THE RESIDENCE OF THE PROPERTY OF

Men of the World

Many a man is kneeling to night. In dreams by a mother's knee, Dritting back through his days of cars To the things that used to be. Many a man whom we think profane, And wicked, and lost, and vite, Is kneeling to-night as he used to kneel To worship a mother's smile.

Many a man who is rough, uncouth, Hard with the crust of things, Is kneeling to night in his loneso room As kingly as all the kings.

Kneeling to-night as he used to do In simple and boylsh trust Down by the knees that have long been In the quiet sleep of dust.

Men of the world! We pass them by, With a scoff at what they are— The men of the world are those who kneel

In dreams that have gone afar To the gentle knees as they use d to do An, pity them there alone, With just the wrath of a quiet faith

Many a man is kneeling to-night
As he did at a mother's knee,
As he goes to bed in a lonesome room
So far from the used-to-be,
Kuceling as simple as when a child
And praying to God the same—
The men of the world are not all bad,
Nor guilty of all we blame.
—Baltimore Sun

RITUALISTS AND THE CHURCH

One hears very little of the progress of Risualism in the Anglican or Protestant Episcopal church nowadays, and all signs point to the probability that it is either at a standstill, or, not holding its own, gradually on the decline. There is no middle course for the ritualistic Anglicans. They must either continue to be a living contradiction to the prin-ciples of the Church to which they pro-fess allegiance, or else find sonsistency, and peace by joining the communion.

Some fifteen years ago, during the pontificate of Leo XIII., there were strong hopes entertained that this branen of the Anglican Church, which branch of the Anglican Church, which is so near and yet so far from Catholic truth, would bodily go over to the communion of Rome, but though even the wise and saintly Pontiff of the Church had raised his expectations high in that direction they were doomed to disappointment. Leo XIII. had so much confidence in the happy termination of bringing this contingent of Anglicans into the unity of one fold and one shepherd that he was ready to concede to them some minor points of discipline some minor points of discipline and liturgy.

and liturgy.

The recent publication of a review of the Anglican situation at that time, which was written by a distinguished prelate, thoroughly informed in regard to the facts, gives a searching insight into the subject and many reasons why into the subject and many reasons why all efforts at organic reunion have failed. He presents in the first place a succinct account of the state of the various religious bodies in England, which is prac tically the same at the present day.

"The innumerable and ever increasing divisions of English Protestantism, and the altogether special conditions of national character, render it very difficuit to form an accurately comprehensive judgment of the religious situation country, and such a judgment entirely impossible unless these becomes entirely impossible unless these local divisions and conditions be kept in

He proceeds to make the necessary distinction between the Church of England by law established, "of which the Sovereign aided by his Privy Council and Parliament is the Supreme Head, from whose sentence there is no Head, from whose sentence there is no appeal," and the more than two hundred and sixty nonconformist bodies. He points out that the Anglican Church has a bare mejority among the people of Eugland, but is in a minority in the British Enpire. The Church of England is divided into three parties— the 'High Church," 'Broad Church' and the 'Low Church''—each of them with different and at times contradic-tory beliefs, and yet all in communion with one another, enjoying the same rights and privileges in one and the same body, while combating with each other on doctrinal points. They form a ort of menagerie, with the king as the lion tamer. Thus this writer calls ttention to the friendliness of the Anglican combative intercommunion as it appeared fifteen years ago and as it

practically is to-day.
"Lord Halifax and the Archbishop of Tork, who are of the High party and declare that they believe in the Catholic doctrine of the Eucharist, communicate perfectly in sacris with the Bishops of Liverpool and Exeter, who are of the Evangelistical Low party and who vigorously deny this doctrine; they also communicate with the Dean of the Chapter of Ripon, who recently threw doubt on the existence of a personal God, with the Archdescon of Canterbury, who denies, among other things, eternal punishment, and with the Bishop of Worcester, who has de-clared that the expression Mother of God is blasphemous.

the "Broad Church," which has To the "Broad Church," which has the largest following by reason of its tolerance of all creeds, and to which the majority of the Bishops and clergy belong, is credited the distinction of steering clear of all dogma, "leaving to the individual the liberty of believing what he likes and of

appear to be in good faith. As converts they make very good Catholics.

There is a distinction between High Church and the Ritualist, who form only a part of it, just as the High Church is only a part of the Auglican Church: Ritualists are treated withmarked favor and condescension by the Anglican Bishops, for it is their policy to make all manner of concessions to them lest they go over to the Church of Reme.

Catholic church and a school, and already a community of nuus are building as convent. The Trochu Tribune tells us the largest in Alberta outside Calgary and Edmouton."—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

DUCAL NUNS IN ENGLAND

MANY NOBLE FAMILIES REPRE

Reme.

Ritualists in the Anglican Church are not only grossly inconsistent, but in many ways they hinder among themselves or handicap conversions to the Roman Catholic communion. Only in an equivocal and non-Catholic sense do they accept all the formulas and practices of the Catholic Church; they refuse to be called Protestants, but they will rot accept the name of Roman Catholics, averring that they are English or Anglican Catholics or just plain Catholics.

The principal harm they do is to deny

plain Catholics.

The principal harm they do is to deny the authority and infallibility of the Church as a living, perpetual, consecutive organ in the continuity of Christ's reign on earth, substituting for it a belief in the creeds or dogms as promulgated by some of the Ecumenical Councils.

This fundamental error is dwelt upon by the writer in question, who informed

by the writer in question, who informe in considering the prospects there still may be of a consolidation of the Ritualistic party with mother Church. He

mays:

"The Ritualists and the others of the "The Rivnalists and the others of the pseudo-Catholic party, like all the Anglieans, as a fundamental principle and point of departure, refuse absolutely to submit their judgment to a living magisterium, and their wills to a center of government divinely constituted. of government divinely constituted. They declare that they are ready to socept the authority of the Church of the past, or of the Church of the future; they submit to five, six, seven Esumenical Councils of the first centuries, and to possible future Councils. But in truth, if by the Protestants are meant those who in the last analysis appeal to their own judgment instead of accepting the magisterium of the Church, the Ritualists are Protestants like the rest—perhaps even more so,

like the rest—perhaps even more so, because they protest not only against Rome, but against the Church to which they belong, and because more than she others they make and unmake, extend, diminish and interpret every point of faith, and constantly deny in substance faith, and constantly deny in substance the very doctrine they profess in words. True, the Ritualist will often profess a greater number of Catholic doctrines han the Protestant of other parties, but he always professes them for the same formal motive, viz., because they harmonize with his own idees and testes they are also they are also. tastes, but never because they are de fined by the living authority divinely authorized to teach. In a word, the Ritualist, like every good Protestant, is a critic, a censor, a student, but never a

In all these inconsistencies and con-In all these inconsistencies and contradictions of Anglican creeds, it is well to think that at least the rank and file of the professing laity are sincere, honest and in good faith. Charity forbids us to pass judgment even on the leading churchmen, the clergy and the Bishops. Still, we may draw one legitimate conclusion from it all, and that is positive religion in England as among -positive religion in England as among the Protestant sects in the United States is on the wane, and for it is being substituted religious indifferentism, which means at best a conformity to good manners and public decency, and a merely natural rectitude — regulated by the conventionalities of the day. In this view of things there can be no more a necessity for the Church of Christ—for the living voice of the Church. In ethies and morality and beliefs each individual may be his cwn authority. It means in other words a return to Paganism, which existed be-fore the coming of Christ, and for the extirpation of which Christ established

Truly the Protestant sects are disin-tegrating, and most of them have nothing left but the Christian name. They have lost the anchor and are drifting to sea. - Intermountain Catholic.

NOT ENLISTED TO WAR ON

Many of the French officers, brave and capable men, resigned from the army rather than share in the infamous persecution of the Church inaugurate by the infidel government. Their man hood, as well as their religion, forbade them to make war on defenceless women; their patriotism could not brook injury and injustice to French nuns whose only fault was that they served

God and helped their neighbor. We read in the London Tablet an in-We read in the London Tablet an in-teresting sketch of how one of these noble officers who was forced to expatri-ate himself prospered in his new home. Canada gained what France lost. And the name of Trochu will ever remain as a monument of devotion to principle, a devotion that brought blessing even have below:

"Among the officers who sent in their resignations when the French army was being employed to turn nuss out of their convents was one who has since given his name to a flourishing town ship in Western Canada. M. Trochu, a nephew of the famous soldier whose name is forever associated with the story of the Siege of Paris, settled in Alberta ten years ago, and his pioneer ing to the individual the liberty of believing what he likes and of giving different interpretations even to formulas consecrated by usage and accepted by all."

The "Low Church," coming next in numerical importance, is nothing more than old fashioned Protestantism according to what is generally known as Evangelical methods. Its adherents have at least a homogeneous creed and

SENTED IN CATHOLIC CON-

No incident since the conversion of Princess Eua to Catholicism has aroused so much interest in society circles as the announcement that the only child and heiress of the earl of Ashburnham has renounced the world and decided to become a nun, says the B. C. Western Catholic. Her action recalls the determination of many other women born in high places who have preferred the life of the cloister to the glamour and excitement of Mayfair or Belgravia. The Duke of Norfolk's two sisters, Lady Minna Howard and Lady Ethelreda Howard, belongs to the Sisters of Charity. Lady Edith Fielding, a sister of Lord Denbigh, belongs to the same order and cheerfully endures exile in a convent in China. Lady Maria Christina Bandini, daughter of Lord in a convent in China. Lady Maria Christina Bandini, daughter of Lord Newborough, whose wife is an American, is at Sacre Coeur Convent, in Belgium. Lady Frances Bertie, Lord Abington's sister, resides in a convent near London, and Lady Albemarle is a nun of the Sacred Heart, the order to which Lady Mary Ashburnham has elected to belong. The two sisters of Lord Clifford, of Chudleigh, are both nuns, as are the two sisters of are both nuns, as are the two sisters of Lord French, the commander in chief of the British Army, who can also claim as his sister Mrs. Despard, one of the most militant and picturesque figures in the suffragist movement. figures in the suffragist movement. Miss Leonie Dormer, sister of Lord Dormer, is a nun, and yet another nun is Miss Cleely Arundell, of Wardour. Mary and Margaret Russell, daughters of the late Lord Russell, chief justice of England, belong to the Convent of the Holy Child at Mayfield, in Sussex; while his three sisters—one of whom sneat fifty vears in San Francisco. whom spent fifty years in San Francisco —devoted their lives to the religious

A PRIEST'S ARGUMENT FOR WOMAN'S SUFFRAGE

WOULD ENABLE HER TO STAY THE GROWTH OF TWENTIETH CENTURY EVILS THAT THREATEN THE HOME

Rev. Henri Blanchot, C. S. Sp. of St. Joschim's Church, Detroit, preaching the fourth of a series of sermons on "The Christian Home," strongly advocated giving women the right to vote. He spoke of the tendency towards a larger life which woman is sharing : and described it as but following out woman's maternal solicitude for the well being of the world's children as

well as her own.
"The heart of woman naturally feels attracted towards those conditions in our social body wherein human beings suffer most from the industrial disorders and economic evils of our time. She cannot accept without self-re-proach the perverted products of a degenerate state of culture and the in-evitable degeneration that follows

"I believe that the freeing of woman from the narrow confines of home and the bringing into her consciousness of gatory, saying in part: and an approach to the solution of the great original problems. Women are as intelligent, high-minded and honor-able as men. They are as much interasted in good government. All great moral movements appeal to them more forcibly than to men. Women perhaps have done more to uplift the race than all other ageucies combined.

"I cannot see how equal suffrage would interfere with woman's higher would interfere with woman's higher qualities, her modesty and her morality quantities, her modesty and her morality.

Moreover, I fail to see how it would

militate against her special vocation in

the family as mother and queen of the
household. Politics, far from degrading household. Politics, far from degrading her, would, I taink, be purified by her taking an active part in them, and better government would result from her having an authoritative voice in all the reforms and readjustments that are estic life.

and domestic life.

'One of the bitterest foes of woman's suffrage is the United Liquor Dealers' Association, and in Michigan this organization has laid aside large funds for the purpose of defeating this great movement. Why should the liquor dealers war on wives and mothers? For the simple reason that were women given a voice in municipal affairs we given a voice in municipal affairs we would not have saloons at every corner and young girls and boys reeling out of

these places at all hours.

"The liquor traffic is not wholly evil, but when carried to excess creates misery for wives and mothers and help less little children. Homes are dis-rupted by this great destroyer, and it is assured fact that one-half or more of the divorces to-day are caused by liquor. Votes for women would settle

"Again, juvenile courts should be managed by women, those good women who have had practical experience as wives and mothers. In our large cities delinquent young girls are brought be delinquent young girls are brought be-fore the bar of justice for some mis-demeanor. These unfortunates are often alone tried by those of the opposite sex.

alone tried by those of the opposite sex, and the situation is harrowing.
"Here is where women could do the Samaritan's work and here is where she ought to be found acting the part of the mother to the wayward ones. If we had women officers of these courts, many suicides would be averted.

"Another evil and a recognized growing one is the white slave traffic.

"All these questions are of vital interest to women in general. They are questions which affect the home; and the wife and mother has home interests dearly to heart. Men, good men and true, are unable to cope with these issues. They are so engrossed with the immense commercial questions that very little time or thought may be given to home affairs. It is for women to step out into the breach and by united effort to stay the growth of the twentieth century evils which are fast sapping the foundations of home."

PULPIT BLASPHEMY

The queer echoes one gets from certain "religious" conferences! During the last few months when we have been the last few months when we have been haunted morning, noon and night by the big Buil Moose, and when newspaper space has been at a premium recording the various political doings and sayings, some of the conveners and conferrers on religious matters seemed to feel the need of saying something sensational in order to get a notice in the press.

The Methodist Rock River Conference followed the treatitional Methodist

ence followed the traditional Methodist standard. Whenever you find two or three Methodist ministers collected there will you hear strange things. We used to find it quite hard to understand how any sane body of men could be guilty of such insane pronouncements. Then came the revelation from one of their own ministers, who declared that 30 per cent. of Methodist ministers did not have the education of a highschool boy. Who will deny it in the light of the ignorance of history and theology manifested by so many of the anti-Catholic preachers.

And, sad to say, this ignorance is not

And, sad to say, this ignorance is not conduct to the lower ministry. Bishop William F. McDowell, called "the grand old man f Methodism," gave voice at the Rock River Conference to a bit of blasphemy which the professional blasphemer, Ingersoll, never sur-

passed.
'I have always thought," said he,
"that Jacob was a mighty mean man.
He was the very essence of meanness.
I would have no dealings with him ex-I would have no dealings wish him except in the presence of an attorney. I would not invite him home to dinner without locking up the silverware and the cut glass. In fact, I don't think it was at all to God's credit to have anything to do with him, as he was a third and a supplanter."

How smart and witty! What a dear sweet adviser to the Almighty is this

sweet adviser to the Almighty is this irreverent blahop! And listening to this were three hundred ministers who made no protest against such blasphem-ous twaddle.

But it all helps us to explain the

reason for anti-Catholic bigotry. If men can poke fun at God, surely we can-not expect our rites and doctrines to be immune from them. At any rate, we won't feel so bad in the future when we hear ourselves attacked at a Methodist conference. We will simply remember the grand old man" and his 30 per cent.

and smile.

Thief and supplanter, forsooth! But is there any thief so bad as the bissphemer who seeks to rob God of His glory?-Boston Pilot.

ARCHBISHOP GLENNON

EXPLAINS DOCTRINE OF PURGA TORY IN CATHEDRAL SERMON

In his sermon at the New Cathedra Chapel recently His Grace Archbishop Glennon explained the doctrine of Pur-

are defined as of Catholic faith of that purgatory exists, the other, that souls there detained can be sided by our prayers. That purgatory exists has been a

constant belief and teaching of the Church. First, frequent reference is made to it in the Holy Scriptures, and secondly it is consonant with divine justice, as well as mercy, and lastly it is logical sequence to the definition of heaven and of those who may enter there. "The teaching of all the theologists

is that only those who are without stain, without sin, may enter the Kingdom of Heaven; in other words, it is the state of happiness, where they may go whom God has called, and who already have reached the stage of per-

fection.
"But from experience, from history, "But from experience, from history, and from fact, we know that the human race is imperfect, that no one may claim to have lived a perfect life, that 'in many things we all offend;' and this imperfection may be more or less, whether it be the results of ains committed, confessed and forgiven, but some of whose scars and blemishes remain, or whether it be because of lesser faults unconfessed, unforgiven and unatoned for.

"Quite certain it is that our lives are not perfect: neither do we go through the valley of the shadow of death freed from every fault or from stain. Yet, to say that because we are not fitted for the kingdom of heaven, the kingdom of God, therefore we must go the kingdom of the lost, appears a harsh unjust and un-Christian declaration.

"It is at this juncture that the reas-onableness of purgatory appears, a place, namely, where souls suffer for a time, and which is the kingdom of God.

"Little do we know of the intensity of the suffering, or the length of time that souls are detained there; but this

we do know, that neither one nor the other are more than God's justice expects, and consequently all these things are referable to that same divine justice. "But, again, that same divine justice yields to the prayers of the faithful; for, as our belief is that God is not only just, but merciful, we appeal to His mercy for the souls of our suffering friends.

"We have a right to do so, for we hold that He is the Father of those in purgatory as well as on earth, and that we are members of the same family. Is it not right that members of the same family should help one another, and that we, the children of a merciful Father, appeal to the same Father in behalf of our brethren, who for the moment need our help and our suffrage?

"Furthermore, the Scripture tells us:

"Furthermore, the Scripture tells us:
'It is a holy and wholesome thought to
pray for the dead, that they may be released from their sins.'"

PRESBYTERIANS AND SOUTH AMERICA

Rev. Phomas F. Coakley, D. D., in the Pittsburg Every few months the Presbyterian Every few months the Presbylerians must have their say against the Church. At one time it was just plain "Presbyterians," without any qualifying adjective to determine which of the almost "fifty-seven" varieties of that denomin-ation is specified. For instance, in the Presbyterian Banner for August 15 on page 9, there was an article on South America in which we read the usua stock, calumnies relative to the Ostho lie Church in that far-distant land. It it we were solemnly told that a certain itinerant evangelist, who had previously been proven a falsifier, " is reported as saying after six months there he never

aw such darkness except in Centra Africa."
The scene suddenly turns, and snother rans scene suddenly turns, and another brand of Presbyterians takes up the cue. This time it is the United Pres-byterians, and in their cffsial organ, the "United Presbyterian," for October 10, in an editorial on the "Monroe Doctrine-Its Religious Bearing," the writer discourses in a lofty tone on the need of the Presbyteriaus in the United States stamping out ecclesisatical oppression, dense ignorance, priestly oppression and moral desolation, due to the existence of the Catholic religion in South

America.

Poor South America !

The Presbyterians of all brands seem to be quite excited over things in South America.

Distance seems to lend en-America. Distance seems to lend enchantment to the prospect. But they might to better advantage become excited over things nearer home. In the very issue of the Presbyterian Banner from which we have quoted the above remarks there is an editorial on page 7 which indicates the truly alarming situation of the Presbyterian Church in the United States. The editorial ways. United States. The editorial says:
"We are doing little more than holding
our own," and "our net gain in communicants last year was not quite 2 per cent.," and " the large leakage is the most disconcerting feature of our work."
Moreover, "the total contributions to
the cause show a falling off."
This distressing state of affairs is corroborated by the United Presbyterian
in its Issue of October 10, in an editorial

which admits that they are "startled by the large loss of members," and they admit a net gain last year of only 1 and nine-tenths per cent

These are fatal admissions, and they lead us to concede that the Presbyterians will not be more successful in South America than they are nearer

South America is perfectly capable of taking care of itself. It would be well if the Presbyterians could do the same. This is only another instance proving he dictum that those who try to attend to other people's business always show a lamentable lack of ability to take care

PROF. FERRER, ANARCHIST

FATHER CANNING OF TORONTO CRITIC ZES EDITORIAL LAUD. ATION OF HIM

To the Editor of The Mail and Em pire : Sir,-I should like to take exception

to two inferences which you leave to be drawn from a sentence used by you in your editorial, "Spain's Strong Man," published in the Mail and Empire of the 13th instant.

First, you call Ferrer, the Anarchist

an "educationist." Now, is it not a fact that Ferrer fled to Paris in 1885, deserting his wife and three children and taking up with a woman by the name of Meunier, with whom he lived and from whom he inherited \$150,000? Is it not true that in the text-books used in his "Modern Schools" such used in his "Modern Schools" such expressions as these abound: — "The flag is nothing but three yards of cloth stitched upon a pole," or "The family is one of the principal obstacles to the enlightenment of men?" Is to not true that in these best that a second of the principal obstacles. that in these books there are contained other teachings too indecent for reproduction? Is it not true that the prin cipal of his girls' school, Madame Jac-quinet, was an Anarobist who had ben driven out of Egypt, and who described herself as "an Atheist, a scientific manerself as an Athense, a scienting ma-terialist, en auti-militarist and an An-archist?" Is it not true that Mateo Morral, who attempted to kill the pres-ent king on his wedding day, was also a professor in one of Ferrer schools? If all these questions are to be answered in the affirmative—rather since they are to be so answered—what is your idea of an educationist, that you should leave it to be inferred that Ferrer deserves to be so styled? Would you allow your son or daughter to attend his schools?
Do you think that because a man advocates a knowledge of reading and writing he has the right to assail everything society stands for—the flag, country, marriage, property, family and State?

marriage, property, family and State?
Again, you practically condemn the execution of Ferrer, because he was "no more than a 'philosophical Anarchist." First, this is not true. He had been actively connected with every effort to overturn the established Government of Spain since 1883. Oa every

ccasion he was known to be in active correspondence with the leaders of these revolutions. The years 1885, 1892, 1895 and 1898 stands out clearly marked in

and 1898 stands out clearly marked in his career of disorder.

But suppose it had been true that, as you say, he was no more than a philosophical Anarchist, what do you wish to be inferred? That a man has the right to advocate high treason and revolution and sit unmolested in his armchair, while and sit unmolested in his armchair, while his silly dupes who put his teaching into practice go to the gallows? By the way, when a few months ago the English Eabor leader, Tom Mann, was accused of inciting his fellow-workmen to take drastic measures against capital you seemed not quite so radical in your views.

In conclusion, I just wish to say that it seems to me there are enough journal-ists openly preaching Anarchistic theor-ies without respectable writers practi-cally encouraging them by calling such a man as Ferrer an educationist, and excusing the preaching of Anarchy, while punishing its practice.

Yours, etc.,
(Rev.) Hugh J. Canning
Oar Lady of Lourdes Church, Nov.
13th, 1912.

NOTED JEWISH CONVERTS

PROMINENT JEWISH FAMILIES IN AUSTRIA FURNISH CON-VERTS TO CATHOLICISM

A recent case of apostacy for Judaism created deep disappointment in all Jewish circles of Austria's Polish prov-Jewish circles of Austria's Polish province, says the American Israelite. Dr. Arthur Benis, whose wife is a greatgranddaughter of the famous scholar, Solomon Loeb Rapoport, had his son, a boy of fourteen years, baptized. Dr. Benis is a man in very comfortable circumstances and stands so high socially that his only object in bringing up his son as a Oatholic can be the desire to remove any obstacle in his future career or social position.

This is the second case in Rapoport's family... The former case was that of the conversion of his great grand-

the conversion of his great grand-daughter, Felicia von Kuh, the daughter of Arnold Rapoport von Poarads, a wealthy landlord of prominent position, was converted, together with her husband, who is the son of a former munal leader in the Vienna Jewish communal leader in the Vienna Jewish congregation. S. L. Rapoport, while in his native country considered a repre-sentative of the progressive party, was as chief rabbi of Prague, a decided conservative, and strongly denounced the resolutions of the Frankfort conference

avoring reform.

A second case which dates back some what further recently came up for pub-lic discussion. The Austrian minister of figaco, Herr Bilinski, is a grandson of one Baron Brunicki, whose or ginal name was Eadel Braunstein, and whose name was Ended Brainstein, and whose wife was the daughter of Rabbi Akiba Eger. Surely Rabbi Akiba never dreamed that his great-grandson would occupy such a prominent position. Neither did he expect that a grand son of his, Professor Jacob Rosanes, would be dean of the University of Breslau. He would surely have declined such an honor had he known that his grandson would bring up his children Christians.

SIX IMMORTAL WOMEN

The Houston Post in an editorial on the heroic deaths of six Sisters of Charity at St. Antonio, Texas, said : 'The heartbreaking story of the San

Antonio holocaust is one of courageous and unselfish sacrifice. There is nothpasses the heroism of the Catholic nuns who sacrificed themselves without a murmur to save the little children com-mitted to their care. There was nothing amazing about it, however. The uries are brilliant with the devotion of these women who have renounced the world to battle with distress, mis-fortune and sorrow. They have died in such emergencies and exemplified the supreme sacrifice of Calvary, and they will always do so when duty calls them.

"Not one of these nuns was a native of the United States. Four were from Ireland, one from France and one from Mexico, but all in the moment of fate attained unto that sublimity of womanl enables us to see, however, that the distinctions of nationality or society which men and women set up amount to very little in the presence of such deeds as the dispatches from San Antonio re-

ord.
"The Mother of Christ must have felt exalted in the example of the Irish daughter who 1900 years after Calvary bore her name through the flames and brought it resplendent and glorified to the throne of God."

Conversions in England

Canon Moyes, of Westminster Cathedral, in a statement prepared for non-Catholic reference, in 1908 put the Catholic population of Eagland and Wales at one and a half millions and that of Scotland at 515,625. Concerning recent conversions in E. gland he says:

recent conversions in E gland he says:
"The influx of converts received into
the Church has been maintained, if not increased, from year to year. The records of their receptions are kept in each diocese, but the total number per annum are only rarely collected. Those for 1897 showed that in the year, 8 436 adult persons had been received into the Church from various religious bodies ontside the pale. This accession has been somewhat picturesquely de scribed by saying that a convert is made for almost every time the clock strikes, day and night, during the year." -The Missionary.

Be what thou thinkest true; and as thou thinkest, speak.

CATHOLIC NOTES -

Tae magnificent bell presented by Miss Mary a McCanill at a cost of \$1,100 has recently been placed in position in the west tower of Holy Angels Church, St. Thomas, Ontario.

At the Holy Name procession in At the Holy Name procession in Philadelphis, 4fby thousand people knelt in the open for the Benediction of the Blessed Sagrament given from an out-door canopy and alter by the Arch-bishop.

"All brands of Irish whisky happen to be manufactured by anti-Home Rule concerns," says the Catholic Citizen. "If one must drink, why not order Scotch? It is just as poisonous, but politically less noxious."

Rev. T. A. Nolan, S. J., has provided a free moving picture show for the children of the parish of the Holy Name in Chicago, to offset the many questionable ones within the limits of that parish.

Canon Higgins, of St. Austin's Priory, Newton Abbot, Devonshire, has received into the Church the Rev. Andrew E. Caldecatt, M. A., of Cambridge University, until recently rector of Drew-steighton, Devonshire.

Judge Todd was presented with white Judge Toda was presented with white gloves at Derry Quarter Sessions, there being no criminal business, and in acknowledging the gift he said it gave him great pleasure as he was almost a Derryman himself, to find that large and populous division free from crime.

At the head of the Medical Corps of At the head of the medical Corps of the United States Army to-day, is Sur-geon General George H. Torney, hav-ing the rank of Brigadter General. Like his predecessor in this important position (Major General R bert M. O'Reilly) General Torney is a Catholic.

With the first snowflakes of winter blowing around them the parishioners of the two Catholic churches in Rumford Falls, Me., attended Mass recently on a church lawn. This proceeding was due to the fact that the churcher had been closed by order of the Board of Health, owing to the smallpox epi-

"The United Catholic Works," a body of 100 000 Catholic men and women organized for the purpose of carrying out the charitable, correctional as ocial reforms advocated by Cardinal Farley, was successfully launched at a mass meeting held recently at the Hotel Astor, under the auspices of the New York archdiocesan branch of the American Federation of Catholic Societies. The new organization is made up of a federation of all the Catholic societies

and clubs in the city of New York. A committee of men and women is now working to raise a \$100,000 endowment fund for Father Dempsey's Day Nursery, St. Louis. At a meeting held recently a number of pledges for both large and small sums were received. The new Nursery building, work on which is to begin at once, will be provided with loranitories, shower baths, reception, and play rooms, nurses' rooms, matrons' room, kindergarten, toilets, halls, and a kitchen and dining room in the base-

ment. The Scioto (O.) Federation of Catholic Societies, is doing active and effective work in the anti-Socialist cause.

The members of that Federation are distributing some 5000 copies every day of the Live Issue, the national weekly published in New York, that is making such a successful fight against the fallactes of Socialism. Under the auspices of the Scioto County Federation of Catholic Societies, Peter W. Colling delivered a powerful indictment

Writing to Dr. John E. Murphy, of Mercy Hospital, Chicago, Theodore Roose elt says: "I am able to speak with knowledge when I say that it would be impossible to desire more skilful and better and more careful treatment be impossible to desire more smillful and better and more careful treatment than I have received—and this not only from the medical staff, but from the Sisters, nurses and all other attendants and from the standpoint of medical and surgical skill.

May I ask you to extend on my behalf,
my sincere thanks to the Sister Superior
and to all connected with the hospital?"

The meteorological Observatory at St. Louis University has been raised to the rank of weather bureau station of the first class and Mr. Moore, chief of of the U. S. Weather Bureau has anof the U. S. Weather Bureau has announced that St. Louis University will henceforth be a government station for St. Louis and vicinity. The announcement was made after a visit to the Observatory by Mr. Moore, at which time he expressed himself as highly pleased by the completeness and accuracy of the Observatory's reports.

In the address which he delivered when he received in private audience the members of the Union of the Cathothe members of the Union of the Catholic Ladies of Italy, who assembled in Rome for a cenference on social subjects, the Holy Father made it clear that his ideal of woman's power of self-sacrifice is very high. "They call you the weak sex," said the Pontiff, "but you can give astonishing examples of fortitude—fortitude of which those so-called strong men who do not understand the sublime virtue of self-sacrifice are incapable."

When a group of Irish pilgrims re-cently had audience with the Holy Father, two ladies, the Misses McCrearather, two ladies, the misses incorea-nor, of Dublin, presented to His Holi-ness a case containing a challee, mon-strance, ciborium, and paten of pure silver and of silver gilt. These objects silver and of silver gilt. These objects are intended for the mission of Putumayo in Peru. Another gift from these was a shield-shaped parchment, on which was written the well-known prayer of St. Patrick, known as the Breast Plate of St. Patrick. The shield is framed in a deep, heavy border of gold wrought in Celtic interlacing, very rich and effective.

TALES OF THE JURY ROOM

By Gerald Griffia
THE FIRST JURYMAN'S TALE

SIGNATERD - CONTINUED

"He said I could not do it, I thought I could, and I tried it, and I showed him his mistake, and that's all."
"Prince," said Bestilis' with dignity, "this grieves me to the heart." I took thee from the dungeon of the mountains, in the hope, that, by the native strength of thy own mind, thou mightest be enabled to resist the influence of the evil stars themselves, and that I might in mine old age, e'er I am gathered to the dust of my name, feel within my arms a son of my heart, who, when I was no more, should preserve my memory to my people. You have already destroyed that hope. I can never embrace thee now. We start when we gase on the steel that has drank human blood, we shudder when we walk over the spot of earth which has once been the scene of a death-struggle, but how much more sepulsive the contact of the murderer himself. Although I longed to bind thee to my side in love and fondness, and came hither to embrace and to bless thee, I turn away in horror, sversion, and sorrow, I never can, never will receive a murderer to my arms."

Sigismund paused for a moment, and a feeling like sorrow pierced through his mind. The fine venerable frame of the old silver-haired king struck him with a reverential respect. That man too was his father, and though never known till then, a voice within him told him that he was not as other men in his esteem. Again, his mind recurred to the causes of their separation, to his chain and his dungeon, his sufferings, his undeserved bondage. This train of recollections instantly overturned all that nature had been doing and changed the appearance of the old monarch into that of an unnatural and wanton tyrant. His heart burned within him, and he walked away from Basilius toward the window.

"I can do without them now," said he, "as I have ever. You say you are my

window.
"I can do without them now," said he "as I have ever. You say you are my father, and yet you have persecuted me from my birth like a bitter enemy, you have cast me out from human life, you have chained me up as if I were a creature of the forest, you have made me the monster you feared, you have sought my death, and tortured me into a weariness of my life. Why then, your kindness is grown a mockery, I could not enjoy, nor thank you for it. You have so entirely destroyed all capability of pleasure, that nothing now can ever make life agreeable." as I have ever. You say you are my

"I would," said Basilius, " I had never given it to thee. I should not now bear thy reproaches, nor behold thy

audacity."
"Had you not given it," replied Sigismund, "I should not complain of you, but I do for having given, and again taken it away. It may be a generous action to give; but to give for the purchase with th pose of taking away, is worse than with-holding altogether."

To this Basilius replied, "How well

dost thou show thy gratitude for my raising thee from a state of humiliating captivity, to the dignity which thou

now holdest!"
Sigismund here burst into fury.
"What gratitude," he cried, "tyrant of
my happiness, do I owe thee? Old and
decrepit as thou art, and about to drop
into the grave, what dost thou give me into the grave, what dost thou give me that is not my own. Thou art my father and a king. Then all that dignity of which thou speakest was given me by nature and the laws. Nay, but thou owest me much that is yet unaccounted for. What will thy answer be, when I demand of thee the time of which thou hast robbed me—my liberty so long debarred—my life—the honour which I might have acquired, had I been left free to seek it? I owe thee nothing, king, but thou art my debtor, and to a large smount."

this which thou seest may be a dream, from which thou mayest e'er long awaken." Saying this he withdrew suddenly, leaving Sigismund much startled by the repitition of this singu-

lar doubt.
"A dream," he again exclaimed in soft voice, and with a look of astonishment and perplexity. "No, I do not dream, for I can feel and seen, and I know what I was, and what I am. Grieve as thou mayest, no remedy is in thy breast."

In a little time after, while Sigiamund

remained perplexed by the parting word of Basilius, his attention was attracted by the entrance of Rosaura who now appeared dressed in her own habilitation. She was proceeding in search of ments. She was proceeding in search of Estrella, anxious at the same time to avoid the sight of Astolpho, Clotaldus having advised her to leave him in ignorance of her presence at the court of Poland. She felt grateful to Clotal-dus for the interest which he appeared to take in her fortunes, and readily sub-

mitted to his guidance.

"What," said Clarin to Sigismund,
"has pleased thee most of all that thou
hast seen this morning?"

"Nothing has surprised me," said
Sigismund, "for I have seen nothing
here that my education did not in some
measure enable me to anticipate. But if my admiration has been really moved at all, it has been by the beauty of the ladies who have left us."

At this moment, perceiving Rosaura about to retire, he started forward and detaining her exclaimed, "What do I see. I have surely beheld those features

"And I," said Rosaura, "have seen

"And I," said Rosaura, "have seen that pomp and greatness reduced to chains and a dungeon."

Saying this she attempted to retire, but Sigismund again prevented her, "I must crave your permission to depart," said Rosaura, in some confusion.

"Going in such a hurried manner," said Sigismund, "is not asking leave, but

At this moment, Clotaldus, whose At this moment, Clotaidus, whose anxiety had been greatly excited by hearing the voice of Rosaura in disputation with Sigismund, hurried into the apartment. "My lord," he exclaimed, "what is the cause of this? Pray you forbear, and suffer the lady to pro-

"I was induced to enter," said Clotaldua, "by the accents of this voice, to
tell thee that thou desirest to reign. Be
not a tyrant because thou thinkest thyself Our Lord, for you may yet find that
thought a dream."

The anger of Sigismund was provoked
to the highest by this threat. "I shall
see," he exclaimed, "whether it be a
dream by tearing thee to pleese." He
grasped his dagger hastily, but Clotaldua arrested his arm and threw himself
on his hence, whilst the afrighted Rossurs called loudly for assistance.

Her ories were heard by Astolpho,
who reahed into the room, and throwing
himself between the prince and the object of his anger, "What means this?
that so generous a prince will stain his
dagger in blood that is well nigh frozen?
Let thy shining sword return to its
acabbard."

"Yes," said Sigismund, "after I have
reddened it in that villain's heart."

"Then," replied the pompons Astolpho,
"since he has sought protection as my
feet, he shall not plead in vain." And
seeing the prince about to transfer his
anger from Clotaldus to himself, he
drew his sword and stood on the defensive.

The noise attracted to the place the

drew his sword and stood on the de-fensive.

The noise attracted to the place the king, Estrelia, and several of their attendants who interposed between the combatants. Astolpho returned his sword to its sheath, and the king, being informed that Sigismund had attempted the life of Clotaldus, said to the form-

"Have gray hairs, then, no respect in

er:—
"Have gray hairs, then, no respect in thine eyes?"
"None," replied Sigismund, "and I trust that one day I shall see thine own at my feet. Be assured that the opportunity for vengeance shall not be lost."
"Before that day comes," replied the king," thou shalt sleep, and waking find that thy boast and thy ingratitude, real as they seem to thee, are but the phantoms of an idle dream."

Once more Sigismund started at the words, and remained for some moments as if under the influence of a spell, motionless and silent, while the king and his guests departed. Astolpho, leading out Estrella, conducted her towards the garden, where the following conversation passed between them.
"When fortune," said Astolpho, "promises mishap, she is seldom false to confer the issue is doubtful. A demonstration of this truth may be found in the situation of Sigismund and of myself. For him evils and crimes were foretold, and they have turned out true.

self. For him evils and crimes were foretold, and they have turned out true. For me, on the other hand, were predicted, trophies of victory, the applause of men, and happiness, yet though this prophecy has been in part fulfilled, its completion is still doubtful, for although you have favoured me with some encouragement, yet your disdain I am sorry to say——"

Estrella interrupted him. "I doubt not," said she, "that you are sincere in those compliments, but, I suspect they are meant for the lady whose portrait I have seen happing at your neck. Go," she added, "and let her reward you, for it is a treachery not only to break your faith to her, but to make over the compliments that were her right, on other pliments that were her right, on other ladies."

At this moment Rosaura arrived, in At this moment tossurs served, in her search of Estrella, at the very spot where they were conversing. She arrested her steps however, on perceiv-ing Astolpho, and concealed herself, while her heart burned with jealousy and anger, behind the arbour where the royal relatives were seated, while the

royal relatives were seated, while the conversation proceeded.

"Where the sun shines," said Astolpho," no lesser luminary can appear, neither can darkness longer exist; but that you may be convinced that you alone reign within this breast, I will bring thee that portrait of which thou speakest. Pardon me, Rosaura," he added within his own mind, as he bewed and hurried from the arbour. "but abnothing, king, but thou art my deptor, and to a large amount."

"Thou art a daring savage," said Basilius, "and the word of heaven has been accomplished. Yet haughty and been accomplished to begge for all

more than I do mine to you.' The instant Rosaura perceived that he had left the garden, she presented herself before Estrella.

"Oh! I am glad to see thee," said the princess, "I was longing for a confidant, and to you alone can I intrust the secret which I am anxious to communi

"Madam," said Rosaura, "you may rest assured that your confidence shall be honoured."

"The little time," said Estrella,
"that I have had the pleasure of knowing you, you have by some means, of
which I am myself unconscious, found
the entrance to my heart. I will therefore confide to you what I have been
anxious to conceal from myself. But
this it is. My cousin Astolpho (I said
cousin, because there are some things
the mere thought of which is as palpable the mere thought of which is as palpable as the utterance of others) is about to wed with me, thus compensating by one felicity for a number of misfortunes. I showed some pique this morning when I saw him, on account of a portrait which hung from his neck, and he, who is, I am sure, very sincere in his professions, has just offered to bring it to me. It would annoy me to receive it from his hand, and I must beg of thee to remain here and obtain it for me. Farewell a little while. I say no more, for I know you are discreet and beautiful, and know, I am sure, what love is." the mere thought of which is as palpable

"I would," exclaimed Rosaura, "that I knew it not so well," and she gazed after the princess with a look of deep sorrow rather than of envy. "But what," she continued, "shall I do in this strange situation? Does there exist in strange situation? Does there exist in the world a more unfortunate person than mysels? If I discover mysels to him, Clotaldus, to whom I owe my 'lie and safety here, will have deep reason for offence, for he advised me to expect redress from silence only, but what will my silence avail if he but chance to see me? My tongue — my voice — my eyes—may refuse to inform him, but my soul will contradict them all."

At this moment Astolpho entered the

arbour. "I have brought you," said he, the portrait which—but what do I see—" and he paused in deep and sudden confusion.

may gase on thee as Astres, but I will always love thee as Rosaura."

"My lord," Rosaura replied, still with the same air of calmness and surprise, "I do not understand what you have just said, and therefore I cannot answer you. All I can say is, that the princess commanded me to wait your arrival here, and on her art to receive from you the portrait which you promised her. It is just I should obey her even in matters that jar with my own inclinations."

"How ill dost thou dissemble, Rosaura," said Astolpho, "notwith-tanding all thy efforts."

"I wait for the portrait, my lord," Rosaura, extending her hand coldly.

"Welli well!" said the prince, "since you choose to carry on your dissimulation to the end, I shall answer you in the same manner. Go, Astrea, and tell the princess that I love her so truly, that I could not be satisfied with sending her merely the portrait she dedemands; I will do her a still greater pleasure by presenting her with the original, which you can easily convey to her in your own person."

The taunt threw Rosaura off her guard. "I came here," she said, indignantly, "to receive a portrait, and although I could convey the original, which, as you observe, is far more precious, I should go slighted to go without the copy; your juighness will please to give it me, then, for I shall not leave this until I have obtained it."

"But how shall that he," returned Astolpho, "if I choose to keep it?"

"Thus, ingrate," replied Rosaura, making a vain effort to snatch it from his hand "no other woman I am resolved shall ever possess it."

"How angry you are," said the prince.

"And how perfidious thou."

"No more, my Rosaura."

"I thine! villian—It is false."

The altercation had reached this point, when Estrella suddenly reentered the arken."

"Attant is false."

"I thine! villain—it is false."

The altercation had reached this point, when Estrella suddenly re-entered the arbour. "Astrea!" she exclaimed, "Astolpho, what is this?"

"Here comes Estrella," said Astolpho to Rosaura, who after a moment's consideration, addressed the princess. "If you wish to know, madam," said she "the cause of our dispute, it was this:—The prince has by some means obtained a portrait of mine, and, instead of delivering that which you commanded me to receive from him, he even refuses to give me my own. That which he holds in his hand is mine—you may see if it does not resemble me."

man is limited by the portrait from the hand of the astonished Astolpho, and looking on it said—"It is prettily done, but a little too highly coloured; you have grown pale, Rosaura, since you sat the think of the property of the said of the property of the said of the property of the said of the property of the prope

have grown pale, Rossura, since you sat for this portrait."
"Nay, madam," said Rossura, suppressing a sigh, "but is it not evidently mine?"
"Who doubts it?" said the princess, handing it to her.
"Now," said Rossura, darting a smile of malicious triumph at the prince as she withdrew, "you may ask him for the other, he may give it to you more readily than he would to me."
"You heard what Astrea said," said Estrella, addressing the prince "al-

"You heard what Astrea said," said Estrella, addressing the prince "although I intend never again to see or speak to you, yet I will not, since I was so silly as to ask for that portrait, suffer it to remain in your hands."

Astolpho continued for some time in much perplexity. "Beautiful Estrella," he at length said, "I would gladly obey your commands, but it is not in my power to give the minature, because—"

"Thou art a vile and uncourteous

ceeded in high indignation towards the palace, while Astolpho endeavoured in vain to detain her. "By what enchantment," said he, "has this Rosaura so suddenly appeared to thrust me back from happiness; what wizard brought her here from Muscovy; has she come to ruin me and herself?"

ruin me and nerseit?
We shall now return to Sigismund.
During supper the attendants administered to him a second sleeping potion.
A deep trance succeeded, during which, by the orders of the king, they restored him to his rude clothing, his dungeon and his chains. "Here," said Clotaldus, on beholding

"Here," said Clotaldus, on beholding him once more stretched upon the sandy floor, "here, where it first arose, thy haughtiness shall end."
"Sigismund!—ha!—Sigismund!" exclaimed Clarin who had accompanied Clotaldus, "awake, and you will find some change in your condition.
Clotaldus, who apprehended some indiscretion from Clarin, resolved to have him also shut up, and said to the attention.

discretion from Clarin, resolved to have him also shut up, and said to the atten-dants, "Prepare a room for this gentle-man who can talk so loud in the tower, where he can entertain himself until his lungs are weary. Stay! let it be in the adjoining room—this is the man," he the adjoining room—this is added, pointing to Clarin.

The attendants approached and seized "Me," said Clarin, quite surprised "why so?"

"Because," replied Clotaldus, "my good Clarin, my clarion, my trumpet, you know some secrets and sound a note too loud."

'But," said Clarin, "I never yet sought to kill my father, nor have ever I flung a man through a window; nor do I ever dream, although I may sleep now and then; and why should you shut me up like Sigismund?"

"Come-come-trumpet, come-

"Do you call me clarion! Nay! but I will be a cornet if you please, and then I shall be silent, for that is a vile

The attendants here dragged him away. Perceiving Basilius approach, whose ouriosity had led him to, witness the demeanour of Sigismund in his dungeon, Clotaldus pointed him out to the nonarch same lay stretched on the

very recties, he dreams and speaks aloud; let us attend."

Bigismund here turmed uneasily on his back, and murmured:—"He who punishes tyrants is a pious prince; let Clotedus die by my sword, and let my father hise my feet."

"He threatens my life," said Clotel-

dus.

He wishes to humble me with the dust on which he treads," said the king —"but hark!"

"Let me," continued Sigismund, "put forward on the great arens of the world the valour that I feel burning in my veins, and let me slake the thirsty vengeance of my soul by showing the world Prince Sigismund triumphant over his father."

geance of my soul by showing the world Prince Sigismund triumphant over his father."

At these words he awake; and Basillus, wishing to avoid him, concealed himself in one of the adjacent peaseges of the tower. The astonished Sigismund stared wildly around him.

"Alas!" said he, "where am I—am I again the same—again do I behold my chains—art thou, oh hated tower, again my tomb? It is so—then what dreams have I had?"

Clotaldus went towards him and said, "Ever since I left thee scaring in mind with the eagle, in whose track my poor brain could not accompany you. I have been absent from the tower. Hast thou been all this time asleep?"

"I have," said Sigismund, " nor can I say that I am now awake, for if that which peased palpably before me was nothing more than a dream I may be dreaming still. If I could see while I sleep, it may be that I sleep now while I see."

"What didst thou dream of then? said Clotaldus.

"Since it was but a dream," replied Sigismund, "I will tell thee. I awake as I thought from the sleep in which I was left by thee, and found myself lying on a bed, which by the rich variety of its colours might be compared to the flowery couch which the spring spreads upon the mountain. Here hundreds of noblemen came forward, bowing submisively, bestowing on me the title of prince, and presenting me with emsively, bestowing on me the title of prince, and presenting me with em-broidered clothes and jewels. My suspense was turned into joy when thou camest into me, and saidst, that though I had been in this condition I was nevertheless the prince and the heir of Poland."

Poland."
"No doubt you rewarded me well for my news," said Clotaldus.
"Not so well," returned Sigismund.
"I was twice about to put thee to death as a traitor!"
"What! did you treat me with so

much rigour ?"
"Ab!" said Sigismund, "I was lord of all, and I wrought revenge on all. A woman alone I loved, and this is the only feeling from which I have not yet

The king at these words withdrew altogether, and Clotaldus, addressing the prince said: "As we had been speaking of the eagle and of the empires of the earth, they haunted thee in thy

ing of the esgle and of the empires of the earth; they haunted thee in thy dreams; but even in thy dreams it would have been well to have had some respect for him who reared and instructed thee, for even in sleep there is a pleasure in doing good."

"It is true," replied Sigismund thoughtfully, "let me then repress this fierceness of temper—this fury—this ambition—in case those dreams should return, which they will surely do, for life is now to me nothing more. Experience tells me that all who live are dreamers, and death the voice that awakens them. The monarch dreams of changes of state and government, and of power and flattery, but his fame is written on the wind; death comes, and his pomp and royalty are crumbled into ashes; and yet, knowing that death shall wake them, there are men who wish to reign; the rich man dreams of his wealth, that costs him many a tear; the poor man dreams of his misery and frets at shadows; the ambitions man "Thou art a vile and uncourteous lover," replied," replied Estrells, haughtily, "but I will not now receive it, for I would not thus remind myself that I stooped to require it."

Saying this she withdrew, and proceeded in high indignation towards the dreams of grandeur and self-aggrandize-the state of the poor man dreams of his misery and frets at shadows; the ambitious man dreams of grandeur and self-aggrandize-the state of the poor man dreams of grandeur and self-aggrandize-the state of the poor man dreams of grandeur and self-aggrandize-the state of the poor man dreams of grandeur and self-aggrandize-the poor man dreams of the poor man dreams of grandeur and grandeur an ment; the courtier dreams of rank and office; the injured man dreams of his revenge; all, in a word, dream of their several conditions. I dream that I am here loaded with these chains; and but now I dreamed that I filled a happier station; life itself is an illusion, a shadow, an empty fiction; the heaviest sorrow is but light, and the brightest joy but yain, for life is a dream, and there but vain, for life is a dream, and there is nothing in it that can boast a founda

In the meantime poor Clarin paced the chamber in which he was confined the chamber in which he was confined in much peevishness and discontent.

"Here I am," said he, "confined in this tower for what I know; what will they do to me then for what I do not know? I pity myself very much, and people will say that it is very natural, and so it is; for what can be more mournful than for a man who has got such excellent rejiders are mine to be left without a than for a man who, as got such excellent grinders as mine to be left without a morsel to keep them in practice, while I am starving with hunger. Here all is silence around me—me who can never close my lips, not even when I sleep— here am I, a social fellow, without a here am I, a social fellow, without a companion—no, I tell an untruth, I have plenty; there are plenty of rats and spiders, pretty robins to chirp about my windows, my head is filled with the frightful visions that have been haunting me since I entered. I have seen spectres, ghosts, hobgobblins, elves and fairies; some mounting, some descending and cutting all kinds of strange capers; but what I feel most particularly is, that I am kept starved ever since I came in here; yet I deserve all this, and more for having kept a secret, while I was a servant, which is the greatest infidelity I could be guilty of to my masters."

His soliloguy was interrupted by the

His soliloquy was interrupted by the sounds of drums and trumpets outside, and by the cries of a multitude of people, who were heard exclaiming "Here he is—this is the tower—let us dash the door to pieces."

"What's this," cried Clarin, "they are looking for me, there is no doubt of that, for they say here I am, and that this is the tower. What can they want me for? Here they come. Hallo!

At the same instant, the door was forced from its hinges, and an armed mob burst into the room.

as apprehensive tanseen him kindly.
"Sire," cried one of the soldiers.
"Sire," cried one of the soldiers.

thou art our prince."
"These fellows are drunk," said

"These follows are drunk," said
Clarin.

"I'es, thou art our prince. We will
not have a foreign king, while a
natural one remains to us. Allow us to
kins your highnese's hand."

At these words all shouted, "Live
our prince, long live our prince !"

"They are in earnest," said Clarin to
himself. "I should wish to know if it
be the custom of this country to shut up
a man every day in the tower to make a
prince of him, and then bring him back
to his prison again. Yes, there's no
doubt of it, for I saw the same thing
done yesterday. Well, well, I shall
play my part to-day."

"Sire!" said one of the soldiers, we
have all told thy father the same thing,
that you alone shall be our king, and
not the prince of Muscovy.

"What," cried Clarin, "were ye
wanting in respect to my father?"

"It was through loyalty for thee,"
said a soldier.

"Theu," said Clarin waving his hand"If it was through loyalty for me, I forgive ye."

"Come out and regain thy crown,"

give ye."

"Come out and regain thy crown,"
exclaimed the people. "Long live Sigismund."

Clarin hearing the prince's name,
started in some surprise. "Sigismund
they say," he repeated to himself "but
what do I care for that. Do I not know

what do I care for that. Do I not know that they call every counterfeit prince, Sigismund."

Sigismund however, who heard his name thus proclaimed, called aloud from the inner dungeon. "Who calls on Sigismund?" The soldiers hearing this voice hurried Clarin into the next room, and beholding a man in chains, and so rudely clothed, inquired in some surprise, "what man is this?"

"This man," said the prince, "is Sigismund."

ismund."

"Sigismund!" exclaimed a soldier, turning hastily to Clarin. "Then how hadst thou the audacity to call thyself by that name?"

"I call myself Sigismund!" exclaimed Clarin, "it is false, it was you who had the audacity to nickname me Sigismund!"

mund."

"Great price," said a soldier addressing himself to Signannd, "we find by the tokens that were given us, that thou art our lord and sovereign. Your father the great king Basilius, terrified by the prophecy, which says that thou shalt one day wreat the sceptre from his grasp, has resolved to rob thee of thy right and transfer it to Astolpho of Muscovy. For this purpose he assembled his court. But the people, having learned that they possess a native prince in thee, have refused to submit to the yoke of a foreigner; they have sought thee therehave refused to submit to the yoke of a foreigner; they have sought thee therefore in this tower in the hope that thou wilt use their arms for the recovery of thy birthright—come forward then, for in the plains beneath this mountain, a numerous army waits to proclaim thee. Liberty attends thy coming. Hark, and hear her accounts?

hear her accents."

The cries of "long live Sigismund," had been gradually increasing, and now they were heard swelling like the roar

they were heard swelling like the roar of the winter ocean.

"Again," exclaimed Sigismund, "must I again hear those sounds, again must I dream of splendor that time shall so soon undo? Must I again stand among shadows, and see majesty and greatness vanish before the wind? It must not be. Ye shall not see me yoked again to Fortune's car; and since I know that life is but a dream, vanish ye shadows that pass before my troubled senses, feigning a substance and a sound, which in reality ye do not possess. I wish not for false majesty, vain pomps, fantastic splendors, which at the first breath of morn will fly and disappear like the early blossom of the almond tree, which the gentlest breeze will scatter on the earth bereft of color, beauty, brilliancy, and fragrance. I know ye; yes, I know ye; and know further that the same delusions pass over the minds of all who sions pass over the minds of all who sleep. Ye can deceive me no longer, for I know that you are dreams."

think that we deceive you, turn thy eyes toward yonder mountain, and see eyes toward yonder mountain, and see the multitude that await thy orders." "Aye!" said Sigismund, "that very thing I saw once as clearly and dis-tinctly as I now behold it, and yet I did

out dream

but dream."

"Great things, my lord," returned the soldier, "are always ushered in by presages, and those visions you speak of, were the dreams that foretold the reality you now behold."

"Rightly, thou sayest rightly," replied Sigismund, "and though they were dreams alone, there can be no harm since life is so short, in dreaming once since life is so short, in dreaming once again, and dreaming with so much prud-ence and caution, that on my waking I may find no cause for sorrow; knowing that I must wake at some time, my disappointment will be less when that time arrives. And knowing that my power is merely borrowed and must be restored merely borrowed and must be restored to its owner, let me use it worthily. "Subjects." he exclaimed aloud, starting to his feet, "I value your loyalty as highly as it deserves. In me you will find a prince, who boldly and successfully will free you from the foreign bondage which you fear. Sound to arms, and should I wake before this is accomplished, and before I have prostrated my father at my feet—but what do I say: father at my feet—but what do I say; my old passion has returned upon me; this is not right, it is not right to say it.

even though it never should be done."

As he uttered these words, the shouts were again renewed, and Clotaldus hurried with a look of terror into the apartment. "What shouts are these?" he exclaimed, "I am lost. Prince," he he exclaimed, "I am lost. Prince, he added throwing himself on his knees before Sigismund, "I am come to receive my death at thy hands."

"Not so, my father," replied the prince, "arise from the earth, for thou

shalt be the guide of my inexperience in this warfare. I know that to thy cares and anxieties I am indebted for my edu-

"What say you?" replied Clotaldus, in astonishment at the mild and altered manner of the prince.

"That I am dreaming," replied the latter, "and that there is a pleasure in doing good even in dreams."
"Then, my lord," said Clotaldus, " if it be thy intention to act according to

If you purpose making was on your sather, I cannot aid you with my counsel, for he is my king. I am at thy feet; give me death."

TO BE CONTINUED

THE LOVE STORY OF DEAN ANDREWS

(By Rhodes Campbell, in The Rosary Mag

(by Rhodes Campbell, in The Rossry Magazina) 1
I'm a stenographer.
Not the kind you read about that men are always falling in love with, but a down-to-the-ground business woman.
When Mr. Andrews, of the firm of Lippincott à Andrews, lawyers, made me the largest offer I had yet had, I accepted promptly after giving notice to my employer and obtaining a substitute. He read me the riot act on ingratitude, but I am used to that.

employer and obtaining a substitute. He read me the riot act on ingratitude, but I am used to that.

I supposed that Mr. Andrews would be like many of my employers and expected nothing. I found him high-minded, honorable, courteous. He was making a name for himself in his profession, and was up to his neck in work. But this suited me. I'm not afraid of work. In my years of experience with men I have learned to regard my employers as a cash basis from which I draw in order to live; they look upon me as a machine to do their bidding. This machine must be in order, run well, do good work; so I try to keep in good physical condition, give my attention as well as my time to the matter on hand, and incidentally dress well. No frills for me, but my tatiored suits and shirt waists are as fresh as they are severely plain. You see, it is not only my own living upon which my success depends, but that of another. I have a delicate young sister to keep and educate. From the time I was twelve I have bad cares and responsibilities. My parents and money were taken from me, and I had to face the world young and inexperienced. At eighteen I came to the city—it seems a lifetime ago. But I make ends meet, and lay up a little some months. It seems a pity to waste words on myselt before coming to the real story of Mr. Andrews, but it seems a necessary prelude to what follows. ems a necessary prelude to what fol-

seems a necessary prelude to what follows.

I had been at my new place for six months when I noticed a change in my employer. He who was always alert and keen seemed to attend to his work with apparent effort. I decided that he could not be well.

One day as he dictated and my pencil waited for the next word, I could hardly believe my ears when, instead of terse, ready, business like English which was always a delight to me, he began abruptly in a worried tone: "Miss Townsend, may I trouble you with a little personal matter? You see, I am quite alone in the world, no near womenkind. My uncle is the best ever, but unfortunately he and I don't agree on a matter which ito me is vital. I have observed you closely for all these months, and I feel that you have horse sense. You are dependable, with no foolishness about you. Now I want your opinion about the case in hand. Your clear view of the Potter claim aided my decision; why can you not help me in cision; why can you not help me in this?" He hesitated, then plunged boldly into the statement of his new

"I have met all kinds of women, but

no one appealed to me until lately.
Then, as fate would have it, the woman
is out of my set, and unlike all my traditions." Noting my look, he hastened to tions." Noting my look, he hastened to add: "Out of my set, but not out of my class. She is a lady a theroughbred." He paused then went on with decided effort. "Never mind how I met her. I shall spare you details and a lover's rhapsodies. I—perhaps you can hardly understand—I fought against this strange, incomprehensible feeling. I am used to conquering, but to my amazement the thing conquered me. I am very ambitious, too much so perhaps. My uncle has done so much for me, I refused further help after college days. He believes in me, and I was determined to show him that his pride and belief were not ill-founded. I have worked not ill-fo hard. No one but a struggling young lawyer could realize the strenuous lite these years have meant to me. Then, as I have gained the foothold I have fought for, I fail in love like the veriest schoolfor, I tall in love like the veriest school-boy with a girl who is worse than ob-scure. Her father is a byword among her neighbors and acquaintances. He is a common drunkard, dishonest, with no gentlemanly instincts. I cannot be-lieve that she is his daughter. Her mother is different. Perhaps you will despise me when I tell you that I hesi-tated. It seemed to me that I owed it to my uncle and to myself to avoid such a marriage. It was no use, however. Logic went to the winds before my over-mastering love. I found myself urging mastering love. I found myself urging her with all the power of which I am capable to become my wife. But she refuses absolutely. Nothing can change her. She says that when she found out about her father, she made up found out about her isaker, she hade up her mind that marriage was not for her. I cannot tell you all she said. She talked fluently, and her conclusions were logical, but I find that I cannot live without her. I love her with a mature man's passion. After all these years I have fallen a victim to the feelyears I have fallen a victim to the feeling that has often puzzled me, and which I have secretly ridiculed. My uncle has heard of what he is pleased to call my intended mesalliance. I don't blame him; he doesn't know her. But I must win the woman. And I confess I am powerless. Can you suggest any means of overcoming her resolution?"

"Does she love you?" I asked.
"She does not deny it. I believe she

"She does not deny it. I believe she does." Mr. Andrews' voice was so humble-even meek-that I hardly recognized it.

"I fear it is a hard proposition, but I have known women to change their minds under similar conditions," I ob-

minds under similar conditions," I ob-served rather lamely.
"Have you?" he began eagerly; then in a tone of deep dejection: "But you don't know her. She is sweet and lov-able but immovable on this point. She not only believes it will injure my career, but she refuses on the score of beredity. If she were an opposing lawcareer, but she reluses on the score of heredity. If she were an opposing lawyer, I would admire her clear forcible statement of objections, but as it is I am indignant and dejected in turn. I feel helpless with your sex, Miss Townsend.

hoped you might suggest so

I hoped you might suggest some methodyet untried."

"I fear I can do little, Mr. Andrews;
but if you will let me think is over I
may be able to suggest something..."

"And if my ancie talke with you, you
will present my side of it?" he urged
with that new humble sir which was so
utterly foreign to him.

I suiled inwardly at the unlikelihood
of his eldesly experienced uncle consulting or even mentioning the subject to a
strange stenographer in his nephew's
office i But then, after Mr. Andrews'
confidence, why not the days routine as
if nothing had interrupted. I would
have sworn it was all a dream, only for
the pallor and haunting eyes before me.
Whatever it meant to the woman, for
the man it spelled tragedy. I wondered
who the woman was and if she really
were worthy of such devotion. For I
liked Dean Andrews. His honor was
unimpeachable. He talked of a ruling
ambition, but he had proved to me that
honor and love were above and beyond
it.

I hurried home anxions, as always

it.

I hurried home anxious, as always, about Louise. I found her ill, and with her Miss Cisdin, her teacher. The attack was nothing serious, but I always worry about the child. She is all that I have. I insisted on Elisabeth Cladin staying to tea. Her kindness to Louise had won me at first, and since then her own sterling worth and charming personality had made me her warm friend. She was the only one with whom I was at all intimate. She had been Louise's teacher for three years when I had taken her from the Public schools to the excellent private one where Elisabeth was assistprivate one where Elisabeth wa

nt. After the dishes were washed and put away and Louise was saleep, I lay on my couch in my tiny sitting-room, while Elisabeth sat near in my big chair. We sat a while without talking; Elizabeth is so restful and understanding. Then: "You are tired, dear."

"And you are ill," I retorted.
"I am perfectly well," Elizabeth as-

"I am perfectly well," Elizabeth asserted eagerly.
"It's no use playing Sapphira with me," I said, severely. "In all these weeks what have you been doing to yourself?"
"Well, then, I confess I am a little troubled," she admitted.
"Why not tell me? I want to forget business and the daily grind."
"I've always been determined not to

business and the daily grind."
"I've always been determined not to bother you with my trials; you have enough of your own."
"And so you haven't treated me as a friend? Try me, Etizabeth. I am an undemonstrative creature, but I love you dearly. I may not be able to help you, but sometimes the mere admission of a cross lightens it somewhat."
"Don't tempt me, for I shall fall. Its merely an affair of the heart." Elizabeth spoke lightly and with a cynical air new to her. "I suppose I have a broken heart, Virginia; but, as you see, I still live. The man in the case has a desirable and prominent position which he has won by the hardest kind of work. He came to see me in the interest of one He came to see me in the interest of one of his clients "—she bit her lip over the inadvertant admission, then hurried on, I could prove a point in the case and "I could prove a point in the case and had to give evidence. Well, he kept on coming, and the other day declared his love and insisted on a speedy marriage. It is the usual thing, you see." She laughed mirthlessly.

"And did you not refuse?" I asked with unconscious represed.

with unconscious reproach.

"And why shouldn't I?" She spoke still with that new bitterness. "Why should I spoil his career? Why should

I burden him?" I looked at her in consternation mingled with impatience. "This is a new role, Elizabeth. I did not know that self-depreciation was a prominent characteristic of yours."

"Oh, it's not that! He is above me mentally, but I don't feel that I should disgrace him. You surely know, Vir-ginia, why I cannot marry?

Something gripped my heart. I thought of the other confession, and I waited, fearing, yet certain of what was to follow. I shook my head in denial.

"You have certainly heard of my father. Again I shook my head. "We live so far apart, and I have been so engrossed with my work," I reminded her.

with my work," I reminded her.

"I shall never forget when I first heard of it," she went on in dull tone, as if reciting a lesson. "My mother had somehow managed to send me away to an excellent school for years, and I was at home on my last vacation but one when I had a slight misunderstanding with a neighbor's daughter, an ill-bred common girl with whom I had had heretofore little to do. She grew very angrey, and in her rage hurled the inforangry, and in her rage hurled the infor-mation regarding my father at my head mation regarding my latter at my need, which my mother had so carefully kept from me. I listened with increasing conviction that every word she spoke was true. I had suspected that he drank but now I knew that that was not the worst. I turned from her without a word and went straight to my mother. word and went straight to my mother. She could not deny it. I begged her to leave him—the girl had told me that he often ill-used her, especially of late—but she refused. Virginia, I cannot under-stand my mother's attitude. I've tried to, but I can't. It would be impossible for me to iove a man whom I could not only fail to respect but for whom I have contempt. Yet she loves him and clings to him as a mother to her sinning child. She says no one cares for him but her, and she could not desert him. She cried heart-brokenly over my knowledge of the disgrace, until I felt ashamed to think of myself when I realized all she had borne and what she had done for me. I put my arms about her and told her we would bear it together and so lighten it, or at least make the burden a little less heavy. I studied that last year stren-uously and took honors. I have taught ever since, and have made up my mind that never would I risk carrying on the dishonor and perpetuating it by marri-age and probable progeny. My mother knows nothing of this and cannot under-stand why I have refused a man such as this one, because I cannot love him. No wonder she thinks me cold and abnormal! Who, knowing Dean Andrews—there! I've told the name! Well, Forget it. It is over and I

ords: "The leaves and I must bear it."
to rare team sprang to my byte.
"Bitsabeth, you magnify the troutful
hour have married under similar offimatianees." But she shook her head!
"I shall never marry," she declared,
d I felt that it was final. Nothing
at I could say made the least impresm. I lay awake long that night. I
led to remember my work and that it
is imperative for me to rest and keep
ted for it. All in vain. Even Louise
r the time took a secondary place. I
d now received my answer for Mr.
and the secondary place. I
d now received my answer for Mr.
and now received my answer for Mr.
and now received that this was the first for the time took a secondary place. I had now received my answer for Mr. Andrews in a most unexpected manner. It may seem strange that this was the first intimation that I had had of my friend's love affair, and that I did not even know that she had met Mr. Andrews. But I had far leas time than Elisabeth—her school hours ended at two every day—and I was not strong. I had to deny myself many recreations, one of them being social pleasures of the simplest description. Then this had all occurred in six weeks' time, and I had only seen Elisabeth once at church, as her mother had been ill and she had been kept closely at home, which was three miles from mine. I had been there but two or three times. She underwhood and was willing to do the visiting. With all my planning and thought I could see no way out of the dilemma except sorrow and disappointment for both my friends. You see that, in spite of my creed I was coming to look, upon Dean Andrews as something more than the machine I had taught myself te consider my employers. When I reached the office a gentleman was there with Mr. Andrews.

"This is my uncle, Mr. Christian Andrews, Miss Townsend."

And a freels surprise confronted me. For the uncle looked almost as young

Andrews, Miss Townsend."

And a fresh surprise confronted me.

For the uncle looked almost as young as the nephew, and I had pictured him as elderly and gray-haired. I plunged into my work until evening. Mr. Dean Andrews had been gone for an hour, and I was preparing to leave when the door of the office opened and Mr. Uhristian entered. He was not as handsome and distinguished-looking as his nephew; but he had an open, cordial ian entered. In and distinguished-looking as ninephew; but he had an open, cordial manner and pleasant face which won

you at once.
"Dean has told me that you know of this unfortunate affair of his, Miss Townsend," he began, when I interrupted him.
"Why unfortunate?" I demanded

He looked his astonishment. "Do you know the father?" he asked by way of reply.

Do you know the woman ?" was my

ounter question.
"Do you?" he laughed.
"She is my dearest friend."
"Does Dean know this?" he asked in

ocident yesterday."
I described Elisabeth in terms not lowing, yet with all the skill I pos-essed, bringing out her strong points and touching upon her refinement and

His frank eyes clouded as I finished.
"It looks differently to me as you put it,
Miss Townsend," he said with a sigh.
"A man in love is not wholly sane, but
you are sensible and not given to sentiment, I should judge. Your friend must
be all you say. Yet I confess it is a
great disappointment to me. I had pictured it all so differently. I wanted
Dean to marry some one who would add
to his position. I have set my heart on
Dean's success; but he's so d—excuse
me—but so very independent that he
won't take any more from me, although
he is all I have. These youngsters are
hard to manage." His frank eyes clouded as I finished

I could hardly repress a smile. He looked so slmost boyish himself!

"But why do you worry?" I asked.

"Dean is set on it, and even I can't influence him." he explained in some

surprise.
"But Miss Claffin refuses."

"But Miss Claffin refuses."
He shrugged his shoulders. "Oh, she cannot hold out against Dean," he answered with an air of finality.
But I knew better. And so did Mr. Christian later on. It shows his kind heart that when he saw his nephew's unhappiness he added his urgent plea to Mr. Dean's, but Elizabeth was the adament. Only I knew that the heart of the adamant was a softer thing than appeared on the surface.

I was driven home in a whirl, the glamour of the weeding filling my thoughts. I saw E-izabeth's lovely face torough a mist of teers. Louise was to stay over night with Mrs. Claffin with whom she was a great favorite.

As I came into my rooms they struck a little chill t my heart. I seemed so alone. A man's figure came out of the dask and a voice I knew so well cried out: "Miss Townsend, I've made my-

brovely, but she could not control her eyes and mouth. Her mother became alarmed at last, and in June urged her alarmed at last, and in June urged ner to visit a cousin at a quiet seaside resort. Mrs. Claffic was kind, but un-observant and slow of mind. Mr. Andrews worked like a giant those days. He rarely spoke of his trouble. It was too deep, I fancied. Yet I had always too deep, I fancied. Yet I had always declared that men recovered from affairs of the heart so much more readily than women! But Mr. Andrews so much that the same allow to yield to woman's charms, so had he been tenseious of his love when fin-

summer was unrevelly slose and The summer was unusually close and stifling that year. I found myself wondering if I e ald hold out until my vacation in August. Louise was better than usual, for I had sent her to Elizabeth at

the latter's urgest request.

It was the middle of July when Mr.
Andrews announced in his most decided
manner that I was not to wait until
August, but was to leave work the next

day and get away.

"I wish I could dispose of Jim Claffin as easily," he said suddenly.

"Even if he were put out of the way it wouldn't solve the problem," I de-

red sadly.
'That is true.' He sighed, as from the ground of the heart. "I really suspect my uncle of succumbing to the tender passion." he said with a change of manuer. "It is earching. Well, I hope the dear fellow's affair will prove more fortunate than mine. He deserves the

time that I had a change.

I was back at work, the summer not over and Elizabeth and Louise still away, when a measenger brought me a note marked "urgent." It was from Elizabeth and dated from the city.

"Dear Virginis—Will you meet me at once at Christ's hospital? My father has had an accident and is very ill. He wishes me to bring a stenographer, and I cannot bear the thought of a stranger. I think Mr. Andrews will spare you under the circumstance. "E. C."
Silenty I handed the missive to my

I think Mr. Andrews will spare you under the circumstances. "E. C." Silently I handed the missive to my employer. My heart gave a bound of relief, for I had felt sure that it was Louise. In fitten minutes I was taken in Mr. Andrew's motor car to the hospital. Elizabeth met me and took me at once to Mr. Claffin's room. He had been run over by an automobile. He lay propped up on pillows, deathly white, his burning eyes feverishly alight and eager.

lay proped up on pillows, deethly white, his burning eyes feverishly alight and eager.

"Hurry!" he said.
The nurse gave him stimulants and I sat ready, with pencil and pad in hand. I braced myself to hear of some unusual crime, and so I think, did Elisabeth. The voice startled one by its strength and shriliness.

"I shall live but a short time. I cannot face eternity without making my confession. Elisabeth is not our child. We adopted her when a baby. An English rector and his wife came to this sountry for their health. For a time they improved and Mr. Thrale took a small parish in which we lived. When Elisabeth was born my wife showed the mother kindly attentions. Both were young and had no near relatives. Mr. Thrale was the last of his family, fine country gentry. They were both greatly beloved by their parishioners. Mr. Thrale died suddenly, before Elisabeth was a year old. The shock proved too much for the wife who, my wife always insisted, died of a broken heart. Mr. Thrale's till bealth had all come from a long run of typhoid in Eagland, and the doctors advised a change. Mrs. Thrale gave her baby to my wife, who loved her as her own. had all come from a long run of typhoid in England, and the doctors advised a change. Mrs. Thrale gave her baby to my wife, who loved her as her own. Mrs. Cladin insisted that she should never be told the truth. Lately I urged that she should know—for she keenly felt my misbehaviour—but my wife, always so conscientious, was bitterly opposed to it, and, as I had caused her so much misery, I felt that I must give her her way in this. Only lately have I guessed Elizabeth's troubles, and I want this paper to be handed at once to Mr. Dean Andrews, of Lippincott & Andrews, Temple Place."

The voice grew alarmingly faint. The nurse sprang to the bedside with restoratives. The 'patient railied and asked for me.

"You will give that to Mr. Andrews as soon as you leave here?" he ga-ped. I promised.

Elizabeth followed me to the outer entrance. She seemed transformed.

entrance. She seemed transformed. Her eyes shone like stars. "We coaxed mother to lie down. She

is quite prostrated.

Poor Mr. Claffin! He must die so

Poor Mr. Clafin! He must die so soon and with the burden of all his mischeeds! who could feel hard towards him now? she said, softly.

She slipped back to the sick-room, and I was whirled back to the office, with my message of deliverance. How simply yet unexpectedly the problem which had seemed so hopeless had been solved! olved!
The wedding followed the death of

The wedding followed the death of Mr. Clafin. Mr. Andrews would hardly give Elisabeth time to get a decent outfit. As she stood in her travelling suit in her own little room—it was, of course, a very quiet affair—Elisabeth threw her arms about me and drew me towards her with rare emotion.

"God is so good to me, Virginia," she whispered: "I don't deserve it. I am so happy that I want you to be and in the same way."

the same way."

Then her mother called her, and, as I Then her mother called her, and, as I followed her down atairs, I had a gimpse of Dean Andrew's face, alight with the same wonderful glow. They were to live in a lovely house on Montrose Avenue, and Mrs. Claffin was to live with them. I was driven home in a whirl, the

peared on the surface.

Poor Eitzsbeth! I could hardly bear the change in her. She kept up bravely, but she could not control her eyes and mouth. Her mother became adams as a voice! I thew so well cried out: "Miss Townsend, I've made my-self at home. Your landlady let me in and I've invited myself to tea. Bashfulness never was my portion."

It was Mr. Christian whom I had met

at the wedding, but who had myster-iou-ly disappeared at the last.

"I hate good byes, and I wanted to see you all by myself I ran off here," he went en, as I removed my wraps "I'm not like Dean. I can't bear suspense. I meant to watt until after tea, but I can't. Verginis, I can't. I love you—Dean knows it—but I told him you could'n care for a fellow like me. Tell me, the best or the worst. Or, Virginia, is it yes? Why, my darling is it true?"

And although I know this is Me.

is it yes? Why, my darling is it true?"
And although I know this is Mr.
Andrew's story and not mine, I cannot
keep from adding how happy I am. No
more long weary years stretching out
before me, with the fear always before
my eyes of giving out and failing Leuise;
no more lonely evenings, and always
the love of a good man to surround and
envelop me. If I had not already loved
I should learn to do so for his care of
Louise, who blossoms out it, as Eliza-Luise, who blossoms out it, as Elizabeth tells that I have done. For Love is the magic wand of this workaday world and touches even the life of a sensible, unromantic stenographer I

Religion is a hospital for sin-sick souls, and no cases are put in the in-cura le ward

There is semething finer than to do right against inclination, and that is to have an inclination to do right. There manner. It is descending. With, I note the dear fellow's affair will prove more fortunate than mine. He deserves the best "

"I hope so." I assented listlessly.
I made my simple preparations to go to the country, with a strange depression. I felt all at once old and settled. I was tired of being thought sensible, cool

PROTECTED BY THE HOLY SOULS

prominent members of our Society who had been summoned to Rome on business of importance. Our way lay across the Apennines and we were numerous enough to fill a large coach. We knew that the mountains were infested by

appendings and we were numerous enough to fill a large coach. We knew that the mountains were infected by outlawed bands, and we had been careful to select an honest driver. Before setting out it was agreed that we should place ourselves under the protection of the Holy Souls by reciting a De profun dis every hour. At a given signal the peals was to be recited aloud.

"Laigi, the driver, had been instructed, in case of any danger, to tap our vehicle's roof distinctly with three strokes of the heavy end of his whip. Just as evening twilight began, we reached the summit of a lofty mountain, when we were startled by three ominous knocks on the roof of our coach. Before we could ask any questions, Luigi had given the horses such a blow as nearly made them throw us out of the coach, and sent the animals at a breakneck speed along the road. On looking out we beheld to our horror, about a dozen bandite on either side holding deadly weapons as if ready and determined to attack us. But, strange to say, they all remained as motionless as a tatues with weapons as if ready and determined to attack us. But, strange to say, they all remained as motionless as statues, with arms uplifted, until we had gone on so far as to leave them a mere speck on

the horison.

"At last our driver halted. 'A mirscale!' he cried. 'May God and Our
Lady be praised! I tell you, Fathers,
it is a miracle that we are not dead

it is a miracle that we are not deed men."

"Indeed a very special protection of Divine Providence, replied the superior of our party, and we must all thank God from our whole hearts. We must all say a Mass in thanksgiving tomorrow." We heartly assented, and soon the danger with which we had been threatened receded from our memories.

"Holy Obedience afterwards stationed "Holy Obedience afterwards stationed me," continued the Father, "at the Gesu, our church and college at Rome. About two years later I was called upon to instruct a prisoner condemned to capital punishment. I visited him several times, and it cost me great effort to make him open his heart to me. Finally he told me that his birth and parentage and the advantages of a liberal education should have brought him to a widely different destiny. He had loved adventure naturally, but had taken a wrong direction. To win him to God, I affected to be interested in the daring adventures which he related to me, and succeeded in impressing him with the sinfulness of his life and the necessity of repentance. I visited the prisoner often, and he was always glad to see me. One day, as he was speaking to me of the latest years of his life, he described to me in the mosa graphical to me of the latest years of his life, he described to me in the moss graphical terms the very incident with which I began my story. He described to me the wonderful manner in which his hands and tsose of his comrades had been held by an invisible, irresistible power. He told me that they knew that the coson was full of Jesuit priests, and that they had been promised agreat reward by the head of a secret anti Catholic society if they succeeded in seizing our luggage, and how dismayed they were when they cound themselves rendered motionless by an invisible higher power. I then made known to him that I had been a member of that party, and he at once

made known to him that I had been a member of that party, and he at once tell on his knees and asked my pardon.

"I prepared him for his dreadful end, and believe he died at peace with God. I asked his permission to relate his portion of the story and he willingly gave it, hoping to merit some benefit for his ain burdened soul thereby. As for myself, I was and still am convinced, that our hourly De profundis during that memorable journey was rewarded by memorable journey was rewarded by God, permitting the Holy Souls to come to our aid in the moment of danger, and that it was they who, with God a permis-sion, rendered the robbers immovable when they were about to attack us."

IRISH AND CATHOLIC

The College of Maynooth, Ireland, has given more than one hundred Bisnops to the Church, of whom tuliy one-third were members of the teaching staff. This interesting fact was stated by the Most Rev. Dr. Healy, Archbishop of Tusm, at the consecration recently in Maynoosh of the Most Rev. Dr. Mannix as Archbishop-Coadjunitor of Meibourne, Australia. Dr. Healy aiso said :
"This ceremony also reminds us that

Maynooth, though primarily a college for the education of the Irish ciergy, for the education of the Irish ciergy, has had a notable share in the missionary activity of the Irish race. Dr. Carew, who had been Professor of Dogmatic and Moral Theology, was consecrated Vicar-Apostolic of Western Bengal in 1838. Three years later Dr. Requesty was consecrated been in the Femuliy was consecrated here in the old College Chapel Vicar-Apostolic of Madras; and it is a matter of history that the Catholic Church in India owes much to these two distinguished pre-lates. In Australia we all know how Dr. Carr, as the call of duty left his pleasant diocese of Galway for the arch-diocese of Methourne, in which he has accomplished so much not only for his own dicesse but for the whole province of Victoria. He was a vice-president of May nooth; and now we have the president leaving his beloved College to go out to continue the work of the Arch-bishop of Melbourne in the same great

"It has been the providential destiny of the Irish race throughout all the past to be the heraids of the Gospel in many foreign lands. I can not now enter into Bishop Forbes of Brechin, a very competent scholar, who declares that "the Irish missionaries, spread over Europe from Iceland to Talentum, carrying with them their own learning, and to some extent their own rices, sometimes well received, more often the objects of national jesiousy in the people amongst whom they a j urned, formed an impor-tant element in the civilization of the

"Then the bitter centuries of perpetual war and persecution followed, and it was hoped to extragulah the very

nined, and it was found, that the ears of the past had not we tend's faith or missionary spir

years of the past had not washened Ireland's faith or missionary spirit.

"Many of the old Catholic countries have been losing their faith and loyalty to the Holy See, but these young Catholic Churches have taken their place, and have greatly rejoiced the heart of the Holy Father, in the midst of many tribulations, by proclaiming to the whole world their loyalty and allegiance to the See of Peter. And it is undeniable that this great spiritual work has been, I might say within the last contury, mainly accomplished by the children of the Irish race. The children of Ireland can say with perfect truth: "Quae regio in terris nostri son plena laboris?" Who built these churches in these Roglish speaking countries? What priests minister in them? What priests minister in them? What priests rule them? Who teach these schools; when they want nuns for schools and hospitals and orphanages, where do they get them except from the devoted daughters of holy Ireland?
"I theyefore say that God hes circust

where do they get them except from the devoted daughters of holy Ireland?

"I therefore my that God has given the Irish race a great supernatural mission to be preachers of the Gospel and champions of the Church to the ends of the earth, a loftier destiny than the enjoyment of material wealth or military renown. It has been for them to build up new churches on the banks of the mighty rivers of America, in the boundless plains of Australia, in all the manufacturing cities of Great Britain. It is apparently the work of man, but is manifestly the purpose of God."

So thoroughly has the Irish people been identified with the Catholic Church in this country, that here in New England, at least, "Irish" and "Catholic" are interchangeable terms. To the average Protestant an Irishman who is not a Catholic, or a Catholic who is not an Irishman is unthinkable. So much so that when a newly arrived Portagues from here described to Church the Catholic who

is not an Irishman is unthinkeble. So much so that when a newly arrived Por tuguese farm-hand attended the Catholic Church in the New England village where he had found employment with a Protestant farmer, the latter was much surprised, and declared to a neighbor that he did not know before that the Portuguese were Irish!

Very proud of their distinction are the Irish people and their descendants in America; but they would be far from claiming all the credit for the work of establishing and maintaining the Church bere. Other nationalities have done, and are delige, their share nobly Church here. Other nationalities have done, and are doing, their share nobly and notably in this work so blessed by God. The Germans, the French, the Poles the Italians, the Portuguese—all have made important contributions to the development of the Catholic life in the United States. To them let Catholics of Irish blood generously give the credit due, while retaining their own pride in the significant fact that Irish and Catholic are synonymous terms still in New England.—S H. Review.

BLESSING THE SEA

PIUS CELTIC CUSTOM CONTINUED BY BRETON FISHERMEN

Through the miniature fjord-like and winding fasure had the tide rushed up the river as far as the Breton town of Moriaix, whose houses sit in picturesque guise upon the sides of a wide ravine. As the current "turned again home" to the open sea, ever beating against the coast of the Northern Britany, the home of a race quite as Celtic as that of Ireland, a procession slowly wound its way down the highway to the broad strand lying between the two parishes of Plougasnou and Primel, writes Paul Dillon in the Catholic Press of Australia.

tralis.

In a neighboring field a Catholic Bishop was quietly vesting himself in his episcopal robes. As soon as he assumed his mitre and crozier he proceeded on foot to the little fleet of beats evidently swaiting his arrival.

That he was an Apostolic worker on the foreign missions of our Church was indicated by his long beard, and the name bestowed on him by the reverential tralia.

name bestowed on him by the reverential crowd of Breton peasants and fishermen, quite proud that the "Astrouin Eskop Chin" (i. e., the Chinese Bishop) should be among them.

BISHOP OF CHINA MISSION

Moreover, he was also a true Breton, a member of a noble family of the Armorican province, who had returned home for a short visit after eighteen years of absence on his mission to the wild heathen inhabitants of the mountain range dividing Southern China from the Indo-Chinese peninsula.

the Indo-Chinese peninsula.

The Comte, who is atready better known as Monsignor de Guebriant, the indefatigable missionary prelate and intrepid explorer of unknown and remote regions of the Chinese Empire, had gladly accepted the invitation of the priests and people of Plougasnou to come from St. Pol de Leon to take the leading part in the annual blessing of the sea, a custom as dear to Celtic Bretons as it is to the Celtic Irish fishermen.

A TOUCHING SIGHT

The procession had now reached the strand and surrounded a small platform. The ancient cross of the parish hung with tinkling bells, and heavy embroidered banners were held aloft by sturdy lads in their quaint dark garants with a setting of the Blessian. sturdy lads in their quaint dark garments, while a statue of the Blessed Virgin was carried by young girls wearing the antique head dress of the district. Then followed the priests and the Bishop, blessing the people who were still chanting the old Gaelic bymm to St. Anne, Our Lady's mother, who is the beloved patron saint of all good Bretons. A touching sight was it

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AVE MARIS STEE

Having spoken to them of his Chinese mission, to which he was soon returning, and of his joy at spending a few days among the people of his own native land of Brittany the Bishop embarked on the large and much-decorated boat reserved for his. Swiftly were the other barques filled by pessants and fishermen, who acted as an escort to Monsignor de Guebriant.

As the dusky brown red and white sails in billowy curves eaught the breeze, the priests intoned the liturgical prayers used on this occasion, while men, women and children sang the "Ave Maris Stelle" and the Gaelle hymn to St. Anne, which were re-echoed by those who remained ashore.

BLESSING THE SEA

Monsignor de Guebriant then plunged his crosier into the see, while with his other hand he sprinkled the waves with holy water. In a wide circle the fleet of boats made its way back to the starting point. fleet of boats made its way back to the starting point.

Although a carriage was waiting on the road, Monsignor de Guebriant, finding that the boat was going back to Pempoul, which is close to St. Pol de Leon, gave much gratification to the fishermen by his prompt decision to return with them across the sea which he had blessed.

It was a mild evening, and the sun

he had blessed.

It was a mild evening, and the sun was setting behind the promontory of Roscoff, that lovely seaside place lying on the shore of a bay studded by dark rocks and an island, on which the waves dashed in stormy weather, sending into the air showers of spray and spindrift gleaming white against clouds heavy with coming rain.

AN ALMOST FORGOTTEN EMPRESS

The Empress Eugénie has been surprising other visitors of the Isle of Wight by an energy which seems to be proof against age. "From the Thistle she lands on a Sunday at Cowes" (a local correspondent reports) "and climbs on foot the almost perpendicular hill which leads up to the Catholic church—a journey which tries the strength of people half her age." It seems a propos to recall a remark once made by the Empress in conversation—"I am twice a Catholic, once as a Spaniard and once as a Frenchwoman." The Empress is otherwise in evidence this week, M. Filon's new "Life of the Prince Imperial" being a much reviewed volume. M. Filon tells a story of a meeting between the young Prince and Abbé Deguerry, who recalled their first meeting—one of which the memories were all on one side. "You were but forty-eighthours old then, Sir," said the Abbé, "but you were already occorated with the Legion of Honour. Why, do you imagine, had they given you that Cross? Not for what you had done, but for what you were yet to do. The cross is the symbol of sacrifice." Those words were never forgotten; for after the Prince Imperial's death in Zaluland, a written prayer found among his papers contained these words:—"If Thou givest only on this earth a certain sum of joy, take, O God, my share, and bestow it on the most worthy. If Thou seekest vengeance upon man, strike me!"—London Tablet.

CONCERNING FINE CLOTHES

METHODIST JOURNAL ON THE CONVERSION OF ST. AUGUS

The Christian Advocate in the course of an article "Concerning Fine Clothes" has the following, which might, very appropriately, have been written for a Catholic journal:

On a certain day more than fifteen

hundred years ago, in a plea-sant garden of the city of Milan, a young man of rare intellect-ual gifts sat wrapt in profound but pain ful meditation. He was fast approaching the culmination of a spiritual atruggle which had endured many years, and he was undergoing the most poignant suffering which remorse can create and he was undergoing the most poignant suffering which remorse can create in a truly awakened conscience. His career previous to this crisis is of great interest to the student of religious biography. The child of a heathen father and a Christian mother, both of whom cherished high hopes for their brilliant boy, he received a higher education than was customary for one in his station. But as he advanced in learning there was a deterioration in his morals which marred his genius and filled his quiet hours with bitterness, since he could not wholly divest himself of the influence of his mother's teachings. In the city of Carthage, whither he went at seventeen years of age, he plunged into dissipation. Now and then gleams of holy aspiration flashed over his spirit, but when he turned to the Sacred Scriptures for help, they only awakened his contempt for their simplicity and their lack of those rhetorical elegances which he had been taught to regard as of supreme value. While he rose as an instructor, he fell deeper and deeper into that despair which finally engulis the victim of self-indulgence. From Carthage to Rome, from Rome to Milan, where he had been appointed to an important professorship, he went, seeking relief from his burden of sin, but refusing to turn away from his evil course. For a while he listened spell-bound to

portant professorship, he went, seeking relief from his burden of sin, but refusing to turn away from his evil course. For a while he listened spell-bound to the sermons of the eloquent Ambrose, and deferentially to the counsels of his Godly mother, though still clinging to his wicked practices.

At length a fellow-countryman fascinated him by Christian conversation, and especially by relating the story of St. Anthony's life. The effect of this narrative upon the prodigal was overwhelming. Driven by the intensity of his teclings into the modest garden at the back of his dwelling, he threw himself down at the foot of a fig tree, and exclaimed in agony, "How long, O Lord, how long? Why should there not be in this hour an end of my baseness?" In the midst of this agitation he heard the voice of a child singing again and again. "Take up and read?" Feeting this to be a divine intimation, he rushed back to the place where his companion was sitting, eagerly snatched up a manuscript."

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Not in rioting and dru "Not in rioting and drunkenness, not in chambering and wantonness, not in strile and envying. But put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ, and make not provision for the flesh, to fulfill the lusts thereof." He has told us the effect of these words upon him. "I wished to read no more. There was no need, for instantly, as though the light of salvation had been poured into my heart with the close of this sentence, all the darkness of my doubts had fed away." Such was the conversion of the illustrious Augustine, who became the greatest of the fathers of the Western Church and a theologian who has exercised a very powerful inflessnes on Christendom down to our time. "If any man be in Christ, there is a new creation"—that is the divine method of clothing the soul.

WILL WE EVER MAKE UP

Human nature, be it ever so degenerate, is attracted by truth, provided only the magnet be brought close enough. This applies to religious as well as to scientific truth, and Catholics will do well to bear the fact in mind, recalling at the same time the answer made to Cain when he saked if he were his brother's keeper. For five centuries parasitical growths have been sapping the strength of the Church of Christ. Now these growths are decaying, and with their dead branches thousands are falling away from religion.

with their dead branches thousands are falling away from religion.

Human nature years, however, for truth, and that longing can win these souls to the Church, to be purified and ennobled by the religion which is one with truth. History is so weary of repeatedly demonstrating that religion is the only motive force adequate to impel men to live according to reason rather than appetite, that she calls to the dunces' row all those whose intelligences the fact has not yet penetrated.

dunces' row all those whose intelligences the fact has not yet penetrated.

The important thing to be noted however is that religious truth must be presented before it can be accepted. Here is opened a mission for the militant Catholic. Most non-Catholics are not accessible from the pulpit, and the press and the lecture platform must be made the instruments for planting the seeds of the truth. Catholics have been slow to use these means. The Catholic press is yet an infant, and the lecture platform is almost wholly in the possession of those hostile or indifferent to the Church. Tais is a damning indictment of Catholic inertia.

We have scores of brilliant Catholics eager and ready to engage in the spread

We have scores of brilliant Catholics eager and ready to engage in the spread of the Catholic ideas and ideals which are the world's only hope of salvation from the cesspools of Socialism and animalism. The message of these Catholic ecturers is vital, if they are worthy their calling. Such lecturers should be supported in their work so enthusiastically that other brilliant Catholic laymen may be attracted to the work. The Church of God is a missionary church, established for all men of all nations.

If we by God's grace have been granted to know that Church and her message, dare we then sit back in smug satisfaction while other men grope blindly for the truth and share not in a blessing quite as much intended for

blessing quite as much intended for them as for us? God forbid that such a them as for us? God forbid that such a one should bear the name Catholic and call himself a soldier of Christ! The true soldiers, the militant Catholics must rally to the support of press and platform for the dissemination of truth. Human nature will do the rest, for the magnet of truth is irresistible within its limits.

Every parish should frequent to full

Every parish should furnish its full every parish should furnish its full quota of subscribers to the diocesan Catholic peper, and with quite as much loyalty every parish and Catholic organ-ization should be interested in furnish-ing audiences for Catholic lecturers, oven supporting, if possible, a Catholic lecture course. As the Providence Visitor remarks. "Catholic lecturers are needed in this age of popular instruction.

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Every and is made for his day; he does the work in his day; what he does is not the work of any other day, but of his own day.—Cardinal Newman.

A contented mind—heart-sunshine—makes a glory out of gloom, and can turn the most untoward events so that they will prove a fruitful spring of unmeasured joy.—Fr. Hayes.

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uke King, P. J. Neven, E. J. Broderick, M., Mrs. W. E. Smith and Miss Sara Hanley b. Heringer tre fully authorized to receive us and canaset all other business for the RECORD. CATHOLIC RECORD.

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LETTERS OF RECOMMENDATION

Ottawa. June 13th, 1905.

Omas Coffey
Dear Sir.—Since coming to Canada I have reader of your paper. I have noted with satistat it is directed with intelligence and and, above all, that it is imbued with a strong ic spirit. It strehuously defends Catholic les and rights, and stands firmly by the teacheles and rights, and stands firmly by the teacheles and authority of the Church at the same time ting the best interests of the country. Followese lines it has done a great deal of good for lefter of religion and country, and it will do ellare of religion and country, and it will do ellare of religion and country, and it will do ellare of religion and country, and it will do ellare of religion and country, and the will do the country. Followses it to Catholic families. With my blessing on work, and best wishes for its continued success. Your very sincerely Christ,
DONATUS, Archbishop of Ephesus.
Apostolic Delegate.

Critawa, Canada, March 7th, 1900.

Ottawa, Canada, March 7th, 1900

Ottawa, Canada, March 7th, 1900.

Dear Sir: Wrs some time past I have read you ostimable pape, the CATHOLIC RECORD, and congratulate you upon the manner, in which it is published its matter are form are both good; and a tuly Catholic spir pervades the whole. Therefore, wife pleasure, I cal recommend it to the faithful. Blessing you are wishing you success believe me to resaain.

Yours faithfully in Jesus Christ.

†D. Falconio, Arch. of Larissa, Apos. Deleg.

LONDON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1912

THE ROYAL COMMISSION ON DIVORCE

The proverbial conservatism English men is evidenced by the recently issued report of the Royal Commission appointed to investigate all matters concerning divorce, and to gather evidence on which future legislation may be based. Though the majority report favors the extension of the grounds on which divorce may be granted, it is still conservative compared with the conditions with which American divorce courts make us familiar. While the minority report is opposed to any legislation which will make divorce easier to obtain.

Wars and rumors of war, not to speak of parliamentary riots and suffragette disturbances, have delayed the general attention and discussion that such moral question is sure to receive from the British people. When normal conditions are restored it will be very interesting to follow the course of English opinion on a question of such vital importance as that of easier divorce.

G. K. Chesterton, whose keen insight into the heart of moral questions almost invariably leads him to take the Oatholic view, has the following characteristic comment on the report of the divorce Commission:

"When I was a boy the only freedom the moderns seemed to fancy was suicide or the failure of life. The moderns have brightened up a bit. Their idea of freedom now is only divorce or the failure of love. That success is rather more free than failure and ten thousand more free than failure and ten thous-and times more common, they cannot grasp yet. For the present I am against Governments meddling in these long moral issues at all. I do not think a frackly heathen state ought to forbid divorce or suicide, but the whole Chris-tian populace will permanently resist both and will continue to do so till you literally make them slaves." literally make them slaves.

Yes, success has been ten thousan times more common than failure in Christian marriage, but the advocates of easy divorce would focus attention on the failures, harrow up the soul with lurid pictures of marital horrors and point to divorce as the only remedy.

In the United States, where divorce is easiest, is the result satisfactory? There are now about two million divorced couples, two million families broken up, and in millions not directly affected, there is found the inevitable lowering of esteem for the sanctity and obligations of the marriage

In Canada we have had sporadic advocacy of easier and chesper divorce. While Canadians pride themselves on their comparative freedom from the divorce evil, we have lately seen stated a rather startling fact in divorce statistics that might tend to moderate our pride. Of the 945,625 divorces in the United States between 1887 and 1906, 8,645 were granted to Canadians. This is a striking illustration of the relation that facility in obtaining divorce bears to the growth of the divorce evil.

If it be true, as Chesterton says, that the whole Christian populace will permanently resist divorce till you literally make them slaves, then a large proportion of the population of this continent have already lost the Christian instinct with regard to marriage. It cannot be that they lack the freedom to resist.

Perhaps, however, it is to the assertion of this Christian sentiment, shocked by the scandalous Reno divorce courts, that we must attribute the success, in the recent elections of the agitation for more stringent legislation and less frankly pagan methods with regard to

divorce in the State of Nevada. The ion, in the sister state of Kansas, of Rev. Dr. Silver, a divorced man, as Bishop of Kansas, is hardly so encouraging ; though some grain of comfort is afforded by the refusal of the committee representing the other dioceses to con-

firm the election. The Catholic position on the ques tion of marriage and divorce is the only one possible if Christian civilization is to be saved. Christian society rests on the family and the family on the indissolubility of the marriage tie. Her own aws the Church may relax, in individual cases she may grant dispensations; but against divorce she will ever set the whole force of her divine author ity. She well knows that cases arise where this involves hardship for the individual; but she never forgets that succeas is ten thousand times more com mon than failure. Hardship, in individual cases, sesults from every law, human and divine; and experience proves that easy divorce only aggravates the evil it

Whether divorce laws be lax or stringeut, whether the grounds for dissolving marriage be many or few, the whole principle is surrendered; a breach is ade that will go on ever widening.

The Catholic Church as the divinely constituted guardian of the eternal principles of right and wrong never surrenders a principle be the conse quences what they may. The opposition of conservative Protestants to the extension of facilities for divorce is good and commendable; but they are fighting for a principle they have already given up, and in such a fight, sooner or later they are bound to lose and lose irretrievably.

In the uncompromising fidelity of the Catholic Church lies the only hope of saving Christiau marriage and the civilization that rests upon it.

SECULARIZING THE CHURCH

As Protestants get farther away from any definite grasp of dogmatic truth upon which all spiritual life and influence must rest, the tendency becomes more marked to turn not only the pulpit but all religious activity into the channels of social betterment.

To those who give to religion very little serious consideration, this may seem la progressive step, translating into action the divine command, thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself. They forget that the first and greatest dment is, thou shalt love the Lord thy God with thy whole heart, thy whole mind, and with all thy strength The second is a natural and necessary consequence of the first. But it de pends on the first, and unless the love of the brother whom we see is rooted in the love of the unseen God, it will languish and die.

Throughout the ages the Catholic Church has provided institutions where the poor, the orphaned, the helpless, the aged, the sick, and the suffering have been cared for with tender love for Christ's sake. But all these manifold nanifestations of Christian charity were inspired by unswerving faith in Jesus

Christ. Quite a different thing is the moder Protestant tendency to make social itself we hear creeds and dogmas flouted as of no importance, and social service exalted as the one thing necessary. With all this fine talk, it is somewhat strange that all works of real Christian charity tend more and more to be relegated to the state or the municipality. Advanced thinkers advocate the

institutional church," open seven days a week, a social centre which will afford counter attraction to the saloon, the dance hall, and other places of amuse ment that have got beyond decent control, and are a demoralizing influence on

society. In the future when creeds, and dogmas, and principles of morality have all lost their sanction, it will be difficult to agree on the moral standards of the institutional church.

A writer in Truth states the case very forcibly.

"Now once for all, let our reinderstand that the Church is first, last understand that the Church is first, last and always, primarily essentially a spiritual agency. Its chief mission is to teach what is to be believed and as far as possible to make men do what is right. If after

and as far as possible to made a men do what is right. If after that it can do social and humanitarian works, well and good. But this latter is secondary and only as a result of the former. The church in fact will fail miserably as a social factor, if it neglects its spiritual mission. It will be a social power only in proportion as be a social power only in proportion as it is a spiritual power, because its prestige as such ultimately rests upon its spiritual character."

The Baltimore American, a secular paper, recognizes this truth, and concludes a forcible presentation of it in the following words:

"It is not surprising that the question is Protestantism a failure, recurs with the advance of one and another proposition that indicates lack of confidence tion that indicates lack of confidence in the standards, and faith in the promises of the religion that has world-conquering power. In its undeniable conservatism the Roman Catholic Church challenges the vagaries put forth in the name of Protestantism, and the latter will do well if it discards with

absolute fidelity to its Leader, all who ory lo I here, and lo I there, misleading those who are thus led to seek the Kingdom of God in secular plans and propositions, unmindful that Jesus has and the Kingdom of God is within

ANOTHER GRIFFITH THOMAS They have in Spokane, Wash., a clergyman named Mr. Allen, who appears to be built on the same lines as our own Rev. Dr. Griffith Thomas of Torento. He makes charges against the Catholic Church which have no foundation whatever and declares he can produce proofs to substantiate his statements. To General Lafayette he attributes the saying: "If the liberties of this country are ever overthrown they wil be overthrown by the machinations of the Roman archy." Rev. Mr. Allen is all astray. This declaration was attributed to Bis 10p Ryan of St. Louis, afterwards Archbishop of Philadelphia, about thirty years ago. That great and good nan's life was made miserable for many ears answering communications in re gard to it. What he did say was: "If the liberties of this country are ever overthrown they will not be overthrown by the Roman hierarchy." Some unregenerate scamp belonging to the knownothings published the above as the saying of the Bishop of St. Louis, but omitted the word not. The priests of Spokane have offered a \$100 reward to anyone who can prove the truth of an equally ridiculous canard attributed to the late Cardinal Martinelli. The outcome will likely be that Mr. Allen has been victimized by some practical joker who deals in chain prayer literature. We regret to see so many of the preachers moving farther and farther away from Christian conduct. No wonder so many of their people are turning their steps towards the portals of the one true Church of Christ. Investigation of its claims and realization of the outrageous manner in which it is defamed becomes a revelation to them and they joyfully enter the one true fold which brings them peace of mind

and hope of salvation. IN LAST WEEK'S issue we passed some strictures on Mr. E. A. Lancaster M. P., who, a press despatch in the daily papers told us, intended to introduce into parliament a clause to be added to the criminal code making anyone guilty of an indictable offense who would promulgate the Ne Temere or Motu Proprio decrees. Another despatch now tells us that Mr. Lancaster declared he had no intention of introducing such a bill. We offer our apologies. Som news-gatherers for the press are not reliable. They should be ferreted out and dismissed.

A STRANGE CASE Toronto Seturday Night of the 16th November contained an article dealing with the town council of Outrement Que, who propose to put a municipal tax upon a new structure which the Sisters found it necessary to erect to ccommodate the increased attendance at their school. The council attempts to justify its action on the ground that the building to be erected does not betterment an end in itself, to make it fulfil the requirements necessary to even the chief reason for existence of make it exempt from taxation. Not being d we cannot tell just exactly what this means, but looking at the matter broadly we do not see why, if the school is exempt from texation, an addition thereto should be taxed. The Saturday Night deals with the matter in a manner which is commend able. The writer is evidently a gentleman and countnes himself strictly to the merits of the case. His pen is not dipped in Orange ink. We hope we shall be able to show the writer in Saturday Night that the view he has taken of the matter is erroneous. If educational institutions both in the province of Quebec and in the province of Ontario be exempt from taxation, why, may we ask, should the school of the Sisters of the Holy Names be made an exception. In this intensely Protestant city of London, where Catholic institutions have never received more consideration at the hands of the tax gatherer than the letter of the law allows, we have the Sacred Heart Academy. Fifty years ago it was a small two story brick residence, built by the late Lawrence Lawrason. From time to time it has been enlarged until now it has become one of the most imposing educational institutions in the province. It occupies nearly a block in the heart of the city. There was never any question of imposing a tax rate upon the additions. The Sisters of the Holy Names are engaged in precisely the same kind of work. Why should they be penalized? The town council of Oatremont, we are told, in order to control building operations within the town have set apart certain streets on which only self contained residences may be erected, and the street upon which the Sisters propose to build came within the restricted

a most desirable one in any section of a municipality. The town council we are told are all French Canadians and Roman Catholies. They may be very estimable gentlemen and good Catholics. If so their course seems very peculiar For the action they have taken they advance the excuse that the town does not benefit from the convent as the majority of students are from wealthy American or Canadian families. The Sisters in charge are, they further state, being amply remunerated for looking after the education of these young adies and are thus carrying on a lucrative husiness. It seems odd that the council does not realize that every young lady that comes to the conven means more or less revenue for the municipality. The food they use is bought there and all the shops derive therefrom more or less revenue. If the Sisters are carrying on a lucrative business it is worth while to consider by what means their profits are derived.

worldly compensation whatever for their work. Their life is one of self-sacrifice. Are they to be penalized for this by the gentlemen composing the town council of Outrement, who, we are told, are nearly all French Causdians and Cathoolics. From our point of view we fee that in this matter they have displayed anything but the true Catholic spirit. We hope they are not amongst those who would give almost everything to Mammon and leave but the dregs for God and His Church and the Church's institutions. We hope there are not my in New France who take the officials of Old France as models.

In all non-Catholic educational institu-

tions of the Dominion salaried teachers

are employed. The Sisters receive no

A TELEGRAM from Fort Scot, Kansas informs us that J. A. Wayland, the owner of those two villainous papers The Appeal to Reason" and " The Menace," committed suicide by shooting himself at Girard, Kansas. The real cause of the suicide is said by The Live Issue, of New York, to have been the prospect of his being put on trial for a horrible crime resulting in the death of a young girl employed in The Appeal office. We have not heard what become of Wayland's editor, Rev. Mr. Walker. He must have a heavy conscience. We trust, however, he will not follow the same course as his employer and that he will be given time to repent his many transgressions against the law of God and man before he is called to his account. Those who have een subscribers of " The Mensoe" and The Appeal to Reason" will hereafter, ve trust, be not quite so ready to put redence in the statements of blackguards who desire to make money by abusing the Pope.

TORONTOS DELEGATION Rev. Dr. Hincks of Toronto has been ttending, in London, England, a meet ing of the World's Evangelical Alliance He has not, we regret to say, been be having himself like a Christian gentle man. His career in Toronto in the field of bigotry was wretched enough, but he seems to have eclipsed all former efforce by his talk at the meeting of the Alliance. Rev. Dr. Hineks' resolute attack on the Vatican perhaps received added inspiration from the fact that he portions of the North of Ireland and the Kensitite districts of England, from which places we may always expect de liverances of the narrowest and meanest and most un-Christianlike character Dr. Hincks was in his element, and when he returned to Toronto he will expect the present accidental mayor to give him warm welcome, and he will look for a turning out of the Orange bands and the playing of "Croppie Lie Down" and "The Conquering Hero Comes." "No political party in Canada," remarks the doctor, "could survive six months which openly endorsed the infamous Ne Temere decree." This declaration is silly in the extreme. No political party in Canada will be asked to endorse the decree. Let the politicians attend to Caesar - the Church will look after the interests of Temere decree is a matter which affects Catholic conscience alone. Protestants, knowing the laws of the Catholic Church in regard to marriage, will have to fulfil those laws or seek life companions from amongst their own sects. This is the short and long of the case. If Dr. Hincks and his co-workers attempt to play the role of persecutors they will find a power of resistance which will surprise them and perhaps serve to bring them into the regions of common sense. The day has gone by when Catholics, because of their profession of the faith, may be hanged, drawn and quartered and immersed in boiling tar as was the case during the reign of that monster to whom Hincks owes the existence of his Church. We may not be surprised after all that Dr. Hincks and his company of intolerants are wroth and intemperate to a degree. They see the handwriting on the wall. They cannot help noting from day to day the accession to the Church of some of the brightest minds,

clerical and lay, from the remnants of the man - made forms of religious belief-good and great men who seek peace of soul in that church which ame from the hand of our divine Reeemer Himself.

ABOLISH THE BAR POLITICIANS A number of political papers, repreenting both sides of politics, are some what worried about the interference o on-sectarian olergymen in the battle of the 'Parties." When the Epwort League or some other organization of that kind makes declaration of its pur pose to support Mr. Rowell in his policy abolishing the bar, the Liberals express satisfaction thereat, and many Conservatives are somewhat disturbed. But the practical politicians on either side—the men who pull the wires and have intimate knowledge of cause and effect when polling day comes - just wink the other eye. The Hamilton Herald says that attempts to rally religious organizations to the support of one or the other of the political parties must tend to disrupt the organizations We think our contemporary is mistaken. The politicians comprising these organ izations pay but little heed to pulpit or temperance society utterances upon public questions. The members of the congregation agree to disagree, not only upon temporal matters affecting the public weal, but upon doctrinal standards as well. Resolutions adopted by the Epworth League and Dominion Alliance, etc., have little or no effect when voting time comes. The party men will drop into their political wigwams without thought of pronouncements from the Epworth or other Leagues and, as regards the exhortations of the occupants of the pulpit, they exercise but a moiety of influence. Private interpretation holds good in all things amongst our separated brethren. There is only one way of influencing the electorate to any appreciable extent. If the preacher announces dreadful tidings from Rome, threatened papa aggression, civil and religious liberty in the throes of dissolution, garnished with a few chrysanthemums about Babylon, superstition, idolatry, etc., etc., the coagregation will be stampeded to march as in battle array and vote solid in favour of that master of chicane who formulates this cry for election purposes. In all else the preacker is merely the weather vane of the congregation.

ROWDYISM

There are enough Hooligans in Tor onto University to bring disgrace upon the whole institution. A few days ago Mr. E. W. Hagarty, a member of the University Senate and Principal of Harvard Collegiate Institute, wrote a letter to The Globe describing certain acts of rowdyism on the part of the students similar to that which one might expect to witness amongst the subnerged class in the slums of the great cities. Toronto University student seem to be in a class by themselves in this regard as we seldom hear of like doings in connection with the other universities in the United States or Caneda. Would it not be well were the Presbytarian Board of Missions to give the Ruthenians some holidays and send their missionaries to Toronto University. The Baptists and Methodists might also aid in the work by bringing their solporteurs from French Quebes to work n the home mission field. As things look Toronto University is not a desirable place to which to send young mer to be educated. We would recom parents especially in this province to make choice of the Western University at London. They would there receive splendid training and their surroundings and associations would be of a much

more desirable character. ACTION NEEDED They have initiated a movement in Boston to protect the natural scenery of the country against the ravages of money-mad commercialism. To a person of refined taste perhaps nothing is more shocking than to notice when travelling on railway trains the defacement of the beautiful scenery of our country God and His commandments. The Ne by huge bill-boards setting forth the merits of whisky, beer, soap, cigarettes, chewing tobacco, starch, paints and oils, stent medicines, suspenders, and s thousand and one other articles of commerce. Upon vacant lots in cities also we have immense walls of lumber setting forth the merits of different lines of commercial activity, while it is a common thing to see the whole side of a house advertising the special merits of a new brand of chewing gum or soap, and the vulgar thing is allowed to go on from week to week and year to year. More offensive and pernicious still are the advertisements of charlatans which appear in the public press. Upon investigation their business will be found to be fraudulent to a degree, but there seems to be no one to make an investigation. The rascals work while the law officers sleep. It is to be hoped that before long public indignation will cause laws to be enacted, and those already in existence enforced, which will have the against the incursions of coarse commer-

cialism. Quack doctors also should be closely watched as well as get rich quick schemers who are turning over bulky fortunes through mail orders, the goods supplied not being honest value for the money received, and oftentimes worthless picknacks of one kind or another. People should be especially on their guard against those companies or individuals who offer something for nothing. We need a William Burns in Canada.

AN OBJECT LESSON

This is from Missouri : "I don't know why I married Gus," the young bride said. "I thought he would 'back out' at the last moment and ne thought I would. I didn't care for him, don't now and I want to have the

him, don't now and I want to have the marriage annulled.

"It was just like that," she said with a wave of her hand and a smile, "Gus and I have been friends for a long time.

"The night of December 6th isst he came to my home and said we might a well get married. I gave my consent.

"We woke up the marriage license clerk at his home to get a license. I said I was nineteen years old. We came back home and laughed over the matter. The next day Gus came to the house and we went to Justice Krueger house and we went to Justice Krueger and were married. After the ceremony I came home and Gus went to his father and mother. We decided to keep it

Every day brings us examples of the horrible coaditions existing in the American Republic in regard to marriage and divorce and to a lesser but quite noticeable degree in Canada, and yet it continues to be the fashion to eap odium on the Church of Christ when it promulgates regulations which will safeguard the sacrament of marrisge against abuses of this sort.

ANGLICANS AND CHURCH UNION If we are to believe the newspapers, Protestantism is about to proclaim a truce of God. But yesterday the

Presbyterians, Methodists and Congregationalists were reported to be laying the covers for a love feast. Now the Anglicans are knocking at the doors. For our part, whilst giving our friends credit for good intentions, we must confees that we are rather sceptical as to

the result. According to the London Free Pres there are two main principles involved. 1st. The admission, under certain restrictions and by rightful authority, of ministers of other churches to Anglican pulpits. 2nd. The giving of permission to members of other denominations, on occasion and with the consent of the ordinary, to communicate in Anglican churches." what kind of unity can this be the foundation? Are we to believe that doctrinal differences will disappear when a Methodist minister expounds the Scriptures to an Anglican Congregation? And will the mere reception of this Communion from an Anglican clergyman be sufficient to make a Presbyterian forswear predestination?

This exchange of pulpits and common communicating is very nice and sociable and that is about all that it has to commend it. Christ indeed declared that charity towards the brethren was an indispensible condition for discipleship with Him. But Christians cannot be united in the true love of Jesus Christ unless they accept His teachings in its entirety, for "without faith it is impossible to please God," (Heb. xi. 6) believeth not shall be d " he that condemned." (Mark xvi. 16) St. Paul basis charity on the unity of faith, as witness (Ephesians, iv. 3 6. and Pail. II. 2). Now though the various Protestant sects may exchange pulpits and receive the communion from each other's hands, all such fraternizing will not bring them one whit nearer unity of faith. If they eally desire unity there is only one course open to them. They must renounce the principle of division, namely, private judgment, and submit to authority, which alone can guarantee and safeguard unity in belief. If we are invited to a reception in a friend's home that does not constitute us one family with him. If the leaders of the Bulgarian and Turkish armies proclaim a truce, their soldiers may commingle for the day, but that does not constitute them one people. And as a basis of re-union the two main principles put forward by Anglicans are no better than our friend's

invitation or the Balkan armistice. The Saskatoon Phoenix is authority fo the statement that Cardinal Gibbons is favorably inclined toward a suggested world conference on Christian unity, to the promoters of which J. Pierpont Morgan has donated a princely sum. We doubt it. The Cardinal is too busy to waste time chasing will-o-the-wisps. He knows that the only road to unity in religious belief is the road to Rome. A conference speaks of compromise, of policy of give and take, and Rome cannot whittle down her dogmas no matter how tempting the results.

Catholics see in this desire for unity an auspicious augury for the future. Protestants are beginning to realize how absurd is the pretension of a divided system of Christianity to be the Church of Christ. The Saviour came down from heaven to teach us the Truth. He declared that unity was to be the effect of guarding the country's scenery | proof of that truth. If then, a diversity of creeds could be found in His Church,

it would be a proof that His work had failed, for Christ expressly declared that the unity of His followers would prolaim to the world His handiwork. It is nonsense to say that unity of spirit is compatible with differences of creed, for how could men recognize this "internal" unity? The unity speken of by Christ implies three things - s common faith, a common worship, and a common government. Any other system of unity could not be a sign or credential of Christ's handiwork. And any other system of unity that Protestants may evolve will only end in making chaos

NOTES AND COMMENTS

IT WOULD be interesting to know to just what extent the late Presidential election in the United States was affected by Col. Roosevelt's escapade in Rome three years ago. The Colonel left America on the famous hunting trip to Africa strong in the prestige of a successful administration, and had be returned direct to the United States might have found that prestige unimpaired. But in taking Rome in on the way, he unluckily allowed himself to be led into a stupid blunder which effectuaily debarred him from the projected visit to the Holy Father, and placed him in an unenviable light, in the eyes not of Catholics alone, but in those of the more enlightened general public everywhere. Whatever measure of blame may have been his (and we are disposed to think his fault lay chiefly in being badly advised), there can be no question that it did him more harm than good with the electorate. It may be that President Wilson owes his election to that single circumstance. We leave the decision to the political philosophers of his own country.

COMMENTING UPON THE significant fact that while there are twice as many Methodist churches as Catholic in the United States, and yet seventeen priests. to every thirteen Methodist preachers, the Christian Guardian sagely if somewhat obscurely remarks that "because of the thirteen, the seventeen have occasionally to get out and hustle if they would hold their own." This scarcely accords with the general view as expressed in the public journa's, or with the wail as to shrinkage which leaks out occasionally through the closed doors of Methodist Conferences, whether in the United States, Canada or Great Britain. The phenomenal growth, notwithstanding leakages, of the Catholic population of the United States, has set many publicists marvelling. The Christian Guardian even from its benighted standpoint, is never tired of telling its readers what a menace this Catholic development is to free nstitutions and the like. It would seem then that the necessity for "hustling" lies rather in the Methodist camp. Of the "twice as many Methodist churches," (we take the Guardian's word for it) a very large proportion close their doors altogether in the summer months, while the rest are obliged to resort to all sorts of sensational expedients to induce people to attend. In New York, it is said, no Methodist church can sustain itself below Fourteenth street. The fact is its own com-

"A READER' ASKS for the source of the quosation, "Death lays his icy hand on kings," appended to our remarks last week on "The King of Cyprus." The words are taken from a poem beginning "The glories of our blood and state," by James Shirley, a dramatist of the reign of Charles I., who enjoys the distinction of being, as one chronicler puts it, "less gross than most of his contemporaries." It must be reckened to his credit, too, that as much on account of his religious as his political creed, his plays were upon Cromwell's accession to powerinterdicted by Parliament. Shirley had been a master of St. Alban's Grammar School, which office he was obliged to relinquish upon his conversion to the Catholic Faith. It was then that he went up to London and became a playright. Under the Commonwealth he returned to the occupation of a school-

SHIRLEY'S PLAYS are still to some exten; read, but like others of the period. rarely if ever acted now-a-days. His poems have never lacked admirers. among the cultivated few. The lines under consideration were recited by Lord Tennyson upon a memorable occasion. On the day following the funeral of the great Catholic apologist, William George Ward, as we are told by his son and biographer, the Laureste, who had been his friend and neighbor for many years, visited the grave, and standing over it recited the first and last stanzas of Shirley's poem. It may be of interest. to our readers to have it in full.

The glories of our blood and state Are shadows, not substantial things; There is no armour against fate; Death lays his icy hand on kings: Scepter and crown Must tumble down, And in the dust be equal made With the poor crooked scythe spade.

men with swords may reap the And plant fresh laurels where they kill But their strong nerves at last mus yield; They tame but one snother still; Early or late

And must give up their murmuring When they, pale captives, creep death.

The garlands wither on your brow; Then boast no more your mighty deeds Upon death's purple altar now here the victor-victim bleeds, Your head must come To the cold tomb;

Only the actions of the just Smell sweet and blossom in their dust.

READERS OF Tennyson may be familian with his own tribute to the memory of Dr. Ward. The lines first appeared as introductory to "William George Ward and the Oxford Movement," but may be ound on the last page of the complete edition of the "Poems," with the words "like on earth" substituted for "living like," and "the" for "thou," in the third

" Farewell, whose living like I shall not

—Whose faith and work were bells of full accord— My friend, thou most unworldly of man-kind,

Most generous of all Ultramontanes, Ward! How subtle at tierce and quart of mind

with mind!
How loyal in the following of thy Those who can recall the vigorous and uncompromising character of Ward's polemics, likewise the kindly, even playful nature of the man, will not need to

Laureate's portrait. A singular story with reference to the wreck of the Titanic comes to us well authenticated from England. We give it as we find it, though somewhat condensed, in the columns of an English exchange. In the course of a lecture on "Science and its Limits," s Father Harrison who enjoys some repute as a writer, related that during the building of the great ship in the yard of Harland and Wolff at Belfast, a young engineer was sent to observe the later stages of her construction. Ogite naturally her "unsinkable" qualities were a subject of frequent remark among the workmen, but a scoffer amongst them

was heard by the engineer to say :

" This won't sink. The God they talk

about can't sink this."

As THE vessel approached completion the young engineer was commissioned by his company to sail on her first voyage. Appalled by the blasphemy which he had heard, he wrote to his father that he dreaded doing so. The father's reply was that such fear was superstitious and to make the voyage by all means. The young man smothered his fears, sailed on the ili-fated voyage, and was among the lost. The letter to his father has been preserved and is now in the keeping of his parish priest. We forbest dra ing the natural inference from it,

but the fact made public should not be

lost upen the world at large.

A COMMITTEE of school teachers from the Republic of Uruguay—a Commission appointed by that Government to investigate school conditions in the United tigate school conditions in the United States and Cauada-was in Toronto a few weeks ago. Its members had been visiting agricultural and technical schools of domestic and economic science on their tour. The Commission consists of four ladies, whom the press credit wish doing their work thoroughly. They had been in the United States since July, 1911, and had spent almost a year at the Cornell School of Agriculture. In Canada they had visited the Agricultural College at Guelph, and the Macdonald Institute at St. Anne de Bellevne. They have still many cities and institutions to visit before returning to their South American home.

"IT IS A SIGNIFICANT fact," says the Christian Guardian commenting upon this Commission, "that while Canada is waking up to the fact that her schools should be more closely related to rural life far distant Uruguay, in the great neglected Continent, is sending out deputations seeking light upon the same problem." In other words, the despised Spanish American, about whom so many base and baseless calumnies find publicity in the columns of the Methodist organ and its contemporaries, are, on their own showing, pointing the way to the Northern Pharisees. "Probably we are not quite as far in the van in educational matters as we have been accustomed to think," concludes the Guardian. That is the sanest remark we have ever seen in its columns. and we would like to think that it heralded an era of reform. A little farther and they will have learned that South America can very well dispense with their meddlesome so called mis sionaries, and that in the face of their disselving creed and dwindling ranks Methodists and other sectarians have their work cut out for them at home.

AN INTERESTING WORK

e Old Irish World." By Alice Stopfer s, M. H. Gill & Son, Ltd., Londo & Co, Ltd. The author of this book is the wido

The author of this book is the widow of John Richard Green, who were the admirable "Short History of the Raglish People" and other well known historical works. Besides editing two of her husband's histories she has given to the world several productions of her own pen. Of late years ane has devoted her energies largely to researches into the history of her native country, Ireland Her latest works, prior to that under Her latest works, prior to that under consideration, are "The Making of Ire-land and its Undoing," 1908, and "Irisa Nationality," 1911.

In " The Old Irish World " she shows In "The Old Irish World" she shows a grace of style, a clearness of statement and an argumentative power which would do no discredit to her distinguished husband. The volume is made up of five papera. "The Way of Histery in Ireland," "The Trade Routes of Ireland," "A Great Irish Lady," "A Castle of Aragiase" and "Tradition in Irish History." These are all well worthy of careful perusal and extended notice; but in the few remarks that we propose to make, we shall confine ourselves substantially to the first two and the last. The way of history in Ireland almost

The way of history in Ireland almost from the days of Henry II, to our own time has been to ignore the many chronicles written in the native tongue and to give as unquestioned facts the opinions of men most hostile to the Irish people. We cannot resist the temptation to indulge in at least one quotation dealing with the history of quotation dealing with the history of the oppressed island from the native point of view.

'It is very certain that Ireland, of all countries, if left to itself, would never of its own will allow history to lie

in a backwater among the flotam of the current. History was the early study of the Irish, the inspiration of their poets and writers. Every tribes-man of old knew not only the great man of old knew not only the great deeds and the famous places of his own clan, but of the whole of Ireland. In the lowliest cabin the songs of Irish poets lived on for hundred. be reminded of the faithfulness of the

poets lived on for hundreds of years, and dying fathers left to sons as their chief inheritance the story of their race. When war, poverty, the oppression of the stranger, hindered the printing of Irish records, there was not a territory in all Ireland that did not give men to in all Ireland that did not give men to make copies of them, hundreds of thousands of pages, over and over again, finely written after the manner of their fathers. Through centuries of suffering down to within living memory the long procession of scribes was never broken, men tilling small farms, labouring in the fields, working at a blacksmith's forge. And this among a people of whom Burke records that in two hundred thousand houses for their exhundred thousand houses for their ex eding poverty a cendle, on which as lay, was never lighted. As we fol low the lines and count the pages of such manuscripts, we see the miracle of the passion in these men's hearts. 'Ne

relies of Ireland are more touching than these volumes, and none should be more reverently collected and pre-served. They form a singular treasure, such as no country in all Europe Most histories of Ireland pay no heed to the native chroniclers, so that, as Mrs. Green says,—"as we trudge along the dull beaten road of the "ruboux history we never escape, not for a moment, from the monotonous running commentary which sounds continually at our side 'Nomadic,' 'primitive,' 'wig-

wam, 'aborigisal,' 'savage,' 'barbarous, 'lawless,' the words are always at hand.' "Meanwhile vast tracts of history have "Meanwhile vast tracts of history have been set aside as apparently not worth exploring. Where, for example, shall we find a serious account, with the guidance of modern scholarship of the hundred and fitty years between the battle of Clontarf and the landing of the Norman barous?"

Any unbiassed reader will be satisfied from Mrs. Green's quotations and references, if he has not already been se

our people. The leading reviews, text-books, and histories in Bogland with one accord have presented Ireland to the Boglish people under the savage aspect, and their statements have been too frequently accepted."

If time and space were at our dis-posal, we should wish to give the history of the Irish Ordnance Survey appointed in 1828 and practically discontinued

or political reasons, in 1837.

The chapter on "The Trade Routes of Ireland' will no doubt surprise many people whose impression of that country before the English conquest is of at island lying through the centuries in

primitive barbarism, an outlying desola-tion of poverty and disorder."

In pre-historic times, "Ireland lay on the highroad of an ancient trade between the countries we know as Scan dinavia and Gaul. Even in the ston age its people cut some of their flint arrows after the fashion of Portugal, or carried them from that peninsula across the Bay of Biscay 4 and fragments of stone cups have been found in Ireland, as in Britain, which are said to have come from the Mediterranean by the Gaulish Sea. As for the northern traffic, we have traces of it more than a thousand years before the Christian era in burial mounds of the Bronze Age where there are stones carved with a Europe is only found in Scandinavia and Ireland." That this intercourse between Ireland and the continent existed after the dawn of history had succeed the comparative darkness of myth and tradition is now known to most careful students. To borrow from our author at page 66: "In the time of the Roman Empire, therefore, Irish trade with Europe was stready well established. Tacitus (A. D. 98) tells us that its ports and harbours were well known to mer chants; and in the second century the geographer Ptolemy of Alexandria, gave a list, very surprising for the time, of the river mouths, mountains, and port towns of Ireland, and its seacoast

By the ninth century the Scandinavian rovers had rendered the old traffic be tween Ireland and the continent almost impracticable ; but, seizing a number of orts, they soon substituted a trade of own. " Danes and Irish were

presently to the full as busy in trading as in fighting. Ireland became a commercial centre, a meeting place of the peoples." After the defeat of the Scandinavians at Clontarf, in 1014, Ireland continued to be a trading country. The "Great Irish Lady," whose doings form the subject matter of Mrs. Green's third charter, was Margaret, daughter of O'Carroll, Lord of Ely, and wife of O'Laroll, Lord of Ely, and Queen's counties and Kildsre." She itved in the earlier part of the fifteenth century.

The "Castle of Ardglass" is situated in the country of Down, between Dundrum Bay to the south and Sarang ord Lough on the north. It is about six miles from Downpatrick, where it is said the great saint is buried. It has lately been bought by Mr. Bigger of Belfast, who has repaired it and pieced it at the disposal of the people of the neighberhood.

The 25th and lest chapter of "The Old Irish World" is a register of the neighberhood.

Irish World" is a reprint of an article published in the Nisettenth Century and After for March 1909. Mr. Robert Duniop contributed a paper to the Quarterly Review of the previous January, which was intended to be a Quartesty Review of the previous January, which was intended to be a trenchant and destructive criticism of Mrs. Green's "Tae Making of Ireland and Its Undoing," and this chapter is that lady's answer to Mr. Duniop. It is written in such a way as to invite liberal quosation, but that is here out of the question, and one feels tempted to sum the matter up by saying that she question, and one feels tempted to sum the matter up by saying that she "makes a hare of him."

She begins by saying "The appearance of my book has raised two ques ations of a very different order—the im-portant question of whether, with the advance of modern studies, need has arisen for an entire review of the whole materials for Irish history and of the old conclusions, and the less interesting problem of my own inadequacy and untrustworthiness. Mr. Danlop in some fifteen pages of discourse, has not so much as mentioned the first. He has treated the second at considerable length. We may here take them in order of importance," and she proceeds to deal with him in good set terms. About her argument there is no sug gestion of feminine weakness or of wan

of logical power.

Besides the article in the Quarterly, Mr. Dunlop has written on the subject of Ireland in the "Dictionary of National Boography," in the "Cambridge al Biography," in the "Cambridge Modern History" and elsewhere; and his critic shows up his general unfairness and inaccuracy. She produces much weighty evidence. "Among Irish wit-nesses the great Galway scholar, Dr. Lynch, writer of "Cambrenois Eversea," nesses the great Galway scholar, Dr. Lynch, writer of "Cambreness Eversas," stands high; no student can afford to by Mr. Whisby Stokes and Professor Hans Meyer in this country, and by continental scholars; the translations of Dr. Douglas Hyde; the work of Dr. Norman Moore in the 'Dictionary of National Biography" and elsewhere; the collection of criticisms, transle and summaries that make up the invalu and summaries than make up the inval-able "Catalogue of Maguseripts" in the British Museum by Mr. S. H. O Grady." It is to be hoped that those who in the future take part on the right side in the controversy over the history of Ireland will follow Mrs. Green's example, and instead of opposing assertion to assertion will fortify themselves in every case with an array of facts to meet the speculations and unwarranted deductions which have heretofore It may be not superfluous to say that Mrs. Green is not a Catholic, and is a Mrs. Green is not a Catholic, and is a daughter of the Reverend Edward Stopford, Episcopalian Arcadescon of Meath. Her husband was a clergyman of the Establishad Church of Bugland.

TOO HOLY AND NOT HOLY

ENOUGH Monsignor Robert Hugh Benson, in a discourse recently in St. John's Cathedral, Salford England) spoke on Church, namely, that she was too holy to be the Church of Jeans Christ, and, again, that she was not holy enough. When they found a man of the world in a certain mood, and asked him what was the chief quarrel he had with Catholic the chief quarrel he had with Catholic-ism, very frequently he would tell them that the reason he objected to the Cath-olic Church was because she taught cer-tain things that were impossible for ordinary human nature to adhere to. He would tell them that the Catholic Church presched a standard of holiness that was utterly out of the reach of ordinary human nature; that the Oatholic Church did not make sufficient allowances for human nature; that true re-ligion must be one that would take into account certain desires and certain pas-sions of human nature. No, he would say, any religion that professes to deal with the weaknesses of men must face facts. Let them look, for example, at certain things which the Catholic Church called grave sins, certain pracnatural.

THE STANDARD OF PURITY

Let them look, for instance, at the standard of purity which she insists upon, not merely, for her priests and religious, but which she also demands for her children. Why, it was utterly impossible for ordinary human people to live up to that standard. After all, if the Catholic Church were really the Church of Christ, she would allow her children, at least, a little more freedom children, at least, a little more freedom and liberty. Look, says the critic, how she demands purity to be observed by single persons, and not only single per-sons, but she demands it also of married people. Her marriage laws appeared to bind even tribes and countries. Why, in the case of Japan, if she only had ordinary common sense and religion enough to relax those laws, and to give a little more freedom, she would have had Japan Cathelic by now. Look how impossible is her teaching on this sub-ject, for she teaches that not merely is the thought itself is an offence against God. She has the impertuence, indeed, to say that a single evil thought, a perfectly natural thing appeared to the control of the natural thing, pondered npon, is (what she calls) a mortal sin against God

and whom the places before our eyes and pedestal, and whom she calls a saint

IMPOSSIBLE INHUMAN PEOPLE Why, what atterly impossible inhuman people they were. Look at 8t. Aloysius, whom they tell us was so pure that he would not dare to look his mother in the face too long. What was there particularly solemn about that? Look at that form of life upon earth, monasteries and convents, where those who enter deny themselves of those things which God had given to them. No, said their office, the Catholic Church was inhuman, imposthe Catholic Church was inhuman, impossible. She was too hely for this ordinary human nature, this work a day world. If she really came from God she would make allowances for human nature. No, she was too holy to be true. When, the day after to-morrow, they asked some other man of the world the reason he did not believe the Catholic Church to be true, he would tell them it was because she was not holy enough. He would say that if the Catholic Church were really the true Church of Jesus Christ, surely she would hold up a higher standard of living to her children. He would ask them to look at the Serer standard of living to her enteres.

He would ask them to look at the Sermon on the Mount, and to look at the picture of perfection, which he would tell draw for them. He would tell ess than perfection; not to be anxiou about ordinary earthly things, because Our Heavenly Father cared for them and looked after them. He would sak them to look at the aver-age Catholic and see if his life coincided with that model.

CHURCH INDULGENT TO SINNERS Let them take one example, their critic would say, Look at the Church's indulgence towards sinners in the con-fessional. No matter what crime he may have committed, all he had to do was confess his sin, repent promise not to do
it again, and the Church would say he was forgiven. No, said the critic, the Catnolic Church was far too easy to be the Church of Jesus Christ. How could she profess to be 'Holy, holy, holy." She welcomed in this world people who were criminals, and she threw her arms about Him Crucified, who was beaten by every blackguard who chose to send for Him. Sae was the friend of publi-cans and sinners. Why, if she were the true Church of Jesus Christ, she would never be the friend of publicans an staners. If they looked back over the history of the world and looked for criminals, they would find them in the Catholic Church, and if they were to go so deep down into hell they would find there the Catholic who had lost his faith and religion. No, if the Catholic Church was the Church of Jesus Christ, said their critic she would be far more these appalling criminals. If she were really the Church of Jesus C rist, she would demand nothing short of perfec-tion; but because of her friendship with the world, and her tenderness towards sinners, she had proved herself to be

lier and an impostor. A HOLINESS VERY DIFFICULT Now, proceeded the preacher, they

could not deny that there was a good deal of truth in both these charges. The substance was, indeed, true, but the arguments drawn from them were false. It was perfectly true that the Catholic Church preached a holiness that was very difficult of attainment by ordinary human nature. But the charges brought against the Catholic Church brought against the Catholic Church were prockely the same two charges that were broughs against Jesus Christ Himseif. The real reason why Jeaus Christ was put to death, the real reason which undertay all His sufferings, was that Ha was too holy for the world into which He came. The preacher gave instances from Holy Scripture where Christ meeting with most sinful needing. Christ, meeting with most sinful people. befriended them, and thus gained for Himself the rebuke that He was the friend of sinners. The charge, indeed, that was continually brought against Him was that He could not possibly be the Son of God, for if He were, H. would not allow those abominable people to come near Him. Whatever Our Lord did in the eyes of the Pharthe preacher were accused of doing wrong in very good company. If they were wrong in preaching perfection to the world, then, thank God, they were wrong, as Jeaus Christ was wrong. How were they to reconcile the two charges brought against them? It was true that the Catholic Church preached per fection, for that, after all, was what her Divine Founder Himself preached. She always held up to her collidren the goal of perfection, and she told them never to rest content until they reached it.

As the model of perfection, she held up
the sacred humanity of Jesus Christ,
the Immaculate figure of Mary, and the scared and wounded figures of the saints. In like manner she succeeded, not merely with human nature, but with failen human nature. If she did not do that, she could not be the true Church that, she could not be the true Church of Jesus Christ. If she desired to make terms, if she said that Jesus Christ preached perfection, but after all, it was unpractical; after all, they must not be too severe: if she did this she could not be the true Church of Jesus No, on the contrary, she wel comed those whom the world cast out. For those Jesus Christ died.

THE FRIEND OF SINNERS

The Catholic Church was also, thank God, the friend of sinners, and would be the friend of sinners until her Lord and Saviour came back. They reconciled the two charges brought against the Catholic Church as those brought against her Divine Founder. She was both divine and human. The Catholic Church was divine, and she was the one and only thing composed of human nature in this world that dared to look up into the face of God, before which the angels them-selves shrink. She was not merely an imitator of Jesus Christ, but she was, in a sense, Jesus Christ Himself; that body in which Our Lord actually dwelt. Her words were the words of Jesus Christ. And because she was divine, she aimed at perfection. A mere human society would be content to live up to a certain standard. They would think that a saint was scarcely a respectable person They would not know what to do with saint if they had one. The preacher, in elequent sentences spoke of the power of the Catholic Church in helping poor Look again at the person she holds up fallen human nature from a life of sin to the throne of God. She went with the

riminal to the scaffold; she held up the gare of the Crucified before him ngare of the Crucified before him, and if she succeeded in him to utter ove cry of sorrow and of love in that a win moment—'Oh, G. d. I am sorry because I love Thee'—she went away happy. The Catholic Church was nothing less than the love of God Incarnate here on earth. They might say, with King David, "If I go up into heaven Thou art there: if I go down into hell, Thou art there also."

HIDDEN JESUIT TREASURES

That the Jesuite are the por That the Jesuita are the possessors of fabulous wealth, says The Examiner of B mbsy, is so axiomatic in the public sind that people regard the denial as something merely in accordance with the Jesuits' idea of truthfulness. The belief as a rule has no other or more serious effect than to make a certain number of Catholics a trifle more stingy than usual, when it is a question of containing the serious effects that the serious effects are the serious effects than to make a certain number of Catholics a trifle more stingy than usual, when it is a question of containing the serious effects are the serious effects as a rule when it is a question of containing the serious effects are the serious effects at the serious effects are the serious effects as a rule when it is a question of containing the serious effects are the serious effects and the serious effects are the serious effects as a rule has no other or more serious effects as a rule has no other or more serious effects than the serious effects are the serious effects and the serious effects are the serious effects as a rule has no other or more serious effects and the serious effects are the serious effects are the serious effects and the serious effects are the serious effects are the serious effects and the serious effects are number of Catholics a trifle more stingy than usual, when it is a questi n of con-tributing money for Jesuit needs or Jesuit enterprises; and the fact that Jesuits manage to get on with the en-terprise without their aid only confirms the idea. It is seldom that the belief issues in the formation of a limited liability company, and still more rare that it results in bringing anybody into the bankruptcy court. Still, this is what has just happened.

the bankruptcy court. Still, this is what has just happened.

The bankruptcy part of the enterprise is recorded as follows:

Creditors of Mr. Arthur Ormesby, who met in the Bankruptcy Court recently to hear the explanation of his failure, were regaled with an entrancement of a treasure hunt, which may ing story of a treasure bunt, which may

money.

The debtor was interested in an ex-

The debtor was interested in an expedition begun last year to search for the Jesuits' secreted wealth at Sacambey*, Bolivia, South America, reputed to amount to about \$55,000,000.

The famous treasure was left by the Jesuits at the time of their expuision from Spanish dominions in the year 1767. That it has not been removed since is due to the fact that seven of the eight Jesuits who lived in the monastery of Jesuits who lived in the monastery of Sacambaya, were hanged by the Pope. The survivor died in Peur, and through him came the data relating to the treasare, and also to the mines worked by the Jesuits. The information was obtained from the daughter of a priest to whom the original document was sent for translation some years ago, and who is now dead.

Eight years ago excavations were be gun, at the point indicated in the old document, in the ruins which now rep resent the monastery. A tunnel was made in a hill which it was supposed hid the buried millions, and it was fondly supposed that further efforts would

Mr. Ormesby had an agreement with Major General Sir John Campbell whereby in consideration of his services rendered in the formation of the exp dition Sir John had agreed to pay hi \$100,000, in the event of \$2,500,000 of the treasure being recovered. The extent of \$50 000 and his only assets part from such interest, are valued as \$2 500. (So far the cutting.)

Commenting on the incident, the Catholic Herald of India writes:

That was a very sensational little "story" which a local contemporary recently, under the double heading Treasure Hunt for \$55 000 000," and Jesuits' Buried Wealth in South Amer Ge." Above all, the paragraph, Hanged by the Pope"—"seven of the sight Jesuits who lived in the monastery of Sacambaya, were hanged by the Pope"—ought to send a thrill through

the hearts of all devous Protestants.

Why these seven Jesuits were hanged by the Pope and exactly when and must not expect. We have heard of twenty nine Jesuits of Paraguay—for that is the place referred to who suffered death by martyrdom: but martyr to the Christian faith are not hanged by the Pope; the Pope, indeed, can make them martyrs in the sense that he may declare, after due enquiry, that they suffered death for the Faith. We have read a good deal about Paraguay, but we fail to remember any such "fact" in con-nection with the history of the cele-

brated Reductions.

As for the slieged wealth acquired by the Jeauts in the Reductions, this is not precisely a very novel accusation. Southey, himself a Protestant, published as the result of his investigation cover ing this question, that nothing can be more certain than that the Jesuits have not amassed any treasures in Paraguay.
The myth concerning their vast trade
transactions must be classed with that of the gold mines in the Reductions, which never existed, notwithstanding the fact that hatred and envy have s persistently clung to this assertion, that the Government was forced more than

once to institute investigations.

Thus an investigation was conducted in 1640 by Don Andre de Leon Gacavita. and snother, still more searching, in 1657 by Don J. Blasquez Valverde. cases the inquiries led to a clear demon stration of the untruth of the accusa-tions, and to the severe punishment of the accusers.

How purely imaginary the wealth of the Jesuits had been was proved by the inventories taken of their houses and colleges at the time of their expulsion in 1767. These buildings were seized suddenly, without previous warning so that the Jesuits might not be able to conceal anything. But the only treasures found were the precious church articles. Only a trifling amount of money was found. "The Jeauits," writes Cunninghame Graham, 'strange as it may appear, did not conduct the mis-sions after the fashion of a business concern, but rather as the rulers of some Utopia—those feolish beings who think happiness is prefe able to wealth."

These and other numerous details ca be found in the "Catholic Encyclopedia, which consecrates a very long and learned article to the "Reductions of Paraguay." The mere reading of this might knock out all sensationalism, but in interest it would amply repay the trouble. It is, however, much easier to copy a ready-made "story" from some daily paper or magazine than to go through the history of this remarkable Reduction system which has roused the interest and admiration of numerous

thinkers, philosophers, historians, economists, and explorers to an exceptional degree. (So far the Herald.)

"What's one man's meat is another man's poison," and vice verse.

That which has brought one concern to the hapkenday court might still.

to the bankruptey court might still bring into another concern out of it. There must be billions upon billions hidden somewhere about the drains and sewers and subterranean passages of the Jesuit houses in Portu-gal. All the new Porphilis passages of the Jesuit houses in Portu-gal. All the new Republic has to do is to float a State company for a similar enterprise, and there will be no more talk of selling their colonics in order to keep down the national debt.

PARTICIPATING IN THE GREATEST OF MYSTERIES

The following paper on serving at Mass was read by the Hon. A. Wilmot, at the recent Eucharistic Congress at

In order to prove that it is a ver great honor and privilege to serve at Mass I must begin by showing what this great sacrifice of the new law is. No words can adequately express the infinite greatness of the sacrifice of the Mass, in which Jesus Christ both God and Man is the High Priest and the Victim. Thomas a Kempis cries out: 'Behold I have Thee here present on the altar, my God, the Saint of Saints, the Creator of men and the Lord of Angels * * * * * Here Thou art wholly present my God the man Christ wholly present my God the man Christ Angels * * * * Here Thou art wholly present, my God, the man Christ Jesus; where also the fruit of eternal salvation is plentifully resped as often as Thou art worthily and devoutly re-In the Mass we have, therefore,

true and personal presence of the G d man. The sacrifice of the Mass (Fr. Meschler, S. J., says) is by the words of consecration and by the separation of the Lord's body and blood under the sacred species essentially a renewal and re presentation of the sacrifice of the Cross, also a real repetition, continua-tion and completion of it. The only difference is that in the one case it is a bloody sacrifice, and in the other ar unbloody one; all else is the same— the priest, the Victim, the intention of the sacrifice, the merit of the sacrific yes, pre-eminently the merit of the sacrifice.

In the Holy sacrifice centers all that we have of rest and joy on earth; it is the shadow of a great rock in the desert, the high and holy mountain from who.oe the pilgrims of the world receive light, strength and selece for their journey to the eternal country, where they shall enjoy the vision of God Himself. Were the sun to fail from Heaven it would not be so fateful and istal a happening for this world of ours as would be the disappearance fr among us of the Holy Sacrifice.

THE PROPHECY OF MALACHI Every Catholic can resalt the prophecy of Malachi which to beholds largely and most literally fulfilled. From the rising to the going down of the sun this is constantly offered so that there is not a minute within the twenty-four hours in which Mass is not being said in some part of the world. Then let us glance for a moment at the grandest and most beautiful livings the world has ever known—that of the Latin

world has ever known—that of the Latin celebration of Mass.

"Seppore," says Chaseaubriand, "that the Mass were some rise of antiquity and its form and prayers had been discovered in the Secular Hamn of Horace, or in some old Greek tragedy, how would the commentators extol the dialogues with which the Christian Sacrifice oners?"

JEWELS OF THE MASS

Fitzgerald in his "Jewels of the Mass" tells us that the origin of the verse "I will go unto the alter of God" is told to us by St. Ambrose, who describes how the newly baptised faithful used to come in procession from the font singing with pious enthusiasm the

"I will go to the alter of God : to God Who rejoiceth my youth. Send forth Thy light and Thy truth, they have conducted and brought me into Thy holy mountain and into Thy tabernscle. And I will go unto the alter of of God to God Who rejoiceth my youth. I will praise Thee upon the barp, O God my God-Why art thou sorrowful, On my soul — Why dost thou trouble me. Hope in God, for I will still give praise to Him the salvation of my countenance and my God. Glory be to the Father and to the Son and to the Holy Ghost."

This is a true lyrical poem in which the service takes an important part. Shortly afterwards comes the Kyrle Ei ison and then the Collects and the Epistle. The entire congregation rises at the Gospel, and then there is the preparation of the priest in which, as a chamberlain, the server assists in the preparation for the advent of the King of Kings. Nothing can be more soul stirring than the Preface preceded by a remarkable dialogue between the priest and the server.

TRULY MEET AND JUST

"It is truly meet and just," the celebrant goes on to say, "fitting and salutary that we should always and everywhere give thanks to Thee-O Holy Lord Father Almighty—Eternal God Lord Father Almighty—Eternal God
—Through Christ Our Lord—Through
whom the Angels praise Thy Majesty,
the Dominations adore it, the Powers
tremble before it, the Heavenly Virtues
and Blessed Seraphim in common
jubilee adore—with whose voice we implore Thee that we may be allowed to
join our humble voices, say Holy, Holy,
Holy Lord God of Sabaoth the Heavens
and Heavenly Virtues are full of Thy and Heavenly Virtues are full of Thy glory—Blessed be he who cometh in the name of the Lord, Hosanna in the High

est.
The server rings the bell, which announces the commencement of the Canon of the Mass. He again, at the fitting time, rings at the Elevation, and in profound silence the ancient magnifi cent prayers and words of consecration are uttered. The Lord's Prayer is specially responded to, and after Holy Communion the server is again a cham-berlain serving at the altar of God Almighty.

CARDINAL NEWMAN Cardinal Newman says, in "Loss and Gain." "Nothing is so consoling, so thrilling, so overcoming as the Mass. * * * It is not a mere form of words;

t is a great action, the greatest action that can be on earth. action that can be on earth, it is not the invocation merely but, if I dare use the word, the evocation of the Eternal. He becomes pre-sent on the altar in flesh and blood before whom angels bow and devils tremble."

Can, therefore, anything be imagined nore magnificently great than the sacrifice of the new law. This idea so per-meated our Catholic ancestors that the result was the noble cathedrals which result was the noble cathedrals which owe their stately grandeur entirely to the belief in the real presence. These edifices were never erected merely for prayer meetings and preaching while the very nature of Protestant worship gives the great temple an untenanted unused, and widowed appearance. What is to be done with the numerous side chapels?

CARLYLE SAW THE CONTRAST

CARLYLE SAW THE CONTRAST

The great cathedrals are comparatively lifeless because the Lord and Giver of Life is no longer there personally present in the adorable Sacrifice and Sacrament of the Altar. Carlyle saw the contrast clearly and how Protestantism was entirely out of place in cathedrals. Writing of the old Dom of Bruges he says: "Enormous high-arched roots—I suppose not higher than Westminster Abbey, but far more striking to me, for they were actually in use here." Alas, Westminster—widowed of Our Lord—holds up as if in protest its great arched arms to Heaven, while it sees its aisles profanced by monuments to successtisles profaned by monuments to success-ul worldlings. Thomas Carlyle de-clared that the Mass was the "only genu-

ine thing of our time."

As the Mass is of such incomparable greatness containing Our Lord Himself greatness containing Our Lord Himself in Sacrifice and Sacrament, so must the office of priest be the highest that mortal man can attain to. As Thomas a Kempis says: "Great is the mystery and great the dignity of priests to whom that is given which is not granted to angels. For priests alone rightly or-dained in the Church have power to celebrate and to consecrate the Body of Christ." "The priests," says St. Jerome in forcible language, "by their holy mouths make the Body of Christ, Christ Himself, through them performing this great miracle." St. Chrysostom ories out: "When you see the priest offering his Holy Sacrifice, muttering the prayers, surrounded by the saintly people who have been washed with the Prectous Blood, and the Divine Saviour who effers Himself on the altar, can you believe years [4 still or careh.] you believe yourself still on earth ?

A MOST EXALTED PRIVILEGE

"Should you not rather believe yourself lifted up into the Heavens? O wondrous miracle, O goodness. That He who sits at the right hand of the Father should be, in an instant, in our hands ready to give Himself to those who will receive Him." Because of the grandeur, greatness and efficiency of most honorable, exalted and profitable privilege to act as a chamberlain to the King of Kings and Lord of Lords by serving at Mass. Of course, this service should be so reverential as to give edi-

Monsignor Benson grasps the idea of the chamberlainable to Our Lord when he says that "Low Mass is like the entering of a small deputation into the King's bedchamber to assist Him to rise. It does not stir their emotions as when with a clash of brass and thunder of drums and shouting of the populace in brave array they place before Him across the cathedral square, but for that very reason there is less fear of their forgetting for what purpose they give service. They are to help the King to get up, to pour water with chilly fingers, to hand stockings, to light fires, to draw curtains. They do it only because He is the King, and they are His servants."

A FEW EXAMPLES

Let us take a few examples from Fitz-gerald's " Jewels of the Mass " to show how the honor of serving Mass should be appreciated. King Wenceslas of Bohemia served Mass after Mass, comporting himself with even more humility accustomed to perform the duty. The great Doctor, St. Thomas Aquinas, after offering his own Mass used himself to serve the Mass of another priest. The Venerable Thomas More took the greatest delight in serving Mass, and once being warned by a certain minis-ter at State that the king would be displeased if he heard that he had so humbled himself replied: "My Lord, the King cannot be offended with the service I render to his Lord, usy, to the king of Kings, and Lord of lords."

As Thomas a Kempis says: "When a priest celebrates, he honors God, he rejoices the angels, he edites the Church, he helps the living, he obtains rest for the dead, and makes himself partaker of all that is good." And how noble and profitable it is to assist as chamberlain. to the King of Kings at this most ven-erable and most Holy Sacrifice.

In this brief paper I have, perhaps, at too great length shown my premises to be that the Mass containing Jesus Christ personally God and Man is of such a character that to serve at it is necessarily and consequently an immense honor and privilege. The answering so as to complete the prayers, assisting at the preparation, calling attention at the Consecration, helping throughout according to our magnificent lturgy, has been specialty alluded to Theorem. has been specially alluded to. The con-clusion is manifest. Catholics should prize greatly an enormous honor and privilege which, whenever possible, they should gladly and thankfully make use

A determined will is half the battle. Health and strength, talents, influence, are all helpful; but some of the greatest successes have been gained by men possessing these in slight measure, but whose meagre gifts were supplemented by an unconquerable will.

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FIVE-MINUTE SERMON SECOND SUNDAY OF ADVENT

THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION

The beautiful teast of the Immaculate Conception of the Bleesed Virgin being to hand, let us consider it this morning. The doctrine of abe. Immaculate Conception, then, my dear brothren, is simply this: that our Bleesed Lady, though the offering merely, adeleume parents, like the rest of manifest and now them as we have inherite original the from them as we have inherite original the providence and decree of God entirely preserved from it.

She was preserved from it entirely, I say. This may be understood in two ways. First, it was never in her. It was not taken from her at the first moment of her existence, as it has been taken from us at baptism; no, it was not taken from her, for it was not in her even at that first moment.

Secondly, she was entirely saved from its effects, not partly, as we have been. None of its consequences remained in her, as I have said they do in us. No, she was as if there had never been such a thing; except that her Son willed that she should suffer together with him, on account of its being in us. HE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION

Now, my brethren, I hope you all understand this; for a great deal of nonsense is talked about this matter, especially by Protestants, most of whem have not the least ides what is meant by the Immaculate Conception of our Blessed Mother, and who yet object to it just as bitterly as if they did. They either confound it with her virginal motherhood, in which they themselves believe and yet seem to object to our believing it, or they accuse us of saying that she was divine like her Son, Our Lord. If they would only examine they would find that what the Church teaches is simply this: that our Lady is a would find that what the Church teaches is simply this: that our Lady is a creature of God like ourselves, having no existence at all before the time of her Immaculate Conception; but that she is a pure and perfect creature, the most pure and perfect that God has ever made; immaculate, that is to say, spotmade; immacutate, that is to say, appareless; free from any stain or imperfection especially from the fatal stain of original sin. And that the reason why God made her so was that she was to be His own mother, than which no higher dignity can be conceived. If they object to this, let them do so; but let them at least know and say what they are chiefting to.

are objecting to.

Let us hope that some Protestants, at least, will not object to this doctrine when they understand it. But perhaps some of them may say: "This is all very good, but what right has the Pope, or my one else at this late day, to make it a part of the Christian faith?"

or my one else at this late day, to make it a part of the Christian faith?"
And it may be that even some Catholics will find the same difficulty.

I will answer this question now, though it is a little off of our present subject, on account of the prominence which has been given to it of late. The answer is simply this: The Pope has not added anything a) all to the Christian faith in defluing the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception. He has no more done so than the Council of Niese add in defluing the doctrine of the Divinity of Our Lord.

You remember, my brethren, perhaps, that from this council the Nicene Creed, which is said or sung at Mass, takes its name. It was called together to condemn the errors of some who maintained that Our Lord was not truly God. And it solemnly defined that He was. Very well; was that adding anything to the Christian faith? Of course not; it was simply declaring what the Christian faith was, to put an end to the doubts which were arising about it. That is plain enough, is it not?

Now what was it that the Pope did in defining the Immaculate Conception? Exactly the same thing. He defined what the faith really was to put an end to doubts about it. The only difference was that those who opposed or doubted the Immaculate Con-

ence was that those who opposed or doubted the Immaculate Con-ception of our Lady were not so much to blame as those who opposed or doubted the Divinity of Cur Lord, or even in many cases not at all to blame. It was not such a prominent part of the faith, and had been more obscured by time. But the action of the Pope and the council in the two cases was just the

TEMPERANCE THE TEMPERATE MAN

The tem erate man is the one who is idmired by all—no matter how de-prayed those admirers may be. There praved those admirers may be. There is something essentially manly about the man who can use the gifts God gave him without making a "tool" or an "ass" of himself. The man who drinks to excess takes the gifts of God, and instead of using them to benefit himself and friends, injures himself with them and causes mischief and sorrow for those who are interested in him. There is something pitiable about the drunkard, no matter how much we condemn his actions. The strongest men mentally.

no matter how much we condemn his actions. The strongest men mentally, morally, physically have fallen victims to the drink habit ouly because they were not on their guard. They thought foolishly that they were stronger than they really were—they courted occasions and finally they fell—perhaps

sions and finally they fell—perhaps never to rise again.

Hence one suggestion would be. "Be on your guard!" Do not cultivate the treat babit. Keep away from the clubs whose members indulge to the extent of being what is known as "good fellows." Generally they are good for nothing save to waste their time and money and to drag others into following their vite habits. The man who sets a watch about his soul these days can generally laugh at the world, the flesh and the devil when they tempt. But if he wants to come off victor he must be fully prepared before the assault comes. Otherwise his flimsy forces will be soat. fully prepared before the assault comes. Otherwise his filmsy forces will be scattered and the enemy will be in full possession of the citade! Those of us who have had a quaintance with the action of men given to the use of drink to excess, know that these men often go so far as to be almost helpless, so that when they see a sign advertising liquor, or when they seed in the via stuff, they have absolutely no control over the de-

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mand of their nature. They are in the literal sense of the word slaves to their passions."

ATHLETICS AGAINST LIQUOR Mr. Thomas Sharkey, the former puglist and now a saloon keeper, declares that athletics are putting a check on the use of liquor and tobacco by young men. He states his views as follows:

"Everybody in America seems to want to be an athlete. A fellow can not be an athlete and drink at the same time. I notice in my own place that

want to be an athlete. A fellow can not see an athlete and drink at the same time. I notice in my own place that there is not near as much whiskey drunk as there was a year or so ago. People who drink make it beer. It is not because they cannot afford whiskey or wine, but because they are afraid strong alcoholic drinks will spoil them as athletes.

"The thing which is doing the most damage to the liquor trade is school boy athletics. Schoolboys everywhere in America now are being brought up to athletes. Every school boy has training ideas hammered into him constantly. He is taught that he can not be an athlete and drink or smoke, and so he leaves tobacco and alcohol alone. Then he gets into the habit, and when he is grown up the habit aticks. In the old days the university undergraduates used to come to town after a big football or baseball game and drink everything in sight. They do not do it any more, because the universities are full of this athletic idea, and the undergraduates have no use for a chap who drinks whiskey and gets out of condition.

"Schoolboy athletics are costing me a lot of money every day, but I am for it just the same. It is going to make this nation the healthleat on earth. I would like to see every boy in New York an athlete, who has no use for tobacco or

like to see every boy in New York an athlete, who has no use for tobacco or whiskey. It a man wants to drink something now and then all right, but I would vote for this schoolboy athletic

To this influence of athletics must also be added the force of the teaching in the schools that liquor and tobacco are more or less poisonous to the human body. The influence of women and the growth of temperance society, too, are against the alcoholic habit.

DRUMMERS AND DRINK

The Temperance Cause expresses the opinion that a remarkable change has taken place within recent years among traveling men in regard to the use of liquor. It is sale to assert that a majority of these commercial travelers let strong druk alone. Recently a couple of Boston traveling men on their way home were discussing business, politics and current events generally, when one of them remarked that he certainly had a thick head on him that day because of a few drinks of liquor he had taken the night before. The other asked him why he drank and the reply was, to clinch an order. His companion turned on him with this advice:
"Better cut it out. Better lose a customer than your own self respect, liquor. It is sale to assert that a

"Better cut it out. Better lose a customer than your own self respect, and gain the habit. I was instructed to do the good-fellow play when I started on the road, but I am older than you. I used to do a little business that way, but since little Jimmie and Pet came along I have done some hard thinking on the long jump and have concluded no drinks for me. You can't do yourself justice and drink



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lique. To tolk you be hee always drunk a lieute and it never hure him isn't, quite sure of himself and wants you to help bolster him up. I have no sympathy with you or with your heedsobe. I hope the next time you throw in the calamity water it will put you on the blink for three weeks. Out it out.

A special correspondent of the York Times deciarse in that journal

A CONVERTED SOCIALIST

There are no doubt in the ranks of the Scoialists many excellent men who have convinced themselves of the right-counness of the movement, and act out of regard for the betterment of the condition of their fellowmen. One has only to remember Mr. David Goldstein, a leader in Socialism at one time, but now a convert to Catholicism and an ardent sombatant against the falsehood of which Socialism is chiedy composed. And now there is another prominent Socialist who has seen the error of his ways. It is Mr. Ben S. Henry the business manager of The Citisen, the Socialist organ of Schenectady. His decision to abandon Socialism came as the result of observations and experiences gained in Socialistic meetings, and from the perusal of the ideas and doctrines of Socialism, in all their phases and varieties. No one understood Socialism better than Mr. Henry. He was closely associated with the Socialism that Mr. Henry. socialism between Mr. Heery. He was closely associated with the Socialist Mayor Lunn of Schenestady, and was a friend of all the great exponents of the movement, and had "explored its highways and byways most thoroughly." His view therefore, is worth considerates

"The longer I stayed," he writes,
"the more disgusted I became with the
delusion and inconsistency of Socialism
as I beheld it. I resolved to follow my
conscience and get out of this deluded
rat and to do so at once, lest I might
get so filled with the dope and become
like an opium fiend, unable to leave its
dreamy atmosphere of self-hypnotism,
making one's self believe the impossible
and impracticable. Not unlike the making one's self believe the impossible and impracticable. Not unlike the opium fiend raving for dope, are some of the wild clamorings, abusive language, wholesale denouncement of everything, except that which they want, and they are willing in some cases to sacrifice all to get it."

The party, he tells us, has many well-meaning members who will some day

meaning members who will some day come out of their trance as he has. To follow out Socialism, he says, is to be come atheistic. "I believe in God," he come stheistic. "I believe in God," ne writes, "and my experience and study with Socialism convince me absolutely that it is impossible for a person to be a sincere Christian or Jew and a sincere Socialist. How anyone can be a sincere Catholic and a sincere Socialist

sincere Catholic and a sincere Socialist is beyond my understanding."

With such a realisation it is not strange that Mr. Henry's conscience rebelled against such a system of hypocrisy, and as he has done, so also will do the others who have been Socialists from a higher motive self-hynotised thought they have been

from a higher motive self-hynotized though they have been.

The Socialists may be expected to abuse this new convert from their ways as they have abused Mr. Goldstein and others who have preferred to obey God rather than man. But the abuse will do no harm, and Mr. Henry will have the great consolation that his example will be as a shining light to some of his former fellow-Socialists who still sit in darkness.—Pilot.

Makes Sweet Wholesome Bread Women write that the yeast they've used makes sour bread, but White Swan Yeast Cakes, makes bread sweet, light and wholesome. Sold by live grooers 6 cakes for 5c. Get 'ree sample from White Swan Spices & Cereals Limited, Toronto, Ont.

HOW TO TELL A CATHOLIC

You find among Catholic people cer-tain phrases that you do not find among people who are not Catholics T-ke that phrase, "Thank God." It is purely Catholic. Anywhere that you hear a man or woman use that simple phrase, "Thank God!" you know he or she is a Catholic. Another expression among Catholics is, "If it please God." "It is is God's will." This is rather common among the Irish. "If it is the will of God." They never make a prediction, they never make a statement that regards the future, without adding that safeguarding clause, "If it is the will of God," so deep down in the Irish nature is that conviction that God controls everything.

will of God, so deep down in the Irish nature is that conviction that God con trols everything.

And among the French, God's name is ever upon their lips, and it is always spoken with the adjective "good," "the good God," Every good thing comes from God. And to day the infidels of France have invented a new epithet of derision, and they speak of Catholics and the Catholic people of France and call them "Lee Bon Dieusards" ("The Good Godites.") Think of it! Because the people of France are always apeaking about "the good God" and what He does for men, they have become identified with Him in the speech of the rabble. But to be more plain, I will tell you how you can tell a Catholic from a Protestant in a much more ready manner than this. A Catholic always speaks about our Saviour as "Our Lord." A Catholic always says, "Our Lord did so and so," "Our Lord said so and so." They always speak of Him as "Carled." and so." They always speak of Him as "Our Lord."

"Our Lord,"
A Protestant always speaks of
"Christ," "Jesus Christ," Whenever
you hear a person in ordinary parlance
speak the words "Jesus Christ," you
may be sure he is a Protestant. Why?
B-cause it is more historic and scientific A Catholic does not call the Son tind A Catholic does not call the Son of Mary by the name. He says, "Our Lord." And why "Our Lord?" Be-cause "Our Lord" means "Master." Be-cause 'Our Lord" means "Sovereign Lord." And we always look upon H m as the "Lord." We don't call Him by any other name than that which was His even in the O d Law. He is our Lord, and that is the name He had from

the beginning.

The Apostles themselves called Him

"the Lord." When He appeared after
His resurrection, on the shore of the
take, Peter first recognized Him, and
He said. "It is the Lord." When
Thomas recognized Him, he said: "My
Lyd and My God." And from the

A special correspondent of the New York Times declares in that journal that a marked re-action toward the Church has set in throughout France.

This reaction has been already noted in our columns, and it gives us joy to record the word of the Times writer:

"Amongst the most important of many changes which are now passing over the spirit of the French nation is the reaction toward Catholicism, which is being remarked on all sides. The view is often expressed that the contempt for religion which was so universal a few years ago has now quite gone out of fashion, and that the most brilliant and talented thinkers and writers of the younger generation are now turning toward the Church as their guide in life.

"An influential critic of contemporary France, who adopts the pseudonym 'Agathon,' writing in l'Opinion on the Catholic movement, points out that the strongest tendencies among the youth of France are cult of character and personality, a taste for the heroic, and not a preference for abstract ideas and systems. It is this, he says, which is leading the young people more and more toward the deepest source of all activity namely, moral and religious life. The intellectual youth who over twenty years ago seemed to be won over by anti-elerical doctrines is now turning toward Catholicism, a fact the import ance of which cannot be exaggerated. As a concrete instance, he states that a higher normal school, where not long ago there were only two or three pupils of declared religion, one-third are now practicing Catholics. Of this number a majority are science papils. The professors of philosophy at the most intellectual of Paris licees declare, says this writer, that a majority of their pupils are practicing Catholics, while among those indifferent to religion there is now no anti-clerical rancor. At the Sorbonne the students in philosophy have chosen for professors a Catholic, Victor Delbos.

"The Catholic renewal is also showing itself, it is pointed out, in literature. Some of the finest lyric poets of modern

for professor a Catholic, Victor Delbos.

"The Catholic renewal is also showing itself, it is pointed out, in literature. Some of the finest lyric poets of modern France, who exercise an incalculable influence over the younger generation. draw their inspiration, not from vague religious theories, but from the foundation of the Catholic doctrine. Many of these writers are men who began their these writers are men who began their careers as agnostics and whom the ex-periences of life, any Agathon, have brought to the same belief."

" MY ROSARY

How many among the thousands who have sung or listened to the popular song, "My Rosary," know the real origin and meaning of the Rosary? The fact that in the Catholic calendar October is specially dedicated to "Our Lady of the Rosary," makes it a timely topic. The word may mean either the world-wide devotion of the Rosary itself, or the beads used to keep count of the oft-repeated prayers of the devotion. The beads themselves may be made of almost any hard substance, from wood from the Garden of Olives to silver, gold or precious stones, strung on a fexible or precious stones, strung on a flexible wire chain. This chain or chaplet con-sists of five decades of small beads and five large ones, with an appendix of three small beads and one large one, terminating in a small crucifix.

The prayers composing the Rosary are the most popular in the Cathelic Church. The Apostles' Creed, composed by them as a bond of unity before dispersing throughout the world to evangelize the nations, is recited on the crucifix. Then nations, is recited on the crucints. Then comes the greatest of all prayers, the "Our Father," composed by Christ Himsuff when His Apostles asked Him to tea h them to pray, recited on the large beads. On the small beads we recite the "Ave Maria" or "Hail Mary,"

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ecomposed partly by the Angel Gabriel, partly by Saint Elizabeth, mother of St. John the Baptist, cousin to Our Lord, and partly by the Church, eading with the words: "Pray for us sinners now and at the hour of our death." This famous prayer has been set to music by almost every musician of prominence in the world, regardless of denominational preferences.

The entire Rosary consists of fifteen decades with fifteen repetitions of the Doxology comm-morating fifteen events in Our Lord's life, as follows: Five Joyful Mysteries, the Annunciation, Visitation, Nativity, Presentation in the Temple, and Finding in the Temple; the Sorrowful Mysteries, the Agony in the Garden, Scourging, Orowning with Thorns, Carrying the Cross, and Orucificion; the Giorious Mysteries, the Resurrection, Ascension, Descent of the Holy Ghost, the Assumption, and Coronation of the Blessed Virgin. Among the laity the Rosary has almost entirely superseded the recital of the one hundred and fifty Palms of David, though the custom is still practised by priests, monks and nuns in their daily "office."—Freeman's Journal.

MARTIN LUTHER AND THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION

Some of our Protestant contemporaries, says the Messenger, may feel surprised when they learn that Martin Luther taught and defended the Im-Luther taught and defended the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin Mary. In 1527 Luther published, at Wittenberg, a book of sermons entitled "Explanation of the Gospels for the Principal Fessts of the Whole Year." In order not to have the text tampered with he himself took care of the editing. The collection contains a sermon preached by the reformer on the "Day of the Conception of the Mother of God." But this is not all there are passages in the sermon which there are passages in the sermon which not merely state the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception, but defend it, too, with some of the arguments used to day by our Catholic theologians.

"We celebrate to day." he says, "the

Feast of the Virgin Mary, how she was conceived without original sin. * * * We believe justly and happily that it (Mary's conception) occurred without original sin. * * * At the first mooriginal sin. * * At the first moment, when she began to live, she was sinless and adorned with God's grace, full of grace; and this is not unbecoming. * * This is implied in the words spoken to her by the angel: 'Blessed art thou among women' For she could not have been addressed 'Blessed art thou' if she had lain under the malejiction. Again, it was right Blessed art thou it ale had all under the malediction. Again, it was right and befiring that she should be pre-served without sin from whom Christ was to take the flesh that was to over-come all sins. For that is properly blessed which is adorned with grace, i. e., what is without sin. Many others have written much about this and have pointed out beautiful reasons, which are too lengthy to be enumerated here."

These sentiments were penned by Luther ten years after his apostacy from the Church, at the time of his mos active campaign against her.

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CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

THE NEED OF GOOD MANNERS

A young man may think it a fine thing to be independent in social matters. He will soon find that he cannot afford in life to be independent of anything except an evil influence. If he prefers the society of loungers in liquor-saloons or at hotel-bars, he needs nothing but a limit-less suppy of money. His friends there require the observance of only one rule of etiquette—he must "treat" regular ly. To young men who hunger for that kind of independence and that sort of friends I have nothing to say, except that it is easy to prophesy their ruin and disgrace. If a man has no better ambition than to die in an unhonored grave or to live forsaken in an almshouse, let him make up his mind to be "independent." The world in which you live is exacting, and you can no more succeed and dely its actions than you can stick your finger into a fire and escape burning.—From "A Gentleman," by Maurice Francis Egan.

PARABLE OF THE OXEN

PARABLE OF THE OXEN

A rather sporty young fellow got a sition with a man who believes in ex-A rather sporty young tentw gots a position with a man who believes in exacting a full day's work from his employees. The new clerk who prided himself on his cleverness, decided he would like a little time off, so he asked his employer for a vacation of three or four days, in order that he might be treated for a nervous complaint. The employer gave his consent rather sourly. That afternoon, while the young fellow was present, the proprietor casually told the following story.

"Once upon a time there were two oxen, one a hard working ox, the other a shiftless animal who preferred resting to working.

"One morning the shiftless ox con-fided to the other that he was going to slip away for a day or two to sample some new pasture ground.
"Don't tell the master I have gone,

for I shall return before my absence has been discovered, he said.

"The other ox assented, and the lazy one departed. Two days later he re-

Does the master know that I have

been away? he asked.

"I believe so,' he asked.

"Did he seem angry?"

"N-n-no, I can't say that he did,' the dutiful ox answered.

sisted.
". Quite sure,' was the positive re-

" If that's the case, the other said,

"If that's the case, the other said,
'I may as well go again next week."
"Yes, I suppose you may,' the stayat-home said quietly. 'By the way, I
forgot to mention that I noticed the
master in very earnest conversation
with the butcher this morning.'"
Before he left that evening the employee who had asked for, a vacation told
his employer that he was feeling much
better and had decided not to leave.

STICK TO IT

Some very interesting items have appeared here and there in the newspapers lately about men who have kept steadily at their occupations for an unusually

long time.

Colonel Oliver Houghton, of Welmouth
Massachusetts, was appointed on the
police force there forty-eight years ago.
He is now ninety years of age, and is
said to be the oldest police officer in the

country.

Richard Terhune, seventy three years old, has recently resigned his position as telegrapher at Ossining, New York. He had held the position for fity-two years, and never taken a vacation.

Captain Dodge, of Block Island, Rhode

years, and never taken a vacation.

Captain Dodge, of Block Island, Rhode
Island, has been a pilot in that vicinity for
forty-four years. His father was a pilot
in those waters for fifty-six years, and
his grandfather served for a similar long A farmer near Pittsfield, Massachu-

A farmer near Pittsneld, Massachusetts, has delivered milk to his customers in that city for twenty-six years without missing a morning.

Fifty five years at the forge and never

without missing a morning.

Fifty-five-years at the forge and never a vacation is the record of William Rhodes. of Saco, Maine.

These items are something more than mere curiosities; they are samples of a class of men that give stability and backbone to the country. Vacations are all right; sometimes the best thing a boy can do, when he has made a mistake, is to get out of one occupation and take another. But the spirit of these items is the right one for every young man to have: to hold on to his work faithfully; to earn a reputation for staying power; to be proud of a record of service without a break or a failure.

—Catholic Columbian.

ST. BERNARD

THE NEED OF GOOD MANNERS

Now, if one gots into a habit of discognizing the small rules of eliquette, if one use one's forth for a toothplot, drink out of one's farger-bowl, reach over some body 'alked for a pleas of sixed, all the kind hearts and simple faith in the world will not keep you in the company of well-bred people. You may answer that will not keep you in the company of well-bred people. You may answer that into the greacend dishea. And—the side has been every good persons blow their goup with their breath, stilet their own first last to the greacend dishea. And—the side has been done once pershaps in some savage land—wips their noses well have more power over others. As it is, virtue losses half its others when it ignores good manners. It is only old people and men of great genius who can afford to disregard manners. Old people are privileged. If they shoose to east with their necks—a thing which is no longer bolarested—the man who remarks on it, who shows that he notices it, who criticises it, is not only a boor, but a foot. Young people have no such privileges; they must acquire the little habits of good society or they will find every avenue of cultivation closed to them.

It is foolish to appear to despise the little habits of good society or they will find every avenue of cultivation closed to them.

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It is foolish to appear to despise the little habits of good society or they will have the society of lower and the society of lower and the society of lower and the society of lo dressed she visited Bernard; he refused to see her, and only at last consented to do so, not as her brother, but as the minister of Christ. The words he then spoke moved her so much that two years later she retired to a convent with her husband's consent, and died in the reputation of sanctity. Bernard died A. D. 1153. His most precious writings have carned for him the titles of the last of the Fathers and a Doctor of the Holy the Fathers and a Doctor of the Holy Church.

One of the best examples of the value of education that I ever met is the work
of a boy, a neighbor, who used to come
into my house occasionally to play chess.
At that time he and his father worked n a small woollen factory, where the boy received 60 cents a day. He had a longing for an education, but could see no way of gaining one, for there was no money in the family, and 60 cents a day

money in the family, and 60 cents a day does not admit of much saving.

But when he was fourteen he came into possession of an old bicycle, and, with his parents' consent left the factory for a job as a telegraph messenger at a summer resort a short distance away.

Our state agricultural school was only three miles from where the boy lived. Our state agricultural school was only three miles from where the boy lived. This school furnishes a good education absolutely free, the only cost being a small charge for the board of pupils who

But this boy was near enough to go back and forth on his wheel, boarding at home. When the season at the resort was over he took his small savings and started to school. In this way he had started to school. In this way he had the full four years' course at practically no cost, working at odd times enough to pay for his clothes and books, and to recompense his parents in a measure for his board. He developed a liking for chemistry, and during the last year made it a special study. When he graduated he was given a place at the college as assistant chemist, at a small salary.

He remained there two years, study-'I believe so,' he asked.
'Did he seem angry?'
'N-n-no, I can't say that he did,' dutiful ox answered.
But are you quite sure that he did make any comment?' the other period.

Then a position as chemist was offered him by a small concern in the West at \$800 a year. This he accepted, remain. \$800 a year. This he accepted, remaining there a year, living very cheaply, and saving nearly all of his salary. Then he left and went to studying chemistry again, perfecting himself more thoroughly in some of the higher branches. This made him more valuable and he was given a position at \$1,200. But he was given a position at \$1,200. But he was the contraction of the property for one year. Again

would only accept for one year. Again he saved his money, and again, at the end of the year, he went away to study end of the year, he went away to study chemistry.

This was several years ago. Now he is chief chemist of a very large concern at Newark, New Jersey, and receives \$2500 a year. But he is still studying chemistry and making himself thereby more valuable all the time. When the next step upward offers itself he no doubt will be ready. This boy, it seems to me, offers a very striking example of the value of study, of an education. He might have stopped at any one of the might have stopped at any one of the steps of his profession and considered his education fluished, and have felt truthfully that he had made a success of himself as compared with the work at 60 cents a day. But the rest of his life would have leveled itself down to the plane where he stopped. — Catholic

Bulletin. A DOG WITH A BANK BOOK And when you have heard the story of Billy, for that is his name, I think you will all agree that he deserves to have a hank book.

a bank book.

A handsome collie is Billy, with a kind, intelligent face, a white vest, and white stockings, and when he earned his bank book, with his master, he was away in the cold and frozen north, in Alaska. And not only were they in Alaska, but Billy, and Billy, marker, and a friend ware. not only were they in Alaska, but Billy, and Billy's master, and a friend were wandering over the mountains, where there are on roads or even trails, and in the darkness of the night and bitter cold and storm they had lost their way. That is, the two men had, for Billy had his keen dog instinct to guide him, and he was doing his dog best to pilot them back to their cabin.

he was doing his dog best to pilot them back to their cabin.

"He isn't right, I know he isn't, and that he's taking us the wrong way," urged the other man when Billy whined and wagged his tail, and started into the very teeth of the storm. "You may do as you choose, but I'll not follow any fool dog," and giving poor Billy a vicious kick that made him cry with pain,

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

tries other man turbed in a different direction.

It is a bade pendence in each other. "I'll trust you, old fellow," the latter said. "Go shead, I'll follow." So he followed over the mountain, and, thanks to Billy, reached home safely.

And do you think that Billy lay down then and took the rest he had well carned? If he had been able to talk he might have said, "I've done my whole duty, I've saved my master. The other man kicked me when I was trying to do him a favor, now he may take care of himself the best way he can."

No; instead, Billy showed a nobleness of nature, a forging spirit, that we might well imitate. As soon as he had seen his master safe, out over the mountains in the night and blinding storm he went again, till he had found the other man, who, by this time, was more hopeleasyllost than he had been before, and in despair had given up to die. So this time he did not kiek Billy, or spurn his leadership; instead he gladly followed where he led, and thus came safely to the cabin, to shelter and safety.

The rescued man knew that he owed his life to Billy. He never forgot this, and to show his gratitude he had made for him a beautiful collar studded with gold nuggets. Now this collar—like the king's crown—is not for everyday wear, even in Alsaks where so much gold is found. It mightinot be safe for a dog to go about the streets, wearing so much of the precious metal, so the costly collar has been put in the safety deposit vault of one of the Nome banks, and Billy not only has the bank book for it, but it is said that the value of the gold nuggets makes him the richest dog in the world. Christian Intelligencer.

A MODEST HERO

A MODEST HERO

Although the gallantry of our life-saving service is not only constant, but great, there are occasional acts of hero-ism so unusual that they stand out brightly even in the records of that famous corps. These are the exploits that are rewarded with the special gold medal of the government. The Phila-delphia Telegraph recalls one such deed:

delphia Telegraph recalls one such deed:

Between midnight and dawn one August night the full fury of the hurricane that had swept the Atlantic coast broke over Hatteras, and gave Surfman Erasmus Midgett of Gull Shoal Station his chance to show the stuff that he was make of. At three o'clock he had set out to patrole the south beach, where the water rushing over the narrow strip of sand rose to his horse's saddle-girths. Frequently he was obliged to rest in the lee of a dune to avoid being suffocated by the flying sand.

sand.
All along the beach bits of broken wreckage floated in, telling of disaster somewhere out in nature's unloosed rage and tumuit. At the farther, limit of his beat Midgett flung himself from his horse, and, rushing to the water's edge,

horse, and, rushing to the water's edge, caught sight of a vessel over which the seas were breaking. In the stern he saw men huddled together.

The station was three miles away. To Midgett's trained eye it was clear that the wreck would not last an hour. He surveyed the brutal surf, and decided that the wreck lay one hundred yards off shore. Using his hands as a megaphone, he shouted to the men to hold fast. One, in delirium, leaped into the sea and swam into Midgett's grasp. Instantia the sea and swam into Midgett's grasp.
Instantly the foam smothered them.
The deadly undertow threatened to suck both to destruction.

Dragging his burden safely to land, Midgett plunged once more into the ses, and bore back the body of a swooning sailor. Five times he repeated this feat. The last sailor grasped out that three men, badly wounded by wreckage,

three men, badly wounded by wreckage, remained aboard.
Midgett's strength was going, but he swam out to the wreck, and managed to crawl aboard. The captain, who had a hole in his breast from a broken spar, was dragged to land. Two seamen, less seriously injured, were helped to swim ashore by the tireless surfman.
Then leaving the ten battered, helpless hulks of men to lie breathless on the

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PODIER

THE HOUSE OF GOD

And now the profit and loss apostle has taken out his pad and pencil to con-vince a wasteful world that every com-

vince a wasteful world that every com-munity is guitty of an economic crime in its attitude toward the church buildings. What a terrible waste! says the util-tarian gentleman. You have so many churches throughout the country; you

have invested millions in them; yet they are used but a few hours of the week. What a deplorable economic waste! All this much must be changed! The churches were built by the people.

and for the people, and they must be used by the people.

Now what use would the utilitarians have the people make of the churches? What other use but for the enjoyment of

the people. Let us, they say, have dances in them during the week; let us

also have moving-pictures there, by which we will instruct and smuse the

At a meeting in Philadelphia recent-

ly this was the platform adopted by the Home and School League. Some of the speakers went so far as to condemn the

clergy as lacking in zeal for the welfare of humanity because they would not turn the House of God into a vaude-

ville theatre or a dance pavilion.

But Philadelphia has not the mon-

opoly of these zeslots. In our own city we have many like agitators who envy God the sacrifices offered up to Him.

To them humanitarianism is everything. The broken alabaster box and the ointment for the feet of the Lord could so

easily be sold and the proceeds given to the poor! We remember the kind of man that preached this selfish philan-throphy first. And he has many dis-

ciples, who sneer at everything erected to the glory of the living God from Solo

mon's temple down to the modern cathedral. Such extravagance, such

waste of material, such a piling of stone

for a few hours service, when we could so easily make of the same material

It is a materialism run wild, even

It is a materialism run wild, even among Christians who profess to believe in Him who said that "man does not live by bread alone." Bread and the circus; plenty to eat and plenty of enjoyment! Well enough for a pagan Rome, but surely one expects more even from a nominal Christian. But we never heard the content of the page of the content of the cont

of a pagan nation using their temples for other than the service of their deities. And it is only the man of cold, irreligious

heart who could suggest that the churches erected to God's honor should

be stolen from Him to serve the world

under the plea of serving humanity.

We do not believe that the non Catholic sects will listen to these materialistic utilitarians. As for our Catholic humanity.

churches, it is a preposterous thought. The reason is simple. Go into one of our churches and behold the glimmer of

the sanctuary lamp. It tells that God is there really present, that there is the tabernacle of God with men, that the

church is not merely a meeting house of the faithful for an hour or two on

Sunday, but the holy place, sacred for-

people.

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MAGI

sand, Midgett rode three miles to the station for aid.

"We thought him mad," said the men of the station. "It looked like a case of stark insanity from exposure—and we have seen such cases.

But ten half-naked, brine-drenched men up the beach corroborated his story, and the Tressury Department gold medal Midgett got was carned.

There is still another story connected with this medal. When the medal had been granted and engraved, a party of officials went to Gull Shoal to present it. They made speeches full of eulogistic reference to Surfman Midgett, and then, with due ceremony, gave him the medal.

Midgett, blushing like a school girl, and digging his toe nervously into the floor, then made his response. It was:

"Why, I sin't done anything!" We are getting to be utilitarians with a vengeance—that is in some things. We read so much about the economic value of what was formerly discarded as waste that we begin to cast repectous eyes upon everything about us and recken up its value in dollars and cents. We hacked blindly at our forests till seme one convinced us that we were committing suicide; we have lost our sense of sublime poetry in gazing at Niagara because some dollar-bill man has been dinning in our ears his chagrin at the waste of so much energy that could be so profitably employed in turning the wheels of soap-factories.

And now the profit and loss apostle

HELPFUL THOUGHTS OF

Do we sufficiently realize the helpful-ness that is stored up for our daily use in the daily thought of heaven? Do we not, slas! too often think of death as a rending and sundering of dear human ties, or as the passage to an unknown and untried future, when it is really the pathway to our true home and our dearest Friend, and to supreme and absolute joy? When a man is hastening home at evening after a hard day's work, is there not something that lightens his weariness, and makes his tired feet go faster, as he pictures to himself the wel-come waiting him from his loving wife and children, or from his parents and sisters? But some men have no happy home. Only heaven is the perfect home.

What says St. Cyprian?
"We reckon Paradise to be our home; "We reckon Paradise to be our home; already we begin to have the patriarchs for our kinsmen. Why should we not make haste and rup, to see our home and to greet our kinsfolk? There are a great many of those we love waiting for us there,—father, and mother, and brothers, and children, there in great company they await us, they who are sure now never to die any more, but not yet sure of us. Oo, when we come to see them and to embrace them, what gladness will it be both for us and for

Yes, what joy this will be for us, but Yes, what joy this will be for us, but there is a joy far greater. We shall then behold our Heavenly Father, and Jesus Christ our Bather, and the Holy Spirit of Love Divine. Here will be Spirit of Love Divine. Here will be perfect joy. And with this perfect joy we shall be granted also tae meeting with many souls whom we never met on earth, but of whom we read or heard; souls that helped us by their writings and examples, souls of whom we read in Scripture, yes, souls of whom we never heard at all, but whom we then hall know in all their heaven'ty lovelishall know in all their heavenly loveliness. For, there, will be that "great multitude, which no man could number, of all nations, and tribes, and peoples, and tongues, standing before the throne; and in sight of the Lamb, clothed with white robes, and palms in their hands."
Let us, even here, gsze in earnest
meditation upon them, and so gain courage for our earthly trials; for "these are they who are come out of great tribulation."

Oh, when our own cross presses very heavily, let us fortify ourself with the fervent hope that we too are of that great, countless number in the future realm of absolute and tireless joy! realm of absolute and tireless joy! Shall we not go up and down among these glorious ranks in most happy con verse, finding out, up there in heaven, the full meaning of our belief in "the communion of saints?" Shall we not talk with our Guardian Angels face to face? Shall we not even talk with Heaven's Queen and with the great St. Joseph, hearing from them beautiful things about the earthly life of Jesus, things that now are unknown and mysterious, and yet are sometimes shadowed forth, in dim heavenly lovellness, in our hours of quiet prayer?

shadowed forth, in dim neavenly lovel:
ness, in our hours of quiet prayer?
Heaven!—we are trying to tell of its
joys; but its joys are beyond our tell
ing. Heaven will be all that we can
think or wish or imagine here; and it
will be more, much more. Suffer as we
may here indescribably, intensely, still
St. Paul's startling and triumphant
words shine out, on the pages of Holy
Writ: "I reckon that the sufferings of this

time are not worthy to be compared with the glory to come, that shall be revealed in us. . . We know that revealed in us. . . We know that to them that love God, all things work to them that love God, all things work together unto good. . . That which is at present momentary and light of our tribulations, worketh to us above measure exceedingly an eternal weight of glory."

Let us then think of heaven,—of that "sternal weight of glory glove glo

Let us then think of heaven,—of that "eternal weight of glory, above measure exceedingly." Let us draw near, on earth, to Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament; let us see His will in trial and in bereavment. Let us look beyond time and earth, and declare with the ancient servants of God, that we "desire a better, that is to say, a heavenly country," and let us remember the exhortation to the Hebrews:

"Patience is necessary for you; that, floing the will of God, you may receive the promise. For yet a little and a very little while, and He that is to come, will come and will not delay.——Sacred Heart Review.

The Octavite Church is not a "waste" place. It is open from morning until late at night welcoming the faithful to visit the Lord in His own house. Could it serve huneauty better by replacing the glow of the assessmy lamp with the glare of the moving-picture?—Pilot.

From Without and Within

If you look at a stained glass window from the outside of a church it appears to you unsightly and grotesque, with ut form or beauty. It conveys no meaning to your mind. But if you view the same window from within, how rich and beautiful it appears, especially when the sunlight of heaven is shining upon it! How it embellishes the church, and how admirably the group of figures is calculated to illustrate some scene of Scripture or ecclesisatical history! In like manner a stranger to our religion





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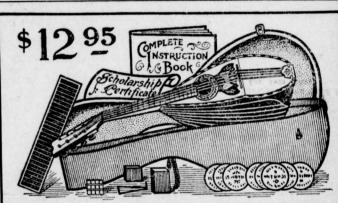
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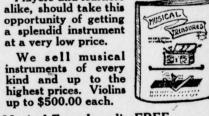
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"It was in this ancient world that the Catholic Church gained her first laurels as the mouthpiece and the model of Christian charity. For the first time in the history of mankind virtues were not merely preached, but were actually lived out, and not by a few philosophers, but by countless thousands of men and women of every condition and rank. The new and irresistible Christian virtues faced Roman society at all times, and particular Christian charity that, like an atmosphere, or an odor, times, and particular Christian charity that, like an atmosphere, or an odor, soon permeated all ancient life. Men and women did not cease to be Greeks and Romans, perhaps with all the prejudice of race or nation, but they were now ensouied with a new spirit, breathed with a new temper, for they had risen through the perfect gospel of Christ to that higher and holier citizenship which emoraces all mankind.

"Great, however, as were the works of charity inaugurated and conducted by the Church in her earliest days, they by the Cource in her earnest days, they are surpassed by the gigantic labors of the centuries that followed her triumph. The great state, once her enemy, now her ally, was entering on those evil ner any, was entering on those evil casts that always await a career of pride and wastefulners, selfishness and social injustice, reforms delayed and abuses crystallized. The Roman Empire was going down in economic ruin amid the collapse of all the public virtues, politi-cal and military, that had once distinguished it.
"It may be said without fear that

these three or four hundred years, during which the Roman majesty gradually shrank to a pitiful nucleus, were the golden age of charity in the Catholic church. Her clergy alone came to the succor of the broken municipalities, for succor of the broken municipalities, for this ancient world was a complexus of about one thousand cities, in which were centered all local authority, all industry, commerce, and the social order generally. In each city the Bishop was the recognized friend of the poor, the sick, the persecuted, and the laws consecrated what custom created. His pulpit resounded with daily appea's for alms, and we yet read with emotion the charity sermons of a Chrysostom, a basil, or a Gregory. These men created the theology of almsgiving rather than that of practical Christian charity, and after fitteen or sixteen centuries they seen faithful echoes of the gospel of Christ in all its primitive force and charm. What pen could force and charm. What pen could describe the charitable activities of the Catholic Church in the Middle Ages—those ten wonderful centuries during which she was mother and nurse to the es that divided among themselves the Roman State and became the

great nations of to day?
"In her countless monasteries the poor were fed and cared for, the efficted were nursed and consoled, the traveler and the pilgrim were housed and refreshed, the agricultural arts were preserved and taught. In addition the ancient charitable institutions of the Church and her tradictors of social Church and her tradictors of social service, though greatly modified by the new political and economic conditions, were kept alive. The State was yet, everywhere, a raw and loosely ordered creation, in which the coarse and savage individualism of the northorn forests contended with the civilizing legalism of Rome and the spiritual teners of Catholicam Ita prograiling forces of Catholicism. Its prevailing feudalism aided notably the growth of charitable institutions, for each of the thousand independent centers that detained the high splittered civic sovertained the high splittered divisovereignty created its own ecclesiastical
works and devoted to them no small
share of public revenue and private
generosity. Christian pity, that lovely
virtue, the root of so much progress in
charity, grew apace under the teachings
of the Chareh even the same from of the Church, ever the same from Otranto to Drontheim, and as it grew and spread in millions of hearts a new feeling of responsibility and affection for all mankind developed in medieval society and eventually, like some great river of primeval times, burst all ob-structions and overran all Europe.

"The four centuries that have elapsed aince the discovery of the New World exhibit a varied development of Catholic charity. The profound changes of lic charity. The profound changes of the sixteenth century, religious, ecco-omic, political, social, called for a new spirit, a new seal, and a new temper in the Church, and nowhere were these more evident than in the vast province of charity. Every missionary who penetrated the solitudes of the New World was indeed, a herald of the Christian faith, but he was also the veredited agent of the Church for the troduction of her numerous works of roduction of her numerous works of

while Catholic charity found cost of the Philippines, in its took on a marvellous the Council of Trent the Council of Trent orders and associative. The lessons make everything clear.

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THE CATHOLIC CHURCH IN CHARITY

At the recent conference of Catholic Charities, held at the Catholic University, Washington, D. C., Right Rev. Mgr. Shahan, D. D., rector of the university and president of the United Charity and president of the United Charity were covering all France with Dread Disease Diabetes-Me At the recent conference of Catholic Charities, held at the Catholic University, Washington, D. C., Right Rev. Mgr. Shahan, D. D., rector of the university and president of the United Catholic Charities, delivered before the conference the following interesting address on the growth and extension of the work of the Catholic Church in Charity of the Church in Charity of the Church in Church:

"Searcely nad the gospel of Christies of the Mistory of the Church:

"Searcely nad the gospel of Christies of the Greek and Roman heathen when a new spirit was enkindled, the hearts of many were deeply touched by the new are and soon the vast basin of the Mediterranean was the scene of a new social order. In every one of its thousand oftes was a little Christian church, where a place of honor was made for the core the slave, the widow, the orman.

It the seventeenth and eighteenth conturies the hospitals of Catholic countries grew in number and efficiency. The Hotel Dieu of Paris was long famous as the chief center of Europe, and we can point with pride to the Hotel Dieu of Montreal, as the oldest institutional factors and the contract of the c where a place of honor was made for the poor, the slave, the widow, the orphan; where the sick and the helpless were comforted physically and spiritually; where each was held brother to his neighbor, but by deeper ties than any human relationship; where it was understood that the wealth of all was a divine gift for the common welfare; where the social inequalities of daily life disappeared, and all were one in the divine banquet whereby they were united with Christ Jesus, the Lord of heaven and earth.

"It was in this ancient world that the Catholic Church gained her first laurels of the restriction of the youthful criminal from the aged, and improved prison recitiecture, are owing to the Popes of the eighteenth century, and in general, architecture, are owing to the Popes of the eighteenth century, and in general, despite the wretched politico-ecclesiastical conditions, a spirit of progress, a large measure of efficient work, and many strong personalities, mark these two centuries of Catholic life, although the Church was at this time more than ever pinched and harassed for the means of carrying on all her great works of charity and education."

RIGHT REV. MGR. SHAHAN, D. D.

WHO ARE THE GUILTY ONES?

Now that the din of battle is ended Now that the din of battle is ended and the bitterness of campaigning, so marked in the political struggle just brought to a close, is happily lapsing into cheerful acceptance of the sovereign will of the people, a suggestion may not be out of place. The contest which ceased with the casting of ballots on Nove ber 5 last has been termed one of the most extraordinary Presidential campaigns the country has ever known. Cartainly it offered suppendous evidence of the extremes to which party rancor can lead.

can lead.
One feature of its story must prove of enduring interest to Cathalics. Beginone resource of its sorry mans prove of enduring interest to Cathalics. Beginning with the pre-convention deploying of forces, running through the beat and turbulence that characterized the national gatherings of three parties in early summer, and especially vigorous in the actual battle fought out by the rival condicates, there was an offensive spirit of religious antagonism directed against Catholics and the Catholic Church. A psculiarly visious feature of this antagonism was the mendacious output of an utterly reckless and vile publication scattered broadcast week after week since Jasuary last.

Who is responsible for it? Its editors of tens and hundreds of thousands forwarded to non-subscribing men and women throughout the country,—through

women throughout the country,—through the mails by messengers, freely handed to passersby on the street corners, distributed at church doors on Sundays and in big gatherings of every sort-nust have cost a mighty penny. Who bore

the expense?

To be sure, the day has passed when Catholics dam it necessary to resent such stupid calumies as those put in circulation by the Menace, or to waste efforts in refuting its scandalous falsehoods, yet it is wise to seek that safe guarding knowledge which may give one a clue to the character of the mean plotting that has been and is rife amongst us. The Catholic Church and

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In order to advertise and introduce their home study music lessons in every locality the International Institute of Music of New York will give free to readers of this paper a complete course of instruction for either Piano, Organ Violin, Mandolin, Guitar, Banjo, Cello Brass Instruments or Sight Singing. Ir return hey simply ask that you recommend their Institute to your friends after you learn to play.

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The lessons are sent weekly. They are so simple and easy that they are recommended to any person or little child who can read English. Photographs and drawings make everything plain. Under the Institute's free tuition offer you will be asked to pay only a very small amount (averaging 14 cents a week) to cover postage and the neces-

No one should overlook this wonder ful offer. Tell your friends about it-show this article to them.

The International Institute has suc The International institute has successfully taught others and can successfully teach you, even if you know absolutely nothing whatever about music. The lessons make everything clear.

of Diabetes

A Chicago Divine is Cured of the Dread Disease Diabetes-Mellitus after only five weeks treatment with Sanol's Anti-Diabetes

One of the most remarkable cures yet made by the already famous remedy. SANOL'S ANTI DIABETES, was that of a priest in Chicago. The reverend gentleman was formerly super or of a large hospital in that city, but was obliged to resign his charge a few months ago. The letter written by this gentleman to the manufacturers of SANOLS ANTI DIABETES is a won-SANOL S ANTI DIABETES is a won-deriul testimony to the worth and value of that remedy, which has already won golden opinions from all who have used it as well as trom many physicians who have prescribed it and who do not hesi-tate to state that it is a safe and sure cure for Diabetes Mellitus.

The letter mentioned above, which tells of the experience of the cleric, is as follows:

tens of the experience of the cieric, is as follows:

"I beg to draw your attention to the fact that I have suffered from Diabetes-Mellitus for four and one-half years. The disease med such progress that on July the first, 1912, I had to resign the superiorship of this hospital. I was always sleepy and tired, tormented by an excessive thirst, grew wesker and weaker, and felt nervous and irritable. I heard of SANOL'S ANTI DIABETES

and began the cure on the 24sh of July. The sugar abated in a few days and only The sugar abated in a few days and only showed up occasionally in slight traces. After a few weeks I felt like a new man altogether. The thirst was normal, the drowsiness left me, my feet did not hurt any more; my condition so wonderfully improved that I began to hope for becoming completely cured. I am happy to say that this cure is a fact today. I set and drink anything and live like an eat and drink anything and live like an ordinary person. I had my urine analyzed regularly in order to have a minute control on the percentage of sugar. The fact cannot be disputed that I actually suffered from Diabetes and that I

am perfectly cured, through Sanol's ANTI DIABETES" The above letter bears the signature The above letter bears the signature of the reverend gentleman and gives the name of the hospital of which he was superior before he was obliged to resign because of his allment. Asked to the above letter as a postscript, is the declaration of the doctor, a well-known physician, who made the analysis of this patient's urine. This declaration is as

"I have made the sugar analysis re-ferred to above and will say that the sugar in the urine decreased from four and one-half (4½) per cent. to nothing, and all within five weeks time. Since that time, for six more weeks, it has re-mained free."

matued tree."

A copy of the above letter and declaration will be gladly sent to all who ask for one. The remedy with which this wonderful cure was effected, SANOL SANTI DIABETES is manufactured only by the SANOL MANUFACTURING COMPANY LLD 977 Main Sand COMPANY, L.D., 977 Main Street, Winnipeg. It is for sale by Anderson & Nelles. 268 Dandas St., London, Canada,

understood in the land; at least there is beginning to manifest itself a juster appreciation of the strength of our posi-tion in the social struggle before us, and we do not fear the dangers that old

be played upon by the gross and impossible flotion sent out by the scoret agents who use the Mensce as their instrument. For the sake of these it were well to track the creatures to their lairs well to track the creatures to their lairs and to make clear to the world the true

reason and motive of their lying.

There is, we believe, in practically every State of the Union, a controlling or directing board, made up of leading members of the local Councils of the Knights of Columbus, who guide the Anights of Columbus, who guide the activities of this strong organization of Catholics. Might it not be well for these to take up the task. Their body has been quite as mercilessly defamed during the late campaign as was the Church herself. Were it not an excellent task for them to ferret out the defamers, to trace to their source the absurdly malicious stories, to seek to learn the identity of the "benevolent rich" who squandered their dollars in publishing them, to learn the geouine "why" and "wherefore" of the whole abomiuable traffic.—America.

The Spirit of a Convert-Maker

Sometimes we feel despondent. Satan

Sometimes we feel despondent. Satan reigns. Babylon is exalted. Jerusalem is captive, profaned, desolated. And now comes Jesus Christ, saying, "I am come to save. I am come that men may have life everlasting. I am come to cast the fire of divine love upon the earth."

To His more intimate associates He says: "I would have you go into the whole world and teach all mankind heavenly faith and hope and love, patience and forgiveness of injaries, establishing a kingdom which shall be jestice and peace and joy in the Holy Ghost."

Oh, who can hear such words and not rise up immediately, leaving all thing s,

on, who can near such words and not rise up immediately, leaving all thins, even parents and brothers and sisters, and offering himself to Jesus Christ—only too glad of the honor, most happy to be a common soldier in the royal army of such a king !—The Missionary.

DIED

GEHL .- In Port Arthur, Ont., July 28, 1912 Conrad Gehl, formerly of Formosa, Oat., aged seventy-three years. May his soul rest in peace !

MORKIN—In Lucan, Ontario, Nov. 3sd, 1912, Mrs. Bridget Morkin, aged sixty four years. May her soul rest in

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property of the contract of th

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DIOCESE OF HAMILTON

Acton Free Press, Nov. 21

Last Sunday the formal re-opening of St. Joseph's church, Acton, was fittingly celebrated after the completion of skilkful and artistic decorations of the wails and ceilings. This important work was very satisfactorily executed by Mr. P. L. Brown, of Toronto, who has a wide reputation for church decoration. The interior of the sacred edifice now presents a most attractive appearance. The backgrounds of the walls and ceilings are of carefully contasting shades of buff. The ceilings are pa-wiled and bera artistically executed symbols of the evangelists, with bo ders of buff. The ceilings are pa-wiled and bera artistically executed symbols of the evangelists, with bo ders of buff. The ceilings are pa-wiled and on the rear of the altar, the "Sanctus" is similarly made prominent. New electroliers of neat design have been put in, and new sanctuasy carpets, and cork mattings in the asies have been laid. The monogram S. J., for St. Joseph's is prominent on the freecos of the walls. The church was filled to its capacity both morning and evening.

At 10:30 a. m. Rev. Father Traynor, the oastor. Acton Free Press, Nov. 21

in, and new sanctuary carpets, and cork mattings in the assies have been laid. The monogram S. J., for St. Joseph's. is prominent on the frescos of the walls.

The church was filled to its capacity both morning and evening.

At 10:30 a. M. Rev. Father Traynor, the pastor, preached from Col. 3:17. "Whatsoever you do in word or work, all things do ye in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ." He thanked his people for their generosity in contributing to the beauty of this temple of the Divine Presence and for their generosity in contributing to the beauty of this temple of the Divine Presence and for their general interest manifested in this good work.

At 7:30 n.m., after the recitation of the Rosary, Rev. Father Drummond, of Guelph, preached from Psaim 44:12. "The King shall greatly desire thy beauty for He is the Lord Thy God, and Him they shall adore." He said in pair. The connection between the Lord God desiring the beauty of any creature, and the command to adore that God alone, leads to the fundamental principle that all beauty reveals the adorable power of God. As the great English poet said "a thing of beauty is a loy for even, thoweld ness increases." That is the God alone, leads to the fundamental principle that all beauty reveals the adorable power of God. As the great English poet said "a thing of beauty is a loy for even, thoweld ones increases." That is the great English poet said "a thing of beauty is a loy for even, thoweld ones increases." That is the great English poet said "a thing of beauty is a loy for even, thoweld ones increases." That is the search property of the characteristic for the middle ages. The men who had the more and the search of the middle ages. The men who had the more and the search of the middle ages. The men who deemed nothing good enough for Him. This spirit created, even in the small towns of kurope at that time, craitsmen whose equals cannot be found to day. In the thirteenth century, which witnessed the beginning of some of the matchless cathedrals of high and the populat

ravors Received

A reader wishes to return thanks for temporal favors received through the intercession of St. Ann and St. Anthony.

misunderstandings and old prejudices
were wont to arouse.

But there are weak brethren among
those wuo surround us, whose petty
fears and ignorant fancies may craftily
be played upon by the gross and impossible factions.

RECORD.

A promoter wishes to return sincere thanks to the Sacred Heart and also to the Blessed Virgin and St. Anthony for a great favor received and will ask the prayers of the League for another intention and irranted will have a Mass said for the special intentions of all who say any little prayer for her intentions.

Ave Maria

Ave Maria

Mr. William F. Butler, whose address is Loan & Trust Bldg., Milwaukee, Wis., has published a work of art of rare merit. Two companion subjects are placed side by side—the words of the Hail Mary; and Murillo's exquisite "Annunciation," the original of which hangs in the Art Gaillery of The Prado Museum at Madrid. The beautifully designed lettering of the Hail Mary—the capitals enriched with lilles—is a triumph of artistic skill. Murillo's masterpiece is here surrounded by a handsome frame-design, in the upper part of which is the Virgin's crown, Murillo's name in the lower; the Rosary forms a graceful pendant at the side; the Morning Star, "bright, all-resplendent," watches from above; beneath is the treasured name, Mother of Mercy, in a garland of roses. Inclosing all is an appropriate border, with lilies.

We trust the publisher will be richly regarded for his efforts. The work evinces a refinement of taste which will entitle it to an honored place in Catholic homes.

New Book

"Fausutla." By John Ayscough, author of "Mar-orz," "Mezzogiorno," "Hurdcott," etc. Published by Benziger Brothers, New York City. Price \$1.35

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VY or female). Fully qualified to teach and speak French and English for C. S. S. No. 3 B., Col., North, for the year beginning Jan. 1913. Sate salary and experience. Address D. A. Guellette, Sec. Treas. C. S. S. No. 3, B. Col. North, Rural Route No. 1, North Malden, Ont. WANTED, CATHOLIC MALE PRINCIPAL

with the property of the prope

TEACHER WANTED FOR SEPARATE school No. 6. town of Parkhill. The holder of first or second professional certificate. Salary \$4.50 to \$500 per annum, according to qualifications and experience. Duties to commence Jan. 3, 1913. Apply A. A. Morrison, Sec. Treas., Parkhill, Ont. 1780-2.

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salary \$\frac{1}{2}\$ Sp. Duties to commence Ian, next, Apply
with references to Rev. J. A. Lenhaid, Carlsruhe,
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