

The Catholic Record.

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

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THE PUREST PEARL.

Beside the church door weary and alone,
A blind woman sat on the cold door
stone.
The wind was bitter, the snow fell fast,
And a moaning wail in the faint blast,
Seemed ever to echo her moaning cry,
And she begged an alms of the passers-by.

"Have pity on me, have pity, I pray,
My back is bent and my hair gray."
The bells were ringing the hour of prayer,
And many good people were gathered there:
But covered with furs and mantles warm,
They hurried past through the wintry storm.

Some were hoping their souls to save,
And some were thinking of death and the grave;
And alas! they had no time to heed
The poor soul asking for charity's need:
And some were blooming with beauties grace,
And closely muffled in veils of lace,
They saw not the sorrow nor heard the moan

Of her who sat on the cold door stone.
At last came one of noble name,
By the city counted the wealthiest dame,
And the pearls that round her neck were strung,
She proudly there to the beggar lung.

Then followed a maiden young and fair,
Adorned with clusters of golden hair;
But her dress was thin and scanty and
Worn,
Not even the beggar's seemed more forlorn;
With fearful look and piteous sigh,
She whispered soft, "No jewels have I,
But I give you my prayers, good friend,"

"And sure, I know God listens to me."
On the maid's pure hand so white and small,
The blind woman laid a teardrop fall,
And kissed it; then said to the weeping girl,
"It is you have given the purest pearl,"
—Rev. L. P. O'Reilly.

AN AUTHENTIC CASE OF DEMONIAL POSSESSION.

By the Right Rev. Mr. Delisle, titular Bishop of Thugga, Vic. Ap. of Natal.
Two months ago I promised the editor of Rome a relation of certain facts which happened in my Vicariate last year (May, 1907), concerning two native girls who I believe to have been possessed by the devil.

I shall simply relate the facts, without a word of comment, and shall content myself with vouching for their absolute truth. If any one thinks differently from me on the subject, he is quite free to do so; I mean, provided he admits the facts, he may draw his own conclusions.

There is in the Vicariate of Natal a Mission now in charge of the Trappist Fathers, where a great deal of good is done, although it was a long time before any results could be seen. This Mission is dedicated to St. Michael, and about twenty miles from the nearest village, the magistracy of Umzimvozi. For several months, I was constantly receiving letters from the priest in charge of St. Michael's, in which he declared that two girls of the Mission Native School were possessed by the devil, and asked for permission to practice the solemn Exorcisms. After some time, I allowed him to do so, and things were quieter for a little while, but soon the distressing phenomenon reappeared worse than before. I was very annoyed, and hardly believed it was a case of possession, but rather put it down to hysterics. Unable to go at the time, I gave permission to the Abbot of Marianhill either to go himself or delegate a priest who would enquire into the facts, and if necessary, exorcise the girls. But a few days after, I found I could go myself, and wrote to St. Michael's, telling the priest to expect me on the Tuesday following; I should be accompanied by Father Garrigan of Umzimvozi.

At the last moment, I changed my mind as to my travelling companion, and took Father Delages, O. M. I., then in charge of the Native Mission in Durban.

We set out on the Monday, and arrived at St. Michael's on Tuesday at noon.

I really did not believe it was a case of possession, and Father Delages laughed at the very idea of it.

You may imagine therefore my annoyance, when on arriving at the mission, I found the natives in eager expectation; the priest had told them that the Bishop was coming to cast out the devils, and prayers had been said every day for that intention. I had, therefore, unless I wanted to lose all prestige and authority in the natives' mind, to settle the case one way or the other. So I turned to Our Lord, and told Him the whole thing was now his affair and He had to help me.

We then went to see the two girls, Germaine and Monica, who were kept in separate rooms, and away from the other children. As soon as Germaine saw me, she began to tremble and shake all over, shrinking from me. I told her to kneel down, which she did, gnashing her teeth. Father Delages threatened to punish her, if she did not behave properly; he had no sooner said this, than she jumped up, in a perfect fury; "Because you are from Durban, she said, you think you can do everything, even strike a spirit!" (Please note, that she did not know the priest, neither did she know where he came). She then began to tear her

dress, and we went away to see Monica. The latter seemed to suffer terribly, but said nothing.

I was very uncertain yet, and called the priests (3 Trappists) and also the Sisters, and asked them some particulars about the ways of the two girls. Here are some of the things they told me:

"They carry enormous weights, which two men could hardly lift (the girls are about sixteen years old).

"They understand Latin whilst in their fits, and even speak it sometimes."

"They reveal the secret sins of the School Children, etc."

"Sometimes they are lifted off the ground in spite of the Sisters holding them."

"A few days before, whilst the Sisters were holding Germaine, she shouted: 'I am on fire!' The Sisters withdrew, and saw the girl's dress ablaze. Another time, her bed began to burn also, although there was no fire near by."

"And so on."

It was getting very serious, and the poor Sisters, weary of this terrible life, begged of me to help them. After all this, I thought it was my duty to begin the solemn exorcism. I ordered therefore the four priests and three Sisters to be ready to begin at 2 p. m., in the Sisters' choir, and excluded everyone else from the Church. Just before the time, I had the holy water font emptied and filled with plain water, whilst I took a small bottle of holy water in my pocket. Then I put on the rochet and mozetta, and waited for Germaine.

The Sisters brought her into the Chapel, and I sprinkled her at once with water from the font. At first, she looked up with a slight shudder, but as I continued, she laughed mockingly and cried: "You may go on, this is not holy water!" I then took the bottle out of my pocket and sprinkled her anew, but this time she shrieked and cried, and asked me to stop.

"Now, I must remark that all the time which the ordeal lasted I spoke Latin only, the girl obeying all my orders and answering me, usually in Zulu but sometimes in Latin."

After some prayers, I asked her: "Die mihi quomodo voceris?" to which she replied: "Die mihi nomen tuum!" I insisted, and she said: "I know your name; it is Henry, but where did you see that? Spirits have names?" "They have, and I command you to tell me yours." "Never, never!" But on my placing on her head a veil of the true cross, which she could not see: "Take that away, she cried, it crushes me!" "What is it?" "A relic!" "Then now tell me your name." "I can't but I'll spell it: Di-o-a-r." "Now, who is your Master?" "I have none!" "But you have one and must tell me his name." "I cannot, but I shall write it!" and she wrote with her finger: Lucifer.

"Now," I went on, "tell me why you were cast out from Heaven." "Because God showed us His Son made man, and commanded us to adore Him, but we would not, because He had taken unto Himself an inferior nature."

Whilst I was going on with the prayers of the ritual, she (should I not say He?), however you understand) interrupted me constantly, objecting to all the invocations. When I read extracts from the Gospels, she suddenly exclaimed: "I know Matthew, I don't know Mark!"

"This is an untruth," she said, "for it is not down at once," which she did. Whilst we recited the Magnificat, she interrupted again: "Stop it, I know it better than you, I knew it long before you were born!"

As one of the Fathers commanded her to be quiet, she turned on him: "You fool! who gave you authority over me? Did the Bishop or the Abbot delegate you?"

At times she remained quiet and disdainful, but sometimes she raged and gnashed her teeth: "I'll make you sweat before I get out!" she said once; then all of a sudden, she begged to be allowed to go into another girl, Anastasia: "Stop your prayers," she said, "they hurt me; if you stop, I shall go out to-morrow morning!" I commissioned one of the priests to read the prayers for me. He did so, but with a droning voice; as he stopped at the end of a paragraph, she turned fiercely upon him, "Exi immanus spiritus!" she said.

From time to time, she went into fits of roaring; on such occasions, I had only to place my fingers lightly on her throat, and she could not utter a sound. To make a counter-experiment, I asked one of the Sisters to do the same as I did, but it had no effect: "Tell me, I said, why you are so much afraid of the priest's fingers?" "Because," she answered, "they are consecrated," she made the motion of the Bishop anointing the priest's hands at his ordination.

We went on thus from 2 p. m. till 9 o'clock in the evening, when I decided to stop till the following morning.

Afterwards Germaine was somewhat quieter, and she came, begging of me not to give her up: "I am sure," she said, "that if you said you Mass for me to-morrow, it would be easier." "Yes," I answered, "I shall, but on the condition that you will go to confession and Communion to-morrow morning."

The night was awful, and the poor Sisters had to remain with her all through. She went to confession and Holy Communion in the morning, and remained quiet until at 8.30 we began the Exorcisms again.

From the very first words she became unmanageable, and we had to tie her feet and her hands, since eight of us could not control her.

"You have sent away Anastasia," she cried, "I can see her with another girl on their way to another mission, but I find her again!" It was true, early in the morning I had sent her away, but Germaine could not possibly know it. After a while, some-

one called a priest away; he came back half an hour later: "Where has he been," I asked. "He went to baptize a man who got sick suddenly." That also was true, but nobody in the chapel knew it.

Then she asked for a drink, and one of us fetched her a cup of water. After drinking some of it, she stopped: "Wretched man," she said, "you gave me holy water!" Still I made her drink the whole of it and she became quite defiant: "All right, give me more still, it will not make me suffer more than I do."

It would be too long, were I to repeat everything she said. Suffice it to say, that every moment it became more and more awful, until at last she tried to bite a priest. He, somewhat excited, gave her a little tap on the mouth, at which she became worse, and called him the most stupid of men, who wanted to strike a spirit. As I commanded her to keep quiet, she cried: "Now, no more obedi-ence!" It was the end, evidently, but the struggle was terrible. At last, she fell to the floor, and moaned with awful pains. Her face swelled up, and she said that she could not even open her cheeks. But the sign of the cross brought the face instantly back to its natural size.

Then a kind of convulsion, and she remained motionless, as if dead. "Locus vero festo redolebat." After about ten minutes, she opened her eyes, and knelt down to thank God. She was released. "Dioar" had gone.

This is the summary of what happened to Germaine. If anyone can explain the signs, the symptoms, the words, and the cure, otherwise than by possession, he will be more clever than I am.

I shall perhaps relate some other time the case of Monica, and in the meantime, I give the editor of Rome leave to do with this what he liked.

I have in my possession a letter sent by Germaine afterwards, in which she begs that I may pray for her death. She has seen too much and is afraid of life.—Rome.

NOTES FROM ROME.

Rome, January 23.
Up to the middle of January the relief fund sent directly to the Holy Father for the earthquake sufferers amounted to about \$300,000, one-half of which has come from Catholics of the United States. This money was forwarded by the Holy Father as fast as received to the bishops of the stricken districts, and of the towns near by, where the survivors took refuge temporarily.

Money is still coming in from all directions and it cannot come too quickly nor too generously. There will continue to be a great hardship among the survivors for a long time yet, and those who have harbored them must be helped. There are thirteen thousand wounded and homeless refugees from the devastated cities in Naples alone, and to put these on their feet again is a problem that the generosity of the world must help to solve.

The Holy Father has offered to take a thousand of the orphans under his personal care. The Archbishop of Messina, Mgr. Arrigo, has proved himself to be not only heroic in the awful moments when quick and sensible help was required but a hero also for the steady, quiet endurance that has made him every day since the catastrophe the centre of an appealing mass of human beings, who look to him in their woe for relief and comfort and safety. He has proved a giant for practical work in the rescue.

The money sent to him seems almost miraculously multiplied in its ability to gather the scattered fragments of families, provide food and raiment and shelter for them, and more than all, keep up their courage and hope in God. The other bishops and the priests, and the survivors of the stricken districts, lead after the survivors of these terrible times will later, in calmer days, give good testimony to that effect.

As it is, and it is a sorrow to have to say it, many of the secular papers are dumb about the Archbishop's work, though lauding others to the skies. Worse than this, some of the papers are belittling the work of the Archbishop and the bishops, and worse yet, the minister of the Navy, Admiral Miraballo, had an attack on the clergy charging them with abandonment and cruelty and political manœuvring during the days that succeeded the catastrophe.

His villainous charge against the clergy wholesale has had however the good effect of bringing out the decent press, even the most secular, in a unanimous defence of the prompt and noble work of the Archbishop and the whole clergy behind him. Altogether the earthquake has been the means of bringing the priests and the poor people face to face and heart to heart as they have not been brought together for a long time.

The Giornale d'Italia tells: "In Messina a fine group of men have immortalized themselves by their courage and resourcefulness—of them later, but in Calabria one man stands head and shoulders above all others: Mgr. Morabito, Bishop of Milto. He knew that he had lost many near relatives in the field, surrounded by his seminarians and a devoted band of priests and nuns, visiting the places most afflicted, burying the dead, rescuing the wounded, consoling the surviving, opening soup kitchens, distributing clothing, directing the building of wooden barrahe, hardly eating or sleeping or resting, but supplying letters to the best way of relieving suffering. Admiral Miraballo did not see Bishop Morabito multiplying himself so marvelously amid the desolate towns—the Admiral was too busy fooling with tape and sealing-wax

on board his man-of-war, but even he had heard of him and was pleased to mention him as an exception. But he very probably never heard anything about the Italian Sisters of Charity in Reggio where they have a school, and orphanage, and a home for infants. In the first there were twenty sisters, with eleven of the girls and eight servants; the surviving nuns rescued the rest of the children; dressed their wounds, clothed and sheltered them, and had them sent to a place of safety. In the second two of three Sisters were killed—the third, Suor Raffaella, though wounded herself, for four days and nights saved and nursed the thirty orphans who escaped, and begged for the food which kept them from starvation. In the third there were four Sisters with thirty little innocents—all escaped except two babies who perished. But they did not escape so easily. The Sisters begged that they and their charges might be taken on board a vessel stranded outside the port, but no heed was paid to their entreaties so they went back to their home. There they took four large drawers from a linen chest, and in each of them they placed five of the four sturdy nurses, each of the nuns took two of the eight remaining babies in their arms, the little proposition set off in a terrible downpour of rain, and never stopped until it reached Genoa, twelve miles away! It would be easy to fill a volume with the heroic deeds of the priests and nuns.—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

A HEROIC LIFE OF SELF-SACRIFICE.

WHAT A CATHOLIC WOMAN HAS DONE FOR COLORED PEOPLE.
Catholic Columbian.

Not long ago there died in New Orleans another woman who like Margaret of immortal fame in that city, went about doing good in quiet and unassuming ways. She lived out her life as quietly as her days had been spent. This woman was Miss Anna Meyer who had devoted her whole life to the education and uplifting of the colored people of her city.

She was born in New Orleans sixty years ago. She was just nineteen years old at the close of the Civil war, and with a keen discernment unusual in one so young, she studied social conditions, and saw that unless restraints were thrown around the newly freed negroes, they would be destroyed by the very license which freedom gave them. She saw, too, the young Catholics and her heart yearned over them. So quietly she set to work to do what little she could to safeguard those in whom she was interested.

To this end she opened a little school in her own home, and went about among the colored people of her neighborhood, who were wild with the idea of having their children go to the Public schools and sit alongside of the white children, and explained to them the dangers of doing the mind without training the heart and soul; above all, the dangers of losing their faith.

She soon had a class of nearly one hundred pupils, boys and girls, whom she taught gratis.

This large class of children she taught to read and write, and instilled into them the principles of their faith, preparing them for their first communion and confirmation, taking them in a body each morning to Mass, and during the days of the retreat having them remain with her in quiet and prayerful preparation for the greatest event of their lives. In the spring of 1886, one of the largest classes of first communicants in New Orleans was that of colored children prepared by Miss Meyer. She kept on with her work, year after year, her little school growing to greater proportions, some of the pupils paying if they desired, but the great majority receiving their training free.

HER EDEIFYING LIFE.
The Benedictine Fathers who are in charge of St. Boniface Church say that Mass Meyer was a constant source of edification to the people and parish. She wanted souls for God—helpless, abandoned souls—and she gave her life to the care of the colored people of that section. For forty years, day in and day out, Miss Meyer was at the early Mass with her class of first communicants; and she was at the Mass with the children; and often more. More than this, of an evening she would gather the older colored people, men and women who desired to be instructed in the faith, and would teach them their catechism and their duties to God, to their neighbor and to themselves.

She followed her boys and girls from the schools and the first Communion in their homes and after life, and many a one she saw honorably and properly married. She followed the children grown to manhood to the gates of death, bringing the priest to hear their dying confession, and administer to them the last rites of their faith, and she died in the arms of the people of God and His infinite mercy and love.

Such was the life of Anna Meyer for forty years. Her aim was to give the colored people a good, Christian education to lead them to God and heaven. She never asked for funds to help her in her work. She never made an appeal for money to the people of the North. She had of herself, of her heart and soul, to the blessed work. More than this, she gave all her humble means in works of charity, bringing comfort and assistance to many a home, and this irrespective of color or creed.

Often during the period of nearly half a century she was offered good positions in white schools, for her ability as a teacher was well known. But she

always refused. She was not working for money.

In closing its account of her life the Morning Star of New Orleans said: "And now for the first time the story of Anna Meyer is given to the world. Her name appeared in the newspapers for the first time when her death notice appeared. But she needed no newspaper notoriety to stimulate her in her blessed God-given work. She has shown the world what a Catholic woman can do alone, unaided save by the good priests who encouraged her and the Great God who was her inspiration and guide. Her life-work stands as a monument of the consecration of a Catholic woman to the principle and self-imposed duty, a duty that she believed all the more imperative because she held and exemplified that the Catholic Church alone can solve the colored problem, that its saving precepts alone can bring salvation and honor to the race."

More than four hundred colored children followed their good friend to her last resting place, and strewed her new made grave with the flowers they had carried with them for that purpose. So closed a beautiful life, lived for God and for His unfortunate children.

SCIENCE WITH A CAPITAL S.

Professor See, United States naval officer in charge of the observatory at Mare Island, California, has announced a new hypothesis which he believes is destined to permanently supplant the hypothesis of Laplace promulgated at Paris in 1796.

For over a hundred years the scientists in the field of astronomy have taken Laplace's theory as a satisfactory solution of the origin of the heavenly bodies and their movements. It was to them a wonderful achievement of science and was held up for the admiration of the gaping multitude as evidence of the superiority of this age over the ignorant astronomy of the past, and of course, the ignorance of Moses also.

It was the teaching of science and to doubt it or hesitate to accept it was to make oneself an object of scientific contempt and if Moses' account did not coincide with it Moses was an ignoramus.

The accounting for anything by saying that science teaches it is very unsatisfactory.

What is Science? Is it a thing, a person or an institution whose function is to teach? No, it's none of these. What is it then?

Science according to the dictionary, and considered objectively, is knowledge, co-ordinated, arranged, and systematized. It is then not the thing known, or not, it is the mental act or state of knowing. Reduced to the last resort it is the cognition by the mind of the individual of truths, of supposed facts and realities. These, co-ordinated, arranged and systematized in the individual mind—for there is no common mind of humanity—is what is called Science—with a capital S if you please.

It appears therefore as strictly subjective, that is, it is in the individual mind and not outside it. Things, facts, realities are outside; it is the knowledge or cognition of them that is in the mind. Where there is no mind there is no knowledge, and things are even if there was never a human mind to cognize them.

To sum up, then, the authority of Science is nothing more than the authority of one or more individual investigators and theorists.

But the idolaters of Science are not satisfied with this limited and very fallible authority. They therefore personify an abstraction, make a sort of all-knowing deity of it, call it Science and worship it as the Greeks worshipped Pallas Athene. All must bow before this constantly changing abstraction. Nothing must contradict it except itself, a right it reserves to itself and is constantly putting to use.

The Scientist as a collector of facts is not an unselfish citizen to the friends of progress in knowledge. But when he is a few facts or supposed facts together and goes to work to build up theories his value as an investigator ceases. And when he goes to theorizing the spirit of the age impels him to construct if possible a theory that he imagines will contradict Moses or the Church.

Of course we do not mean that all students and investigators of nature and her laws are impelled by this spirit. There are some who have a high purpose and unconquerable industry, and who know what they are about. To meet these is as cheering as to meet robins in midwinter.—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

KIND WORDS FROM A SECULAR PAPER.

Commenting on the Chicago Missionary Congress, the Waterloo (Iowa) Courier says:

The Catholic Church has done and is still doing a great work among and for the Indians. It has not done as much, comparatively speaking, for the negro, but perhaps this was owing to the fact that heretofore this mission field was operated from abroad. Now that it is administered from its home we see the Sisters of Charity more attentively and confidently expect that more attention will be paid to work among the negroes.

There is here a large field of usefulness opened for the Church not thus far occupied. There are many colored congregations, but not many colored priests. With proper effort the number of colored churches can easily be increased.

We hope that the Congress may see its way clear to increased effort in this field because the Catholic Church is peculiarly adapted to reach all kinds of

peoples. Protestant Churches have done well, but Protestant worship is very bare when compared with Catholic worship. We have eyes to see as well as ears to hear, which Protestantism seems to have forgotten, but Catholicism has not. Some churches exist the intellect at the expense of the devotional and sacramental. Catholicism does not. The color, the vestures, the paintings and altars of the Catholic Church all appeal to the children of the sun. The imagination is led through the eye as well as through the ear. For this reason the Catholic Church has a mission and a message to the American negro which no other church has or can give.

It has a social mission and a message for a negro which no other church has in an equal degree. Before its altars all nations and all races are alike and have been so down all history from the time of the apostles to the present day. Its ministering priests know no difference between rich or poor, European or American, white or black or yellow or red, and the doors of its churches open to all. Caste race and color leave their garments and prejudices in its lobbies before they enter its gates to become a part of its worshipping congregations. These words of the Apostle Paul, "God hath made of one blood every nation of man for to dwell on all the face of the earth," have their full meaning inside the walls of every Catholic church.

Therefore we believe that the American Catholic Church can do much good by increasing its work among the negroes.

The Priest

How great does not the priest become! How near to his God! There is silent peace in his heart; the measure of the world, its praise, its contempt, its hatred no longer have an effect on that heart, for it rests in its God; in Him and with Him it is above the world—"Your life is hid in God."—Hettinger, "Letters to a Young Theologian."

CATHOLIC NOTES.

Bishop Hickey of Rochester, N. Y., has announced the appointment of Rev. Dennis J. Curran as Vicar General of the diocese.

At the request of Father Doyle of the Apostolic Mission, Hones, the president has appointed a Porto Rican priest to be chaplain of the reconstructed Porto Rican regiment.

The Church in the United States has one hundred and five missionaries who have shed their blood for her. Of these, seventy three were Franciscans, twenty-four Jesuits, four Dominicans, one Salesian, and three Secular priests.

In Detroit the men attending the printers' Mass on Sunday morning, celebrated at 4 o'clock at St. Aloysius' church, have organized a choir to sing at the early service. There are upwards of a hundred men who attend the early morning Mass.

It is estimated that \$25,000 will be spent in improvements at St. Joseph's Church, Stratford, Diocese of London, during the present year. It is intended to install new seats, remodel the interior and purchase twenty magnificent oil paintings.

Father Vaughan's concert at the Albert hall, London, resulted in collecting £1,000 for poor children. For this he is greatly indebted to the generosity of Mme. Patti, who emerged from her retirement and once more drew thousands of music-lovers to the hall which she had witnessed so many of her triumphs.

Archbishop Ireland, of St. Paul, is still in Rome but he will soon leave for home. Says an Associated Press dispatch: As the departure of Archbishop Ireland from the United States draws near many courtesies are being shown him by the Pope, by Cardinal Merry Del Val and other cardinals.

Recently in Salem, Ore., the Rev. Father Chiappa, S. J., read a paper before the Ministerial Association convening in that city. The learned Jesuit's subject was "The Authority of the Catholic Church: Its Origin Nature and Extent," and a discussion followed it which nearly all the ministers present took part.

Forty converts, who were being instructed in the Archdiocese's chapel, in New York, on Candlemas eve, became panic stricken when fire attacked the rectory, and several young women attempted to leap from a window. Priests and converts joined in fighting the flames and Father B. O. McGrath, formerly a baseball player at Dartmouth, was overcome by smoke, but was soon revived.

One of the most remarkable consequences of the great Eucharistic Congress recently held in London is the beginning of a number of conversions in England. A most telling example of this new movement is the abjuration a few weeks ago of the faith of the Church of England by the Superior of a community of Anglican Sisters at the Convent of St. Catherine's in London. During the Eucharistic Congress Dom Gabriel, Abbot of Farborough, was commissioned by the Archbishop of Westminster to give religious instruction to the Sisters of this Community, who had desired for some time to enter the Catholic Church and decided to embrace the Faith during the Eucharistic Congress. The Feast of the Immaculate Conception was chosen for the reception of the Superior Dom Gabriel presided at the ceremony, and some days later the Mother Superior received her first Communion in the chapel of the Italian Hospital in Queen's Square. The other Sisters will soon follow the example of their superior.

THE SCOTTISH CHIEFS; OR THE LIFE OF SIR WILLIAM WALLACE

BY MISS JANE PORTER. CHAPTER XXVIII.

WALLACE REFUSES THE SCOTTISH CROWN AT THE HANDS OF EDWARD - MAKES A TOUR OF THE NORTHERN COUNTIES.

Day succeeded day in the execution of these royal designs. They fulfilled the benevolent designs. They fulfilled the royal halls of Lochmabie did not long detain him who knew no rest but when he was going about doing good.

Wallace bowed, and conducted the Southern lords into the hall. Lord Arundel looking round, said, "Are we alone, Sir William?"

"Perfectly," he replied; "and I am ready to receive any proposals of peace which the rights of Scotland will allow me to accept."

The earl drew from his bosom a gold casket, and laying it on a table, addressed the Regent: "Sir William Wallace, I come to you, not with the desecrations of an implacable liege lord, whom a rash vassal has offended, but in the grace of the most generous monarchs, who are anxious to convert a brave insurgent into a loyal friend."

Wallace smiled. Lord Arundel observed him. "You despise this malediction, Sir William Wallace. I thought more piously had dwelt with so much military nobleness."

"I should not regard the curses of a congregated world," replied Wallace, "when my conscience as loudly proclaims that God is on my side. And is He not omniscient, that He should be swayed by the prejudices of men? Does He not read the heart? Is He not master of all causes? And shall I shrink when I know that I hold his commission? Shall I not regard these anathemas even as the artillery with which the adversary would drive me from my post? But did the clouds rain fire, and the earth open beneath me, I would not stir; for I know who planted me here; and as long as He wills me to stand, neither men nor devils can move me hence."

"Thou art incorrigible!" cried Beck. "I would say firm," rejoined Arundel, "could I regard as he does the cause he has espoused. But as it is, noble Wallace, I must regret your infatuation, and, instead of the peace I thought to leave with you, hurl war, never ending, expiring war, upon the head of this devoted nation!"

"I am not such a slave," cried Wallace, "as to prefer what men might call aggrandizement before the higher destiny of preserving to my country its liberties untrammelled. To be the guardian of her freedom, and of the individual rights of every man born on Scottish ground, is my ambition. Ill should I perform the one duty, were I to wrong the posterity of Alexander by invading their throne; and horrible would be my treason against the other, could I sell my confiding country, for a name and a bauble, into the grasp of an usurper!"

"I should not wish to see you an epithet of the man who has just been called a witness of his. Put from you all the prejudices which the ill conduct of his officers have excited; and you must perceive that, in accepting his terms, you will best repay your country's confidence by giving it peace."

"So great would be my damning sin in such an acceptance," cried Wallace, "that I should be abhorred by God and man. You talk of noble minds, earl; look into your own; and will it not tell you that in the moment a people bring themselves to put the command of their actions, and with that their consciences, into the hands of an usurper (and that Edward is one in Scotland, our annals and their tyrannies declare), they sell their birthright, and become unworthy of the name of men? In that deed they abjure the gift which God has intrusted them; and justly, the angels of his host depart from them. You know the sacred axiom - 'Virtue is better than life!' By

that we are commanded to preserve the one at the expense of the other; and we are ready to obey. Neither the threats nor the blandishments of Edward has power to shake the resolves of them who draw the sword of the Lord and of Gideon!"

"Rebellious man!" exclaimed Beck. "Since you dare quote Scripture to sanction crime, hear my embassy. To meet the possibility of this flagitious obstinacy, I came armed with the thunder of the Church, and the indignation of a justly incensed monarch. Accept his most gracious offers, delivered to you by the Earl of Arundel. Here is the cross stretching it forth; 'but beware! keep it with a truer faith than did the traitor Baliol, or accept the malediction of Heaven - the exterminating vengeance of your liege lord!'"

"My Lord Durham," replied Wallace, "had your sovereign sent me such proposals as became a just king and were possible for an honest Scot to admit, he should have found me ready to have treated him with the respect due to his rank and honor. But when he demands the sacrifice of my integrity; when he asks me to sign the deed that would again spread this renovated land with devastation; were I to consider the glozing language of his embassy as grace and nobleness, I should belie my own truth, which tramples alike on his meanness and his pretended claims. And I ask you, priest of heaven, is he a God greater than Jehovah, that I should fear him?"

"And dost thou presume, audacious rebel!" exclaimed Beck, "that the light of Israel deigns to shine on a barbarian nation, in arms against a hero of the cross? Reprobate that thou art, answer to thine own condemnation! Does not the Church declare the claims of Edward to be just; and who dares gainsay her decrees?"

"The voice of Him you pretend to serve! He is no respecter of persons; He raises the poor from the dust; and by his arm the tyrant and his host are plunged in the whelming waves! Bishop, I know in whom I trust. Is the minister greater than his Lord, that I should believe the word of a synod against the decreed will of God? Neither anathemas, nor armed thousands, shall make me acknowledge the supremacy of Edward. He may conquer the body; but the soul of a patriot he can never subdue."

"Then," cried Beck, stretching his crozier over the head of Wallace, "as the rod of Moses shed plagues, miseries, and death over the land of Egypt, I invoke the like judgments to fall on this rebellious land and its blasphemous leader! And thus I leave it to your curse."

Wallace remarked on the indisposition of Mar, and the attention of his daughter, with tenderness. And Edwin proceeded to describe the regal style which the countess affected, and with what Lady Mar's rooms, and began to speak of his anticipated meeting with Wallace. He held her hand in his. "My dearest," said he, "will not the gentle country which has suffered so much for our brave friend, write him one word of kind remembrance? Our queen here will send him volumes."

"Then he would hardly have time to attend to one of mine," replied Helen. Besides, he requires no new assurance to convince him that Helen Mar can never cease to remember her benefactor with the most grateful thoughts. "And is this all I am to say to him, Helen?"

"All, my Edwin." "What! not one word of the life you have led since you quitted Stirling? Shall I not tell him that, when this lovely arm no longer wears the livery of his heroism in his behalf, instead of your appearing at the gay assemblies of the court, you remained immured within your oratory, and that, since the day, since the day, since the day, you have spent days and nights by his couch side, listening to the despatches from the borders, and subscribing with smiles and tears to his praises of our matchless Regent? Shall I not tell him the life of a nun for him? Or must I entertain him with the pomps and vanities of my most unsuitably aunt? Ah, my sweet cousin, there is something here at the bottom of that beating heart, than you will allow our faithful Edwin to peep into!"

"Edwin said, 'there is nothing in my heart that you may not see. That it reveres Sir William Wallace beyond all other men. I do not deny; but class not my deep veneration with a sentiment which may be jested on. He has spoken to me the language of friendship; I know what it is to be his friend, and, saving tastes of heaven, I cannot stoop on earth. What pleasure can I find in pageants? What interest in the admiration of men? Is not he a brighter object than I can anywhere look upon? Is not his esteem of a value that puts to naught the homages of all else in the world? Do me then justice, my Edwin! believe me, I am not gloomy, no sighing recluse. I am happy with my thoughts, and thrice happy at the side of my father's couch; for there I meet the image of the most exemplary of human beings; and there I perform the duties of a child to a parent deserving all my love and honour."

"Ah! Helen! Helen!" cried Edwin, "durst I speak the wishes of my heart? But you and Sir William Wallace would frown on me, and I dare not!" "Then never do!" exclaimed Helen.

"It is the same," replied Wallace; "the valour and fidelity of such as we are as staunch to my arms, and bring a more grateful empire to my heart, than all the crowns which may be in the power of Edward to bestow."

"I have often seen the homage of the body," said the earl, "but here I see that of the soul; and, were I asking, I should envy Sir William Wallace!"

"You speak either as a courtier or a traitor!" exclaimed Beck, turning with a threatening brow on Lord Arundel. "Beware, earl! for what has now been said must be repeated to the royal Edward; and he will judge whether flattery to this proud rebel be consistent with your allegiance."

"Every word that has been uttered in this conference I will myself deliver to King Edward," replied Lord Arundel; "he shall know the man on whom he may be trusted for justice to denounce the empire of rebellion; and when the puissance of his royal arm lays this kingdom at his feet, the virtues of Sir William Wallace may then find the mercy he now contemns."

Beck did not listen to the latter part of this explanation; but proceeding to the courtyard, had mounted his horse before his worthier colleagues appeared from the hills. Taking a gracious leave of Sir John Graham, who attended him to the door, the earl exclaimed, "What a miracle is before me! Not the mighty mover only of this wide insurrection is in the bloom of manhood, but all his generals that I have seen appear in the very morning of youth. And you conquer our veterans; you make yourselves names which, with us, are only purchased by long experience, and hairs grown in camps and battles!"

"Then by our morning, judge what our day will be," replied Graham; "and show your monarch that, as surely as the night of death will in some hour close upon prince and peasant, this land shall never again be overshadowed by his darkness."

"Listen not to their bold treasons!" cried Beck; and setting spurs to his horse, he galloped out of the gates. Arundel made some courteous reply to Sir John Graham, and, with what the countess affected, and with what Lady Mar's rooms, and began to speak of his anticipated meeting with Wallace. He held her hand in his. "My dearest," said he, "will not the gentle country which has suffered so much for our brave friend, write him one word of kind remembrance? Our queen here will send him volumes."

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At this instant the door opened, and Lady Mar appeared. Both rose. She bowed haughtily to Helen. To Edwin she graciously extended her hand. "Why, my dear nephew, did you not come into the audience-hall?"

Edwin answered, that he did not know the governor of Stirling's lady lived in the state of a queen, he hoped he should be excused for mistaking lords and ladies-in-waiting for company; and for that reason, having retired till he could bid adieu in a less public scene.

Lady Mar, with statelyness, replied: "Perhaps it is necessary to remind you, Edwin, that, though Lord Mar's wife, I am not only heiress to the sovereignty of the northern isles, but, like Lord Badenoch, of the blood of the Scottish kings. Rely on it, I do not degenerate, and that I affect no state to which I may not pretend."

Edwin smiled at the pride of his aunt, Edwin turned towards the window; but not before the countess had observed the ridicule which played on his lips. Vexed, but afraid to reprimand one who might so soon resent it by speaking of her disparagingly to Wallace, she unburthened her anger upon Helen. "Lady Helen," cried she, "I request an explanation of that look of object with which I now see on your face. I wish to know whether the intoxication of your vanity dare impel you to despise claims which may one day be established to your confusion."

This attack surprised Helen, who had hardly attended to who had passed. "I neither deride you, Lady Mar, nor despise the claims of Lord Badenoch; but I must, out of respect for yourself, and tenderness for my father, frankly say that the assumption of honours not legally in your possession may involve you in ridicule, and pluck danger on your nearest relatives. It is what my father would never approve, were he to know it; and awakening the jealousy of other ladies of the royal houses is not a probable mode to facilitate the succession of Lord Badenoch."

Provoked at the just reasoning and coolness of this reply, and at being misapprehended with regard to the object with whom she was to share the splendours of a throne, Lady Mar answered: "Your father is an old man, and has outlived every generous feeling. He neither understands my actions, nor shall he control them; and as to Lord Badenoch giving me the rank to which my birth entitles me, that is a foolish dream - I look to a greater hand."

"What!" inquired Edwin; "does your highness expect my uncle to die, and that Bruce will come hither to lay the crown of Scotland at your feet?"

"I expect nothing of Bruce, nor of your uncle," returned she; "but I look for respect from the daughter of Lord Mar, and from the friend of Sir William Wallace."

She rose, and presenting Edwin with the packet for Wallace, told Helen she might retire to her own room. "To my father's I will, madam," returned Sir William. Lady Mar coloured at this reproach, and, turning to Edwin, said, "You know that the dignity of this situation must be maintained; and, while others attend his couch, I must his reputation."

"I have often heard that Fame is better than life," replied Edwin; "and I thank Lady Mar for showing me how differently people may translate the same lesson. Adieu, sweet Helen!" said he, bending to kiss her hand. "Farewell," returned she; "may good angels guard you!"

The substance of the latter part of this scene, Edwin did relate to Wallace. He smiled at the follies of the countess, and broke the seal of her letter. It was the same style with her conversations; at one moment declaring herself his interested friend, and, in the next, uttering wild professions of attachment. The conclusion of this strange epistle told him that the gratitude of all her relations of the house of Cummin was ready at any moment to relinquish its claims on the crown, to place it on brows so worthy to wear it. The words of this letter were so artfully, and so persuasively penned, that had not Edwin described the vanity of Lady Mar, Wallace might have believed that she was ambitious only for him, and that, could she share his heart, his throne would be a secondary object. To establish this deception in his mind, she added - "I live here as at the head of a court, and foils around me think I take pleasure in; but did they look into my actions, they would see that I serve, while I seem to reign. I am working in the hearts of men for your advancement."

But whether this were her real motive or not, it was the same to Wallace; he felt that she would always be, not merely the last object in his thoughts, but the first of his aversion. Therefore, hastily running over her letter, he returned to a second perusal of Lord Mar's. In this he found satisfactory details of the success of his dispositions. Lord Lochnave had possessed himself of the western coast of Scotland, from the Mull of Kintyre to the farthest mountains of Glenmore. There the victorious Lord Ruthven met him, and completed the recovery of the Highlands, by a range of conquests from the Spey to the Moray Frith and Inverness-shire. Lord Bothwell, as his colleague, brought from the shores of Ross, and the hills of Caithness, every Southern banner which had waved on their embattled towers. Graham was sent for by Wallace to hear these tidings.

"Ah!" cried Edwin, "not a spot north of the Forth now remains, that does not acknowledge the supremacy of the Scottish lion!"

"Nor south of it either," returned Graham; "from the Mull of Galloway to my gallant father's government on the Tweed, from the Cheviots to the northern ocean, all now is our own. The door is locked against England; and Scotland must prove unfaithful to herself, before the Southrons can again set foot on her borders."

The more private accounts were not less gratifying to Wallace; for he found that his plans for disciplining and bringing the people into order were everywhere adopted, and that alarm and penury had given way to peace and abundance. To witness the success of his designs, and to settle a dispute between Lord Ruthven and the Earl of Athol re-

lative to the government of Perth, Lord Mar strongly urged him to repair to the scene of contest. "Go," added the earl, "through the Lothians, and across the Queen's ferry, directly into Perthshire. I would not have you come to Stirling, lest it should be supposed that you are influenced in your judgment either by myself or my wife. But I think there cannot be a question that Lord Ruthven's services to the great cause invest him with a right which his opponent does not possess. Lord Athol has no claim, but that of superior rank; and, being the near relation of my wife, I believe she is anxious for his elevation. Therefore, come not near us, if you would avoid female importunity."

Wallace now recollected a passage in Lady Mar's letter, which, though not speaking out, insinuated how she should expect he should decide. Well pleased to avoid another rencontre with this lady's love and ambition, Wallace sent off the substance of these despatches to Murray, and then, with Edwin and Sir John Graham, set off for the Frith of Forth.

The Regent's arrival at Perth was soon spread throughout the province, and the hall of the castle was crowded with chieftains, come to pay their respects to their benefactor. An army of grateful peasantry filled the suburbs, begging for one glance of their beloved lord. To oblige them, Wallace mounted his horse, and, with his bonnet off, rode to the castle to the populace-covered plain on the west of the city. He gratified their eagerness by his condescension, and received the sincere homage of a thousand grateful hearts. The Grampians echoed with acclamations of "Our deliverer - Our Prince - The champion of Scotland - The glorious William Wallace!" and the shores of the Tay resounded with similar rejoicings.

Ruthven beheld this with sympathetic feeling. His just sense of the merits of the Regent had long internally acknowledged him as his sovereign; and he smiled with approbation at every breathing amongst the people, which intimated what would at last be their general shout.

Different were the thoughts of the gloomy Athol. Could he by a look have blasted those arms, have passed that head, gladly would he have made Scotland the sacrifice, so that he might never again find himself in the triumphant train, of one whom he deemed a boy and an upstart.

King of England, that he invests his own majesty in my pen, to tell you that your treasons have filled up their measure; that now, in the plenitude of his continental victories, he descends upon Scotland to annihilate this rebellious nation, and - "Stop, Sir Hugh le Despencer," cried the herald; "whatever may be the denunciations with which the king has entrusted you, you must allow me to perform my duty before you declare them. And thus I utter the gracious message which his majesty has put into my mouth."

He then addressed Wallace, and accusing him of rebellion, and of devastations made in Scotland and in England, promised him pardon for all, if he would disband his followers and acknowledge his offence.

Wallace calmly replied to the herald: "When we were despatched, your king came to me as comforter, and put us in chains! While he was absent, I invaded his country as an open enemy. I rifled your barns, but it was to feed a people whom his robberies had left to perish. I marched through your lands; I made your soldiers fly before me; but what spot in all your shores have I made black with the smoke of ruin? I leave the people of Northumberland to judge between me and your monarch. And that he never shall be mine, or Scotland's our deeds shall further prove!"

"Vain and ruinous determination!" exclaimed Le Despencer. "King Edward comes against you with an army that will reach from sea to sea. Wherever the hoofs of his war-horse strike, there grass never grows again. The sword and the fire shall make a desert of this devoted land; and your arrogant head, proud Scot, shall bleed upon the scaffold!"

He shall see my fires, and meet my sword in his own fields," returned Wallace; "and if God continue my life I will keep my Easter in England, in despite of King Edward and of all who bear arms in his country!"

As he spoke, he rose, and, bowing to the herald, the Scottish marshals conducted the ambassador with his presence. Le Despencer twice attempted to speak, but the marshals would not allow him; they said the business of the embassy was now over; and, should he propose further to insult the Regent, the privilege of his official character should not protect him from the wrath of the Scots.

Wallace foresaw a heavy tempest to Scotland threatened by these repeated embassies. He perceived that Edward, by sending overtures which he knew could not be accepted, by making a show of pacific intentions, meant to throw the blame of the continuation of hostilities upon the Scots, and so overcome the reluctance of his more just nobility to further persecute a people whom he had made to suffer so much. The same insidious policy was likewise made to change the aspect of the Scottish cause in the eyes of Philip of France, who had lately sent congratulations to the Regent on the victory of Cambus-Kenneth. To prevent this last injury, Wallace despatched a vessel with Sir Alexander Ramsay, to inform King Philip of the particulars of Edward's proposals, and of the consequent continued warfare.

On the twenty-eighth of February, Wallace joined Lord Andrew Murray on Bothwell Moor, and had the happiness of seeing his brave friend again lord of the domains which he had so lately lost for him. A strong force from the Highlands joined the troops at Stirling; and Wallace had the satisfaction of seeing before him thirty thousand well-appointed men. He had hardly commenced his march, when a courier from Sir Roger Kirkpatrick met him, with information that the Northumbrians, being apprised of King Edward's approach, had driven Sir Eustace Maxwell, with great loss, into Carlaverock; had taken several minor forts, and, though harassed by Kirkpatrick, were ravaging the country as far as Dumfries. The brave knight added, "These Southern thieves blow the name of Edward before them, and with its sound have spell-bound the courage of every soul I meet. Come, then, valiant Wallace, and conjure it down again, else I shall

When Your Child Has a Cold

Are you satisfied with anything that sets under the name of cough medicine. Or do you search out a medicine of proven value such as Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine. How few cases of consumption there would be if every child's cold were looked after as it should be. Did you ever think of it in this way? It is the cough that leads to the dreadful lung diseases sooner or later. From repeated attacks the lungs are weakened and there comes pneumonia or consumption with their dreadful fatal results. How watchful parents should be of their children. How careful to use effective treatment instead of trusting to cough mixtures which are often of little value or of harmful effects. Because it is prepared from linseed, turpentine and other simple but wonderfully effective ingredients, Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine is particularly suitable as a treatment for children's coughs and colds. Croup, bronchitis and even whooping cough yields to the influence of this great medicine and for this reason it is kept constantly on hand in the majority of homes and has enormous sales. Mrs. John Chesney, Inverkip, Ontario, writes: "Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine cured my little girl of whooping cough when the doctor had given her up and since then we always keep it in the house as a treatment for coughs and colds. It is the best medicine we ever used. There is no getting round statements such as this and you want the most effective treatment possible when your child becomes ill. Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine, 25 cents a bottle, at all dealers, or Edmondson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

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every man possessed a courage
equal to his general, he must expect
to fall again under the yoke of the enemy.
With augmented forces he marched into
Cumberland; and having drawn up his
array between the river and a high
ground, which he covered with archers,
he stood prepared to meet the approach
of Edward.

But Edward did not appear till late
in the next day; and then the Scots
descried his legions advancing from
the horizon; to pitch their vanguard on
the plain of Stanmore. Wallace knew that
for the first time he was now going to
pitch his soldiery against that of the
greatest general in Christendom; but
he did not shrink measuring him, arm to
arm, and mind to mind, for the assurance
of his cause was in both.

His aim was to draw the king towards
the Scottish lines, where he had dug
deep pits, and covering them with
grass, had left in them traps for the
Southern cavalry; for in cavalry, he
was told by his spies, would consist
the chief strength of Edward's army.
The scheme in which Wallace had laid
the adjoining counties, rendered the
provisioning of so large a host very difficult;
and, as it was composed of a mixed
multitude from every land on which
the King of England had set his invading
foot, harmony could not be expected to
continue among its leaders. Delay was
therefore an advantage to the Scots, and
Wallace, perceiving that his enemy
held back, as if he wished to draw him
from his position, he determined not
to stir, although he might be struck
with awe of so great an adversary.

To this end he offered him peace, hop-
ing either to obtain what he asked
(which he did not deem probable) or, by
filling Edward with an idea of his fear,
to induce him to precipitate himself forward,
to avoid the dangers of a prolonged so-
journ in so barren a country, and to take
Wallace, as he might think, in his panic.
Instructing his heralds what to say, he
sent them on to Royegoss, near which
the tent of the King of England was
pitched. Supposing that his enemy was
now at his feet, and ready to beg, the
terms he had before requested, Edward
admitted the ambassadors, and bade
them deliver their message. Without
further parley, the herald spoke. "Thus
saith Sir William Wallace: Were it not
that the knights and nobles of the realm
of Scotland had ever sought redress
of injuries before they sought revenge,
you, King of England and invader of
our country, should not now behold us
arriving in your camp, presenting con-
cords; but an army in battle array, advancing
to the onset. Our Lord Regent, being
of the opinion of his predecessors, that
the greatest victories are never of such
advantage to a conqueror as an honorable
and bloodless peace, sends to offer
this peace to you at the price of restitu-
tion. The lives you have rifled from us
you cannot restore; but the noble Lord
Douglas, whom you now unjustly detain
a prisoner, we demand; and that you
retract those claims on our monarchy,
which never had existence, till ambition
begot them by the basest treachery.
Grant these just requisitions, and we
lay down our arms; but continue to
deny them, and our nation is ready to
rise to a man, and with heart and hand
avenge the injuries we have sustained.
You have wasted our lands, burnt our
towns and imprisoned our nobility.
Without consideration of age or condi-
tion, women, children, and feeble old
men have fallen by your sword. And
why was all this? Did our confidence
in your honor offend you, that you put
our chieftains in duress, and our
yeomanry of their lives? Did the
benedictions with which our prelates
blessed you as the arbitrator between our
princes, raise your ire, that you burnt
their churches, and slew them on the
altars? These, O King! were thy
deeds; and for these, William Wallace
is in arms. But yield us the peace we
ask; withdraw from our quarters; relin-
quish your unjust pretensions; and we
will once more consider Edward of Eng-
land as the kinsman of Alexander the
Third, and his subjects as the friends
and allies of our realm."

Edward contemptuously answered:
"Intoxicated by a transitory success,
your leader is vain enough to suppose
that he can discomfit the King of Eng-
land, as he has done his officers, by inso-
lent words; but we are not so weak as
to be overthrown by a breath, nor so
base as to bear argument from a rebel.
I come to claim my own; to assert my
supremacy over Scotland; and it shall
acknowledge its liege lord, or be left
desert without a living creature to say
this was a kingdom. Depart! this is my
answer to you; your leader shall receive
his at the point of my lance."

Wallace, who did not expect a more
favorable reply, ere his ambassadors re-
turned, had marshaled his lines for the
onset. Lord Bothwell, and Murray, his
valiant son, took the lead on the left
wing; Sir Eustace Maxwell and Kirk-
patrick commanded on the right; Gra-
ham held the reserve behind the woods;

not be surprised if the men of Annan-
dale hid me hand and foot, and deliver
me up to Algonron Percy (the leader of
this inroad), to purchase mercy to their
cowardice."
Wallace made no reply to this message
but, proclaiming to his men that the
enemy was in Dumfriesshire, every foot
was put to the speed, and, in a short
time, they arrived on the summits of the
eastern mountains of Clydesdale. His
troops halted near the village of Biggar;
and, it being night, he ascended to the
top of the highest crag, and lit a fire,
whose light he hoped would send the
news of his approach to Annandale. A
moment after, a hundred answering be-
acons burnt along the horizon. There-
upon he sent the blaze; he showed it to
his terrified followers. "Behold that
hill of fire!" cried he, "and cease to
despair." "Wallace comes!" was their
response, "and we no more fear."
Day broke upon Wallace as he crossed
the heights of Drumclog; and, pouring
his thousands over the valleys of
Annandale, he swept the invaders back.
He took young Percy prisoner, and
leaving him shut up in Lochmaben,
drove his vessels far beyond the bor-
ders.

Annanvale again free, he went into
his various quarters, and, summoning
the people, he reproved them for their
cowardice, and showed them that, un-
less every man possessed a courage
equal to his general, he must expect
to fall again under the yoke of the enemy.
With augmented forces he marched into
Cumberland; and having drawn up his
array between the river and a high
ground, which he covered with archers,
he stood prepared to meet the approach
of Edward.

But Edward did not appear till late
in the next day; and then the Scots
descried his legions advancing from
the horizon; to pitch their vanguard on
the plain of Stanmore. Wallace knew that
for the first time he was now going to
pitch his soldiery against that of the
greatest general in Christendom; but
he did not shrink measuring him, arm to
arm, and mind to mind, for the assurance
of his cause was in both.

His aim was to draw the king towards
the Scottish lines, where he had dug
deep pits, and covering them with
grass, had left in them traps for the
Southern cavalry; for in cavalry, he
was told by his spies, would consist
the chief strength of Edward's army.
The scheme in which Wallace had laid
the adjoining counties, rendered the
provisioning of so large a host very difficult;
and, as it was composed of a mixed
multitude from every land on which
the King of England had set his invading
foot, harmony could not be expected to
continue among its leaders. Delay was
therefore an advantage to the Scots, and
Wallace, perceiving that his enemy
held back, as if he wished to draw him
from his position, he determined not
to stir, although he might be struck
with awe of so great an adversary.

To this end he offered him peace, hop-
ing either to obtain what he asked
(which he did not deem probable) or, by
filling Edward with an idea of his fear,
to induce him to precipitate himself forward,
to avoid the dangers of a prolonged so-
journ in so barren a country, and to take
Wallace, as he might think, in his panic.
Instructing his heralds what to say, he
sent them on to Royegoss, near which
the tent of the King of England was
pitched. Supposing that his enemy was
now at his feet, and ready to beg, the
terms he had before requested, Edward
admitted the ambassadors, and bade
them deliver their message. Without
further parley, the herald spoke. "Thus
saith Sir William Wallace: Were it not
that the knights and nobles of the realm
of Scotland had ever sought redress
of injuries before they sought revenge,
you, King of England and invader of
our country, should not now behold us
arriving in your camp, presenting con-
cords; but an army in battle array, advancing
to the onset. Our Lord Regent, being
of the opinion of his predecessors, that
the greatest victories are never of such
advantage to a conqueror as an honorable
and bloodless peace, sends to offer
this peace to you at the price of restitu-
tion. The lives you have rifled from us
you cannot restore; but the noble Lord
Douglas, whom you now unjustly detain
a prisoner, we demand; and that you
retract those claims on our monarchy,
which never had existence, till ambition
begot them by the basest treachery.
Grant these just requisitions, and we
lay down our arms; but continue to
deny them, and our nation is ready to
rise to a man, and with heart and hand
avenge the injuries we have sustained.
You have wasted our lands, burnt our
towns and imprisoned our nobility.
Without consideration of age or condi-
tion, women, children, and feeble old
men have fallen by your sword. And
why was all this? Did our confidence
in your honor offend you, that you put
our chieftains in duress, and our
yeomanry of their lives? Did the
benedictions with which our prelates
blessed you as the arbitrator between our
princes, raise your ire, that you burnt
their churches, and slew them on the
altars? These, O King! were thy
deeds; and for these, William Wallace
is in arms. But yield us the peace we
ask; withdraw from our quarters; relin-
quish your unjust pretensions; and we
will once more consider Edward of Eng-
land as the kinsman of Alexander the
Third, and his subjects as the friends
and allies of our realm."

Edward contemptuously answered:
"Intoxicated by a transitory success,
your leader is vain enough to suppose
that he can discomfit the King of Eng-
land, as he has done his officers, by inso-
lent words; but we are not so weak as
to be overthrown by a breath, nor so
base as to bear argument from a rebel.
I come to claim my own; to assert my
supremacy over Scotland; and it shall
acknowledge its liege lord, or be left
desert without a living creature to say
this was a kingdom. Depart! this is my
answer to you; your leader shall receive
his at the point of my lance."

Wallace, who did not expect a more
favorable reply, ere his ambassadors re-
turned, had marshaled his lines for the
onset. Lord Bothwell, and Murray, his
valiant son, took the lead on the left
wing; Sir Eustace Maxwell and Kirk-
patrick commanded on the right; Gra-
ham held the reserve behind the woods;

fact what the boy says, I fear. Th'
old man lost his savings night upon a
year ago in a building society, and
though the gal worked like the little
heroine she is, they got behind with
their rent."

"She never told me a word of it!"
gasped the sailor.
"She wouldn't, Harry. 'Twasn't
likely, you know her!"
"Well?"
"Things went from bad to worse, and
at last, after leading em to think it
didn't matter much, Jasper Pratt up
and asks Rosa to marry him, by way of
settling the debt. She told my missus
about it—all of a tremble she was
because of the words he'd said to her."
"But he knew as she was promised to
me."
The indiscreet youth in the corner
was not yet entirely abashed. —
"Maybe you don't know Jasper
Pratt, he said.
"Silence!" cried the man by the
fire. "It's not to make you behave
like a fool we're telling you this,
Harry."
"With an effort the sailor steadied
himself.
"Besides," put in the landlord, who
was by way of being a politician. "It
isn't so much to blame, blackguard
as he is. It's the system, my friends!"
They all turned to him deferentially,
and the stranger emptied his glass.
For the first time he found himself in
the direct line of observation.
"What system?" he asked.
"It's the evil of having an absentee
landlord."
"Jasper Pratt isn't the man—not the
type of man neither—to have unlimited
power. As it is, he might be Squire
himself."
"Aye!" chorused his listeners again.
Woodward created a diversion by
throwing his glass into the fireplace.
It broke with a crash. "D—n politics,"
he cried; "where is she anyhow? Turned out of
house and home you said they were. Come,
mates, you can trust me not to do any
violence. Where are they?"
"In old Mrs. Ayling's cottage scarce
a hundred yards from where they were,"
said the spokesman, "just for to-night.
After to-night—the broke off and
slung his shoulders.
"Then I'm off! You've got a room
for me here, I expect. 'I'll be in later
on—before closing time. Good-night,
all."
He went out by himself, slamming the
door behind him. The stranger waited
a few seconds, then placed some silver
upon the counter.
"Drinks round!" he said, briefly,
"after I'm gone. And have one your-
self, Mr. Landlord."
When he emerged from the inn door,
Woodward's hurrying form was a hun-
dred yards away, but he made no effort
to overtake him. A quarter of an hour
later he knocked deferentially at the
door of a cozy little house that lay
back from the road surrounded by a
well fitted garden. A maid opened the
door.
"Is Mr. Pratt in?" he asked.
"What did you want to see him
about?"
"A little matter of business."
The girl looked at him suspiciously,
then let him standing in the hall while
she went to make inquiries. He looked
around him at the substantial oak fur-
niture and smiled grimly.
Presently a large overbearing man
came out smoking a cigar.
"What's your business at this hour
of the night?" he demanded. Then, see-
ing that his visitor was a stranger and
a gentleman, he took his cigar out of his
mouth, coughed by way of apology, and
asked him in.
"I wanted to see you, Mr. Pratt,"
said the stranger, mildly, "about this
affair of poor Deane and his daughter."
"Ah!" said the agent defiantly,
"you're a lawyer, I suppose?"
"The stranger did not deny it."
"Mr. Deane, I understand, was an
old servant of the family."
"Can't help that. They paid no
rent. I've got my duty to do to my
employer, who's in Australia."
"You're wrong. I am Sir John Fal-
coner."
The man turned dangerously red.
"He received a letter from Australia—
only last night, he gasped.
"Quite right! I came with it, on the
same boat. A sudden whim, Mr. Pratt."
"I remember you now, Sir John.
But you've changed."
"No doubt. I was a boy when I last
saw you. Since then I've succeeded my
father in his responsibilities, and you
were among them, Mr. Pratt. You
seem very comfortable here."
With a bland air of interest he looked
around the room.
"If you'd told me you were coming,
Sir John, stammered the "bailiff
easily. "I would have made prepara-
tions for your reception."
"Thanks, I had quite an interesting
receipt in, as it was. They don't
seem to think very highly of you at
the village inn Mr. Pratt."
Pratt laughed ingratiatingly.
"I dare say I'm unpopular," he said,
"but it's in your interest, Sir John."
"I rather think that if you did your
work as I want it done you would be
the most popular man on the estate."
He broke suddenly and his voice
hardened a little. "Have you any in-
ventories of the Deane's furniture?"
"I—I believe so. The auctioneer
sent me one."
He fumbled in his desk for a paper and
handed it to Sir John. The baronet
read it through, then looked at his agent
meaningly.
"Every article mentioned here," he
said slowly, "must be inside that cot-
tage again in an hour and a half."
Pratt gasped in sheer amazement.
"It's—it's impossible, Sir John;
they're sold. Anc, besides, if I may
say so—"

"In an hour and a half, not a minute
more, and as secretly as possible, I
have an eye for the dramatic, Mr. Pratt.
If the original articles cannot be re-
placed, others must be substituted,
either from your house or from mine.
You clearly understand?"
"But, Sir John—"
"For instance, there's a grand-father's
clock included in this inventory. Now
I noticed a very nice one while I was
waiting your convenience outside the re.
I'm going to the Hall now, and I will
send you a cart and some men. I should
like to see you, Mr. Pratt, if I
were your own father, I have under-
estimated the importance of popularity.
If there are any carpets, linen, or other
things you cannot supply yourself, come
to me for them. But for your own sake,
Mr. Pratt, you understand."
"Yes, Sir John."
The man's face was deathly white as
he opened the door to show his master
out. He had lived in a pleasant dream
for some years, and the suddenness of
the awakening was painful.
"Oh, by the bye," said Sir John,
cheerfully, "I expect they'll want an
extra bed, as a visitor has arrived—
Harry Woodward—Little Rosa's fiancé
—you may know him. I don't think I
should meet him just now if I were you.
Report to me when everything is ready
—an hour and a half, mind. And come
to me to-morrow morning at 10 o'clock
with your books and vouchers. I am
going to audit all the accounts since my
father's death. It's a cold night, Mr.
Pratt!"

Two hours later, to his infinite sur-
prise, Harry Woodward was requested
by one of the hall servants—with Sir
John Falconer's compliments—to step
over to Mr. Deane's cottage. Arrived
there he found himself staring open-
mouthed at his late travelling com-
panion.
"Well, Harry," laughed Sir John,
"I've put things as right as possible in
the short time available. How do you
think old Deane will like it?"
Harry looked around him and drew a
deep breath, for Jasper Pratt had done
himself credit.
"And there'll be no more such mis-
understandings, Harry; be sure and tell
the old man that. I meant to go back to
Queen'sland, but I've changed my mind.
I shall be here always now to look after
my own servants and also the old ones
who served my father. You see, we all
have our lessons to learn."
It was said that Jasper Pratt's inter-
view with his master and the audit of
his accounts which followed aged him by
ten years, but what had passed between
them never transpired. It was noticed,
however, that the agent considerably
reduced both his style of living and the
arrogance of his demeanor. Moreover,
he was once heard to say that Sir John
had been extremely good to him.—Tris-
tram Crotchetley, in Sunday Chronicle.

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particulars.
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The decision was rendered in favor of
the United States, and the Mexican
government has, in consequence, been
obliged to make the annual payments.
Archbishop Riordan has been made
custodian of the money with the power
of distribution.—Chicago New World.

ALL FOR THE GLORY OF GOD.

It is very obvious to say that if we
always knew what God wished, it would
be a great help to us in serving Him.
We should not surely throw ourselves
into open rebellion against the express
will of God. Yet practically, in by far
the greatest numbers of our actions, we
do not know this; and in all of them, if
we do not know what He would have
us do, we know at least the motive from
which He would have us act, whenever
we act at all. "Whatever you do, whether
you eat or drink, or whatever you
do, do all for the glory of God."
St. John tells us that God is charity.
Thus in the whole of the almost infi-
nitive and complicated system in which
we live, God has contrived all things,
quite wonderfully, for these two ends, if
they might not more properly be called
one end than two: He has arranged
everything first, so that He may be
loved; and secondly, so as to enable us
to love Him.
If we may dare thus to speak of the
Almighty, He seems to have no other
end in view at all; and He manages
things by artifices of almighty power in
order to bring this about. This is His
rule by which He has done everything.
The hearts of His creatures are the only
treasures He will condescend to accept
from His own creation.—Father Faber.

Not the Church They Attend.

Lecturing before "a well dressed audi-
ence" in New York the other day,
Edward Howard Griggs is reported in the
New York World Tribune to have
said:
"We say that the Church is one in-
stitution which welcomes rich and poor
alike. Is that true? There is indeed
one Church where all grades of men and
women pray together, but it isn't the
one most of you attend. Suppose a
ragged, unshaven man—unskirted, per-
haps from staying out all night because
he had no place to sleep—suppose such
a man came to your church to pray,
would he be admitted? I needn't answer
that question. Oh, I know we throw
sops to our consciences by establishing
mission churches in other parts of the
city, and it is all right for birds of a
feather to flock together—if they want
to. It is all right to make social clubs
of our churches—only let us not pretend
that they are anything else."—Church
Progress.

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MEXICO MUST MAKE RESTITUTION.

THE CONFISCATED FUND OF THE CHURCH
IN CALIFORNIA MUST BE PAID BACK
EVERY YEAR FOREVER MGR. RIORDAN
CUSTODIAN.
The annual remittance of \$43,050 in
Mexican currency as part payment on
the "Pious fund" will be made to Arch-
bishop Riordan by the Mexican govern-
ment, February 24, for distribution to
the different dioceses in California.
This payment is made in accordance
with the decision of The Hague Con-
vention and must be made every year
forever.

The Pious Fund of the Californias was
a great charity, founded during the clos-
ing years of the seventeenth century
and early portion of the eighteenth,
for the purpose of propagating the Catholic
faith in the unsettled parts of North
America, called the "Californias."

It contemplated the conversion to
the Catholic faith of the Indian tribes
of the country, as well as the establish-
ment of churches, the support of the
clergy and the maintenance of divine
worship according to the rites of the
Catholic Church. Many wealthy Span-
iards gave large sums to the fund.
Marquis de Villa-Puente and his wife
giving \$400,000. This deed came to be
known as the "foundation deed."
In 1822 Mexico confiscated the fund
and the money was incorporated in the
national treasury of the Mexican Re-
public. After the war with Mexico,
that country ceded to the United States
all of Upper California, which embraced
the whole territory originally claimed
by Spain, and for which part of the
country the fund was to be used.
In 1842 Mexico demanded by the
Archbishop of San Francisco for the
fund and for over twenty-five years the
matter was in litigation.
After a protracted diplomatic corre-
spondence between the United States
and Mexico, a protocol was signed on
May 22, 1902, by the representatives of
the two governments, by the terms of
which it was agreed to submit the con-
troversy to arbitration under the pro-
visions of The Hague Convention.

WIT AND HUMOR.

A POLITICIAN.

Who was making a house-to-house
cavass during a recent election, came to a
farmhouse, when he observed a young
woman standing at the gate, and the
candidate gracefully lifted his hat and
politely asked:
"No doubt, my dear madam, your hus-
band is at home?"
"Yes," responded the woman.
"Might I have the pleasure of seeing
him?" inquired the politician.
"He's down in the pasture a-burying
the dog," was the reply from the indi-
vidual at the gate.
"I am sorry indeed to learn of the
death of your dog," came in sympathizing
tones from the candidate. What
asked him?"
"He wore himself out a barkin' at the
candidates," said the woman.

WEIGHED IN LIFE BALANCE.

In the old fashioned days there was
once a person who preached a sermon
from the text, "Thou art weighed in the
balance and found wanting."
The day was very hot and the sermon
was very long, and now and then some
wearied members of the congregation
rose and made their way to the door.
Finally the parson lost patience, and the
two stragglers wended their way down
the aisle he said:
"That's right, gentlemen; as fast as
you are weighed, pass out!"
The rest of the congregation kept their
seats until the end of the sermon.

GRATUITOUS ADVICE.

A man had sat for some time in a
restaurant, looking thoughtfully at his
saucer of melting ice cream. At last he
left his chair and made his way to the
proprietor.
"I see you advertise that you make
you own ice cream," he said in a confi-
dential tone.
"Well," said the man, "would you
permit me to give you a little pointer?
I won't charge you a cent, and it'll be
money in your pocket."
"Glad to hear it, I'm sure," said the
proprietor.
"Get somebody else to make it," said
the man, in a hoarse whisper.—Youth's
Company.

The Great Patti Sang.

Father Vaughan's concert at the
Albert hall, London, resulted in collect-
ing £1,000 for poor children. For this
he is greatly indebted to the generosity
of Mrs. Patti's voice, who emerged from
her retirement and once more drew
thousands of music-lovers to the hall
which has witnessed so many of her
triumphs. It is unnecessary, as it would
be out of place, to write critically of
such an occasion, but the beautiful tone-
quality of the medium register of Mrs.
Patti's voice should be recorded, for it
is phenomenal in a singer who has left
five and twenty so far behind. She sang
excerpts from oratorios and operas and
old Italian songs that she has rendered
hundreds of times, and concluded her
selection in quite traditional manner
with "Home Sweet Home".



The EDISON
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enjoy an Edison Phono-
graph, but if there is any
choice, it is especially the
children's entertainer.

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four-minute Records. You can have both kinds of Records, and thus
have a very wide range of music. The four-minute Record is especially
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on the shorter Records, and also for dances, accom-
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Subscribers changing residence will please give old address as well as new address. Obituary and marriage notices cannot be inserted except in the usual condensed form. Each insertion when subscribers ask for their paper at the post office it would be well to give them their Catholic Record. We have information of carelessness in a few places on the part of delivery clerks who will sometimes look for letters.

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

Mr. Thomas Coffey. My Dear Sir—Since coming to Canada I have been a reader of your paper. I have noted with satisfaction that it is directed with intelligence and ability, and above all that it is imbued with a strong Catholic spirit. It strenuously defends the rights and authority of the Church, and follows the teaching of the Holy Fathers of the same time and place. It has done a great deal of good for the welfare of religion and country, and will do more as time goes on. I therefore, earnestly recommend it to all Catholics. With my blessing and best wishes for its continued success, yours very sincerely in Christ, DONATUS, Archbishop of Ephesus, Apostolic Delegate, UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA, Ottawa, Canada, March 7th, 1900.

Mr. Thomas Coffey. Dear Sir: For some time past I have read your estimable paper, THE CATHOLIC RECORD, and congratulate you upon the manner in which it is published. Its manner and form are both good; and a truly Catholic spirit pervades the whole. Therefore, with pleasure, I can recommend it to the faithful. Blessings be upon you and wishing you success, believe me to remain, Yours faithfully in Jesus Christ, D. FALCONE, Arch. of Larissa, Apost. Deleg.

LONDON, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 20, 1900.

SPIRITISM.

In the sermon on Prayer to which we refer in another article Father Walsh speaks at some length upon clairvoyance. "Clairvoyance and clairaudience," he said, "are scoffed at as impossibilities. But in my missionary work I have encountered striking examples of these unseen powers. It was my fortune once to become acquainted with the work of a certain clairvoyant and I, after hearing much of her ability, resolved to put her to a test. With a friend I attended a seance given by this medium. My friend lived more than two hundred and fifty miles away. As soon as he entered the room the woman said she could tell what was going on in his home. She went on to describe in minutest detail all the persons and objects in the room. 'I can see them just as plainly as if I were right among them,' she said. 'Just now they have broken a crucifix and are trying to mend it. The base of the crucifix was smashed in the fall. They are trying to glue it to the cross.' From correspondence it turned out that two weeks previous to this seance this breaking and repairing had really taken place. Before entering upon the question let us recount another story about the well known W. T. Stead. It is from an article of Stead's entitled: How I know that the Dead Return. It contains an account of a spirit photograph. The test required for an authentic spirit photograph is according to Mr. Stead, that a plainly recognizable portrait of a dead person shall be obtained by a photographer who knows nothing whatever of such a person and that no visible form shall be seen by the sitter in front of the camera. The photographer who makes these photographs for Mr. Stead is a clairvoyant. The story goes on: "During the war in South Africa the spirit of an old Boer entered this man's studio with Mr. Stead and a companion." The photograph was taken. In answer to the question what his name was the spirit told the artist it was Piet Botha. "Piet Botha," said Mr. Stead. "I know Philip, Louis, Chris and I do not know how many other Bothas. But Piet I never heard of." When the plate was developed a tall bearded man was seen standing behind Mr. Stead. When Botha after the war went to England he was shown the photograph. He recognized it as the likeness of a near relative, Piet Botha, the first Boer commandant killed at the siege of Kimberley. These are two facts related by disinterested and reliable witnesses. We cannot question their statements or probe still deeper into the details. By holding a court of investigation we might find that in each of them several links are missing. We are not disputing the statements made by either of these gentlemen. Their supposed facts may if thoroughly examined prove mere card houses, tumbling at the first touch. They can perhaps be explained upon natural principles as many other similar prodigies. Much in such cases is trickery, more juggling. Many can be classed with morbid, abnormal affections of human nature. After all allowances and abatements a number of these spirit manifestations remain inexplicable without the recognition of a superhuman intelligence and force. It is with these latter we are now concerned. Many who admit the phenomena refuse to admit the superhuman element. They explain all by imagination or hallucination. Although these may account for many they do not explain all. Others have in their explanation recourse to what they term animal magnetism. This will not explain anything, for we do not know what animal magnetism is. Others ascribe them to demons. Spiritists themselves pretend that the phenomena are produced by the presence of departed spirits. The identity of Piet Botha with the spirit whose photograph was taken cannot be proven. Spiritism cannot prove that the dead live again or that the spirit survives the body, or even that there is in man a soul, distinct from the body. These phenomena warrant the conclusion that they proceed from a superhuman cause and that there are spirits which in some respects are stronger and more intelligent than men. Whether these manifestations are angelic or demonic requires further investigation. As a general thing they are of the latter character. Spiritism is a modified form of devil-worship. Its history may be traced from the confusion of Babel, through the polytheism of the pagan Gentiles, down along the lines of Gnosticism, Manichaeism and all the other "isms" which have arisen against Christ's truth. Spiritists are striving hard to revive it. They do not call it devil-worship. They are shocked at the name. There can, however, be no mistake. Satan is too adroit for human wisdom. Were it not for a higher Protector he would deceive even the elect. When it pleases our arch-enemy he boldly attacks our race, heedless whether he be recognized or not. Again he shows himself a subtle, wily foe concealing his presence, denying his very existence and pretending the welfare of the human race. With good reason has the Church forbidden all spiritism under whatever form it may appear or for whatever purpose it may be employed.

A TISSUE OF FALSEHOOD.

Rarely, if ever, can the associated press be congratulated upon its success in conveying reliable information upon Catholic questions or events. Anything is good enough to throw at the Church; mud preferred, as some of it is likely to stick. We are astonished that journals claiming respectability should be caught so frequently. A paper like the Montreal Gazette has nothing to gain by inserting a long despatch, or letter perhaps, from Paris with double head lines: "Ex-priests in hard luck." "Members of the A. P. C. Lack money and food in France?" If there was any foundation for the statements it would not be so bad; although we see no satisfaction in selecting the weaknesses of our neighbors as healthy pabulum for morning reading. In this case the items are false from the introduction to the close, and show how gullible our non-Catholic press is. We cannot contradict categorically each particular point. They are too numerous and too insignificant. The opening sentence may be accepted as a specimen, the unreliable foundation of a clumsy fabric. It reads: "Paris, Feb. 5. The Separation law as well as the Modernist movement is responsible for the constantly growing number of Roman Catholic priests of France who have abandoned the exercise of their religion." This is a calumny upon the French clergy. Hard as the lot of many of them has been made, they are bearing their trials with a heroism worthy of their chivalrous blood and saintly line. There are sixty thousand secular priests in France. Single examples of retrogression may without surprising anyone be found amongst so many. It would be a wonder if some did not fall. This number is exceedingly small. Nor is it increasing in quantity. The ranks of the French priests are, we are proud to think, solid and unbroken as ever. We are not solicitous about the army now in battle array. We fear no Separation law or Modernist movement. Neither one nor the other can be maintained as doing harm to the Church or causing priests to give up their sacred ministry. The Separation law, by breaking the shackles of state ownership, has brought out the deep devotion and spirit of sacrifice which characterize the descendants of Broboud and St. Vincent de Paul. Concerning Modernism, its condemnation roused from lethargy the dreaming students who had not till then known their danger. Both these things, which are here claimed as causes of decline amongst the French priests, are the stimulants for more fidelity to Rome. This despatch proceeds to say that these pretended Ex's have formed a society called, "Anciens Pretres Catholiques." It may be. It does not take many to form a society. These will make a chapter. The three tailors of Tooley street felt quite sure that they were the people of England. We cannot close our eyes to the fact that the battle between the Church and the world is raging in France. So far as the present is concerned the clergy are closely united to their Bishops, and their Bishops to Rome. Never were they more united. The difficulty is in the future. Godless education, military ser-

WHAT OUR SCHOOLS ARE DOING.

Distribution of the annual report of the London Catholic School Board was made last Sunday in St. Peter's Cathedral and St. Mary's Church. The remarks made thereupon by the rector, Rev. J. T. Aylward, is worthy special notice. While it might be deemed unbecoming to put London in the first place in the province in the excellence of its system of Catholic education, we may at least say that it holds place in the very front rank. Time was in this Province when the education of Catholic children in Catholic schools had been a severe burden upon the people. This was caused by the poverty and fewness of the faithful. The ordinary tax rate was insufficient to meet the demands of the schools and a special collection had to be taken up at the church doors. Added to this was the unfriendly attitude of non-Catholics towards a separate system. The then Superintendent of education, Rev. Egerton Ryerson, was none too friendly in his attitude. The letter of the law was rigidly enforced and Catholics were compelled to collect their own taxes. However, a better feeling gradually took possession of our Protestant neighbors and amendments were introduced which materially helped the cause of Catholic education. There was, too, we regret to say, a feeling of apathy amongst a few of the Catholics themselves. This, however, has all passed away and at the present moment a splendid system of education pervades the whole Province, bishops, priests and people being of one mind and a determination visible to make the Catholic schools equal in every respect to those more highly favored by unlimited financial resources. We do not wish to utter one word of disparagement of public schools. It is a splendid educational system along the secular line. It is but the simple truth, however, to claim that in all cases the Separate schools are fully equal and in some places surpass, the public schools when the results of examinations are compared. London may be taken as an example. The work done by the Ladies of the Sacred Heart and by the Sisters of St. Joseph in this city is of the highest character, and many a time they have received the encomiums of distinguished educationists from other places. For the satisfactory condition of the schools in this diocese a meed of praise is due the distinguished prelate who now rules the archdiocese of Toronto. When he became Bishop of London his every energy was employed to the end that Catholic schools should dot every parish and that "excellence" should be the motto in each one. That he succeeded even beyond his fondest desires is admitted on all hands.

WE PUBLISH in this issue a remarkable article from Rome, a high class Catholic paper published in the Eternal city, on the subject, "Demoniacal Possession." We feel assured it will be read with interest. "Dealings with the devil," says Rome, "are by no means as infrequent in our time as people generally are prone to believe." It adds that the society for psychical research might well devote some of its attention to phenomena of the kind described from personal experience by His Lordship Mgr. Delalle.

AT THE RECENT meeting of the Irish National Convention in Dublin a motion was adopted to the effect that the Irish language should be among the compulsory subjects for matriculation at the national university. This will be unwelcome news to those peculiar people calling themselves "unionists," that privileged class who imagine that they were created first and that the Irish peasantry were created afterwards for their special use and benefit. Better days are dawning for Ireland. The people are spirited, confident, and full of fight for Home Rule.

A NUMBER of Quebec friends, comprising some of the most prominent men of the district, lately tendered a complimentary banquet to Hon. Charles R. Duxlin, Minister of Colonization, Mines and Fisheries. His speech on the occasion was a happy one, abundant evidence being given that the eloquent tongue which did such noble work for Ireland in the British House of Commons still retains its charm of expression. We tender him our congratulations, together with the wish that he may be long spared to occupy an honorable place in the public life of Canada.

ON THE 8th of FEBRUARY His Holiness the Pope gave a private audience to a number of officers and men of the American navy attached to the supply ship Celtic. They were presented to His Holiness by Mgr. Kennedy. The Pope said he was greatly pleased to see the sailors as it gave him an opportunity to express his gratitude to the people of the United States for their noble work in aid of the earthquake sufferers. The Pontiff gave to each sailor a medal as a souvenir of the visit. As the sailors were leaving the Vatican they gave three rousing cheers for the Pope.

A PRESS REPORT tells us that the Jesuit Fathers in New York will shortly issue a weekly edition of the Messenger. This will be welcome news to thousands of Catholics in the Republic as well as in Canada. The Messenger has been a formidable defender of the Church and we have no manner of doubt that its weekly edition will be the means of bringing many stray sheep into the fold and of confirming the faith in those who are now of it. We will gladly welcome the new publication and we trust abundant success will reward the good Fathers of the Society of Jesus for their arduous labors.

A CLASS OF PEOPLE in the United States hold views on the School question similar to those entertained by many of our non-Catholic neighbors in the Province of Ontario. They claim that since the parochial schools are distinctively Catholic the public schools are, and should be, distinctively Protestant. One of the school trustees in Toronto is the champion fanatic of the province. He holds that Catholics should not be employed in the Public schools. His election as school trustee, after having made such an exhibition of himself on various occasions, leads us to the conclusion that a bulky amount of fanaticism pertains to the electorate of Toronto.

"SALOME," a play which brings the blush to the cheeks of respectable people, has made its appearance on the stage in some of our Canadian cities. It will now be seen to what extent the administrators of the law will be disposed to perform their duty. It is the custom in some places for the law officers to sit in their chairs and wait for some one to make a complaint. We trust the statutes will be amended in such a manner as to compel these officials to take the initiative. Wherever the play "Salome" appears it is plainly the duty of the chiefs of police to take action.

IT HAS BEEN ANNOUNCED that Mr. Joseph Downey, M. P. P., will be appointed to the charge of the Ontario Government's office in London, England. This young man's career has been most admirable. A man of the highest respectability and endowed with talents far above the ordinary, he is well equipped for any position of trust which may be given him by the Provincial Government. It is just such men as Mr. Downey we like to see in public life—men about whom there is not the slightest suspicion of "ways that are dark and tricks that are mean." We hope some day he will be given a place still higher in the public life of the province.

THIS IS AN AGE for inventions of a most extraordinary character. Many of them mean much for the welfare of mankind and are so far commendable, but what shall we say of the visionaries who start upon a quest for a new religion. Some parties in this little city of London of ours have joined a cult which they term "The World New Thought Federation," receiving inspiration therefrom from Chicago, which reminds us once again that Chicago is justly called the Windy City. These new religions resemble very much the toys of children. They are petted and fondled for a time but when the brain developers are laid aside. We would recommend these poor, helpless, rudderless visionaries to buy and study carefully the little Catholic Catechism, price five cents. It may lead them to a harbor of refuge.

A VERY IMPORTANT meeting of the Irish National League was held a few days ago in Dublin. Very warm greetings were presented from Irishmen in the United States together with a draft for \$25,000 to help the cause of Ireland. Mr. Redmond stated that Ireland's good name is now at stake and her capacity for self-government will be judged by the conduct of the assembly, and that therefore everyone who speaks should weigh his words carefully. Amongst a few of those present there seemed to be a disposition to pledge the Irish party to oppose and embarrass the present government by every means in its power. A resolution to that effect was proposed but was voted down almost unanimously. The meeting was eminently successful and left the impression that the Irish cause is stronger than it has been for a generation.

LONDONERS HAD ANOTHER visit last week from Thomas Augustine Daly, poet and humorist, of the staff of the Philadelphia Catholic Standard and Times. His charming personality and his rich fund of humor, drawing laughter without stint between the recital of his poems, leave pleasant corners in the memory. But what shall we say of his clever verses? They are not only poetry. Each one is a song that goes to the heart, that kindles the fire of pity, and in turn awakens mirth. But withal there is a world of meaning and a world of useful lessons in each piece of his handiwork. He is a true poet, not in the sense that he is able to put clever verses on paper, but because he reaches to the heart of things and makes them glow. His poetry in "Canzoni" will live when many more pretentious volumes have been forgotten.

AWAY OFF IN NEW ORLEANS we have account of the life of a woman, the nature of which reminds us strongly of the ages of faith. Such lives have peopled heaven with saints. We ask our readers to give the sketch which we publish in this issue a careful perusal. Anna Meyer was one of God's noblest handmaids. Let us reflect for a moment upon the depth of her love for God. She gave her long life and her means and deprived herself of social pleasures to the end that little souls with dark faces should be brought day by day nearer to the heart of our Divine Saviour. She sought no human reward and we are told that her name never appeared in the papers. She craved not for notoriety, she cared not for the laudation so much prized by little minds and cold hearts. There are thousands like her in the world to-day but we never hear of them. We only read of worldliness in the lime-light. But God and His Church know them and we should be grateful beyond measure to Him Who has scattered such pearls in His vineyard.

ST MARY'S CATHEDRAL, HAMILTON.

IMPRESSIVE CEREMONIES AT ITS RE-OPENING.

HAMILTON IS REMARKABLE for the number of its jubilee celebrations. Nearly three years ago the whole city was en fete upon the fiftieth anniversary of the establishment of the diocese. Last Sunday witnessed a similar event in regard to the Cathedral whose corner stone was laid in 1850. All that the zealous rector, the Very Rev. Dean Mahony, could do, all that a generous people could do, had been done to decorate the church itself and make the celebration a worthy one. The building was transformed. Entirely remodelled and renewed with beautiful frescoes, St. Mary's Cathedral is interiorly one of the handsomest churches in Canada. Amongst some of the works of art which adorn the walls in the sanctuary behind the altar are the Assumption into heaven and the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin. Amongst the others around the sanctuary are Our Lord addressing the multitude, the invitation to the children to come unto Him and the Holy Family. In the baptistry will be found the Baptism of Christ. An original canvas, novel in its design, adorns the opposite wall of the baptistry. It represents Bishop Lavall, the first Bishop of Quebec baptizing Chief Garakonte, of the Five Nation Indians at Quebec in 1670. The painting admirably connotes the three hundredth anniversary of the discovery of Canada by Champlain. As we go round the Church we see the arches between the pillars and the arches over the sanctuary are six angels holding banners with the scroll Sanctus, Sanctus, Sanctus, Dominus Deus Sabaoth. The pulpit is bright with imitation marble and miniature paintings upon the panels depicting the good shepherd surrounded by the Evangelists. Concealed illuminants light up the paintings at night. These together with the dainty rosettes suspended here and there from the dome and the many lights of the sanctuary and the altar present a beautiful effect—chaste without excess and artistic without overtaxing the eye.

SUCH WAS ST. MARY'S Cathedral last Sunday when the special services were held in honor of the completion of the work. His Lordship, the venerable Bishop of Hamilton, sang Pontifical Mass, with Fathers Coty and Bonvin deacon and sub-deacon of the Mass, and Very Rev. Father Kleopfer, C. R., as assistant priest, and Father Connolly, S. J., and Dean Magee of Stratford as deacons of honor. Father Brady acted as master of ceremonies. His Grace Archbishop McEvay of Toronto, was present in cope and mitre, assisted by Fathers Zinger, C. R., and Teely, C. S. B. He blessed the tabernacle of the altar of the Sacred Heart. Rev. Dr. Kidd, Secretary to the Archbishop, and Rev. Father Whalen occupied seats in the sanctuary. Immediately after the Gospel, Bishop Dowling, in a few well chosen words, explained the meaning of the decoration. His Lordship then welcomed His Grace to Hamilton upon this his first official visit. As soon as Bishop Dowling had taken his seat upon the throne a committee consisting of Messrs. Hos. Shea, F. H. Winton and H. Mahony entered the sanctuary and read the following address: To the Most Reverend Fergus Patrick McEvay, D. D., Archbishop of Toronto. May it please Your Grace,—To communities as well as to individuals there comes occasionally an hour accompanied with a joy and gladness peculiarly its own. Such an hour it is the privilege

of the Cathedral Parish of Hamilton to enjoy to-day. For we can assure Your Grace that your presence among us this morning is the happy realization of a desire long entertained by us, and mingled with it a gladness which finds a response in every heart. With unfeigned pleasure then, all the members of St. Mary's parish welcome Your Grace to the Cathedral and to the City of Hamilton on this memorable occasion. Not only as dutiful and loyal members of the Catholic Church do we greet you as the distinguished head of a great Archdiocese; but our welcome has a warmer and a more tender note, since all see in you our former beloved Rector, who for a decade of years administered the spiritual and temporal affairs of the cathedral. Those years, so fruitful in good works, the result of unselfish devotion to duty, ardent zeal and distinguished ability will ever remain fresh in our memories. Among the multitude of your friends throughout the Province—none rejoiced more cordially at your elevation to the Archiepiscopal See of the Metropolitan City of Ontario, than your former parishioners and spiritual children of St. Mary's Cathedral of Hamilton. Not only did the laity of the City and Diocese rejoice at the signal honor conferred upon you by the Sovereign Pontiff, but we feel sure that our joy was fully shared by our beloved Bishop—prelate who so early discovered in you those rare qualities which have so eminently fitted you for the higher sphere of church government. The energy, zeal and success which have already marked the administration of the exalted office you have been called to fill convince us that your influence for the good of religion and country is destined to extend far beyond the limits of our own province. For questions of the highest importance to our people, educational, moral and social will of necessity demand Your Grace's attention. The Church Extension movement, whose inception in Canada is largely due to your apostolic zeal and foresight, will, we are sure, receive the hearty and generous support of the laity, and will be the means, under the blessing of heaven, of preserving and nourishing the faith among multitudes of strangers landing on our shores. We realize, Your Grace, that the true success of the Church and the advancement of religion in this Canada of ours, cannot be secured without unity of action for good works among the laity and a ready and loyal co-operation on their part with the ecclesiastical superiors; for all recognize the fact that the voice of the Episcopate is, in our spiritual regard, the voice of God. We beg to thank Your Grace for coming here to-day to bless the decorations of our cathedral and knowing, as we do, that no embellishment is so rich or costly for the adornment of God's House, we feel a just pride in the beautiful and artistic work lately completed within the walls of this edifice, endeared to Your Grace by many happy memories, and felicitate our zealous and energetic Rector, Dean Mahony, who under the encouragement and guidance of our devoted Bishop has brought this great undertaking to such a happy issue. In conclusion we assure Your Grace that we shall not cease to pray Almighty God to grant you health and long days, and in return may we presume to ask of you an occasional memento in the Holy Sacrifice for your devoted friends, the priests and people of St. Mary's Cathedral, Hamilton. Signed on behalf of St. Mary's Cathedral Congregation.

HIS GRACE'S REPLY.

My Lord, Reverend Fathers and Dear Brethren,—I thank His Lordship the Bishop of Hamilton and the gentlemen of the committee for their kind words of welcome; it is scarcely necessary to assure all present that it is a real pleasure for me to take part in this ceremony of thanksgiving and joy on the completion of the magnificent work of decoration in which you have been engaged. In this material age it is congenial to visit an congregation ready and willing to make sacrifices to adorn the House of God with the best that can be procured in architecture, in painting and in sculpture; but it is a special pleasure to meet the old, true and faithful friends with whom I lived so many years. When your good Bishop had charge of the Diocese of Peterborough; I was happy to work there under his direction and it was through him that I became a priest of this diocese and here warm friendships were formed with the reverend clergy and the Catholic and non-Catholic people which I hope will endure forever. The tie existing between priest and people is strong and sacred; the confidence given to the priest by the people is not given to anyone else except God Himself. Hence it is that when the priest is honored so are the people. You rejoice and offer congratulations of my promotion; I rejoice and congratulate you on your success, your co-operation and the good example of generosity you have shown to other congregations. As to the Church Extension, which you are good enough to mention in your beautiful address, you but express the generous sentiments of the faithful as well as these of your large hearted Bishop and zealous Rector, Dean Mahony. This congregation is a living example of the benefits of Church Extension. You have helped to form four other parishes, which are now flourishing in the city; and in the meantime you have kept your cathedral and other church institutions in first-class condition. The great Church Extension Movement embraces a wide field of action and endeavors to bring some help to the lonely missionaries in the great North-West and to the scattered Catholics who require more priests, churches and schools to meet the needs of thousands of people coming from the parts of the world and speaking different languages but united in the grand old Catholic faith which they are anxious to preserve and we are so anxious to have preserved to them. I thank you all most sincerely, then, for your good wishes and prayers and I beseech the Giver of all good gifts to bless you all, to reward you for your many acts of kindness towards me dur-

ing the pleasant year of this Cathedral parish. THE ARCHBISHOP'S REPLY. These remarks were pronounced at an impressive exposition on which the Catholic houses of worship with their contents of art and beauty in the psalms, "he glorified daughter is all gloire clothing is wrought appreciate the importance in which we well a morning it is well a ceremony of the old ceremony of God Solomon, we are told, costly stones, of the great cathedral temple was completed, of the times sacrificed, of majesty veiled in the holy of holies. could be suggested grandeur and magnificence in the ceremony of the temple, the adoring God. Why the Lord had chosen there His Holy Name there the sacrifice was from there grace and faith on all who adored there would be no "I have chosen this of sacrifice. I have of this place that my forever." Notwithstanding, mere shadow of what are in reality. It is so great in the old law? If the sacrifice in the worship of God should be the The Church is in the new law and expected man to p could be secured to sacrifice. This history, in the day prisons and persecu insisted that the in the worship of God should be the The Church, s leaves in making true and the beat form of art, in aid and paintings, so t help to elevate th the profane things so wheth r you lo the mysteries as holy rosary, in the image of our and above in th altar and all th these decorations remindful of our before us the en created and the will give those w Every man is rich and poor, i Catho and non expressed in th Tabernacle—assist troubles of life, need to know th very learned to be Master from Bet Jerusalem, to Cal Mount Olivet. yond all to conce hand of the Eter figuration so gl the mere glimpse by the apostles, in crowning his glory and splendor the throne of God. After referring His Grace said these decorations special purpose our true destin certain religio think of the glo us. It is well one point. Hea and wish. It is great price. O drop of blood. The great quest self is whether far as his choic right, no man c a man believe he must face of say like a fool wherly he wan sacrily make a case and be reasonable peo us decide that to our destin and take no celi required for th His Grace ex ing for a glori Master himsel too high he as the Holy M cathedral was angels who w the good fight to the end. When the r His Grace A reception in whom he rem many, he ha number were bishop, each Mahony. Th and able and cathedral w success. No of the cerem number abou of one of the of the choir, fine Ave Ma Pontifical Grace Arch man in the Father Teely the Blessed S and purpose They who see the indu have attain thing.—Bish The small whole city. Yet fall be burdened l

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AN AWFUL EXPERIENCE. A TRUE STORY. By Rev. Richard W. Alexander. Staggering from side to side, reeling until he almost fell, stumbling along the unpaved streets of an Oklahoma town, a young man presented a sad and pitiful appearance.

Staggering from side to side, reeling until he almost fell, stumbling along the unpaved streets of an Oklahoma town, a young man presented a sad and pitiful appearance. Passers-by looked at him with disgust or half pity.

Suddenly the girl changed. From being affectionate and responsive she grew cold and indifferent. No reason was given; and as days passed by her flame grew nearly distracted. He could make no impression on her now, and yet there was no reason for the change.

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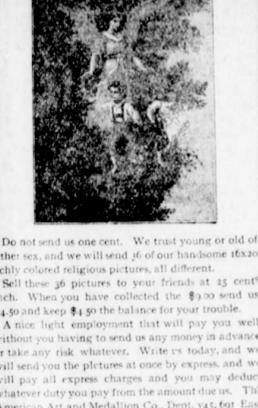
night through. At dawn he made his way to a house and paid for a drink of milk. His sores were dressed, and he went to another town. His money was not gone, so he obtained medical treatment in the hospital, and gradually recovered sufficient strength to go about.

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SEND NO MONEY



Do not send us one cent. We trust young or old of either sex, and we will send 26 of our handsome 16x20 richly colored religious pictures, all different.

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AT DEATH'S DOOR

Doctors had to give her Morphine to ease the pain

Five boxes of "Fruit-a-lives" Cured Her



ENTERPRISE, ONT., Oct. 1, 1908. For seven years I suffered with what physicians called a "Water Tumor". I would get so bad at times that I could hardly endure the pain.

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DYING, FATHER PARDOW DONNED HIS HABIT.

STRICKEN INCIDENT MARKED NOTED JESUIT'S CLOSING HOURS. May Gilmore writes in the Freeman's Journal. Father Pardow was, as all know, a most delicate man, and a year ago the doctors warned him that he was burning the candle of life at both ends.

IGNORANCE OF CATHOLICITY.

The Catholic doctrines which Protestants convert they as a general rule know little or nothing about. With a few grossly misinformed and misled them, either in books full of prejudice or ministers of full bigotry.

SOCIALISTIC MARRIAGE.

Archbishop Messmer of Milwaukee says that under socialism the family, as at present, will be unnecessary, as the socialist society will take care of the children and will leave men and women free to follow their natural inclinations for indissoluble unions.

QUESTION BOX.

STIPENDS FOR MASSES. It is frequently objected that, however low the stipend for a Mass, the poor are always, and justly, at a disadvantage when compared with the wealthy; in other words, that it costs a rich man less of self-sacrifice to have a thousand Masses said for himself and his friends than it does a poor man to have the Holy Sacrifice offered but once.

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HEART DISEASE BOOK FREE

The best book on Heart Disease, its treatment and its cure, ever given away will be sent absolutely free of charge to any reader of this paper, by the world-famous Heart Physician-Specialist.

Real English SUITS and OVERCOATS. To measure from \$5.14 to \$20. Cut in Latest London and New York style.

STATIONS Of the Cross. To change the mind from CURIOSITY TO MEDITATION. has been the common influence of DEVOTIONAL WORKS OF ART.

W. E. Blake & Son. 23 Church Street, Toronto, Can.

FIVE-MINUTE SERMON. Seragissima Sunday.

PLACING SCANDALS. *And other some fell among thorns, and the thorn growing up with it choked it. (St. Luke viii. 7.)

We, my dear brethren, have received the seed of the Divine word, and we have kept it: we have never fallen away from the true faith as it is in Christ and His Church, and with God's help we never shall. Our steadfastness in the faith is our greatest glory in the sight of heaven and of earth, and whatever our shortcomings may be, we are at least free from the awful crime of apostasy, and this worst of all reproaches can never be laid to our charge. The good soil that produces a hundred fold is ours; but alas! the thorny soil is ours also, and our faith though firmly rooted is often choked by the pernicious jungle growing up around us, in which we suffer ourselves to become entangled.

How many a glorious promise of supernatural faith and virtue in those around us, becomes utterly blighted by the thorns of the world's ways and temptations, because no proper care is taken to resist them and stamp them out! The thorny growths that stifle our faith and render it worthless in the sight of God are many indeed, but there is one in particular that is more destructive than all the rest beside. I need hardly name it to you, for you know it but too well—the deadly weed of intemperance—that casts its withering shade over our hearts and homes and altars! Is there a single person here this morning that does not know of more than one generous soul in whom every fruitful germ of faith and hope and charity, and every sentiment of true Christian manhood and womanhood, have not been blighted by this prevalent passion? Call the roll of your nearest friends and acquaintances, and how many will you not find absent from the ranks of Christian life, duty, and fidelity through this one vice? There is a skeleton in every closet, and the saloon-keepers have taken the flesh of its bones. This more than anything else chokes the divine seed of the word amongst us; this nullifies the power of our faith; this neutralizes the effects of the Sacraments; this scandalizes our holy religion and makes our consecrated ministry vain; for this is the evil root from whence springs the foul crop of lusts and blasphemies, and crimes and contentions, that stifle every virtue of the Christian life and weigh down the Church of the Living God.

Could we but cast out this baneful blight of intemperance from amongst us, our glorious faith would appear in all its strength and beauty, and yield its hundred fold. If it were not for this gross and scandalous vice that so many so-called Catholics lead, nothing could stop the onward march of our faith. This is the one objection raised against us that we cannot satisfactorily meet.

We know very well that ours is the only true religion, and that it supplies every help that we need to enable us to overcome our passions and to lead upright lives. But the world at large knows little or nothing of our faith; it only looks at the dark side of our every day conduct, and scornfully asks, where is the influence of the Catholic religion on the venal politician, the low liquor-seller, the drunken reveller, the mercenary street-walker, the abominable fathers and mothers who make their homes a hell upon earth, and drive their unfortunate children to destruction? And what reply can we make? We cannot deny that many who claim to profess our faith are in utter disgrace to the world. They, of course, have shaken off all sense of obligation to their religion and its teachings, and have no more conception of religious duty than the cow or the horse. There is a purely animal existence, they live only for the gratification of their lower nature, and we disclaim all responsibility for them. What responsibility has the Catholic Church for those who seldom or ever darken its doors, who never approach its Sacraments, who spend their Saturday nights in the saloons, and their Sunday mornings in drunken slumber? What responsibility has the Church for the roccant rowdies who hang around the corner grog-shops, and the fallen flirts who frequent the sidewalk? They may have Catholic names, but that is the only evidence of their Catholicity. The thorns of dissipation and sensuality and sin of every kind have choked the seed of truth in their hearts, and they are outside the soul of the Church, though they may still claim to belong to its visible pale. But take our consistent Catholics, men and women who are in touch with the spirit of their faith and honestly endeavor to live up to its teachings. Are they not in very truth the salt of the earth? and does not the divine seed planted in their souls produce a hundred fold?

A BISHOP EXPLAINS.

Recently Right Rev. James J. Keane, D. D., Bishop of Cheverone, Wyo., spoke on "Why I am a Christian" at a lecture course arranged for non-Catholics by the Knights of Columbus of Cedar Rapids, Iowa. As a preliminary he answered the question, "Why do Catholics give lectures to non-Catholics?" saying in part: "The real motive is this: To give helpful information on a question of supreme import and practical concern to every one. I once, years ago, when a young man, filled with enthusiasm was persuaded to campaign for the Prohibition party in Minnesota. One evening my companion and myself entered a little village in Southern Minnesota, and went to the best hotel we could find which happened to be one managed by an elderly lady. I asked her if there were any Catholics in that town. She said: 'No sir; why do you ask?' I said: 'Just to satisfy idle curiosity.' Then I said to her: 'Now that you have been able to tell me that there are no Catholics here, maybe you can give me some idea of the Catholic Church.' She said: 'I know all about it.' 'Oh, you have been educated with Catholics, I take it, or perhaps, have attended a convent school?' 'Oh, no; never put foot inside

of one.' 'Perhaps you are well acquainted with some priest?' 'Oh, no never saw one before I saw you if you are one.' 'Well then, where did you get your information?' 'I got it from a book written about Catholics which I read.' 'Will you kindly tell me the author of that book?' 'Father Chiniquy.' 'Now this poor fellow had been unfortunate in his life; he loved wine and women too well to remain in the ranks of Catholic priests, and was excommunicated from the Church, and after a while he turned against the Church which had been his mother, and said some of the nastiest things that ever escaped the lips of man. This poor lady got her impression of the Catholic faith from this book. 'Am I not stating the matter correctly when I say that the multitude who detest the Catholic Church have their information from just such sources as this? Now, is it not indeed unfortunate that any one should be wrongly informed on a matter of great importance? And is not the Catholic Church a matter of great importance; does she not mean this term? Is she not wonderful in her own right, and in her influence, and is she not venerable in her age? Should she not merit careful investigation and consideration, rather than the ready acceptance of the calumny of lies that have been told about her? 'Therefore, the object of these meetings is to correct these impressions. There are too many men living to-day who would have accepted these untruthful stories about her, and they are being urged upon these wrong impressions, and perhaps have even hated the Church. I deem it a great misfortune that any one should hate the Catholic Church, when if they were rightly informed they might have loved her. 'Then there is another reason. Christianity and religion generally is at considerable disadvantage in this day of ours, when a fakir with no fear of results may stand up in New York, Chicago or Baltimore on Sunday and deliver a sermon of the old calumnies against revealed religion, denying the virgin birth of Christ, or His divinity, or anything that is sensational, and every newspaper in the country on Monday will publish it in glaring headlines before the multitudes, who are perhaps disturbed, or at any rate interested enough to want to know if these charges are true. But if one of the defenders of our faith should go to the same newspaper and say to them: 'I have here a refutation of the calumny uttered by Mr. Jones in New York last Sunday. Will you kindly publish it?' 'Oh, no,' no doubt would be the reply of the editors. The world knows this, there is nothing new about it; everybody knows that the charges he made were false, and people do not care for things of that kind.' So that month after month, week after week our newspapers contain sensational attacks upon our faith, and it is only seldom that they contain an answer to these charges or give the other's less sensational side of the case."

OUR MENTAL LIFE.

In a timely sermon delivered in St. Rose of Lima's Church, Parkville, the Rev. James S. Reilly, said: "Religion is greatly a matter of mind. Man is a being who is moved to activity by the prompting of thought. The human will is a blind faculty, and so the mind must guide the will if it is to act at all, and this is the reason why instruction must precede decision, because the mind must be supplied with a motive which will move the will in a certain direction. This is also the reason why converts to Catholicity must have their thoughts re-arranged for them before they can consistently accept the faith. Even God in His dealings with the human soul must first convince, before he can convert, for 'I will illumine the intellect before it moves the will.' And reason, what is it but a foundation for faith? Only an intelligent being can make an act of faith. The insane man is incapable of such an act. All sermons ever preached, what were they but appeals addressed to the reason in behalf of faith and good conduct. Take mind from man and he becomes an irresponsible being, incapable of merit or chastisement. Mind then plays an important part in the religious life of man, and his moral life is but the expression of his mental life. As man thinks so he acts; and as he speaks so he thinks. This is a self-evidence of truth; but a truth that is most important because to a man's thoughts may be traced his earthly misery and his eternal misery; and to his thoughts may be traced his earthly happiness and his eternal happiness. Never was there a religion in society that had not its origin in some man's brain. Never was there a soul lost that could not describe its damnation to some habit of mind. Never was there an amelioration in the condition of men that had not been planned by some kind mind. Never arrived a soul in heaven that could not find the remote cause of its salvation in some habit of pious thought. And since our words and deeds are but children of our thoughts; since our external life is the photograph of our internal life, since virtue is the result of habits of mind, is it not of deepest concern to us that we look to mental make-ups and see what originates our thoughts? Looking over the many sources from which our thoughts may come, I think, all will admit that reading is the chief; that reading is to the mind what food is to the body. As a man reads so he thinks. Consequently, the quality of our reading is of importance. It has been said, and truly so, that a very good opinion may be found of a man's character by the choice he makes of books, and to the choice of reading may be traced the damnation or salvation of many a soul. St. Augustine was converted by the reading of a certain passage of Scripture, and in our own lives have there

not been books from whose reading we were better or worse men? How many a child has learned the evil that wrecked his life in the pages of the daily paper, and how many a man has changed his way of life because of some good book. Thousands are in heaven this morning who might never have been there were it not for the reading of a certain book.

Certainly if reading fashions our mental life, what we read is a matter of life and death. Now what do we read? Is it good or bad? Does it strengthen our faith, does it inculcate virtue? Does it make God known, or does it deny His existence? Does it make us proud of our Church or does it reveal her history to us as something needing an apology? Let each one answer for himself. For most of us reading may be classified under three heads: the newspaper, the periodical and the novel. The influence of the newspaper upon our mental and consequently upon our moral life cannot be over-estimated. From this source of knowledge we get information of the most varied nature. There is no topic about which the editor will not presume to write. Matters theological are not foreign to him, even though he never studied a single page of theology. In the newspaper every species of religion finds space, and crack-brained sophists are given the opportunity to manifest their ignorance about God and the things of God. In the pages of the great dailies the very foundations of our faith are attacked, the Church's institutions adversely criticized, her doctrines falsely represented, and the most sacred things treated with irreverence. Now, is it possible that they who constantly read the newspaper escape the baneful influence of the same? I think not; for it stands to reason that objections against the faith must harm our spiritual life. Take another class of reading—the periodical. In it theories of formation of the faith are advanced as facts, and self-constituted Moralists and Theologians decide questions of the highest moment, and what is the result? The faith of many individuals is weakened. God and the theories of God become lost influences in their lives. How many an individual may trace his loss of faith or virtue to some article contained in a newspaper or magazine. Take the third and last class—novel reading. In itself I for one agree with the writer who said that a good novel is a gift of God; but every novel is not good, nor should the novel be our only kind of literature. There are readers who might be called "Novel Drunkards," because, like drink in the drunkard the novel has become a necessity in their lives. To read all novels that are written is to read some which should not be read. Because an author finds a publisher and escapes arrest is no warrant for the lawlessness of his book, for the censorship of the press in this country is most indulgent. There are authors whose books should never enter a Catholic home, and there are novels which should never be found in the hands of a Catholic man or woman. The least that can be said against constant novel reading is that it makes us forgetful of the duties of our life, and indifferent to the interests of our intellectual and spiritual life. So much for reading that is useless or worse than useless.

Let us now turn our attention to that kind of reading which may be called good. How many of us ever read a book which treats of God or the things of God? How few of us have ever read even a portion of the history of the Church. How many of us ever read one of the four gospels from beginning to end? And yet we all admit that our mental life is greatly influenced by what we read; now, if we have a care for our salvation we will devote some time to good reading. In the past it was the complaint of Catholics that they had no readable writers. Such a complaint cannot be maintained to-day; for there are thousands of good Catholic books that have the commendation of even the secular press. Authors who rank with the best of the world's novelists. But none will ask what may we read? Anything that will bring us nearer to God or make religion a greater influence in our lives. For those of a serious turn of mind the studies of the tenets of the faith will prove most interesting. Such people will find books which answer all the sophisms of all centuries. Books which expose the errors of the self-appointed teachers of mankind. Books which prove almost to a demonstration the truth of Catholic Christianity. For those of an historical taste the history of the Church will be most fascinating and for those for whom the novel is the highest literature the Catholic novel will paint a moral while it delights the mind. Lastly, there is a kind of reading called "spiritual." The goodly influence of this kind cannot be over-estimated. The masters of the

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CATHOLIC LAYMEN.

FORGOTTEN SOCIAL DUTIES WHICH SHOULD HAVE ATTENTION. Indifferentism, writes Dr. Barry, in a Catholic Truth paper, entitled "The Layman in the Church," is the religious disease of our age. Other men have invented other names for it, such as Positivism, Agnosticism, Secularism. In the recent encyclical, Pope Pius pointed out that many dangers accrued to the Church from the attitude of the average Catholic layman towards the faith and its teaching, whether he was professor, literary man, or simply private individual. When the layman has done with school, says Dr. Barry, he too frequently has done with religion. Even if he still pursue the duties of religion, he is satisfied to think he has done all that is required of him, when he has received the sacraments and made certain contributions to the pastor. As for an active Catholic life, in which he should endeavor to make his Catholicity a living force in the social world and propagate its truths, this conception of his religious duties never enters into his mind. Yet by our baptism, we are soldiers of the Catholic Church, apostles of the gospel kingdom. We have all rights within the Church; but we have all obligations, as much to others as to the Church and ourselves. It is undeniable says Dr. Barry, that our average Catholic abstains from active social Catholicity. Our young Catholics have not that sense ingrained and insisted, of duties to be undertaken during their spare hours, which has created in England and America the immense set-work of non-Catholic voluntary associations, so distinguished for their encouragement of the higher life and their attempt towards social amelioration. Most of our associations, if not all, are lamentably undermined. Considering the large percentage of young lay Catholics engaged in active social Catholicity is far from satisfactory. The question is, however, how can we increase their numbers? One must begin at the beginning and the beginning is to recognize frankly that the lay Apostolate is lamentably wanting in our midst. It is not enough to hear Mass and receive the sacraments. Men must be taught—and the lesson cannot be begun too soon in life—that there is a Catholic social creed. The difficulty lies mainly in retaining, after their school-days, youths of both sexes who have already learned the lesson, more difficult now than ever, since the whole machinery of public Christian life which might avail has long since been swept away in modern countries. Nothing is left but voluntary effort. The great hindrance to the fulfillment of one's duties, says the doctor, in effect, is drink, the continual indulgence in unthrift, selfishness and the disorder which this habit carries with it. Every association, therefore, which promotes sobriety, is a branch of the Lay Apostolate. Temperance is, in fact, a penitential name for the blameless Christian life, as it bears on our combat against the social evil in all its forms. In this it is the layman who can strike the boldest stroke. He can take over the boy as he leaves school, and induce him to enter a social brotherhood. In gaining a youth to the cause of temperance, he is practically assuring him his spiritual and material welfare in the world. The Catholic boy should be taught to consider his duties as a citizen;

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he must learn that his fellows in religion may need his services as a municipal officer, as a magistrate, or in some other public capacities. Let every Catholic ask himself, says Dr. Barry, if he has helped any social Catholic enterprise, and what help has he given in accordance with his power to assist. Individual effort and heroism can be the only solution, in these days of religious anarchy and indifference. The victory over indifferentism, secularism and the worship of money, can be assured not by the clergy, who live out of the world, but by the laymen who live in it.

A CATHOLIC HIGHLANDER. THE LATE DR. WATSON'S CATHOLIC TEN DENCIENS. "It is now known," writes Dr. Robertson Nicoll of MacLaren, in a biography of the deceased novelist, just published, "that during the early years of his ministry he adopted much of the Catholic discipline. He observed the fasts; he wore a hair shirt; he aimed strenuously at self-conquest and self-knowledge as well as knowledge of books and men." Dr. Nicoll, indeed, insists that if we are to understand Dr. Watson's personality aright, the two chief factors that we must bear in mind are that he was a Celt, and that his ancestry on his mother's side was Catholic, his granduncle being a well-known and influential priest in the Highlands. "I am a pure Highlander," said Watson himself on one occasion. "My mother was a MacLaren, and came from Loch Tay, and spoke the Gaelic tongue. My father was born at Braemar, and Gaelic was the language of my paternal grandfather."

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CHATS W... What is a fri... A man is eag... is asked if he is... "I am not an... in the hands of... friend? A man is of... sell a spool... says: "I'll s... 'my friends.'" A man meet... named Brown... walk along to... third person... "Let me intr... What is a frie... A man has... to every net... is able and m... the money, and... getting a doll... A man is le... os and prodig... is too good fo... money lasts... When the la... alone. What... A man gets... reporting th... Church, he is... friends of the... a friend? A man died... nouncing his... circle of frie... His widow an... vided for. T... to make a liv... any sort—o... suggestion o... or gift. What... Some time... given to that... "The sunsh... "The esse... "The ripe... "One who... "A friend... "A star o... verity." "A volun... cloth." "A diamo... anee." "A safe in... thing." "Friends... love and hel... "The jewel... the darkness... "One who... my deservin... "The link... bears the gr... "A harb... waves of adv... "The first... the whole w... "One who... and will tel... "One who... griefs, and... "The great... power." "A jewel... acids of po... dim." "The mir... the mirror... tion." "One who... ladder, won... the bottom... "A bank... draw supp... sympathy." "One who... frowns on... our sorrow... and is a... trouble." "One w... toady you... sickness in... marries, y... your child... These ar... ject: Wh... For the... answer rec... What is a... There b... tween the... day—the... to do som... wishes of... in macke... hung abou... old yeste... pleasant... questions... his remain... ceived in... ence was... dow and... he ponder... to keep u... ly and c... seemed... edly he t... pair of e... asked wo... "Georg... grouch b... It was... to be the... that it w... mature... ing a g... pety g... old happ... oning da... the ske... and mai... you real... your irri... sent me... You are... kindling... of the mo... of joy... your fri... All v... best li... mind I... employ... passed... Graded... ordinan... than b... I ju... about... Wor... R. E. E... age I... made... Princi...

FATHER PARDOW.
HIS PROPHECIC LAST PUBLIC UTTERANCE.
THE TRIBUTE OF A CONVERT.
 Editor Catholic Standard and Times.
 The last public utterance of the famous Jesuit preacher, Father William O'Brien Pardow, proved to be startlingly prophetic:
 "We are here celebrating the feast of the Holy Name. How many of us will be here to celebrate this feast next year? From a great audience of this character some are sure to go. The first to go may, more than likely, be I, for I am getting to be an old man now and expect at any time to render an account of my stewardship."
 He came down from that pulpit and was dead from pneumonia within a few days.
 It was the last sermon of a triduum which he preached at Our Lady of Grace Church, Hoboken, to a congregation of probably two thousand persons, one-half of them being members of the Holy Name Society.
 In his first sermon he told of the merchant who saw a "pearl of great price" and gave all he possessed for it. With this pearl he pictured the value of the human soul and the care we should take of it.
 He told the simple story of the incubator and how the little chicks, brought into life by the power of a kerosene lamp, ran about seeking their mother, some one to love them. They would not love the kerosene lamp. Man, a person, can love another person, but not a kerosene lamp. He then developed the fact that God is a person, like ourselves, capable of loving and being loved. He is not merely a "power," for we cannot love a power.
 Father Pardow laid great stress in his last sermon on the "personality of God." He lovingly used his own mother to illustrate how the soul or personality love the kerosene lamp. He spoke of his mother's love for himself, which remained constant, though the color went from her cheeks and the white crept into her hair. His description of the scenes that came to his mind when he visited the Roman Coliseum last year was intensely dramatic. "It was easier to die for Christ in these days than to live for Him now," was one of his sentences.
 The speaker, whose privilege it was to sit at the feet of this great teacher during these last discourses while studying the movements of the frail body of Father Pardow, the thin neck, which with difficulty supported his big brain, and the exhaustive effort required for him to preach, could not but see in him a modern martyr wearing himself out in the cause of Christ.
 The sequel proved it. In one of his last fervent sermons Father Pardow showed how much he envied the martyrs and offered himself as a victim. God evidently granted his wish, for his martyr's crown was then but a few days distant.
 S. H. HORGAN.
 Hoboken, N. J., January 30, 1909.

NEED OF RELIGIOUS EDUCATION.
 His Grace, Archbishop Moeller, of Cincinnati, has just given a striking letter to the public press of that city. In part he says:
 "The day is approaching when the necessity of religious education will press upon the people of the United States. President Roosevelt already has enunciated that fact, and Kaiser Wilhelm of Germany has done likewise. Righteousness is necessary to good citizenship, and righteousness needs the fostering care and help of religion.
 "It is not the desire of our Church to monopolize the religious instruction of the children in the United States but we do desire that our children shall receive instruction according to the creed of our Church, and we feel that, while we are educating our children to become good American citizens, the State should subscribe in part to the cost of that education. Clergymen of some other denominations, I know, feel the same way.
 "The enemies of the Church, realizing how potent an agency for the preservation of faith the religious education is, have nothing to do but to eliminate religious instruction from the school. Desiring to rob the people of the precious inheritance of faith, they demand a divorce between religion and education. By this means they hope to effect what formerly men endeavored to achieve by the sword, the gibbet and the dungeon—apostasy from the faith. There is evidence of growing dissatisfaction on the part of many of our citizens in regard to the secular system of our State education.
 "The children educated in the Catholic schools, if they remain true to the principles taught there, will be a credit to their country. A consistent Catholic will be a model citizen. The fundamental of civic virtues is reverence for authority and obedience to law. These obligations are impressed on our children. In explaining the Fourth Commandment of God they are told they must not only obey their parents, but also magistrates and masters—in a word, that they must obey civil as well as the ecclesiastical—keep the laws enacted by the State as well as those made by the Church.
 "It is the child who makes the citizen and a citizen who is guided by religious principles and truths will not fall in the obligation incumbent upon him as a citizen; he can be depended upon to do his full duty—conscience, and not the lash or the prison, impelling him to act. The man who is guided by religion believes that God knows and sees all things, that to Him he must render an account of his thoughts, words and deeds; that God loves justice and hates iniquity; that He requires that we love our neighbors as ourselves; that those in

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authority are His representatives, whom we must revere and obey.
 "Any one who makes such principles part and parcel of his life will do what is right and proper.
 "Can there be any doubt that in insisting on religious education one is rendering a service to the nation and laying a deep foundation for the country's welfare?
 "Social ostracism of the divorced would work to the elimination of the divorce evil. The growth of the evil in our day is appalling. Something should be done to check it, and, in the absence of legislative barriers, I do not know but that a tradition would prove the most efficacious weapon."
 —Catholic Sun.

STEVENSON'S TRIBUTE TO THE SISTERS.
 It is related in a recent biography of Robert Louis Stevenson that on the occasion when he visited the leper settlement at Molokai, he was accompanied by two Sisters going to devote their lives to the care of the hopelessly afflicted.
 "I do not know," he writes, "how it would have been with me had the Sisters not been there. My horror of the horrible is about my weakest point; but the moral loveliness at my elbow blotted all else out, and when I found that one of them was crying, poor soul, quietly under her veil, I cried a little myself. I thought it was a sin and a shame she should feel unhappy, and I turned round to her, and said something like this: 'Ladies, God Himself is here to give you welcome. I am sure it is good for me to be beside you. I hope it will be blessed to me. I thank you for myself and the good you do me.'
 "It was to Mother Marianne of Molokai that Stevenson addressed these haunting lines:
 To see the infinite pity of this place
 The mangled limb, the decaying face,
 The innocent sufferer smiling at the rod—
 A fool were tempted to deny his God.
 He sees, he shrinks; but if he gaze again,
 Lo! beauty springing from the breast of pain,
 He marks the Sisters on the mournful shores—
 And even a fool is silent, and adores."
 —Intermountain Catholic.

Rochester Ministers' Tribute to Memory of Bishop McQuaid.
 At a special meeting of the Rochester (N. Y.) Ministerial Association the following resolution was adopted:
 "At a time like this, when a great religious body mourns the departure of a loved leader, we remember the apostolic exhortation, 'Weep with those that weep.' We extend our sympathy to the large number of our fellow-Christians to whom Bernard J. McQuaid was a spiritual shepherd. We share with them their gratitude for his long, laborious and fruitful ministry as priest and Bishop. He rests from his labors and his good works are his abiding monument. Paul's motto was his, 'This one thing I do.' And as Paul's word for 'death' signifies the lifting of the anchor as for a voyage, we doubt not the apostle's hope made radiant the Bishop's dying hours.
 "Firm in his convictions, ceaseless in his devotion, unwavering in his benevolent activities, Bishop McQuaid's influence will long be felt in this city, and his memory will be cherished as a faithful servant of the Church and man of God, 'Being dead, he yet speaketh.'"

Death of Mrs. Tobin.
 Mrs. Honora Tobin, widow of the late Thomas Tobin of Petrolia, and mother of Rev. John V. Tobin, assistant rector of St. Mary's church, in this city, died at her home 504 King st., on Thursday, Feb. 18th. Mrs. Tobin had been ill since last September but the immediate cause of her death was an attack of pneumonia. She was born in Noughthead, seventy-six years ago but had lived in Canada over sixty years. She at first lived in Richmond Co. in the vicinity of Indiana and Caldwell, where she was married in 1841. Fifty years ago, together with her husband, she moved to lot 8, section 8, Emuskellen township, where she resided until the death of her eldest son, William, last September, when she moved to this city.
 Mrs. Tobin was predeceased by her husband about a year ago. She is survived by four sons, Patrick, Rev. John V. Tobin, assistant rector of St. Mary's church, Richmond and Robert at this city, and two daughters at home, Mary and Margaret, and Sister M. Sophia of St. Joseph's Hospital, Chatham. Two others died when quite young. The funeral was held from her late residence in this city to St. Mary's Church on Saturday, February 13th. Burial in Holy Sepulchre cemetery by Rev. J. J. Crowninshield, Galt, with Rev. M. D. O'Neil as deacon and Rev. F. Foster as sub-deacon. Rev. J. T. Asward, rector of the cathedral, preached the sermon and spoke in very high terms of the deceased. In the society were also Rev. D. Donnelly (the master of ceremony) and Fathers P. Brennan, Egan, Arnold, P. Brennan, Ford, Hussey, Valen, Galt, White, Greer and her son, Father Tobin. The remains were interred in the family plot in

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 To serve—heat in oven, pour hot milk over it and salt to taste. Sold by all grocers, 13c. a carton; two for 25c.
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 This \$550 "Tudhope-McIntyre" is just what most men have always wanted—a Motor Carriage that will make 25 miles an hour if necessary—that is practically trouble-proof—and is far cheaper than a horse and carriage.
 There are no tire troubles with Model H.H. Tires are solid rubber—can't puncture—rocks, ice, etc. have no terrors for them. With these tires, high wheels and the 12 horse power motor, this carriage will go anywhere that a horse can.
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Death's Victor.
 In memory of the late Rev. William O'Brien, P. S. J.
 I am the Life! Then shall we mourn this priest of God?
 Nay! Resurrection conquers death, and robs the grave of its dread.
 There is no death for such as he, but gain of eternal life.
 At this transition's mystic end, with revelation life, His avowed smile—doth it not prove ecstatic Vision's spell?
 His scornful laugh and quietude, of spirit-capture tell! His scornful laugh and quietude, of spirit-capture tell!
 No sting, O Death, for Christ's beloved—thou art his victor!
 Survival is the need of good; death's seed is human soul.
 The holy soul, the pure of heart, Christ's promised crown.
 Then he, the "Alter Christus," reaps celestial harvest.
 Despite his painless, folded hands—his child and his pallid brow.
 His was the perfect Christian life, that served both God and man—
 The soul of apostolic zeal, that strove the world to save.
 The lofty mind whose finite lore sought inspiration's crown—
 Death yields to Immortality, by grace of such renown!
 "Is life worth living?" wordings ask. No not if death be coal!
 But O, the majesty of life! for this immortal soul!
 The dignity of children's end, by noble penance taught.
 That self-indulgence is the blight of soaring deed
 That sacrifice must be the base of service high and pure.
 That consecration is the test of causes that endure!
 That life is not the private gain it seems to selfish men.
 But God's grand trust of stewardship for good of fellow-men!
 Compare the records of this life—one of the chosen few.
 With memories that weaken leave, and deeds the soulless do.
 And take to heart the vital truth by modern men forgot.
 That he who liveth not in Christ, is he who liveth not.
 The mortal sense, the world's mad race, the mere selfish quest,
 In these are not immortal life, but everlasting death—
 Oh, let us seek to true ideals, to life's divine phase—
 The precept of this priestly life, the practice of his days.
 Doth he regret "the world well lost" for heaven's deathless crown?
 His sacrifice of Priests' vain stress, and pleasures lead with vain gain?
 The Via Crucis of his choice was Suffering's lone way.
 Yet moving to the paths of peace that worldlings miss for aye.
 He might have led lay-steps of fame, where wealth and honours are!
 Instead his Order's galaxy enshrines his spirit's star.
 In humble robes, by toilsome ways, the great became the small.
 Yet "found his life in losing it," and triumphs o'er the pall!"

The Reason Why.
 He smoked cigars three times a day.
 Ten-centers, too, at that.
 Then gave a nickel to the Church.
 When the deacon passed the hat.
 She gave one cent for mission work.
 Then spent ten cents for gum.
 Then really bowed her head and prayed
 "Oh, Lord, Thy kingdom come."
 They sat at home and wondered why
 The children did not succeed.
 She cheated her card and couldn't tell.
 He puzzled, smoked his weed.
 —W. E. CROSSER.

Gold Spectacles Free.
 One hundred thousand pairs of the Dr. Haux famous "Perfect Vision" Spectacles are being given away free to genuine bona-fide spectacle-wearers as an advertisement by the Dr. Haux Spectacle Co. of St. Louis, Mo. Every spectacle-wearer made (no children) should write at once for full particulars.
DIED.
 McALLISTER—On Friday, January 29, at Binbrook, Ont., Mrs. Joseph McAllister. May her soul rest in peace!
Gold Spectacles Free.
 One hundred thousand pairs of the Dr. Haux famous "Perfect Vision" Spectacles are being given away free to genuine bona-fide spectacle-wearers as an advertisement by the Dr. Haux Spectacle Co. of St. Louis, Mo. Every spectacle-wearer made (no children) should write at once for full particulars.
C. M. B. A. Branch No. 4, London
 Meets on the 2nd and 4th Thursday of every month at eight o'clock, at their hall, in a brick block, Richmond street, THOMAS F. GALT, President, JAMES S. McDONALD, Secretary.

"Easter Postals, 100 different subjects, postpaid for \$1.50. Cards retail at 5 cents each. The Red Star News Co., London, Ont.

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 As I am going to give away at least one hundred thousand pairs of the Dr. Haux famous "Perfect Vision" Spectacles to genuine bona-fide spectacle-wearers in the next few weeks—on one easy, simple condition.
 I want you to thoroughly try them on your own eyes, read and sew with them and put them to any test you like in your own home as long as you please.
 Then after you have become absolutely and positively convinced that they are really and truly the softest, clearest and best-fitting glasses you have ever had on your eyes, you can keep them forever without a cent of pay, and
Just Do Me A Good Turn
 by showing them around to your neighbors and friends and speak a good word for them everywhere, at every opportunity.
 Won't you help me introduce the wonderful Dr. Haux "Perfect Vision" Spectacles in your locality on this easy, simple condition?
 If you are a genuine, bona-fide spectacle-wearer (no children need apply) and want to do me this favor, write me at once and just say: "Dear Doctor:—Mail me your Perfect Home Eye Tester, absolutely free of charge, also full particulars of your handsome 10-karat **ORHAUX** Spectacle Offer," and address me personally and I will give you my own personal attention. Address:—DR. HAUX, (Personal), Haux Building, St. Louis, Mo.

Teachers Wanted.
 WANTED A QUALIFIED TEACHER, CAP. able of teaching English and French for S. S. S. No. 2, Hazel, Salary \$300. Address Rev. T. Crowley, Sec. Treas., Warren, Ont. 1909-10.
 WANTED IMMEDIATELY A TEACHER FOR R. C. Sep. School No. 14, Haldimand, for remainder of the year or till midsummer vacation. Apply stating qualifications and salary, giving references to Thomas Galtan, Vernonville, Ont. 1909-10.
FARM FOR SALE.
 LOT 6, CON. 2, IN TOWNSHIP OF ARTHUR, County Wellington. Contains 200 acres, stone house, bank barn, all in good repair. Well watered with spring creek. Land is rich and clean. One hundred acres of this farm in pasture for 12 years. In a Catholic settlement—Separate school at corner of lot. Will be sold on easy terms of payment. For particulars, apply to Dennis McManara, Mount Forest, Ont. 1909-10.
HOUSES WANTED.
 GOOD CATHOLIC HOMES WANTED FOR the following children, two girls, aged seven and nine, and three boys, aged eight, four and two and a half years. These children are bright, intelligent and nice looking, and are all worthy of good homes. Applications can be procured on application to Rev. Father Vosin, Catholic mission, Red Deer, Alta. 1909-10.
VETERINARY SURGEON WANTED.
 THERE IS A GOOD OPENING FOR A Veterinary surgeon in the town of Red Deer, Alberta. Population between two and three thousand. Surrounding country largely devoted to stock raising. Further particulars can be procured on application to Rev. Father Vosin, Catholic mission, Red Deer, Alta. 1909-10.
HOUSEKEEPER WANTED.
 A RELIABLE AND COMPETENT HOUSEKEEPER wanted for a mission house, in a farming country of Saskatchewan, fifteen miles from a good size town and station. A young widow, even with a child few years old, would be accepted, on references. Apply to Rev. missionary priest, at Ossa, P. O., Sask. 1909-10.
FOR MARCH 17.
 ORDER YOUR IRISH POST CARDS NOW and get a fine assortment of the better kind 25c per doz., stamps or silver. C. McInerney, 233 Catherine St., Hamilton, Ont. 1909-10.

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 General Manager
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