FATHER FRASER'S CHINESE MISSION

The noble response which has been made to the CATHOLIC RECORD'S appeal in behalf of Father Fraser's Chinese mission encourages as the

Chinese mission encourages us to keep the list open a little longer.

It is a source of gratification to Canadian Catholics that to one of themselves it should have fallen to inaugurate and successfully carry on so great a work. God has certainly blessed Father Fraser's efforts, and made him the instrument of salvation to innumerable souls. Why not dear reader, have a share in that work by contributing of your means to its maintenance and extension? The opportunity awaits you : let it not pass you by.

by acknowledged.
Daly, Herberts Corr Guelph.... Alms, Brewers Mills.... Friend, Dufferin...... Maggie Quinn, Albion... Offering, Albion.... Joyce, Goulds, Nfld.... Sabourin, Porterville... Buffalo

The Catholic Record

LONDON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 24, 1914

THE NEWEST OLD BRAND

Dr. Eliot. President Emeritus of Harvard, is a very distinguished gentleman. He has lectured on education and kindred topics for many years. He is an institution, and a scholar of acknowledged repute. Now and then some of his theories have been subjected to drastic and righteous criticism, to the dismay of those who regarded him as invulis flatly contradicted by men of all nerable in his chosen field. Not content, however, with his role of edu. cator, he becomes versatile in his old age even to the extent of outlining the characteristics of twentieth century Christianity. In these days of weird statements we are not astonished at any rhapsody of the charlatan. So many wise men are following new its witnesses trustworthy? If they guides, constituting themselves as are the fact must be admitted. teachers, putting novel blends of what they call religion on the market, that assumptions which would Dr. Eliot. Suffice it to say that thinkhave perturbed us some years ago leave us with never a quickened pulse. When, however, a venerable educator forgets his academic dignity experience, should be judicial and and casts aside the scholarship whose dispassionate in utterance. badge is accuracy we confess to a feeling of bewilderment. He talks very magisterially about this twentieth century Christianity, but men who seek an authoritative solution of origin and destiny, who long, vaguely if you will, for the supreme beatitude for God, will not be satisfied with the bundle of words that Dr. Eliot

"The Church of the future will have more reverence for the person

The why and how of this is not stated. But it is strange that Dr. Eliot does not see that if in this century we have to search after genuine Christianity, that it is plain that Christ is no Divine Teacher. For either He did not intend to exercise this office or He attempted a work which He was unable to perform. If we accept Christ we must accept His teachings; we must acknowledge that He is the Eternal God proclaiming in person the divine revelation. When Christ appeared upon earth He proved by signs and works that He was God. He proclaimed it explicitly and died and rose again in attestation of His claim. When God speaks there remains but obedience, founded on reason, which tells us truths it contains, to embrace one part of it and to reject another, is clearly irrational and blasphemous.

SOME TESTIMONIES

in the matter of divine revelation, a writer, formerly an ardent rationalist, but now a zealous Catholic, says: be the messenger of God I have this advantage, that I have the knowledge of truths which you can never obtain by reason-now can that be detrimental to my intellect? Thousands of years ago men tried to build a tower which should reach to heaven, and the result was the confusion of tongues. Babel is the sym- guesser.

bol of confusion, which has attended similar efforts ever since."

Then again we know also that original thought and scientific thought are compatible with a devout Catholic life. Dr. Eliot's assertion that men of science have little sympathy with deposited truth may be described as "bottled moonshine." He claims a great deal more for science than science claims for itself,

Brownson, a great philosopher, said in reference to this subject : " I never in a single instance found a single article, proposition, dogma or definition of faith which embarrassed me as a logician, or which I would, so far as my own reason was concerned, have changed or modified or in any respect altered from what I found it, even if I had been free to do so. I have as a Catholic felt and enjoyed a mental freedom which I never conceived possible while I was

Dr. Eliot's statement about scientists breaking away from deposited truth would evoke a smile of derision from true scientists who understood their business. For they study phenomena and their laws. And so long as they are content to deal with natter and sequences of material phenomena there is no danger of antagonism between them and theoogians. Science maintains silence in regard to the questions which trouble the human mind. It affords no rational basis for morals, no sufficient motive or sanction to rightdoing.

As a rule Dr. Eliot says men of science have no faith in magic or miracle. This is verbal thimblerigging worthy of an Ingersoll, and ages who understood the nature of true science as well as of true religion.

A miracle is a sensible occurrence having God for its author or cause Being sensible occurrences they are subject to the ordinary rules of evidence. It is a question of fact. Are

Our space will not allow us to dally longer with the religion according to ing men will regret that such a series of assumptions should come from a man who, by virtue of his office and

POPULAR EDUCATION In the January Atlantic Agnes

Repplier, writing of "Popular Edu-

cation," is humorous, and gives evidence of the vivacity and clarity of style that belong to one of the most renowned essayists of America. Perhaps some of the advanced moral and educational reformers may not like some of her remarks, but even they will admire the dexterity with which Miss Repplier punctures some of their extravagances. She holds, and to our mind rightly, that the theory that school work must be always pleasant and be subject to childish caprice. " does grievous wrong to the rising generation." Educators of repute see eye to eye with her on this matter. The necessity of effort as a condition of mental development is too generally ignored. If, however, the first books given to children were such as would require an effort on their part to understand them, and the same rule were followed all through, the mind would be more exercised and thereby strengthened to think and judge. But making the way pleasant and easy for childish feet, and to eliminate all that savours that God is truth and cannot deceive. of labor on their part, is responsible To accept a divine revelation only to for much of our mental anemia. discuss the merits or demerits of the Miss Repplier is grateful that she was born when a "little girl" was just a" little girl" and not the future mother of the race, or the future savior of the Republic, and a little boy was just a little boy and not In answer to the objection that it child material. And many of us are is degrading to submit one's reason also pleased that we saw the day before educators wrote weirdly learned articles on the child-mind and subjected it to the influences of "If I believe the Catholic Church to their preconceived ideas. The eugenists are in for some discouragement because the author remarks compulsory birth is the original evil which scientists and philosophers are equally powerless to avert."

> Many a man prides himself on his judgment when he is merely a good

THE PROTESTANT

ITS GENERAL CONVENTION A kindred question is the enrich-ment of the calendar, which, in the revised American form, contains no saint who lived after the Apostolic age. This remnant of pure, unmiti-gated Protestantism is naturally extremely distasteful to those who claim to be children of the Catholic Church, and kin with the saints of all times. They would, therefore, place upon their calendar certain of the fathers; great apostles of the nations, such as St. Patrick, St. Boniface, St. Willibrord, "the patron saint of the old Catholics;" certain notable meditured and leter Seints such as St. eval and later Saints, such as St. Thomas Aquinas, St. Jeanne d'Arc, and St. Catharine of Siena. While thus satisfying their feeling of kinship with the saints of the Church they would also vindicate for their own Churches of England and America the honor of raising up saints. The idea at the root of this is certainly true, and the sentiment right; for the Anglican and Episcopal Churches cannot be truly Catholic unless they are in communion with the Church of the saints, and unless they themselves can prove the in-dwelling of the Holy Spirit by the eminent sanctity of some, at least, of their children. Unfortunately for their children. the strength of their position, there is no deep sentiment, either in the English or American Church, which would proclaim any son of theirs a true Catholic saint. Even those most deeply venerated have never received the veneration accorded to saints. And when the question arises as to the tribunal which will judge of sainthood, it will be a difficult matter, we fancy, to get the majority of Episcopalians to take seriously the competence of the General Convention.

The Ne Temere decree of Pope Pius X., as this convention shows, is esented by many Episcopalians; in so far, at least, as it enacts that a marriage between a Catholic and a non-Catholic is valid only when wit-nessed by a duly authorized Catholic priest. We cannot compress an ex-planation and a defence of the Ne Temere decree into our brief remain-ing space. Let us remark, however, that many seem to misunderstand the import of the law. One would imagine its main purpose was to insult Protestants. Some people, like many Orangemen and German Proestants, seem to crave to be insulted by the Pope : we expect better judgment from most Episcopalians. The aw is made, of course, for Catholics, and its purpose is to safeguard the sacredness and inviolability of mar-

Let us, for a moment, consider the tables reversed. Let the Episcopal Church decide not to recognize any marriage between an Episcopalian and a Catholic unless the ceremony be performed by an Episcopalian minister. I am very sure we Catho-lics should not mind it in the least; we should look upon the law as a matter of home discipline which concerned its own members ; and as we do not believe in the infallibility of a General Convention, its decision would not cause a single ripple of one twinge of resentment in nearts. -John F. Fenlon, in the Janary Catholic World.

'EDUCATIONAL

VAUDEVILLE"

In the sensible find witty paper on "Popular Education" with which Miss Agnes Repplier opens the Atlantic Monthly for January, the old-fashioned system of pedagogy on which her girlhood was trained is effectively contrasted with the "educational vaudeville" that so many American children of to-day ttending. The writer, who passed her early years, as is well known, at one of Philadelphia's convent schools, observes

that in those times : "There was precision in the simple belief that the child was strengthened mentally by mastering its lessons, and morally by mastering its inclinations. Therefore the old-time teacher sought to spur the pupil on to keen and combative effort, rather than to beguile him into knowledge with cunning games and lantern slides. Therefore the old-time parent set a high value on self-discipline and self-control. A happy childhood did not necessarily mean free from proudly accepted responsi-

Now, however, all those antiquated ideas must be consigned to the pedagogical dust heap. For we are sured that :

Nothing is too profound, nothing too subtle to be evolved from a game or a toy. We are gravely told that 'the doll with its immense educational power should be carefully introduced into the schools,' and that a ball, tossed to the accompaniment of a song insultingly banal, will enable a child 'to hold fast one high purpose amid all the vicissitudes of time and place.' And when boys and girls outgrow these simple sports, other and more glorious pastimes will teach them all they need to know, without effort and without exaction."

one "where moving pictures will take the place of books and black-boards, where no free child will be 'chained to a desk' (painful phrase!), EPISCOPAL CHURCH and where 'progressive educators' will make merry with their pupils

all the happy day."
Miss Repplier has also discovered that, according to the new pedagogy, indolent and mischievous children are only "patients," and must be treated as such, and that the "rights treated as such, and that the rights of children" now include "the doubt ful privilege of freedom from restraint, and the doubtful boon of shelter from obligation." The essayist is right. However well meant, it is showing children a false kindness to let them grow up with the idea that life is only a game, that work differs but little from play, and that the things worth while are easily won. Those who have been reared on the principles of the "new pedagogy" cannot mix long with the world before disillusionment sets in. To their regret and chagrin they will then find that their early training has not prepared them to surmount has not prepared them to surmount difficulties, resist temptations, and however unpleasant it may be, to do their duty always with cheerfulness and courage, and thus win by sheer strength of character the true prizes of life. But this most necessary training can not be given the child by the modern "educational vaude-ville" that Miss Repplier so justly condemns.-America

ANXIETY NOT

NECESSARY

EDITOR OF THE CHRISTIAN REGISTER SAYS CATHOLIC ORGANIZATIONS ARE SOURCE OF GREAT GOOD

The Christian Register, a non-Catholic publication at Boston, Mass., in a recent issue has the following to say editorially of the well known organization of Catholics, the organization of Ca Knights of Columbus: Catholics, the

Unnecessary anxiety has been caused by the organization of this Catholic society and the appearance of a host of well-clad, well-drilled, military looking men, equipped with baldric and sword. As the writer sees it, this secret society is not a menace to the community, but an addition to the forces making for law and order. It is unusual for such an organization to be formed within the limits of one religious denomination, but there was a logical and practical reason for that. All Roman Catho-lics are debarred by their spiritual advisers and authorities from mem bership in any society of which the confessional, or of which the chap-

lains are not Catholic priests.

"All young men, therefore, in Roman Catholic Churches were tantalized by festivities and parades that they could not share, tempted to forget their allegiance to their spirit 'princes' and overlords, and to join with their friends and neighbor who are Masons, Odd Fellows, Crysta Shriners, and 'Knights' of severa different denominations. There was and is, on evident danger, as it look from the point of view of the Catholic hierarchy, that the men in Catho lic parishes may be swept into secret organizations, and away from influence and authority of the priests. The majority of the ill-paid immigrants that come to us from the south and southeast of Europe are any intimate acquaintance with them until they are herded with them in they and the advocates of every

theory of labor have free course.

"At the recent assembly of the Knights of Columbus in Bishop Anderson made what was in many respects an admirable address, entitled 'The Call to Knighthood.' Some of it, to a modernist, whether Catholic or Protestant seems to be the outcry of a belated theologian as where he traces the origin of the social and intellectual tendencie that he deplores, to the scientific doc trines that he caricatures 'as the de scent of man from the ape,' a theory held by no one of whom we have any knowledge. This, however, is a mat-ter of small importance, and he has for it the authority of the ecclesiasti cal hierarchs at Rome, of whom the holy Father has made himself the mouthpiece in his fulmination against

"The Bishop carelessly classes Socialism with the destructive form of anarchy, syndicalism, and the like; but this also is not important. What is at heart of the call to knight hood is the appeal to all members of the order to stand together against all forms of lawlessness, and to be falthful to the highest ideals of citzenship, social organization, and industrial enterprise. The appeal is a noble one, and must have lifted the hearts and minds of all who heard it above all considerations of sectarian strife and advantage, and put the speaker and his hearers into sympathy with the foremost workers of all creeds and political parties who ds and political parties who are sseking to reform and reinvigor American soil.

It is no small thing to send three or four thousand men of foreign descent and the Catholic religion into the governing bodies ef our

The school room of the future will be cities, into the market, the exchange, cities, into the market, the exchange, and as employers, or employed, into the mills, factories and workshops of the country, pledged not only to resist all forms of social and industrial anarchy, but also determined to carry the mutual relations of the rich and poor a nobler ideal of brotherhood than has yet dominated the captains of industry and the multitudes who look to them for a livelihood. The speaker had a noble theme, and when he got away from theme, and when he got away from the obvious limitations of his Creed,

he made admirable use of it.
"If the Knights of Columbus avoid the evident temptation to assume a boastful attitude as co-religionists with the discoveror of America, and, passing the limits of parochial activity, give themselves with ardor to the magnanimous task Bishop Anderson so elo-quently described, they can do some-thing for the land of their birth and adoption second to none, and indeed superior to that of any other secret order in the land; for no one of them has any great aim that finds its object outside the ranks of its own members. The Free Masons, for instance, do excellent work among themselves as fraternal and charitable societies, but they have no political or social work to do in the country. Unlike those who bear the name in Europe, they have no concern with the affairs of Church or State. The Knights of Columbus are in a quite different case. They are called upon not only to purge their own ranks of the leaven of anarchy, syndi-calism, and class hatred, but also to see to it that the members of their own religious order, coming to us from abroad, shall be taught that the Church to which they profess allegiance is in this country, on the side of the government, opposed to all lawlessness and disorder, and pledged to work with all other good citizens, to the end that all may enjoy life liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. so doing, they may furnish the anti-dote for the bane that comes with our foreign immigration, and the consequent low paid struggle for

"The Jews in this country might very properly organize for the same ends. So long as by religion and custom they stand apart from the mass of their fellow citizens it behooves them to do what lies in their power to abate the evils that are the products of their past history and present status in the United States. They control great movements of capital and industrial operations of vast extent. It should be their task to reduce or extirpate the evils that they have imported from lands where the treatment they received tended to moral and political degradation.

The omens are good. Let all good citizens unite to regenerate and improve the country that is the

PROSELYTISM IN FRANCE

A Baptist writing on Baptist work in Belgium and France, in the Chicago Standard, a Baptist organ,

says:
"There are three Baptist churches (in Belgium.) The evidence is clear that in December, 1909, they had one hundred and thirty members and in September, 1913, one hundred and thirty three. In spite of twenty four additions to one church in 1919 not Protestants, and have never had and 1913 the net gain was only three -a slight increase, but practically a stand still! Similarly the French churches of the north group made but slight gains, that is, practically stood still.

Evidently Rome has not much to fear from Baptist work in France It can hardly be described as fruitful. A curious sidelight is thrown upon this work by the following admission

from the same source:

"The Catholic converts make
strong and loyal church members,
but they must be educated continually after conversion to keep them informed as to the teaching and principles of the Baptist church, and arm them against Russellists, Adventists, Mormons, etc., who consider the Baptist converts their special prey."
Pity the sorrow of the poor mis-

sionaries who, having unsettled the faith of the unfortunate people whom they succeed in weaning away from their ancestral faith, must then behold them snatched away by other squads of the same body of prosely-tizers! Catholics unsettled in their Catholic faith not infrequently drift from one sect to another until finally land in outright infidelity. The Protestant house of confusion with its Baptists, Russellites, Adventists, Mormons, etc., is too much for them; and to escape the clamor of creeds they cease to believe in any form of religion whatsoever. It is really amazing how people, who be-lieve sincerely in Christ can support proselytizing work among Catholics knowing how poor it ever is in results to Protestantism, and how often it destroys all faith in the souls of a people unsettled in their belief in the Catholic Church. But the motto of such fanatics seems to be: "We don't care what we make of our proselytes so long as they do not remain Catholics." - Sacred Heart

LADY FULLERTON'S NEEDLESS FEAR

"Mrs. Meynell is an English Cath-Mrs. Katherine Tynan Hinkson. in the Catholic World: She grew up in Italy, and was received into Church by an Irish priest. Continuing her appreciation of the English poet, Mrs. Hinkson recalls:

It was somewhere towards the close of the seventies that Fa Matthew Russell, of holy and happy memory, received a letter from Lady Georgiana Fullerton, in which prayers were asked for two young Catholic girls in danger to their sculs from the world and its praises. The two girls were Elizabeth Thompson (Lady Butler,) whose pic-ture, "The Roll Call," hung in the Royal Academy Exhibition of 1877, had already met with a unique success, and Alice Thompson, who had published "Preludes."... The published "Preludes." . . The two young sisters were lionized. When they attended a London party, crowds gathered before the house on the rumor of the presence within of the painter of "The Roll Call," and the young celebrity had to be smug-

gled out by the back door. Long afterwards Alice Meynell, smiling over the memory of Lady Georgiana Fullerton's concern — she was a dowdy little woman, a daughter of the proud Granvilles, who went ungloved on her Master's business up and down London in those "We were too level--said :

neaded for that danger." Soon after her success with " Preludes," Alice Thompson married a young literary man, Wilfred Meynell, who had fallen in love with the author of "My Heart Shall be thy Garden." They started out very happily on a career of letters. They lived in those early days close to the pro Cathedral at Kensington, where every morning, they heard Mass he fore beginning the labors of the day. Mr. Meynell was at that time a re-

A STRANGE NEW YEAR'S MESSAGE

The following is the opening of a New Year's message addressed, at the request of a great newspaper, to the

people of a well known city:
"The shooting of Admiral Byng was strong measure, but it opened the era of Hawke and Rodney and Howe, and Jervis and Nelson. It may be that our present distress will be the beginning of our glory. We close the year under no small sense of civic danger; and good wishes without genuine good purpose behind them are worth nothing.

Who is the author? One might uspect James Larkin, or Mrs. Pankhurst, or some other such advocate of violent measures against authority. None of these is responsible for it. The words were penned deliberately by a Protestant minister of Montreal; and, if they mean anything, they are a recommendation to use for the reformation of the municipal administration of that city, the means the Government of George II. employed for the encouragement of valor in the British navy. When will Protestant ministers learn that the sitting in judgment on civil authority is

one of their business?

No doubt the minister in question will deny that he had any intention of stirring up the people of Montreal to assassination. We are quite ready to assassination. We are quite ready to believe him. He is only another example added to so many of clergy-men, undisciplined in mind, using anguage of which they have not grasped the meaning. But this is an additional reason why he and they should leave alone great matters to which they are unequal.—America.

THE POPE PUTS BAN ON THE TANGO

Press Despatch

Rome, Jan. 15.-Cardinal Basalio Pompili. Vicar General of Rome, representing the Pontiff, has issued a pastoral letter denouncing the tango nd also certain newspapers, theatrical performances and fashions, which clares are perverting souls. The Cardinal says:
"The tango, which has already

been condemned by illustrious Bishops, and is prohibited even in Protestant countries, must be imme diately abolished in the seat of the Roman Catholic Pontiff, the centre of the Roman Catholic religion.

He urges the clergy courageously to raise their voice "in defending the sanctity of Christian usages against the dangers threatening and the overwhelming immorality of the new

He warns parents that if they do not protect their children from corruption they will be guilty before God of failure in their most sacred duties.

There are no perfectly honorable men; but every true man has one main point of honor and a few minor ones. You cannot believe in honor until you have achieved it. Better keep yourself clean and bright: you are the window through which you must see the world.—G. B. Shaw.

CATHOLIC NOTES

In Japan there are fourteen missionaries belonging to the Parish Foreign Missions, who have spent over forty years of their life in that country laboring for the Faith.

The recent Italian and Roman elections weakened, if not broke, the power of the enemies of the Church. Rome will yet be the Rome of the Holy See.

The emigration from Portugal this year will probably reach 100,000. In that torn and now unhappy land of magnificent Catholic monuments, the population is decreasing and the exodus increasing.

The Committee of the recent Irish The Committee or the recent Allace National Pilgrimage to Lourdes handed the Archbishop of Dublin \$10,000 from the surplus Pilgrimage funds as an offering in honor of funds as an offering in honor of Our Lady of Lourdes, for the chil-dren of the Dublin workmen.

The Roman correspondent of the London Tablet says that the late Cardinal Oreglia never denied the varied tales that the press made up about him-"nor would he have done so had they been ten times as num-erous, as untrue as malicious. He was of an old school which attached very little importance to the vagaries of the daily press."

The Catholic Bulletin of St. Paul, Minn., chronicles the reception into the Catholic Church of Lieutenant Colonel William Gerlach of Minneapolis, by the Right Rev. Bishop Lawler. Colonel Gerlach, who was a German Lutheran, was born in the province of Upper Hessen, Germany, November 15, 1835.

The Rev. R. B. Fureley, formerly curate at St. Aidan's Anglican Church, Roundhay road, Leeds England, has been received into the Catholic Church. The vicar of St, Aidan's the Rev. W. V. Mason, writing in the parish magazine, says: 'The news that Furley has decided not to St. Aidan's came as a great shock and disappointment to many

Three Christian Brothers recently received distinguished honors in Austria. Rev. Brother Gerhard, Provincial, has been named imperial Counsellor by His Majesty, the Emperor Francis Joseph. Brother Eucherius, assistant Provincial, has received the cross of knighthood of the Order of Francis Joseph. In return for services rendered by the Brothers to destitute inhabitants of Scutori, Albania, during the seize of that town Brother Celestinus, Director of the Christian Brothers' School there, has been decorated with the gold Cross and Crown given for distinguished service.

The work of the Paulist Press is but a small part of that great apostolate of the press in which so many earnest souls are engaged throughout the country. The increased interest in the work of that apostolate shows a gratifying growth among our Catholic people, and is very encouraging. For such interest means a more ex tended and a keener appreciation of Catholic truth, and a realization of how Catholic teaching affects every walk of life, every field of human

5 S.B&Co.

endeavor. The great teaching Order (the Brothers of the Christian Schools (Christian Brothers) is continuing to extend its influence throughout the world for the furtherance of the cause of Catholic Education. The "Bulletin of Christian Schools," the official organ of the Order, announces the recent opening of new establish ments of the Brothers in the following places: Hal, Belgium: Namur. Belgium; Szatmar-Nemeti, Hungary; Rauth, Bohemia; Braila, Roumania Bengasi, Lybia, Turin School). Italy: Loretteville and Hull P. Q., Canada; Haidar - Pacha, Constantinople: Rochester, N. Y: Cootamun-

It is more than a year since the experts engaged to report on the condi-tion of the Cathedral of Metz and its restoration issued a report and a demand for 800,000 marks. Now the German government has suddenly handed out the money. With it comes the briefest of instructions. Plans are to be sent in at once. They will be examined during the month of December and the work of restoration must then go forward without further delay. The Alsacians are grateful that their beautiful cathedral is to be protected from the hand of time.

Two of the large Catholic Normal Schools of Europe, conducted by the Brothers of the Christian Schools, that at Malonne in Belgium, and that at Feldkirch in Austria, lately celebrated the silver Jubilee of their foundation. The festivities were of an elaborate nature and were attended by the leading ecclesiastical and civil authorities. At Malonne, His Lordship Mgr. Heylen, Bishop of Namur, presided and read a message from His Holiness bearing the Apostolic Benediction to the Brothers and their pupils, while the Hon. Mr. Poullet, Minister of Science and Art in the Belgian government, spoke words of praise on behalf of his government. All the speakers were loud in their praise of the magnifi-cent work being done in the training of teachers by the sons of St. La. Salle, the founder of Normal Schools.

PRETTY MISS NEVILLE

BY B. M. CROKER

CHAPTER XLII

THE PROPOSAL

"For I'll believe I have his heart, as much a

The wetting I got coming hom from the picnic resulted in a severe cold, and I was confined to bed for more than a week. Very dull and feverish and stupid I felt, in spite of feverish and stupid I felt, in spite of constant visits from Mrs. Vane, who, seated on the foot of my bed, daily unbosomed herself of all the news she could gather for my edification. She had been down at the A. B. C. Ground, and had had three sets of tennis, played with a very so so parter, and been beaten. Captain Beresford and Miss Ross were playing, too; and she was not much either. Or, she had met Captain Beresford and Miss Ross riding. Or, she had seen them sitting together in the library, or walking the Government Garden. All the rest of her news fell on unheeding ears. The most startling current "gup," the most unlikely engage-ments, the most killing jokes were lost on me. But the above casual remarks, dropped in the course of conversation, were just so many sore stabs, and after she had left me to rest, in perfect innocence of heart, I would lie awake nearly all night, trying to staunch these all but mortal wounds with the lint of common sense. No wonder that the doctor was surprised at my pale and languid appearance, and asked auntie very mysteriously if there was consump.

tion in our family.

At last, after ten weary days in bed, I was promoted to the sofa in the drawing room; every one made a great fuss about me, notably Colonel ane, who half lived on the road to who loaded me with all kinds of deli cate attentions in the shape of fruit and flowers. I always got on with elderly people, and my friend's husband, a smart, daper, spruce little man, and one of the most delightful companions I ever met, was no ex-

ception to the general rule. "The way—the barefaced way—that you and George flirt is really scandalous," Mrs. Vane would say; I really shall have to send him to the club—to board him out! I de clare it will come to that. He has sent off to Bombay for all the new songs for you. I told you" (trium-phantly) "you would like my old man, did I not? You would never com-

pare him to Major Per-" Don't name him," I interrupted, fretfully.
"Well, then, I won't vex you, my

poor, sick Nora. By the way, do you know that your Cousin Maurice has been here nearly every day this week; he was closeted with Uncle Jim for nearly an hour yesterday. Shall I nearly an hour yesterday. Shall I tell you the reason?" she said, coming over and kneeling beside me. "Shall I tell you?"

"If you like," I replied, wearily. What did it matter to me now?

"I had such a long talk with him the night before last at the Marri.

the night before last, at the Morrisons' dance, and I told him the whole history about Major Percival had never heard the rights of it be-

fore."
"Well?" I asked, eagerly.
"Well,my dear child, he was simply furious. Those people with dark gray eyes, can look angry if you like. He eyes, can look angry it you like. He was in kind of white, cool, polite passion, and asked me who had horsewhipped your fiance. Did you ever hear of such a joke? I referred him to your uncle, and I have no doubt that they mutually enjoyed a gether, and they went away to a grand letting off of steam. Any way, you are not quite so much in his holding on by Mrs. Vane, and literalblack books as you were, for he did think that the blow-up was all your fault. Give a dog a bad name, you

nodding her head. It is not much matter what he thinks-now," I added to myself faintly, turning my face away from the light, and imitating Mrs. Roper's maneuver with my fan.

maneuver with my fan.

"Don't talk nonsense, Noah! I have a presentiment that you will marry your cousin in spite of all your ill doings; you will be the hand-somest couple in the Presidency, and Label! done of your medding, and I shall dance at your wedding," she added, with decision.
"You don't know what you are

saying, Violet," I exclaimed, sitting up and pushing back my heavy hair. "Never think of such a thing. Maurice is engaged."

Maurice is engaged."

"If you mean to Miss Ross, I do not believe it. They are on far too easy, friendly terms. There is not an atom of love between them. He is as much engaged to her as I am," she concluded emphatically, "no more in love with her than the man in the

"Perhaps you know best," I answered, ironically; "all I can say is, that I had my information from Maurice himself; he ought to know."

"From himself?" she repeated, with a very blank face, collapsing at

once into a sitting posture on the floor, embracing her knees and looking at me with widely opened, incredulous eyes; "when did you hear

this?"
"At the picnic," I answered, shortly, once more sinking back among my pillows.
"Weil," she said, jumping up, and

well, she said, jumping up, and beginning to walk up and down the room with great energy; "I am surprised! I am amazed; I am confounded! I don't know what to make of him."

What to make of whom, madam!" inquired Colonel Vane, entering the room in dinner garb.

"What to make of Nora's cousin, Captain Beresford," she replied, pass everythi in 90ty beft walking up to her husband, and in 90ty beft Robinson." sticking a rose in his button hole.

"The same as every man you know, nyself included—make a fool of him to be sure.'

"Be quiet, George, this is no joking matter. For once, your sweet, clever, pretty little wife"—laying her hands on his shoulders, and looking him full in the face—"did you hear me, sir?—your sweet, pretty, clever little wife is completely up a tree !"

There were three days' racing at Ooty, or rather, at the Pykara road, three miles away. The first day it poured, and spoiled the sport, people's good dresses, and people's good tempers. It is not conducive to merry mood to be standing under an um-brella (and receiving the drippings of about four others) in sheets of rain, with your favorite boots in a puddle and your smartest frock becoming the road to ruin. Even with a com-panion—a pleasant companion under the same silken shelter (cottor or alpaca parapluies don't exist, even in my imagination), even with these extenuating circumstances, I deny that a wetday's racing is either pleas-ant or profitable. The last day of ant or prohable. The last day of the races was fine; crowds ventured forth in their second best. Uncle and I rode, and auntie and Mrs. Vane went in a large, hired open carriage. Mrs. Vane and I shared the box on the course, and had a splendid view. The start was downhill; certainly it was a most uninviting piece ground; but, considering everything, was wonderfully flat for the hills. Maurice won a hurdle race, and Rody was a good second for the "Planter's Cup." Altogether I had been extremely interested, and had lost a pair of spectacles to Uncle Jim and won a pair of riding gloves from Mrs.

"They are geiting up a race for 'ladies' horses —borses here on the course, to be ridden by gentlemen nominated by the owners," said Rody, swinging himself up on the fore wheel beside me. "Beresford wants to know, Nora, if you'd like him to ride your horse? He won't

"Are you going to enter Cavalier?" inquired Maurice, coming up at this moment. "because if you care about it, I'll ride him. There are five entries already, but only one of them has any turn of speed, and I think Cavalier could show him the way."

Yes, and that conceited little beggar, Tommy Pim, is going to steer im, and he is swaggering all over the place, telling the ladies to put the gloves on and back his mount. If you beat him, Beresford, I shall skip like a young lamb," cried Rody,

encouragingly.
"Well, Nora, have you made up your mind? The stewards are giving a very handsome bracelet. It is ac-tually here on the ground. You may as well have a shot for it as any one

else," said Maurice. "Am I to enter Miss Neville's Cavalier?" "Yes. I should like it very much," I replied, hesitatingly; "but, you know, Rody can ride for me. You

will have to ride for Miss Ross! Why should he ride for Miss Ross ?" interrupted Rody, rudely. "Anyway, her 'gee' is no good

are not going to run."
'Very well then. Maurice, if you will ride for me, I shall be very much obliged to you."
"All right," he returned; "there's

no time to be lost. Come along, French;" and the two young men hurried off at once in quest of Cavalier, who, half asleep, nodding his head over his squatting syce, little dreamed of the treat and honor that were in store for him.

There were six competitors altoly quivering with excitement as they tore down the hill close by. Cavalier third. Round the sweep at the bottom he was pulling up fast; and handsome gray Arab had the race be tween them. It was nearly a dead heat as they ran into the straightalmost locked together; but, thanks to Maurice's superior jockeyship Cavalier won by a head!

"Hoorosh! hooray!" cried Rody who had also shared the box-seatand almost upset me twice. "Ire-land forever!" he shouted exultantly, as he leaped down, and dashed into the crowd.

'That boy will certainly have to be consigned to a lunatic asylum yet," exclaimed Mrs. Vane, as she shut up her parasol. "'Hoorosh, hooray, inher parasol. "'Hoorosh, hooray, deed! He has carried off half lace frilling at the bottom of my dress, and nearly knocked me down!"

Many of our friends came up to the carriage and congratulated me on my success; and, after a little, Maurice, uncle, and Rody arrived—a

triumphant trio.
"There's your bracelet, Nora," said Maurice, tossing up the case into my lap. It was certainly very handsome and I was immediately beset by considerable crowd, thirsting to the prize. Auntie and Mrs. Vane were in ecstacies with it, and Rody actually tried to clasp it on his sun burned wrist. When I turned to make my acknowledgments to Maur-

ice, he was gone.
"The ladies' race" was the last event of the day, and soon heavily laden carriages commenced to leave the course. Uncle insisted on my driving home, and in a short time were also under way, having pre viously offered a seat to Rody, which he declined.

Barney Magee is going to drive me home, and Beresford too; Barney has a pailing good horse, and I'm going to drive; you see if I don't pass everything on the road. I'll be before you can say 'Jack

As we drove out of the enclosure As we drove out of the chossics we were passed at a rapid pace by Rody, Maurice, and a hare-brained Irish boy, in a very high dog cart, with a very high stepping steed. "Good by," cried Rody, sportively saluting us with his whip, "I'll let them know you are coming. I suppose you'll be in to breakfast to more row." This was a cruel gibe at our hired horses, who were certainly any thing but free goers. It seemed to me that Rody was a most rash and reckless driver, judging by the way he flourished his whip about, and whirled round corners. It was all a gentle slope down hill now, and our horses' heads being set toward home, they trotted slope at a good race and hey trotted along at a good pace and held their own well. After we had gone about a mile we found the road blocked in front, and subsided to slow jog. I was seated with my back to the horses, of course, as became my youth. As I sat nursing my bracelet and indulging in a brown study, shout and a loud crash on the road ahead of us caused me to start.

"Hallo!" cried a gentleman who was riding past: "I say, that's a bad was riding past:

"What is it?" I inquired, jumping up and looking over the coach-box. I shall never forget the sight that met my eyes. I saw the horse and dog-cart that Maurice and Rody were driving rolling down the steep "kud," or precipice, at the side of the road—a fall of more than one hundred feet. Over and over it went saw it turn over three times, and

could look no longer.
"The horse took fright and shied, and jumped over the bank!" explained the stranger, with a pallid face. "I'll go on and see if I can lend any assistince," he added, cantering ahead.

I looked at auntie and Mrs. Vane

and then made a movement to spring out of the carriage after him.
"Stay where you are, child," said auntie, seizing my arm; "it may not be so bad as it looks."

But, in spite of her reassuring speech, her face was as pale as death, and her lips were quivering.

"They were all thrown out on the

road, I'm sure," said Mrs. Vane, taking them tightly. We were four carrieges away from the scene, and the road was now quite jammed with horses and people on foot running past excitedly.

I must go, I will go!" I said, struggling; "anything is better than this awful suspense." "You will only be in the way," ex-

claimed auntie; "have patience, the gentleman will bring us word imhave patience, the mediately. You may be sure your incle is there. Now Nora, I insist,' holding me back.

olding me back.

Patience! It was easy to say
patience" when every second

seemed a year of agony.

At last the stranger returned; his florid face was ashy white, and his lips were working nervously as he moved his horse close up to the carriage

Well?" we all said in a breath, what has happened? Is any one

hurt? It is a bad business." he replied. gravely; " two of the fellows are not much the worse, but the third, a fellow called Beresford, who was caught in the reins-'

Yes, what of him?" asked Mrs. Vane, in a voice that seemed far away.

He has been killed stone dead."

face and hair.
"Where am I?" I said, coming to,

with a long sigh. "What is the matter?" I cried endeavoring to matter?" Oh!" as recollection start up. "Oh!" as recollection came, "oh!" I said, covering my face with my hands and shuddering with horror, "I remember all." Nora, my dear child," said auntie,

it was not as bad as you thought. He is not—"
"Not killed?" I gasped, removing.

intense anxiety.
"I'm as good as two dead men yet,
Nora," said a voice beside me, and there, unless my eyes deceived me, stood Maurice, with concern and amazement plainly depicted in his face. He was bleeding from a cut in the temple; his arm was bound up in an impromptu sling; his face was pale, and his coat all torn and covered with earth, but, nevertheless, he was most palpably alive. Oh, the relief of that moment! Oh, the long, long breath I took! The revulsion of feeling was such that I very nearly fainted for a second time—with joy.

There was no doubt that I nad use graced myself. I had thought that and perhaps a law suit into the parmarrice was dead, and had fainted in gain.

"Oh, that's all right," he said with totally unmoved by There was no doubt that I had disthe most open and notorious manner on the high road. And here he was! alive, and looking at me with grave and anxious eyes!
What would he think of me? What

could he think of me? Well, at any rate, merely as my cousin, I had a right to faint for him; he was a near relative and an old friend. I hoped he would consider that and not think -and not think-what? I did not choose to mention the other alternative, even to myself. I made a rapid recovery, and, assisted by auntie and uncle, resumed my hat and staggered to the carriage, feeling most fearfully ashamed of myself. Maurice was offered, and accepted, a seat home; and now the whole particulars of the accident were told. Noone was much accident were told. Noone was much

hurt, but the horse was killed, and the dog-cart lay 150 feet below the road, smashed to atoms. Rody had scaped with a few bruises. Barney

had occupied the back seat, and got off scott free, having jumped out when he felt the horse rising to the bank. "Faith," he said naively, "when I saw that the beast was inclined to kill himself and us, says to myself, 'I'll be no party to the trans action,' and I made myself scarce."
Maurice had been entangled in the reins, and had come off worst; but by some miracle the second roll over reed him, and he was lucky enough to escape with a few cuts and bruises stunned at first, and seeing him lying so pale and motionless, and gathering a hint from the excited crowd—always prepared to make the worst of a similar catastrophe—our stranger acquaintance had brought us the bad news post-haste. As we passed the scene of the late disaster acters-hero and heroine-love scen-I could not restrain a shudder as I saw the broken bank, the torn up ground, and far away down below the red wheels of the dog cart, and a

"You thought I was killed did you Nora?" said Maurice, with an odd kind of tremble in his usually steady voice.

brown inanimate mass

"Of course I did," I answered rather crossly.

"How did it happen? tell us all about it," said Mrs. Vane, impatiently. "I don't such a fright." 'I don't know when I got

"Oh, it was partly Rody's fault; he drives like 'Jehu, the son of Nimshi,' and in a happy go-lucky fashion. I only wonder we were not upset before. I never saw such a reckless whip. He thought he was driving the twig, I dare say, he added, looking at me. "Anyway, added, looking at me. "Anyway when we came to a block in the road, he tried to pull up sharp, and to settle the matter, gave the horse a cut of the whip. He made one bound, broke the reins, and, feeling his head free, turned sharp round and jumped the ditch in a second. I shall not easily forget the sen sation of going across the country or

And where is Rody now ?" asked auntie, very sternly.

"Looking after the remains of the dog-cart and the carcass of the horse. Unfortunately, both were borrowed. Barney Magee had only 'the lend of the loan of them' him-

"And Rody will have to pay for them?" I cried in dismay, "and he has not a rupee left. He told me he had drawn his month's pay in advance. Wretched boy, what will he

"We will all pay," said Maurice carelessly.
"For having your necks nearly

broken by that wild boy?" cried auntie, who was extremely wroth with Rody.
"It was altogether an accident,

Mrs. Neville. Indeed, you must not be angry with Rody. "Well, thank God that none

you were killed. It's not his fault that you were not." "We had an extraordinary escape When I look down the place we went over I can hardly understand

how we live to tell the tale. I was silent nearly all the home. I felt tired and sick, and altogether upset. Mrs. Vane, Maurice, and auntie chatted away I heard no more. There came a strange rushing and buzzing in my ears and I fainted—for the first time in all my life.

How long I remained in this state storing Rody to auntie's good graces. I cannot say, but when I came to myself I was lying on a carriage rug on
the grass at the side of the road.

The time passed like five minutes instead of half an hour, and we found
the grass at the side of the road.

The time passed like five minutes inmany exits on three sides of the big
room, instead of only one exit on the grass at the side of the road. Ourselves at home. Maurice de-Auntie, with anxious face, was chafing clined to come in, and took leave of each side. But instead of doing ing, tipped each jet, or showed as a one hand and Mrs. Vane the other, us at the gate. He shook hands The neck of my habit was open, and I felt very cold and wet about my lastly, with me. Holding my hand lastly, with me. Holding my hand "Nora. I hope you in his, he said: will be all right to morrow, and able to come to the club ball. Keep a dance for me," he whispered, in a lower tone, as the carriage moved on,

and he disappeared. "Keep a dance for me ; keep a dance for me," kept lingering in my ears till it lost all sense and meaning. I tried to understand what it meant — what Maurice' meant; Maurice, who treated me with the my hands and looking at her with gravest, most frozen politeness on every occasion. And now he said, 'Keep a dance for me." A good night's rest, a long, long sleep, restored me completely; and the next morning I was quite myself once more. Of course the races and the accident were abundantly discussed and talked about, and many were the visitors who came to see the bracelet and hear about the upset. As we dawdled over our five o'clock tea. Rody presented himself, and en deavored to carry off the accident with a high hand. But it was of no use. We scolded him well, and did our utmost to terrify him with pros pect of an enormous bill for damages and perhaps a law suit into the bar

a knowing grin, totally unmoved by our apprehension on his behalf.
"Why, you know you haven't four annas, much less fourteen hundred rupees," I cried in indegnant amaze-

Never you mind, Miss Curiosity it's not going to come out of your pocket. It's going to be all right and the dog cart can be mended."
"The fact was, that Maurice was

ment.

humor. "And so you fainted!" observed

"No, indeed, it was not. 'Naught was never in danger," I replied rash-

"Then you must have been over rnen you must have been over-come on Beresford's account! Phew!" and he gave a long, shrill, ear-piercing whistle. "Sits the wind in that quarter? Well, there's nothing like beginning with a little aversion—or, indeed, a good deal. I leave him in your hands with the You can avenge utmost confidence. us of that loft business when you are married to him, Nora! I've never forgiven him to this day."
"Rody," I exclaimed, reddening,

"you are unbearable. Your rudeness and vulgarity are intolerable." "You would like to box my ears, just as you did in the good old times now, wouldn't you? But hark! He comes! as they say in the play. Enter the hero of the piece—exeunt" (waving his hands) "all minor char-

tableau! Hush, hush. Do be quiet, you horrid boy!" said Mrs. Vane to the irrepressible youth, as at that moment and Maurice walked into the veranda.

I only remained long enough to give them each a cup of tea, and then, with an excuse of the vaguest descrip tion, I effected my exit. Rody, with Maurice in the room, was a good deal more than I could stand; so I fled to my own snuggery, and looked at my finery for the evening.

Drugo had already spread my balltion of black tulle and black satin. and large ox eye daisies, and was both beautiful and new; my long black gloves and satin shoes reposed side by side with my fan and handkerchief, and my bouquet stood on the dress ing table in a tumbler of water. Noth ing was left for me to do. I dared not return to the drawing-room; it opened on the same veranda as my room, and I could distinctly hear Rody's loud, hilarious laugh leading the van in all the mirth. They were evidently enjoying themselves very much, I thought regretfully; but to return to brave Rody, and to be quizzed about Maurice before his very face; was beyond the limits of my endurance.

TO BE CONTINUED

THE LITTLE GIRL WHO STAYED

Gardner Hunting

In the bargain notion department in the basement of the Bon Ton store Dorry Cayle wrapped packages. She was lame. Her business hours were spent in an open-top, imitation mahogany cupboard, high up behind the bargain notion counter. She crawled into it and out of it by means of a hole about the size of a hat-box Her duties were to receive from the salegirls each small article that sold, with the sale check and the ourchaser's money; to wrap up the article: to send the check and the noney through the pneumatic tube to the cashier, and to return to the proper clerk the package and the

change. From her cupboard Dorry could see all that was going on. She could also see that the place was a fire-trap.

But then, everybody knew that. The owners of the Bon Ton store permitted dangerous conditions that night be remedied, and spent money for things that were merely to attrac custom. For example, it would have been easy to cut aisles across the long counters through the middle of the room, to separate the stairways these things, the firm spent thousands of dollars on an escalator, or moving stairway.

"If fire ever starts between us and the main stairway down here," Dorry had once heard a notion clerk say 'some of us'll get scorched before we get out.

The stairs leading to the street were nearly always stacked half full of goods on display. Sometimes Dorry, looking about her, imagined what might happen if a hundred and fifty flame-driven clerks, to say nothing of customers, should try to escape from the place. There were eight elevators, which could carry possibly ten persons each at a trip There was the main staircase, which fifty or sixty people might use at a time. There were the street en trances, each of which a dozen panic stricken people might block; and there were two freight elevators, which, if they were working, might help a score of people out at a time. Yes, there were exits enough, perhaps, for the employes, if they moved out coolly. But what if one or two hundred customers should be there?

"Why, there's the escalator," said Joe Edmunds, the stock boy, to whom Dorry talked one day about it. of us could run up that." Joe intended that as a joke, and

also as a slightly sarcastic comment on the firm's attitude toward the moving stairway. It was much advertised. It served all the floors of the building. Separate sections ran both upward and downward, except in the top story and in the base ment, where, doubtless for the sake of economy, the stairs ran in one direction only. To be sure, it was quite possible to run up the downward-moving escalator if your legs to pay, as I afterward discovered.
Maurice had reasons of his own for were nimble and your wind good. There were twenty-four steps in the descending basement section, and they moved at a rate that sent three being in an unusually generous past any given point in every two seconds. So, even if you were young and strong, you could not make very fast time running up the escalator.

It occurred to no one that moving in a big new steel safe for the manager's office on the third floor manager's office on the third floor could possibly threaten the lives of all the people in the store and make an awful situation for four or five hundred customers and clerks below thundred customers and clerks below the pavement. That was Nobody thought of the escalator. stair landing on the third floor would get drunk at noon, and consequently neglect to shore up the floor properly. Now under the basement landing lay the big gas main that supplied gas for all the uses of the store, from the gas stoves in the hardware department to the drop lights in the lamp department, and that had once supplied many store lights before electricity was used. So when the insufficiently supported landing on the third floor gave way, and the huge safe suddenly plunged down through it, and through the second floor and through the first floor, and through the basement landing, it struck the big gas pipe and broke it as a falling brick might break a glass

By wonderful good fortune no one happened to be caught on the stair-way landings, but the moment after the successive crashes many nevertheless, in terrible danger. From the broken main flowed a huge volume of choking, deadly gas, not only into the basement itself, but into the elevator shafts and stairways. And every spark of fire in the buildng became a possible source of fearful danger.

Dorry was in her high cupboard. The tremendous crash of the breakng stair landing frightened her erribly, as, indeed, it also frightened every one. The little girl heard the screams of women and children; she saw the lights in the Welshbach counter close by sink and go almost out; she saw a great cloud of dus puff gustily up the stairway, and a man—the elevator starter—run out of it and shout to warn people back. Whether she heard the word gas or not, she never knew, but she quickly guessed the truth.

In an incredibly short time she

detected the smell of gas, but at first she did not heed it. The scene or the floor below her was too dismaying. Without guessing in the least what horror threatened them, customers and clerks alike fled from it They ran back and away from the puffing dust. Jamming into groups and knots at corners, they, strove and struggled, all the frightened for being hindered.

The time was between 1 and o'clock in the afternoon-a little early for the greatest press of shoppers; but it was afterward estimated that over four hundred persons were caught in the base-The stairways leading to the street were jammed at once. In the aisle nearest the notion scores of women scurried past Dorry's outlook, from one exit to another, frightened and crying. Men, running in every direction, shouted unintelligibly. Children clung to scared mothers or were rudely knocked aside.

Dorry also felt the thrill of fear. She stood, gripping the edge of her high shelf, and staring in utter fright. People were being jammed against the counters. Down in front of her a woman, caught in the press, screamed in fear and pain. Dorry became quite as much afraid of the crowd as of any other danger.

Then the first sickening puff of gas blew into her face. Her eyes turned instinctively to the low burn ing lights at the next counter. Nohad thought to turn them out; in the exhibition row of lamps little yellow spot within each mantle. Any one of them might fire this horrid If only the girls in the cashier's cage gas the moment that it became thick enough to burn!

Slipping from her cupboard down through the tiny door, Dorry limped along behind the counter to the lights. Turning each cock, she shut off the flickering sparks completely. A man near her was trying to use the telephone, but was getting no reply. She wondered at his anger as he dashed the instrument aside.

Then, hardly knowing why, she crept promptly back and climbed up toherplace. This was not attempting escape, certainly. But she knew that a lame little girl would have small chance just now, and besides, she necessity of seeing things.

As she stood looking down again on the wild disorder about her, her thoughts went swiftly to the store above. In the basement there were no more open lights, but there were many on the upperfluors. No one up there could yet know accurately what had happened. The man at the tele-phone came to her mind, and with a start, she realized that the connec tion was broken. A few people were escaping at the street doors, but they would hardly notify at once any one who could control the situation. It the gas mounted as fast as it spread, it might very soon make an explosive mixture with the air in an upper floor.

No one was trying to escape by the main stairway or the elevators now; over there in the haze of dust Dorry could see no figure moving. Doubt ess the stairs were crushed; doubtless the gas was already too strong in the shaft to permit the use of the cars. All the central portion of the room was clear now; every one was trying for the outer doors. People were being hurt the cries were not all of fear.

If she could only make them turn back and wait, or go slow! How quickly they might all escape if they would only give themselves the

be summoned, the street stairway could be cleared; perhaps the gas could be shut off. But how could

of descent only. A man was helping an old woman across from the front of the room to the rear, where a freight elevator was hopelessly over-loaded and blocked. Another man was climbing up on the cases behind a counter, in an effort to reach a high ventilating window, but he could not reach it. Still another was running along on top of a counter beside one packed aisle, and shout-ing at the mob, who paid no attention to him.

Another puff of gas struck Dorry

in the face. This time it was almost suffocating. It made her cough and choke; and she suddenly conscious that she was trembling all over and crying helplessly. But she realized, too, that in the midst of all this panic she was standing idle. Was there not something that she could do? Across the nearest aisle, by the cases in the shoe department was the lower end of the escalator. In the midst of all the riot, its machinery was grinding steadily on; stair after stair came over the edge of the floor above and, sliding down under the guard wall, disappearing in the floor below. Dorry bad seen several people run toward it, look and turn away. A young girl, about her own age, who came rushing across the floor, stopped beside the moving stairway. When she saw that the steps were sliding down-ward, she turned from it in discouragement.

Instantly Dorry, remembering Joe's joke, screamed, "Oh, try it, try it

You can do it easily.

The girl heard her and looked up. Then turning she ran swiftly up the stairs. She gained on them, reached the top, and disappeared.

A woman, passing, saw her, and followed. She too, after a painful struggle, reached the top. Dorry cried out to a third, who came from somewhere at the rear of the store. This woman watched and in a moment was leading three

others to the place.

Absorbed, Dorry watched their effort. She cried aloud in dismay when, half way up, the woman who led the party stumbled, fell, and instantly dragged them all back to the

No one of them was hurt, but their cries brought so many others flocking to the spot that soon the same panic that was spoiling other chances of escape was spoiling this. Two women again tried the ascent, and fell, to be remorsel ssly pushed back to the floor by the sliding steps.

While Dorry watched, gas came sweeping into her face in heavy volume. It made her dizzy; but help-less to escape herself, she thought of nothing but to stick to her post of observation and do what she could. She shouted to the struggling women to go slower. Then she wondered suddenly why the machinery in the store had not been stopped. If the stairway were only stationary, it would furnish escape for scores of people. Oh, why did it not stop? Where was the engineer, that he lid not bring the escalators to

standstill? Suddenly it occurred to Dorry that since the escalators were still run ning, probably all the other machinery of the store was running also-

even the pneumatic tubes! Putting out her hand quickly she opened the valve of the sending side in the pneumatic cash carrier. The hiss of sucking air responded. Here on the second floor were still at their post! They were not near to the elevator shafts; perhaps they might not have been driven away.

Dorry seized a small piece of wrapping paper and began to scribble:
"Cashier—The gas main in the
basement was broken by the falling

safe. There's a panic down here. Tell them to shut off all lights in the store at once, or there'll be an explo-sion. Stop the escalator! — Dora Cayle." She folded the sheet of paper,

stuffed it into the spool shaped carrier, and slipped the carrier into the tube. Instantly it was gone.

Dorry wondered whether the

cashier's cage would still be occupied and whether any one would heed an arriving cash carrier. She was choking and coughing in the gas now; it was nauseating her. She thought that some current must be carrying it heavenly in her direction. remembered the man who had tried to climb up to the ventilators at the front of the store. If they could be opened from the outside it would help clear the air. Besides, they were above the pavement; ladders might even be let down through

In a moment she was writing an other message; in another moment it was gone. And then she sank down, overcome with a weariness that was hard to combat. gas all the time now, she was very dizzy. Still she could see that the stairway had not stopped its slow. awful grind, and still that the gas was growing denser and

denser. Once more she wrote:

"Please, please stop the escalator! Break in the front basement ventila tors and put in ladders. People will be dying here soon .- DORRY CAYLE.

Away went this message after the others. There was no sign that the others had been received, but the chance! If outside help could only little girl was getting too sick to of his details; it can be nothing more

Who can fairly impose on them the perplexity and whirl of going through a bout of controversy, where one says, and 'the other says,' and 'he says that he says that he does not

say or ought not to say what he does say or ought to say?' It demands an

effort and strain of attention which

which however, is more minute than

brief extracts can represent. He sums up the whole as follows:

"Such, then is popular Protestant ism, considered in its opposition to

why not? Theory says it ought to be. Fallacy says it must be. Fiction says it is, and prejudice says it shall

POVERTY IN PROTEST

ANT COUNTRIES

By Rev. Lucian Johnston

If there be one argument in the

whole arsenal of religious contro versy which ought never to have been allowed to rust from disuse, it

is that utterly unconsequential one

that there is always an immediate con

nection between a nation's material prosperity and its religion. Hence the application so often made to that

effect that the material prosperity of countries like Germany and England

is due to their profession of Protest-antism, whilst the poverty of Ireland

or Spain is due to their Catholicity

No one objects to a legitimate,

serious criticism, but really it is hard

To begin with our very Lord.

Doubtless the Roman Patricians and

the Jewish Pharisees scorned Him

also and His followers for their in

significance and poverty. In which

case Paganism with its wealth were

more religious than Christianity

with its poverty. So also, if we pursue the subject logically, medieval

Mohammedanism was better re

zenith of Arab supremacy when the former's material prosperity was

doubtless superior to that of Christian Europe. Then again, how is it that Italy and France and Spain became so wealthy later on in the

we to reconcile the Catholicity of Spain and France with their political

and industrial supremacy in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries,

long after the Reformation started? So also, how is it that in

one half of it is Catholic, just as

when people get down to such way of

some ancient joke) in the English

speaking world ever since there was

English and American non-Catholic

seem to have been, if not the only

use this style of argument. To this day in the United States one will

often yet hear the sickening argu-

ment from some Episcopalian that

their church has all "the wealth of

the land" in its membership. Or, if

not so expressly stated, the same is

more or less implied by an air of

aristocratic superiority which would be often quite offensive in its lack of

good manners were it not so ridicu-lous as a mental position. Just about as sane an attitude as would

be that of a little girl bragging the superiority of her Sunday school over that of another little girl because

she, forsooth, wore a costlier dress.

ment goes a good way with

However, silly or not, the argu-

English speaking non-Catholics. Hence it is just as well now and then

to show them that the argument can

be used by others as well as them-

selves. Whilst we thoroughly de-

spise it as an argument, for it proves

nothing—nevertheless, we know of no better way of showing its futility

than by using it against them as they use it against others.

its use in a remarkable article in The Fortnightly Review, by J. Ellis Barker, entitled "Great Britain's

Poverty and its Causes." The writer

makes the surprising statement that

Great Britain, far from being, as is

commonly believed, one of the rich-

est countries on the face of the globe,

is relatively a poor nation, because the masses are very poor. Accord-

ing to him the average pay of some

4,656,915 grown up men was only 30 shillings a week. According to some statisticans one-third of the popula-

tion of Great Britain lives in poverty.

Now, there is ample material for

ones, at all events the foremost

any religious controversy. In fact,

prosperous as the other half.

ligiously than Christianity at

to keep one's patience when hearing

this silly childish argument so ofte

used against the church.

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lic families figured in the returns of

the Bishop of Chester for the parish of Manchester with its area of sixty equare miles. After the passing of the Relief Act in 1778 the congregation of St. Chad's was estimated at 500, and the beginning of the nineteenth century found a small increase in

century found a small increase in

the number professing the Old Faith. Since then the increase has been more than a hundredfold, and from the gloom of Roman Entry with its

little Popish Mass House it seems a

miraculous emergence to the splen-dor of the present day when thirty-

two Catholic churches barely suffice

for the needs of more than 80,000 Catholics in the area of Manchester

Our friendships hurry to short and

poor conclusions, because we have made them a texture of wine and

dreams instead of the tough fibre of the human heart.—Robert Louis

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tism, where it is conveniently to hand when needed.

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The orderly arrangement of all the

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Handy Manual of

know now just what was going on. Things seemed whirling round her. It was time that she climbed down to the floor. Pushing open her cup board door, she started to slide out And then, suddenly the light seemed to be fading out, and the floor below grew dark, and she did not dare slide down. She sank down on the ttom of her cupboard and knew no

she was lying on a couch in the rest room on the third floor. It took her some time to remember what had happened. Many people were round her; her head was aching terribly; and a big man who was fussing over

her seemed to be torturing her.

But all at once he stopped, and she opened her eyes wide and looked at him and heard him speak.

"Hello!" he said. "She's coming

to. She's all right now." And then a woman whose cheek was badly bruised and whose lips was badly bruised and whose hips had been bleeding, bent over her. She told Dorry that she, the lame wrapper girl, had saved ever so many people's lives. She said also that something would surely be done for Dorry by a lot of grateful people

ecause Dorry was a heroine.

And that surprised the lame wrap per girl very much.—The Youth's

THE PEST OF BIGOTRY

Readers who have not access to the excellent "Life of Cardinal Newman" by Wilfrid Ward will be interested in reading the following description of the bigotry that obtained in England during the middle of the last cen-

tury:
Newman hardly ever in the whole course of the lectures attacked the Established Church. But the parsons had had so large a share in starting and fanning the agitation that he could not entirely let them off; and he did refer to the Church of England in one passage—among the most unrestrained and amusing pieces of burlesque in the series; but he rapidly passed again from the Establishment to the people. Here is the passage in question:

The Anglican Church agrees to differ with its own children on a thousand points," he writes; "one is sacred—that her Majesty the Queen is 'the Mother and Mistress of all Churches;' on one dogma it insist without fear of being unrea sonable or excessive—that 'the Bishop of Rome hath no jurisdiction amid the darkness, sense amid confusion, an intelligible strain, amid Babel of sounds; whatever befalls, here is sure footing; it is 'No peace with Rome, 'Down with the Pope,' and 'The Church in danger.' Never has the Establishment failed in the use of these important and effective watch-words; many are its short-comings, but it is without reproach in the execution of this its special infidelity and fanaticism may challenge it in vain, but fling upon the gale the faintest whisper of Catholicism, and it recognizes by instinct the presence of its connatural foe. Forthwith as during the last year, the atmosphere is tremulous with agitation, and discharges its vibramovement is in hirth which has no natural crisis of resolution. Spontaneously the hells of the steeples begin to sound. sort of mechanical impulse, Bishop rector and curate, one after another. each on his high tower, off they set, swinging and booming, tolling and chiming, with nervous intenseness, and thickening emotion, and deepen ing volume, the old ding dong which has scared town and country this weary time; tolling and chiming away, jingling and clamoring and ringing the changes on their poor half dozen notes, all about the 'Pop-ish aggression,' 'insolent and insidiinsidious and insolent,' insolent and atrocious, atrocious and insolent, 'atrocious, insolent and ungrateful,' 'ungrateful, insolent and atrocious,' 'foul and offensive,' 'pestilent and horrid,' subtle and unholy,' 'audacious and revolting,' contemptible and shameless,' 'malig nant,' 'frightful,' 'mad,' 'meretrici-ous '-bobs (I think the ringers call them), bobs, and bobs royal, and triple-bob majors, and grandsires-to the extent of their compass and the full ring of their metal in honor of

THE CATHOLICS WERE AT HAND

"So it is now, so it was twenty years ago, nay, so it has been in all the years as they came, even the least controversial. If there was no call for a contest, at least there was the opportunity of a triumph. Who could want matter for a sermon, if thought would not flow, whether for convenient digression or effective peroration? Did a preacher wish for an illustration of heathen spiritual pride, the Catholic were at thand. The deliverance from Egypt, the golden calf, the fall of the Dagon, the sin of Solomon, the cruelties of the sin of Solomon, the cruelties of the topmost is broken? Jezebel, the worship of Baal, the destruction of the brazen serpent, the this Protestant tradition, on which finding of the law, the captivity in English faith hangs, is wanting just Babylon, Nebuchodonosor's image, in the first link." Pharisees, Sadducees, Herodians and Zealots, mint, anise, and cum min, brazen pots and vessels, all in their respective places and ways, would give opportunity to a few grave words of allusion to the 'mon-

Does anyone wish an example of pride, there stands Wolsey; of bar-barity, there is the Duke of Alva; of rebellion, there is Becket; of ambi-tion there is Hildebrand; of profligacy, there is Cæsar Borgia; of superstition, there is Louis XI.; of fanaticism, there are Crusaders. Saints and sinners, monks and laymen, the devout and the worldly, provided they be but Catholics, are heaped together drawn forth for inspection and exposure according to the need.

"The consequence is natural—tell person of ordinary intelligence, churchman or dissenter, that the slanders—simple lies or exaggera-tions, or misrepresentations; or, as far as they are true, admitting of de-fence or justification, and not to the point, and he will laugh in your face point, and he will laugh in your face at your simplicity, or lift up hands and eyes at your unparalleled effron-tery. The utmost concession he will make is to allow the possibility of incidental and immaterial error in the accusations which are brought against us; but the substance of the traditional view he believes, as firm-ly as he does the Gospel, and if you reject it and protest against it, he will say it is just what is to be expected of a Catholic, to lie and to circumvent. To tell him at his time of life, that Catholics do not rate sin at a fixed price; they may not get absolution for a sin in prospect, that priests can live in purity, that nuns do not murder each other, that the laity do not make images their God. that Catholics would not burn Pro-testants if they could! Why, all this is as perfectly clear to him as the sun at noonday; he is ready to leave the matter to the first person he happens to meet; everyone will tell us just the same; only let us try; he never knew there was any doubt at all about it; he is surprised, for he thought we granted it. When he was young, he has heard it said again and again; to his certain knowledge it had uniformily been said the last forty, fifty, sixty years, and no one ever denied it : it is so in all the books he ever looked into what is the world coming to? What is true, if this is not? So Catholics are to be white washed! What

Faithful to his usual habit of refraining from all substantial exaggeration, the lecturer draws up after this sally. For there is a weighty Protestantism—as he goes on to recognize—that of the minority of thinking minds, which attacks Catholics with serious and genuine philo-sophical arguments. To these minds such extravagances as the above would be as absurd as to himself. He sees the objection in the eyes and minds of his abler listeners or readers, and at once takes from them this particular weapon of defence by admitting its justice, but denying its oppositeness. He thus drives home his attack, the scope and object bet ter defined, the escape is cut off.
"I allow all this," he continues

but now I am considering, not the

Protestantism of the few. but

and those philosophical arguments, whatever be their weight have no influence with the many Crowds do not assemble in Exeter Hall mobs do not burn the Pope, from reverence for Lord Bacon. Locke or Butler, or for anything those gifted men have recorded. I am treating of the unpopularity of Catholicism now and here, as it exists in the year 1851, and in London, or in Edin burgh, or in Birmingham, or in Bris tol, or in Manchester, or in Glasgow among the gentlemen and veoman of Yorkshire, Devonshire and Kent; in the Inns of Court, and in the schools this tradition does not flow from the mouth of the half-dozen wise, or philosophic or learned men who can be summoned to its support, but is a tradition of nursery stories, school stories, public-house stories, clubhouse stories, drawing room stories, platform stories, pulpit stories—a tradition of newspapers, magazines, reviews, pamphlets, romances, novels, poems and light literature of all kind, literature of the day—a tradi-tion of selections from the English classics, bits of poetry, passages of history, sermons, chance essays, ex-tracts from books of travel, anonymous anecdotes, lectures on prophecy, statements and arguments of polemical writers, make up into small oc-tavos for class books, and into pretty miniatures for presents—a tradition floating in the air; which we found in being when we first came to years of reason; which has been borne in upon the Holy Father and the princes of all we saw, heard or read, in high life, in parliament, in law courts, in general society; which our fathers told us had ever been in their day; a tradition, therefore, truly universal and immemorial, and good as far as a tradition can be good, but, after all, not more than a tradition is worth; I mean, requiring some ultimate authority to make it trustworthy. Trace up, then, the tradition to its first startings, its roots and its sources, if you are to superstition or Jewish bigotry, or an form a judgment whether it is more instance of hypocrisy, ignorance, or than a tradition. It may be a good Now I do not hesitate to assert, that

BASELESS INSINUATION

This baseless tradition is the real of circumstantial evidence, and yet grave words of allusion to the 'mon-strous errors or the 'childish ab-surdies' of the 'Romish faith.' with a degree of unfairness which brings out the fact that they are based in reality simply on invincible

calumny. On this he insists, and traces with great psychological sub-tlety the process of baseless insinua-

No evidence against us is too little; no infliction too great. Statement without proof, though inadmissible in every other case, is all fair when we are concerned. A Pro-testant is at liberty to bring a charge against us, and challenges us to refute, not any proof he brings, for he brings none, but his simple assumption or assertion. And perhaps we accept his challenge, and then we find we have to deal with matters so vague or so minute, so general or so particular that we are at our wits' end to know how to grapple with them. For instance, Every twen-tieth man you meet is a Jesuit in disguise; or Nunneries are, for the most part, prisons. How is it possible to meet such sweeping charges? The utmost we can do, in the nature of things, is to show that this particular man or that is not a Jesuit; or that this or that particular nunnery is not a prison; but who said he was?—who said it was? What our Protestant accuser asserted was, that every 'twentieth' man was a Jesuit. and most' nunneries were prisons. How is this refuted by clearing this or that person or nunnery of the charge? Thus, if the accuser is not what he says, we are simply help-less, and must sit down meekly under the imputation.

"At another time however a de ferred to the authority on which it is put forward. What is the authority? Albertus Magnus, perhaps or Gerson, or Baronius, with a silence about volume and page; their works consisting of five, ten, fifteen, twenty folios, printed in double columns. How are we possibly to find the needle in this stack of hay? Or by a refinement of unfairness, perhaps a wrong volume or page is carelessly given; and when we cannot find there the statement which our opponent has made, we are left ill success is to be ascribed to our

HARD IN REMOTE COUNTRIES

"Sometimes, again, the crime charged on us is brought out with such startling vividness and circumstantial finish as to seem to carry its in the eyes of the public with the reference which in fairness should attend it. The scene is laid in some fortress of the savage Appenine, or in secluded Languedoc, or in remote Poland, or the high tableland of Mexico; or it is a legend about some priest of a small village of Calabra, called Buonaville, in the fourteenth century; or about a monk of the monastery of St. Spirito, in St. Filippo d'Argiro, in the time of Charlemagne. Or the story runs that Don Felix Malatesta de Guadalupe, a Benedictine monk of Andalusia, and father confessor to the prince of the Asturias, who died in 1821, left behind him his confessions in manuscript, which were carried off by the French, with other valuable dozunents; from his convent, which they pillaged in their retreat from the confessions, he frankly avows that brothers, of whom he was jealous, nad poisoned half a dozen women and sent off in boxes and hamners to Cadiz and Barcelona thirty-five infants: moreover, that he felt no misgivings about these abominabl deeds, because, as he observes with great naivete, he had every day, for many years, burnt a candle to the Blessed Virgin: had cursed periodically all heretics, especially the royal family of England; and burnt a student of Coimbra for asserting the earth went round the sun; had worn about, day and night, a relic of St. Diego; and had provided that five hundred masses should be said for the repose of his soul within eight

ITS WORK IS DONE "Tales such as these, the like of which it is very easy to point out in print, are suitably contrived to anwer the purpose which brings them into being. A Catholic who, in de fault of testimony offered in their behalf, volunteers to refute them on their internal evidence, and sets about (so to say) cross-examining them, finds himself at once in an un told labyrinth of embarrassments First he inquires is there a village of Calabria of the name of Bounaville? Is there a convent of St. Spirito in the Sicilian town specified? Did it exist in the time of Char lemagne? Who were the successive confessors of the prince of the As-turias during the first twenty years of this century? What has Andalusia to do with Salamanca. When Did the French pillage any convent whatever in the neighborhood of Salamanca about the year 1812?— questions sufficient for a school examination. He goes to his maps, gazetteers, guide books, travels, histories—soon a perplexity arises about the dates: Are his editions recent enough for his purpose? Do their historical notices go far enough back? Well, after a great deal of trouble, after writing about to friends, consulting libraries and comparing statements, let us suppose him to prove most conclusively the utter absurdity on the slanderous story, and to bring out a lucid, powerful and unanswerable reply, who cares for it by that time? Who done its work; time stops for no man; it has created or deepened the impression in the mirror and t

adultery as readily as he eats his dinner. Men forget the process by which they received it, but there it is clear and indelible. Or British population lives on the verge of hunger, and this is to be noted that:
"The majority of these unfortunate

people do not consist of idlers, loafers, shirkers, tramps and pro-fessional beggars, for whom one need perhaps have not much sympathy, supposing they recollect the par-ticular slander ever so well, still they have no taste or stomach for entering into a long controversy about it; their mind is already made up; they have formed their views; producing industries. Such then is the industrial conditions of what can be termed, bethe author they have trusted may, indeed, have been inaccurate in some

cause of its political prestige, the most representative Protestant country in the world. After almost most four hundred years of Protestantism it finds itself fearfully poor with 30 per cent. of its population living on the "verge of hunger." Now, looking back into times when

England was Catholic, we certainly find nothing like this. England throughout the Middle Ages was comthey have no sort of purpose of be-stowing. The Catholic cannot get a fair hearing; his book remains awhile in the shop windows, and then paratively a wealthy nation. The Diocese of Lincoln was, in ecclesiastical circles, classed as one of the most prosperous in the whole world. "Merry England" became a popular is taken down again."

Enough has been cited to show the general manner of the indictment. saying to describe the spirit of physical joyousness consequent upon material prosperity. On the other hand Catholic France is not so poor. In spite of the enormous drain upon the popular wealth made by the in-Catholics. Its truth is established by law; its philosophy is theory; its faith is prejudice; its facts are fic-tions its reasonings fallacies; and its demnity for the Franco Prussian war, that country (though Catholic) is to day relatively richer. security is ignorance about those whom it is opposing. The law says that white is black; ignorance says,

So that, if this old argument has any value at all, it goes dead against those who so unwisely have tried it against Catholicism. If there be any and Catholicity in Ireland, then there is also connection between poverty and Protestantism in Great Britain, just as between prosperity and religious indifference in the United States.

But, as above stated in the begin.

ning of this article, there is not any such logical connection. True! there may be certain crises in the economic history of nations which were doubtless directly influenced by religious changes. Thus, for instance, the spoliation of the monasteries in Tudor England did actually work harm to the material well-being of dependent upon the same and to the betterment of the fortunes of the despoilers. The expatriation of the Jews from Spain and in a smaller measure of the Huguenots from France likewise for a time injured industry. We might go further and say that now and then as an exception there might be a direct conne tion between industrial conditions and the very nature of a certain religion. For instance, it is hard not see such a connection between the industrial condition of China and the essentially unprogressive character of Confucianism. But he would be indeed a hopeless fanatic who could see in the nature of either Protestantism of Catholicity a direct necessary connection with the material well-being of nations professing either. As a matter of fact there have been rich Catholic as well as rich Protestant nations, just as there are poor Protestant as well as poor Catholic peoples. Economically and policically and along lines of even middle Ages though being also so literary culture, nations have their thoroughly Catholic? Or how are rise and decline, be it a Pagan Athens literary culture, nations have their or a Catholic France or a Protestant England or a Mohammedan Bagdad and Granada or Toroastrian Persia. Christianity anyhow is too big a thing to be tabulated in dollars and cents. Be you rich or poor, white or yellow, or brown or black—you are all called to its fold. Christ Himself

perferred poverty.

Let us then have an end of such a arguing it's about time to close the petty illogical way of controversy. whole discussion. And yet this old argument has been doing duty (like historical.—Truth.

NAILS OF THE TRUE CROSS

The connection between old furni ture and Catholic controversy is not on the face of it a close one; but a chance remark on the former sub ject, printed in a recent issue of the London Daily Chronicle, seems to call for attention from the latter point of view. A gentleman engaged in the old furniture trade offers the opinion that "there are more so-called genuine" Jacobean sideboards in existence to day than there were nails of the True Cross in the Middle

In one sense the statement is per fectly true, and in that case the Jacobean sideboards might still be very far from being common objects of the countryside. But the obvious intention was to suggest that there was a plentiful supply of alleged nails of the True Cross in mediæval times, possibly, though the gentle man does not say so, comparable in quantity to the autumn leaves in Vallombrosa, but, all the same, that the nails have since lost their record to the sideboards.

It is clear that in saving what he did the furniture man had no thought of deliberate libel against the Catholic Church. It was just one of those light and airy Protestant remarks so easily and as heed lessly made, and so pregnant of fur-ther misunderstanding, which we come across in books and news papers almost every month in the year, like the observation in regard to the wood of the Cross itself, that Catholics honor enough of it to

build a ship.
In all likelihood, when our friend was making his mental and verbal comparison between the nails and sideboards, he knew nothing whatever as to the number of alleged man; it has created or deepened the impression in the minds of its hearers that a monk commits murder or assistance. Mr. Barker by the Catholic Church, either in the Middle Ages or at any other period.

How many nails were there, and so homored? The story of the find-ing of the Cross and other relics of the Passion by St. Helena, Constantine's mother, includes, according to St. Gregory of Tours, four nails in with some writers whether the Cru cifixion was effected with three or four nails; the latter view received wide acceptance, although the popular representations of the crucifiz

Helena, it is said that one was put into Constantine's crown or diadem, and that this is the crown that came to be known as the "iron crown of Lombardy," preserved at Monza. A second nail is stated to have been astened to the bridle of the Emperor's horse; the third went into the Adriatic as a protection for vessels during storms: the fourth nail was given to the church of Santa Croce in Gerusalemme in Rome, where it may

MANY ALLEGED NAILS

We need not blink the fact that other alleged nails of the True Cross existed and were from time to time the objects of local devotion. In a number they may have amounted to a score or so, and the explanation of their origin is probably that they were fascimiles which had touched or contained filings of one of the or iginal nails, and that in the course of time a sort of loose tradition be gan to confuse the original with the copy, and a local cult grew up this way.

The Church by her legislation, es-

Writing of Alderman McCabe a been elected Lord Mayor of Man wishers, and Catholics have a quiet confidence in his ability to justify office, the Tablet writes: "In 1690 the Catholic population of Manches-

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how but three nails.

Of the four nails discovered by St.

pecially in Sess. xxv. of the Council of Trent, has laid down safeguards and uttered warnings with a view to securing authentication of sacred relics, just as the faithful in the Middle Ages were told plainly to beware of imposters who prayed upon the natural desire of the people to secure relics for themselves. scendants of those imposters are today working worm holes into tique" furniture, or stuffing the bodies of cats with newspapers and sawdust as a preliminary to finding feline mummies in Egypt for the benefit of tourists. Nobody dreams about sadling the blame of this imposture upon the English or Egypttian Governments; yet the Protest ant mind, once it is made cognizant of a similar fraud connected with some appeal to popular piety, sees the Pope as a trafficer in chief, and is loudly indignant about "Rome's delusions."-Universe.

CATHOLICIZING AN ENGLISH CITY

man with a splendid record as a Catholic layman, who has recently chester, Eng., the London Tablet says: "His geniality, sincerity and tact have won him hosts of wellall the high hopes placed in him."
Of the change that has come about in the city which has just elected this Irish Catholic to its highest ter consisted of two ladies—Miss Golden of Deansgate and her maid. Ten years later only thirteen Catho.

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form, when baptizing adults, is not permitted.

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LETTERS OF RECOMMENDATION

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Thomas Coffey: Ottawa, June 13th, 1005.

The Comment of Your paper. I have noted wit infaction that it is directed with intelligence an lity, and, above all, that it is imbude with long Catholic spirit. It strenuously defends Cast c principles and rights, and stands firmly by it chings and autho-ity of the Church, at the sam a promoting the best interests of the country lowing these lines it has done a great deal od for the welfare of religion and country, and lid do more and more as its wholesome influenches more Catholic homes. I therefore earnest commend it to Catholic families. With my bles go ny your work, and best wishes for its continue costs.

Yours very sincerely in Christ,

DONATUS, Archbishop of Ephesus.

Apostolic Delega

homas Coffey:
ar Sir—For some time past I have read your
able paper The CATHOLIC RECORD, and conlet you upon the manner in which it is publets matter and form are both good, and a
C itholic spirit pervades the whole. Therefore,
pleasure, can recommend it to the faithful
ing you and wishing you success, believe me to
in, Yours faithfully in Jesus Christ,
† D. Falconto, Arch. of Larissa, Apos. Deleg

LONDON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 24, 1914

KIKUYU AND ANGLICANISM

The daily papers for some weeks past have more or less familiarized our readers with the bitter controversy now raging between two sections of the Established Church of England. The subject is of such deen interest and far-reaching pos sible consequences that a brief review of the situation and present state of the controversy will be useful to the majority of our readers. It is important that Catholics should understand the religious movements outside of the Church. Our life, our work and our mission, by the Providence of God, are, and must remain in the very midst of English speak ing Protestantism. The fulfilment of our providential mission depends and will depend on our understanding the religious attitude of these sincere souls not of the household of the faith; and this understanding must be not merely an intellectual appreciation of their position and difficulties, but must include a heart-felt sympathy with those "other sheep," and a fervent participation in our dear Lord's prayer that there may be one fold and one shepherd. "That they all may be one, as thou, Father, in me, and I in thee; that they also may be one in us; that the world may believe that

thou hast sent me." Flippant references by unthinking Catholics to such a religious event as we are considering as merely a ludicrous evidence of the lack of unity in Anglicanism, cannot be too earnestly deplored. Not that way lies the opportunity of Catholic influence; but in sympathy and helpfulness a

What is known as the Kikuvu controversy arose out of a conference of Protestant missionaries at Kikuyu, a little town in British East Africa. The clergymen of the various Protestant sects realized that, in the face of growing Mohammedanism, sectarian divisions amongst Christians were a lamentable source of weakness. They agreed, accordingly, to sink all points of difference, and agree on some general truths and principles that all could preach. The object of the conference being attained and fraternal feeling being very pronounced, the Anglican Bishops of Mombasa and Uganda celebrated the Communion service ac cording to the Book of Common Prayer and administered Communion to Presbyterians, Methodists, Baptists and others. The Anglican Bishop of Zanzibar openly accused his brother bishops of heresy. These warmly and openly defended their action. The missionary meeting took place last June. That the question is of no merely transient interest is evidenced by the fact that the controversy still rages and is one of the most bitter in the recent history of the Established Church. The Bishop of Zanzibar has formally demanded of the Archbishop of Canterbury a condemnation of the action of the Bishops of Mombasa and Uganda. Not only have bishops, clergy and laymen taken sides, but the secular press gives to the matter space and discussion only accorded to subjects that deeply stir the interest and sentiment of the nation. What gives to the controversy its

vital importance is the fact that it threatens to lead to a death-struggle between the Protestant and Catholic parties in the Church of England. Ever since the Oxford Movement the Catholic party has grown in power until it has absorbed most of the spiritual energy and influence in the English Church, although the frankly Protestant party remains numerically much the stronger. It must be remembered that the Church of England is established by law; it is then in a sense everybody's business to settle this dispute. Nonconformists feel themselves directly and personally involved. Hence it is not surprising that "a flerce battle rages in the press" seven months after the Kikuyu conference.

So great has been the progress of the Catholic or High Church party since Tractarian days, when they asked only for toleration within the Established Church, that surprise is expressed frankly and as a matter of course that the Protestant or Evangelical party displays such strength.

The Bishop of Durham says: "If the Bishops of Uganda and Mombasa are arraigned for heresy for their share of responsibility for a programme which I think to be the true mind of our master and full of promise for his work, I for one would willingly, if it may be, take my place heside them."

Dr. Tucker, the former Bishop Uganda, is even more emphatic : any blame attaches to Bishop Willis in these matters I must share it. he is a heretic, so am I. he is a schismatic, so am I. If he is to be sent to the stake I am prepared to go with him."

One of the ablest and most prom inent of Anglican divines is Dean Hensley Henson, who says that "if the Church is to uphold the charge of heresy and rigidly exclude the other Protestant Christians from religious fellowship, then the only possible unity for the English Churchman is unity with Rome."

On the other hand, the Bishop of Oxford says "it is impossible to continue in a fellowship which tolerates anything so totally subversive of Catholic order and doctrine." He doubts if the cohesion of the Church of England were ever more seriously threatened.

High Churchmen generally declare that any trifling with the sacraments or any attempt to establish open Communion, must, in the words of Athelstane Riley, "result in far worse than secession. The Church of England and the churches in the Communion would first be thrown into two violently opposing camps, and then be split from top to bottom and broken in pieces."

Though Athelstane Riley is a distinguished leader of High Church men-or perhaps because he is-he addresses himself to Protestant sentiment in these remarkable terms :

"It is essential for the Anglican Church to keep intact and definite the Catholic tradition of Episcopacy and holy orders; otherwise the Anglican Church will jeopardize friendly relations with 120,000,000 Christians of the Greek and Russian Churches, which really form the broadest bulwark against Rome."

Which suggests the comment on the proverb, Honesty is the best policy: he who is honest from policy is not an honest man. The open avowal of such a motive for keeping intact the "Catholic tradition" of Episcopacy and holy orders is at once a tribute to the strength of Protestant sentiment, and to 'Rome'; while it does not enchance one's respect for Mr. Riley's High

Church spirituality or 'Catholicity. Enough has been said of this controversy to place before our readers its importance. The secular press of Canada has hardly prepared its readers for such a despatch as Windermere sends to the Star :

"The battle of the Anglican bishops over the alleged heresy bishops Uganda and Mombasa continues to rage furiously. . . The Archbishop of York to day warns Anglicans that the unity of the Church is

The time is opportune to consider some phases of Anglican history.

LODGE-RIDDEN TORONTO

The Civic Survey Committee of Coronto engaged experts to investigate the fire department of that city. These have issued a lengthy report

which, according to the Globe's summary, places first in the order of importance this recommendation : "The practice of requiring appliante for positions in the department

ostate their religion is condemned." Have we not here an insidious at tempt by "Rome" to interfere with vested rights?

"Lack of efficiency was clearly noted," says the report.

That is a matter of altogether ninor importance if true; but what traitor amongst us will dare to be-

"The report declares that all motions are made by the Chief without test or competitive examination, and urges that promotions should be based on faithful service and merit."—Globe.

What would be the use of appoint ing the chief if he were to be hampered in this absurd way in discharging his debt of gratitude to his friends?

"Faithful service and merit." yes. certainly : but shall we give up our right to interpret that qualification? Never! No Surrender!

THE CHURCH AND THE ENG-LISH LANGUAGE

If there is one great fact of history more generally recognized than all others as evidently providential it is that the Roman Empire prepared the way for the spread of Christianity True, Rome waged long and unreenting warfare on the followers of Christ. That too was providential. Rome became the See of the Vicar of Christ on earth; the language of Rome became the language of the Church, and remains to this day the language of her liturgy throughout the greater part of the world; we have just celebrated the sixteenth centenary of the Edict of Milan, establishing liberty and toleration for the Christian religion throughout the Roman Empire.

There is another Empire to day greater than that of ancient Rome. Throughout the British Empire there is a common language, offering the Church of God in the present and in the future, facilities for the fulfilment of her divine mis sion strikingly similar to the common Latin language of the ancient Roman Empire. The days of bitter and un relenting persecution of Catholics are gone forever, and the liberty and toleration secured to the Church by Constantine are assured to us in every part of the Empire to which we belong. The Pax Britannica is not less providential in our own time than was the Pax Romana in the first centuries of Christianity. The English language as a medium of communication equals in opportunity and importance, if it does not surpass, the Latin when Latin was the living language of pagan and early Christian civilization. English is not alone the language of the British Empire, but also of America, which, if we may not call it an empire, surpasses, in many important respects, the empire of ancient Rome.

These thoughts are prompted by the following intensely interesting and suggestive letter from a missionary bishop, who thought it worth while to refute the absurdities seriously, even solemnly, advanced by Catholics of other nationalities as reasons for looking with disfavor and distrust on the most widely spoken language in the world; a language that promises to become, so far as that is possible, ne universal language.

The letter which was published in the Fortnightly Review has been addressed to the CATHOLIC RECORD by the Right Reverend writer himself. and we gratefully acknowledge his courtesy.

The following letter, which speaks for itself, appears in the mid January number of The Catholic Fortnightly

Review of St. Louis: Pushed to its logical conclusion, the counsel of "A Catholic Mission ary" (The Review xx, 24 p, 710) is that English speaking Catholics in the United States and Canada should make all haste to unlearn the Engish language and group themselves in small communities with French, Poles, Italians, etc. If English is largely responsible for our losses and by speaking the same language and reading the same literature as our fellow countrymen we are acquiring the same mentality to the detriment of our Faith, it would seem to be our plain duty to eschew English in order to safeguard the Faith. The conclusion is preposterous: there must, then, be something wrong with the premises. As for the policy it is suggested we should adopt, it would be fatuous and suicidal. Leave out Mexico, and North America is English speaking The Catholic Church in the United States and Canada would be running counter to the maxim of her Divine Founder and hiding her light under a bushel were she to segregate her self from the life of the nation and use a speech other than that of the

great masses of the people.

If ever there was a language and literature that, humanly speaking, was fraught with menace to the Faith, it was that of the Roman Em pire in the first centuries of the Christian era. But the Catholic Church, instead of looking askance at it, forged, by dint of the use she made of it, the most effective weapon the world has known for the combating of error and the spread of the

chooses to ignore it.

lics of Ontario. Does he understand

that he has made a grave charge

Gospel. Let "A Catholic Missionary" and all Catholic missionaries who are labouring in English speak-ing mission fields emulate the example of their predecessors under the old Empire of the Romans and fight the good fight of the Faith with the only weapon that can possibly serve their purpose — the language of the country in which they live and move and have their being. A CATHOLIC MISSIONARY BISHOT

ANTIGONISH AND THE CASKET

The editor of the Casket, in bad numor, devotes three columns and a half to the CATHOLIC RECORD and Finnan's letter. About midway he defines the question. No where else does he touch it. But he modestly tells us :

"Two years before the cocksure ness of certain persons suddenly called forth from us a few words for fair play and more generous views we had read more about "Regulation 17" than "Finnan" seems to

The Casket was certainly fore nanded. We knew nothing about Regulation 17 until it was issued by the Education Department in July 1912.

When the Casket gets through with Scotland, Ireland and Wales and the Report of Dr. Merchant (who, by the way, is not a lawyer constitutional or otherwise, nor, so far as moral rights are concerned, an authority that we are bound to accept) we shall be very glad to read what it has to say on the question at issue as defined by itself "That, however, is emphatically not

the Ontario school question. That question is, the rights, moral, legal and constitutional, of the French people in Ontario; and whether, and far, those rights have been in vaded by "Regulation 17," and the other regulations and provisions in reference to the bilingual schools.'

Sorry we ruffled the Casket's temper; however, by the time it gets back to the question it will probably have recovered its equanimity. Finnan speaks for himself. In his own lucid and vigorous yet courteous style, he makes his position unmistakably clear to everyone except, apparently, the Casket.

Editor Catholic Record: When I made bold to address letter to you on the subject of the Casket's unfair attitude towards the English speaking Catholics of Ontario I had no intention of entering into a controversy with that paper on the bi-lingual question. Neither nad I any intention of presuming on your courtesy a second time. then, however, I have read the Casket's comments on my letter, and I think I owe it to your readers in this diocese, and to myself, to supplement

my first article.

The Casket's comments constitute misrepresentation of my attitude, fortunes out of it. Other witnesses quoted are less formidable. There is a gentleman in Ontario who has written the extraordinary in a journal of adthe Casket for fighting shy of the issue, and I still have just reasons for attacking it on that score. Its first two articles, so far as throwing any light on the bi-lingual question, night as well have been reprints of any two of the series of articles en-titled "The History of Hatred." were remarkable for two things; first, as examples of amount of space a clever writer can fill without touching the subject he is supposed to discuss; and second, for the mean, low, petty, and alto gether contemptible motives which their author attributed to the Irish Catholics who uphold the justice of the Ontario government's regulations in the matter of bi-lingual schools took him to task, gently enough, I think, pointing out that it is mani festly unfair, unless the strongest of proofs can be brought forward, to attribute to the French Canadians religious and moral motives alone, while accusing the Irish Catholics of being actuated by prejudices the most mean and contemptible. I stated expressly that I was not attempting to throw any light on the bi-lingual question but only wished to give public expression to a view very commonly held in this diocese, namely, that the Casket's method of dealing with the question is not such as appeals to ople who are lovers of fair play and clean fighting by right of their blood. In doing that I was well within my rights. The Casket is the one, and official, Catholic organ in the diocese of Antigonish. Its utter-ances are not like those of secular as a general rule, papers, which, have not much more reason for existence than to further the interests of one man, or group of men, but they e certain degree and creditably or otherwise, accord ing to their tenor. We watch it jealously, and the editor cannot complain if we protest that his attitude on any question is not fair to us. I think that my letter was sufficiently clear to be understood even by a less clever and worse informed man

Casket so far, and I shall follow no the editor of the Casket. Yet, while he accuses me of mis stating the bilingual situation, he has wholly failed to grasp the purport of my letter, or, if he has grasped it, he line in his last article which can be I might continue the controvers and perhaps show the editor of the construed as a defence of his really grave charge against the Irish Catho

with it, and he has chosen to pass it confidence, I have enough prudence over without comment. "Celtic chivalry," I called the feeling which to refrain. I know that right time comes to argue this ques converge, I cannot use beening which prompted him, and I am unwilling to give it a harder name now, though, in the light of his last article, I am compelled at least to withdraw the compliment. Indeed, it will surely tion from the moral standpoint, the editor of the CATHOLIC RECORD, or any one of many priests in Ontario, will do it more effectively than I. And the Casket editor might as well refrain from publishing his "clippings." He will hardly say anything which has to think the matter over calmly, that he should have stepped into the quarrel for the avowed purpose of bringing the discussion to a higher not been said over and over again by the militant French press, ar RECORD will probably level, and then have proceeded to arguments long before he accomplish this praiseworthy object by lauding one of the contending parties to the skies and roundly that the Casket should say some bearing on the merits of the question The ten columns or so devote To only one point in my letter does the editor of the Casket attempt to reply. He quotes my statement of the bi-lingual difficulty and calls it a mis-statement. I said that the trouble had arisen from the resist ance of the French Canadians of Ontario to Regulation 17 of the Education Department, and the govern-ment's attempt to enforce it. I take it that this is really the immediate cause. Back of it all, of course, there right, morally speaking, to make English the language of all public schools in Ontario. (French not being hased out, as the Casket intimated in its first article, but provision being made for its use absolutely in the first two years, and for a full hour a Casket had examined the very para-

would have seen that I made no mistake. I said that it is the duty of regulation unless they can show it is constitutionally wrong, or morally wrong. But the question, considered morally, must be a question of the government's moral right to impose such an obligation as Regulation 17 seeks to impose. Therefore it is seeks to impose. Therefore it is easy to see which of us has tripped up in his reasoning. But the editor of the Casket says

a long time, and the moral side of it thoroughly discussed. He in timates that he has matter, loads of it, which will prove the case for the French Canadians. Even if he succeed, it is hard for me to see how the naking out of a case for the French Canadians will prove his outrageous charges against the Irish Catholics. But let that pass. The editor of the Casket has overlooked so many things that he may be trusted to overlook this as well. He quotes the Montreal Star, and doubtless the editor of that journal will pat himself on the back for that he is persona grata with the Casket for once. But surely the editor of the Casket is not so childishly ignorant of the condition of affairs in the newspaper world as to

the question has been before the

graph he quoted a little closer

the French Canadians to obey

eem strange to him, when he come

abusing the other.

think that very great importance is to be attached to the utterances of the editor of the average secular paper. I fancy that most of his readers will apply salt literally to the quotation, knowing that the Star's editor utters just such views as may suit the interests of the astute

editor of the Casket a letter compli menting him on his articles, this gentleman is Irish, and has studied the question. Well, by a remarkable coincidence, I too, have letter from a gentleman in Ontario an Irishman, a scholar, and a man who has studied the bilingual question pretty thoroughly. My correspondent calls the Casket's articles impertinent and ill-informed." He tells me that the very existence of ened by the defiant attitude of the French Canadians. Provincial governments can have wide powers in some very interesting things hap-pened in Manitoba, where Separate chools apparently were guaranteed and even if a provincial government should overstep its constitutional rights I hardly think the Federal athority will attempt corcion a second time. Moreover, even with out directly attempting to abolish Separate schools, the provincial govrnment, with an overwhelming Protestant majority back of it, can, putting legislative obstacles in the way and removing the legislative aids given by its own proper authority, make the operation of these schools practically impossible. My correspondent assures me that this fear is ever present to the Irish Catholics—I should say the English. speaking Catholics—and I think, as being directly interested, their testimony has considerable weight. It will therefore be up to the Casket to prove not only that the French have a moral right to insist that French be the language of their schools, but also that that right is so important as to justify them in running the risk of losing their Separate schools altogether.

I had not intended to follow the

further. I wrote for a purpose, to assure the English speaking Catho lics of Ontario that their brethren in this part of the country resent the Casket's attacks on them, and my first letter would have accomplished that purpose I have reason to be-lieve that I did not presume too far in venturing to speak for the Irish, and particularly the Highland Scotch Catholics of Antigonish. I am done

Casket that with regard to the moral rights of the French Canadians in this dispute, "Finnan" is not so illagainst them, which he has not informed after all. But, notwith-proved, or retracted? I faced him standing my Scotch conceit and self

know his them. It is, in one sense, high time so far have given us practically nothing in the way of argument. The editor tells us that, out of consideration for the ignorance of "Finnan," and some others who, it seems, have expressed themselves pretty freely, he will, sometime in the future, unmask his guns and deliver a broadside that will annihilate the RECORD, the case of the Irish Catholics of Ontario, and poor advice of one who is loval to the Casket itself, though he attacks its editor, he will turn his attention to something else. His articles are not likely to convince anyone interested. and as for "raising the discussion to a higher level," he killed his chances of doing that in his first article. He says that the editor of the CATHOLIC RECORD has got into a swamp. It strikes me that he himself has plunged head foremost into a quagmire. The only graceful thing he can do is to do nothing, so far as this discussion is concerned. At any rate "Finnan will add nothing more to it. If he is "ignorant" he has at least consideration enough for the real interests of those involved in the quarrel to refrain from continuing a discussion which can add nothing to the information already elicited, and will only tend to fan the flames of prejudice. I wrote for a purpose, which I think has been accomplished, and so I leave the Casket editor to warm over his

BORDER MARRIAGES

FINNAN.

scissored arguments for his own

satisfaction and delectation of "la

honne presse."

The following correspondence ex plains itself:

Editor CATHOLIC RECORD: Is it true that the border marriages continue in spite of the law that was supposed to put a stop to them? . . . enclose clipping . . .

Ottawa, Jan. 10, 1914. "Mrs. Kerby points to the superiority of the Ontario laws dealing with marriage, and we are surprised to learn that 'in Ontario one of the contracting parties must be a resident of the Province for at least three weeks.' Despite this law, if law it e, the harvest of border marriages is still being reaped by the parsons who marry all new comers, regard-less of creed, race or previous marital status, and the residence matter seems to present no stumbling block to those who are desirous of having the nuptial knot tied in a hurry."

We forwarded clipping with in quiry to the Rev. D. J. Downey of the Immaculate Conception Church, Windsor, and received this reply: Editor CATHOLIC RECORD :

Re "border Marriages," I beg to state that the law which came into force May 15th, 1913, put an end to a disgraceful condition that existed in this city. We Catholic priests were bothered several times a day with pensation or delegation papers from all parts of Michigan and Ohio. On our refusal to marry them they very frequently went to an obliging parson The "residence matter" does present a stumbling-block to those hasty marriages and is a most satisfactory remedy. The following statistics obtained to day from the city clerk will convince you that the government deserves public praise for its action in the matter:

Marriages performed In 1912 1st quarter ending April 1st 670 2nd quarter ending July 1st 872 3rd quarter ending October 1st 985 4th quarter ending January 1st 901

3428 A fair comparison may only be formed for the last six months when we have 1886 vs. 420. The "stumbl ing block" is so complete that one prominent issuer of marriage licenses informs me he could, during the last three months, obtain only one per-mit from the Lieut. Governor to issue a license without the necessary publications. Atpresent he is advertising the intentions of four parties once week for three weeks, I submit sample.

NOTICE OF MARRIAGE "Mine H Bronner and Clayton E. Herran, Markle, Ind., wish to married in Windsor, January 16th, 1914."

The Government's refusal to grant a permit without publication, and the consequent triple publication in the local papers form an effective barrier to runaway couples and secret mar-riages and have restored Windsor to a normal cond tion.

Yours sincerely D. J. DOWNEY Windsor, Jan. 14, 1914

And in normal conditions the vital statistics of Ontario will not lend themselves to the slandering of the faithful English Catholics of this province either by those who fear the English language or hate the Catholic religion.

A LAST WORD ON "FATHER RALPH Critics of the Church are wise in

their generation. To cover over the beam in their own eye they proclaim from the housetops that there is a mote in ours. Intolerance is part and parcel of a certain type of Protestantism. But in order to pose as the fountain head of civil and religious liberty it talks about the bigotry of Catholics. Whether or not it succeeds in convincing itself that things are as it represents, certain it is that the constant iteration of the charge of Catholic intolerance has its effect upon the accused. We waste our energy repudiating our alleged in tolerance instead of girding our lions for the attack on the bigotry that, even in this our day, is a pronounced feature of Protestantism in certain quarters. For generations the Protestants of Ireland have exercised the most shameful discrimination against their Catholic fellow-countrymen the while they protested so cleverly against Catholic bigotry that they have half succeeded in persuading their victims that it is they who are intolerant. So well have they played their cards that at the present day in Ireland, should a Catholic and a Protestant be aspirants for a position in the gift of some popularly elected body, it is ten chances to one the Protestant will get it simply because he is a Protestant. Thus they would raise up witnesses to acquit themselves of a charge of which they never were guilty. "Father Ralph" is a true disciple of this school. There is not a page in this book that is not a veritable pen picture of conditions in the IrishProtestant Church. But Gerald O'Donovan is true to type, and so he paints a picture of our friends and then pawns it over upon us as our own portrait. This original style of apologetics we have called the Philosophy of Bluff. We have illustrated our meaning in two previous articles, but we have reserved a classic example for our concluding criticism of this truly wonderful book. "Father Ralph" rings all the

excessive church building in Ireland. According to the author, Ireland is a land of mud hovels and princely ecclesiastical foundations. The poorer the congregation the richer the church. The people groan under this intolerable burden, but are too ignorant to rebel. So much for the charge. Now for the facts. The author forgets to say that it is in spite of Protestantism that Irish Catholics have a church at all. He is likewise silent about the wellknown historical fact that there would have been no need to build the churches of which he complains had the Reformers not robbed the people of the ones their fathers built and dedicated to God. We admit that Irish Catholics are excessive church builders. They built two churches where one would have sufficed-but their critics had stolen the first. Protestantism would have churches. but it refused to build them. found a more economic way. The Reformers would worship God; so they broke the seventh commandment in order to fulfil the first. What troubles our critics is, not that Irish Catholics spend too much money upon church building, but that they have any churches at all. They appropriated all our old churches; in some they dispensed the new gospel; others they demolished. The rough rock for an altar, the canopy of heaven for a roof, was all they left the Papists. Like the Jews on Good Friday, they thought they had done with Christ's handiwork. And now that they find that all their plundering vandalism has been in vain, and that the Church in Ireland has arisen from its sepulchre, they cannot forgive it for having sur-

changes on the oft-repeated charge of

But we must not be too hard on our economic critics. They cannot understand the motive that leads the Catholic to build a worthy temple to the Lord. From their point of view a plain barn-like building would serve the purpose as well as a cathedral of marble and mosaic. We agree with them, since they have nothing to put into it-indeed we would go farther and say that even the barn is unnecessary since for them God is present in the church only as He is present in one's home, in the fields, or in the woods. But Catholics believe in the Real Presence; and, therefore, their faith and love would express the mselves not merely in bricks and mortar, but in beauty of architecture, painting and sculp ture. Instead of a communion table which satisfies the purposes of Protestantism, they employ art to build a church and an altar of beauty around the tabernacle where the Incarnate God reposes under the sacramental Species. The sort of house which a people build to God depends on the nature and depth of their faith, and on their form of worship. If Irish Catholic faith would build material monuments of its reality Gerald O'Donovan would have us believe it is not faith but fear that digs the foundations. The people are too poor to spend so much money on church building. But we would remind Gerald that it is not the coin of the realm, but that of faith, that is the measure of generosity towards God. People make sacrifices for their principles, but the Gerald O'Donovans have no principles but their pockets. And surely Gerald is aware of the fact that in nearly every instance a great part of the expense of church building in Ireland comes not from the pockets of the people in Ireland but from their kith and kin across the seas And if the maintenance of the Church is a drain upon the peoples' resources are we to suppose that the payment of tithes to a church they abhorred tended to make the Irish peasantry

rich and prosperous? A Church's worth must be meas ured, Gerald assures us, by its influence upon the moral character and spiritual fibre of its adherents But it will take more than "Father Ralph" to prove to the world that the "moral character" of Irish Catholics is not on a par with that of the followers of the Reformation. We do not fear the comparison. Would Gerald have us believe that Irish Catholics would have more " moral fibre" did they still continue to worship God in the bogs and the mountains of the Penal era?

The question," says Ruskin, " is not between God's house and His poor; it is not between God's house and His Gospel. It is between God's house and ours. Have we no tesselated colors on our floors? no frescoed fancies on our roofs? no niched statuary in our corridors? no gilded furniture in our chambers? no costly stones in our cabinets?" When the parson that had a church but no congregation waxed fat on the tribute wrung from a people who had no church in which to worship after the manner their conscience dictated, did the Gerald O'Donovans denounce the needless extravagance of maintaining out of the poverty of the people a church that the people abhorred ?

And when the landed aristocracy of Ireland wrung the last cent from the hapless tenantry in order to spend it in riotous living in the gild. ed drawing-rooms of London, did the Gerald O'Donovans cry out that this money should be given-or rather left-with the poor? No more than Ruskin can Irish Catholics understand "the feeling which would arch our own gates and pave our own thresholds and leave the church with its narrow door and foot worn sill : the feeling which enriches our own chambers with all manner of costliness, and endures the bare wall and mean compass of the temple."

To read "Father Ralph" is to sees in Ireland is a church or a convent. But what are the facts? Whilst the Protestants have a church for every 320 members of that persussion the Catholics have an average of 1,368 to a church. These figures would be decidedly in our favor were it not for the fact that it was the Catholics who built the Protestant churches also. So if we the blame is ours, not theirs.

When Gerald O'Donovan would expose the criminal extravagance of Catholic church building in Ireland he but echoes the cry of the traitor Judas, "Why this waste"? But periodical, the Catholic Junior, a few what was the Evangelist's commentary on the complaint of Judas? "Now, he said this, not because he attributed the editorship to Father loved the poor; but because he was a Bernard Vaughan. This should have thief." And so we say of the Gerald read Father Herbert Vaughan, a effect since it has elicited so much O'Donovans. They despoiled us of nephew of the well-known Jesuit valuable information. It is only nearly all we had, and now they turn and of the late Cardinal. Father to advise us how to economise the little we have left. But it will take mendable enterprise is Mr. Ambrose more than "Father Ralph" to con. Willis, to whose facile pen many of vince Irish Catholics, whether in the choicest morsels in the Catholic Ireland or out of it, that there is Junior are due. Father Herbert anything wrong in making the Vaughan is identified with the Cath-For whilst they recognize with the auspices the now celebrated Motor clear vision of their Irish faith that Chapel is carrying the glad tidings of it is God's house, yet at the same the True Faith to many remote parts

NOTES AND COMMENTS

THE ILLNESS of Ontario's Premier has created general concern and called forth tributes on every hand to Sir James Whitney's ability as s statesman and his character as a man. As we go to press the intelligence from the sick chamber in New York indicates a slight turn for the better and it will be the hope and the prayer of his fellow countrymen that this?improvement may continue and the illustrious patient be restored to his former health and strength.

A good story is being told of a Belfast Unionist who, in addressing a Scottish audience during the recent by elections, sought to ingratiate himself after this fashion :

"Gentlemen, I am an Irishman : I am proud to be an Irishman, but I am not ashamed to admit that I have a drop of Scotch in me."

And it took him several minutes to understand what the succeeding uproar was all about.

IN ADDITION to Manchester, the following English cities and towns have elected Catholic mayors for the current year : Leeds, Worcester Battersea, Bootle, Wallsend, Black pool and Dewsbury-a notable in stance of public spirit, divested of extraneous and less-admirable considerations which might be emulated with profit elsewhere. How many cities of Ontario, it is pertinent to ask, have in this or any other year entrusted their chief-magistracy to Catholics, and in how many would it be possible to elect one?

IN THE matter of the Catholic mayors in ngland, just enumerated, it is to be hoped that they are all of the same calibre as Lord Mayor Mc Cabe of Manchester, who upon assuming office strengthened himself in the good opinion of the best of his fellow citizens by declining to attend service in a Protestant church. In his official capacity, accompanied by several of his fellow councillors, he assisted at High Mass in his own parish church, thus invoking the blessing of God upon the office which he had just assumed. The Dean of the Anglican Cathedral, who, with singular want of judgment and good taste, made the Mayor's absence from the official service in that edifice the occasion for a wanton attack upon him from the pulpit, came n for all but universal condemnation. It was the generally expressed conviction that Manchester was fortunate in having elected a Lord Mayor who had clear convictions in regard to religion, and the courage to stand unequivocally by them. It goes without saying that if all Catholic public men so acted they would stand inestimably higher in the estimation of their fellows. Trimmers and time servers never stand the

interest in Catholic Missions all The Sun did good work in upholding over the world is to be seen in the the Catholic cause." many on occasion of the jubilee of the Kaiser. The sum realized was 1,425,210 marks, and according to a list submitted to his Imperial by the Post Printing and Publishing think that every other building one Majesty, this is to be divided Company, of which the late John P. amongst the prefectures, vicariates, and new foundations in the German colonies. The Kaiser himself took a warm interest in the collection of the fund and added his personal contribution. Catholic Germany is already well represented in the foreign missions of the Church, and with the impetus given by this incident, it is not to be doubted that accuse the Protestants of having too the same earnestness and determinamany churches they can retort that tion which have characterized the will be imparted to the work of propagating the Faith abroad.

In REFERRING to the new juvenile weeks ago, a slip of the pen which has just been brought to our notice, Vaughan's collaborator in this com-House of God rich and beautiful, olic Missionary Society, under whose time they feel that it is their house of England where, strange as it may also. And their pennies and their seem, the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass The Freeman (a weekly) in Toronto pounds will still gotowards beautify. has been a thing unknown since the ing it long after "Father Ralph" is "Reformation." Tothis urgent aposto lion days, but the paper was purely

itself with all the zeal of a neophyte, and with the practical wisdom of a patriarch. Catholics all over the world wish continued success to both.

IT SPEAKS volumes for the zeal and oncord of the Catholics of Holland that while their brethren in the Faith in England and the United States have for years been discussing the feasibility of a Catholic daily newspaper, the little handful (comparatively) of Dutch Catholics have not only solved the problem but have made it an integral part of their national life. It may seem incredible to some that the two million Catholics of the Netherlands, amidst surroundings preponderatingly Protestant, should be able to maintain no less than eighteen daily papers. Most of these are necessarily local or provincial, but Rotterdam has two which rank among the leading papers of the country. One of these Massbode," is equal to any secular paper in Holland and is subscribed to and read by Catholic business men generally, as well as in the homes and institutions of the land. It has both a morning and evening edition. Always to the fore with things Catholic, and supporting every movement for the general welfare, it also maintains an active and persistent fight against the Hebrew-Masonic and Socialistic press, Its influence counts for much in every national affair.

In addition to these 18 dailies, the Catholics of Holland also maintain 29 bi-weeklies, 69 weeklies, and 54 monthly magazines. Think of that ye self-satisfied Catholics of Great Britain and America! The secret is that the Dutch Catholics, as has been well said, look upon the duty of supporting their press as a sort of Eleventh Commandment, while supporting the secular press, to the exclusion of their own, is regarded by them as a mark of religious torpidity akin to apostasy. Such a spirit being a non-dutiable commodity, might be imported to this continent in large consignments to general advantage.

THIS REFERENCE to a Catholic daily press recalls a paragraph in our issue of January 3rd wherein it was stated that, in the Evening Canadian, published for a short time about thirty years ago, Toronto could lay claim to the only Catholic daily paper, in English, yet published on this continent. A valued correspondent in Montreal, Mr. D. W. Cassian, demurs that this is not strictly accurate, and reminds us that twenty odd years ago the late Felix Callahan. father of Rev. Father Callahan, of St. Anthony's Church, published The Sun for some years in that city. Stephen J. Meany, the forty eight man, he further reminds us, was editor, and "fought a good fight during the years the paper existed. During A FRESH indication of the growing the Orange troubles in Montreal

Non is this all. Our correspondent also recalls the fact that another Catholic daily, The Post, published Whelan was promoter and manager, and Captain Kirwan, and the present Senator H. J. Cloran, editors, was issued for some time. Neither project, he adds, had continued success, but, as with the Toronto venture, the courage and enterprise were there. He also informs us that another Catholic daily in the English tongue is being discussed in Montreal, with a strong probability of the launching of such an enter-Catholic Revival in the Fatherland prise at an early date. There could be no better city than Montreal in which to make what, under the circumstances, we must call a re-be-

WE ARE very grateful to our correspondent for bringing these facts to our attention, and must regard our paragraph of the 3rd as of good by publicity and discussion that the truth can be arrived at-The only question that occurs to us is whether either one or both of the ventures referred to were avowedly Catholic, or just secular papers owned or edited by Catholics. Of the latter a long list could readily be drawn up, but they can scarcely be said to come within the category of Catholic journals. The late Francis Collins, an ardent Catholic, published (then York) away back in pre-rebel COLUMBA late the Catholic Junior has allied political, and made no Catholic pre-

tensions whatever. Hence, we are not accustomed to regard it as any thing other than it pretended to be. We have never seen a copy of the Sun or the Post, but what our correspondent says of them would indicate that they are entitled to share with the Toronto Evening Canadian the honor of being the only Catholic dailies in English, published in America up to the present time. The honors of the pioneer, however, remain with the Toronto publication.

FATHER VAUGHAN

ON PRESENT-DAY MORALS Asked by a representative of the Bristol (England) News, what he thought of modern tendencies in England including the abuse of Sun day (in connection with which the Bris tolpetition against Sunday motors was mentioned), Father Vaughan said:" think the modern Sunday in this country is what I always said it would come to. It is the swing of would come to. It is the swing of the pendulum, protesting against and breaking from the old English Sab-bath, which used to be the most ter-rible and trying day in all the week for Protestants.

SUNDAY AS IT HAS BECOME

"Do I think people ought to allowed to play games on that day Of course as a Catholic I think people ought to go to church on Sunday and create their souls, and they ough to have opportunity on Sundays to recreate their bodies. My idea of a Sunday is of going to Mass together and going out for amusement to-gether, whether you have a carriage

motor, or what not.
"Of course, when I was a boy we were not allowed to play the piano or sing songs on a Sunday, else neighbors—our Protestant neighbors—in the West End would have been shocked and scandalized. Now we are shocked and scandalized by them, for not 5 per cent, of them go to church on Sunday. Their pews are empty, but their cars are full, and for servants, Sunday has become most busy day of the week. It is a succession of meals, followed bridge and motors and tangos, and

what not. The truth of the matter is : what is wrong with England is that it is wrong with God. I saw the other day over a Wesleyan Chapel motto 'Get right with God.' mine I put 'Keep right with God.' hope that the people of Bristol—a lovely people; kind, affable, indus-trious, and enterprising—may have abundant success in all their business undertakings, and in domestic and social life. But let them be sure that as in their natural life they cannot get on without the sun, so neither can they in spiritual life get on without God.

MODERN MUSIC-HALL MORALS Next asked what he thought about the present music hall state of mor-Father Vaughan replied: "I think it every bit as good as we can reasonably expect in a country which, while it calls itself Christian has turned Christ out of its school rooms and slammed the door in His face. When you give notice to a teacher it implies that you no longer require his teaching, and when you tell Christ you don't want Him in your schoolrooms you are making it lear to Him you don't want His Christian morality. 'If we are to improve the morality

of the country it is no use beginning with the platform of the theatre; we must start with the nursery of the home. We must wipe out, as fad of teaching sex hygiene in the far as may be, divorces; we must schools. Mr. Coler said in part: cultivate children, and they must be taught their earliest lessons in Chris-tianity in that wonderful, lovely schoolroom-the mother's Until we can make up our minds what to think about Christ, I do not see the good of wasting our time

about His morality.

"Lay morality is like a pretty Lay morality starched frock on a child; but in bad weather it is worse than no frock at all. It shrinks, grows limp, and the is faircolors run. Lay morality weather morality only, and in a wretched climate like this we are poor affair, contemptible beyond words." trying to live in and on it. It is a

THE BOY AND HIS FISTS

"What is your opinion upon nodern sports and games?" was the third question put to Father Vaughan Why as and he answered: "Why as an Englishman, I think both games and sport are part of our belongings. If we have any good in our composition we owe it in great measure to that English love of outdoor games and all kinds of sport. They are both great constituent elements in the building of character.
"If a boy is to defend his King and

country in later life, he must start with defending himself and holding his own with gloves, or, if necessary without them. He must realize himself; stand on his own feet and under his own hat, and make himself understood and heard and—if necessary—even felt as a living member the great organism called Eng-

land. "I feel very unhappy about the way we are losing games in competition with other nations. Say what you will, it is most humiliating to be peaten by a Frenchman, and to be beaten at polo, golf, and tennis by Americans, not to mention nearly a score of other thrashings in different fields of sport and action.

IS ENGLAND TO FOLLOW IN GAMES? "We started games for all the world, and it used to be "We lead."

But now we have changed that cry, for we follow. Of course, it is very fine to learn how to take a beating; but it is finer still to know how to bear ourselves under victory and triumph.

'I am afraid one reason why we one reason why we lose in all sorts of games is that instead of playing the game we are watchers of the game—lookers on.

The reason why we are so enthusiastic about football and the rest is

not because we are lovers of sport, but because we are lovers of the money we have on it. It is a gambling transaction, and just as the proprietors of the ground are interested in the gate money so are we: men, women, boys, and girls absorbed wholly in the bet on the game.

"We get beaten by people who have made up their minds to win. We make the excuse that we play the game and are more interested in the sport than in the result. That may be all very fine, but so long as we are tethered to those views we have no business to compete with others who do not share them, because we are only going in to make a mess of

" Personally, I think that from the international horse show down to a boxing match there ought to be some test to guarantee that England is not going to be made a show when competing for the prizes of sport with other nations."

CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR

Before leaving, our representative asked Father Bernard Vaughan what he thought of the modern Christmas, remembering Mr. Bernard Shaw's charges of gluttony, etc., of what he described as the so-terrible season in England that he had fled from its horrors to Jamaica. Father Vaughan "I think of the modern Christmas as I do of the modern Sunday We have forgotten the very meaning of Yuletide. Instead of going to Bethlehem, we go to Babylon, our Christmas time means being clothed in purple and fine linen, and feasting sumptuously every day. I we cannot do this we then we are surprised that we do not enter into the New Year laden with blessings from the Holy Child on Mary's knee. My idea of Christ mas is the overflow of our joy at the birth of our Divine Saviour. the only meaning of Christmas."

Asked finally what would be his New Year resolution for England, Father Vaughan gave the following: "A resolution to realize that the very least religion you can do with to police your soul is the recognition of a personal God and an immortal Once you realize that you can say, with the publican, throughout the year: 'God be merciful to me, a sinner.' And that will see you right through."

PATRIOTISM AND PHILANTHROPY

SEX HYGIENE TEACHING TEX. CORIATED BY HON, BIRD S. COLER OF NEW YORK

Patriotism and philanthrophy formed the subject of a brilliant lec-ture by Hon. Bird S. Coler of New York before the Industrial Club of Chicago during the past week. In the course of his address, Mr. Coler touched upon some of the vital ques tions of the day. He scored ecularization of education in the Public schools, and incidentally paid high tribute to the parochial sys-

The speaker also laid bare some of the fallacies and dangers of Socialism and also strongly opposed the modern "There is a shallow optimism that

identifies the most modern with the best. It firmly believes there is virtue in the mere procession of title and that men and institutions acquire and that men and institutions acquire merit simply by growing old. In this pleasant philosophy the best possible day would be New Year's eve, except that New Year's day would be a little better. This temporal measurement of moral values at which we are inclined to smile, is not as weak as it might seem at first blush. It can cite high scientific authority. It is true that it must sacrifice consistency and repair to a science that is not the most modern, but Darwin is still a name to conjure with and 'the survi val of the fittest' obtains an accept ance from the hand me-down science of newspapers and Public schools which the scientific thought of the universities and laboratories scorn fully denies to it. If the fittest sur then indeed this is the greatest vive, age of all time. But I don't believe it. It is true that we have accomplished marvels in a material way We have made steam and electricity and even the chemical atoms to do great deal of our business. We have learned how to climb up the winds with something approximating 55 per cent. chance of sliding down again safely. We have conquered some of the old ailments and discovered a few new ones. But there are other yard sticks by which the greatness of an age may be measured and by many of these we fall short.

With all our advantages we are not better intellectually that our ancestors were.
"While we have been ransacking

the past, and forecasting the future, a change is actually going on in the form of our own system of conabial relations, the significance of which seems altogether to have escaped attention. The effect of divorce, which has now been legalized in the greater part of Europe and America, has been to transform, within the area of its actual operation, civilized marriage into a casual bond essentially indis-

tinguishable from that which formed the basis of what Morgan has called the 'pairing' family—the family of the Iroquois and other North Ameri-can Indians. The legal forms, the technical procedure, the solemn plausibilities of the court, unessential and subsidiary as they really are, serve to hide from us the essential object to which these are but convenient instruments. The virtue, venient instruments. The virtue, soul and essence of the whole busi-ness is the existence among us of a family ethics admitting casual unions and separations of the sexes with the same facility and frequency, and with as little loss of respectability, as s wont to obtain among savages and barbarians.

"There is a chemical process called

deoxidization. There are chemical

atoms with so strong an affinity for the atoms of oxygen that in their presence the oxygen constituents of air and water and various substances fly to them, and air and water become poisons and organic structures break down. When we contemplate our age, its thought, its life, its moral content and industrial processes, we must be sensible that some change has taken place. I think one trouble is with education. We have deoxidized it. We have lost one of the elements of sweetness and health. for the lack of which our spiritual life becomes poisonous, our intellect-ual life weak and flighty, and our social organization breaks down What have we lost? The most casual survey of the history of fifty years furnishes the ready answer. We have lost the religious tion. Preachers have told the world that without much effect. But I am telling it to you not as a preacher, but as a plain man of business. This isn't a theologian's complaint, but a statement of effects whose relationship to their cause is manifest. We are losing efficiency, we don't think clearly, and we don't work intelligently and we lose ground economically. We have reached a stage where the condition of things moral and intellectual is a business matter. It takes its place with market possibilities, and methods and machinery making for increased pro-We have reached a stag where the business world stands face to face with a naked truth. The fact-not the theory, but the hard and definite fact—th of the stimuli of industry, stares in the face. We may like it or not like it, but it holds its place with the uncompromising sternness of two plus "In my connection with these

affairs I have become firmly convinced of one fact, that in the care of dependent children and of the sick and unfortunate, the work of the religious is very much more effective than that of the state. The child upon the door step does not understand the hour law or the change of atendants or the various other regulations that go with civil service, and while there are caretakers in many cases who are conscientious men and women they do not impart the same sympathy to the unfortunate that goes with those who are devoted to the service of God. The state has never yet been able to develop a civil service examination that would take the place of mothers' sympathy, and the nearest we have yet come to it is the care given by the devoted religious men and women of all faiths who devote their lives to that pur 'We must get this vitualizing

element back into the life blood of

America. The American civilization, based upon justice and developed along to lines of eternal truth, is too We must stop spending our away. educational budget in the creation of a school of thought to which this civilization is abhorrent. When we find college professors writing apologetics for vandalism and murder it is time for us to wake up. Of course they don't call them by such harsh names-Socialism has euphemized the Ten Commandments. Your unversity Socialists have a pretty name for every ugly, evil thing in social life. The destruction of property becomes sabotage or syndicalism, beastly indulgences become sexual freedom, and so on down the whole sickening category. Now let us not be deceived by this strange intellect. ual manifestation. There is virtue in the old Roman sense of the

word, in all this polysyllable twaddle.
"What then is the emasculated Intellectualism afraid of? Of a thing that doesn't doubt; that is conscious of its strength. Of ignorance mar shalled in millions and freed of moral restraints. Of this rising which is called Socialism. The mind is afraid of the mob. Just the huge physical strength of it, the measureless capacity for violent ex pression, frightens and fascinates our anæmic Intellectuals. These tremulous mock Mirabeaus are afraid that when the Terror comes again they may be among the suspect they write, feverishly, trying to placate the monster. They have degraded our literature to the position of press agent for a mobocrac

Thank God, they do not truly represent American life.

still live who can look the danger in the face without fearing it. We are not ready now to haul down the Stars and Stripes and replace them with the red banner of hatred. The with the red banner of hatred. The old American fighting spirit still beats true. We are going to face this thing and fight it and beat it right here on this soil which is dedicated to human liberty and shall never be the home of human slavery. Socialism promises industrial democracy. know that its promise is a lie. know that its program is workable only upon one hypothesis, and that that hypothesis involves the slavery of labor.

There could be no clearer proof than this that the conception of education and morality as combined and interdependent factors were fundamental in this government and in-formed our constitution. With the nelp of this illuminating statute we may with certainty define the precise meaning of those subsequent con-stitutional provisions of the Federal government of the various States which have been wrenched from their original purpose. They were a simple prohibition framed in the interests of justice, and intended to preclude the possibility of the use of public funds for proselyting purposes by any one church. Not religion, but discriminating against religion, was what the Fathers of the Re-

Should we not in some form find time to carry out that ideal? Would it be wrong for us to pay religious in secular education, in some such York for the care of our dependent children and unfortunate sick us be fair to those who have faith or none. If it be a Catholic church school, or a Protestant church school, or a Jewish church school, why should we, who are Catholics, Protestants and Jews object? And if the Atheists desire to form a school for their children pay them also; let there be no discriminating either for or against. If this plan is not practicable at present, let us devise some other which under the old American purpose of education, indeed the main object of education in the thought of human ity from the earliest times, will be carried out, and religion will again inspire and vitalize our life. A higher hope, a clearer morality, a stronger impulse will give us the strength to shake off the false thought that materialism has produced, will vitalize the human sympathy and define and suffuse with compelling force the sense of justice out of which shall come a nopler civilization than the race of man has yet kno n The American Republic shall live.

COLGATE'S SOAP TO BUILD ITAL-IAN PROTESTANT CHURCH

The Colgate family, noted as manufacturers of soap and toilet prepara-tions, are building a Baptist Church for Italians at Orange, N. J.

Father Rongetti, the Italian priest there, commenting on the move, says

"I do not question the since ity or the intentions of Austin Colgate or Sidney M. Colgate, but I do think they can do a great more good by sending 10,000 cakes of soap to my people than by spending the money they are making gifts to win my parishioners from their faith.

These people are poor and they need soap. My Church is able to guide their spiritual progress, but it would welcome 10,000 cakes of soap from Mr. Colgate's factories."

A QUEER CATHOLIC

The Sacred Heart Review takes the following from the obituary of a man who died recently in a city near Boston:

Mr. — — was a member of — Council, K. of C. He was Exalted Ruler of the local organization of Elks. In the Eagles he had for years been prominent. He was also an active member of the A. O. H., the M. C. O. F., the Father Matthew society, the tribe of Red Men, the Arcanum and

Our confrere wonders how the poor man ever found time to attend o his home duties, and we may add even to say his prayers.—Syracus Catholic Sun.

THE SIGN OF THE CROSS

Whene'er across this sinful flesh of

mine I draw the Holy Sign, All good thoughts stir within me,

and renew
Their slumbs ring strength divine; Till there springs up a courage high and true To suffer and to do.

And who shall say, but hateful spirits

around. For their brief hour unbound, Shudder to see and wail their over-

throw? While on far heathen ground Some lonely Saint hails the fresh odour, though

Its source he cannot know.

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MIXED MARRIAGES

Many young people have a very high opinion of themselves. They imagine they know more than their elders. They are wise in their own conceits. Especially is this true when they are about to choose a com-panion for life. They will not lister to the advice of parents or pastor but thoughtlessly look outside the Church for the one to whom they wish to entrust their life's happiness.

Having called your attention on another occasion to the evil of di vorce, I wish to speak briefly to you to day on another evil which causes woe and misery second only to that caused outside the Church by divorce. I refer to the evil of mixed marriages. ne Church, to show her disappro bation of mixed marriages, will not permit them to be solemnized in the house of God, nor with any religious

But why does the Church object ? Why cannot a Catholic marry a non-Catholic without a dispensation? Is not the Church unreasonable in placing obstacles in the way? No, she is not unreasonable. Her objec-tion is in perfect agreement with reason. She objects, because mixed marriages are opposed to the very ends for which God instituted marriage. God instituted marriage that the man and wife might mutually assist each other in knowing, loving and serving Him, that they might be companions on the road to heaven that they might teach their children the way to heaven. In mixed marriages both these ends are frustrated. I speak of mixed marriages as a rule. There are some

The parties constituting a mixed marriage cannot be companions on the road to heaven, since they are trying to go there by separate roads. They cannot assist each other in the knowledge and service of God, since what one says God teaches, the other says is a mockery or idolatry. They can have no family prayer with its elevating influence. In fact, every thing pertaining to religion, even the name of God, must be prohibited, "for peace sake." In the household, everything has its time and place except the one thing necessary every topic, whether of gain or en-joyment, has its interest and is talked over with pleasure and profit, but if mention is made of religion an animated discussion arises or a cold-ness ensues that has no elevating effect. Even when both are of the same religion, difference natural disposition may and often does cause much unhappiness and misery. How much more so when of different religions. They disagree upon that which above all they should agree upon. If man and wife are one, they should be one in re-ligion, one in everything. A dis-united family makes a desolate home. Unity and harmony should charac-terize the life of the family. This is impossible when they differ in religion, when one is a Catholic. Bemarriage all is sunshine; not a cloud appears to darken the sky; no fear is felt for the future. Promises are easily made and may be as easily broken. In nine cases out of ten they are broken. You know that the Church grants a dispensation for a Catholic to marry a Pro testant, both parties must promise: 1st, that the Catholic will have full liberty to practise the teachings of at what is one of their chief enterthe children shall be baptized by the Catholic priest and trained in the Catholic faith; 3rd, that the Catholic will endeavor to convert the nonises kept? How often are they kept for even one year? Seldom. Very, very seldom. Many think when they hear priests preaching on the evils of mixed marriages that much of what is said is exaggerated. But I can ure you that during the time I have been a priest I have seen such sacred promises broken, such woe, such misery, such heart achings and breakings resulting from mixed marriages that I am firmly convinced that half of their evils have not been told and that it would be infinitely better for any and every Catholic young woman never to marry than to marry a man who is not a Cath-olic. It is difficult for non-Catholics to understand this. But it will not so difficult to understand they remember that to the Catholic who has been well trained in his religion their is nothing dearer to his heart; that it is his aid in need, his consolation in affliction, his strength in temptations and persecutions and

If his religion is so dear to him, if he will do so much for it, he will not expose himself to the danger of losing it. "He who loves mother or father more than Me," says Our Saviour, is not worthy of Me." The good Catholic who really loves his re-ligion as he ought, loves it better an any man or woman, than anything upon earth, and he will not run the risk of losing it for anybody or anything upon earth as the person does who enters a mixed marriage. He or she is not the only one exposed. The second end for which God instituted marriage is to bring up children to know and love God. Thousands of children are lost to the faith in the United States as the result of mixed marriages. Of the eighty millions of our population, only twelve or fourteen millions are prac-

that he will work for it, he'll talk for

it, he'll fight, and if need be, he'll die

Catholics. This loss is caused largely by mixed marriages. Perhaps you doubt this. Every priest can tell you that the results of mixed mar-

riages are disastrous.

But you flatter yourselves that it will not be the same in your case. So did every one of the countless thousands who, notwithstanding the warnings of friendly voices, struck the rock that shipwrecked theaselves and numbers of others.

Young men and young women, if you are associating with non-Catholics withdraw before it is too late, before you are sorry. Fathers and mothers, for God's sake, for your own sake, for the sake of your children, for the sake of your own immortal souls and the souls of hun dreds of others do not, do not, I repeat, allow your children to mingle with non Catholics. Stop the evil in its source, before it goes too far. Better—far better for your happiness in this residue well as in the next. in this world as well as in the next never to marry than to marry a non-Catholic and have unhappiness here

TEMPERANCE

THE SOCIAL GLASS The greatest obstacle in the path of the temperance reformers in Ireland, says the Dublin leader (and the statement is true of this country as well) is the idea that we can not be happy—that we can not get the acme of enjoyment out of lifeunless we indulge rather freely in

alcoholic beverages.

The constructive temperance policy of the Gaelic League, which stands for an Ireland light-hearted and happy, has done much to convince our young people that the gaiety of the Irish Temperament will not be impaired by excluding alcoholic drinks from social functions. drinks from social functions.
The members of purely temperance associations are beginning to recog nize that to achieve any permanent good in making our people temperate it will not suffice to dogmatize on the benefits to health and prosperity that are gained by avoiding excessive drinking—an antidote in the shape of healthy amusements must be supplied if the wiles of Mr.

Bung are to be counteracted. There are some, of course, like the Pioneers-the elect of the temper ance movement-who will be sober under any circumstances; but there are a very large majority of young persons who can not be classed as teetotallers, who take a little drink occasionaly and are yet sober and self respecting and fit to take their place under the banners of temper-

Although we have a splendid army of pioneers who are pledged to total abstinence, still it is rather too much to expect that the bulk of our people come teetotallers; and it is the duty therefore of the Temper ance Associations to lessen as much as possible the temptation to overindulgence to which the moderate drinkers are exposed.

The example of the Pioneers is very heartening to the less stolid individuals who have not renounced altogether the use of intoxicating drink, but this does not obviate the necessity for taking preventive mecessity for taking preventive measures—for adopting a fighting temperance policy—to combat the evils of excessive drinking.

At this season of the year there is

an evil which affects very much the young people of the community, viz., the use to excess of alcoholic drink religion; 2nd, that all tainments-dancing. Speaking at a rance lecture recently in Waterford, the Rev. T. F. Furlong, in referring to evils of excessive drinking at dances, said that at present here are inmates of inebriate homes in London and elsewhere, members of wealthy and aristocratic English families, whose present unfortunate position had commenced with a glass of champagne after an exhausting and fatiguing waltz. Many a lady had become a victim of such circum stances and owed her position in an inebriate home to day to the first glass of wine she was induced to drink by her partner in the dance And what was true of the wealthy classes in this matter was also true of the humbler classes, for with regret it should be said that many a girl at a dance is not only tempted but often forced to begin a career of intemperance by a first glass of beer or porter offered her by her partner.

GOD WAS WITH HIM "When he unfurled the standard of total abstinence, in the city of Cork," says the Catholic Bulletin, writing of Father Mathew, "he knew full well that he was undertaking a project which might be fated to end in disaster, for he was running counter to the long-cherished traditions and customs, not only of the people of Ireland, but of the world at large. It was, to say the least, a rash undertaking—this attempt, heretofore undreamed of, to reform the drinking customs of a people who had long cherished, although they had not practised, moderation as the highest ideal towards which they dare aspire. Father Mathew was not daunted by the seeming impossibility of the task he had undertaken. He had prayed for light and guidance and when he saw the new avenue of escape from the slavery of intemper ance opening up before him, he did what every pioneer in a righteous cause must do if he would succeed he began to practise what he felt bound to preach. He had wisdom enough to know that if the proposed remedy for intemperance were good

tical Catholics; whereas at least for orders it ought to be good for thirty or forty millions ought to be himself. He set the example by taking the pledge to abstain entirely from intoxicating beverages of all kinds and could thus say to those whom he hoped to influence, 'I have given you an example that as I have done, so you do also.'

"He began his crusade 'in th name of God,' and the marvelous success that a tended his efforts justifies the conclusion that God was with him. In no other way can we account for the transformation which he wrought in the mode of thought and habits of the Irish people.

DUBLIN PROTESTANTS AND THE POOR

Dublin Leader

There never was a time around which a gloomier prospect has settled for our poor people of Dublin than the present. It is no use enlarging on the miserable state of the poor of the city, for nearly every feature of it has been made familiar to us in the daily papers. But there is one aspect of the question which can only be seen in its true light by those who have come into intimate touch with the poor. A great number of the rich in Dublin are separated from the great majority of the poor by the broad gulf of religious antipathy. These rich look on these poor with undisguised contempt as given over to grovelling superstition and idolatry; such poor regard these rich with distrust, as they generally receive nothing from them in charity except at the price of what their consciences hold most dear. I believe that this peculiar religious antipathy between the classes has augmented the bitterness of the conflict that has been raging for months. It is true that Mr Murphy, a Catholic, has been assailed with more bitterness than anyone else, but he is an exception The great bulk of the members of the Employer's Federation are not only Protestants but Freemasons. Religious differences are sure to be a factor in every conflict of the kind, for the religion of the Protestant min ority is largely a form of politics and the mainspring of a financial and social ascendancy. Society in Dublin is Protestant to the core; the great display of wealth, of equipages, motors, jewellery and dress, at pub-lic functions and in the theatres, is mainly Protestant; the beautiful houses and gardens surrounding Dublin are mostly in Protestant hands : the luxurious country villas and the choice places in the resi-dential town of Monkstown, Kingstown, Dalkey, and Foxrock are largely theirs. That this wealth is due to the unjust working of a Protest ant Ascendancy in past years, by which they got all the positions of emolument, and to the cunning selfishness of the Freemason body, by which they have been able to keep a superiority in commercial life, is a commonplace to the man in the street, and is not unknown even to the Catholic poor who are in this numerically Catholic city naturally the great majority of the

dwellers of the slums.

Now in a normal Christian country

this enormous inequality between

rich and poor would be bridged over by the spirit of charity. The works of mercy would be performed by the well to do for their less fortunate fellow-beings. But Dublin Protestantism is woefully lacking in charity.

the first essential of Christianity. The Dublin Protestant argues that he is exempt from the duty of works of mercy because the poor profess to hold callously to their pernicious the Catholic religion, which to his mind is idolatry. The command of the vice Christ to feed the hungry and give crisis. drink to the thirsty is interpreted by him in a way that is very saving to his purse. The parable of the Good Samaritan who helped the poor Jew who had fallen among robbers makes no appeal to him. As a condition of elp given the Samaritan did not exact from the Jew a renunciation of the Jewish faith or make him join with him in prayers according to the Samaritan form of worship. But the Dublin Protestant has a different code of ethics to those taught by Christ, who commended the Samari tan for his charity. He does not be lieve in giving the poor Catholic food or clothing or shelter or medical assistance, unless the latter either renounces his faith or disobeys its precept by joining with him in his form of worship. And let the crisis of poverty be ever so acute and the misery ever so general, he closes his heart against all appeals. In the midst of ease and luxury and wanton display of wealth he keeps up a cyni cal disregard for the wants of the poor and afflicted. This inhuman callousness may be due to his religion, or rather want of it, or it may be due simply to heredity. The descendants of alanded aristocracy, who evicted the poor peasants in thousands to die by the roadside at the time of the Great Famine, are not likely to improv much in one generation, and the clergy of a Church which, as long as they were able, exacted tithes from the poorest cottiers, to whom their ministry was a fraud, cannot be proper exponents of the Law of

Charity as taught by Christ. little to the Catholic charities, to which their underpaid, if not sweated, employees must have recourse in affliction. I know of one firm in particular in which girls are paid 2s. 6d. a week; the names of members ct. this firm, which has grown rich on Catholic and even conventual custom, appear in Souper subscription lights. The Protestant employers gave appear in Souper subscription lists,

the matter home to them. She went

through two long streets in a fashion-able part of the city inhabited almost

exclusively by Protestants. Calling from door to door, she sometimes

was able to see the mistress of the

house and sometimes had to send

her message in through the servant

Her work was all in vain, she did

not receive a penny of assistance. They all showed astonishment and

They all showed asconsiment and indignation that they were even expected to contribute. There was a curtness and bitterness about the refusals which showed by what spirit they were animated. One "did

spirit they were animated. One "did not go in for helping that," another

"had nothing to give to anything of that sort," another "did not want to

have anything to say to this; we have our own charities to attend to,"

poor bring a lot on themselves." A loud "Besh" announced in one house

the futility of the message sent through the servant. In another the

servant returned with word, that the

master "always sent a cheque to the

of charity should fall on them, as

the Protestant poor are a negligible

quantity. He also gave out that he

had a Catholic family on his hands, and

would be glad to shift the burthen

on the Catholics "as his money was

going." Very little money such men

own pleasures. The ordinary Cath-

olic shopkeepers who live in the city have to have their hands con-

tinually in their pockets in the cause

of charity and in addition are handi-

capped by the heavy city rates. The Protestants who are living in in-

creasing numbers in the county and

have been deserting the city, escape

the city rates, give nothing in char ity, and even the amounts they give

to the Souper charities are a very slight burthen to them. Most of

the visiting work is done by their

make a brave show at the annual

carriages and motors. A Bible preacher gave out some time ago

that what he wanted to do in Ireland was to make Christians. If the

form of Christianity he preached was that practised by his Dublin co-

religionists, the less any country has of it the better. It means a ne-

A CATHOLIC FISHER

the bishop one day quite recently, is dubbed by The Catholic Citizen "the premier convert maker of the West."

During the past five years, says The

Citizen, this priest, Father A. B. C.

Dunne, has received into his Church

268 non Catholics, "an average of a little more than one a week," and

the total number of converts re-

ceived by him during his pastorate is

to outline the methods which Father

Dunne has used so successively. Both Catholics and Protestants will

find interesting the enumeration and

explanation of the specific means

"(1) By the co operation of the

laity in congregational prayers, no-

terest in the spiritual welfare of non

through securing for them the grace

of conversion.
"(2) Cordial and frequent per-

sonal invitations extended to non-

Catholics to attend Catholic services,

particularly the Lenten course of lectures, which are adapted to mixed

audiences, and at the conclusion of

which the non Catholic shares with

his Catholic brethren the graces that

flow from the Benediction of the

olic literature. Within the past ten

years more than 1,800 copies of 'The Faith of Our Fathers' have been

the city, receives a copy, with the compliments of Father Dunne.

"(5) The easy and continuous op-portunity of taking instructions.

Father Dunne conducts 4 courses of

instruction annually, each extending

week. The opening of each course is announced from the pulpit three Sundays in advance, the faithful be-

ing exhorted to notify any non Cath

olic acquaintances who may be dis-posed to attend. On each Sunday

during the course the hours of in

struction are announced, and candi-

dates are permitted to enter the class

at any time, being able to take up on

ten weeks, of three hours per

Generous distribution of Cath-

venas, communions, and general

Catholic relatives and

and aids to conversion:

Blessed Sacrament.
"(3) Generous dis

The Catholic weekly goes on

FOR SOULS

gation of our common humanity.

paid Biblewomen. They themselve

meetings, coming to them in

spend except on themselves and their

charities" (Souper, of course).

"No, I cannot afford it, the

Says Mrs. Corbett, Are "Fruit-a-tives" "They Keep Me In Perfect Health"



Avon, Onr., May 14th. 1913
"I have used "Fruit-a-tives" for Indi restion and Constipation with most excellent results, and they continue to be my only medicine. I am highly pleased with "Fruit-a-tives" and am not ashamed to have the facts published to the world. When I first started, shout six years are to use them. I took about six years ago, to use them, I took four for a dose, but I cured myself of the above troubles and gradually reduced the dose to one tablet at night. Before taking "Fruit-a-tives" I took salts and other pills but the treatment was too harsh. I thought I might as well suffer from the disease as from

ese treatments.
Finally, I saw "Fruit-a-tives" adver-sed with a letter in which someone commended them very highly, so I recommended them very highly, so I tried them. The results were more than satisfactory and I have no hesitation in recommending them to any other person. They have done me a world of good. I get satisfaction from them, and that is quite a lot". ANNIE A. CORBETT.

FOC a box, 6 for \$2.50, trial size, 25c. At all dealers or sent on receipt of price by Fruit-a-tives Limited. Ottawa.

but never in those of Catholic or nonsectarian charities. Occasionally, to show their interest in the girls, ladies appeared in the workrooms, with nosegays of flowers as gifts, but the nosegays were accompanied with Protestant tracts, which the girls to their credit instantly threw on the

Fortunately for the credit of human nature we can point to a small sec-tion of the Dublin Protestants who exert themselves in the cause of charity and philanthropy without any ulterior motive. Lord Iveagh, with his workman's hotel, his model tenements and houses, his baths and his children's play centre, is a shin-ing example which they might try to emulate, but do not. Lady Aberdeen, too, has set the example of unsectar ian philanthropy, but has few fol-lowers among the crowd of wealthy Protestants who figure at the Viceregal Courts functions. There is a certain number of Protestants who promote and support non-sectarian charities and contribute to Catholic ones. There names are not to be found on the lists of subscribers to Souper institutions. And to give credit where credit is due, it has been noticed within the last few weeks that some Protestant ladies have gone about among the poor giving orders for boots for them, and doing other works of charity without any interference with their religious convictions. But contrary to what is generally said, all these together the Souper institutions and to no the latter have continue anti-Christian principles even during the worst period of the present

The Dublin Protestants gave prac tially nothing to what was known as the Lady Mayoress' Fund. As, how-ever English Socialists contributed the bulk of that fund for the purpose of keeping up the strike, blame could hardly rest on them for refusing to support what was to their minds the arming of an enemy against them-selves. But as the strike dragged on, and the first fund for feeding the women and children non-combatants was exhausted, it became imperative to continue providing for the children attending school. So the Archbishop started the "Dublin Children's Distress Fund." Through the agency of this fund ten thousand children have been daily supplied with a meal, or meals, and thousands of articles of clothing have been handed out to them. Day after day I have perused the lists of subscriptions and I have failed to find the names of Protestants on them. Such callousness in the face of extreme misery will hardly be believed by those who do not know the depths to which Dublin bigotry can descend.

A lady who had spent many years in Australia, and was engaged for weeks in helping to feed the poor

LIQUOR AND TOBACCO HABITS

A. McTAGGART, M.D., C.M.,

155 King St. E., Toronto, Canad References as to Dr. McTaggart's professions tanding and personal integrity permitted by: Sir W. R. Meredith, Chief Justice.

neultation or correspondence nvited

the next course the instructions they have missed. children, thought she could make an impression by calling on well to do Protestants personally and bringing "These classes are open to Catho-

lics, as well as to non Catholics, and in prospective marriage cases he urges the attendance of the Catholic party, which conduces greatly to the encouragement of the non-Catholic as well as to their mutual benefit.

had 102 non-Catholic applicants for marriage. Of these, 96 took the instructions, 86 of whom were received into the Church before marriage

THE ORNAMENTAL AND THE USEFUL

"Pilgrimages are good and processions are good," says the Catholic Transcript. They are an open and formal profession of faith. They ap-peal to those within and without the The usual appeals for the Souper charities, those of "Prayer and Food
—No Prayer, no Food," are to be
seen as usual in the papers.
Amongst them was one for clothing
for the children attending the Church. We can not undertake to of stimulating the sluggish and con-firming the weak. To take part in Schools of the "Island and Coast Society" of the West of Ireland, all of the Church, is to do a better work It is also a better work to go to con-fession and fulfill the Paschal Euchof whom are the children of comfortable farmers or coastguardsmen and are very few in number besides. An instance of the cynical and callous spirit dominating the Protestant mind was given lately at a meeting of the Guardians of the South Dublin Union. A Mr. Bennett, a Protestant Guardian, made the remark that he would be glad if Catho-lic people and clergy would support five, but for every hour of the three hundred and sixty-five days of the the Catholic families, which, is the same as saying that all the burden

Do you think that God, who made everything in the heavens, and who made all the earth, does not know where to place you and what is best

How beautiful is the soul which has learned to be serene amid all the superficial disturbances of this life. Such a soul is to be found in all walks of life. It may be the soul of the little girl working behind a coun ter as well as the soul of the Carmel ite behind the walls of the convent Wherever you find it, it is beautiful. God seems to have set His sign plainly upon it.

The pastor of St. Patrick's Church Eau Claire, Wis., in which a class of 100 adult converts were confirmed by

approval. Just send you brings the Remedy prepaid, after trying it, if you are

MOTTO FOR 1914 Don't Worry

"The following results of four years of prenuptial instruction will demonstrate its efficiency:

"During that time the priest has 9 postponing their entrance until later on account of the bitter antag-onism of relatives, and only 1 declaring that he was not sufficiently convinced of the truth of the Church."

measure their usefulness in the way them is to do a good work, but to go to Mass and so fulfill the first precept aristic obligation. It is better also to enter into the life of the parish and to try to share in the graces, ordinary and extraordinary, which are dispensed to those who strive to how. \$2.00 a bottle delivered.

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ABSORBINE, JR., antiseptic liniment for mankind. Reduces Painful Swellings, Enlarged Glands, Goitre, Wens, Bruises, Varicosites, heals Old Sores. Allays Pain. Will tell you more if you write. \$1 and \$2 a bottle at dealers or delivered. Book "Evidence" free. Manufactured only by live up to their obligations, not for one day in three hundred and sixty-

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Don't delay. Don't give
up. We have thousands
of letters from people
who worte us that De

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CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

GRAY HAIRS SEEKING A JOB One of the most pathetic sights in this land of opportunity is gray hairs seeking a job. It is easy to tell an old man looking for work that he must brace up; that he must dress well, look propagators, well and tell well, look prosperous, walk and talk like a young man, and show no in-dication of weakness, no mark of age. But it is not an easy matter for the old man; he started in life with high hope, with an ambition to make a for himself in the world; nov he finds himself approaching old age without a competence, with his amhition thwarted his life dream faded

It is bitter; it is hard for him to keep heart and courage and life zest; hard not to show his life disappoint ment in his face: hard to be buoyant enthusiastic, and to appear as though he had plenty of his best work still

A fine appearing man fifty seven years old called upon me recently to help him. He lost a good position in a bank because of its failure several years ago, and since that time he has not been able to get a position; ex cept now and then a temporary place in some trust company or bank. He is still vigorous, in the prime of his strength, a hand worker, educated, skilful, well-trained, but he is so discouraged because he has been turned down so many times that he has come to believe that the struggle is almost hopeless, and he shows it in his face. When he applies at bank ing houses and trust companies for s position, he does not go in with that assurance and sense of victory and power which give confidence. mental attitude is not that of the conqueror, but of the conquered. Inof making a favorable impres sion he leaves a doubtful one which. coupled with his age, brings an un-

favorable decision. .

How can a man expect to gain when he admits that he is already beaten in the life race?

No one wants an employee who has lost his freshness and fire; who confesses by his conversation, his appearance, his manner, and his every movement that he is "too old." goes about from place to place look ing for work, bemoaning the fact that "nobody wants a man with gray hairs," that "everybody is looking for the young and vigorous," and "there is no more chance for a man who be gins to show signs of age." sort of policy will kill anybody's

Then again, there are not so many openings for old men, no matter how worthy or able. Very few will employ them in manual labor, no matter how skilful they are or good the letters of recommendation they bring.

The best field for men who are getting along in years seems to be in clerical work where they are more

likely to get good salaries. Everybody seems to be interested in the achievements of young men. Boys never tire of reading how Alexander conquered the world at twenty six, how Napoleon came near to doing the same at thirty seven, or how Pitt, the younger, was the master of England at twenty five.

There is a peculiar fascination, the expectancy of what the future will the young in following youthful fortune.

Most of the great things, the daring things, the effective things are done by men before they have reached the half century mark.

A man's business is largely what his employees make it. It is vigorous, strong, energetic, full of life, or the opposite, largely according to the plovees.

The emp'over knows that young men are more progressive, more active, more pushing; that business is likely to be more progressive, more up to date, with young employees than with old ones. He knows that young men are likely to be not only more hopeful, optimistic, but more inventive, more resourceful. As a rule they have more red blood. They are quicker, more alert, more enthusiastic and buoyant; more cheerful and energetic. They are not so cranky and bard to get along with. They can avoid accidents better, and as a rule, they are more attractive.

employer wants winning material. He wants to employ vital ity, grit, courage, energy. Older men are looking into the future with the hopeful, expectant, ambitious eye of youth. They would rather take be more careful about his dress, his

many business houses against those who show signs of age, because there are so many who have failed and have become side-tracked through incompetence, or through lack of system or slack, slovenly habits. Many of them are burned out men. The embers of their former force

and energy are all that remain. There is no denying that this is a young man's age. We see young men at the helm everywhere. We used to be prejudiced against youth, but now we find young men at the heads of our railroads, our great manufacturing institutions, our colleges and universities. There are a

are thirty or thirty-five.

thinking that because they moved on buoyancy of youth.

so vigorously when young, when they were full of force and energy, they are still moving at the same speed. The slackening process has been so gradual that there was no jar or shock, and they have not realized that they have been gradually slowing down.

It is easy gradually to drop the standards when a man thinks he is beginning to show signs of age. He grows less careful about personal appearance, and unconsciously, drifts into slovenly, slouchy habits of dress. He lets his manners deteriorate. Often he lets, his hair and beard grow long; then he looks old and feels old.

Just this one habit of being good to ourselves, of being particular about our personal habits, of cleanli-ness, of dress, of keeping ourselves well groomed, will make a difference of many years in our appearance. It is easy to age when other people are constantly reminding us that we are growing older; and when we see these exaggerated signs in the mirror, they only deepen our conviction that we are getting along in tion that we are getting along in years; and it is difficult to overcome

strong conviction. One of the most pitiable sights in the world is to see a man in middle life going around as if he were an old man, dressing like an old man, with long unkempt whiskers and hair, with stooping figure and slouching gait, without a smile, often cynical, pessimistic, indifferent to the things which interest everybody else about him, trying to get a situation. His very appearance is cause enough for the would be employer to let him alone. He does not want any such

signs of decrepitude around him.

A tottering gait, dragging feet, stooping shoulders, impaired memhave always been regarded as dust shall return to the dust."

The man who would keep young must not wear a long, gray beard, long white hair; he must not dress like an old man and go about with stooping shoulders and shuffling gait. A good barber and a good tailor would cut off many years in the appearance of one of these pre-maturely old-looking men.

Half a century ago people looked aged at fifty. The men wore long peards, long hair; they did not carry themselves well.

All this has changed. The barberartist has learned the art of covering up many years by closely cropping the gray hairs, and by the stylish trimming of beards.

We often hear people remark that we do not see any more the typical old men of former days with soft silken hair and flowing white beards which seem to lend a dignity and add wisdom to their years. heavy cane, which was once thought so necessary for support to the man past middle life, has been supplanted by a light walking stick, so thin and fragile that it does not even suggest that the carrier needs support.

I know a man seventy five years old, who could get a situation in almost any great store in this coun try. He probably would not be out of a situation twenty-four hours. And why? His hair and whiskers are as white as snow; but he stands erect, and there is the spirit of a Napoleon in him. He radiates force and energy. He lives much with youth, and he touches the men and

things of his time.

I know men in the sixties who, if necessary, could get employment in good positions without difficulty almost anywhere because they believe in themselves, because they radiate energy, life, because they are interesting, esting, youthful in spirit, no matter what their gray hair and wrinkles may show. They have not allowed the years to count, age to double them up or make them look dry and They are trim, buoyant, enseedy. thusiastic, fresh, responsive. They have not allowed their hope or viva-

city to die out of them.

When an old man comes into an office to ask for a position, his very attitude of mind and manner has everything to do with his getting it, if there is a vacancy which he could fill. He must apply for the position with the expectation of getting it. and not with the conviction in advance that his offer will be declined. He must show that there is a great deal of unused force, a lot of good work in him still. He must show this by his very self confidence and air of assurance, by the very manner

of a conqueror.

He should know that he needs to youth. They would rather take things easy. They think more of their comfort. They shrink from makes than a young man who is strong, vigorous and forceful.

best there is in a man. He is inclined to take an applicant at his own estimate and if he comes crawling into his presence like a whipped dog, tude that he does not himself think that he is suitable for the position. The employer wants energy, force, per-sistency, stamina, grit, determina tion, and he knows that these must come from a strong vitality; that there must be the evidence of victory in the appearance and manner of the applicant who expects to be success-

In our investigation, we have found great many large concerns with young men for presidents which have scores of old men as employees. In our investigation, we have stightly difficult for men after forty to get positions in lines where they had no previous that while it is undoubtedly difficult | the Zulus at Ulundi, who is a nun. What all employers are after is training, yet many employers are the longest possible span of prime availability, and employers know grown up with the business and who grown up with the business and who that this would be very short for have learned it from the bottom, bethose who do not enter until they cause their greater experience and Many men deceive themselves by for their lack of the vitality and

Some men remain fresh, aggressive seif-sufficient, all their lives. They never seem to stop growing. They are always taking on new nutriment and they keep every nerve cell, brain-cell, muscle cell growing. These people never grow old. They always impress you with a fresh youthfulness and vigor ordinarily found in young manhood.

Everywhere we see old men who are filling responsible positions quite as ably as young men. If a man has not squandered his life forces by vicious living, if he has lived simply and sanely, the very rightness of his wisdom, the strength of his judgment, the accumulation of his expert knowl edge, the broadening of his mind, the brightening of his whole nature, the enriching of his experience ought much more than to compensate for his little loss of buoyancy, agility and swiftness. A life properly lived is like the rolling at a snowball. ought to increase, to grow constantly

Selfishness, greed, avarice are great enemies of youthful appearance. Love, kindness, sympathy, a spirit of helpfulness, are great life rolongers, as well as happiness pro

No employer wants to hire a whiner, a man who does not think himself any good, who has no confidence in age, who is always pouring out tales of hard luck, and telling, how every-

thing has gone against him.

If he wants anybody, he will hire you even if you have gray hairs, if you show that you are still a good soldier in life's batt'e: that the fires of ambition are still at their height, and that you are resourceful, progressive, original, individual. Hope is an important agent in getting a position, but despair gets nothing.

There is a powerful rejuvenating influence in always appearing young and trying to feel young. Walk as though you were young. Don't drag your feet as though age were creep ing over you. Walk with a light. Don't let your movespringy step. ent or your brain lag.

You can not tell much about a man's age by his years. He may be old at forty—young at seventy five.

If a man loses his interest in everything, if he does not associate with those who are full of animal spirits. young life, those who are vivacious, he does not enter into the life around him and become a part of it, if he is as dry and juiceless as a sucked orange, everybody will avoid him, and nobody will want to employ

him. An editor of a daily paper, when asked why he did not employ men over fifty replied: "Although a, over fifty replied: "Although a man may do just as much work after this age, he takes himself too seriously. He did not like to have people around him from whom the youthful spirit had evaporated. He wanted optimism - men in whom hope was large. He wanted the exuberance, the enthusiasm and the zest which usually belong to younger

It is not so much a question of years as it is a question of the loss of buoyancy, of hopefulness, of that exuberance which is characteristic of young life. If a man has been good to himself in his earlier years, if he has taken good care of himself, and has not squeezed out all the juices of his youthful, joyful, nature, if he has not sapped his vitality by unscientific, vicious living, if he has practised plainliving and high thinking, has conserved his energy, his life force, has not overstrained his resources, he is young at almost any

It is the burnt out, the spent man

that is not wanted.

future in them. The fact is that men who are beginning to show their age are often their own worst enemies. They admit their defeat, and yet are surprised that employers think as they

There is nothing so utterly disheartening as hopelessness. If a man in the vigor of his strength loses his position, his business, his prop-erty, he still has hope, confidence that he can get on his feet again at some time. But when an old person loses property and position the chances are comparatively small of his ever getting on his feet again, or even into a position of comparative ease and comfort, unless he possesses courage and grit. - Success.

SOCIETY WOMEN BECOMING NUNS

By entering a convent and devoting herself to a religious and charitable life, Lord Lovat's youngest sister is following the example of a large number of ladies belonging to the Catholic families of the English demned Him to death, was driven aristocracy. There are many in thereto by the clamor of the popu-stances in the ducal family of lace, urged on by Caiphas and the Howard.

The present Duke of Norfolk has one sister a Carmelite nun and another a Sister of Charity, while the Duchess has four aunts, sisters of ships. the late Lord Herries, who are nuns. Lord Abingdon's sister is a nun at

the Convent of the Visitation, Harrow, and Lord Braye has a sister. twin with a soldier brother killed by One of Lord Killanin's sisters is an

Irish Sister of Charity and two the shadow of His cross should fall others are Carmelite nuns. A sister on me, Benjamin, I believe I would of Lord Denbigh is a Sister of Charity at Shanghai. Four of Lord Trimlestown's sisters are nuns, and among young Lord Petre's aunts on the Petre side one is a nun of the Order of the Good Shepherd at Glasgow; another is a nun of the same

order at Hammersmith, and a third Sister of Charity at Place. Westminster.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

THE SHADOW OF THE CROSS We are Christians now, Father, aren't we?

"Yes, child. He made us Christian by His blood." And the old man bent his head until the white hair mingled with the golden curls of the child on his knee.
"You know you promised us a story, Father, and the sun is almost

always spent with his little friends, as he was the friend of all the little children of the hill-country around and he always had stories to tell stories of the Master, the great Law giver, the Christ, Who, had been put to death not sixty yeare before. I wish I'd never been a Jew,

said the child again.
"So do I," echoed Rachel, and the old man smiled.

He knows we are His children. now, doesn't He?" And Daniel looked straight into the old man's eyes, and was reassured.
"Well, now the story, Father, for

soon we must sleep."

The old man rested his hand on Rachel's head, as she sat on the sand

beside him and began. Did you ever see the gate of the city?" he asked.
"Often, and I have wondered and

wondered who lived there." ' It was the home of a little boy of whom I am going to tell you. He was a very little boy and he was He had never seen any of the blind. beautiful world because he came into the world already blind, and none of all the great doctors could make him well. And now he had spent eight years in this terrible darkness.

One day he sat in his father's doorway listening to the people pass fro, some going to market, some hurrying to a morning feast, others selling their street wares to the passers by. It seemed to the boy there there was more excitement than usual in the street. When his good friend Benjamin would come by, he would ask what it all meant. Until then be could be patient. Now Benjamin always had a kind word for David and many times he would take him with him to the city gate, or to the

"David loved Benjamin because he was kind to him, and the other boys took no notice of the poor blind lad. So, patiently he waited. jamin came by, whistling as usual. 'Benjamin,' shouted litt'e David. Ben knew the little shrill voice of the poor blind boy, and came toward 'Good morning, how fares it to day?' Tell me, Benjamin, what means There is something all this noise?

What is it, Benjamin?' going. Benjamin's face darkened. 'There is something going on to day,' he answered David, but never mind that now. Tell me how are the sheep?" " 'I say never mind the sheep,' an-

swered David, 'things feel strange to me to-day. I must know. Tell me, Benjamin. I would know if I could Benjamin thought a while.

knew what a tender heart the boy had, and then he answered: has a Man been condemned to die, 'Poor man,' said the little fellow

sadly, 'I hate to hear of that.' And both were silent

At last the child spoke again; 'Have you seen the Nazarene lately, Benjamin?' he asked at last; then he added more timidly, Benjamin, I have been thinking lately that if I could could be seen no more. But neither could be seen no more. just as he buys young horses instead of old ones, because there is more haps He would be sorry for me and the eyes that had been blinded all his

make my eyes see again.'
"Benjamin started, but he did not 'Do you think he would, Benja-

min?' His friend was strangely quiet, thought the boy. 'It is too late now, little friend,' he answered at last.

"'Why, we can go to day; that is if you will take me. It has not been ong since He was in this neighborhood, and we can find Him. Will you

"This was a trying moment for the older boy. How could he disappoint the little fellow, with his face all aglow with excitement. Yet he must tell him in the end, so he might as well say it right out; but it was hard.
"It is He that is sentenced to die,

David, the Nazarene. He is to die on o cross up on Calvary.'
"'The Nazarene—But you said He

was a good Man, and made sick people well, and fed the hungry and people loved Him. How can this be? 'He is a good Man, but Pontius

Pilate, the Roman Governor who con thereto by the clamor of the popu-Scribes and Pharisees. He was afraid of the people. But, come, these things are too sad for you. Let me take you to the seashore to watch the

"'No, no, I must see Him. I must. You have told me all of the woneer ful things He has done; and all these days I had hoped He would pass this
way. It isn't too late, Benjamin.
Take me where He will pass with
His cross. Please take me. If only

"Benjamin hesitated. He deeply regretted he had not taken the lad to day would be too sad too pitiful. miracle:

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ON LARGE SIFTER-CAN 10 4 hidden from him; and as for himself

-well, he was a man. "We will go,' he said. Lifting the little boy on his shoulders, they started off in the direction of the city

On they went, on and on out into the open, toward the hill that led to Calvary, until at last they reached a knoll by the wayside near which Ben jamin knew the sad procession must

pass.
"Now, little David, we will wait here," said the big fellow, tenderly letting down the little boy from his shoulders, and when I see Him com-

ing I will tell you."
"The minutes seemed to David to stretch into hours. He had waited so long to see and now this final waiting was longer than ever.

At last Benjamin spoke. "They are coming now,' he said, as he caught sight of the armed men in the distance. But there was no need to tell the blind boy. He had heard the tramp of the horses' feet; he had felt the approach of the crowd, even before Benjamin had seen them, and he drew closer to the big friend beside him.

'They are coming nearer,' said Benjamin, 'and we are close beside where He must pass. Kneel with me. I think He cannot fail to see us. if only He will look this way.' knelt and clasped his hands.

'What if the soldiers should see us first, Benjamin?' he asked fear-

fully.

Do not be afraid. They are not looking this way.'
"'Is He coming closer, Benjamin?' David asked again as the steps seemed

o draw even nearer and nearer. Yes, He is close now, answered Benjamin, but his answer was drowned in the shouts of the crowd. 'Does He see us ? Tell me,' and David lifted an anxious face to Ben-

Yes. He comes nearer and nearer. whispered the boy, and again the shouts of the approaching crowd filled the air. David shuddered. The uproar frightened him and the heavy tramp of horses' hoofs shook the ground where they knelt.

'He comes, David.' And Benjam in saw the great cross that weighted down the form of the silent Prisoner almost to the ground.

'He is here. The shadow of His cross sfalling on our path-but hush, thankful in his heart that David's eyes were held. "For a moment the little boy's heart beat fast and loud, but only for a moment. Then a great peace and joy, such as he had never felt, filled all his being, for suddenly his eyes were opened, as by a miracle the crowd parted, and He looked into the face of Christ.

Only a second-and it was over. little life by the Hand of God were blinded now by the great tears tha welled up and flowed down his pale cheeks. Benjamin, too, was sobbing and trying to keep back the tears that forced themselves into his own eyes. For the Nazarene had looked at him also, and suddenly a great longing had filled the boy's soul to run after Him, to die with Him—but the thought of the child at his side had held him. He did not need to ask if the boy could see. He knew that a look from the eyes of the great Healer had dissipated the darkness forever from David's eyes. The sad procession had passed on its way, and now only the distant cries of the soldiers could be heard.
"'Come, little brother,' said Benja-

min. There was a peculiar tender-ness in the word; he had never called David this before, but the love felt for him now was different love than he had ever known.

"Long they had knelt; but they

could not stay on under the spell that seemed to hold them, and the longing in the older boy's heart could not be fulfilled—not yet. He must take the little boy back to his home, time was passing and they had come a long way. They must leave the hallowed

spot. Oh, Benjamin, what can I do? I could not thank Him, and how beautiful He was! His face shone like the sun yonder, and there was a great beautiful light all around Him. jamin started and looked quickly at the boy, but he did not interrupt

him.
"'He seemed to tell me that He loved me, and His eyes seemed to read all that I had ever done of good or bad. How could He know me. Benjamin? If we could only follow Him and help Him !'

"But Benjamin was lost in thought before to the Gracious Healer; but to day would be too sad too pitiful. The boy's words had told another to day would be too sad too pitiful. And yet thought Benjamin, David is sun, and there was a great beautiful blind. The sad spectacle would be light around Him—these were David's

words; then the boy's eyes had been spared the fearful sight that met his own. What kindness! What tenderness! And Benjamin wondered which had been the greater miracle. Not until long after did David know what ne had been spared by the tender love of the Nazarene.'

The old monk paused. "This was nearly sixty years ago, children, nearly sixty years ago," and he looked out over the distant hills towards Calvary, and his eyes were moist. What a beautiful story, Father

but what became of Benjamin? Did he go back and follow our Lerd? What did David's mother say?' the children asked in chorus.
"Oh, David's mother cried for joy when she could look into her boy's

eyes at last, and Benjamin's longing was fulfilled, for he gave his life for is Master in the great arena over here in Rome." I wish I could have been Dayid.

Is he still alive? He might be. You said it was nearly sixty years ago but he'd be very old, wouldn't he?' "Yes, very, very old, Daniel; with snow-white hair." 'Have you ever seen him, Father?

Are his eyes very beautiful? s he now Yes, I have seen him and his eyes They have the beauty his Master gave

"Where is he now, Father? I want so much to see him.'

You have seen him, child, and talked to him." Then Daniel looked up quickly and saw a wonderful light in the old eyes

that he had always thought so beau tiful. Oh, Father, it is you? Are you David? And is that why your eyes

are so beautiful ?" But for answer the old man only held him closer, as the child's arms were clasped about the old friend's neck. The silence of the evening hour

had fallen, and the sun sank behind

the hill that leads to Calvary. -

Youth's Magazine.

THE CONVERT

" For those who have possessed from infancy the precious gift of faith, it is difficult to understand the situation of the convert," says Miss Burnett. "Many of us take our re ligion as a matter of course as we do other blessings, which have never been denied us. It is part of our life and growth, but unconsci ously so. We endure with more or less impatience, the study reasons of the faith that is in us.' as set forth in the advanced catechisms. This seems part of the unavoidable routine of school life, and is soon forgotten. As to reading a controver sial book, or listening to a controver sial sermon—not if we can help it!

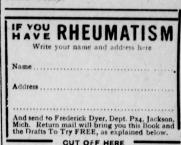
"How different is the case of the

convert! He must slowly make his way, step by step, along the road over which we are carried by circumstances. He must deliberately accept or reject that which is part of our nature from the beginning. He must, in the maturity of years, make over impressions, molded into the plastic mind of infancy. He must renounce doctrines taught in good fai h by those whose wisdom an votion were the guide and reliance of his early years. He must look for salvation in the direction in which he once sincerely believed lay the

perdition." - Miss Sarah Burnett. daughter of the late Governor Peter Hardman Burnett, a convert to the Catholic faith-Notre Dame Quar-

terly. It must be admitted that to those who have endured a great sorrow it is permitted to grasp the lesser con-solations of life, to seek peace where

joy once reigned.-E. Clarke, "Pris





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THE CATHOLIC RECORD LONDON CANADA

HOW ELIZABETH DIED

Monsignor Benson contributes to the Catholic Truth Press a paper in which he compares the death bed of Queen Mary, the Catholic, with that of her Sister Queen Elizabeth, the Protestant. Mgr. Benson has been at considerable pains to collect material for his paper from accounts written by those who witnessed the last hours of both Mary and Elizabeth. The latter Queen Elizabeth, it is learned, was very tenacious of a piece of gold which, rumor said, had by its peculiar virtues enabled an old Welsh lady to live to the age of one

hundred and twenty.

A very superstitious woman, the
Queen had particularly requested
that this stone should be sent to her,
so that she could wear it by night and day. As soon, in 1603, as she began to wear the piece of gold constantly, she became a sick woman. She told her companion, Lady Scrope that at night she was wont to dream that her body was being consumed in a fire the flames of which she de-

Again, when stricken with the illness which was finally to carry her off, she requested her women to bring her, not the untruthful looking glass a contrivance with which her attendants used to flatter her, but a true speaking or natural one which should reflect her face as it really was.
When finally she beheld herself as When finally she beheld herself as she was, she began to storm at her courtiers for having told her that she had remained so beautiful, and her language was such, and so characteristic that many of her women durst not appear. She refused at last to lie upon her bed, but lay prone upon many cushions on the uncarpeted floor. A physician who was present described her as having complained of a great heat in her complained of a great heat in her stomach and a continual thirst which

obliged her constantly to drink Her conscience began, as the dark-ness closed in, to smite her heavily and she constantly recurred in her wanderings to the ill-fated Arabella Stuart, Mary Stuart and Lady Jane Grey. Admiral Howard came and Grey. Admiral Howard came and knelt beside her as she lay sullen and unresigned among her cushions. From him, a prime favorite, she took a spoonful of broth, but swore her usual oaths when he advised her to go to bed. If (she said) the Admiral had seen in his bed what she did when in hers, he would not persuade her to go there. To Cecil, her min-ister, she cried out once that she felt as if tied with a chain of iron about

her neck. For twenty four hours, once, she would not speak a single world, but lay with her finger in her mouth. When they raised her another time, her ladies found a playing card—the queen of hearts—with a nail of iron knocked through the forehead. An attendant lady went out once to take the fresh air, and certain that she saw the dying Queen a few galleries in front of her, she hurried forward when the figure vanished. The Queen had, of course, not left her chamber, but there was an air of ghostly melancholy about Richmond Palace which communicated itself to all the country.

When her own appointed Archishop of Canterbury and other prelates came to visit her and pray with her, in the true style of a daughter of King Henry, she rated them bid-ding them be off and packing, saying she was no atheist but knew full well they were but hedge priests. One cannot (says Father Benson, himself the son of an Archbishop of Canterbury) help wondering whether she then remembered the priests whom she had caused to be disembowelled because they had differed from her right to Private Jude At clast, however, she allowed the Archbishop to approach her and say the appointed prayers for those who were sick unto death. There was no word of repentance or of her desire for God's pardon; she received no Sacrament although the bystanders affected to be rejoiced at the way the half-conscious woman listened to the mumbling of the chaplains' prayers. It was, they said, "a Christian and a comfortable end."

to the melancholy droning of these mock-ministers, the soul of Elizabeth passed at 3 o'clock in the morning. As the chronicler of the day says made no will, neither gave anything away, so that they which come after find a well-furnished jewel-house and a rich wardrobe of more than two thousand gowns with all things

Monsignor Benson, who is an indubitable Englishman by all his origins, admits that Elizabeth's halfsister Queen Mary (Bloody Mary) proved a harsh sovereign towards se who denied her own faith. It is true, however, that she did not exceed her legal limitations, he says in effect. The daughter of Queen Catherine of Aragon died a far different death from the daughter of Anne Boleyn. During her last illness she confessed herself repeatedly and com-municated most devoutly, as the chronicler tells us. Relying on her sister's promise that she would prethe Catholic Faith, Mary negserve the Catholic Faith, Mary neg-lected to name any other successor but Elizabeth who had also protested her Catholicity by word and deed during the last years of her sister's reign. Elizabeth was indeed crowned with Catholic rites and by a Catholic Bishop, although immediately after that ceremony, she started to re-establish the principles of the Reformation. Nothing of such treachery did Queen Mary dream as on the last day of her life, while attending Mass, she took her place at the Com-

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munion Table, an act which, indeed proved her last in life for she expired before the Mass was over. Her will which left large sums to the poor, to religious and educational houses, was disregarded by Elizabeth and lay in obscurity during three hundred

C. L. C. A., TORONTO

The annual elections of the Catholic Laymen's Culture Association, were held in St. Mary's Clubhouse, on Tuesday evening, the 13th, inst., and resulted as follows: President, Thos. H. Gowe; Vice-President, J. H. Strath : Sect.-Treasurer, J. K. Von-Schossen; Cor. Sect., J. Clement; Librarian, Francis Paquette; Orator, Jos. Cherrier, Musical Director, T. Scanlon; Publicity Director, H. Mulvogue.

The above organization meets very second Tuesday evening in St. Mary's Clubhouse, Bathurst and Adelaide Sts.; and is for the purpose of assisting young men to improve themselves morally and mentally. It has adopted as its slogan: "Wake has adopted as its slogan : Up Catholic Men!"

A PERMANENT ISSUE

When the late Hon. John Haggart was soliciting the renewed support of the electors of South Lanark during the campaign of 1911, it was suggested to him by the Conservative party organizers that speakers should be sent into his riding to support the anti-reciprocity cause. Now Haggart has represented South Lanark for forty years, and his personal strength made Liberal oppostion of little avail. When suggestion of outside speakers was broached to him he drawled in reply:

"Well, I don't know that it would do much good. You had better use your speakers elsewhere. I want to tell you that reciprocity is not an issue in the county of South Lanark. The only issue we have haddthere for forty years is "The Battle of the Boyne!"—Toronto Saturday Night.

McManus—At Windsor, Ont., on December, 27, 1913, John McManus, aged sixty-one years. May his soul rest in peace !

DOWNEY-At Seaforth, Ont., on January 6, 1913, Mr. John Michael Downey, aged sixty eight years. May his soul rest in peace!

Young-In Galt, Ont., January 3rd, 1914, Mrs. James Young, aged seventy-six. Interment in Ayton, Ont. May her soul rest in peace!

KENNY—At Navan, Ontario, Jan. 8, 1914, Catherine Kenny, native of County Tipperary. Ireland, aged eighty-nine years. May her soul rest in peace!

IN A SPANISH CHURCH

An appreciative English woman, with a wide experience of Spain and its people, gives this glimpse into a Spanish church, in a book recently published:

In Spain, the House of Our Father the House of God—is in the true sense of the word the home of the people. All over the peninsula this may be seen. . . I can imagine no more beautiful sight than one of the great dark churches of Spain on a week-day, with its silent inhabit-ants scattered about here and there, comfortable end."

These mumbled prayers were all that could be done for the dying heroine of the Reformed Church, and the rest. And then on Sunday morning at a crowded Mass—how exquisite is the courtesy shown from one to another, without the least re-

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THE OLD YEAR AND THE NEW

How swift they go,
Life's many years,
With their winds of woe
And their storms of tears,
And their darkest of nights whose shadowy slopes
Are lit with the flashes of starriest hopes
And their susshiny days in whose calm heavens
loom
The clouds of the tempest the shadows of the
gloom?

And, ah! we pray
With a grief so drear,
That the years may stay
When their graves are near;
Tho'h the brows of To-morrows be radiant and
thight,
With love and with beauty, with life and with light,
The dead hearts of Yesterdays, cold on the bier,
To the hearts that survive them, are evermore dear.

For the hearts so true
To each Old Year cleaves;
Tho' the hand of the New
Flowery garlands weaves,
But the flowers of the future, tho' fragrant and fair,
With the past's withered leaflets may never compare;
For dear is each deaf leaf—and dearer each thorn—
In the wreaths which the brows of our past years have
worn.

Yea! men will cling
With a love to the last,
And wildly fling
Their arms round their past!

s the vine that clings to the oak that falls, is the ivy twines round the crumbled walls : as the ivy twines round the crumbled walls; for the dust of the past some hearts higher prize Than the stars that flash out from the future's bright skies.

And what not so? The old, old years, They knew and they know, All our hopes and fears; We walked by their side, and we told them each And they kissed off our tears while they whispered relief;

Let the New Year sing
At the Old Year's grave;
Will the New Year bring
What the Old Year gave?
And his brown is wreathed with many a rose:
But how many thorns do the roses conceal
Which the roses, when whithered, shall soon
reveal?

reveal?

Let the New Year smile
When the Old Year dies;
In how short a while
Shall the smiles be sighs?
Yea! Stranger-Year, thou hast many a charm,
And thy face is fair and thy greeting warm,
But, dearer than thou—in his shoud of snows—
Is the furrowed face of the Year that goes.

Yea! bright New Year,
O'er all the earth,
With song and cheer,
They will hail thy birth;
They will trust thy words in single hour,
They will lust thy words in single hour,
They will love thy face, they will laud thy power;
For the New has charms which the Old has not,
And the stranger's face makes the Friend's forgot,

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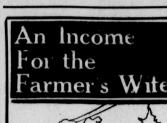
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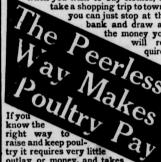




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