The Catholic Record

LONDON, SATURDAY, SEPT. 21, 1907.

THE ONTARIO OPPORTUNITY.

Some of us are wont to be unduly critical with regard to our colleges. We acquire the habit of posing as authorities on questions, and are prone to much utterance which is oftimes but an echo of non-Catholic prejudice. Not institution as well as in communicaintentionally, of course, but they who consort much with our separated brethren are apt to adopt their way of speaking and to come in time to believe that institutions under Catholic auspices

That this conclusion is not warranted by authentic data is evident to the unprejudiced.

are inferior to all others.

What we wish to point out for the present is that colleges are not upbuilded in a day. They need the mellowing influence of time; the rain of support and sympathy; the touch of scholars who can transmute the gold of the past into coin of the present, and whose influence is strong enough to determine others to self-activity-all this is needed to enable our colleges to become factors in our national life. Criticism, or, rather, carping, will not help us. If the persist in our policy of non-support of our institutions, we may beget the suspicion that the best discipline of the mind is found among those who are not Christians, or at least not Catholics, and that, whatever the Church may have been in other times, her day is past. We cannot afford to let public opinion drift away from the Church. They without the fold who know that the noblest pages of our history have been written by the Catholic must wonder at our unwilling. ness to emulate the generosity and zeal of our forbears. We, however, do not wonder: we devote no thought to the question of education: and so strangely wedded are we to our own good opinion that we are inclined to resent criticism as impertinence. Our trouble is that we are living in a fool's paradise. We warm ourselves at the fire kindled by the past, thinking the while that it is a fire of our own making. What we need is a realization of the truth that knowledge is the eighth sacrament. If we are to be a social force we must have men of cultured minds, saturated with Catholic principles and able to bring them to bear upon the death." problems of the hour. And unless we have colleges that can nurture men of this type we must perforce live in a

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MATERIAL HELP.

world unloved by the main current of

To begin with, the material, money, and generous hearts. It has found them among the non-Catholic—why not among ourselves? Toronto and Queen's, for instance, have had their difficulties.

itold, of course, that these shows have Church—a reform required by the circumstances of the times, and earnestly invoked by the episcopate and by all of cant. But they are primarily reformance, have had their difficulties. for instance, have had their difficulties, but to-day they are factors in the intellectual life of Ontario. They have men even as we have, but behind them is the non-Catholic who is proud, and justly so, of their achievements, and willing to manifest it by opening his purse for their benefit.

Within our gates is the University of Ottawa. What it stands for, and its rank as an educational centre, are too well known to warrant comment. If. however, it had the undivided support of the Ontario Catholic it could enlarge its field and play a more important role in this country. That it has achieved a certain measure of success is tribute indeed to the resourcefulness of those who guide its destinies, especially when we remember that it has always walked hand in hand with poverty and has been hampered by the apathy and censure of those for whom it was made, and makes at present, a brave resistance to opposition and difficulty. It has been ever faithful to the best traditions of the Catholic system of education. Though faddists have railed, and misled friends exhorted, it has not swerved from the path trod by our scholars. But it is not bound to the conservatism which sees no value in modern methods. It aims to be second to ro university in Canada, to be, in a word, for Catholics in Oatario what Queen's is to the non-Catholic. It has. therefore, plodded on bravely, though discouragement must never have been far away, looking for the dawn of the day of unity, of the day whose atmosphere would be surcharged with love and sympathy and support. We believe that day is come.

versity:
"In view of confused ideas and in the point (the correct assertions on this point (the dual course) it may be well to affirm clearly and authoritatively that the University Classical Course is neither exclusively in English nor exclusively It is, therefore, left to the in French. It is, therefore, left to the choice of parents and students to take the classical course in one or other of the two languages. Both languages are official in the administration of the

DEMOCRACY WITHOUT GOD.

That a democracy without religion is an unbridled despotism may be seen in the France of Clemenceau. So long as he can keep the crowd amused he is safe, as safe as any man who is walking on the brink of a precipice. His principal protection is the soldier; but even he who is drilled, by an education in which the existence of God is a supersition, may become restless and put up a barricade or two and process and put up a barricade or two and process and put up a barricade or two and process and and put up a barricade or two and give the cynical little French leader a bad quarter of an hour.

A TORONTO LECTURE.

Some time ago a clerical gentleman from France lectured in Toronto on the policy of the French Government. He referred to it as the efflorescene of | Council, and gave what purported to democratic ideas and pointed out that the men who guided it had but one object in view-to make France united. As a means to this end the schools were entrusted to lay teachers, who, unlike monks and nuns, could be trusted to develop the spirit of loyalty to the Republic.

This is the old policy of enthroning the devil in the school-room. Voltaire did it-and his followers bent the knee before a naked harlot. Clemenceau does it-and already observers are appalled at the increase of juvenile crime in France. Hate and lust walk abroad to drive home the truth that education, which takes no account of God is more deadly to a country's safety than the loss of many battles. And the writers who tell us that such education has brought about the moral unity of France we can answer in the words of Jules Simon: "The miserable and sterile society that such education would produce would be in France an edition of one man in thirty-

A PARENTAL DUTY.

Parents should inspect the " moving picture shows" before allowing their children to visit them. We advise them to pay no heed to advertisements but to see them for themselves and to protest if they think that these pictures are priminally suggestive. They will be importance of the reform which it in legislation of the sponsible for the souls of their children and not the gentlemen who wish to educate us at so much per. For our part, we are of the opinion that these 'shows" have no permanent place in the life of any wise community. They cannot fail to be a source of distraction to school children. But parents can, if they will, diminish the profits of these people who minister to the amusementloving public and promote incidentally the flabbiness of mind that makes life " one eternal guffaw."

ON THE RIGHT ROAD.

Our readers know how Irish indus tries were strangled by English law, so well described by Edmund Burke as the most proper machine "ever invented by the wit of man to disgrace a realm and degrade a people." In Charles II's reign its shipping interests were ruined. Later on its butter, etc., was driven out of the English markets. Its exportation of woollen cloths was forbidden because it interfered with the profits of the industrious English who were in the business. Imagine the two houses of the British Parliament petitioning Edward VII. to tell the Irish merchants to curb their enterprise less they "may occasion very strice laws totally to prohibit and suppress the same." But King William gave an attentive hearing to such a petition, with the result that the Irish were onsted from the world of manufacture, and bound to the soil for the benefit principally of the parson and landlord. But Irish industries are reviving. The industrial movement is growing apace. Ireland's mills send cloth to the United States. Germany and other

Through the medium of the cable Catholics in this country have been in a measure prepared for an important decree issued at Rome, on August 2 last, regarding sponsalia, or mutual promises of marriage, and the valid and licit celebration of the sacrament of matrimony. Two weeks ago the securations are represented the issuing of the lar press announced the issuing of the decree by the Congregation of the be a summary of its most important provisions. As was apparent at the time, the cabled summary was inaccur-ate. A translation of the full text of the new law is available in the August 24th issue of Rome, the weekly pub-lished in English in the Eternal City, and is reprinted in this issue of the Catholic Standard and Times.

In a prefactory note Rome says: "Nearly four years since, when Pius X. instituted a special Pontifical commission for the colossal task of codifying all the laws of the Church and date, he desired that the first part of the work, relating to the sacraments should be completed as soon as possible and at once promulgated. found, however, that the connection between the different parts of the new code would be so intimate in many points that it would not be possible to complete absolutely the legislation n the sacraments by itself. The Holy Father, however, yielding to the many petitions addressed to the Holy See to remedy the inconveniences of the present law on the celebration of marriage, decided to have this settled by a special decree. It will be found that further legislation concerning impedi France an edition of one man in thirty-six millions of copies—such unity is ments to marriage will be contained in the new code of Pius X."

AN IMPORTANT REFORM. Rome publishes also a brief com mentary of the decree by Professor E. M. Canon Pezzani, member of the Commission for the Codification of Canon Law and director of the Consulente Scelesiastico. This learned canonist

writes:
"Nobody can read the decree of the celebration of sponsalia and the cele-bration and registration of marriage, and its effects are both sweeping and

universal.
"Everybody knows that the ministers of the sacrament of matrimony are the of the sacrament of matrimony are the contracting parties themselves, but that the Church has the power to add to matrimony, which is but the natural contract raised to the dignity of a sacrament, conditions regulating the lawfulness and validity of it, just as civil society has the right to put conditions for the validity of civil contracts

as far as regards their civil effects.
"Hitherto the Church had laid down no conditions regulating sponsalia which might be contracted by free persons without the presence of priests or witnesses. All that is changed in the new legislation, for the future sponsalia, in order to be valid and binding canon ically, must be contracted in writing, with the signature of the parties to them (or of an additional witness when one or both of the parties cannot write), and with the signature of the compeent priest or the ordinary of the place,

or at least two witnesses.

'Henceforth the competent priest for the valid and lawful celebration of sponsalia and marriage is not the parish priest in the canonical sense of the term Every priest who has the care of souls in a specified district, and, in missionary lands, every priest who is duly deputed by the superior of the mission for the general care of souls may for the future, notwithstanding all previous legislation to the contrary ssist lawfully and validly at the cele

bration of sponsalia and marriage.
"Previous to the Council of Trent marriages celebrated without the presence of priests or witnesses by contracting parties were valid, because the Church had not added any condi-tions regulating the validity of the ceremony; but they were always illicit and detested by the Church, and called clandestine, because marriage being a sacrament, it ought to be celebrated before the Church, and because such clandestine marriages gave rise to the gravest doubts and difficulties in prov-

England's market in the United States. The United States buys each year from England about \$12,000,000 worth of woolen goods. The product of our Irish mills is better and as cheap. But we have no consuls here to look after four trade, and our young industries cannot devote as much capital and attention to a foreign market as the old and long-established houses of England. But cur patriotic societies can do more for us than the consuls of any country, and I am glad to say that many of the Irish societies are taring up the work and pushing it with great zeal and some success."

by enacting that a marriage to be valid in the presence (viling or unwilling) of the parish priest of one of the contracting parties, and our young industries cannot devote as much capital and attention to a foreign market as the old and long-established houses of England. But cur patriotic societies can do more for us than the consuls of any country, and I am glad to say that many of the Irish societies are taring up the work and pushing it with great zeal and some success."

by enacting that a marriage to be valid in the presence (viling or unwilling) of the parish priest of one of the contracting parties, and our young industries cannot devote as much capital and attention to a foreign market as the old and long-established houses of England. But cur patriotic societies can do more for us than the consuls of any country, he come insufficient for many reasons; he can dear the disciplination of the world, become insufficient for many reasons; he can dear the disciplination of the book of baptisms. In execution, therefore, of the Apostolic mandate the S. Congregation of the council to issue a Decree containing the laws, approved by himself on sure knowledge and after mature deliberation by which the disciplination of the world, become insufficient for many reasons; he come insufficient for many reasons; he come insufficient for many reasons; he content of the marriage is content to issue a Decree containing the laws, approved by himself on worthy of note are the following changes: (1) The competent priest for the valid celebration of marriage is every priest duly invested with the care of souls; (2) his presence must be willing; (3) his presence is valid for the marriage and Clemacous and Glendalough and Clemacous the big its contracted in writing signal.

> ent decree nowhere binds those out-side the Church (except apostates and the excommunicated) and that it binds all those within the Church. In this respect it differs greatly from the Tri-dentine legislation. The Decree Tametsi was local, and affected persons in respect to the place of their domi-cle or quasi domicile. The present de-cree is personal; beretics and schismatics (except apostates) are not affected by it, and may contract validly affected by it, and may contract validly and legitimately among themselves quite independently of it; and while for the licit celebration of marriage among Catholics a residence for the space of a month of one of the contracting parties in the place of the celebration is necessary, no residence at all is required for validity. The decree is not retroactive, and will come into force next Easter."
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> DECREE CONCERNING SPONSALIA AND DECREE CONCERNING SPONSALIA AND

MATRIMONY ISSUED BY THE SACRED THE ORDER AND WITH THE AUTH RITY OF OUR HOLY FATHER POPE

The Council of Trent, (cap. J. Sess. xxiv. de reform. matrim.,) made prudent provision against the rash cele-bration of clandestine marriages, which the Church of God for most just reasons has always detested and for-bidden, by decreeing: "Those who otherwise than in the presence of the parish priest himself or of another priest acting with the license of the parish priest or of the ordinary, and in the presence of two or three witnesses, shall attempt to contract matrimony, the Holy Syno³ renders them alto-gether incapable of contracting mar-riage thus, and decrees that contracts of this kind are null and void."

But as the same Sacred Council pre-scribed that said decree should be pubished in all the parishes and was not to have force except in those places in which it had been promulgated, it has happened that many places in which the publication has not been made have been deprived of the benefit of the Tridentine law, and are still without it, and continue to be subject to the doubts and inconveniences of the old

of the parish-priest before whom a marriage is to be celebrated. The onical discipline did indeed decide that he is to be regarded as the parish priest in whose parish one or the other of the contracting parties has his or her domicile or quasi-domicile. But as it is sometimes difficult to judge whether a quasi-domicile really exists in a specified case, not a few marriages were exposed to the danger of nullity; many too, either owing to ignorance or frand, have been found to be quite

These deplorable results have been seen to happen more frequently in our own time on account of the increased facility and celerity of intercommunication be tween the different countries, even those most widely separated. It has therefore scemed expedient to wise and learned men to introduce some change into the law regulating the form of the celebration of marriage, and a great many Bishops in all parts of the world, but especially in the more populous States where the necessity appears more urgent, have petitioned the Holy See

It has been asked also by very many Bishops in Europe, as well as by others in various regions that provision should be made to prevent the inconveniences arising from sponsalia, that is mutual promises of marriage, privately entered apon. For experience has sufficiently shown the many dangers of such spon-salia, first as being an incitement to sin and causing the deception of inex-perienced girls, and afterwards giving rise to inextricable dissention and dis-

our Holy Father Pope Pius X. desiring, in the solicitude he bears for all the courenes, to introduce some modifications with the object of removing these drawbacks and dangers, committed to the S. Congregation of the Council the task of examining into the matter. of proposing to himself the measures it should deem opportune.

He was pleased also to have the opinion of the same of the sam

opinion of the commission appointed for the codification of Canon Law as well TO BE NOTED.

To Be Noted.

To Be Noted.

To Be noted by the following note, culled by the following note in the United States in the interests of in the Cardinals chosen on such a day in his parison on such a day in his pa

place, or at least by two witnesses.

In case one or both the parties be unable to write, this fact is to be noted in the document and another witness is to be added who will sign the writing as above, with the parish priest or the ordinary of the place or the two

II. Here and in the following articles by parish priest is to be understood not only a priest legitimately presiding over a parish canonically erected, but in regions where parishes are not canning the same of the onically erected the priest to whom the care of souls has been legitimately en-trusted in any specified district and who is equivalent to a parish-priest, and in missions where the territory has not yet been perfectly divided, every priest generally deputed by the superior of the mission for the care of

souls in any station.

CONCERNING MARRIAGE.

III. Only those marriages are valid which are contracted before the parish-priest or the Ordinary of the place or a priest or the Ordinary of the piace or a priest delegated by either of these, and at least two witnesses, according to the rules laid down in the following articles, and saving the expeditions mentioned under VII and VIII.

IV. The parish priest and the Ordinary of the place validly assist at a marriage.

a marriage;
i) only from the day they have taken possession of the benefice or entered upon their office, un'ess they have been by a public decree excommunicated by

by a public decree excommunicated by name or suspended from the office; ii) only within the limits of their territory; within which they assist validly at marriages not only of their ject to them;
iii) provided when invited and asked,

and not compelled by violence, or by grave fear, they demand and receive the consent of the contracting parties. V. They assist licitly:
i) when they have legitimately as

certained the free state of the contract ing parties, having duly complied with the conditions laid down by the law: ii) when they have ascertained that one of the contracting parties has a domicile or at least has lived for a

month in the place where the marriage takes place;
iii) if this condition be lacking the parish priest and the Ordinary of the place, to assist licitly at a marriage, require the permission of the parish-priest or the Ordinary of one of the contracting parties, unless it be a case of grave pagessity, which express from this parties.

necessity, which excuses from this permission; iv) concerning persons without fixed

a priest delegated by him and obtain permission to assist; v) in every case let it be held as the rule that the marriage is to be cele brated before the parish-priest of the bride, unless some just cause excuses

from this.

VI. The parish priest and the Ordinary of the place may grant permission to another priest, specified and certain to assist at marriages within the limits

of their district.

The delegated priest, in order to assist validly and licitly, is bound to observe the limits of his mandate and the rules laid down above, in IV and V for the parish priest and the Ordinary of the place. VII. When danger of death is im-

minent and where the parish-priest or the Ordinary of the place or a priest de-legated by either of these cannot be had, in order to provide for the relief of conscience and (should the case require it) for the legitimation of offspring, marriage may be contracted validly and licitly before any priest

and two witnesses.

VIII. Should it happen that in any district the parish priest or the ordin ary of the place or a priest delegated by either of them, before whom marriage can be celebrated, is not to be had, and that this condition of things has lasted for a month, marriage may be validly and licitly entered upon by the formal declaration of consent made by the spouses in the presence of two

marriage the parish priest or he who takes his place is to write at once in the book of marriages the names of the couple and of the witnesses, the place and day of the celebration of the mareven when another priest delegated either by the parish priest himself or by the Ordinary has assisted at the

marriage.
ii) Moreover the parish-priest is to note also in the book of baptisms, that the married person contracted marriage

rules thus far laid down are to be punished by their Ordinaries according to the nature and gravity of their transgression. Morever if they assist at the marriage of anybody in violation of the rules laid down in i) and iii) of No. V they are not to appropriate the stole-fees but must remit them to the parish-

priest of the contracting parties.

XI. i) The above laws are binding on all persons baptised in the catholic Church and on those who have been converted to it from heresy or schism (even when either the latter or the former have fallen away afterwards from the Church) whenever they con-

contract sponsalia or marriage with non Catholics, baptized or unbaptized, even after a dispensation has been obtained from the impediment mixta religionis or disparitatis cultus; unless the

Holy See degree otherwise for some particular place or region.

iii) Non-Catholics, whether baptized or unbaptized, who contract among themselves, are newhere bound to observe the Catholic form of sponsalia or marriage.

The present decree is to be held as

legitimately published and promulgated by its transmission to the Ordinaries, and its provisions begin to have the force of law from the solemn feast of the Resurrection of our Lord Jesus Christ, next year 1908.

Meanwhile let all the Ordinaries of

places see that this decree be made public as soon as possible, and ex-plained in the different parochial churches of their diocese in order that

it may be known by all.

These pre ents are to have force by the special order of our Most Holy Father Pope Pius X, all things to the contrary, even those worthy of special mention, to the contrary notwithstand-

Given at Rome on the 2nd day of

Card. Bishp. of Palestrina, Prefect. C. DE LAI, Secretary.

CATHOLIC NOTES.

The death is announced of the Very Rev. Father Gordor, S. J., rector of Stonyhurst College, England. He is spoken of in the obituary notices as one of the greatest ornaments of the Jesuit Order in the British Islands.

A memorial to the Irish poet and A memorial to the 'rish poet and novelist, Gerald Griffin, is proposed in Ireland. As this gifted Irishman became a Christian Brother before his death, it is proposed that the memorial will take the shape of a Christian Brothers' school at Limerick.

One of the most interesting figures at the recent Eucharistic Congress at Metz, Germany, was a prelate with fully developed pigtail and drooping mustache, dressed in Chinese raiment, over which was worn a Bishop's cas-

The first international congress of the Priests' Eucharistic League will as-semble in St. Paul's Cathedral, Pittsburg, Pa., on the 15th, 16th and 17th of next October. In all respects this will be the most important congress ever held by the League in the United States

The Pope possesses a watch probable worth \$4, but it was inherited from his mother. A French cardinal, recently received in audience, told the Pope that he was a collector and that the watch tempted him. He asked His Holiness for it as a souvenir. In ex change he offered a superb chronom The Pope said he would consider eter. the matter. After looking at the chronometer he returned it saying: "We must be humble. The jewel is too fine for me."

Father Bornard Vaughan has again been entertaining royalty in the East End, having the other day among his audience at Dunstan's Court the Archduchess Maria Therese, the Princess Henri de Bourbon, the Archduchess Maria Annunziata, and the Countess de Bosdi, who took the opportunity of a passage through London to be present at one of his instructions to a thousand East-End children. They visited also Lady Edmund Taibot's settlement. The House of Bourbon are no strangers to the English Jesuits, for Don Jamie, the eldest son of Don Carlos, was their pupil at Beaumont.

For the first time in the history of the Church in this country the Americans are to be given representa tion in the hierarchy by the appointment of a Polish priest to a Bishopric. A recent meeting of the Polish clergy of the archdiocese of Chicago, at the invitation of Archbishop Quigley, nominated a terna for the office of Auxiliary Bishop of Chicago. Last Monday His Grace sent the names to Rome, and in a short time the desire of the Poles to have one of their own nationality in the purele will be fulfilled. With o ne more Bishop, Chicago will have the largest number of Bishops of any dio-cese or archdiocese in the world-four in all, one Archbishop and three auxil-

majesty of its seawar.

Here Luke sojourn

golden days that ev

German.

LUKE DELMEGE.

ST THE BEY P. A. SHEEHAN, AUTHOR C MY NEW CURATE," "GEOFFREY
AUSTIN: STUDENT," "THE
TRIUMPH OF FAILURE,"
"CITHARA MEA," ETC.

> CHAPTER XXII. EUTHANASIA

Sir Athelstan Wilson had got all he coveted in this life, and all he desired in eternity, which he regarded as a vague, ill defined, and unscientific quality. He had snatched out of the melee of life and from under the teeth of Orange mastiff a dainty morsel. They gnashed their teeth in rage; and he—well, he was not satisfied. Who is? Well, where's the use in tearing a moral to tatters? But there were two things that spoiled his pleasure. That agile and most modest microbe still declined his solicitations, and there was a blank in his life besides. For he missed, in the morning and the evening, the face and figure of his child; the little caresses that smoothed out, at the face and figure of his child; the little caresses that smoothed out, at least in fancy, the furrows and fissures of Time and Care. And then he did not understand why she should be sacrificed. He always thought Antigone a fool to trouble so much about a

a fool to trouble so much about a corpse.

"Why don't these clergymen mind their own business?" he said to his good wife. "They are forever intermeddling in family matters. Barbara would be here at home but for that excellent brother of yours."

"I'm sure the Canon is not to blame," she whispered; "Louis could not be left alone, and you know this house would be no asylum for him."

"I never intended it should," said the doctor. "That young gentleman must reap his wild oats where he sowed them. Bat if your charitable brother

them. But if your charitable brother is so devoted to Louis, has he not a room at his presbytery to give him?"

"He has already offered his hospitality to Louis and Barbara," said the mother, with a little of the old spirit. "When they return from this brief trip they will stay with their uncle until Louis' health is completely restored."

'Twill be a protracted visit, " said

the doctor.

"It will be a pleasant one," retorted Lady Wilson. "Thank God, my children have found in their priests their best and kindest friends."

Which shows that Lady Wilson had a little both of mother love and mother

Luke Delmege did not visit the

prison on Tuesday. He came up to town to make definite and final arrange ments with the Bishop to affiliate to his adopted diocese. He had already written home to demand his exeat from his native discovered in the nativ his native diocese; and, as Seathorpe had blotted out Lisnalee from the map of his future, he thought he might a of his future, he thought he might as well make assurance doubly sure by taking out his affiliation at once. The Bishop was from home, and Luke asked Father Sheldon for a walk, in which he might unbosom himself to his friend. The latter did persuade him to call on the Wilsons; but they were out for a short visit, said the old housekeeper.

So the two good friends, Celt and Saxon as they were, once more found themselves amongst soldiers and babies on the well-trodden banks of the Ser pentine, where Father Shelden some years back had cried to extract that alling tooth, and had failed egreg

iously.

"I need hardly tell you, Sheldon," said Luke, bluntly, "that I have come to town with a purpose. My seven years' probation is up, and I am about to affiliate, once and forever, to this

Father Sheldon walked along slowly

and in silence.
"I've made up my mind," said Luke,
continuing, "that my work lies here in
England. Everything points to it. So far, I have been fairly successful; and I have no doubt but that a still wider and more—well, useful career lies be-

"You have given the matter a good al of consideration?" said Father deal of consideration ?"

"Yes. In fact, I have made up my mind on the subject since my last visit "H'm. I'd advise you to return to

Whit?" said Luke, stopping and

looking angrily at his friend.

"I'd advise you to return home as soon as you are free to do so," said Father Sheldon, quietly. "You will do better there than here."

"I'd don't understand you, Sheldon,"

said Luke. "Do you mean that I've been a failure here?"

"N no," said Father Sheldon, lang dly. "But I think that eventually would make better strides with feet upon your native heather. as one not knowing, "You speak as one not knowing said Luke. "Why, man, if I were return now, I should have to commence "How is that?" asked his friend,

"You see, everything in Ireland is fixed in a cast-iron mould. They don't understand change, which is progress. Everything is judged by age. You buy a bottle of wine—the first question is: How old is it? You buy a horse: How old? Everything is old, and feeble, and decrepit; and no matter how distinguished a man may be in England or in America, you sink down to a cipher the moment you touch the Irish shore; and a Newman or a Lacordaire takes his place at the end of the queue. one asks: What can you do? or, What have you done? But, How old are you? How long have you been on the mission? Result: After a few spasmodic efforts, which become convulsive, you sink into a lethargy, from which there is no awakening. You be-come aged, not by years, but by des-

"That is sad. But you have work, nevertheless, have you not?" Of course, but uncongenial. Every round man is in a square hole, and every square man in a round hole. There's a great friend of mine (you

must come over to see him)—"
"No, thank you," said Father Sheldon. "I don't value life too highly,

but I don't care to throw it away in

curiosity."

"You're joking. They'll prayfor you in the Cathedral while you're in the proximste dauger of death; but I was saying that distinguished man, a graduate of Heidelberg, a good German scholar, is banished to a strip of sand down by the sea, which he calls a parish. I assure you he would do honor to any disease or a vehureh in England." any diocese or a y church in England."
"Pretty bad. Have you approached

Bishop here?"
No, not yet. But that's all right. "No, not yet. But that's all right. I don't want much. I'm not ambitious. But there's a little place down there in Sussex, where a resident priest is badly wanting. I shall propose to the Bishop to allow me to open a mission there. Of course, the income is miserable, but I can eke out a subsistence with my

"Have you tried as yet that exped-"Have you tried as yet that expeditious way of making ends meet?"
"Well, no. But I know that Dr. Drysdale manages to make a clear hundred a year with his pen.
"Oh! Well," said Father Sheldon, shrugging his shoulders, "I suppose you must only await the Bishop's decision. By the way do you know Halleck?"

now Halleck ?" Yes, well! A clever fellow. In-

deed, the only one in my congregation that I fear on Sundays." "Indeed? You needn't fear him

"Indeed? You needn't fear him much longer, I think,"
"How? Is he going abroad?"
"No. He has started a religion of his own, like all good Englishmen. He calls himself an "eclectic.""
"By Jove! I didn't hear that. Now that I remember, Drysdale was speculating lately what he would do with certain people who were what he called latitudinarian."
"Well. And what did he decide?"
"He would not admit them to Sacraments. Rather hard, I thought. I didn't know he meant Halleck. Where did Halleck split?"

did Halleck split ?" "Nowhere in particular. Slipped his anchors and went aground."

his anchors and went aground."

"That's horrible. I must look him up, poor fellow, and bring him back. I always told Drysdale that these frigid sermons of his would do mischief. He couldn't understand that we must keep pace with the age and read up all that it has to say. You couldn't expect a man like Halleck to sit still under first, secondly, thirdly, fourthly, fithly, sixthly of the old-fashioued prones. But it is so hard to convince old fossils of these things that seem axiomatic."

that seem axiomatic."
"Quite so. But Halleck went further. It was an article in the Athen ocum that revealed him. Something about the Book of Thoth."

about the Book of Thoth."

Luke turned white and crimson alternately. It was a dread shock to a soul that, if anything, was faithful beyond measure to his old principles and beliefs. The thought that he, Luke Delmege, through false notions of culture, sprung from human vanity, should actually be instrumental in wrecking the faith of an able and distinguished convert, was too horrible. tinguished convert, was too horrible He could conceive no more dire calar it . He knew well what Father Sheldon meant; and the old text about Sheldon meant; and the old text about "the lying prophets" smote on his memory. He foresaw the consequences to himself. But he was too generous to heed them. He only thought that he hat been instrumental in imperilling, if not altogether ruining, the salvation of a soul. The two friends walked up and down in silence for a time. Then Luke meaned aloud: but. time. Then Luke moaned aloud; but, choking down his emotion, he said

"Let us return. I must catch the vening train to Aylesburgh. It was a very gentle, conscience-stricken man that entered the county prison next morning. In cell 21, on the first corridor, he found his prison-

"Pretty bad business, sir," said the "Pretty bad business, sir," said the warder. It was the old, old story. The proud and effeminate imperialist, fresh from the voluptuousness of the capital, and the strong-thewed gladiator from Scythia, grimed from the soot of battle, and hardened from the baptisms of fire. And it was all for England, and England did not know it. How could she? And how could that imbecile understand the awful death he was summoning from a smitten soul, when he walked around that clean, brave man, and called him, "a

dirty Irish pig."
"Wance more," said the pig, "and he's in hell."

"Keep quiet, ye ruffian," said his comrade, "and let the divil and his piper pass."

Too late. For the piper piped:

"One step to the rear, you, sir, till I examine your kit."

Then the cartridge was slipped

I examine your kit."

Then the cartridge was slipped quietly into its deadly cradle.

"And thin," said the prisoner, "he kem in front ov me, and laughed. An' somethin' snapped in me head, and my finger tetched the thrigger; an' he was lying in a hear on the ground. was lying in a heap on the ground. That's a'l!"

There's no defence possible here,"

thought Luke.

None. And in a few weeks the sentence went forth. Death for death. "I've wan request to make, my Lord," said the prisoner. "Gi' me the priest, and let me be hanged in

half an hour.' Monstrous! That would be contrary to all precedent. It would be abominable cruelty. Four weeks at

least should intervene.

Four weeks of flendish torture — the torture of seeing a cruel and inevitable horror creeping hour by hour and minute by minute before one's eyes, without a hope of escape or mitigation Four weeks of slow death, to which the brutalties of the Sioux and the Comanche were mercy. For there, whilst the knives quivered in the victim's flesh, and the tomahawks sang over his head, his blood was on fire with anger and pride; and, as in the heat of battle men will not feel the sting and smart of wounds, so under physical torture men heed neither pain nor

the dread spectre of the fatal morning one day nearer; and Oh! the long hours of consciousness, unbroken by one single moment's distraction from the tense horror that haunts him; and Oh! the presence of these silent warders, watching, watching, lest the wretched victim should escape the vengeance of the law; and the very luxury of the food that is profiered and sent away uneaten, as if food could quench the burning wheels of a brain on fire with dread foreboding; and the cold, calculated sympathy, whilst the meshes are tightening around the cold, calculated sympathy, whilst the meshes are tightening around the doomed one; and finally, the hideous drams on the fatal morning, to which the horrors of the Roman arens were that are representations as call and the horrors of the Roman arena were but stage representations, so cold, and callous, and inexorable does the hand of man choke out the immortal soul; and then the unspeakable mockery of calling this hideous and hidden tragedy a "painless death"; Oh! 'tis all too dreadful even for this polished and cultured generation, that knows noth-ing and cares less for the charity of Christ.

Christ.

It was a happy distraction for Luke that his sympathies were engaged in soothing the last days of this unhappy man; for his own supreme folly would otherwise have driven him half-mad otherwise have driven him half-mad Yes! Halleck had apoststized; and the fine eclecticism of Amiel Lefevril could not mitigate the shame or the horror. The positive, divine truth of the Catholic truth never struck Luke Delmege so forcibly as when he realized that playing with the ineffable mysteries of faith was a dangerous game. Doctrines to be proved; objections to be met; principles to be defended—all this sounded commonplace to a dialectician, and scarcely affected his sense of responsibility. But "a soul lost by your misdirection!" The thought was too dreadful. The sad work of preparing a criminal for death work of preparing a criminal for death came as a relief. But how Luke was tortured during that month of gloom

his diary testifies.

"August 18.—Said Mass for Halleck.
Poor fellow gone abroad. No trace,
Visited Donnelly. Bearing up well,
he says, but in the morning when he
wakes and the dread horror strikes
him! Is very repentant, poor fellow.
Discussion with Canon about capital
punishment, on theological principles.
Where and when was society invested
with the engrana attribute of taking his diary testifies. with the supreme attribute of taking human life? He could only say, in the old formula, 'Commencez, Mess ieurs les assassins!'

August 20—Letter from Sheldon "August 20—Letter from Sheldon. Wilsons going abroad. Letter from Father Martin. Great annoyance at home at the thought of my leaving my native diocese. Saw poor Donnelly. The good nuns spent two hours with him to-day. Very much consoled. 'Father, if I could get my blood up, 'twould be all right. Would it be any harm to pick a quarrel with these poor fellows and have a friendly fight? If they'd take me out want a day and they'd take me out wanst a day they'd take me out wanst a day and scourge me, 'twould make me mad, an' I'd have somethin' to think about besides the drop.' Paid a short visit to the Lefevrils. Rarely go there now. They cannot understand my awful trouble about Halleck. 'He's made no change,' they say; 'he's as he always was.' The devil himself cannot kneek this notion of priva's indemant. knock this notion of private judgment out of the minds of these people. Why should he, indeed? 'Tis his trump

August 21 .- Sunday, Mass at convent. Preached at Missa Cantata. The Canon very kind about Halleck's affair. He actually, for the first time, a kind word about my sermon said a kind word about my sermon, which I considered commonplace. Why are the old so economical about kind words to the young? They are cheap; and God only knows what a splendid tonic is a kind word. I cannot get poor Donnelly out of my head. His face haunts me. The drawn look on the cheeks, the staring eyes, the cold, clammy perspiration on his forehead and in his hands. What a mercy if they had hanged him a fortnight ago! they had hanged him a fortnight ago ! Yet another fortnight—twenty thousand minutes of anguish, and each minute a hell! I cannot sleep these nights.

Donnelly and Halleck haunt me.

Which is worse—the dead soul or the

strangled body?
"August 22—The Canon and I have a bad falling-out about this poor fel low. I put it bluntly to him last night after tea; what right has society, if it has the right to destroy human life at all, which I emphatically deny, to heap up torture of this kind on a condemned up torture of this kind on a condemned man, and then plunge him into a fear ful and appalling death? Why does not she—I suppose it is she—use the more merciful form, the Socratic hem-lock or chloroform? Who gave society the right to torture as well as to kill? "Letter from Bishop. Rather am-

biguous. A great many it's and but's Who knows? Perhaps, after all, I shall return to Ireland. Infandum! "August 24.—Reading up St. Thomas to-day. Ugh! It's like eating sawdust after Mill and Stewart. Why—wall there I am again always upon well, there I am agair, always ques tioning, always puzzled. A letter from the old gentleman at Seathorpe, asking whether I had considered proposal. Certainly, my dear old friend, but others have to consider too. Wrote to day to Donnelly's P. P. in Ireland. 'Av I had took his advice I

Ireland. 'Av I had took his advice would'nt be here the day.' Sic damna "August 25.—Letter from Olivette Lefevril, enclosing one from Halleck and detailing his future plans. Evidently uneasy in his horrible apostasy and flinging all the blame on me!!!
'Quite clear,' he says, 'that a good many Roman Catholic clergymen are of my way of thinking. Indeed, it was the sermons of our good friend, Mr. Delmege, that gave this fresh bias to my thoughts!' What a beastly lie! "August 25 .- Letter from Olivette my thoughts!' What a beastly lie!
The fellow was always a free thinker
and hardly concealed it. I defy any one to quote a single passage from my sermons that is not orthodox!

"August 27.—Looked up all my sermons yesterday again. There's rot a word that could be construed, even by the foulest imagination, into an apology, or the faintest shadow of ex-

crites are forever seeking to fling over the blame of their apostasies on others. Even the good Cardinal: 'England did not abandon the faith; she was robbed of it.' Bosh! Poor Donnelly calmer, except in the morning. Yes; one gets used to everything in this world!

calmer, except in the morning. Yes; one gets used to everything in this world!

"August 29.—Nothing would do this old gentleman but to drag up this infernal question again. He seems to gloat over the horrible approaching death of poor Donnelly. I wonder was Christianity ever preached in this country? 'Coming near the end, sir!' said the old governor to-day, rubbing his hands, as if he were after playing a game of whist. 'Bearing up well, poor chap!' Casabiance complaining and whining that his nerves are disturbed by the sounds of the carpenters at the scaffold! Ugh! Isn't it horrible? I suppose I Il never sleep again. I was alone, after Benediction to night in the Church, trying to say a prayer for poor Donnelly. Alone with Him! Then a sudden horror seized me, and I fied.

"August 30.—A couple of days more, yer reverence, wouldn't ye say a little word to rouse me and make me forget meself? Whin the nuns come here!" m all right for hours after. I wonder what does the poor fellow ment? The Canon opened up the matter again tonight. Society has to use the law as a deterrent and a punishment, as well as a protection. This I denied in toto. Society has a right to protect itself—no more. Can it be protected by locking up oriminals? If

I denied in 1010. Society has a right to protected by locking up criminals? If so, then it has no right to murder. If it has a right to take life, then the should be done in the easiest and decentest manner. 'But this is painty and the contest manner.' But this is painty and the contest manner. contest manner. 'But this is " pain-less death!' No use in talking. The English have no imagination. A pain-less death! A death into which all the horrors of hell are concentrated; a death to which all the alleged tortures of the Middle Ages were the sweetest ecstacies. I wonder will I keep my reason the fatal morning? I have been thinking of asking Drysdale to take my place. But poor Donnelly won't have it. Oh! If I could but sleep. And Halleck attending Mass and going to Communion in Chalons, so

"September 1 .- The Canon hints broadly that I'm not wanted in the diocese. He bien! The world is all before me, where to choose. But have I cut the ground from under my feet at home? Let me suppose that the cut the ground from under my feet at the Bishop sent over my exeat, as I requested, where am I? Nobody's child. Donnelly, I fear, will lose his reason, and so shal' I. There's a look as of a maniac in his eye. The nuns soothe him wonderfully with the story of the Passion of our Lord. Spake of me of th.t,' he says, 'an' I'm all right.' I try to console him with the assurance that we are all moving in the same direction as himself. 'Spake to me of that,' he says. Poor fellow! And he had look-d into blank mouth of the cannon without fear, in the mutiny, when the Sepoys had actually touched the powder with the fuse.

the fuse.
"September 2.—Said Mass for poor Onnelly. Looked up all my past sermons again. I offered to submit them to the Canon last night, and let him say was there anything objectionable in them. 'No thank you!' was his reply. Letter from my clerical friend at Seathorpe, asking me to use my great influence with his uncle to secure an advance of a few pounda; or, if I preferred to advance the money if I preferred, to advance the money myself. Donnelly in a bad state. Eyes staring; hands trembling; no food. Something will snap in his head again, I fear. He told me this morning he had had a sunstroke in India. This

accounts for a good deal. speech and the speech contained a prove the acquaintance.

"September 3.—Visited Donnelly, orehead orehead than he has been since he has been since he has been since his sentence. Poor fellow! He int ago! The speech and the speech contained a prove the acquaintance.

Speech and the speech contained a prove the acquaintance.

Speech and the speech contained a prove the acquaintance.

Speech and the speech contained a prove the acquaintance.

Celtic impetuosity refused to accept the hint; and half sure of himself, and yet afraid to commit a stupid blunder, he approached, lifted his hat, and said; the proventies of the hint; and half sure of himself, and supposed.

"Wherever," he said, "you, my be scattered in a proventies are acquaintance."

Speech and the speech contained a proventies. It was a rash one, as may be contained a proventies. It was a rash one, as may be contained a proventies. It was a rash one, as may be contained a proventies. It was a rash one, as may be contained a proventies. It was a rash one, as may be contained a proventies. It was a rash one, as may be contained a proventies. It was a rash one, as may be contained a proventies. It was a rash one, as may be contained a proventies. It was a rash one, as may be contained a proventies. It was a rash one, as may be contained a proventies. It was a rash one, as may be contained as proventies. It was a rash one, as may be contained as proventies. It was a rash one, as may be contained as proventies. It was a rash one, as may be contained as proventies. It was a rash one, as may be contained as proventies. It was a rash one, as may be contained as proventies. It was a rash one, as may be contained as proventies. It was a rash one, as may be contained as proventies. It was a rash one, as may be contained as proventies. It was a rash one, as may be contained as proventies. It was a rash one, as may be contained as proventies. It was a rash one, as may be contained as proventies. It was a rash one, as may be contained as proventies. It was a rash one, made me sole legatee. Medals, Lucknow, Onde, a cane wreathed with serpents, an idol stolen from a Burmese pagoda, and a stone—topaz, I think—which, he says, seen under a peculiar light, breaks into fiames, etc. What a strange history! The history of a vagrant and ubiquitous race, that hate their country when they are in it, and yearn for it when they are absent. I wonder shall I sleep to-night.

Broke down in resolution this afternoon, and asked the Canon to accom-

noon, and asked the Canon to accomnoon, and asked the Canon to accompany poor Donnelly to death. I can never face it. 'No, thank you!' was his reply. I wonder what strange chemical did the Lord mix with the

olay from which He fashioned these good English?" Here the diary breaks off and is not resumed for many a day. It would appear that Luke, after a sleepless night, woke, sick and weary, to the dread dawn. The excellent Canon was to say the convent Mass, and Luke was to come straight from the prison, after to come straight from the prison, after the execution, to celebrate the Holy Sacrifice for the poor dead soldier. That programme had to be altered. Luke did brace himself for the fright ful ordeal; did go to the prison, where a strange thing took place. For the strange grace was given to the poor condemned of a moment's distraction from his awful fate; he saw the horror in Luke's face worse than his own. He noticed his trembling hands, his white, drawn face; and, with the sympathy of his race, he forgot himself in his anxiety for his poor priest. "Bear up, yer reverence!" he said, as they pinioned his hands; "'twill be all over in a minit; don't let thim Prodestans," he whispered, "say ye broke down." In vain. With horror, shuddering through every limb, Luke stepped the execution, to celebrate the Holy In vain. With horror, snuudering through every limb, Luke stepped through every condemned man realong, the poor, condemned man reciting the litanies, and at the same time, trying to console the priest. Stupefied and only semi-conscious, he stood on the scaffold, shuddered at the cool, calculated arrangements for destruction; watched, as in a dream, the stare of the warders, and the doctor, with his watch in his hand, and the cruel machinery. The priest dare not look on the face of the doomed man, death. But lo I that awakening in the morning from dreams of childhood—from dalsied meadows and laughing streams and briliant sunshine to the whitewash of the condemned cell, and by the foulest imagination, into an cornel machinery. The priest dare not look on the face of the doomed man, apology, or the faintest shadow of exhibits calm september day, fretted the which at this supreme moment was white as the condemned cell, and loathed. But these hypo

frightful crash. a stifled mean of human pain, and the swish of the body, as it plunged into the gloom of the pit. Luke felt the rope tightening, as it dragged the shricking soul from the body; then easily vibrating, as a beast that holds its prey, it swung to and frow within a foot from where he stood. Then, like's drunken man, he staggered from the scaffold and made his way to the corridor. He heard some one say, "Not a hitch!"

The Governor followed hastily to profer hospitality. That must never

be forgotten.

'It passed off well, sir! Quite a painless death! You look pale! Have But Luke had fainted and faller heavily on the tiled pavement.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE BHINE FALLS.

"Your young men shall see visions, and your old men shall dream dreams." And Father Meade, successor to Father Tim in the parish of Gortnagoshel, had a dream. And although he had been teaching for forty years that it was sinful to give credit to dreams, fortunetelling, or to attach any importance to omens and accidents, it is regrettable to have to record that Father Meade believed in that dream. He thought he was down by the sea, near Father Marbelieved in that dream. He thought he was down by the sea, near Father Martin's, and it was a wild, tempestuous night; dark as Erebus, but for the white flecks in the tumult of waves and the white sheets that floated to his feet. He did not know what brought him there; but as he gazed out on the midnight desolation he heard a cry afar off; and out from the swirl of waters, and conquering the screams of the storm, came clearly and distinctly to his ears the words: Allua! Allua!! Then he thought Luke Delmege rushed down from the Luke Delmege rushed down from the cliffs and plunged into the boiling waters, and—Father Meade awoke, and cliffs and plunged into the boiling waters, and—Father Meade awoke, and when he had gathered together his scattered senses, he asked himself angrily: What did I eat? For he prided himself on his constitutional habits, and had arranged with his stomach and the Fates that he would be account of the stomach and the states that he would be account of the state of the sta see a century at least. Then he de-cided it was "corned beef," a dish rather dangerous from its attractive

ness.
"I should have taken a second tumbler," he murmured, and dropped

to sleep again.
But when morning dawned, and he sat meditatively by his fire, for the frosts had come early this year, his dream recurred to him again and again; and Allua! Allua! rang in his ears and floated across the lines of the psalms in floated across the lines of the psalms in his Breviary. And somehow the syllables were familiar, although memory refused to unlook the secret for a long time. Then, very suddenly, as is the wont of memory, a scene flashed out upon his mind. It was a convent school, there in the heart of the city; and there was an "exhibition." That school, there in the heart of the city; and there was an "exhibition." That is, the children were all in their Sunday dresses, and there were great piles of currant-cake on the side tables, and very beautiful singing of grand old Irish melodies, and an address to himself. And then a dear little child the contact to the front and with inmit. stepped to the front and, with inimitable self-possession, commenced to reable self-possession, commenced to re-cite Callanan's famous poem:

There is a green island in lone Gougaune Barra.

But she tripped at the next line, for the Easter hymns were in her ears, and she blundered into— Where Alleluia of song rushes forth like an

And Allua became her nickname from

that day forward. Now, Father Meade, then a dashing young curate, was enthusiastic; and in his delight and ecstasy, he made a speech and the speech contained a

America, England, Australia, New Zaland—you must count upon me as your father and your friend, and appeal to me, nay, command me, to come to your assistance should you ever require He often thought of that promise in

after life, although he was seldom called upon to redeem it, For somehow, there, in their humble homes and by lonely firesides, the hearts of these Irish priests are forever stretching out Irish priests are forever stretching out and yearning after their exiled chil-dren, and wondering what has become of the lade who served their Masses in the mountain cabins, or held their horses' heads during a sick call; or the horses' heads during a sick call; or the little maids, who peeped from their humble snoods, and wondered at the awful might and dignity of the priest, or blushed at the faintest praise in the dingy school. But now, after a lapse of thirty years, "Allua of song" has called to him to keep his p omise, and Allua is in trouble and wants him. He was puzzled, and thought of consulting was puzzled, and thought of consulting his housekeeper. Then he dreaded her earcasm. She was always trying to make him practical, to keep him from giving good shoes, "that 'ud bear to make him practical, to keep him from giving good shoes, "that "ud bear to be toled agin," to a tramp whose toes were in evidence; or stealing some of her fine, home-cured bacon, that she was reserving for a grand party. Then he tried to shake off that dream and that memory. No use! There it was, and the voice of the dream in his ears. Then he thought of consulting his neighbor, Father Cussen. The worst thing a parish priest could do is to consult a curate about anything. He'll tell the world about it and crow over you ever after. Father Madde finally you ever after. Father Meade finally decided to go down and see the scene of the midnight horror, and judge how far it was real and how far imaginary. It was a good, brisk walk; but Father Meade intended to be a centenarian, and that was a long way off as yet. So he took his stand on the shelf of rock, just where he had stood in his dream, and looked out over the mighty waste. All along, over to where a faint dim line of haze marked the eagle beak of Loop Head, the sea stretched in almost

faint ruffling marked where the great leap of the mighty river was challenged by the insweeping tide. But there was neither wind nor wave; and yet, as the old priest looked, he found it not diffi-cult to imagine that Allua! Allua i was borne to his ears across the waste cult to imagine that Allua! Allua! was borne to his ears across the waste of waters. He turned homewards, puzzled and anxious: but as his road ran down by the shrubbery that fringed the outer wall of Father Martin's garden, he thought he might give a call. The result was that a few days later, here Lute had accovered from the when Luke had recovered from the shock he had received and was able to open his correspondence, he read :

"My dear Father Delmege-If you "My dear Father Delmege—If you should come across, in your travels through London or elsewhere, a little girl (but now, I suppose, a young woman), answering to the name of Allus, tell her I have got her message, and will bedriend her, if she is in trouble, as I suspect. Faithfully yours, "WILLIAM MEADE, P. P."

"That's an exact counterpart to the letter addressed: 'My son in American,' 'asid Luke; and he thought no more of it. Especially as the same mail had brought him a letter from his Bishop, very kind and sympathetic, warning him of the seriousness of the step he was meditating, and assuring him of a mission at home if he could only make up his mind to return.

only make up his mind to return.
"I think," his Lordship wrote, "as
you were educated for your own diocese, you ought to serve in your own diocese. But I shall not recall you against your

"Then the ground is not quite cut

"Then the ground is not quite cut from under my feet," said Luke; and he wrote promptly to say that he would return for the 1st of October, after a brief trip on the Continent, whither he had been ordered by his physician.

He ran up to the city to explain his intentions. He remained for dinner. He was seated next a mighty traveller—a kind of latter-day Abbe Huc, who was infinitely polite and condescending, asked Luke many questions, and gave him valuable information as to his route to Switzerland. Luke was very happy in thinking that his own amiability promptly secured friends in all directions. There was not a word about Halleck, or the slightest allusion to Canon Drysdale or Aylesburgh. His Halleck, or the slightest allusion to Canon Drysdale or Aylesburgh. His seven years' apprenticeship was un-noticed. Nor was there a syllable of regret that he was no longer to labour

Two nights after, Luke stood on the platform of the station at the frontier town of Herbesthal. His train was shunted to make way for the great shunted to make way for the great continental express. Luke walked up and down, having given his valise to a porter, and he saw representatives of every nation under heaven. At twelve every nation under heaven. At twelve o'clock the great express rolled in, lighted from stem to stern; and the long corridor that ran from end to end of the train was thronged with passengers, whose very presence indicated that their lines had been cast in pleas and place in this life and the train that their lines had been cast in pleasant places in this life, and that they were determined to make the most of the opportunity. Luke was half afraid of these elect of society; for, although he had learned a good deal during his apprenticeship, he was fortunate enough as yet to have retained a little of his idealism. He had not yet reached that dread stage in life where everything has become mean and commonplace under the gray

mean and commonplace under the gray aspects of experience. But he ven-tured to look at all these grand person-ages, and one figure and face arrested him. The gentleman was dressed in a gray travelling suit, and had a Scotch plaid shawl rolled round his shoulders; but it is—no—it must be the face of the Abbe Huc. The face was looking down with calm indifference at Luke, with the unmistakable expression : know you well, but I don't want to improve the acquaintance." But Luke's Celtic impetuosity refused to accept the hint; and half sure of himself, and

Catholiqe—"
The traveller drew himself up proudly,

and said stiffy:
"Et moi, je suis aussi un pretre
C.tholique."

Luke was dumbstricken. This was the man by whose side he had sat two nights ago, and who had been as polite and solicitous as if he had known Luke and solicitous as it he had known black for a life-time. Luke drew back now, atung with the cold refusal of acquaint-anceship; and the train moved on. But the Abbe Huc watched him, watched him to the end. Luke was learning a little of the world, and the knowledge was creating a strange yearning for home.

There was a pretty little episode just

as his own train was about to start. Like all good travellers, Luke was determined to guard against imposition but to be generous. And so when a gorgeous official approached him and said something in German, of which Luke understood but one word, commissionaire, Luke shook his had sadly. But when the porter came up with his valise, Luke was generous and even royal. He handed the porter a coin, which he thought amply rewarde for his labor. The porter smiled, lifted his hat, bowed, and departed, but rehis hat, bowed, and departed, but re-turned in a moment furious. He leaped into the carriage, and gesticulated wildly, holding the wretched coin in his hand, and muttering pfennig! pfennig! It would be difficult to say by what process of reasoning Luke had persuaded himself that a pfennig was a German equivalent of a franc; but so ti was; and this accounted for his royal gesture. But there was a difference of opinion clearly; and it emphasized it-self in sundry gestures and objurgations, the magnificent commissi

looking on approvingly.
"Un plennig! oul, oui! c'est un franc!" said Luke.

The porter stamped about the car-riage and tore his hair.
"Cela suffit pour vous!" said Luke. calmly, and determined not to swindled.

The German appealed to the stars and angels. These failing, he appealed to the commissionaire. The latter rolled out a string of decasyllables. Luke was convinced it was a conspiracy. He talked wonderful French. They talked

train moved out slow clung to the carriage d he leaped down, panti as they plunged into congratulated himself And then through a Cologne and the Rh through the Black M Hartz, through the thi way, swallowed the tra it; up, up, through along the crest of hill nestled the loveliest its church and spire until at last they r. Then a plunge down were at Schaffnausen, legendary river curvin childish humor bef

> resplendent from the That Sunday at the a dream for a lifetime to early Mass at the beautiful Gregorian since he left Maynoo understanding, the breakfasted at 11. through the day unde the great river fret feet, and the horizon In the afternoon he walk and climbed H the narrow and lin surroundings of the p surroundings of the p superb panorama the eyes from the high fairly took away his he said, lifting his h us to be here." If The clear air, the The clear air, the horizon, the vast in tain barriers, closi opening the imaging sublimities, the lo Rhine flowing amids orchards, the village red roofs here and landscape, a hill cre ing castle, as if her 'prentice hand to her eternal master here and there, lit ful Germans, enjoy bath air — Luke the as he sat and listen children, singing a samongst the pines, feetor, the smoke an mill called Englan mechanism were said Luke. "Tha with it and the ug He turned round to ity and came face t Had they been t

have passed each One was a Briton, a 'How do you This is a rare pleas surprised to say mo I did not know abroad," continued hope that you inte this delightful cour "A long sojour hours," replied Lul

THE SALTING

TO BE C

sav. stunted! An potatoes, or carrot plaguey old maple plaguey old maple an' it's got to com
"O father I—No lovely tree? Why so much of it!"
"What d'ye sur Mis' Millray thin think of my garde these last twenty; though, this last though, this last limbs hev spread all creation. I say

peared a plump an 'Fine day, Mr. "Not much fine this confounded o 'My tree, do y do vou go under a want shada? In est place in Taylo

her favorite tree, the fence from th

coldness does for an' turnips? Ha by that plaguey raise garden sass pull teeth out of " Now that's to began the widow rowgrass—"
"Sparrowgrass man. "You'll be next, an' I'd as li

Yess, siree,-

Seein' we're on as well hev it o should cut off all over an' shade m twill 'bout spli trunk's only tw fence, but rights no man nor wome me outer my gare "Why, Jim Be ish idea!" said to of her usual pl know as well as call that our 'wouldn't hurt it, Jessie there."
"I hope I'll b

from injurin' of an' you don't see that air tree. mean to be res was. We'll cut time, so's 'twont bout as good on in' it's at the k tree, anyhow?"
were in a rather as the widow ker jaw set and he e

wonderful German. At last the train moved out slowly. The porter clung to the carriage door to the last. Then, breathing a parting malediction, he leaped down, panting and perspiring. Luke leaned back in the carriage. ing. Luke leaned back in the carriage, as they plunged into the night, and congratulated himself on his firmness.

And then through all the wonders of Cologne and the Rhine; and up, up, through the Black Mountains of the

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" said Luke,

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ssion: ant to im-But Luke's Hartz, through the thirty eight tunnels that gaped out of the corkserew rail-way, swallowed the train and disgorged way, swallowed the train and algorigation, up, up, through pine forests and along the crest of hills, in whose bosom nestled the loveliest valleys, each with its church and spire and cemetery, until at last they rested at Bingen. Then a plunge downwards and they were at Schaffnausen, where the mighty legendary river curvets and ricochets in childish humor before assuming the

in childish humor before assuming the majesty of its seaward course.

Here Luke sojourned for two days—golden days that ever shone pale but resplendent from the mists of memory. That Sunday at the Schweizer Hof was a dream for a lifetime. He went down to early Mass at the village, heard the beautiful Greenian for the fart time. ing in a rocking chan-balancing a gray kitten on Jessie stopped short in her examinations, and her cheeks grow pinker than her dress.

'I'm glad you ran in, Jessie, an' sis don't you worry about your father's goings on. I knew min a good man of you acquainted with my nephew, Prevalue are the hill ("Lord," is good for free again.

'Essor Watte." As the "idows all right. Now let me man good man promptly took both kittens in the hammock for a while, then saingular grinding are, the hill ("Lord," is good for free again.

'Essor Watte." As the "idows all restains a wind the house in a vain search to an any promptly took both kittens in the hammock for a while, then saingular grinding are, the hill ("Lord," is good for free again.

'Essor watte." As the "idow say out not now when I visited Aunt Melissa last, I saw you out now when I visited Aunt Melissa last, I saw you out now and making mud pies. I'm very glad indeed to rouse we had quaintance.

'"Seems to me when I visited Aunt Melissa last, I saw you out in your and making mud pies. I'm very glad indeed to rouse we had quaintance."

'"Seems to me when I visited Aunt Melissa last, I saw you out in your and making mud pies. I'm very glad indeed to rouse we had quaintance."

""Be over the maple, by Joen seeps, and all pesting aside, began to tell exact truth: "he said to himself. "Whatever is that be all that he had to leave off teaching continued, and the old man was certainly employed at some other and beautiful Gregorian for the first time since he left Maynooth; heard, without since he lett Maynooth; heard, without understanding, the sermon in German that stretched through 45 minutes; breakfasted at 11.30, and lounged through the day under golden sunshine, the great river fretting itself at his feet, and the horizon serrated with the rollow greats of the mighty Alas yellow crests of the mighty Alps. In the atternoon he sauntered out for a walk and climbed Hohen Flub. After the narrow and limited and choking surroundings of the past seven years, the superb panorama that opened to his eyes from the high summit of the hill fairly took away his breath. "Lord," he said, lifting his hat, "it is good for us to be here." He felt free again. The clear air, the almost boundless horizon, the wast infinity of the mounhorizon, the wast infinity of the mountain barriers, closing the vista, yet opening the imagination to undreamed sublimities, the long ribbon of the Rhine flowing amidst its vineyards and orchards, the villages clustering under red roofs here and there across the landscape, a hill crested with a crumbling castle, as if Nature were trying her 'prentice hand before she attempted her eternal masterpieces and moving her eternal masterpieces, and moving here and there, little groups of peaceful Germans, enjoying the sweet Sabbath air — Luke thought for a moment, as he sat and listened to three German children, singing a Sunday hymn, there amongst the pines, of the squalor and feetor, the smoke and sin of the mighty mill called England. The noise and the j.r and the cold, deadly, soulless mechanism were far away. "Ugh! mechanism were far away. "Ugh i said Luke. "Thank God I am done with it and the ugly dream forever."
He turned round to descend the decliv-

ity and came face to face with Halleck. Had they been two Celts they would have passed each other with a scowl. One was a Briton, and he said:

"How do you do, Mr. Delmege?
This is a rare pleasure."

"How do you do?" said Luke, too apprised to say more.

surprised to say more.
"I did not know that you had come abroad," continued Halleck. "Let me hope that you intend a long sejourn in this delightful country."
"A long sejourn of twenty - four hours," replied Luke.

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE SALTING OF THE MAPLE.

though, this last year them pesky limbs hev spread out over my side like all creation. I say they've got to come off!" As it summoned in defense of her favorite tree, on the other side of the fence from the lean and irate old man and his pretty daughter, now appeared a plump and placed middle-aged

"Fine day, Mr. Benson."
"Not much fine about it, down under this confounded old tree."

this confounded old tree."
"My tree, do you mean? Why, what
do you go under a tree for if you don't
want shade? I often say it's the coolest place in Taylortown out under this
manla."

'Yess, siree,—an' what d'ye think coldness does for beans an' potatoes an' turnips? Half my garden's shaded by that plaguey old tree, an' I can't raise garden sass any more'n ye could pull teeth out of a hen."

"Now that's too bad, Mr. Benson," began the widow mildly. "Mebby spar-

"Sparrowgrass!" shouted the old man. "You'll be sayin' 'nushrooms' next, an' I'd as lieve eat one as tother. Seein' we're on the subject, I might as well hev it out. Air ye willin' I should cut off all them limbs that hang over an' shade my ground? I warn ye 'twill 'bont split the tree, seein' the trunk's only two foot from the line fence, but rights is rights. An' I hold

mo man nor woman has a right to cheat me outer my garden sass."

"Why, Jim Benson, what an outland ish idea!" said the widow, shocked out of her usual placid manner. "You know as well as I do how Ben used to call that our 'courtin' tree,' an'! wouldn't hurr it, no more'n you'd hurt wouldn't hurt it, no more'n you'd hurt

Jessie there."

"I hope I'll be able to keep Jessie from injurin' other folkses property, an' you don't seem able to do that with that air tree. Now, Mis' Benson, I mean to be reasonable, "f ever man was. We'll cut that tree at the right time, so's 'twont kill it, an' 'twill look 'bout as good on your side. Then seein' it's at the back o' your lot, what difference is it if it's a half or a whole tree, anyhow?" These last sentences bout as good on your side. Then seein' it's at the back o' your lot, what
difference is it if it's a half or a whole
tree, anyhow?" These last sentences
were in a rather conciliatory tone, but
as the widow kept silence, the old man's
jaw set and he ejaculated:
"Then all there is about it, I'll hev

she found her father already in there,
with a sheepish expression on his face,
and the salt box in his hand.
"My, you scared me, father! What
washbasin was partly upset, and the
dripping hand the professor held over
the fence obviously could not be shaken.
"Your father? What made you think
Jessie," said the old man in a suspiciously mild tone. "Jest a mite o' salt,
scientific experiment on this maple.

the law on ye!" Turning on his beel, he strode away with all the dignity which a small, bent old man could summon. The kind hearted widow, into waose eyes tears had sprung at the thought of trouble with her old neigh-

thought of trouble with her old neigh-bor, also turned hastily and went into the house.

Meanwhile Jessie, in a pink gown and hat, a music roll in hand and ready to go for her lesson, had stood amazed and silent through all this altereation, and silent through all this altercation, which was unexpected and shocking to her. She found all her sympathy going out to Mrs. Millray and the beautiful tree. She knew that her father was abundantly able to buy sil the "garden sass" they could ever need, and Mrs. Millray had endeared herself to the motherless girl by years of unbroken kindness. So in a moment more a pink vision had flashed into the widow's kitchen without the ceremony of knocking, and an impulsive young voice

ing, and an impulsive young voice cried: ried:
Father's just mean, I think! He
never shall cut that tree in two!"
Then for the first time she saw her
neighbor was not alone—a tall young man, wearing black glasses, was sit-ting in a rocking chair by the window, balancing a gray kitten on each knee. Jessie stopped short in her exclama-

cheerily:

"Well, your aunt Melissa will cure
you, if any one can, and if I can help
you pass away the time I'll be glad
to."

The young man watched her hurry down the path and remarked. "Dandy little girl, aunt. Shame I had to look at her through these old black glasses. What sort of a bee has her father got in his bonnet, did she say?" Almost at the same time Mrs. Milray

Almost at the same time Mrs. Mirray was setting forth the case for the defence of her beloved tree, Mr. Benson, in a much more wrathful manner, was stating his side to Lawyer Murch:

stating his side to Lawyer Murch:

"I tell ye, the law must be on my side. Haint I a right to complain of a nuisance? 'Twouldn't be so turrible hard to get it down to cold dollars an' cents, the damage that old tree's done in the last fitteen year. An' it's stretchin' an' growin' every year. Looks like pretty soon I wouldn't hev. Looks like pretty soon I wouldn't heven bed." Lawyer Murch heard him patiently through—opened a ponderous book or two, rubbed his head, and then gave his opinion with a gravity and

"See them beans, Jessie! Stunted, I say, stunted! An' if 'tisn't beans, it's potatoes, or carrots or what not. That plaguey old maple tree's a nuisance, an' it's got to come down."

"Ofather!—Not be cut dowr, that lovely tree? Why Mrs. Millray thinks so much of it!"

"What d'ye suppose I care what old Mis' Millray thinks of it. What do I think of my garden, an' been thinkin', these last twenty year odd? Seems 'sif, though, this last year them pesky say of the property. The sease of Brown versus—"

"See them beans, Jessie! Stunted, I say, stunted! An' if 'tisn't beans, it's so mouth of it's come from? No, say be it's wall be oblined in the sate of the finger and raise the finder.

"You miserable wretch! A more the finger and raise the pook or two, rupped his head, and then gave his opinion with a gravity and wisdom worthy or Solomon:

"I'm sorry, Benson, but I think you've got a poor case. Supposing they were dead branches, now, maybe it would be different, but there's the sen—where does it come from? No.

brings in another factor. Now in the case of Brown versus—"
"Don't tell me none of your versusess! S'posen I owned a dog an' fed him, an' he went mad. Wouldn't you shoot him, even if I had fed him?

"Now don't get excited, Mr. Ben

on. As I was saying, had you served notice, say seventeen years ago, and warned against trespass of limb—' "Bosh!" shouted the old man. "What's your fee? If this is all the good I get from law, I'll manage the case myself. Five dollars, is it? Well. case myself. Five dollars, is it? Well, mebbe it's worth it to see a chi'ice idgit

With this parting shot the indignant old man started for home as rapidly as old man started for home as rapidly as he had left it an hour before. Jessie was still away when he reached there, and he went straight through the rambling structure, that like many old New England houses of a certain type, was narrow in width but long, with the various ells and sheds all attached endwas to the main structure. In his passage through he came at last to the particular shed known as "the shop." Here was a bench with a vise at its side Here was a bench with a vise at its side, and a good variety of tools, for the genuine man of New England was a "handy man," who scorned to call a carpenter for every little job. Here Mr. Benson stopped to look enviously and vindictively at a shining ax hang ing on the wall. How he would enjoy sending lusty blows into the very heart of that miserable tree trunk! Or, lacking that pleasure, what delight it would be to chop, chop, chop at those offendbe to chop, chop, chop at those offending limbs till every one crashed down But how about the next row of tools He perched his small frame on a saw-horse, grasped his pointed chin in his left hand and did some vigorous think ing. When he finally rose and started back kitchenward, there was an un-

back kitchenward, there was an unpleasant expression around his mouth.
About the same time Jessie came in
from her music lesson, took a big-sleeved
apron from a closet, and began to make
ready the supper. Stepping into the
pantry for bread, to her astonishment
she found her father already in there,
with a sheapish expression on his face.

Jessie, to kill the pesky cutworms on

Jessie, to kill the pesky cutworms on the cowcumbers."

"That's good, father," Jessie answered, unsuspiciously "I didn't have hardly any cucumbers for pickles last year." The old man disappeared with his bowl of salt, but soon returned to wait for his supper. Often a silent man, that night he was absolutely dumb, and by 8 o'clock he shut the house and went to bed. Jessie read her library book till 9, and then the still house sent her gaping to rest also. All was perfect quiet for two hours, but at 11 o'clock the old house saw strange

By the moonlight that streamed into his room, old Mr. Benson dressed, except for his shoes, then with those in his hand tiptoed down stairs and on through the eil to the "shop." Here he put on his shoes, laboriously for want of his usual bedside, then taking the salt bowl and a shining too!, went out into the moonlight. Now for Taylor town the moonlight. Now for Taylor was as late and distance there was nothing ahead of him but truth-speaking. His aunt was making a rapid journey to the fence, town; 11 o'clock was as late and dissipated an hour as 3 o'clock would be in a large city, and the old man felt care-free as far as watchers were concerned. So he might well have been,

anyhow?"
But a powerful grasp was on the wrist of his "pistol hand" and the weapon was wrenched away — to reveal to the young man as he stepped into the light,

powerful auger! "So that's your game, old man!" said Waite, with strong anger in his tones. "You deserve to be hit with your own auger—sneaking over in the dead of night to kill aunt Melissa's

maple!"
"A few auger holes won't kill a
tree," sullenly growled the old man.
"That's so," admitted Waite.
"What in creation are you doing it for ?'

Still keeping hold of his captive, he struck a match and bent down to the holes. There were three at irregular heights, evidently bored deep, but they appeared to the young man as three white spots, for every hole was packed full of a white substance. Waite looked at it, then touched it with a moist forefinger and raised the finger gingerly to his mouth. His face dark-ened:

By this time the old man had come boldly out into a patch of moonlight. "But, father, you never get up like this. Something must be the trouble. Who else is out there? I surely heard

"Oh, you was dreamin', Jessie. An' mebbe I talked to myself a little. I've een givin' them cutworms a dose. Now no more talkin'. Go straight to

With this summary order the old man himself came in and went directly to his room without a further word.

There was certainly something curious about it all, and Jessie was by no means satisfied with her father's explanation. Away above all these perplexities the great moon was sailing trarquilly on, and Jessie dropped into her little white rocking chair by the window for a midnight meditation. Very presently, however, there were more astonishing occurrences to be observed. Out of the widow's back door came a nodding and swaying lantern by whom carried Jessie could not see but as it came to rest under the maple eaus satisfied with her father's ex but as it came to rest under the maple tree where other operations seemed to be in progress, Jessie came to a hasty conclusion that mischief had surely peen done there, and if trouble had been done there, and it trouble has been brought upon Mrs. Millray it was her own duty to help remove it. Giving her hair a hasty brushing and making is into one long braid, she with the attract a paged in her morning dress. Hurrying through the dewy grassy to the back fence, where the heavy shade of the manie and the result of the manie and the mani dressed with the utmost speed in her the heavy shade of the maple was only faintly illuminated by the lantern, she reached there breathless to see the widow but Prof. Paul Waite! So to the professor, freed by the night from his black glasses, kneeling before the great tree while holding an undignified wash basin and dishcloth, it was a startling but rather delicious mo-ment when he looked up into scared blue eyes and heard a nervous voice say: "Whatever did father do to the

tree ?"

A-er-very superior kind of moth may come 'o this trap.

"But that's water, not stickiness. One of our high school teachers used to catch moths at night with mollasses."

The professor looked at her with genuine astonishment. He was certain ly "blown up by his own mine." So even if it complicated the situation he felt a sense of relief when his aunt's voice called from the back door:
"Paul! Paul! Is that you out there?
You'd better be in bed." Then with

her eyes growing used to the semi darkness, to her astonishment and was perfect quiet for two house, saw strange and unaccustomed sights.

By the morolight that streamed into By the morolight can dressed, ex.

"Why, Jessie Benson! What does what in the world are you

but truth-speaking. His aunt was making a rapid journey to the fence, where it seemed to relieve her a little.

to see that the young people still had the pickets between them.
"Say, auntie, Miss Jessie's all right.
She saw me tinkering over thee tree,

The agile old man sprang to his feet and brandished a gleaming something which his startled antagonist at first took to be a pistol.

"Git out an' lemme be! Who be ye, anyhow?"

Buts powerful grasp was on the wrist of his "pistol hand" and the weapon of his "pistol hand" and his pistol hand "pistol h

"I'll—I'll pay for your beans, Jim—but
as for cuttin' into Ben's tree I won't.'
"Melissy!" the old man burst out
with the stifled passion of years.
"Didn't you know I've hated that tree

ever sence that courtin' time. By good rights, I'd a hated Een too, if he hedn't been so good natured. Ye ought to 'a' been on my side o' the fence, Melissy, an' if I'd 'a' had the spunk of a sheep, ye would 'a' been. It was the tragic moment, there in the dame and the dinness. Jessie shook with nervousness till she had to cling to the fence for support.

"Jim, don't talk so," said the widow, "Jim, don't talk so, 'said the widow, in a voice they scarcely recognized.
"As true as I live, I never supposed you cared. You never said so."
There was a tense stillness, which it

There was a tense stillness, which it seemed as if eternity could not break. Prof. Waite was just thinking, "What on earth can be said by anybody now?"—when to his horror, a wholly unexpected, resounding sneeze burst from him before he could check it. But there seemed to be a magic in it for the locating of tongues—

father's part, but with meekness he crawled through the two loosened pickets and the girl obediently followed him. It was all like an amazing Arabian Night's scene to young Waite—the sudden change from the discomfort and passion of the group under the dark maple, to the light and com-

fort and friendliness of his aunt's bright kitchen.

Meekly still, old Benson took his steaming cup of ginger tea, but the first gulp seemed to choke him, for he

set it down hastily and went straight across the room to his neighbor—

"Meliasy, I guess you've made me ash med o' myself. D'ye s'pose I've killed the tree?" Here the professor

"Sure not, Mr. Benson! Miss Jessie and I will give it a good wash-ing in the morning." The widow laid a motherly hand on her old friend's

arm—
"There, John, don't you worry no more. I've always meant to tap that tree and never got it done. Now you've saved me the trouble, an' if you'll jest set to work and whittle me out some spiles, I'll be all ready, come spring.' Her imagination warmed as she went on, and with a beaming smile she added, "Why I can jest see Paul and Jessie sittin' here stirrin' off sugar together!" This sweet vision was altogether !" This sweet vision was al most too much for the young folks, but the old man slowly nodded.

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J. W. WESTERVELT,

A Hunt for a Protestant Clergyman A correspondent of the Outlook gives the story of his hunt for a Progives the story of his hunt for a Protestant clergyman in New York on the evening of July 10. He was a doctor who had a patient about to undergo a very serious operation, the patient and his friends being strangers in New York. The quest lasted from 7 o' clock until 10 30 o'clock, when the physician secured the services of a superintendent of summer tent reigious work. Without criticizing any individual, the doc tor submits that the facts as set forth indicate a situation that is "a disgrace" to the Protestant Church in New York to the Protestant Church in New York city. The doctor, of course, recognizes that clergymen need vacations no less than other people. "But," he says, "had I wented a priest I coulc have had

one in ten or fifteen minntes."
"We do not know, "comments the Waterbury American, "that there is anything to add to that one fac. Protestant clergymen are, of course, in the main devoted to their work, but they do not systematize it as do the clergymen of the Catholic Church. There ought to be some arrangement between Protestant pastors by which such an incident as that recorded would be impossible in New York no less than in Waterbury."—Philadelphia Catholic S'anda:d and Times.

Archbishop Who Made Pope Leo Laugh.

Archbishop Murphy, of Tasmania, the record prelate, who has just en-tered on his ninety-third year, is a tered on his ninety-third year, is a humorist, and the fact may account in some measure for his remarkable long-evity, says the London Chronicle. He was held in high esteem by the late Pope Leo XIII. There was a bond of affinity between them, as both received their mitres from Gregcry XVI. almost simultaneously. At the age of seventy-nine Dr. Murphy visited Rome, and at the close of a cordial audience Pope Leo remarked: "Well, my dear brother. I suppose this is our last meeting ther, I suppose this is our last meeting in this world." But five years later Dr. Murphy thought he would have one more run around the globe, and presented himself at the Vatican as pert and smilling as of yore. He reminded Pope Leo of his pessimistic prophecy, and slyly added: "So you see you are not infallible after all."

This is said to have been one of the

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The Catholic Record

Price of Subscription—\$2 00 per annum. THOS. COFFEY, LLD, Editor and Publisher

LETTERS OF RECOMMENDATION. Apostolic Delegation. Ottawa, June 18th, 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 imped with a strong Catholic spirits. It strenumently idefends Catholic principles and rights, and stands firmly by the teachings and authority of the Church, at the same time promoting the best interests of the country. Following these lines it has done a great deal of good for the welfare of religion and country, and it will do more and more, as its wholesome influence reaches more Catholic homes. I therefore, carnetty recommend it to Catholic families. With my blessing on your work, and best wishes for its continued success, Yours very sincerely in Christ,

Donatus, Archbiehop of Ephesus,

Apostolic Designic. Mr. Thomas Coffey :

UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA. Ottawa, Canada, March 7th, 1900.

Mr. Thomas Coffey:

Dear Sir: For some time past I have read your estimable paper. THE CATROLIC RECORD, and congratulate you upon the manner in which it is published. Its matter and form are both good; and a truly Catholic spirit pervades the whole. Therefore, with pleasure, I can recommend it to the fathful. Heesing you and wishing you success, believe made to remain.

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

LONDON, SATURDAY, SEPT. 21, 1907. CATHOLIC LITERATURE. Now that schools of all classes are opening their rooms and starting work we emphasize a remark made by our esteemed contemporary, the Casket, of Antigonish. It is to cultivate a better taste for literature. Undoubtedly education has turned its current in other directions. It aims at science without being scientific. It despises the highest sciences and grovels among the toys and puzzles of childish mater ialism. Instead of cultivating the soil it digs and searches for something new, a treasure whose value is minimized by its lowly purpose and unspiritual character. But, notwithstanding the requirements of school programmes, there is time enough and taste for good work in literature. That there is a taste for reading nowa days is evident from the amount of reading matter turned out from so many different sources. It is not quantity which is lacking, nor is it dearth of actual reading. It is the old, old story of the prophet : " With desolation is the land made desolate because no one considereth in his heart." It is not so much mere reading that is needed : it is thoughtful, serious reading, Catholic reading in the higher and deeper sense of the term. This is the taste which both parents and teachers should inspire into the young in order to supplement the supernatural action of grace in prayer, the sacraments and other religious exercises. Vitiated taste in reading is like tubercular trouble in bad air. To remedy the malady the patient must be taken to the mountains where the air is tresh. Reading can find such variety in the Church that as one passing through a rich conservatory plucks here and there a fragrant flower which growing long ago still scatters the sweetness of its odor along the garden walks of the in-coming centuries, so may the young mind learn what memories the Church ossesses with which to enrich this soul and strengthen their character. Not to mention the lives of the saints or the standard books of devotion or the severer studies of theology, there is in the history, the art and life of the Church the richest treasure house whose doors readily open to any reader of attention and refinement. People do not read enough Catholic literature. Very true, for the simple reason that they do not care to do so. Other reading is easier, not nearly so exacting in its suggestive examples or its irreligious worldliness. It is more subtle, better equipped for evil than plain matter - of - fact Catholic reading is for good. Then there are so many sources of supply for one class, so few for the other. Un-Catholic literature is everywhere - in newspapers, magazines, bookstalls. Catholic literature is the hidden manns. Those who wish it know where to find it; but its sellers are few and it is scarcely ever widely advertised. Its devotees are not the muititude. They are the few, and will ever remain so. If parents wish their children to have a taste for Catholic literature they must begin by example and begin early. It is at home more than at school that a taste for anything is cultivated. This is especially true of reading. Show us

lie books or even Catholic novels are to be found, where public library literature is regularly obtained, it would be a difficult task for the school to correct the evilor cultivate a taste which home training discourages. Parents cannot conscientiously or success'ully pass over to the teacher so much of the training and formation of their children. In this matter of reading and all that it implies, home is the safest and most profitable centre of development.

CATHOLIC SCHOOLS IN ENG-LAND.

The long continued struggle for Cath olic education in England keeps up its feverish agitation with wavering expectation, sometimes hopeful, but more frequently despondent. With what forms a great part of the whole Church in prayer for the purpose of obtaining God's blessing and of expressing sympathy to our co-religionists, with a united hierarchy and an aggressive laity, there surely ought to be a fair prospect of success. But the signs are by no means encouraging. A political breastwork is hard to capture. The strength of a government is measured by its majority. Any question at all involving religion is, in these times, unpopular, and becomes more so in proportion as the suffrage becomes more extended and liberalism sinks into radicalism or coquets with socialism. Many of these dark lines may be read even at this distance when glancing at the English sky. The Liberal government, fair at one time to the lip, has proved false to the heart. Its future promises are worse still. Non-conformists dictate the policy to the Government : and non-conformism means non sectarianism, and non-sectarianism means anti-Catholicism. As the Church grows in England opposition to it is flercier. The battlefield has changed, severance and ultimate success. though the contest continues. Me are not sent to the tower for the relig ion they practise. But they will not be allowed to send their children to the school to which in conscience they are obliged. The camping ground is no longer the sanctuary: it is the school. How far is England becoming Catholic? If our heart were to dictate our answer we know what it would be, and we wish

it were so. Beyond the increasing number of converts, earnest and zealous and self-sacrificing, there rises the thick stonewall of pride, ignorance and prejudice. A nation is not easily or quickly changed. And few nations are so slow to change, whether opinions, methods or practice be in question, as haughty England. England grew to material greatness since her abandonment of the Church. She wrongly attributes her success to that. Her his tory, therefore, is anti-Catholic. Her foreign policy as well as her home policy has been in the same direc tion. If anti-clericalism is so noisy and malicious in Italy to-day it is due to the petting and encourage ment which England lavished upon the earlier leaders of brigands who stole the Papal States. And as for home policy, this very government with the most serious and solemn pledges held out hope to the Irish. When in power it refused to Catholic Ireland what it had granted to the Protestant Trans vaal. We are not setting down these things in malice or recalling bitter memories. Far from it. We are simply maintaining that England, socially and politically, is still ultra Protestantwith scarcely a rift in the cloud. This need not discourage the Catholics of England, though of course the Governmental policy may seriously injure or entirely ruin what they have already accomplished. Heart rending though such results would be the battle of truth and freedom can never be laid aside. Strange, by the way, and sad too, that whilst His Majesty the King evinces everywhere tact and a spirit of peace, his Government grows more narrow, less respectful for conscience and more heedless of the rights of minerities. A remarkable similarity is to be noted between the French war upon the Church and the English war upon religious education. Socialism, godless socialism, is beginning that destructive work in England which to so dreadful an extent it has accomplished in France. As to the new education measure, the Catholic News assures us it will be one " in which there will be no possibility of compromise." Its two main principles are " Complete popular control " and " No tests or restraints for teachers or children."

visions of the bill: 1. In every district there must within the reach of every child a public elementary school which the children of all denominations may attend without suffering any religious disability.

2. Every public elementary school must open and close with some form of

nstruction as its parents may desire Such instruction must not be given during school hours, or by the publicly appointed teacher. The arrangements as to the time and place when such in-struction shall be given shall (subject

the Local Education authority.

4. No publicly appointed teacher shall be permitted to give special relations.

snail be permitted to give special re-ligious instruction.

5. Any school now recognized as a non-provided school may be carried on as an elementary school recognized by the Board of Education (but not by the the Board of Education (but not by the local education authority) in which it is shown to the satisfaction of the Board of Education that the parents of two-thirds of the children attending that school desire that it shall be so carried on. But no parent shall be compelled to send his child to such a school.

That bill hardly affords a chance for Catholic school. The consent of twothirds of the parents will be necessary. Even when one is established no aid will be given it from the rates. Religious education has ruly no more bitter enemies than political parties whose horizon is limited by the staked bounds of power and whose principles cannot comprehend the demands of conscience or appreciate the inalienable rights of their opponents. Such policy as is evidenced by the present English gov ernment in this new Education Bill, besides being a severe blow to a longsuffering minority, augurs ill for the stability of all religious institutions in England. What the sacrifice of the Catholies cannot do in the cause of their schools the robed power of a State Church cannot do against the rushing tide. The battle is not always to the strong. Prayer, the righteousness of a cause, devotion to it in season and out of season, have won where all else has failed. Egypt trusting in its chariots perished, whilst victory belonged to the children who trusted in God. So may it be with our co religionists to whom we extend sympathy and to whom we wish continued union and per-

THE CARDINAL SECRETARY OF

STATE. Our contemporary, Rome, brings us more definite, but no more consoling news concerning the brutal attack made upon Cardinal Merry del Val in the town of Marino, on the feast of the Assumption. His Eminence in paying a visit to the rector of the Scots' College, who was celebrating the silver jubilee of his priesthood, was of neces sity obliged to pass through Marino, as the summer house of the college was near the town. It was known that the Cardinal had passed through the town on his way from Castelgandolfo to the college. He would be obliged to return the same road. A hasty gathering of the anti-clerical leaders was held to intercept the carriage on its return. The Cardinal's suite was warned. It was not possible to avoid Marino altogether, but by choosing a steep difficult approach to the square the principal treet might be avoided. Republicans, socialists, anarchists—the class which always and everywhere carry knivesgathered there provided with clubs or contenting themselves with a general supply of missiles. When the carriage passed through the square these hundreds of disturbers found they had been piled. Enough, however, of waiting on the other side of the square were able to make a savage assault on His Eminence. This was not the first time that this brigand spirit manifested its evil energy towards the Cardinal. Shortly after His Eminence had taken up his residence at Castelgandolfo the anti-clericals of several of these Alban towns in the neighborhood of the castle determined to organize a demonstration around the walls of the old Papal palace. This plot, becoming known to the police, was quietly frustrated. Marino is a centre of anarchy, which has flourished there since the assassination of King Humbert. It has two Anarchist societies, an official organ, and a printing press which supplies incendiary reading to the turbulent neighborhood far and near. What spirit animates these anti-clerical associations may be indged by the name of one of those at Marino : "Neither God nor Master." Their hatred at present manifests itself more strongly against the Church and its dignitaries; for which it is somewhat easy to find a reason, anti-clericalism is much more fashionable than anti-monarchism. The former receives in Italy its pass-word and encouragement from France, from the Judaizing press of Europe and the irreligious tendency of the age. Furthermore, it must be borne in mind that whilst the The following contain the chief promonarchy of Italy, weak though it may be and anti-clerical itself, has a secret service at its disposal and sufficient power in hand to protect its own interests, the Church has none of these. She has to rely for safety upon a power whose life started with the robbery of

on the historic day of September the 20th. Meetings are to be held throughout Italy demanding an immediate. complete and severe inspection of all the institutions for charitable purposes in the hands of priests, religious and nuns; a more rigid supervision over all private institutions of instruction and charity; the laidination of all the public services depending on the communes, provinces and the State; the application of the law on the congregations and new laws forbidding those bound by the unnatural rules of the occlesiastical and monastic life to have the custody of children." Thus does the screw of Italian socialism keep turning. Its ultimate aim is its motto: Neither God nor Master.

A POET - PRIEST'S SILVER JUBILEE.

Among the many well-known Cana dian and American priests who round out, this year, a full quarter of a century in the sacred ministry, not the least distinguished is the Rev. Arthur Barry O'Neill, C. S. C., assistant-editor of the Ave Maria, and probably the most versatile litterateur in the Congregation of the Holy Cross.

Born in St. George, New Brunswick, in 1858, Father O'Neill entered St. Joseph's College, Memramcook, N. B., in 1872; and as student, student teacher, professor, and director of studies, has spent in that institution more than half his life. Immediately after his graduation with highest honors in 1877, he entered the novitiate of the Holy Cross Congregation, made his religious profession in 1879, and was ordained priest at Memramcook by the late Bishop Sweeney, of St. John, on Oct. 7th. 1882.

The brilliant promise of his student

days was speedily realized in the career of the young priest. Within a few years he achieved exceptional distinction, not only as an efficient educator, but as an eloquent pulpit and platform orator. In the early nineties he spent two years at Notre Dame, Indiana, filling the chair of English Rhetoric in Notre Dame University and acting as assistant to the Rev. Father Hudson. editor of the Ave Maria. Since that period he has been a constant contributor to the columns of that magazine, to whose home at Notre Dame he returned in 1904, as assistant-editor, without any professional work at the

University. Father O'Neill became known to the majority of priests in the United States and Canada in 1893 4-5, as the author of a series of papers on clerical topics contributed to the American Ecclesiastical Review. The perfect literary form of these articles, together with a lightness of touch and an abiding sense of humor noticeable therein, won for the young priest high praise from authorities whose commendation was an honor indeed. Several years later, in 1899, he published a volume of poems, Between Whiles," a book to which the best Catholic reviewers accorded uniformly flattering notices, and from score of poems for reproduction in "Carmina Mariana," an English authology in verse in honor of and in relation to the Blessed Virgin Mary. In Dr. O'Hagan's volume. "Canadian Essaya" O'Connor was born in Glengarry eighty-two years ago. It is nearly sait years dince he was ordained by the late Bishop Phelan. He life to the sick. Says the San Jose, Cal., Times: O'Hagan's volume, "Canadian Essays," Father O'Neill's poetry is credited with much of the simplicity and purity of the poetic genius of Father Faber;' and Maurice Francis Egan is on record as stating that "Between Whiles" is worth its place among books of sweetness and consolation. It is of the spirit pure, of the heart purified.

While the bulk of Father O'Neill's literary work has been done for the Ave Maria, he has also been a contributor to the Catholic World, Donahoe's Magazine, the Rosary and other Catholic publications; and a few years ago wrote during some sixteen or seventeen months a weekly leader for the New

Freeman, of St. John, N. B. His departure from his native province in 1904, was thus commented upon in an editorial of the St. John Sun, of which paper S. D. Scott was then the

editor: "In losing Rev. A. B. O'Neill, New Brunswick is parting with a successful and capable teacher, a fine scholar and critic, and an author of distinction. For a score of years Father O'Neill has been associated with St. Joseph's College, and though he has been fortunate in his duties there is no doubt that the work of a journalist is his right vocation. The signed leaders which Father O'Neill contributed during the last few months to the New Freeman have been extensively reprinted. His poems, some devotional, and some in lighter vein, contributed to magazines largely read in Roman Catholic families, are familiar also to many of other commun-ions. They are a splendid introduction to the readers of Ave Maria, to which periodical Father O'Neill has long been periodical rather C Neith has long been a contributor. He is now the associate editor, and the provincial newspaper men who part with him as a neighbor gladly welcome him to their fratern-

Cross. Father Phalen visited Notre Dame three months ago, and, in one of a series of "Jottings by the Way" with which he favored the Casket's readers, he wrote :

"At South Bend I was met by Father O'Neill, Arthur Barry O'Neill, C.S.C., whose delightful prose and verse are to my mind, at least, and I think that in this I voice the sentiments of all the lovers of good Catholic literature—one of the greatest glories of the Congregation of the Holy Cross. After thirty years of teaching in his native province, chiefly at Memramcook, Father O'Neil is enjoying a well-earned rest as assistant editor of the Ave Maria. Said rest consists in reading and writing hard for eight hours a day—reading manuscripts, exchanges, books for review; writing anything that his chiefmay call for, leading articles, editorial paragraphs, poems, sketches for young folks, etc. He has received commendations for his work which would make some men megalocephalous—the one which he prizes most being a letter from Harold Dijon telling him how an article "At South Bend I was met by Father which he prizes most being a letter from
Harold Dijon telling him how an article
he had written seven years before had
led to three conversions and was leading to others. Nevertheless, he keeps
his balance, because he is a man of
strong common sense.
I had never met Father O'Neil be
fore, though we are friends of many

fore, though we are friends of many years' standing, but if I had been look-ing for the rotund two hundred pounder whom his friends in Antigonish badem whom his friends in Artigonian nature me expect I should not have recognized him. I knew better, however, for I was aware that in the series of articles signed "P. Ed. O'Me'er," reprinted in The Casket last summer, he had dein The Casket last summer, he had de-scribed his own successful efforts to re-duce his waist-line to the proportions deemed proper by the eminent medical authorities who prepare tables of age and weight for the life insurance com-panies. I did not consider the articles of great practical value, as I believed that few fat men would undergo the troppose evertions therein described. strenuous exertions therein described, and I also suspected that Father O Neill would relapse in o his former sedentary habits and fall into flesh again. In this suspicion I was mistaken, however, for chafes at any circumstance v three walks a day, and his pedometer records over four thousand miles for the past twelve months. It is wonderful what a determined resolution can accomplish."

Apropos of walking, the assistant editor of the Ave Maria is a confirmed pedestrian. Quite irrespective of weather conditions, he covers twelve miles a day, swinging along at a pace varying from four to five miles an hour-Asked recently whether he purposed celebrating his silver jubilee, he raplied: "Yes, if I can manage to get the day off, I think I'll indulge in a good long walk, say one of fifty miles." Readers personally acquainted with Father O'Neill will probably comment: "And he'll do it, too."

DEATH OF A NOTED PRIEST.

The death of Very Rev. Dean O'Connor, P. P., Marysville, Archdiocese of Kingston, removes from the ranks of the priesthood of Ontario one of its most estimable members. On Saturday of last week Father O'Connor was attacked by apoplexy. When the news reached Kingston, His Grace the Archbishop, the Most. Rev. Dr. Gauthier, left immediately for the bedsido of the aged priest and remained with him until the end. The late Dean counts much for the glory of the Church. To it he gave cheerfully that warm heart and rare mental endowments so liberally bestowed upon him by a beneficent Creator. May his eternity be with Him whom he served so faithfully on earth.

A GRAND CATHEDRAL.

We send our greetings to the disseverance and unfaltering devotion to the duties of their sacred office of the head of the diocese and his self-sacrificing and devoted priesthood. It is evidence, too, that on the little island of Prince Edward the Catholic faith of the laity is as true and as warm as in any other part of the Dominion. In a section of the country where Catholics are comparatively few and not possessed of an over - abundance this world's goods, the erection of such an [edifice for the honor and glory of God and His Holy Church bespeaks a degree of self-sacrifice which may well be held up as an example for other localities. To those who had the immediate superintendence of the work great credit is due. In this connection we may refer specially to the rector, Rev. Dr. Morrison, the contractor, M. B. Creamor, of Souris East, and the master painter, the library books, the newspapers and magazines on the table; tell us the stories which the mothers repeat to the children. It will be easy to know what taste is being formed in that home. Where no good Catholic paper or magazine is taken, where no serious Catholic paper or magazine is taken, where no serious Catholic paper or magazine is taken, where no serious Catholic paper or magazine son the table; tell us the stories which the mothers repeat to the children. It will be easy to know what taste is being formed in that home. Where no good Catholic paper or magazine is taken, where no serious Catholic paper or magazines on the table; tell us the stories which the mothers repeat to the call as time advances. In the mean time the anti-clerical war goes on. A nother journalist, Father D. V. Phalen, editor of the Antigonish has been drawn up. Special efforts are the programme open of the poet-priest of Holy put forth to have the programme open of the prevailing tinuance grows weaker and more radingular to the Lord's Prayer, and the reading of Scripture without comment), in which all children may take part without objection on religious grounds.

3. In every pablic elementary school the noble sweep of the archieves, too, Messrs. Berlingliant the Lord's Prayer, and the reading of Scripture without comment), in which all children may take part without objection on religious grounds.

4. Another journalist, Father D. V. Phalen, editor of the Antigonish has been drawn up. Special efforts are the churches where the design is gothic through the Lord's Prayer, and the reading of Lave Report to the converted to leave Prove thown other call as time advances. In the mean tity."

5. Casket, has given a more recent approximately the converted to leave Prove the converted to leave Prove the converted to leave Prove the c Mr. Joseph McInnis of Charlottetown.

the main altar is finished in white and gold, the effect of the whole being very beautiful. The pillars are massive in style and are finished in marble, red being the prevailing color. Five additional altars will be added before long.

May the good Bishop of Charlottetown live long to witness the fruitage of his arduous labors in Prince Edward Island!

HIS REPUTATION IS WORLD.

GOOD FATHER LAMBERT MUCH AD-MIRED IN NEW ZEALAND-PRIEST

SWEAR BY HIM. SWEAR BY HIM.

Joseph O'Connor of the Rochester
Post-Express is taking a vacation
abroad. To the delight of readers of
the admirable paper of which he is
editor the holiday does not preclude
his writing home. His first letter is
dated on ship-board. Among other
things, Mr. O'Connor says:

"A pricet from New Zealand sits

things, Mr. O'Connor says:

"A priest from New Zealand sits opposite me at our small dining-table and we have chatted together freely.

* * Reviewing the sources of his (Archbishop Ireland's) popularity, I dwelt on his prominence in the Grand Army of the Republic, as the greatest orator among the veterans of the Civil War, and the most eloquent if not the most enthusiastic champion of Americanism. I said that he and Father Lambert were the last surviving Cathericans. Canism. I said that he and rather Lambert were the last surviving Cath-olic chaplains of that contest. At the mention of the latter the New Zeal-ander's face lit up and he said: "There, that is the man of all others that I longed to see in the United States. He is the finest intellect in America." "Ah," I said, "you know him in New Zealand, do you?" " We knewhim in New Zealand," he answered, "and all over Australia; and we love him and swear by him." He added that the admiration for Father Lambert in the colonies is not confined to Cath olics, since men of other Christian churches regard the 'Notes on Ingersell' as a common triumph for the cause of religion. He repeated his cause of religion. He repeated his own declaration of regard and men-tioned Cardinal Moran and other pre-lates who were of the same mind. He told the story of one of them who at-tended a religious assemblage in Amer-ics, heard Father Lambert was to be here, put the question to one sitting beside him, and when told that it was so, said, "Can you point him out to me? Seeing him is my main interest." The gentleman happened to be Father Lambert himself.

The New Zealander was fond of the theme, discussed Father Lambert's work and his intellectual traits, and ventured on a conception of his character, but regretted that he had so little personal knowledge of the man or even descriptions of those who had seen him, whereupon I remarked that I had the honor and the delight of Father Lambert's friendship, and could Father Lamoert's irendship, and count probably tell him as much about the man as any one in the country;; and as the theme was as pleasant for mas for him, I made an endeavor; to do it justice. I could not quite succeed, of course; but at any rate I could assure his New Zealand admirer that his hero in no wise fell short of the high ideal he had formed; and he actually glowed with pleasure when I told him that I should be glad to convey to the man he esteemed so highly his good wishes and his regards.— Catholic Union and Times.

A GOOD SAMARITAN.

WESTERN PRIEST WILL DEVOTE HIS

LOSIS PATIENTS.

pastor of the St. Helena parish, who recently announced his intention of devoting his life to the care of victima of tuberculosis, has selected a site near Mission San Jose for the sanitarium. He has had plans prepared for a modern three-story edifice that will accommodate four hundred patients. grounds will extend over thirty acres, and on account of its natural advantages the hospital will attract patients from

all over the world.
"Father Blake has long cherished tinguished Bishop of Charlottetown,
P. E. I., Right Rev. James Chas.
McDonald, D. D., upon the completion
and dedication of his magnificent
cathedral. This splendid work gives
abundant evidence of the energy, perseverance and unfaltering devotion to Blake has enlisted the financial support of a number of wealthy residents Francisco in the enterprise."-Catholic

METHODIST BISHOP.

At the Centenary Methodist Episso-pal Church, Philadelphia, Rev. J. D.C. Hanna, D. D., speaking on "What can we learn from Catholics?" said: "The Catholic Church is, in one respect, the greatest democracy the world has ever seen. Down South a negro can enter any Catholic Church but if he were to any Catholic Church but if he were to enter a white Methodist church it would almost cause a riot. Right in the same community he can enter the Catholic Church and take his place with any man because Catholics hold that no class distinction can enter there, and he is a man in the sight of God. It is the most marvelous Church in the world in this warnest. Righ and Door world in this respect. Rich and poor meet together and the Lord is master of all. In Centenary Church the poor would be welcomed as the rich, but I have known respectable poor people to

THE PRIESTS AND T

RIOTS. PLAY A NOBLE PART

SEPTEMBER 21,

ING BLCODSHED AND STRIKES. English newspapers, ceular, are singing the Catholic priests of Belia part they played in the and but for which as would have fissed free! The introduction of derce indignation, and the strikers showed in the strikers showed in took place appeared to lude to even more dete Stones were piled up a and other preparations conflicts with the mili Catholic clergy of Be themselves the respon-peace of the town. Fa peace of the town. Fa women who were well by want, and full of ir the troops, yielded to and Belfast was brou-condition in which tween employers and

possible.

"Instead of the trostabulary," wrote the spondent of the Lond icle, "the priests are Falls road, and doing i any one not familiar sight would be an ex Except at the window at the doors of the cracks, not a policement There are crowds wall slightest suggestion of recently men were but cobblestones and pilit for use, the children to their hearts' cont was never more orde being continually i mills throw open thei down, like patrols, down, like patrols, priests speed from on to the other. Whe thickest there, too, walking amongst the on his face and joy i present, at all even expected takes place riot, and all this has not with batons an seem to be carryin arranged plan, and we seemed inclined to g priest strolls gent greeting here and a back, with such rem boys, go along: of There are no murr faces."

Later corresponde Daily Mail said: "Rev. P. Converthe hero of the Bel Father Convery has lives of many per these streets as if his body between the He is a short, the bristling, grizzled the Irish priest, courage and lofty ince the shooting has been for hours Falls road district. has he prevented bloodshed beside bloodshed beside to ago would be forgo

able than an umbre has for hours been ing rioting. His ago, when, regar bayonets and the among his people conflict with auth as I saw them, lack ness. His umbre middle, his eyes glasses, he looks militant. One ms ately to start a sent for theft. T —that is, the C magistrates—took and one was four miscreant up, as till morning. The prisoners in this

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OP.

PLAY A NOBLE PART IN PREVENT-ING BLCODEHED 2 ND ENDING THE STRIKES.

English newspapers, Catholic and secular, are singing the praises of the Catholic priests of Belfast for the noble part they played in the strike riots, and but for which assuredly blood would have flowed freely in that city. The introduction of troops aroused fierce indigation, and the fury which the strikers showed in the affray that took place appeared to be only the prelude to even more determined fighting. Stones were piled up at street corners and other preparations were made for conflicts with the military. Then the Catholic clergy of Belfast took upon themselves the responsibility for the peace of the town. Faithfully did they carry out their undertaking. Men and women who were well-nigh maddened by want, and full of irritation against the troops, yielded to their counsels, English newspapers, Catholic and by want, and fall of intraction the troops, yielded to their counsels, and Belfast was brought back into a condition in which negotiations between employers and employed became

ible. Instead of the troops and the constabulary," wrote the Belfast correspondent of the London Daily Chron-Instead of the London Daily Chronspondent of the London Daily Chronicle, "the priests are doing duty in the Falis road, and doing it admirably. To any one not familiar with Ireland the sight would be an extraordinary one. Except at the windows and occasionally at the doors of the constabulary barracks, not a policeman is to be seen. There are crowds walking up and down the road, but nowhere is there the alightest suggestion of a riot. Where recently men were busy pulling up the cobblestones and piling them up ready for use, the children are now playing to their hearts' content. The crowd was never more orderly, though it is being continually increased as the mills throw open their doors. Up and down, like patrols, on bicyles the priests speed from one end of the road to the other. Where the crowd is thickest there, too, is His Reverence, walking amongst the people, a smile on his face and joy in his heart, for at present, at all events, if nothing unexpected takes place, there is to be no riot, and all this has been accomplished not with batons and fixed bayonets, but by means of the wonderful influence wielded by the priests. They seem to be carrying out a carefully arranged plan, and wherever the people accepted inclined to gather into a crowd are policeman is admirably. To derive the tend the father, more dreaded, but logical in the right of individual choice. "What is to be a Catholic?" had asked the child of her auch a choice. "What is it to be a Catholic?" had asked the child of her auch a choice. "What is it to be a Catholic?" had asked the child of her auch a choice. "What is it to be a Catholic?" had asked the child of her auch a choice. "What is it to be a Catholic?" had asked the child of her auch a choice. "What is it to be a Catholic?" had asked the child of her auch a change in my character as it is a choice. "If I thought that by the cobblestones and piling them up ready in the child." Asked the child of her auch a change in my character as it is a choice. "What is the child of her auch a change but by means of the wonderful influence wielded by the priests. They seem to be carrying out a carefully arranged plan, and wherever the people seemed inclined to gather into a crowd a priest strolls gently up, bestowing a greeting here and a latherly pat on the back, with such remarks as 'Now then, boys, go along: don't stand here.' There are no murmurings, no angry There are no murmurings, no angry

There are no murmurings, no angry faces."

Later correspondence in the London Daily Mail said:

"Rev. P. Convery, P. P., V. G., is the hero of the Beliast riots of 1907. Father Convery has assurely saved the lives of many people walking about these streets as if he had interposed his body between them and the bullets. He is a short, thick-set man, with bristling, grizzled hair, a true type of the Irish priest, and a man of high courage and lofty character. Ever since the shooting of Monday last he has been for hours on duty policing the Falls road district. Only by a miracle has he prevented more disorder and bloodshed beside which that of a week ago would be forgotten.

and one was found who could not not the miscreant up, and locked up he was till morning. They had ten or a dozen prisoners in this way."

THE REAL CONSPIRATORS IN FRANCE.

A respectable deadhead named Fal A respectable deadhead named Fallieres has been sworn in as President
of the French Republic; a resourceful
opportunist named Clemenceau holds
the effice of Prime Minister, and a
Senate and a Chamber of Deputles
practically indissoluble sit making laws
and pretending to govern the country.
But the reaf ruler is the chief of the
Grand Orient, who, with his banchman But the reaf ruler is the chief of the Grand Orient, who, with his henchmen in the first lodge of Paris, constitutes a true "imperium in imperio" such as the world never experienced before. We are likely to have a startling disclosure of some of the means by which the grand game is worked out in the details of a trial about to begin in the the grand game is worked out in the details of a trial about to begin in the French capital. The accused member is M. Pierme, master of a Paris lodge, owing obedience to the Grand Orient. ense consists in his conversing The offense consists in his conversing with M. Bidegain, who, when assistant secretary of the Grand Orient, went over to the enemy and disclosed the whole system of secret reports or "Fiches" whereby War Minister Andre was kept informed of army officers' political opinions. The scandal over the "Fiches" proved the direct cause of the downfall of the Combes Ministry. M. Pierme will be solemnly

audacity of its accusers, the Grand Orient lodges, will be the more readily realized.—Philadelphia Catholic Standard and Times.

MADAME ROSE LUMMIS.

Madame Rose Lummis. By Delia Gleeson, London; Burns and Oates.

To a strong personality we ultimately ascribe all influence. And when we own to having felt Mme Lummis's strengthening and ennobling influence, it is because we have met her, as one person meets another; and that is the highest possible praise we could give to the writer of this little life, and it neans that she has exactly effected her

intention.

Rose Lummis was born on the south shore of Ontario, and died no longer ago than 1900, in her fity-sixth year. Her curious education is candidly told; the influence of an accentric father, who believed in and taught his children weeking registry religion and of an who believed in and taught in Schi-dren no positive religion, and o' an over-gentle mother, could not account for the natural disposition of her soul (though all souls, if they knew them-selves, would recognize their natural Catholicism) towards the faith; which selves, would recognize their natural Catholicism) towards the faith; which broke in upon her, too, irresistible, upon an occasion humanly speaking quite inadequate. As happens not rarely, difficulties came from the ten der and devout mother; none from the father, more dreaded, but logical in his belief in the right of individual choice. "What is it to be a Catholic?" had asked the child of her aunt Rose, when division first entered the family. "Something awful, Rosie; and aunt Cecilia has made us all very unhappy," had been the reply. But a little later, and "If I thought that by becoming a Catholic it would make such a change in my character as it has in yours," could say the same lady, "I should not hesitate an instant" (pp. 10, 53.) Yet, we are frankly told, "the word 'Saint'...

have nothin' the poor young lady could ate." Of another she was told that he ate." Of another she was told that he declared he always thought of heaven when he met her, and saw her eyes. "How very drunk," she said, refreshingly, he must have been!" (p. S9). Her cheerfulness followed her throughout her very laugh is said to have out; her very laugh is said to have begun conversions, of which the most striking was that of Mr. Salt, the Anglican clergyman of her parish, whom she broke down by a judicious administration of teasing and Father Rodriguez.

Rodriguez.
With the death of her last brother, With the death of her last brother, her father's hopes of perpetuating his family collapsed. He had lived for that, and this was his "last anchor gone" (p. 69). Rose, already accustomed to her motto, "Dominus est," It is the Lord," found in it her strength when the spine disease attacked her which kept her in pain, often acute, for the rest of her life. She made a heroic but, need we say, abortive attempt to enter the Society of the Sacred Heart (c. ix.), and afterwards always worked as its Associate. Henceforward her life seems so simple, that only on looking for it do we observe the heroicity of her virtue. A note of self-consciousness, excitement, artificiality in expression, often spoils for us Saints' lives. Here it is the absolute simplicity, cheeriness, affectionateness of an has he prevented more disorder and bloodshed beside which that of a week ago would be forgotten.

"Armed with nothing more formidable than an umbrella, Father Convery has for hours been engaged in preventing rioting. His work began a week ago, when, regardless of stones and bayonets and the pittless rain, he was among his people trying to stop their conflict with authority. His methods, as I saw them, lacked nothing of directness. His umbrella grasped in the middle, his eyes shining through his glasses, he looks like Plokwick turned glasses, he looks like Plokwick turned militant. One man (who tried deliberately to start a row had only been a day out of prison, where had been sent for theft. The acting authorities—that is, the Cathohe priests and mone was found who could lock the misoreant up, and locked up he was till morning. They had ten or a dozen of whose existence we so often become, to our glad astonishment, aware; priests, parsons, peasants, and, in crowds, the emigrated Irish; the life is one list of breakings down of prejudice, of healings of feud, of sympathetic apostolate. The whole is starred with new and characteristic anecdotes: we recommend to those who like tears in their laughter, the story on p. 212: and what of the old negress, who exhorted the old Uncle Job, loth to part with the children he could not support. He should be detached, she said: he could not find a second mother for the little ones; so let him give them up.

ould not find a second mother for the little ones; so let him give them up. "Maybe de Laud wants you to be a widow indeed," as Paul talks."

And though the end was one of great suffering, it was not hard for that practiced soul to repeat her "Dominus est," and the great crowd of all "denominations," with their pastors, which as sisted at her funeral and Mass, of which the non-Catholics sang the music, proves that they had recognised that in her it was Christ who had been living.—London Tablet. -London Tablet.

A Good Work. "A fine example of true missionary spirit has just been given in Long Branch," says the Monitor of Newark, N. J. "There are many Italians in that beautiful little city by the sea.

A NOBLE HERO OF THE CROSS.

N. Y. Freeman's Journal. Seventy-four years ago Bishop Fen-wick, the second Bishop of Boston, resolved to erect a memorial on the spot where Father Sebastian Rasle, S. J., one where Father Sebastian Rasle, S. J., one of the pioceer Catholic missionaries in Maine was shot to death by enemies of his faith. In the early thirties the Catholics in New England were comparatively few and consequently there was no question of erecting a costly monument to the Jesuit martyr, who in 1724 had fallen a victim to anti-Catholic hatred.

lic hatred.

In a letter to Governor Edward Kavanaugh of Maine, dated July 11, 1833, Bishop Fenwick gives a detailed description of the modest memorial which he intended should perpetuate the memory of Father Rasle. Incidentally he mentions that he is unwilling to ask his congregation in Bosten to contribute anything as they are engaged in raising funds to build a new church which was afterwards known as St. Mary's, in Endicott street, North End. From Bishop Fenwick's letter to the Governor of Maine we learn that the proposed monument, which was to cost \$150, was to consist of roughly hewn stone, was to be 5t high, 3 ft square stone, was to be 5it high, 3 ft square at the bottom, 1; ft square at the top and to be surrounded by a brass or iron

cross. For two generations this monument stood at Norridgewock, Me., as reminder of the heroic Rasle, who rounded minder of the heroic Rasle, who rounded a life of unsparing sacrifice and devo-tion by the death of a martyr. It was a happy thought on the part of Bishop Walsh, the head of the Portland dio-Walsh, the head of the Portland diocese, to call attention anew to the martyred missionary by dedicating a new monument, which is to be the precursor of a chapel to be erected near the grave of the valiant missionary, who for twenty six years labored so zealously to plant the cross on the soil of Maine.

Father Thomas Campbell, S. J., the

Father Thomas Campbell, S. J., the orator on the occasion of the ceremonies, which on August 22 marked the one hundred and eighty-third anniversary of Father Rasle's martyrdom, gave a graphic description of the missionary labors of the devo'ed priest, who in his consuming zeal in behalf of his Indian flock, knew not what rest was. We are told that for twenty years after his are told that for twenty years after his limbs had become disabled he followed his Indians on their distant expeditions ministering to their spiritual as well as physical wants. And so he labored year after year winning the affectionate loyalty of the red men who felt that they had in him a friend on whom they could rely with implicit confidence.

they could rely with implicit confidence.
The territory between the Penobscot
and the Kennebee was in dispute. Both and the Rennebee was in displace. Both the England and France laid claims to it. The frequent forays of armed Puritans who had no love for Catholics and especially none for Jesuits, exposed Father Rasle to constant danger. When Father Rasle to constant danger. When his superiors suggested that it would be the part of prudence to withdraw from his missionary field, the answer he returned was wholly worthy of him: "I will not withdraw," was his noble reply. "It is proper that I should die with my flock." And true to his word he fell surrounded by his faithful Indians. Father Campbell in his address, thus describes the last scene of all in the life of this noble hero of the cross:

cross:
"The last act of the tragedy occurred on Aug. 23, 1724. Three hundred, some say one thousand, men surrounded the village and without warning opened fire when the troops withdrew some or the poor Indians stole back, gathered up the margled remains of their beloved Father and buried them under the smouldering remains of the altar, where that morning he had offered the holy Sacrifice of the Mass. Around him were buried the seven noble Abenakis who died to defend him. And so Narostone passed away forever."

who died to defend him. And so Narrantsousc passed away forever."

The cold-blooded massacre was perpetrated by the orders of the General Court of Massachusetts, or as we would now say the State Legislature. The Puritans who acted on the principle that "the good Indian is the dead Indian" were incensed at the successful work of civilisation Jesuit Missionaries were performing in the wilds of Maine and resolved to stamp it out by employing methods similar to wilds of Maine and resolved to stamp it out by employing methods similar to those Cromwell had used in Ireland in his war upon the Catholic Church. The selling of Father Rasle's scalp in Boston was eloquent of the hatred the Puritans bore him. One of their descendants, Converse Francis, a non-Catholic, gives us this pen picture of the self-sacrificing missionary, whose scalp was put up for sale at the head-quarters of Puritanism:

"I am deeply moved by the life of this pious, devoted and extraordinary man. Nurtured amidst European learn-

man. Nurtured amidst European learning and accustomed to the refinements of one of the most intellectual nations of the old World, he banished himself from the pleasures of home and from the attractions of his native land,

presses one who is not of his faith. It would be a distinct loss if the memory of this noble life should fade from men's minds. Undoubtedly it was this thought which impelled Bishop Fenwick seventy odd years ago to mark the spot where the martyred missionary, true to his flock to the end, sealed his devotion to them by the sacrifice of his life. Bishop Walsh, Bishop Fenwick's successor, as Walsh, Bishop Fenwick's successor, as Maine was included in the diocese of Boston until a comparatively recent date purposes to make the scene of Father Rasle's death a place of pilgrimage for New England Catholics. In this way the story of one of the noblest of the band of Catholic missionaries who devoted their lives to Christianizing and civilizing the American Indian will be handed down to future generations of Catholics, who cannot but feel a thrill of admiration in listening to the narration of the glorious deeds of their spiritual forbears, who regardless of periods tion of the giorious deeds of their spir-itual forbears, who regardless of per-sonal danger spent themselves in a work that constitutes one of the most resplendent chapters in the history of our country. Father Campbell does not employ the language of exaggera-tion when, speaking of that work as ex-emplified in the life and death of Father Rasle, he declares:

Father Rasle, he declares:

"Maine has no holier place than Narrantsonac; no greater son than Sebastian Rasle, who won that title by shedding his blood for the first possessors of this land; and who offered his life a thousand times that whatever might be the future civilization of this territory, which is now a mighty commonwealth, it might have as its foundation those divine truths on which depend the happiness of its people, the sanctity of its households, the stability of its laws and the representations of its laws and the representations. sanctity of its households, the stability of its laws and the permanency of its institutions. The name of Sebastian Rasie should be written in letters of light in the history of Maine."

THE ATTACK ON MERRY DEL VAL

Last Tuesday a numerous representa-tion of the Catholics of Marino waited tion of the Catholics of Marino waited on the Cardinal Secretary of State to offer him a richly illumined address protesting against the recent outrage perpetrated against His Eminence at Marino, and expressing their profound devotion to the See of Peter. His Emmince in replying said: "For all the people of Marino I entertain only sentiments of affection and good-will, and I wish I could approach and do good to those who have insulted me without those who have insulted me without knowing me. The real responsibility does not rest with them. They, like does not rest with them. They, have been so many others these days, have been led astray by those unhappy persons who abuse the good faith of the people to existe its passions with lies and calumnies, the disturbers who unhappily with impunity, by their writing and their discourses strive to rouse the masses

ourses strive to rouse the masses against religion, against the Church and against the Pope, trampling underfoot the purest glories and the best traditions of the nation. And yet even these, in their own fashion and in spite of themselves now protest against spite of themselves, now protest against the attack made in Marino. In face of the general reprobation which has re-sounded throughout Catholic I.aly, honest Italy, the Italy of culture and refinement, and of the protests which have been made in all parts of the world, the unhappy authors of the attack would like to shirk their re-sponsibility and throw the onus of their deeds on the individuals of the persons who have acted under their inspira-tion. They protest, therefore, and they do so after their own manner, now denying the facts now seeking to mini-mise their gravity, and now expressing a regret which would be efficacious were it coherent. But since the prin-cipal authors of the attack protest, let

The New World, of Chicago, has published a most interesting and in-formative sketch of the extraordinary career of the pervert Dwyer, the itine ant fakir, who has been perambulating Illinois delivering rhodomontades against the Catholic Church and defaming her ministers. He could not be faming her ministers. He could not be more happily described than as a "Chameleon Apostate," and "Lightning Change Artist." Four times did he leave and return to the Catholic Church, twice he became incorporated with the Shakers, he officiated as Universalist minister, being especially forceful in repudiating hell, and found for a brief period rest and peace from the floods of life and the storms of religious doubt in the haven of Episcopalianism. He is now the darling of the Methodists. Bounced from Catholic congregations, the Shakers shook him, the Universalists were not universal enough to include him not universal enough to include him and Henry VIII.'s church was not lax enough to tolerate him. He ceived holy orders, although the papers have called him an ex-priest. He never

have called him an ex-priest. He never was a professor or instructor in the Catholic University.

"Is it not passing strange," asks our contemporary, "that the Methodists are willing to receive with open arms and introduce to their most select congregations and thair Chantananas arm man "Fiches" whereby War Minister Andre was kept informed of army officers' political opinions. The scandal over the "Fiches" proved the direct cannot be added to the content of the Combes Ministry. M. Plerme will be solemnly arraigned before his own lodge. In unmaking a content of the downfall of the Combes Ministry. M. Plerme will be a solemnly arraigned before his own lodge. In unmaking a content of the conte

---- Skin Disease is Blood Disease

"Fruit-a-tives" clean the blood of all Impurities and clear the Complexion.

Pimples and Blotches—
Redness—Boils—Eczema and other inflammations of the skin—mean Impure Blood.

Pimples and Blotches—
work of ridding the system of waste.
This purifies the

plexion always suffers from poor "Fruit-a-tives" digestion - nonaction of the bowels (or Constipation) and often the

kidneys are weak. cure for Pimples These unhealthy and Blotches organs cannot rid the system of the It waste matter. is this waste_taken up by the blood and carried to valuable tonics and antiseptics. the skin-that ruins the

complexion. "Fruit-a-tives" cure all skin troubles because they cure the

eliminating organs to do their

kidneys and bowels.

A person with a bad com- blood - and in-

wonderful

on the skin.

stantly the pimples and blotches disappear, and the complexion clears. " Fruit-a-tives cure skin troubles when everything else fails.

" Fruit-a-tives " are fruit juices, intensified, and combined with

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light of the true faith is the unalterable and ineradicable conviction—
either the Catholic Church is the ark

A school which is filled not only of the New Covenant or true Christian ity has perished from the earth."

FREEMASONRY IN ROME.

Ever since the grotesque revelations of Leo Taxil (who died in poverty and obscurity a couple of months ago,) one is naturally disposed to look with suspicion on accounts of the inner doings of European freemasonry, but every now and then some reliable information as to their strength and activity and methods are to be had. Here in Italy for some years past the sect has fallen into considerable disrepute, and its leaders have been making desperate efforts to recover their influence. Ac efforts to recover their influence. According to a recent publication, the Peninsula contains altogether one hundred and fifty lodges, with a membership of about seven thousand—a very small figure, it will be seen, when compand with the thirty millions of pared with the thirty millions of Italians. And yet one-fifth of the Italian Chamber of Deputies is com-posed of freemasons. "Freemasonry," posed of freemasons. "Freemasonry," proclaimed the ex - Grand Master Nathan, "does not interfere in politics," but then, he goes on to add a moment later: "In a struggle of great importance for the future of the country importance for the future of the country, of progress, of liberty, we must fight as one man and to the death against everybody who allies himself with the clerical sect and assumes solidarity with it." Freemasonry owns no newspaper in Italy—yet it has adepts in nearly all of them. There are three masons in the Giornale d'Italia here in Rome, while the Vita and the Messay. masons in the Giornale d'Italia here in Rome, while the Vita and the Messaggero are run almost entirely by free-masons. These facts are worth noting during the present anti-clerical campaign, which has been fed so liberally with money supplied by French free-masons and kept going so furiously by the greater part of the press of Italy.

not contented itself with forcing its us take note of the fact because their us take note of the fact because their protest gives greater relief to yours, inspired by sentiments truly noble and worthy of a great Catholic and cultured nation; and let us hope that our adversaries will cease to promote a campaign the consequences of which they themselves protess to condemn."—Rome.

NOW THE DARLING OF THE NOW THE DARLING OF THE STEEDINGS. way into the Italian army and navy and anybody as to who was meant. The priests of Stezzano in a body sued the paper for defamation, and in the course of the trial the chief author of the story confessed that he had invented it from beginning to end. But the newspaper, which is notoriously masonic, was acquitted. Perhaps this instructive incident may serve to explain to some extent why it is that priests and religious so rarely endeavor to bring libelious newspapers to book, and that even when they do they are content with half justice. Thus book, and that even when they as they are content with half justice. Thus last November the infamous Asino openly accused a priest in Rome of a particularly hideous charge. He brought an action against the sheet. nd the Catholic papers were able to publish with a certain air of a triumph yesterday, that the Asino has been forced to publish a complete retraction in the same type and in the same part of the journal occupied by the charge. But one does not read of any damages or imprisonment for the arthurst and the same part of the same or imprisonment for the author of it .-

It is to be feared that the sect has

WHAT IS A PAROCHIAL SCHOOL?

A parochial school is a school whither ittle children are bidden to come not only to toy with a plant or bird, but to learn from the first to sing the praises of Him that made them.

searching eye of God.

A school which is filled not only with a sense of the might and majesty of the Creator, but aglow with the thoughts of the sweetness and love of

A school which, as the solemn moment approaches when the Lord is to come and dwell in the hearts of His children slowly and quietly, through a thousand influences, attunes them to

children slowly and quietly, through a thousand influences, attunes them to the Infinite.

A school which sends forth the boys and girls that have been entrusted to her by God and the home and society alive to their responsibilities to that God, that home and that society; endowed with a sense of the proper relations of things in the world they are to enter; knowing, not only to appreciate and to use more or less ably various modes of expression to read and write and cipher, to draw and to sing but knowing that character is greater than wealth, duty sweeter than indulgence, knowledge and power to be used only in accordance with the demands of charity, truth and justice.

In a word, the parochial school is a Christian school, a school which does not neglect the most important end of education and stands perplexed as to the means to the end which does not "let intellect outrun character," which

"let intellect outrun character," which knows how to make "religion and education go hand in hand."

And as the attainment of these pur-

poses is now as we have seen the su-preme concern of the most representative American educators, as this attain-ment is proclaimed by them to be of ment is proclaimed by them to be of the most vital importance to the wel-fare of the country, the Catholic people of the United States may not only point with pride to their parochial school system, built as it was in vinal cation of their most sacred rights as school system, built as it was in vindi-cation of their most sacred rights as American citizens, but it is time for them in view of its results, to claim from their fellow-citizens adequate recognition for what they have done and are doing for the nation by its establishment and its maintenance--Louis J. Mercier in the New World.

SACRED HEART ACADEMY, LON-DON. ONT.

The aim of the Religious of the Sacred Heart is to give to their pupils an education which will prepare them to fill worthily the places for which Divine Providence destines them.

The training of character and cultivation of manners are therefore con-

The training of character and cultivation of manners are therefore considered matters of primary importance, and the health of the puils is the object of constant solicitude. Active

pert of constant soficitude. Active physical exercise is insisted upon.

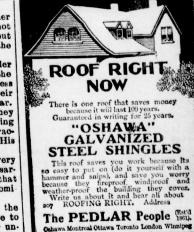
The course of studies comprises a thorough English education; also, if desired, the preparation for the Entrance and Junior Leaving Examina-

Special advantages are offered for learning French and Needlework. The Musical Course fits pupils for the ex-aminations of the London Conservatory. Terms and other particulars for board, half board or the day school, may be had by applying at the Convent or ad-

dressing.
The Mother Superior, I and on Oc. London Onv.

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Classik

Unlike wooden ceilings, Galt

... DURING ...

THE SUMMERTIME

it is a wise course to make proper pre-paration for the coming months of Winter, and so in youth—the Summer-

Winter, and so in youth—the Summer-time of life—it is only right that pro-vision should be made for the Winter months of old age. Nothing is more pitiable than an old age of want and helplessness, especially where it fol-lows a youth of plenty.

In those prosperous times, every young man should make preparation for the future by securing an Endowment Policy, which, besides providing for a mature age, free from care and anxiety good distance.

anxiety, would give protection to those dependent upon him in the meantime. See one of our representatives at once, or write to-day to the

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down as do the plaster kind.

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burn through, neither do they crack or fall

" GOD SAVE ALL HERE."

There is a prayer that's breathed alone
In dear old Erin's land;
'The uttered on the threshold stone,
With smiles and clasping hand;
And off, perchance, 'tis murmured low
With sign and failing tear,
The grandest meeting man may know—
The prayer, "God save all here !"

In other lands they know not well In other lands they know not well How priceless is the fore That hedges with a sacred spell Old Ireland's cable door. To those it is no omp y sound Who think oft with a tear off long loved mem'ries wreathing round The prayer, "God save all here!"

Live on, O prayer, in Ireland still,
To bless each threshold true,
The echoes of her homes to fill
With fervor ever new;
And, guarding with its holy spell
The soul and conscience clear,
Be graven on each heart as well—
The prayer, "God save all here!"

FIVE-MINUTE SERMON.

Eighteenth Sunday after Pentecost TEAST OF THE SEVEN SORROWS OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

Now there stood by the Cross of Jesus His ther." (St. John xix, 23.) A month ago Holy Church placed be-A month ago Holy Church placed before us for our contemplation the tri
amphant entry of the Mother of Jesus
anto heaven, and invited us on the
great least of the Assumption to glory
in our Blessed Lady's triumph and rejoice in her joy. To-day Holy Church
places before us for our contemplation
the sorrows of the Mother of Jesus, and
invites us to mourn over her sufferings invites us to mourn over her sufferings and sorrow in her sorrows. One is the feast of hope, the other the feast of faith; one is of heaven, the other is of earth. And our Blessed Lady's sorrard.

earth. And our Blessed Lady's sormows, being of earth, come close to us
and teach us a practical lesson —
sojourners as we are in a vale of tears.
Sorrow is in very truth the monarch
of this lower world, and sconer or later
every soul is sure to feel the touch of
his scoptro. There is nothing that men
find so difficult to understand and account for as the mighty wail of sorrow
that rises up from generation to generthat rises up from generation to generation throughout the whole wide sea of mortal life, and extends to its most distant shores. What is the reason of all this suffering that exists in the world around us? is a question that has been asked day after day, and year after year, and century after century, since he first human tear fell upon the un conscious earth. And the attempt to solve this enigma of mankind has tounded schools of philosophy and philanthropy, systems of religion, and methods of life, from the dawn of human history and before it to the present hour. Yet the reason of sorrow, though it has e caped the search of mankind, is not far to seek—it is sin, and sin is everywhere. On any other theory than the religious one of the probation and fall of man, this present existence is a sark and hopeless riddle. But even Christians, to whom this explanation is the first lesson of their faith, seem to lose sight of it in their practical views of life. We have not the heart to meet she stern truth face to face, and recognize that our life in this world is not a season of joy, but rather of sorrow; that we are not here to loiter through the light of a long summer day, but to endure and to labor in darkness and

the feast of to day.

Picture the Mother of Jesus in her early childhood, when, a fair vision of innocence, she rested in the arms of St. Ann; hehold her growing up a spotless
lower in the Temple of God; contemlate her in the tracquil purity and
heauty of her girlhood and the bright
lopes it inspired. And then behold
her, a Virgin Mother, sword-pierced in the Temple, a fugitive in a toreign and, a distracted pilgrim seeking her lost Son, the mother of a persecuted betrayed, and convicted Man, the sad-Calvary, meeting her Son face to face on His way to death, standing by His gibbet, the witness of His ignominy, the sharer of His suffering, the partner in His sorrows, the sentinel by His As to the second mercy, which you ask Cross, the mourner over His bier, the guardian of His tomb, and learn from her that suffering is the portion of all who follow faithfully in the footsteps of our Lord Jesus Christ and secure His salvation. For "Unless you take up Cross and follow Me you cannot be

rm. And this is the great lesson of

ABOUT PRAYER.

ITS EFFICACY AS THE LANGUAGE OF THE SOUL

Without prayer religion lacks the vitalizing power that shapes and molds the lives of men into patterns that show the marks of service and sacrifice. The skepticism regarding prayer is the result of our absorbing interest in things material and the consequent lack of appreciation of things spiritual. The storm, stress, and strife of modern days bent pre-eminently upon the acquisi-tion of those means that will secure more and better creature comforts, are ancommonly favorable to the develop-ment of our mortality and unfavorable to the culture of our finer feelings and sentiment. Sentiment unfolds in an atmosphere that is pervaded with the warmth of the soul. Prayer is such a sentiment that must, therefore, be in-

and not in the terms of the intellect. Not all that pas es for prayer is, therefore, the genuine article. The more saying of prayers is not neces-arily praying. The one is ofttimes a meaningless and mechanical task, as is meaningless and mechanical task, as is the turning of the prayer wheel in Thibet; while praying is the drawing of the individual out of self into that arger self that it conceives to be distinc. "A prayer without reverence and awe," says the rabbis, "is like the human body without a soul." They also liken prayer to a burning fire the smoke of which rises while the ashes remain behind. So in the true and devout prayers the spirit that prompts devout prayers the spirit that prompts it ascends to God's throne, while the words, like ashes, remain behind to be

of which it was always ful!. On the pedestal below was inscribed the single word "Endure." The water was brought to the urn from the high hill beyond the house, where there was a spring that never failed. It was not the capacity of the urn that gave it its sufficiency: it was its connection with the spring.—Catholic Columbian.

GAVE UP PALACE FOR THE CLOISTER.

On the Feast o' St. Dominic, founder On the Feast of St. Dominic, founder of the Order of Friars Prachers, the Prince of Loewenstein, direct descendant of Frederick the Victorous, Elector Palatine, carried into effect his determination of laying down his princely rank and possessions and entering as a simple novice the Order of St. Dominic. At the age of seventy-three he has followed the example of his sister Adelaide, the angust widow of three he has followed the example of his sister Adelaide, the august widow of King Dom Miguel I., who on June 13, 1897, took the Benedictine veil at the Monastery of St. Cecilia of Solesmes. The eldest, Princess Maric, died a Benedictine at Solesmes, where she was joined by her sister Agnes. Another daughter, the Princess Frances, chose the humble state of the Poor Sisters of

St. Francis.

The ceremony of clothing this distinguished man, who has given up a palace for the cloister, took place in the conventual church of the Dominicaus at Venloo, a town celebrated in the Wars of the Low Countries, situated on the

of the Low Countries, situated on the Meuse, not far from Kempen, the natal town of Thomas a' Kempis.

The part of the church open to the laity was filled to its utmost capacity. Place was reserved for the son of the prince postulant, Prince Aloys de Loewenstein, to whom his father had given over the administration of the domains and lands of the principality. domains and lands of the principality and its territorial dependencies. His daughter, the Duchess of Braganza, wite of Dom Miguel II., and his niece, the Princess Henry of Bourbon-Parma, the Infanta Aldegonda of Portugal, witnessed the clothing of their father and uncle. About the princesses were ranged representatives of the historic Rhenish nobility.

IN COURT DRESS.

The ceremony was preceded by Pontifical Mass, celebrated, according to the ancient usage of the sons of St. Dominic, by a friar minor of St. Francis. The prince made his entry into the choir simultaneously with the arrival of the monks. He was in court dress, and wore around his neck the Collar of the Golden Fleece, and from a gold chain hung the Grand Cross of the Sovereign Order of Malta, while on his breast sparkled the insignia in diamonds of the Order of Christ, long since conferred by the Sovereign Pontiff.

since conferred by the Sovereign Pontiff.

At the conclusion of the Mass, during which the future novice remained kneeling at a prie dieu, Father Albert Kaufmann, provincial, stood before the prince, and, reciting all his titles, recalled that he had implored two mercies—that of God and that of the Order of St. Dominic—and dwelt on the fact that God had manifested

on the fact that God had manifested mercy to him many times.
"Is it not a proof of the divine mercy," said the provincial, "that a man who had always a place in the bosom of the Church, and who always held firmly aloft his flag for the defense of truth, liberty and right, should die flag in hand? In your Royal Highness this mercy has been doubly manifested. All your life has been consecrated to the service of the Church. You have the service of the Church. You have ceaselessly combated in the shadow of his banner, and now the good God ac-cords you the grace of being able to consecrate the remnant of your life to Him. By divine grace you have freely renounced the splendors which envir-oned your existence. By the same of me, it is to give you the habit of St. Dominic. I can accord it to you only on condition that you be ready to submit in everything to the rule of our order, and to make the vow of chastity, poverty and obedience. The life of the monk has many ennuis and inconveniences, from the corporal and the spiritual point of view. I ak you, spiritua: point of view. I ak you, then, this: "Will you submit to this life of a monk, with all its ennuis and inconveniences, as much as is possible, freely and with a full obedience?"

"Yes, with the grace of God," answered His Highness in a clear and firm vaice.

Rising, the prince then went to the altar and there laid down the Golden and the Order of the Order of Malta and the Order of Christ. Then the brothers took off his court dress, and he received from the hands of the pro-vincial the white robe of St. Dominic, the cincture and the black tunic and

skull cap.
The "Te Deum" was then intoned. during which the novice remained out stretched before the altar, his face to

stretched before the altar, his face to the ground and his arms extended in the form of a cross. He then arose to give the kiss of peace to all the Fathers and Brothers and lay Brothers present. Going back to the altar, he received the accolade of the provincial, who, addressing to him a paternal allocution, said that he had now exchanged his princely splendors for the humble habit princely splendors for the humble habit of St. Dominic—the white robe of inno-cence and the black tunic of penitence. He told him that the order accorded him a year's probation, during which he could examine his spiritual disposition and prepare himself definitely for conventual life. The provincial termin ated by expressing the wish that he would be able to receive him as a professed monk at the conclusion of his probation, and in saying the words, "God wills it," gave him the name of Brother Raymond.

This new and latest sacrifice made by him who bore the title Serene Highness words, like ashes, remain behind to be scattered by the winds.

Over the main gateway of one of England's ancestral homes there stood through the Catholic world, wherever the story is told of this prince becoming a Dominican novice—an example to the graces of the earth and to the humble and disinherited.—Philadelphia Catholic Standard and Times.

WHAT CAME OF A VISIT TO THE HE TURNS FROM CHRISTLESS BLESSED SACRAMENT. PROTESTANTISM.

N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

The Rev. John P. Dunn, who died years ago in Philadelphia, often related the following strange incident of his wn experience :

was in the early years of his priest hood that Father Duon was granted this touching proof of the secret work-ings of the Blessed Sacrament. He was summoned one day to the house of was summoned one day to the nonse of an Episcopalian minister, who was dis-tinguished for his bitter hostility to everything pertaining to 'Romanism.' Wondering a little at the summons, the Wondering a little at the summons, the good priest instantly went thither, expecting to be taken to the bedside of some faithful servant whose importunity for the rites of the Church had tri umphed over the bigotry of her em-ployers. To his amazement, he was shown at once into an elegant chamber, where the minister's only child lay on her deathbed. She was a fair and win-ning child of nine summers, the idol of the household, intelligent beyond her years, and, blessed with perfect health and watched over with tender est solicitude, had bid fair to blossom into womanhood unmarked by pain or sorrow. Yet the little child had for sorrow. Yet the fittle child had for nearly four years borne a secret sorrow which at last had brought her, without disease or pain, to the brink of the grave. There was nothing to grapple with, the doctors said: she was fading with, the doctors said: she was fading away before their eyes with no symptoms of illness, no token of decline, only dying. The medicine men studied the strange case with interest; friends wondered and wept; the parents grew stern and hardened in their grief. Well they knew what had brought their precious, their only one, to this conprecious, their only one, to this con-

precious, their only one, to this condition.

On this day the family physician had caught the first clew for his guidance. It was a bitter exclamation against the "Popish servant girls" which broke from the lips of the mother, as, with wild, tearless eyes, she gazed upon her fading flower. The doctor demanded an explanation of her words, sternly reminding her that he had a right to know the cause of the child's illness. Her reluctance being finally overcome, the mother began by stating that they had once unhappily been persuaded to the mother began by stating that they had once unhappily been persuaded to engage an Irish Catholic girl as the at tendant to their little Lena. The girl was far superior to her station, and in fact they treated her almost as one of the family, "little thinking they were cherishing a viper." They had strong hopes of her conversion, for she never want to church, had no Poolsh hook or went to church, had no Popish book or went to church, had no ropush book of emblem of any sort, and was really so indifferent about religion that they were convinced she had not the slight-est recollection of the superstitutions of her native country. They had not striven to hasten her conversion, be-lieving that the attention she gave to their instructions to the child, at which she was generally present, was sowing

One afternoon she took Lena out for her usual walk, and for the first time in years, according to her own statement afterwards, felt an inclination to go to atterwards, feit an inclination to go to church. It was a day when "Benedic-tion" was given, and from that fatal day dated all their misery. The child was so impressed by the ceremonies that she longed to go again. From a most pious, docile disposition, she be-came disobedient and stubborn, no longer taking any interest in her pray-ers or Bible lessons, and at divine ser-vice showing none of her former reverence and thoughtful attention. Of course the faithless servant was dis-missed without delay, the little victim of her diabolical art surrounded with all good influences, but in vain: the child longed and pined after the Popish

ceremony, and the terrible infatuation or possession, whichever it might be, was destroying her life.

The physician's comment on the story was an instant command that a Catholic priest should be brought to Catholic priest should be blodged his patient. He suggested Father Dunn, whom he often met; and despite the opposition of the mother, the young priest was called on. The child had heard nothing of this. The Protestant heard nothing of this. The Protestant doctor imagined that the priest would go through some ceremony that would arouse her to animation, and watched anxiously from the door. To his amazeanxiously from the door. To his amazement, the child sprang up in bed at the instant the priest entered the room and with clasped hands and eager gaze waiting his approach. "You have brought my Lord!" she cried in a voice at once pathetic and exulting. "I wouldn't go without Him!"

Father Dunn's surprise was as great as the doctor's. He tried to soothe and divert her, but she put her little wasted hand on his breast, where the Blessed Saorament rested, and her an-swers to his questions showed that she swers to his questions showed that she was as thoroughly familiar as himself with the great Mystery. "Gratify her, my dear sir—her life is at stake!" urged the anxlous doctor, The young priest knew better than the aged physician; but he hesitated no longer. The innocent child made her acts of love and contrition as he prompted, received her lovel and with a house ceived her Lord, and with a happy smile sank back on the pillow. As Father Dunn gave the blessing, the seraphic soul fied to its Love.

What a great misfortune it is for some people that they have not acquired the habit of confessing their own sins as frequently as they do those of their neighbors.

LIQUOB AND TOBACCO HABITS

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al standing and personal integrity permitted by 1
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liquor and tobacco habite are healthril, safe
inexpensive home treatments. No hypodermic
liquories, in publicity; no loss of time from
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too true that the heavenly city, which our Puritan fathers yearned for and sought with prayers and tears, has become, to many of their Christless descendants, a frigid city of ice palaces: built of pale negations, cold, cheerless, shining in a pale winter sun with an evanescent glitter of a doubtful and unsubstantial intellectual worth.

"As the icebergs from the frozen

"As the icebergs from the frozen north floated with the ocean currents, only to be melted and disappear in the warm waters of the equator, so shall these transcendental ice mountains

"The full, rich, glorious Christ of Catholic Christianity has been dragged from His throne by these "advanced" thinkers (God save the mark!) and reduced to beggary. A pale, bloodiess, emaclated Syrian ghost, He still dimly haurts the icy corridors of the twen-tieth century Protestantism, from which the doom of His final exclusion

has been already spoken.
"Then in their boundless arrogance "Then in their boundless arrogance and self-assertion they turn upon those of us who still cry with Thomas before the Risen One, 'My Lord and my God,' and tell us that there is no middle ground between their own vague and sterile rationalism and the Roman Catholic Church. If this be so, then for me most gratefully and lovingly I turn to the Church of Rome as a homeless, houseless wanderer to a home in a continuing city.

living God, and hence so restless and dissatisfied. The husk of life's fruit is growing thicker and its meat thinner and drier every day for the vast majority of our people. In many and importan respects life was brighter in the so respects life was brighter in the so-called "Dark Ages" than it is to day. The seamless robe of Christ is rent into hideous fragments and trampled in the dirt."-The Missionary.

A DISGRACEFUL ACTION.

Rather an unusual point, but never rather an unusual point, but never-theless a good one, was made by a priest preaching a mission in the cathedral of Brisbane, Queensland. He was speaking of many dangers that surround Catholics at the present day, and the necessity of safeguarding the faith by Catholic reading, when he digressed a bit to score severely the Catholics who show meanness or care-lessness in the matter of paying for Catholic papers. Catholic publica-tions, he said, suffered very much from unpaid subscriptions. Often times the unpaid subscriptions. Often times the paper was sent for years, and, when the bill for payment came, very often a post-card was sent, stopping the paper altogether. This, declared the preacher, was a shameful and disgraceful action on the part of Catholies, and a great deal of the weakness and inefficiency of the Catholie press, complained of by some people. is dua to Catholica of by some people, is due to Catholics who seem to have money for everything else but who "get and" and stop the paper if they are reminded of their remissness.— British Columbia Orphan

The having had courage to begin the work for God will be most meritorious; so be courageous: God will not permit





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Rev. Charles Eiward Stowe, Rev. Charles Edward Stowe, of Bridge rater, Mass., is a son of the great novelist, Harriet Bescher Stowe, and a nephew of Henry Ward Beecher. He is also a Congregational preacher of splendid standing. One evening recently during a sermon deliver d in his church, he took off his gloves and boldly assailed the Protestantism of the hour and its alleged "higher crities." Thus he said in part:
"Our Puritan Fathers never would

"Our Paritan Fathers never would have made the break they did with Catholic Christianity could they have foreseen as a result thereof the Christless, moribund, frigid, fruitless Protestantism that can contribute neither warmth, life, inspiration nor power to lift us above the weight and weari-ness of sin. Thank God, that is not true of all Protestantism! The great doctrines of Catholic Christianity are still believed and preached in many of our churches. But, alas! it is only too true that the heavenly city, which

melt in the warmer currents that the Holy Spirit will bring to human hearts from our crucified but now risen and glyrified Lord.

tinuing city.
"We are hungry for God, yea for the

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SEPTEMBER 21, CHATS WITH YOU Jesuit's Advice to Yo That a young man she trouble face to face, mes it, grabble with it, and by power of his spiritual w no curse, but a blessing, and what is manly elevat makes one sturdier a braver, and therefore that a man when he ha what he can for his return to it again and it until his eye becom over it until his though gled, lament over it until despondent, shiver and until his nerves are until trouble face in the ship of th despondent, shiver and a until his nerves are uns cal, this is not manly. cal, this is not mainly.

It is worry.

When you must think give it all the quiet the thought that it needs. some broad limit to study. Let it be real dical study. Meditate what you can do and order to avert or endurisfortune. Or it may

misfortune, or it may Let not your thought one moment, upon any What is to be done what is to be done question that you have answer. When you have best road as you think keep looking back, we whether you be, right not decide in a hurry have thoroughly after have thoroughly sifted But when you have or your face resolutely exerably set further re-

If still you allow haunt your nights wit and to dog your boys and to dog your boys 'after-thought, your m bird caged and terr seeking to escape thr ing, will beat itself hatal bars; your ener ervated, yet restless; spasmodic, yet vacilla morbid . your whole

spasmodic, yet vacilia morbid; your whole wasted, worthless.

When trouble is o cling to it. "Let th its dead." If there past that tells a wis-listened to. If there sacred to friendship If there should have If there should have far more than few the we should thank God now lost, let its thomas a recollection to b to Paradise.

But the past is des from it. We may l not, we can not live in the present. We work to do, our pres our present cross to ent comfort to lean upresent life to liv course, look forward at the future with senile despondency, ficial glance of infant forward with the cl of robust anticipati quick intuition of thought. Many per of their own imagining morbidness they come, so as to tast before ever it re-Dotards live in the the future; men li-brave, then, in you Robert Kane, S. J. ome, so as to tast

Social Intercours It is astonishing learn from people i when you know h rightly. But it is only get a great giving them a gre The more you ra more magnaminou generous of your fling yourself out serve, the more yo You must give m

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and about a half-dozen brave kids were

factor still retained as a last link, binding him to his youth and innocence

binding him to his youth and innocence and hope of heaven, his rosary, and maybe our Lady of the Rosary will reward him for it. Rest assured, Billy won't forget his rosary, and if I ain't mistaken, he now carries one in each pocket. Now, Billy told me all this himself, so, believe it or not, it stands as written.—Father A., O. F. M., in St. Anthony's Messenger.

The Story of t. Stage Cat.

All boys and girls are familiar with Browning's captivating "Pied Piper of

"Well, there is a good story, in con-

"Well, there is a good story, in connection with the opera called "The Ratoatcher of Hamelin," when it was first given in the great Royal Opera House of Dresden.

In this opera, while Singup, the charmer, was singing his tuneful and spellbinding incantation, thousands upon thousands of rats suddenly in vaded the stage, emerging from doors and windows, crevices in the walls and holes in the ground.

"They were "made up" as lifelike as possible, and scampered about the stage for all the world as if they were

real flesh and blood instead of only

skin and stuffing. Do you wonder, then, that they completely took in the sleek old cat belonging to the stage?

Now, even if she was sleek and well

fed, she was a conscientious old cat.
And she did not consider that her duty

was done when she had merely played "going to bed" in the children's mati-

ee once a week.
So when, this night of the new opers,

she suddenly perceived what she be-lieved to be a host of her natural foes in the very act of audaciously trespass-ing on the stage, she gave a piercing "Mi-au" of indignation, leaped down

to the stage from her favorite corner

in the wings and, to the unbounded amusement of the audience, fastened her claws into one of the counterfeit

In a twinkling she discovered, of course, that she had been fooled, but she never "turned a hair," beating her retreat with all the majesty of a

well born self-respecting tabby.

The audience howled with delight, and gave her such an enthusiastic re-

call that finally one of the actors brought her out to acknowledge the

German literature contains many beautiful pieces. Here is one: In a flowery dell a herd boy kept his

sheep, and because his heart was joy-ous he sang so loudly that the surround-

ing hills echoed back his song. One

morning the king, who was out on a hunting expedition, spoke to him and

applause.-Our Young People. The Contented Herd Boy.

st. Anthony's Messenger.

oles in the ground.

Hamelin.

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

Jesuit's Advice to Young Men. That a young man should meet his trouble face to face, measu e it, weigh it, grabble with it, and by the invincible trouble lity and by the invincible power of his spiritual will make of it no curse, but a blessing, this is manly; and what is manly elevates and cheers, makes one sturdier and, therefore, braver, and therefore brighter. But that a man when he has already done what he can for his trouble should return to it again and again, stare at it until his eye becomes dim, brood over it until his thought gets entangled, lament over it until his will grows despondent, shiver and shudder over it until his nerves are unstrung, hysteriuntil his nerves are unstrung, Lysteri-

It is worry.

When you must think about trouble, give it all the quiet time and serious thought that it needs. Fix beforehand some broad limit to this meditative study. Let it be real downright practical study. Meditate intently upon what you can do and ought to do, in order to avert or endure or require your what you can do and ought to do, in order to avert or endure or repair your misfortune, or it may be your fault. Let not your thought rest, even for one moment, upon any point that is not

cal, this is not manly. It is womanish.

What is to be done? That is the What is to be done? That is the question that you have got to ask and answer. When you have reached the best road as you think to take do ot keep looking back, wondering indeed whether you be, right or wronz. Do not decide in a hurry, nor until you have thoroughly sifted the matter. But when you have once decided turn your face resultably forward and inyour face resolutely forward and in-exorably set further reflection aside.

If still you allow this trouble to haunt your nights with spectral shape

haunt your nights with spectral shape and to dog your boys with importunate after-thought, your mind, like a wild bird caged and terrified, instead of seeking to escape through some open-ing, will beat itself helpiessly against fatal bars; your energy will grow en-ervated, yet restless; your resolution spasmodic, yet vacillating: your views morbid; your whole life wretched, wasted, worthless. rthless.

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wasted, worthless.

When trouble is over do not still cling to it. "Let the dead past bury its dead." If there be aught in the past that tells a wise lesson, let it be listened to. If there be aught that is sacred to friendship let it be revered. If there should have been much love, far more than few then knew, for which we should thank God, even though it be we should thank God, even though it be now lost, let its thought be cherished ollection to be brought with us to Paradise.

But the past is dead. We may learn from it. We may love it. We must not, we can not live in it. Our life is in the present. We have our present work to do, our present load to bear, our present cross to carry and our present ent comfort to lean upon. We have our present life to live. You will, of course, look forward. But do not look future with the clear eyes of senile despondency, nor with the super ficial glance of infantile conceit. Look ficial glance of infantile conceit. Look forward with the clear, practical gaze of robust anticipation, with the wise, quick intuition of a healthy tone of thought. Many people live in misery of their own imagining. With hankering morbidness they forecast trouble to come, so as to taste all its bitterness before over it reaches to real life. before ever it reaches to real life. Dotards live in the past; fools live in the future; men live in to-day. Be brave, then, in your actual day.—Rev. Robert Kane, S. J.

Social Intercourse as an Educator. It is astonishing how much you can learn from people in social intercourse when you know how to look at them when you know how to look at them rightly. But it is a fact that you can only get a great deal out of them by giving them a great deal of yourself. The more you radiate yourself, the more magnaminous you are, the more generous of yourself, the more you fing yourself out to them without reserve the more you will get hear.

fing yourself out to them without reserve, the more you will get back.

You must give much in order to get much. The current will not set toward you until it goes out from you. About all you get from others is a reflex of the currents from yourself. The more generously you give the more you get in return. You will not receive if you give out stingilly narrowly, meanly. in return. You will not receive in your give out stingily, narrowly, meanly. You must give of yourself in a whole-hearted, generous way; or you will re-ceive only stingy rivulets, when you might have had great rivers and

might have had great rivers and torrents of blessings.

A man who might have been symmetrical, well-rounded, had he availed himself of every opportunity of touching life along all sides, remains a pygmy in everything except his own little specialty, because he did not cultivate his social side.

It is always a mistake to miss an

little specialty, because he did not cultivate his social side.

It is always a mistake to miss an opportunity of meeting with our kind, and especially of mixing with those about us, because we can always carry away something of value. It is through social intercourse that our rough corners are rubbed off, that we become polished and attractive.

It is possible to get a benefit out of social life which cannot be gotten elsewhere. If you go into it with a determination to give it something, to make it a school for self-improvement, for calling out your best social qualities, for developing the latent brain cells, which have remained dormant for the lack of exercise, you will not find society either a bore or unprofitable. But you must give it something, or you will not get anything.

When you learn to look upon every one you meet as holding a treasure, something which will enlarge and broaden your own experience, and make you more of a man, you will not think the time in the drawing-room wasted.

The man who is determined to get on will look upon every experience as an educator, as a culture chisel, which will make his life a little more shapely and a tractive.—Success.

Why he was Promoted.

complained to the manager. Feeling that this was a case that could not be argued, the manager asked the old clerk what was the cause of all the noise in front of their building. The clerk went out, and returned with the answer that it was a lot of wagons going by. The manager then asked what they were loaded with, and again the clerk were loaded with, and again the cler

and out it came filled with a rosary, and about a half dozen brave kids were sent flying in various directions, some on their heads, some on their backs, but all in strikingly picturesque attitudes, and most of them making music, and not "My Irish Molly," either. "You ploodthirsty brats, that kid's Cathlick! Don't you see his rosary! You Langan, fotch that pack here!" And biff, again Langan went on all fours into the street. "Here, kid, elear out. I didn't know yuse was a Cathlick; but yuse got a rosary and so's I, and, by the Holy Mother, I ain't goin' to let no one hurt a kid that prays his rosary. Come on, kid; I'll walk a bit wid ye." And he did, and Billy's little rosary saved that day for him. The hard-hearted old male-factor still retained as a last link, bit did and and sink the rosary and and set of the same that and same that the same that and same that the same that and same that the sa went out and returned, reporting that they were loaded with wheat. The manager then sent him to ascertain how many wagons there were and he re-turned with the answer that there were turned with the answer that there were sixteen. Finally he was sent to see where they were from, and returned, saying they were from a city twenty miles to the north.

The manager then asked the young clerk to be sent for, and said to him: "Will you see what is the meaning of that rumbling noise in front?" The young man want out, and returned, say

of that rumbling noise in front?" The young man went out, and returned, say ing: "Sixteen wagons, loaded with wheat. Twenty more will pass to-morrow. They belong to Smith and Company, of A.—, and are on their way to Cincinnati where wheat is bringing \$1.25 a bushel." The young man was dismissed, and the manager, turning to the old clerk, said: My friend, you see now why the younger man was promoted over you."—Young Catholic Messenger.

senger. What Will Make You Glad What will make you didn't.
When the years have slipped by you
will be glad you stopped to speak to
every friend you met and left them all
with a warmer feeling in their hearts

because you did so.

And you will be glad that you were happy when doing the small, everyday things of life, that you served the best you could in earth's lowly round. You will be glad that men have said all along your way: "I know I can trust him, he is as true as steel."

"You will be glad that there have been some rainy days in your life. Clouds and storms are not the worst things in life. If there were no storms the foundations would dry up, the sky would be filled with poisonous vapors and life would

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

You will be glad when you shut your eyes tight against all the evil things med said about one another, and tried the best you could to stop their words, winged with poison.

You will be glad that you brought will be to rear and not sorrow.

You will be glad that you brought smiles te men, and not sorrow.

You will be glad that you have met all the hard things which have come to you with a hearty handshake, never dodging one of them, but turning them all to the best possible advantage.

Bishop Spalding's Advice.

Day by day parents and children are confronted with the great problem of life, "What shall I do with my boys or my girls?" is asked by the parents. "What shall I do?" says a boy or a girl. Bishop Spalding begins his lecture or opportunity thus:

ture on opportunity thus:

"How shall I live? How shall I
make the most of my life? How shall I
become a man and do a man's work? This and not politics or trade or war or pleasure is the quection. The primary consideration is not how one shall get a living, but how he shall live, for if he live rightly whatever is needful he shall easily find. Life is opportunity, and therefore its whole circumstance may be made to serve the purpose of those who are bent on self-improvement, on making themselves capable of doing thorough work."

And work it is that wins. Any other way of winning is unworthy of consideration. A true man would not want to win any other way. Life is full of opportunities to labor, and the willing a worker is surer of success. Such a constant has never failed, never will

worker is surer of success. Such a worker has never failed, never will fail.—Intermountain Catholic.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

Billie's Rosary

Fact is so often stranger than fiction, and facts dragged from the daily life of New York appeal to us with a stranger sense of reality than most other.

Billy was a brick. Pluck and wit and good looks, big, honest Irish eyes, and a "little devil" in their corners, carried him headlong into the big Wall street, bank, and right into the hearts and confidence of the "guv nors."

"Oh, Billy," ran the president's voice through the polished grate of his "den." "Billy, boy, here, take this down to Sutherland & Co. Be careful, not in your pocket. Keep your little fist on it, boy." And he whispered into Billy's ear, "Fifty thousand dollars there, Billy." At which Billy simply nodded, as one used to the feel of millions. Billy didn't like this trip, but since he was a brick, he kept mum.

I'll tell you why. Down in a side street, a little red headed rascal had a blue eye — outside, not in. Billy painted that with his knuckles.

sway something of value. It is trough social intercourse that our rough corners are rubbed off, that we become polished and attractive.

It is possible to get a benefit out of social life which cannot be gotten elsewhere. If you go into it with a determination to give it something, to make it a school for self-improvement, for calling out your best social qualities, for developing the latent brain ties, for developing the latent brain ties, for developing the latent brain society either a bore or unprofitable. But you must give it something, or you will not get anything.

When you learn to look upon every one you meet as holding a treasure, something which will enlarge and broaden life, which will enlarge and broaden your own experience, and make you more of a man, you will not think the time in the drawing-room wasted.

The man who is determined to get on will look upon every experience as an educator, as a culture chisel, which will make his life a little more shapely and a tractive.—Success.

Why he was Promoted.

A business firm once had in its employ a young man whose energy and grasp of affairs soon led the management to promote him over a faithful and trusted employes. The old clerk felt deeply hurt that the younger man should be promoted over him, and

said, "Why are you so happy, dear

raise the contents of his pockets. One kid already had that precious package, and Billy was too dazed to know. The old blackguard's fist was in the boy's pocket with the oily dart of an expert, and out it came filled with a rosary, and obtain the histographs were likely were Why shall I not be?" he answered. "Our king is not richer than I."
"Indeed!" said the king. "Tell me

of your great possessions."
The lad answered: "The sun in the bright blue sky shines as brightly upon me as upon the king. The flowers upon the mountain and the grass in the npon the mountain and the grass in the valley grow and bloom to gladden my sight as well as his. I would not take 100,000 thalers for my hands. My eyes are of more value than all the precious stones in the world. I have food and clothing, too. Am I not therefore as rich as the king?"

"You are right," said the king, with a laugh, "but your greatest treasure is a contented heart. Keep it so, and you will alwaps be happy."—The Guidon.

The Boys Composition.

A schoolmaster once said to his pupils, the boy who would make the best piece of composition in five minutes on "How to Overcome Habit" he would give a prize. When the five minutes had expired a ldd of nine years stood up and said: "Well, sir, habit is hard to overcome. If you take off the first letter it does not change 'abit.' If you take off another letter you still have a 'bit' left. If you take off still another, the whole of 'it' remains. If you take off another, it is not totally used up, all of which goes to show that if you want to get rid of habit you must throw it off alto gether. Result—He won it. The Boys Composition gether. Result-He won it.

Beautifully Expressed,

A man of letters visiting Washington eared at but one dinner party durappeared at but one dinner party ing his stay. Then he sat next to the daughter of a noted naval officer. Her vocabulary is of a kind peculiar to expense girls, but she rattled tremely young girls, but she rattled away at the famous man without a moment's respite. It was during the pause in the general conversation that she said to him: "I'm awfully stuck on Shakespeare. Don't you think he's terribly interesting?"

Everybody listened to hear the great man's reply, for as a Shakespearean

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scholar he has few peers. "Yes," he said, solemnly, "I do think he is interesting. I think he is more than that. I think Shakespeare is just simply too cute for anything." Just Out

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any,—doesn't begin to com-pare with a Pedlar Art Steel

Ceiling. Doesn't compare either in value, cleanliness, hygiene, beauty or durability—

Take the matter of cost or

value. Plaster, you see, costs

as much as, or more than, a

Pedlar Ceiling in the first place

-counting only to the smooth coat stage. Time it's deco-rated or finely papered, it

And the life of the good

kind of plaster ceilings is short enough,—even if it doesn't

Of course every plaster ceil-

ing cracks and keeps on crack-

ing for three years after it's new.

Wood ceilings are costly, in

themselves, even if the cheaper

woods be used. And they are

dearer in that they make a fire-trap of any house.

Of course, plaster is not fire-

demand repairs every year.

costs considerably more.

especially the last named.

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ly a mere shell of lime and sand.

ing is fireproof, absolutely,-

and outranks every other kind

of a ceiling in every particular

that appeals to people of com-

I would tell you all about it

in detail, if I knew your ad-

dress,—the subject is far too

Possibly you have some vague idea—a survival of the

old days?-that metal ceilings

are machine-made art, crude, stiff, unlovely? I just wish

you could see the pictures of

some of my ceilings. You

a little book on the subject. I

am pretty sure you will find it worth reading. I don't mind

if you are merely curious now,

Suppose you let me send you

would know better, then.

-I want you to know.
Your address, please?

mon sense.

big to handle here.

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People know, nowadays, that

the right sort of metal ceilings

are fine enough for any build-

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and do have Pedlar Art Steel Ceilings. Like to send you

And Pedlar ceilings are not

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are good enough in all that

looks, for any building:-they

pictures of such buildings.

ed since then-and opinions.

o'clock hurst thurst ington,

Branch

B. C., Igr.

A layman writing to The Missionary gives the following account of his con

"How was I brought to the faith? Primarily by prayer. It was the unceasing appeal through eight long years of a devoted wife for my conversion that ultimately brought me to the practice of my religion. During that period we changed our place of residences a number of times, and each time period we changed our place of testi-ence a number of times, and each time happened to land in a parish where a Catholic mission was held before we moved again. I think I passed through five such missions without any change of heart. But the hand of God was in it finally. The time came when the prayers of my wife were most evidently realized. At the outset I held off, but at her earnest entreaty went to the Monday evening service. The sermon aroused my interest and was such an intellectual treat that I required no urging to go again, but of my own accord I attended the evening services the rest of the week. On Saturday evening my wife said to me: 'Now you're going to confession, are'nt you?'
'No. I replied; not this time. I'll

Her eyes filled with tears and she fairly sobbed aloud in her disappointment, for I had shown such interest in the mission that she was encouraged to believe that I would complete it in the regular manner by confession and communion. My two little girls (one of whom has since become an angel in or whom has since become an angel in heaven) were standing by their mother's side. They were in her confidence and shared her feelings to some extent. And so I went off to Church, leaving And so I went off to Church, leaving three rather sad hearts behind. But on the way I thought it over. It was not because I did not believe, for I did. I simply did not think I was ready. I should have explained that when I was married I was received into the Church, so that all that was necessary was a proper disposition for confession. Well, as I have said, I thought the

think about it later on.'

well, as I have said, I thought the matter over. I considered it in church and then went into the confessional.

"The next morning I received my first Holy Communion. This time I left behind me [at home three hearts filled with joy unspeakable.

"Although I have talked more of my-

self than the case probably war-rants, yet I cannot close without re-lating an incident that occured in connection with my first communion.

"I went to Church alone, leaving my wife and children in happy conversa-tion about the event. About the time I would be receiving my wife said to the children: "Let us sing 'Lord, I am not worthy.' 'No mamua,' quickly responded little Marjory (the one who died), 'let us not sing that song. My papa is worthy. Let us sing Father, We thank Thee.' Those sentiments fell from the lips of a little five year-old

THE HOLY OF HOLIES.

Behold the tabernacle of God with men, and God dwelling among His

These words of Holy Writ are verided in the Real Presence of our Lord dwelling in our churches under the sacramental veil of the altar, and it is this divine presence that makes our temples the house of God and gate of heaven for all who will come and adore within them. This is Catholic faith, and Catholic hope and love give

God's presence in our churches is not the only motive to incite us to respect and reverence, for here, too, are preserved the relics of the saint— precious memento of what can be accomplished with the grace of God, and which ought urge us to holy emula-tion. Here also are administered the sacraments, those priceless boons of the Christian soul. In this place we have confessed our offences and been forgiven our sins, and have received forgiven our sins, and have received the healing balm of the Eucharist. In this place we have been enrolled among the soldiers of Christ, and have renewed the pledge of our fidelity.

As Christians our whole life is connected with the Church; there we were brought in helpless infancy to be rebaptism, and there, too, we hope to be brought when cold in death to receive the blessings of her funeral rites. Here the angels ministering around r God in the tabernacle, adoring His Majesty and petitioning His graces and favors for us poor sinners.

O, if we could but lift the mystic veil that surrounds our altars, how many bright spirits would we see crowded round their Lord and prostrate in adoration before Him! And if we could be so happy as to hear their heavenly anthony heavenly anthems, what joy would fill our souls forever! "For let us open our souls forever! For let us open the heavens, and look into the neaven of heavens," says St. Chrysostom, "we shall find nothing more holy, nothing greater than what Jesus Christ Himelf has placed on our altars."

The primitive Christians, impressed with these thoughts, were full of veneration for their churches, and at the beginning and conclusion of their servvices were wont to exclaim with the patriarch Jacob. "How awful is this place! It is no other than the house of God and the gate of heaven." In those early days notorious sinners were actually forbidden the church until

wrath and, lashing the offenders before Him, He exclaimed: "My house shall be called the house of prayer, but you have made it a den of thieves."

what, then, are we to think, will be His punishment to those who do not respect His Church, of which the temple was but a shadow? How, then, ought we avoid irreverence here!
This is not the place for conversation, for curiosity, for idle thought; nor is it the showroom for fanciful dress. We owe respect in this place to God present, to our fellow-Christians who come to pray; we owe it, indeed, to our own souls which stand in need of the bless ings to be found here. If these reflec tions be not sufficient to urge us to our duty, let us go back to the time of St. Justin, who shows us the pagans en tering their temples with feet bared round about was significantly while painted the figure of silence, nay, go into any of the mosques of Mahomet of the present day, and there learn a lasting lesson from the decency and veneration of the deluded worshippers. wonder not why prayers are not heard, when not but indifference and empty words characterize the petitions. Wonder, rather, the mercy of God Who has tolerated these abuses of His holy places for so long a time. But let us not be deceived thereby for His more than the deceived thereby for His more his deceived the reply for His holy has the reply for His holy his high that has the reply for His holy his high that his high that has the reply for his holy high that has the reply for his holy his high that his high that has the reply for his holy his high that high that his high that high that his high that his high that his high that his high that high that his high that high th places for so long a time. But let us not be deceived thereby, for His mercy will not last always. It is a day of pationce, but the cup of His justice is rapidly filling. A little while more and it will overflow, and then will come a night of His terrible wrath.

Impressed, then, with the thought that respect is due the house of God, let us bring to it sentiments worthy of it. If we have been wanting in this respect in the past, let the present and future more than atone for it. Recollected in His presence, let us honor and adore His awful maj-sty and con-

and adore His awful majesty and confess our unworthiness to appear before Him. Let us, here, ask pardon for having transgressed His commands, and beg a continuance of His mercies. Let us expose to Him our wants and beg the assistance of His grace. Let us invoke the saint under whose patronage the Church is placed, call on those whose relics enrich the altar, beg the angels to bear our petitions to God and to aid us in praising and glorifying His holy name. Finally, giving Him the homage of all our faculties while the nomage of all our faculties while bowed in adoration before Him and lovingly present as often as we can, let us when unable to be there, like the Jews cf old turning toward the temple of Jerusalem, direct to the Church, the new, the heavenly Jerusalem, the adoration of our hearts in praise and veneration to "the one true and living God."-Bishop Colton in Catholic

John Wesley's Vision.

In a recent public address the Rev. In a recent public address the Rev. J. S. Simon, a prominent Wesleyan minister in England, president of Didsbury College, Manchester, reminded his hearers that John Wesley always built school rooms in connection with his meeting houses. "From the outset he saw that it was not enough to preach the Gospel to the crowd; he knew that he must educate the children knew that he must educate the children or, as he said, the revival would last only the life of a man."

If the wisdom of those words of John Wesley could be borne in upon his numerous followers in the United States, Methodist parochial schools would spring up all over the country and State aid for the support of them would be demanded as a right.

DIOCESE OF ALEXANDRIA

LAYING OF THE CORNER-STONE OF THE CHURCH OF OUR LADY OF ANGELS.

Monday, Sept. 2 1987, will be a day long remembered by the Catholics of Moose Creek, Ont. On that date the corner-stone of their beautiful new church dedicated to Our Lady of the Angels was solemnly blessed by His Lordship, Right Rev. Wm. A. Macdonell, D. D., Bishop of Alexandria.

Some sixty years ago an humble wooden chapel about thirty-five feet square was built in the parish. It was afterwards enlarged and forms the present parish church. The Rev.

forms the present parish church. The Rev, Goorge Hay, P. P., of St. Andrew's, was the first priest to attend there regularly. On the formation of the parish of Crysler, Moose Creek was attended to by the priests of that place, beginning with Rev Father Davis, He was followed by the Revds. Thomas Spratt, at present parish priest of Woife Island; Charles Duffus of Kiugston and Wm, Fox, of Alexandria.

ent parish priest of Wolfe Island, Charles and the Stuggeon and Wm, Fox of Alexandria, In 1882 His Grace Right Rev. J V. Cleary, Archbishop of Kingston, made his first pastoral visit to Moose Creek, at which time he formed hinco an independent parish with the K.v. M. J. L. aby as first resident priest. Rev. Father Leahy bulle up and solidified the parish most successfully, and upon his promotion to the parish of the Nativity at Cornwall in 1993 he left behind him at Moose Creek some two hundred and six y families.

During his incumbered creek some two hundred and six y families.

During his incumbers of the Holympher and two Separate schools were bullt, and branches of the Confraternity of the Holympher and two Separate schools were bullt, and branches of the Confraternity of the Holympher and two Separate schools were bulk, and branches of the Confraternity of the Holympher and two Separate schools were bulk, and branches of the Confraternity of the Holympher Separate Separate

risty 36 ft. by 45 ft. The spire will be 175 ft. high.

His Lordship, Bishop Macdonell, accompanied by Rev. Wm. Fox arrived by the morning train from Alexandria. Unfortunately the weather was unfavorable, and the blessing of the stone which was to have taken place in the open air had to be transferred to the old church, which was sliogether too small to accommo date the crowd which had assembled. During the ceremony His Lordship was assisted by Rev. Wm Fox and by Rev. O Boulet, P. P., of St. Isidore.

of God and the gate of heaven." In those early days notorious sinners were actually forbidden the church until they had done penance for their sins; hence was Theodosius, though emperor, refused admission by St. Ambrose until he had knelt publicly among the other penitents without the entrance, for the long space of eight months.

That God requires respect and veneration for the Church we have unmistakable evidence in the conduct of our Lord toward the money-changers of the temple. Kindling with holy indignation He scourged them from the place; and still it was the only instance in which He gave way to anger. We have seen Him bearing all the torments of His passion with remarkable meekness; aye, He has been styled "the Prince of Peace;" but on the Conseint of Whise Cocasion, moved at the insult of the Roman Empire, which held the whole known world in subjection, after showing how Paganism possessed all that could temptifite lands the place in the Roman Empire, which held the whole known world in subjection, after showing how Paganism possessed all that could temptifite lands the correct stream of the Catholic Church.

heart and spirit of sensual man, and how wealth, power, and pleasure reigned supreme on the earth, when everything was God but God Himself, the rev. speaker turned to the lowly coming of J-sus Christ. Born in poverthe led a life of labor and suffering until the day of His cruel and ignominious death on the Cross The Son of God, He made Himself the champion of the rights of man, He brought new and unheard of doctrines to an astonished world.

champion of the rights of man, He brought new and unheard of doctrines to an astonished world.

He confided His powers and His teachings to His Apostles. These twelve menset to work, and the results were seen three hundred years later when its colossus of paganism, the giant of antiquity, fell before the throne of Feter. The blood of the marryrs had conquered, and a new era was ushered in.

In vivid language was then traced the so-called Reman civilization when might was right, and vice was derified. The hopeless degradation of the slave was described as well as the dishonor stratched to labor of all kinds, and the pitifui condition of women, and the state of the child which was brought up as a creature of the empire. With the coming of Jesus Christ all was changed. His Church that the world owes its present blessings and continued His work, and it is to that Church that the world owes its present blessings and prosperity. Men boast of modern progress, but they forget that they owe all to the Cauch inchedic Church, which is the only society in the world to-day which stands up in defence of labor and of the rights of the laborer, which shield the honor of the wife and mother in condemning uncompromisingly the evil of divorce, which protects the poor and the helpess and which insists that the child belongs first of Il to God, and should therefore be educated in a rabigious stmosphere."

Rev. A. McMillan P. P., of the Church of the Nativity, Cornwall; Loc under the properties of the relideren and the chartes as the faithful and watchful mother, ever on guard to protect her children and the kell of the chartes as the faithful and watchful mother, ever on guard to protect her children and the kell of the chartes as the faithful and watchful mother, ever on guard to protect her children and the kell of the chartes as the faithful and watchful mother, ever on guard to protect her children and the kell of the chartes as the faithful and watchful mother. The other members of the clergy present the chartes and to show by

for them.

The other members of the clergy present were; Revs. M. J. Leahy, Cornwall; D.C. McRae, St. Andraws; Wm. Fox. Alexandria; A. Beausoleil, Fournier; R. A. McDonald, Greenfield; D. Macdonald, Glen Robbonald, Oreenfield; D. Macdonald, Glen Robbonald, D. McMillan, Lochiel; S. Fignartick, Crysler; J. Touthette, Casselman; O. Boulet, St. Isidore; C. McRae, S. Andrews and M. E. Labrosse, S. S. Montreal.

DIOCESE OF SAULT STE. MARIE.

LAYING OF CORNER STONE OF CHURCH AT MARKSVILLE,
The corner-stone of a new church was recently laid at Marksville, one of the missions in the diocese of Sault Ste. Marie. The church has been built largely through the efforts and zeal of Prof. G. R. Vontom and his wife Madame Rosa d'Erina Vontom. The cost will be \$2,000. This little chapel will be a great boon to the Catholics of that far off region. Rev. Father Deeljardins, of Thessalon, performed the ceremony of laying the corner-stone.

REV. WILLIAM DOLLARD,

DIED AT BREWER MAINE AUG 20th, 1907

The land was light with summer haze The rivers flushed beneath the sun, And in the summer of his days The Master saw his work well done! Ere yet his years began to pall Or age had touched with finger sere; Or ere the dying leaves could fall From the sad trees, upon his bier:

There by his rivers of the North He rested, weary of the strife, 'Mid sorrowing hearts that knew his worth And prized the God gift of his life,

Athwart the watches of the night Hisf-ithful people wept and prayed! The children thronged with morning light, Round their dead shepherd, unafraid.

They laid him in his hallowed grave His friends, the noble priests of Maine, 3° queathing to the God that gave The kingly heart, the peerless brain!

Praying that Jesus mercy give
And Mary whom he loved be nigh
That so his soul for aye might live
Joy blest, beyond the furthest sky.

THE CANADIAN NEWSPAPER DIEECTORY FOR 1907.

-Rev, JAS B. DOLLAR

We have just received from the publishers A. McKim, Limited, of Montreal and Toronto, a copy of the 1907 edition of The Canadian Newspaper D. rectory.

This is the fourth edition of this valuable work, which is filling a very real need in Canada, and deserves a place on the desk of every business man. It is the only Newspaper Directory published in Canada than has gone beyond a first edition, and it has now become the standard work of reference for all information about newspapers.

standard work of reference for all information about newspapers,
It not only lists and describes fully every periodical in the country, giving full particulars but it supplies, as well, a comprehensive Gazetteer of the Dominion.

Comparing this edition with former ones, we note a large increase in the number of papers which have supplied detailed statements of circulation supported by affiliarly and thereby received the Star of Honor. This is as in should be and helps to put a expense adversable to the company of the country apparent. For they are predicted with fully twice as many papers as in 1905.

The McKim Advertising Agency, publisher the country has been formed into a limited.

the superior of they are credited with fully twice as many papers as in 1995.

The McKim Advertising Agency, publisher of this work has been formed into a limited company, capitalized at \$250,000, to be known as A. McKim, Limited, with headquarters at Montreal, a branch office in Toronto, and representatives in New York and London, East. This change has been made to facilitate the handling of their steadily increasing business, Ever since this business was founded by Anson McKim, more than twenty years ago, the McKim Agency has stood, high in favor with both publisher and advertiser. Their methods are right up-to-date—enterprising, progressive, and systematic to a degree.

The firm has won an envisible reputation for full dealing and prompt payments and is undoubtedly at the head of the profession in this country.

CO-OPERATION A SUCCESS BUSINESS ORGANIZED ON A CO OPERATIV

PLAN MEETS WITH UNPRECEDENTED SUCCESS.

PLAN MEETS WITH UNPRECEDENTED SUCCESS.

A large number of dentists and drugglets throughout Canada and the United States are part owners of one of the largest manufacturing concerns of toilet preparations in Activity Company of St. Louis which Company corners of toilet preparations in Canada controlled by Canadian capital, for the manufacture of their well-known tooth and toilet preparations.

This concern is an Association of clever young business men who believe in the co-operative plan, and they have secured the mejority of the druggists and dentists on this continent to purchase all miled number of shares in their concern, and have paid good dividends from the start and the druggists and dentists on this continent to purchase all miled number of shares in their concern, and have paid good dividends from the start and the druggists and dentists on this continent to purchase all miled number of shares in their concern with an immense business.

The President is Herman C G. Loysies, who started the business in the first place, believing in the co-operative principle, and basing his beliefs on the logical conclusion that where the druggists, dentists or nurses assist in the development of the business in the profits.

Roaders of this paper may secure to different Smith of preparations, retail value of which is \$\frac{3}{2}.70 for \$\frac{3}{2}.60 by cutting out the coupon and mailing it according to instructions advertised.

NOTED HAIR SPECIALISTS

WILL OPEN WITH NEW STOCK ON MONDAY will open with new stock on Monday.

Day & Mohler, the hair specialists, on Aug,
26 opened their new place, 115 West King
street. Toronto, A complete new stock of
ladies' and gentlemen's fine and modern hair
goods, switches, pompadours, transformations,
puifs, curls, wigs, toupes, etc., is on band.

Both Mesers. Day and Mohler have had
many years experience in London and Parls as
hair specialists and their work can be relied
upon as the best.

Marcel waving and special soalp treatments
are specialises with Day and Mohler, while
they also excel in shampooing hair cutting,
singeling, dyeing, bleaching, wig making, com
plexion beautifying, facial and foot massage,
manicuring chiropody, etc.

Mesers. Day and Mohler also teach their
customers the work in which they are so proficient themselves.



NOT SO MUCH

Please do not put quite so much Red Rose Tea in the tea pot as you do of other kinds. If you do the Tea will be too strong.

Red Rose Tea combines strength with that rich, fruity flavor which has made it famous.

You are sure to like it. Will you order a Package

from your Grocer? Red Rose Tea

MARRIAGE. MOORE PCCCK -On August 15, 1907, at St. Peter's Cathedral, by Rev. Father O'Nell, Sylvester J. Moore, eldest son of John S. Moore, to Rose M. Pocck, daughter of the late John J. Poccek, both of this city.

DIED. CROWLEY —In Kinkors, on Friday, August 39, 19-7, Mrs. Jeremiah Crowley, aged sixty-three years and eight months. May her soul rest in peace!

NEW BOOKS.

"Melor of the Silver Hand," and other stories of the Bright Ages, by Rev. David Bearne, S. J., author of "Charlie Chittywick," Ridingdale Flower Show." "The Witch of Ridingdale, "etc. Price 85 cents. Published by Benziger Bros., New York, Chicago and Cincinnati.

THE DEAD PRELATE.

Sacred Heart Review, Sacred Heart Review.
Let the belis toll for him.
Telling our dole for him.
Solemnly, slowly,
Toll for the boly
Spirit that's fied.
Let the prayers swell for him,
Let the tears well for him,
After his life-long
Struggle, and strife long,
Lo, he is dead!

Let the chant rise for him E'en to the skies for him As the time passes Requiem Masses Sadly be said. Let the heart sigh for him, Let the voice cry for him, He was our holiest, Highest—yet lewilest. Lo he is dead: -BY DENIS A. McCARTHY.

EAST AND WEST.

THE GROWTH OF NATIONAL SPIRIT IN THIS COUNTRY.

There are still some reople who imagine that the extremities of Canada are self-centred and careless of what is being done in Ontario and Quebec. It has been said that the Nova Scotian doesn't know what is being done in Toronto, and more than that, doesn't care. This is not a fair statement. All manufacturers know that the growth of the national spirit has awakened a keen interest. An example is provided by the J. A. McDonald Piane and Music Company, of Halifax, the leading Nova Scotia music firm. Last year this firm made at the Dominion Exhibition at made at the Boninion Exhibition at Halifax the finest display of Gourlay art pianos ever seen in the East. The business growing from that exhibit was so large that Mr. McDonald resolved to make even a better display for this to make even a better display for this year's Fair. In order to provide himself with the goods he required, he travelled to Toronto in the early days of the recent Exhibition to see the Gourlay exhibit here, and, if possible, to make his selections in advance of his competitors. He was successful in being first on the ground and in pur-chasing most of the Art Gourlays dis-played. In consequence, he went away with a large satisfaction in his heart. It has been proved that the people of Nova Scotia want pianos, not alone beautiful in tone quality, but of artistic case design as well. In the Gourlay this combination is found.

Tissue Sailor Hats.

Our Tissue Paper Hats have the shape and appearance of a handsome summer sailor hat. Made of fine imported tissue paper in assorted colors. Are about 14 inches across the crown when open. They are of a honey comb design and fold flat.

Also, Large Tissue Paper Fans which open up to the size of an um-brella, and make a very pretty home

decoration.

Either of these articles sent to you on receipt of 10cts in stamps or both for 20cts. Write at once to the Brantford Artificial Flower Co., P. O. Box 45. Erantford, Ontario.

TEACHERS WANTED.

QUALIFIED TEACHER (ROMAN CATHO lie) wanted immediately for S S. 2,1Town sup of Gurd. Pupils 12 daily. Salary \$300 per annum. Apply to Secretary Joseph Boller, Granite Hill, Ont. 1507 4.

Boller, Granite Hill, Ont. 1507 4.

A CATHOLIC LADY TEACHER WANTED for Port Severn, Baxter Township, Muskoka District Ont., for Separate School Three miles from church, Mass every two weeks. District Certificate sufficient Must be able to make herself understood in French. School to open on October 1st, next. Send references and state salary. Apply to Rey, J. B. Nolin, S. J., Waubaushene Oat. 1507-1f

TWO CATHOLIC FEMALE TEACHERS wanted for Wanbaushene R. C. Separate School. One should have a second-class certificate. Third class sufficient for the other, A most beautiful locality. School near church. Open on January 7, 1908. Teachers should be able to make themselves understood in French State salary and send references to Rev. J. B. Nolin, S. J., Waubaushene, Ont. 1507-if.

WANTED FOR THE CATHOLIC SEPAR at sechool. Prince Albert, Saskatchewan, a male ox-female teacher holding a first or second class professional certificate. Duties to commence at once. Salary \$600 per annum, Address Andrew McDonald, Box 416, Prince Albert Sask.

Albert Sask.

CEACHER WANTED, IMMEDIATELY, one holding first or second class professional certificate, for senior room, Hastings Separate school. Apply to John Coughlin, Secretary, Hastings, Ont.

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SIGRE FOR SALE.

Two STORY SOLID BRICK STORE, situated in a thriving town in Western Ontario. At present occupied as General Store with turnover of \$6 000 per year, Post office in connection. Catholic church, Separate school and resident priest in the town, For particulars as to terms of sale, location Separate school shutterms of sale, location For particulars as to terms of sale, location etc., apply to John Boyle, St. Augustine, Ont 1509 2

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THE THORNTON-SMITH COMPANY, leading Church Decorators of Canada, have already under contract for 1907 several of the leading Churches of Ontario. We have lately added to our staff, Mr. John Turnbull, of Edinburgh, one of Scotland's foremost artists and winner of the Master Painters' Travelling Scholarship of Great Britain.

Send photographs of interiors of Churches, and colored sketches, showing different to the contract of the second property of the contract of the contrac styles of decoration, will be submitted free of charge. When in the city visit our s rooms and see our large assortment of imported wall papers, fabrics, curtains, etc.

The Thornton Smith Co., 11 King St. w., Toronto 128 Oxiord Street, London, England,

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is the food of health and strength. It is Shredded Whole Wheat compressed into a wafer and is immeasurably superior to white flour, bread or pastries. It is delightfully satisfying as a toast. Delicious with cheese.

MORE WHOLESOME AND NUTRITIOUS THAN MEAT.

All Grocers-13c, a cartoon: 2 for 25c.

1000 MEN Wanted as Brakemen and Firemen \$75 to \$150. Study a few hours a day for eight to ten weeks, and we guarantee to assist you in getting a position on any railway in Canada. We teach and qualify you by mail. Write us for booklet and full particulars. THE DOMINION RAILWAY CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL Winnipeg, Manitoba.

WESTERN HOMES DERSONS DESIRING HOMES IN THE West should communicate with Rev J. Cos Sinnett, P. P. Please give name and address of present parish priest. Address Sinnett, Sask,

ONE HUNDRED ACRES GOOD LAND all cleared, well watered and fenced. Log house, good outside buildings. Barn 49x120 fc. Stausbed in Brentwood. Reach post office, school, R. C. Church, depot, in five minutes, Farm under mortgage. Falls due March 15, 1907. Apply to Mr. Frank Desourdie, 1508 2 wood, Ont.

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Send us a sample of your hair and the amount you wish to pay, and we will forward to you by return mail, a Switch, Pompadour, Bang, or Wave, of better value than any other Firm in the Dominion. Marcel waving, hairdressing, man-

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Works of the Very Rev. Alex.

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WANTED-For city office, young man with one or two years experience at printing. Apply The Catholic Record, London Canada.

O. M. B. A.-Branch No. 4, London, Wests on the 2nd and 4th Thursday of every month, at 8 o'clook, at their hall, in Albion Block, Blohmond Street, M. J. McGrath. President: P. F. Boyle, Secretary. VOLUME XX

The Catholic LONDON, SATURDAY, SE

THE UP-TO-DATE

We are informed by that a non-Catholic divin New York, has taken a le book of the woman who hest way to manage a hu feed the brute." Belie most of the men who sta Sanday are of those whos belly, he has installed in of his church a soda v whose effervescing water strengthen the occupants This is up to date and a lety, but it has its weal instance, some of his p like soda-water : and aga abide in the land of counter may not be a fascinations of free fizzy Some tine ago n either tickled their audi essays on whimsical su

them a plain talk, bas observation, on the my underworld or treated th of the humanitarian type. But all this is es Syracuse preacher who best way to all the pews inducement of soda-wa ever, he goes farther a vestigations he may dis empty pew is due, not of free drinks, but to certain doctrine. The promising manner in preachers hold truth, th the Bible, have not only wer and influence, bu ected into the minds of suspicion that the mi even less than the peopl cient journalist is hard ing the new Syllabi errors, but as his theology is not in pro self-conceit a few hac are the sole cut labors. The only thin make out from his wan the Syllabus marks the of date, or, as they put with the trend of me The trouble is that t they must comment on accordingly turn out paragraph for the del people who know that Rome must be wrong.

> contemn sanctity and impiety and foolishnes listen rather to the vo to the Church, which the accents of divine this may be up to da have none of it. Ar men who are not mer graphs, the Church crepit nor unable to against the forces of them it is up to-date, fact, that against her their attacks. Huxle the Church as the one organization that bloc his school: and Drape the movements of guided by the highest skill and that it has pactness, a power w denominations do no Church which " prese most solemn and maj in history and aro gathered the most to associations of Christ

date in religion means

prehension. To bow do

fad and fancy, to rec

gators of the moral as

When one of the counter to the Church wise man and a schol-Catholics. But they he is also, so far as goes, a dead man. company with the Chu God and thereby cuts the fountains of sup cannot be galvanized like a semblance of an bal platitudes.

be depended upon to r

gauntlet of journalistic

MADAGASCAR

There is a wailing i The English missionar and indignant that Law of Separation a as well as the Cath that after championin haters of Christ and Premier against the ba nuns they should be g