help him to release himself from its awful clutches. Samaria Prescription, is used by Physicians and Hospitals.

A free trial package of Samaria Prescription with booklet giving full particulars, testimonials, price etc., will be sent absolutely free and postpaid in plain sealed package to anyone asking for it and mentioning this paper. Correspondence sacredly confidential. Write to-day. The Samaria Remedy Co. Dept. 11, 49 Colborne St. Toronto, Canada.



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SHINGLES

will prevent such losses—they are LIGHTNING PROOF—an absolute

protection for your crops and implements. "EASTLAKE" SHING-

LES are the EASIEST to lay, and

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Agents in Principal Oities

FREE BOOKLET

Our interesting free booklet "Eastlake Metallic Shingles" gives valuable roofing information. Write for it.

Some young men from the city would have laughed at the things those simple hearted country tolks did. But this man did not. He said: "These are the friends of the one I love. They are his friends; they shall be mine." And he joined with them in their games and made himself just like one of their number.

Did he win their hearts? How could it be any other way? He saw the pure gold in them, and they loved him for it. There is pure gold in every heart. Are you looking for it? Or are the only things you see the little peculiarities which all men have. Dust or gold. Which are you looking for? You will surely find what you want to find in men.—True Volce.

THE TRAMP'S TEMPERANCE SER-

A tramp asked for a drink in a se A tramp asked for a drink in a salcon. The request was granted, and when in the act of drinking the proferred beverage, one of the young men exclaimed: "Stop, make a speech. It is poor liquor that does not loosen a man's tongue." The tramp hastily swallowed the drink. As the rich liquor coursed in the blood he straightened up and stood before them with a grace and dignity that all his rags and dirt could not obscure.

"Gentlemen." he said. "I look to-

nis rags and dirt could not obseure.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I look tonight at you and myself, and it seems
to me I look upon the picture of my
blighted manhood. This bloated face
was as handsome as yours. This shambling figure once walked as yours, for I
was once a man in the world of men. I,
too, once had a home and friends, and
position.

position.

"I had a wife as beautiful as an artist's dream, but I dropped the priceless pearl of her honor and respect into a cup of wine, and, like Cleopatra, saw it dissolve, then quaffed it down in the brimming draught. I had children as sweet and pure as the flowers of spring, and saw them fade and die under the blighted curse of a drunken father. I had a home where love lit the flame upon the altar and ministered before it, but I put out the holy fire and desolation reigned in its stead. I had aspirations and ambitions that soared as high as the morning star, but I broke and bruised their beautiful form and strangled them that I might hear their cries no more. To-day I am a husband strangled them that I might hear chelr cries no more. To-day I am a husband without a wife, a father without a child, a tramp without a home, and a man in whom every good impulse is dead. All have been swallowed up in the m

The tramp ceased speaking; the glass fell from his nervous fingers.— Tacoma Catholic Citizen.

an occasional dose of

SELF-CONTROL

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

WHAT DO YOU SEE IN OTHERS

Down there lies a great heep of sum that has just been brought up out of the earth. It looks to the casual observer like stone and rust and everything clase that we will soll our fagers. What can they be planning to do with that pile of earth?

You go that way a little later and the pile is all gone. You ask what has been done with it, and you are shown a basin brimful of pure gold.

"This is what we found in the heap dug from the ground. How? Why, we crushed it and washed it and separated the gold from the earth. And rereitis."

Pure gold from the pile of dull-brown earth? It took the man with an eye which was looking for gold to find the pure metal in the earth. Our eyes mever caught the gleam of a single grain of the shining stuff. We saw only the particles of rock, the black dust, and the bits of waste material.

What do you see in those you meet from day to day?

From a most beautiful home in the city a young man went away out into city a young hand the country one day, where a friend in the city from which the visitor had come.

Some young men from the city would have laughed at the things those simple hearted country folks did. But this man did not. He sald: "These are the friends of the one I love. They are his friends; they shall be mine."

And he joined with them in their games are the friends of the one I love. They are his friends; they shall be mine."

And he joined with them in their games are the friends of the one I love. They are his friends; they shall be mine."

And he joined with them in their games are the friends of the one I love. They are his friends; they shall be mine."

And he joined with them in their games are the friends of the one I love. They are the friends is they shall be mine."

And he joined with them in their game

OVERLOOKED OPPORTUNITIES

Many a man when come to middle life and not as prosperous as he had hoped, lays all the blame on luck. He complains that he has had no chance in

have had opportunities that hever came to him.

Did these men observe their past life closely, it would often be found that they had missed the opportunities which they had. A boy is sent on an errand. He may loiter on the way. He may neglect to be polite when delivering his errand. Or he may not perform the errand in the manner he was told. He thus loses an opportunity to make a good impression on the one to whom he has an errand and on the one who employed him for that purpose. He has missed a chance to form good business habits of exactness, promptness and courtesy.

habits of exactness, promptness and courtesy.

Some young men think that if they can steal a half an hour of their employer's time, or shirk a duty, they have made something for themselves. They are missing opportunities for success. They are not habits for which a man is promoted. They cannot follow such manner of working unknown to their employers. A wrong spirit in their work is sure to betray itself. The employer knows who is carnest and zealous in business. Every employe is working for himself all the time; is he doing the best he can for himself?

Every young man has an opportunity

strom all along your way: "I know I can trust him; he is true as steel."
You will be glad there have been some rainy days in your life. If there were no storms the fountains would dry

-use warm water and

Baby's Own Soap.

The warm water opens the pores

of the skin and the minute particles of pure refined vegetable oils which

form the creamy, fragrant lather of Baby's Own Soap are absorbed into the skin, keeping it soft, healthy,

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

Best for Baby Best for You

BRAIN WORKERS

who get little exercise, feel better all round for

"NA-DRU-CO" Laxatives

system and clear the brain. A new, pleasant and reliable laxative, prepared by a reliable firm, and worthy of the NA-DRU-CO Trade Mark. 25c. a box. If your druggist has not yet stocked them, send 25c. and

we will mail them.

To Prevent Chapped Skin

NATIONAL DRUG & CHEMICAL COMPANY OF CANADA, LIMITED, MONTREAL. 21

They tone up the liver, move the bowels gently but freely, cleanse the

FOR MAKING SOAP FOR WASHING DISHES FOR SOFTENING WATER FOR DISINFECTING SINKS CLOSETS, DRAINS ETC.

MADE IN CANADA E.W. GILLETT COLTD TORONTO-ONT. WINNIPEG MONTREAL

up, the sky would be filled with poison

up, the sky would be filled with poison ous vapors and life would cease.

You will be glad that you stopped long enough every day to read carefully and with a prayer in your heart, some part of God's message to those He loves.

You will be glad that you shut your ears tight against the evil things men said about one another, and tried the best you could to stay the words winged best you could to stay the words winged

with poison.
You will be glad you brought smiles You will be glad that you have met all the hard things that have come to you with a hearty handshake, never dodging out of them but turning them all

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

INFLUENCE OF BEAUTIFUL THOUGHTS

A boy can turn a smiling face into dollars. A happy face is a factor in success. But how can a boy get a face saturated with sunshine? It cannot be done in a day. We must think beautiful thoughts every day possible property. done in a day. We must think beautiful thoughts every day, until we fix a habit. "Whatsoever things are lovely, think on these things."

I saw a boy the other day who woke

case of the "dumps." Then no employer will have him around. That surly heart has made a surly face, and what boss wants to have a boy near him with a thunder-cloud on his brow? Lovely thoughts make lovely faces.

If a boy falls in love with nature, his thoughts will become great and lovely.

If a boy falls in love with matter, its thoughts will become great and lovely. In the best brains of the last nineteen hundred years have acknowledged the heavenly majesty of the magnificent thoughts of the Bible. Daniel Webster thoughts of the Bible. Daniel Webster thoughts of the Bible. put a Bible under his head for his dying pillow. His imperial brain bowed down

before this book.

Abraham Lincoln's mind was developed on the farm, and the light of the woodfire burning on the hearth of the

log cabin.

Any boy can have noble and lofty thoughts in a store, or a mill, or a factory.

"As a man thinketh in his heart so is he." Our thoughts mold our char-

so is he." Our thoughts mold our characters.

When I was in college I had, as one instructor, the president, who was one of the greatest men I ever met. He began as a poor country boy. For some years he lived in an obscure little village. He worked faithfully in his study, and read great books, and thought profoundedly on great subjects; one day he was amazed to be called to become a college president. He grew in ellectually and spiritually as he wrestled with the great problems of life. One day I heard him say these sublime words, "The soul is an enigma; God is its solution."

A boy's mind is like a loom, and every day he can weave beautiful tapestries of thought, or he can weave nothing but worthless rags. Quickly we become like the thoughts we love.—W. G. Partridge, in Boys' World.

AN OLD IRISH PRAYER

AN OLD IRISH PRAYER AN OLD IRISH PRAYER

The universal night prayer of the children, beginning "Now I lay me down to sleep" is only about one thousand years older than Protestantism, although many of the misinformed appear to believe that it is of Protestant origin, says the Dublin Irish Catholic. The old, old Catholic prayer runs back to the golden time when Eire was Eirie, and there have been wilder surmises than this: that St. Patrick taught it to the children of the High King at Tara, that St. Columbkille bore it to Iona, and that St. Aidan carried it from Iona to England when he founded Lindisfarne Abbey.

In one form or other the little prayer has descended through the ages from mother to child among these conservators of tradition, the Irish peasants. In the days of that precursor of Henry VIII. the irreligious, dissolute William Rufus—that is to say, in the eleventh century—the old baby prayer was suddenly presented at Court. It was at a time when the corrupt monarch lay danger-

—the old baby prayer was suddenly presented at Court. It was at a time when the corrupt monarch lay dangerously ill. He had banished St. Anselm and Anslem's clergy, and in the hour of mortal need he was without spiritual help. Trembling for the salvation of his soul, he commanded his angodly courtiers to kneel and pray for him. They kneit and muttered some jargon. The king would not be satisfied; he ordered them to pray audibly. But these, his chosen friends and flatterers, were of his own impious stripe; not one of them could say an intelligent prayer. At last they bethought them of a little page who had but lately come to Court, and who had been observed and mocked at his night prayers. The child was brought to the king's bedside; he kneit and prayed:

Matthew, Mark, Luke and John,
Bless the bed that I lie on.
There be four corners on my bed;
Two at my head, two at my feet.
To be my guardians while I sleep—
And if I die before I wake,
Sweet Mary's Sm, my soul pray take. The modern English form is very much

Now I law me down to sleep;
I pray Thee, Lord, my soul to keep;
If I should die before I wake,
I pary Thee, Lord, my soul to take.
Amen.

One ancient Irish version runs thus One ancient Irish version runs thus
Or ere I go this night to sleep,
I give my Lord my soul to keep.
There are four corners to my bed;
Four augels round about my head—
Matthew, Mark, Luke and John.
God bless the bed I rest upon.
And if I die ere I awake,
I give my Lord my soul to take.

Amen.

ST. JEROME AND THE LION St. Jerome had in himself and all his affairs such force and a vigor so native, accompanied by so wide and generous a heart, that with nothing else could all this be so well signified as by a lion. Hence the saint is always depicted with the lion as a natural

Bat there are other reasons for picturing the Holy Hermit with a lion.

Mariano Monteiro relates the following:

One day as St. Jerome was conversing with his monks on the Sacred Scripwith his monks on the Sacred Scriptures, a fercoious iton, limping on three feet, holding up the forth paw, as though in pain, entered the monastery. The brethren fied on all directions but our holy father took the profiered paw between his hands and on carefully examining it, found that a long splin er had pierced it through. He gently drew it out and applied oil to the wound to relieve the pain. The royal beast became quite tame and showed no desire to leave.

desire to leave.

Thereupon the saint consulted with his monks how best to employ their new guest so that he should not be idle.

It was decided to make the lion keep



HER SKIN SEEMED

Every Other Treatment Failed But "Fruit-a-tives" Cures

GRANDE LIGNE, QUE., Jan. 2nd, 1910.

"My wife was greatly distressed for three years with chronic Eczema on the hands, and the disease was so severe that it almost prevented her from using her hands. The doctor gave her several ointments to use, but none of them did any good. He also advised her to wear rubber gloves and she wore out three pairs without getting any benefit. As a last resort, I persuaded her to try "Fruit-a-tives", and the effect was marvellous. Not only did "Fruit-a-tives" entirely cure the Eczema, but the Asthma, which she suffered from, was also completely cured.

We both attribute our present good health to "Fruit-a-tives". N. JOUBERT.

"Fruit-a-tives" will always cure

health to "Fruit-a-tives". N. JOUBERT.

"Fruit-a-tives" will always cure
Bezema or Salt Rheum because "Fruita-tives" purifies the blood, corrects the
Indigestion and Constipation, and tones
up the Nervous System.

"Fruit-a-tives" is the only medicine
in the world made of fruit juices and
valuable tenics, and is the greatest of
all blood-purifying remedies.

50c. a box—6 for \$2.50—or trial size,
25c. At all dealers or from Fruitatives Limited, Ottawa.

fused such fright and terror into the men that they fied leaving the loaded camels an ase in the fields.

The lion then joyfully led the donkey and the loaded camels to monastery. The monks greatly marveled at this return and discovered that the lion was innocent of the charge imputed to him of having destroyed the poor ass.

Shortly after this the traders them-

Shortly after this the traders them helves appeared at the monastery.
They saked pardon, and for the theft of
the ass offered part of the oil they were

bringing.

The saint freely forgave them and they departed. But the lion remained ever faithful, gentle and tame, and till his dying day never again overslept himself.—Right Rev. Abbot Charles, in Our Dumb Animals.

EARLY JESUIT MISSION TO IRELAND

It it interesting to note that in the early days of the Society of Jesus, St. Ignatius Loyola sent missionaries to Ireland. Of this fact we are made aware in the following extract taken from the most recent biography of the great soldier saint by that illustrious litterateur. Francis Thompson. He tells us: "While the foundations of the Society were being securely laid in Rome another mission had gone forth from it, besides the great Indian mission and the Spanish mission. It was a mission to Ireland.

"Ireland was now bent beneath the

fal thoughts every day, that mose who is carrest and zealous in business. Every employe is working for himself all the time; is he doing the best he can for himself?

Every young man has an opportunity to save a little from his salary. If his salary is small, he should spend little in amusements and self-indulgence. The habit of self-denisi gives strength to character, which is an important factor in gaining success.

WHAT WILL MAKE YOU GLAD?

When the years have slipped by and memory runs back over the path you have trod, you will be glad you stopped to speak to every friend you meet, and left them all with a warmer feeling in their hearts because you did so.

And you will be glad that men have said all along your way: "I know I can all long your way: "I know I can all along your way: "I know I can all along your way: "I know is can be self-wings."

In thoughts every day for a week, the first same the line is been withings are lovely, things and his construction. The body was not difficult, the lion easily falled his duty.

And you will be glad you stopped to speak to every friend your meet, and left them all with a warmer feeling in their hearts because you did so.

And you will be glad that wen have said all long your way: "I know I can all along your way: "I know I can all along your way: "I know I can all along your way: "I know I can all long your way: "I kn Broet and Salmeron were chosen, after a delay caused by the death of Codure, who had first been named in Broet's place. They were sent with the full powers of Papal Nuncios.

"The Missioners reached Ireland by way of Scotland. At Sterling Castle than any the Scottish King, who

This he did with great meekness and patience, for indeed it was a great humilistion for a lion to be used as a donkey.

One day after having performed his allotted task he sallied forth to the fields and saw the identical caravan of traders that had stolen the donkey pass by. Coming towards the caravan unperceived and uttering a terrific roar which resounded tar and near he interest of the property of his isles. They reached Ireland in the beginning of Lent, 1642. They indeed in disguise, and their progress through the island was a stepsibly progress for not only were they in danger them they beginning of Lent, 1642. They had to see the beginning of Lent, 1642. They have begin for not only were they brought deadly rick on any who should be convicted of harboring them. Save one, all the chiefs have beginning of Lent, 1642. They have begin to the have beginning of Lent, 1642. They have begin the members of the property of them they brought deadly rick on any who should be convicted of harboring them. Save one, all the chiefs have begin the history of the have beginning of Lent, 1642. They have begin the members of the history of history in the history who should be convicted of harboring them. Save one, all the chiefs have begin the history who should be convicted them, and they brought deadly have begin the history who should be convicted them, and they have begin the history who have begin the history who have begin the history of the history of the history of t

Pope intervened, and he passed into Germany, to assist at the Council of Trent and finally died in exile at Lyons, in a Jesuit college. The mission was seemingly a failure; but who shall say what part it may not have played in heartening the Irish to that stubborn resistance which preserved Irish Catholicium for after-ages?"—Church Bulletin.

St. Patrick

He came, he saw, he conquered all; Rude tribes he made to bear The yoke of One who rules by love, Behold the vision fair;—

The shamrock, crushed by heedless foot Becomes the lofty sign Whereby a faithful race proclaims Its Triune God benign;

The harp that once o'er pagan hills
Called forth to deadly strife,
Breathes now, when touched by Christian hands,
The story of new-born life.

A Clean Stage

From St. Paul, Minnesota come cheer-From St. Paul, Minnesota come cheering tidings of a practical step taken by Catholic women to work effective reform in our theatres and in other places of amusement. Six hundred members of The Guild of Catholic Women, an organization in the city, have signed the following promise:

"I pledge myself to remain away from all places of amusement where the standard of morality is not of the highest. It is not necessary that I take such a pledge, but I hope by so doing to influence others to do likewise; also to try to influence others to attend anything commendable."

thing commendable."

The pledge is one that deserves to be brought to the notice of members of the Society of the Children of Mary and kindred organizations everywhere. It shows the right Catholic spirit, and its purpose is genuinely helpful.—America.

USE ABSORBINE JR LINIMEN



Say, Isn't it fine to have an Independent Telephone in the House?

"Did you see and said pork was going fage." "All right-we ought to ship ours."
"Say, Mary wants to talk to your wife." "All right-and fall, it's worth the money, just to help them from being no lonescene. They say they get more news ove being no lonescene. They say they get more news ove the beautiful to the said of the said of the said."

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THE cost of manufacturing a cream separator determines the price at which it may be sold. Therefore, when selecting a separator, remember that the machines which are offered at an unreasonably low price can be offered at that price for one reason only—they are built to sell at prices lower than the cost of good material or workmanship. Such separators are costly at any price. Only a good separator is cheap; not because of a low first cost, but because it will last for years and save enough butterfat from the milk of four or five cows every year to pay for itself. The best workmanship and material that money can buy are used in making

IHC Cream Harvesters Dairymaid and Bluebell

You will find an I H C the cheapest separator you can buy, because it will do better work and last longer than any other separator.

Go to the nearest I H C dealer who handles these separators and see how carefully they are made. You will find that they have phosphor bronze bushings—that the gears are spiral cut—are entirely protected from grit and milk, and at the same time are easily accessible.

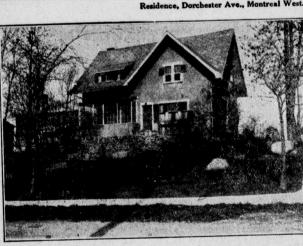
The neck bearing is trouble-proof. The patented dirt-arrester chamber removes impurities before separation begins. These separators are made in four sizes. Ask the I H C local agent to show you one, and give you a catalogue, or, write the nearest branch house for catalogue and any other information desired

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The purpose of this Bureau is to furnish, free of charge to all, the best information obtainable on better farming. If you have any worthy questions concerning soils, crops, land drainage, irrigation, fertilizer, etc., make your inquiries specific and send them to I H C Service Bureau, Harvester Building, Chicago, U. S. A.



Going to Build—or Remodel?

Consider the safety of your home-insist on a roof that is fire proof and weather proof-avoid using wooden shingles, metal, ready roofings or compositions—use a roofing that will not warp, rust, rot, split, crack or break.

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shingles do not need painting—they come in three different colors with the color in the shingle, not on it—they are wear proof, light weight yet the toughest and most durable roofing you can use.

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sugary hearts

of sweet corn, toast-ed crisp and rolled

thin as a wafer — that's the dainty that

delights the appetite! TO-DAY order

CORN

The following item has been published in numerous papers throughout the

ERIN

And he says in his song: "O dhar d

She's ready to laugh when she cries !"
And they sob when they hear: "Sure
when she's cheerful;
And she smiles with the fears in her eyes!"

And he asks them: What need of new poets praise her?
Her harper still sing in the past;
And her first sweet old melodies comfort and rainer to joys never reached by her last.

What need of new hero, with Brian? or preacher, With Patrick? or soldier, with Conn? With her dark Ollmah Fohla, what need of a teache Sage, ruler and builder in one?

What need of new levers, with Deirdre and Imer? With wonders and visions and elves Sure no need at all has romancer or rhymer, When the fairies belong to ourselves.

est, Like Nature's own voice every word; Ahagur! Acushla! Savourneen?" the dearest The ear of a girl ever heard.

They may talk of new causes! Dhar Dhia! o one
Is fresher than ever to-day;
Like Erin's green sod that is steaming to God
The blood it has drunk in the fray.

" O Bride of the Sea! may the

LENTEN CONFERENCES

FATHER BERNARD VAUGHAN ON BOCIALISM AND THE INDIVID-

CONFERENCE III

CONFERENCE III

Father Vaughan delivered his third Lenten Conference, on Sunday, March 10, in St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York, before a congregation which part: "All noble and lofty human action presupposes the influence of some high ideal, for no healthy life can be borne up unless sustained by some such uplifting force. The policy that has no ideal will never vitalize a people."

Father Vaughan went on to say that on either side of the Atlantic he saw uplifted two ideals. They were offered respectively by socialism and Christianity. Between these two ideals Democracy had to make its choice. He saw none other in the field. He said: "The ideal offered by socialism is, as we saw in our last Conference, the State. The ideal proposed by Christianity is a life penetrated and permeated with the spirit and the principles of Christ.

He said that his first quarrel with contiless manual text to little of

He said that his first quarrel with socialism was that it made too little of the individual and too much of the

it was a sort of defication of the state in which man was to find the Heaven for which he was born. "But my com-plaint," he went on to say, "is not mere-ly that socialism would subordinate man to the state, but that it would subordin-ate him to some future state, with to the state, but that I would absorbed as the him to some future state, with a very problematic existence, of a very doubtful character, and which might prove to be the most oruel tyrant that ever ground an individual into the dust. be the most cruel tyrant that ever ground an individual into the dust. Clearly it might be so. Socialism seems so absorbed in man's material well-being that it loses sight of the fact that there are other prizes besides bread and hippodromes for which he hungers. He craves for something which no socialism pretends to offer him—union with God by faith here and sight hereafter. Man wants to realize his eternal destiny. "Why care for your own career," says the socialist to the individual, "Your career is to provide a career for those yet to come; your reward must be to labor for generations not yet born." "No one," says Bebel, "has a right to consider whether he himself, after all his trouble and labor, will live to see a fairer epoch of socialism. Still less har he a right to let such a consideration deter him from the course on which he has entered."

"For a moment," continued the preacher, "note the inconsistency of the localist's position. He rails at Christianity for "dealing in futures," and de uding the people with a "draft on sternity," yet he himself speculates in utures of a far less assured character than the Heaven which even a shoeless will dealing an evening paper in a

In dealing with men it must never b In dealing with men it must aver be forgotten that man is an end in himself, and must not be made a mere means to the welfare of others. Man is no cog or screw in State machinery. The upshot of putting before Democracy an ideal which offers no true and immediate ideal which offers no true and immediate satisfaction was pretty sure to end in a policy of grab. It would demand a present installment of justice—even at the cost of a "Reign of Terror." Taught that they had a right to all private productive property, they might press for the immediate possession of it as the original and legitimate owners. Even now it was no easy matter to keep some of them back. Can they be altogether blamed for being so anxious to enter into possession of their would be heaven? "On the other hand," said the preacher, "the teaching of Christianity proposes something infinitely more worth having than the prizes dangled before the eyes of "comrades." The ideal lifted up by Christianity is the leadership and example of one who is much more than a chieftain to his clan, than a captain to his troop, more than a King to his court, more than a father to his sons. There ample of one who is much more than a chieftain to his clan, than a captain to his troop, more than a King to his court, more than a father to his sons. There is one snoh ideal and one only, and His name is His flag and His very character—"Jesus," the Saviour. The Christian's immediate end is to be a follower of Christ, his ultimate end union with Him in Heaven. Other worldliness, we are told, makes men indifferent to the squalor and stagnation of our slums. Read "The Key to the World's Progress," and be satisfied it is not so.

Experience goes rather to show that

Experience goes rather to show that self-regarding virtues beget altruistic tendencies. Was it not Christianity that taught our ancestors to remember that "in the dim morning of Society, Labor was up and stirring before Capital was awake."

Father Vaughan urged that when we are stricken by fever and on our death-bed the cry was not for the socialist philosopher but for him, who pointed to the Figure on the Cross, and to the open door beyond the Stars, where Christ was waiting to fold the pilgrim in His arms and to greet him with the words: "Well done, enter into the joy of thy Lord." If you want a good "send off" when starting for eternity, be sure whom to call for." Father Vaughan went on to say it was a fatal mistake, to rely on the hope that men would grow in morality as they grew in prosperity. History had no such record to tell. Morality was the outcome of lofty and holy principles borrowed from Christ; it was not the output of any set of material conditions. Father Vaughan urged that when we

conditions.

Father Vaughan contended that under socialism state action instead of being supplementary to individual enterprise would become a substitute for it. The individual would be swallowed up by the State. Socialism was non-natural if not unnatural. It would paralyze what man holds most precious—freedom to realize himself. Under socialism no man would have the ordering of his own life or the shaping of his own

SANOI

The new discovery will positively remove Gall Stones, Kidney Stones, Gravel in the Bladder and will effect a complete cure. It will dissolve and remove stones without pain, and there is no necessity for an operation in the future, as Sanol will cure in every case no matter how long standing the disease

may be.

Sanol will be found particularly valuable
in old cases of Kidney and Bladder trouble,
Sanol is a preparation of herbs and extracts from plants, and contains no poisonous
ingredients. Its use, therefore, cannot possubly harm either the Stomach or the Intes-

The Sanol Manufacturing Co.

destiny. There would be no use for anyone who had not first of all responded to the call, "Come into my parlor," as said the spider to the fig.

Under a socialistic Commonwealth, man would be allowed neither to realize himself nor to be master of his property. He might, perhaps, have to realize very soon that he was but a tool in the hands of a new Over-master.

Father Vaughan concluded with the remark that socialists were fond of refering to the equality of opportunity that socialism would provide. There was even now, said the preacher, more than equality of opportunity for all in the same nursery, in the same school room, in the same workshop, in the same business or !profession or what not, yet one-third went under, one-third survived, and one-third only got into the swim. Life's failures and successes were due not so much to what a man had as to what a man was. He saked: Which of the two ideals prevented to you will satisfy the deepest needs of Democracy? Shall it be in the school of Christ or of socialism that you will build up character inspired by lofty and holy principles of life and action? Shall it be in the secularist ideal resting on the rim of this world or the spiritual ideal rising up from a world beyond? An ideal every man must have. "Really to your flag," exclaimed the preacher, "and remember that the middle term between Individualism and Collectiveness is divine Altruism. Let the rivalry between Capital and Labor be as once it was, a rivalry of service. It was not Christianity that had failed, but the plentiful lack of Christianity that had created the present strained relations between all sections of the community. The greatest Social Reformer the world had ever seen, was Christ Himself, and let them note well that Christ began, not with the State, but with the individual: "If thou wit come unto Me," If thou wilt one me unto Me, if thou wilt be perfect," "If thou wilt enter into life." As it was through the individual that He, in a day gone by, restored the fallen race, so it is with the ind

ROYAL PATRON OF SHAMROCK

be very pleased to become patroness of the Ladies' Anxillary of St. Patrick's Orphan Asylum and wishes success in your Shamrock week to be held from March 11th.

Yours faithfully CLEMENTINE ADAIN Lady-in-Waiting.

LOCAL OPTION

ILOCAL OPTION

On my return from a four weeks' trip to the upper provinces I find Father Cline's reply to my letter, of your issue of the 10th inst. awalting me. It is referring to read it after experiencing for days the incongenial, monotonous routine of the sick room. He does not wish to re-open the discussion. I am a sorry. True, I entered the lists at a somewhat late hour, but I sated on the principle, to which the wisdom of experience has given the force of a proverb, that it is never late to do good. It was not my desire to take any undue advantage of my learned oonfrere by renewing the discussion after he announced his closing word. In fact, the first I knew of the isane was when a member of our Total Abstinence society brought it to my notice. That was some days after Father Cline declared he had his last say.

Even at the risk of offending against the ediquette of newspaper corresponding of I felt it was due to your readers that I should write what I did as to the teaching and practices of the Church with regard to "Local Option" and all other just and beneficent legislature sorts. As intimated at the beginning of my letter of your issue of the 10th, "Local Option" may be a failure, even as "local" customs often are a nuisance. But that has nothing to do with principle. If we are to hope for the coming of the happy millennium, when that giant evil, which is leaving such appalling ruin in its wake, is to be wiped out, the good and beneficient laws of the land are to be backed up, as well in the case of "Local Option" as in the case of the Church with regard to "Local Option" and all other acts of Parliament which safeguard to read the more active to the happy millennium, when that giant evil, which is leaving such appalling ruin in its wake, is to be wiped out, the good and beneficient laws of the land are to be backed up, as well in the case of "Local Option" as in the case of the context and the machine its province of the context and the machine its province and the province of the happy millennium,

of parliament. Nor can such sets of parliament deprive us of our God-given freedom to merit, which is an internal set; although the morality of our sets arises not from this freedom, but from their relation with the eternal law of God. Merit, however, presupposes the freedom of our will.

With regard to my submitting the paragraph, quoted from my letter of the 10th to the ecclesiastical Review on America, I assure my learned friend that any criticism on that pasage or on any other passage contained in my letter, by those able reviews or by any other review of high standing, will be gladly received. I know where I stand. Thanking my reverend friend for his courteous reply to my letter, and you, Mr. Editor, for kindly granting me space.

J. A. M. GILLIS. Mulgrave, N. S., Feb. 29, 1912.

A. P. A. WORK

IT WAS PROBABLY MADE MALI-CIOUSLY

Cathedral Rectory, Mobile, Ala., Feb. 26, 1912. Editor Catholic Telegraph:
The following item has been published in numerous papers throughout the

lished in numerous papers throughout the country:

"Mobile, Ala., Feb. 20.—J. Lawrence Odom, convicted of the murder of three persons, was hanged here. He refused the iministrations of a clergyman, who labored with him all night, and those of his own son, a Catholic priest."

I write you that through your columns may be corrected the statement that Odom had a son who is a Catholic priest. Odom himself was not a Catholic priest. Odom himself was not a Catholic priest. Odom himself was not a Catholic priest. A minister who had been the companion of his boyhood, and others offered spiritual aid, but their offers were scornfullyrejected.

R. O. Geron, Vice Chancellor.

requires good yeast, and to have good yeast you should insist upon your grocer giving you White San Yeast Cakes. A 5c package contains 6 cakes. Free samples sent on request. White Swan Spices & Cereals, Limited, Toronto, Ont.

THE REAL TEST

The following incident shows that the The following incident shows that the path of the religionmaker is more thickly bestrewn with thorns in some countries than it is in America. At Lodz in Russian Poland a new sect was formed by a man named Kowalski who gained a large following among Moravite women who considered him the Redeemer. For a time all went well; but the label with following among which the following among with the following supposed that he lately his followers proposed that he submit to crucifixion in order that, by submit to crucifixion in order that, by his subsequent resurrection, he might prove to the world the truth of his doctrines. The so-called Regleemer did not relish this suggestion, but his followers were determined and pressed the point. One day thirty of these women surrounded his dwelling and would have forced him to a certain and horrible death were it not for the prompt interference of the police. The women brought with them all the necessary implements for the sacrifice; and it was only by stating that he was making pre-

DIED RICE.—On Monday, Feb., 25th, 1912, Daulel Rice, one of the oldest pioneers of Proton Township, aged eighty seven years. May his soul rest in peace! COUGHLAN.—On Feb. 25, 1912, at the residence of her father, Mr. T. Hurley, Peterboro, Oat, Teress Winnifred Hurley, wife of the late Dr. Richard Coughlan of Hastings, and sister of Rev. A. E. Hurley, C. S. B., St. Michael's College Toronto. May her soul rest in peace! This Washer **Must Pay**

For Itself Come, sing a new song to her here while we They cry to her sons who sing;
And one sings: "Mavourneen, it makes the eyes
glisten And one sings, glisten
glisten
To think how the sorrows cling,
To think how the sorrows cling,
alouds on your mountains; wreathing, Like the clouds on your mountains; wreathin Their green to a weeping gray!"

A MAN tried to sell me a horse once. He said it was a fine horse and had nothing the matter with it. I wanted a fine horse. But, I didn't know a nything about horses much. And I didn't know.

Well, I didn't like that. I was afraid the horse wasn't "ah right" and that I might have to whis-

And I said to myself, lots of people may thin about my Washing Machine as I thought about the see and about the man who owned it.

But I'd never know, because they wouldn't wri and tell me.

time they can be washed by hand or by any other machine.

I know it will wash a tub full of very dirty clothes in Six minutes. I know no other machine ever invented can do that, without wearing out the clothes. Our '1900 Gravity' Washer does the work so easy that a 'child can run it almest as well as a strong woman, and it don't wear the clothes, fray the edges nor break buttons the way all other machines do.

It just drives soapy water clear through the fibres of the clothes like a force pump might.

So, said I to myself, I will do with my "1900 Gravity" Washer what I wanted the man to do with the horse. Only I won't wait for people to ask me. I'll offer first, and I'll make good the offer every time.

Let me send you a "1900 Gravity" Washer on a month's free trial. I'll pay the freight out of my own pocket, and if you don't want the machine after you've used it a month, I'll take it bc. k and pay the freight too. Surely that is fair enough; isn't it?

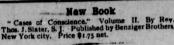
Doesn't it prove that the "1900 Gravity" Washer Doesn't it prove that the "1900 Gravity" Washer just be all that I say it is?

must be all that I say it is?

And you can pay me out of what it saves for you. It will save its whole cost in a few months, in wear and tear on the clothes alone. And then it will save 50 cents to 75 cents a week over that in washwoman's wages. If you keep the machine after the month's trial, I'll let you pay for it out of what it saves you. If it saves you 60 cents a week, send me 50 cents a week 'till paid for. I'll take that cheerfully, and I'll the balance.

Pres we a limit day save a save and the save and the same allowed.

Drop me a line to day, and let me send you a book about the "1900 Gravity" Washer that washes clothes in 6 minutes.



Favors Received

A reader wishes to return thanks for favors receiv ter praying to the Blessed Virgin and St. Joseph. A subscriber asks the prayers of the members of the League of the Sacred Heart for a temporal favor.

A reader wishes to return thanks for the cure of a sore throat after invoking the intercession of the Little Flower of lesus.

A subscriber wishes to return thanks for a favor received after prayers to the Sacred Heart, the Blesser Virgin and St. Joseph.

A subscriber wishes to return thanks for a favor received after prayers to the Sacred Heart or Jesus, the Blessed Virgin and the Souls in Purgatory.

A subscriber wishes to return thanks to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, for a favor granted after prayers, and a promise to publish it in the CATHOLIC RECORD. a promise to publish it in the ATROLIC MORAL A reader wishes to return thanks for a wonderful favor granted through the intercession of the Blessed Virgin and St. Anthony.

A subscriber wishes to return thanks to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, Our Lady of Perpetual Help and good Ste. Anne for recovery from se ious illness.

parations within that he obtained a respite which enabled the police to reach him before his followers undertook to carry out their plans.

It is stated that Napoleon was once asked to establish a religion of his own but he refused on the ground that he was not ready to submit to the ordeal of crucifixion. This is a very good test; and if all founders of so called religions in this country were obliged to submit to it in order to tost their sincerity and demonstrate the alleged divine character of their mission, there would be fewer man-made religions amongst us and fewer attempts to foist strange doctrines on credulous dupes.—Catholic Bulletin.

St. Patrick's Night INNISFAI

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The following item has been published in numerous papers throughout the country:

"Mobile, Ala., February 20.—S. Lawrence Odom, convicted of the murder of three persons, was hanged here. He refused the ministrations of a clergyman, who labored with him all night, and those of his own son, a Catholic priest."

By Vice Chancellor Rev. R. O. Gerow of the Diocese of Mobile, Ala., in which the execution took place, we are informed that Odom was not a Catholic priest, and never did have, that he had no Catholic relatives whatsoever, so far as can be learned, and that the entire story is a fabrication, so far as the Catholic feature is concerned.

This dispatch was scatterd broadcast by the Associated Press at the time. Their censor was either careless or indifferent. In either event it shows the persistent effort which is made to give anti-Catholic color to the dissemination of news whenever possible, and either with or without the slightest basis of fact.—Catholic Universe. Admission, 25, 50, 75c.



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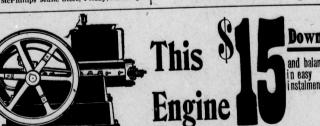
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