

The Catholic Record.

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

VOLUME XXXIV,

LONDON, ONTARIO, SATURDAY, MARCH 2, 1912

1741

The Catholic Record

LONDON, SATURDAY, MARCH 2, 1912

THE Y. M. C. A.

The Y. M. C. A., with its spacious buildings equipped with devices to allure the average man, is in a position to make a bid for the unreflecting Catholic. According to some of its adherents it is non-sectarian. Aiming at but mental and physical development, it welcomes non-Catholics and Catholics alike, and places them on equal footings on the platform of common brotherhood. But all this is but stuff out of which dreams are made. We do not underestimate its influence for good upon Protestants, nor do we forget the earnestness and generosity of its supporters. But in all fairness the Y. M. C. A. should, when soliciting members, acknowledge that it is a Protestant and not a non-sectarian institution. Protestant services are held in its rooms every Sunday: Protestant books are in its libraries: its atmosphere is Protestant. No Catholic can hold office on its board or have anything to do with its management. Catholics are, indeed, invited to help its progress by either donations or membership fees, but its constitution brands such Catholics as outsiders. Can a Catholic, who has even a suspicion of self-respect for himself, join this organization? Can a Catholic, with his own organizations round about him, give adhesion to the Y. M. C. A., that has, to put it mildly, no sympathy with the faith or any other thing dear to the Catholic heart? Unfortunately, however, here and there there are spineless individuals who follow the lead of the Y. M. C. A. Sometimes they are forced into it by parents who think that character means crossed trousers and immaculate linen, and who bring up children on a pulchritudine of gossip and exhortations on getting on in the world. At other times the Catholics who enter the portals of the Y. M. C. A. are the poor, purblind mortals who imagine that membership in a Protestant organization is a passport to success. And the snob sits himself down, unashamed, in its rooms, because he and others do not stop to think that they are there on sufferance, tolerated merely as means to swell membership and to increase receipts.

Protestations, however, against the Y. M. C. A. discriminating against Catholics because of their religion may while they agitate the atmosphere, tell us also into believing that we have thereby counteracted its influence. The one and the only effective way is to make our own halls as attractive as possible. If non-Catholics enjoy a gymnasium as a magnet for the young let us also have a gymnasium. If they make an appeal for membership through their libraries, public lectures, accommodations for strangers, we are surely not so deficient in initiative and energy as to permit ourselves a policy of apathy. All this demands money, self-sacrifice, steadfastness, work and interest in souls redeemed by Christ. It is futile to hark back to other days when Catholics were content with their own societies. We may deplore the want of docility; but the fact remains that talk will not be a potent factor against an organization equipped with every device to captivate the unthinking.

WHAT ABOUT IT?

Have the gentlemen who promised us plans for a federation of Canadian Catholic societies taken flight to another clime. Many moons ago they were at work, and we impatient then at their slow progress, were bidden to cultivate self-restraint. But the plans are as yet unpublished. Perhaps other laymen will take up this work and achieve a success that cannot but be permanent. In our opinion a federation would be welcomed by our organizations. Disassociated from politics and pledged to every good cause, it would contribute its quota to the formation of public opinion and destroy many a prejudice. It would mean concentration, an united body that could, when necessary, focus its energies on any given point. It would make for an interchange of thought and aspiration and knowledge: in a word, it would bind up our organizations and impart to them a compactness and strength which individually they cannot possess. In the United States federation is an unqualified success. Guided by capable officials, it has placed before the public the Catholic school of modern problems, the Catholic doctrine on education, divorce, socialism. We hope that before long federation will be a fact in Canada.

AN OBJECT LESSON
What can be done by organization is made manifest by the career of Dr. Windthorst, the great leader of the German Centre Party. When he began his work the German Catholic was an object of compassion, if not of contempt, to the outsider. He was hedged round about by statutes inimical to his religion. Bismarck was on the saddle, and used mercilessly and ruthlessly the whip of unjust laws. There were murmurs of sullen discontent; protests were heard, but they were as futile as they were unavailing. Windthorst, however, began to fight: he infused his own spirit into his countrymen; roused and led them; formed them into an army, with one voice and mind. He battered down prejudice and destroyed sophism and calumny. He uplifted his brethren from the quagmire of discouragement and equipped them to play no unimportant role in the development of Germany. The Centre Party, the fruit of his earnestness and wise policy, is to-day one of Germany's best assets. It is a bulwark against socialism and against those who would fain sweep the country into the maelstrom of revolutionary theories. A marvel of unity, it is an object lesson of what organization can effect.

SOCIAL WORK

In our opinion the least effective way to combat socialism is to revile it. To show the principles which govern the movement; to state its aims as outlined by its leaders, is far more effective than gibe and witticism. For many of those who are seduced by the specious promises of socialism, by the dream of a heaven upon earth, are not in a mood to enjoy humour which uses them as a target. If they are persuaded that Christianity has lost its vitality we must endeavor to show that Christianity can, as it has done before, draw the various classes of society together in bonds of justice and charity. Our principal weapon is achievement—by proving that socialism is not necessary by our lives.

It is our duty to show that Christianity is a barrier to wrong and oppression and that justice and brotherhood find their meaning and support in the words "You are all brethren and of the Father Who is in heaven." Hence every legitimate effort of the workingman should get assistance from every member of the community. Any encroachment on the workingman's rights as a man should be repelled by legislative enactment. For a society which gives a clear track to the ruthless capitalist is inviting its own destruction.

We have every reason to be proud of the Church's record in social work. Her triumphs in this matter, not writ in water on the pages of history, should be remembered by us as an antidote to the loose and false statements that are published by the anti-Catholic press. It is admitted by the enemy that in the past she has championed the cause of the workman, but they claim that to-day her arm is feeble and her heart is not responsive to the cry of the toll-driven and oppressed. The facts, however, prove that the Church is as solicitous for the welfare of the workman as in the days when she brought him from serfdom to freedom and through her guilds crowned his life with plenty and piety. Leo XIII., in his encyclical devoted to the labour question, said that there can be no question whatever that some remedy must be found for the misery and wretchedness which press so heavily at this moment on the large majority of the very poor. In Germany, Monsignor Kettler revived the courage of the workman by his words and work in their behalf. In 1869, the Catholic Bishops assembled at Fulda declared that were the Church to ignore the social question and limit her action to opposing to its dangers the usual exercises of her ministry, she would be wanting in her duty to millions of souls in that office entrusted to her by Christ. In 1847, Father Koeping, originally a shoemaker, organized a workman's club in Cologne, and in 1865 saw four hundred clubs with a membership of eighty thousand. In Switzerland, Catholic action, thanks especially to Cardinal Merillon, was stimulated in a wonderful manner. In Belgium it is the same story. At the congress of Liege, in 1890, Bishop Korum, of Treves, told the delegates that action in behalf of the workingman should be supported by the State. Societies for different objects flourish in every town and village. Cardinal Manning's labors for the toiler are well known. In the United States the zeal of priest and prelate has more than once frustrated the designs of the capitalist, whose horizon is bounded by the market.

The world will never be carpeted with roses. There will be suffering and poverty. The tears will fall, and

anguish sit itself down by our hearths. The Church, while she is and must be always against wrong and oppression, has a sovereign balm for the miserable and wretched. She pours the oil of patience into our wounds, and lifts us far above the sad realities of life, and speaks to us of the God Who wearies our tears and will reward our sacrifices.

PESTILENT NATIONALISM

The Bishops of the ecclesiastical province of Milwaukee have issued a collective letter in which they expose the evils of nationalism that is at work amongst the Polish Catholics of the countrymen; roused and led them; formed them into an army, with one voice and mind. He battered down prejudice and destroyed sophism and calumny. He uplifted his brethren from the quagmire of discouragement and equipped them to play no unimportant role in the development of Germany. The Centre Party, the fruit of his earnestness and wise policy, is to-day one of Germany's best assets. It is a bulwark against socialism and against those who would fain sweep the country into the maelstrom of revolutionary theories. A marvel of unity, it is an object lesson of what organization can effect.

TO OUR BELOVED BROTHERS OF THE CLERGY AND LAITY GREETING AND BLESSING

When St. Paul addressed the ancient of Ephesus he told them: "Take heed to yourselves and to your whole flock, wherein the Holy Ghost hath placed you bishops to rule the Church of God, which He hath purchased with His own blood. I know that after my departure ravens will enter in among you, not sparing the flock. And of your own selves shall arise men speaking perverse things, to draw away disciples after them. Therefore watch." (Acts xx, 28 ff.) With these words the Apostle pointed to the sacred duty of bishops to watch over the purity of faith and the bond of unity among the faithful of their flocks. Bishops were not only to preach the word of divine truth and to administer the mysteries of eternal salvation, but wherever there was danger of false doctrines spreading among the believers and of disorder and dissension arising in the Church, they were in conscience bound, as watchful shepherds of the flock of Christ, to warn the faithful of that danger and to take the necessary measures of guarding the faithful against it. Our Lord Jesus Christ foretold that false prophets and seducers would arise in the Church. His prophecy was fulfilled even in the time of the apostles who had to raise their voices against teachers of false doctrines and self-appointed leaders causing disruption and schism. That prophecy was fulfilled in the time of the successors of the Apostles, the Popes and bishops of the Catholic Church, had to contend with the same dangers of heresy and schism. The few years of our present century have repeatedly heard the voice of the Supreme Shepherd of the Church, Our Lord Jesus Christ, warning Catholics all over the world against the insidious errors of Modernism and condemning in its first stages an un-Catholic and rebellious movement against the disciplinary authority of Pope and bishops.

To our great sorrow duty compels us to warn our faithful against a similar movement in our own country which threatens to mislead the people into false doctrines, regarding ecclesiastical authority and to direct its passions into the path of schism and separation. The agitation for Polish bishops in the United States has assumed such a character, especially in the provinces of Illinois and Indiana, that it has become positively subversive and destructive of Catholic faith, loyalty, discipline and order. No sensible person will blame the Polish Catholics of America for being desirous of having bishops who can preach to them the word of God in their own mother tongue. Rome, with its wisdom gathered from the experience of over a thousand years and guided by the Spirit from on high, will know the time and the way to solve this important problem confronting the Church in America. Whenever and wherever the Holy See shall see fit to appoint Polish bishops in the United States, whether residential or titular, and in the auxiliaries, the other bishops of the American Catholic Hierarchy will receive them with sentiments of a true and loyal Catholic love and reverence. In the meantime Polish Catholics may rest assured that the bishops of our hierarchy will be just as solicitous and zealous for the spiritual and ecclesiastical interests of the Polish faithful as they must be for all the other children of the Church whatever their nationality or race. But Polish Catholics must also be persuaded that love of one's nation or race or tongue cannot be allowed to degenerate into blind passion and narrow-minded sentiment, and that blind nationalism has been the cause of all the great and disastrous schisms in the history of the Church. Nationalism of this kind has no place whatever in God's Holy Church of which St. Paul says: "There is neither Jew nor Greek: there is neither bond nor free: there is neither male nor female. For you are all one in Christ Jesus." (Gal. III, 28.) Of whatever race or nationality we may be, in the Church we are all members of the same mystic body of Christ, children of the same spouse of Christ being animated and sanctified by the same Holy Spirit of Christ. For in one Spirit we are all baptized into one body, whether Jew or Gentile, whether bond or free; and in one Spirit we have all been made to drink. * * * Now you are the body of Christ and members of member." (I Cor. xii, 13, 27.) Where Nationalism and nationalistic passions strive to become the leading and ruling principles in the affairs of the Church, general or local, they breathe and beget the spirit of disobedience and rebellion and very soon of heresy itself. When men of this spirit systematically attack the public acts of ecclesiastical superiors in the exercise of their lawful

authority, they undermine that ecclesiastical authority itself and shatter the very foundation of rule and order in the Church. When in that same spirit they claim for the lay people the power of government in ecclesiastical affairs, the right of management of the church properties, independent of the fully appointed bishops, they attack the very constitution and fundamental law upon which the visible organization of the Church is built. When this same spirit becomes a common scandalous and blackmailing by spreading broadsides before the masses all kinds of reports of so-called clerical scandals, it destroys the reverence and love of the people for the priesthood and for the religious institutions of the Church. Again when this un-Catholic and un-Christian nationalistic spirit denounces as traitors to the holy cause and as apostates from their nation whose ever refuse to submit to its dictates and to follow its call, when it sows the seed of strife and hatred among children of that same race, it sets up father against son, brother against brother, children against parents to the great scandal of Catholics and non-Catholics and to the great detriment of religion and nationality. Finally, when that same spirit, not satisfied with merely preaching its false doctrines, organizes and conducts misguided masses into combined bodies of agitation, even at the risk of incurring the censures and excommunications of the Church, then it will soon attain its last object, namely, independence from the authority of the Church, separation and complete schism.

Unfortunately this spirit of revolt and disorder is at present being fostered in a dangerous manner among our Polish Catholic brethren. The highest interests of their Catholic faith and religion are at stake. Unbeknown to themselves they are gradually being led away, by a clever and cunning agitation, from the path of Catholic obedience and allegiance to the Church and their rightful superior, the Pope, towards a false and malicious call the "German" Polish of this province of Milwaukee, is but a sham battle to cover the real fight for ecclesiastical independence from non-Polish bishops; the proposed appeal to the Holy Father himself as against the American bishops is but a device to deceive the unwary Polish faithful; even the words of the Pope, quoted by the clergyman as having been spoken to him some eight years ago, are being most shamefully misused for the purpose of poisoning the minds of Polish Catholics against the Pope as being untrue to his word against American bishops as stopping the Pope from keeping his promise.

The true spirit of this whole agitation has been most clearly set forth in the address and program for "The American Federation of Polish Catholic Laymen," issued by the Kuryer Polski of Milwaukee and Dziennik Narodowy of Chicago. This program calls upon the Polish lay people to organize a national federation embracing parish, county and state federations all over the United States. The purpose of this federation is, first, to demand of the Holy See, Polish bishops for the Polish Catholics, a phrase well calculated to convey to thousands of Polish Catholics the idea of separate Polish bishops independent of the other American bishops, so that the Polish Catholics of the United States form a separate religious state, distinct from the other American hierarchy, a Polish church within the Catholic Church of America. Secondly to obtain civil law by which the control and the management of church property and money affairs of the parishes shall be placed into the hands of the laity. Thirdly, to induce Polish voters to arise as one man against all clerical officers and judges who show themselves overbearing and unjust against Polish citizens. The program calls upon Polish Catholics to keep up this agitation even if they had to suffer persecution and excommunication from the Church. Meetings of these Polish federations have already been held in different places. A plan for raising a fund money for the defense of Polish priests against persecution from non-Polish bishops is also being discussed among Polish laymen.

For several years the Kuryer Polski has in its columns openly advocated the same doctrines and demands subversive of ecclesiastical order; it has without shamefully to induce openly and by mere insinuation, attacked Catholic bishops of the United States, particularly the bishops of this province; it has repeatedly reviled and calumniated priests, especially Polish priests who condemned its un-Catholic tone and teaching. Notwithstanding all this it has the effrontery to call under the Catholic flag pretending to be a Catholic layman, to speak for the Polish Catholics and to defend and promote the religious interests of the Polish Catholic people. No wonder that thousands of otherwise well-meaning and good Polish Catholics have unconsciously come under the evil influence of this paper, not knowing or even suspecting whether it leads them. The same is true of the Dziennik Narodowy of Chicago, Ill.

Under such conditions We would indeed, be grossly neglectful of our sacred duty, as shepherds and leaders of the Christian souls entrusted to our charge, did we not loudly and solemnly condemn public papers which fill the minds of their readers with false religious doctrines and excite in their hearts sentiments of rebellion and hatred against ecclesiastical authority. Speaking of similar occurrences in his own time, St. Paul writes to St. Titus, bishop of Crete: "There are also many disobedient, vain talkers, and seducers * * * who must be reproved; who subvert whole houses teaching things which they ought not, for filthy lucre's sake. * * * Wherefore rebuke them sharply." (Tit. I, 10, 11)

Obedient to this apostolic command We hereby solemnly condemn the said

Kuryer Polski, published in the city of Milwaukee, and the Dziennik Narodowy, published in Chicago, as publications greatly injurious to Catholic faith and discipline and falling under the rules and prohibitions of the Roman Index. Therefore, should any Catholics still dare in face of this solemn warning to read or keep or subscribe to or write for the said Kuryer Polski and Dziennik Narodowy, as long as these papers continue their present course and attitude in ecclesiastical affairs, a matter to be decided by Ourselves, let them know that they commit a grievous sin before God and the Church. Should any such Catholics dare to go to confession and communion without confessing or telling to the priest that they still read or keep or subscribe to the papers mentioned, let them understand that by such confession and communion they commit a horrible sacrilege. This solemn warning will also hold good in case the aforementioned papers should in future be conducted under changed names though still in the same anti-Catholic spirit.

Moreover, we strictly forbid any Catholic of our province to join the above mentioned "American Federation of Polish Catholic Laymen," established according to the program published by the Kuryer Polski. As such a society is evidently of dangerous to Catholic loyalty and discipline and in its very purpose tending to create great disorder and even a schism, it must be considered a forbidden society, and no Catholic belonging to it can be admitted to the sacraments of the Church.

In conclusion We urgently appeal to all the faithful of our flock, especially our Polish brethren, to be truly mindful of the repeated warnings of Our Lord and His apostles, namely, to beware of false prophets departing from sound doctrines and from false brethren causing dissension and division among the faithful. "Be not seduced. Evil communications corrupt good manners." St. Paul tells the Corinthians (I Cor. xv, 33.) This applies to bad books and papers just as much as to bad talk and speech. The tongue, as St. James tells us (iii, 3 ff.), may do a great deal of harm and become a world of iniquity. But greater harm can be done by the pen and press. It has been well said that the modern press of a hundred thousand tongues. Thousands have lost their faith because of reading books or periodicals dangerous to religion. The danger has become greater and more widespread in our days. Hence the great Popes Pius IX., Leo XIII., Pius X., have repeatedly and most solemnly warned Catholics of this growing danger; they have renewed the rules and laws of the Church forbidding the faithful to read such dangerous publications; they have insisted on the grave duty of Catholics to abstain from such books and papers not only because of the prohibition by the Church, but also because of the law of God which forbids every soul to expose itself knowingly and willingly to dangers of faith or good morals. Hence the twenty-first rule of the Roman Index clearly says:

"Daily journals, newspapers and periodicals which of set purpose attack religion or good morals are prohibited not only by the natural law, but also by the ecclesiastical law. Ordinaries are bound, when necessary, to carefully and properly warn the faithful of the danger and injury that such reading entails."

Therefore We beseech you all to listen to the voice and warning of the Church and keep away from yourselves and your houses all newspapers, periodicals and books that might hurt or weaken in your souls the spirit of holy faith and of Christian virtue. Hearth strengthen them in your minds and hearts a loyal Catholic faith and the spirit of Christian piety by the reading of good Catholic literature and by listening attentively to the words of eternal truth preached to you by your priests and pastors, that thus you may grow in the charity with a heavenly Father, in the knowledge of Our Lord Jesus Christ, and in the unity of the Holy Spirit. With the apostle We admonish you: "Let not evil speech proceed from your mouth; but that which is good, to the edification of faith, that it may administer grace to the hearers." * * * Let all bitterness and anger, and indignation and clamour, and blasphemy, be put away from you with all malice. And be ye kind one to another; merciful forgiving one another, even as God hath forgiven you in Christ." (Eph. iv, 29 ff.)

Bestowing upon you all, dearly beloved brethren, our episcopal blessing. We greet you with the salutation of St. Peter: "The grace of Our Lord Jesus Christ be with you all Amen."

Given on the feast of St. Ignatius Bishop and Martyr, Feb. 1st, 1912.

SEBASTIAN G. MESSMER,
Archbishop of Milwaukee.

JAMES SCHWABACK,
Bishop of La Crosse.

FREDERICK EIS,
Bishop of Marquette.

JOSEPH J. FOX,
Bishop of Green Bay.

AUGUSTINE F. SCHINNE,
Bishop of Superior.

Revere the Madonna
John Ruskin, in a celebrated passage of the Fors Clavigera, writes as follows: "After careful examination, neither adversary nor as friend, of the influences of Catholicism, I am persuaded that reverence for the Madonna has been one of its noblest and most vital graces, and has never been otherwise than productive of holiness of life and purity of character. There has, probably, not been an innocent home throughout Europe during the period of Christianity in which the imagined presence of the Madonna has not given sanctity to the duties and comfort to the trials of men and women. Every brightest and loftiest achievement of the art and strength of manhood and womanhood has been the fulfilment of the prophecy made to the humble Lily of Israel—'He that is mighty hath magnified me.'—True Volee.

THE HEBERT CASE JUDGE CHARBONNEAU REVERSES THE JUDGMENT OF JUDGE LAURENDEAU

The following comments and summaries taken from Judge Charbonneau's decision in the Hebert marriage case give in a nutshell his opinion of the question at issue:—

"The Ne Temere decree of the Roman Catholic Church does not, and cannot, have precedence over the civil law of the Province of Quebec."
"This law does not require that the minister performing the ceremony should be of the same faith as the contracting parties in order to make the marriage legal. A Protestant minister is qualified to marry two Catholics."
"Marriage, owing to its institution to nature, its perfection to law, its holiness to religion."
"What essentially constitutes marriage is the consent of man and woman to unite together for common life; that is not only the basis of the contract, but it is the contract itself. The sacrament gives it solemnity, the civil function gives it publicity, authenticity and civil effect."
"The good faith of the partners, the public possession of the office (held by the clergymen who marry them), and the sanction of the Crown (given in the license to marry) prevent such a contract from being taxed with invalidity."

The formal judgment was as follows:—
"Being itself on the motives above given in detail, the court annuls the judgment of March 23, 1911, declares the marriage of the said Eugene Hebert and Dame E. Cloutier, celebrated on July 14, 1908, before the Rev. Wm. Timberlake, upon production of a license, dated July 9, 1908, good and valid; declares that the decree proclaimed by the congregation of the Council of the Roman Catholic Church on August 2, 1907, beginning with these, 'Ne Temere in futurum,' has no civil effect on said marriage; that the decree of the Archbishop of the Diocese of Montreal, dated November 12, 1909, produced in this case by the plaintiff, had no judicial effect in said case, and rejects the opposition of the defendant as well as of the tierce opposant of the said tierce opposant's conclusions therein taken, each party paying his own costs from the date of the two inscriptions of the defendants' opposant, and of the tierce opposant's e qualite respectively, dated December 5, 1911."

HON. C. J. DOHERTY'S OPINION
Ottawa, Feb. 22.—Hon. C. J. Doherty, Minister of Justice, was seen in reference to the judgment and its effect in law as well as on the Lancaster bill, and the reference of the whole case to the Supreme Court and thence to the Privy Council. The Minister said the judgment was not really a reversal of the judgment of Judge Laurendeau in the same case, but rather took its place, because it was a judgment by default, not being put in. If either party moves in opposition to such a judgment the case will be reheard, and so this was practically a rehearing.

"Will this make any difference in the reference by this government to the Supreme Court, decided on at the time of the vote on the Lancaster bill?"
"No, the slightest," replied the Minister. "If this were the decision of a final court it would, but as the case stands now there are five judgments that such marriage is invalid, and three that it is valid. Before to-day's judgment there were five one way and two the other. That's all. It makes no difference in the jurisprudence," continued the Minister, "and will not in any way affect the policy of referring such questions to the Supreme Court of Canada."

REV. DR. KIDD'S VIEW
The decision in the Hebert case will not affect Roman Catholics whatever, according to Rev. Dr. Kidd, Administrator of the Archdiocese of Toronto. The newspapers, he claimed, had given a great deal of space to the decision as it affected the sacred without having properly understood the provisions of the latter.

The object of the Church, he said, was to protect her people. It wanted to prevent a scandal already married from marrying an innocent member of the Church. Such a union, he claimed, would be impossible should the contracting parties come before a priest of the Roman Catholic Church, as the history of both would be diligently searched.

As far as the Heberts were concerned, they were not recognized by the Church as being married. Nor would they be so until the ceremony had been performed by a priest. They could neither receive Communion nor a Christian burial in case of death.
Providing that the Heberts did not wish to live together again and were desirous of coming back to the Church, Dr. Kidd stated they would first have to secure a civil divorce, and if the Church found them sincerely repentant of their sin, would be again permitted to marry any again.

In discussing the judgment of Judge Charbonneau nearly all the Toronto papers, taking their cue from the premier bigot of Ontario, Mr. S. H. Blake, K. C., gave vent to that narrow, ultra Protestant view of the situation which they thought would be most favorably received by the great mass of the people of Canada's Belfast. A calm, judicial view of the case we could not expect, as it would not fit in with that fierce and unreasoning spirit of intolerance which has taken possession of many of the people of this province. It is a relief to turn from the secular press of Toronto

to the secular press of Montreal, where we find a review of the subject based on common sense and devoid of bigotry. Even the Montreal Witness, which may be classed as a Protestant paper, deals with the judgment in a fashion which may be taken as a reproof to its Toronto confreres.

The Montreal Star
"The judgment of Judge Charbonneau in the Hebert case makes, as Hon. Judge Doherty points out, a score of three to five in the great game of judicial decisions touching the validity of such marriages in Quebec. This is not a satisfactory position in which to leave so important and delicate a question; and every friend of peace and quiet will hope that we will obtain an authoritative declaration of the law. One thing Judge Charbonneau's carefully reasoned judgment will accomplish, it will convince any reasonable people in the other provinces, who imagine that our fellow-citizens of another faith in this province cannot approach the question with an open mind, that they are mightily and cruelly mistaken. There is no ecclesiastical tyranny in Quebec as alleged in Ontario, when it gets seeing things at night. Judge Charbonneau is a French Roman Catholic and yet there is not a fair-minded Protestant who would be unwilling to accept his judgment on this semi-religious issue as the settled law."

The Montreal Herald
"It goes without saying that the bearing of the Ne Temere decree upon the Hebert case gave rise to interest greater, if possible, than that taken in the question of the status of a clergyman to perform the marriage rite in his capacity as a keeper of civil registers. This latter phase had already been thoroughly gone into by Justice Archibald. The Ne Temere matter was new. What was resented was the assumption of a finding of a canonical case based on mandatory advice quite apart, in origin and in bearing, from the law of the land, should or must be accepted in the civil courts as the acts not merely of a co-ordinate jurisdiction, but as the decisions of a tribunal from which no appeal was contemplated. Mr. Justice Charbonneau lays it down as distinguished Catholic clerical men have recently declared from the pulpit, that the bearing of the Ne Temere decree upon the conscience alone of those to whom it is addressed, the community of the Roman Catholic Church."

CATHOLIC NOTES
Mr. Rider Haggard, the British novelist, who wrote "She", and has just been created a baronet, has a Catholic sister who lives in Belgium.

At an Anglican conference in London, it was moved that a resolution of hearty congratulation be sent to Cardinal Bourne on the great honor conferred upon him by the Pope. The resolution failed to obtain a second.

Philip J. Gordon who is at present a clerical student at the University of Innsbruck is a member of the Chippewa tribe of Indians. He graduated with honor from St. Thomas's College, St. Paul, Minn.

In remembrance of a fine sacred concert he heard two years ago in the collegiate church of St. Nicholas at Fribourg, Switzerland, J. Pierpont Morgan has sent \$700 to the church to be used in the purchase of a new organ.

The centenary of Dickens' birth, on February 7, reminds us that all the children of the great novelist's son Henry and Mary Angela Dickens, daughter of his son, Charles, are Catholics. Miss Henry Angela Dickens is herself a novelist of note.

The Bishop Coadjutor of the diocese of Combra, Portugal, is to suffer the same punishment as the Patriarch of Lisbon—namely, expulsion from his diocese—in consequence of the publication of a circular protesting against the laws governing the formation of religious associations.

Senator Raynor, of Maryland, has recommended to the President for appointment as a Justice of the United States Supreme Court, Edgar H. Gans, of Baltimore. Mr. Gans is a brilliant lawyer. He is a convert, the son of a Protestant clergyman, who also became a Catholic.

Because of her relationship to President Taft, the conversion of Mrs. Henry W. Taft, his sister-in-law, to the Catholic Church has caused more comment than is usually given to conversions of non-Catholics to the true fold of Christ. This incoming of Protestants is of constant occurrence.

Father Wynne, S. J., at a recent conference of the Philadelphia priests, made the statement that the cost of the Catholic Encyclopedia up to date was over \$600,000. There is the gratifying increase each month in the number of subscribers, and the promoters hope to ultimately come out even on the undertaking. The Boston Public Library has subscribed for twenty-seven sets, or one set for each of its branch libraries.

Large bequests to charitable institutions and churches, including about \$25,000 to St. Patrick's Cathedral, appear in the will of Eugene Kelly, who died recently in New York. The bequest to St. Patrick's is for the purpose of completing and furnishing an annex to the Cathedral known as the "Lady Chapel." The society of St. Vincent de Paul received \$10,000. St. Vincent's Hospital of New York \$15,000, the Jesuit College of Stonyhurst, England, Mr. Kelly's Alma Mater, \$10,000, to establish a scholarship, and the society for the Propagation of the Faith and the Novitiate of St. Andrew, on the Hudson, \$5,000 each, both with the request that "they may remember me and members of my family in their Masses for a long time to come."

MILES WALLINGFORD

BY JAMES FRANCIS COOPER

CHAPTER XII

"The wind blows fair, the vessel heaves
To keep her way, the rising breeze
And, sweetest of a thousand keels,
She leaps to the careering seas."

Half an hour later, things drew near a crisis. We had been obliged to luff a little, in order to clear a rock that even the Leander had kept quite as much away, with a view to close. This brought the fifty so near us, directly on our weather-beam, as to induce her commander to try the virtue of gunpowder. Her bow gun was fired, and its report only a few seconds later, ricocheted until fairly passed our fore-foot, distant a hundred yards, making its last leap from the water precisely in the line with the stem of the Dawn. This was unequivocal evidence that the game could not last much longer, unless the species between the two vessels should be mutually widened. Fortunately, we now opened Montauk fort, and the option was offered us of doubling that point, and entering the Sound, or of standing on toward Block Island, and putting the result on our heels. After a short consultation with Marble, I decided on the first.

One of the material advantages possessed by a man-of-war in a chase with a merchant-vessel, is in the greater velocity with which her crew can make or take in sail. I knew that the moment we began to touch our braces, the sails, and sheets, the Leander would do the same, and that she would effect her objects in half the time in which we could effect ours. Nevertheless, the thing was to be done, and we set about the preparations with care and assiduity. It was a small matter to round in our weather-braces, until the yards were nearly square, but the rigging out of her studding-sail booms, and the setting of the sails, was a job to occupy the Dawn's people several minutes. Marble suggested that by edging gradually away, we should bring the Leander so far on our quarter as to cause the after-sails to conceal what we were about, and that we might steal a march on our pursuers by adopting this precaution. I thought this suggestion a good one, and the necessary orders were given to carry it out.

Any one might be certain that the Englishman's glasses were leveled on us the whole time. We were not used, therefore, in managing to get our yards in without showing the people at the Leander. This was done by keeping off first, and then by leading the ropes as far forward as possible, and causing the men to haul on them, seated on deck. In this manner we got our yards nearly square, or as much as we could spare, forward, to get out the lee booms. But we reckoned without our host. John Bull was not to be caught in that way. The hands were hardly in the lee and sign aloft, when he had his foreward studding-sails as well as ourselves. The change of course had one good effect, however; it brought our pursuer so far on our quarter, that, standing at the capstan, I saw him through the mizzen rigging. This took the Dawn completely from under the Leander's broadside, leaving us exposed to merely four or five of her forward guns, should she see fit to use them. Whether the English were reluctant to resort to such very decided means of annoyance, so completely within the American waters, we were not clearly getting to be, or whether they had so much confidence in their speed, as to feel no necessity for firing, I never knew; but they did not have any further recourse to shot.

As might have been foreseen, the fifty had her extra canvas spread some time before we could open with us, and I fancied she showed the advantage thus obtained in her rate of sailing. She certainly closed with us, though we close much faster with the land; still, there was imminent danger of her overhauling us before we could round the point, unless some decided step were promptly taken to avoid it.

"On the whole, Mr. Marble," I said, after my mates and myself had taken a long and thoughtful look at the actual state of things—"on the whole, Mr. Marble, it may be well to take in our light sails, haul our wind, and let the man-of-war come up with us, and let his honest talk, as well as his little risk in the seeing all that we have to show him."

"Never think of it!" cried the mate. "After this long pull, the fellow will be as fit as a bear with a sore head. He'd not leave a hand on board us, that can take his trick at the wheel; and I fancy the chances to one that he would send the other, that the sugars are not sweet enough, or that the coffee was grown in a French island, and tastes French. No, no, Captain Wallingford—here's the wind at sou'-sou'-west, and we're heading north-east and by north—half the breeze, with that fellow about the mizzen-rigging, as soon as we get a p'int more to the northward, we'll have him fairly in our wake."

"Ay, that will do very well as a theory, but what can we make of it in practice? We are coming up toward Montauk at the rate of eight knots, and you have told me yourself there is a breeze off that point, directly toward which we must this moment be standing. At this rate, fifteen minutes might break us up into splinters."

I could see that Marble was troubled in the manner in which he pulled in tobacco about, and that his gaze he kept on the water ahead. I had the utmost confidence in his seamanship and discretion, while I knew he was capable of suggesting anything a ship could possibly perform, in an emergency that called for such an exercise of decision. At last, however, he forgot our present relation, and went back, as he often did when excited, to the days of our greater equality, and more trying scenes.

"Harkee, Miles," he said, "the reef is dead ahead of us, but there is a passage between it and the point, and, through that passage in the revolution, war, in chase of an English West Indiaman, and stood by the lead the whole

way, myself. Keep her away, Neb—keep her away another p'int; stay steady—very well, dyeo [laughter, etc.]—keep her steady, and let John Bull follow 'if he dare."

"You should be very sure of your channel, Mr. Marble," I said gravely, "to take so much responsibility on yourself. Remember my all is embarked in this ship, and the insurance will not be worth a sixpence, if we are lost running through such a place as this in broad daylight. Reflect a moment, I beg of you, if not certain of what you do."

"And what will the insurance be worth, ag'in Halifax, or Bermuda? I'll put my life on the channel, and you'd care more for our ship, than you care for my life. If you love me, stand on, and let us see if that lubberly make-believe two-decker dare follow."

I was fain to comply, though I ran a risk that I find it impossible now to justify to myself. I had my cousin John Wallingford's property in chase, and I had English cruisers, however, as soon as we got into European waters, and we tackled to the northwest, when about a hundred leagues from the land.

The thirty-third day proved one of great importance to me. I had been shifted to south-west, and it was blowing fresh, with very thick weather—rain mingled with a fine mist, that often prevented one's seeing a quarter of a mile from the ship. The change occurred at midnight, and there was every prospect of the wind's standing until it showed up the Chesapeake Channel, from which we were then distant about four hundred miles, according to my own calculation. Marble had the watch at four o'clock, and he sent for me, that I might decide on the course to be steered and the sail to be set.

I was not without a hope that the two ships would pass each other without the mist; but the wind became very thick just as we hauled up, and had this change of course taken place after we were shut in, the chances were greatly in favor of its being effected. Once distant a mile from the frigate, there was little danger of her getting a glimpse of us, since, throughout that morning, I was satisfied we had not got a horizon with that much of diameter.

As a matter of course the preparations with the studding-sails were suspended. Neb was ordered to lay aloft, as high as the cross-trees, and to keep a vigilant lookout while all eyes were watching anxiously in the mist, as we had formerly watched for the shadowy outline of La Dame de Nantes. Marble's long experience told him best where to look, and he caught the next view of the frigate. She was directly under our lee, gliding so easily under the same arched ribs, that it was, in the opinion of the crew, the sparker rolled up, as it had been for the night.

"By George!" cried the mate, "all them Johnny Bulls are still asleep, and they haven't seen us! If we can give this fellow the slip, as the sailors say, and reach the coast of England, it will be a queer treat for us." Wallingford, the Dawn will become as famous as the Flying Dutchman! See, there he goes on going to mill or to church, and no more stir abroad him than there is in a Quaker meetin'! How my good old soul of a mother would enjoy this, and how she would rejoice in our escape.

"What d'ye see him now, sir; nuttin' now; but dere was a ship!"

"Whereaway?" I demanded.

"O'er here, Masser Mile—larboard bow, well forward; look sharp, and soon see him, yourself, sir."

Sharp enough we did look, all hands of us on deck, and in less than a minute, we caught a pretty good view of the stranger from the fore-castle. He might have been visible to us half a minute, in one of those momentary openings in the mist, that were constantly occurring, and which enabled the eye to command a range around the ship of half a mile, losing it again, however, almost as soon as it was obtained. Notwithstanding the distance of time, I can perfectly recall the appearance of that vessel, seen as she was, for a moment only, and seen too so unexpectedly. It was a frigate, of medium size between a heavy sloop-of-war and a two-decker, which, perhaps, offers the greatest proportions for activity and force. We plainly saw her cream-colored, or as it is more usual to term it, her yellow streak, dotted with fourteen ports, including the bridge, and gleaming brightly in contrast with the dark and glistening hull, over which the mist and the spray of the ocean cast a species of sombre lustre. The stranger was under his three topsails, sparker and jib, each of the former sails being double-reefed. His courses were in the brails. As the wind did not blow hard enough to bring a vessel of his size to more than one reef, even on a bow-line, this short canvas proved that the frigate was on her cruising ground, and was roaming about in quest of anything that might offer. This was just the canvas it gave a cruiser a wicked look, since it denoted a lazy preparation for mischief, in an instant, he improved into mischief.

As all cruising vessels, when on their stations doing nothing, reef at night, and the hour was still early, it was possible we had made this ship before her captain, or first lieutenant, had made his appearance on deck. There were, as we were not left long in doubt on this head. The mist opened again, and, distant from us about three quarters of a mile, bearing on our lee-quarter, we got another look at the frigate, and a look that satisfied everybody what she was about. The Englishman was in stays, the very set of hauling his head-yards, as we observed many with the "sign of toll" upon their hands kneeling in company with the rich. We wonder if he himself now recalls with poignancy or with impatience the days when he, too, knelt a dutiful son of that great mother who welcomes to her temples the rich and the poor.—Providence Visitor.

usual. We crossed the Banks in forty-six, and made as straight a course for the western extremity of England as the winds would allow. For several days I was uncertain whether to go north-about or not, believing that I should fall in with fewer cruisers by doubling Scotland than by running up the channel. The latter was much the safest route, though it was also the longest. I determined to let these last govern. Until we had made two thirds of our distance across the ocean, the winds had stood very much at south-west, and though we had no heavy weather, our progress was good; but in 20 degrees east from Greenwich, we got north-easterly, and our best tack being the larboard, I stood for ten days to the southward and eastward. This brought us into the track of everything going to or coming from the Mediterranean, and had we stood on far enough, we should have made the land somewhere in the Bay of Biscay. I knew, however, that the English were dotted with English cruisers, however, as soon as we got into European waters, and we tackled to the northwest, when about a hundred leagues from the land.

The thirty-third day proved one of great importance to me. I had been shifted to south-west, and it was blowing fresh, with very thick weather—rain mingled with a fine mist, that often prevented one's seeing a quarter of a mile from the ship. The change occurred at midnight, and there was every prospect of the wind's standing until it showed up the Chesapeake Channel, from which we were then distant about four hundred miles, according to my own calculation. Marble had the watch at four o'clock, and he sent for me, that I might decide on the course to be steered and the sail to be set.

I was not without a hope that the two ships would pass each other without the mist; but the wind became very thick just as we hauled up, and had this change of course taken place after we were shut in, the chances were greatly in favor of its being effected. Once distant a mile from the frigate, there was little danger of her getting a glimpse of us, since, throughout that morning, I was satisfied we had not got a horizon with that much of diameter.

As a matter of course the preparations with the studding-sails were suspended. Neb was ordered to lay aloft, as high as the cross-trees, and to keep a vigilant lookout while all eyes were watching anxiously in the mist, as we had formerly watched for the shadowy outline of La Dame de Nantes. Marble's long experience told him best where to look, and he caught the next view of the frigate. She was directly under our lee, gliding so easily under the same arched ribs, that it was, in the opinion of the crew, the sparker rolled up, as it had been for the night.

"By George!" cried the mate, "all them Johnny Bulls are still asleep, and they haven't seen us! If we can give this fellow the slip, as the sailors say, and reach the coast of England, it will be a queer treat for us." Wallingford, the Dawn will become as famous as the Flying Dutchman! See, there he goes on going to mill or to church, and no more stir abroad him than there is in a Quaker meetin'! How my good old soul of a mother would enjoy this, and how she would rejoice in our escape.

"What d'ye see him now, sir; nuttin' now; but dere was a ship!"

"Whereaway?" I demanded.

"O'er here, Masser Mile—larboard bow, well forward; look sharp, and soon see him, yourself, sir."

Sharp enough we did look, all hands of us on deck, and in less than a minute, we caught a pretty good view of the stranger from the fore-castle. He might have been visible to us half a minute, in one of those momentary openings in the mist, that were constantly occurring, and which enabled the eye to command a range around the ship of half a mile, losing it again, however, almost as soon as it was obtained. Notwithstanding the distance of time, I can perfectly recall the appearance of that vessel, seen as she was, for a moment only, and seen too so unexpectedly. It was a frigate, of medium size between a heavy sloop-of-war and a two-decker, which, perhaps, offers the greatest proportions for activity and force. We plainly saw her cream-colored, or as it is more usual to term it, her yellow streak, dotted with fourteen ports, including the bridge, and gleaming brightly in contrast with the dark and glistening hull, over which the mist and the spray of the ocean cast a species of sombre lustre. The stranger was under his three topsails, sparker and jib, each of the former sails being double-reefed. His courses were in the brails. As the wind did not blow hard enough to bring a vessel of his size to more than one reef, even on a bow-line, this short canvas proved that the frigate was on her cruising ground, and was roaming about in quest of anything that might offer. This was just the canvas it gave a cruiser a wicked look, since it denoted a lazy preparation for mischief, in an instant, he improved into mischief.

As all cruising vessels, when on their stations doing nothing, reef at night, and the hour was still early, it was possible we had made this ship before her captain, or first lieutenant, had made his appearance on deck. There were, as we were not left long in doubt on this head. The mist opened again, and, distant from us about three quarters of a mile, bearing on our lee-quarter, we got another look at the frigate, and a look that satisfied everybody what she was about. The Englishman was in stays, the very set of hauling his head-yards, as we observed many with the "sign of toll" upon their hands kneeling in company with the rich. We wonder if he himself now recalls with poignancy or with impatience the days when he, too, knelt a dutiful son of that great mother who welcomes to her temples the rich and the poor.—Providence Visitor.

As all cruising vessels, when on their stations doing nothing, reef at night, and the hour was still early, it was possible we had made this ship before her captain, or first lieutenant, had made his appearance on deck. There were, as we were not left long in doubt on this head. The mist opened again, and, distant from us about three quarters of a mile, bearing on our lee-quarter, we got another look at the frigate, and a look that satisfied everybody what she was about. The Englishman was in stays, the very set of hauling his head-yards, as we observed many with the "sign of toll" upon their hands kneeling in company with the rich. We wonder if he himself now recalls with poignancy or with impatience the days when he, too, knelt a dutiful son of that great mother who welcomes to her temples the rich and the poor.—Providence Visitor.

As all cruising vessels, when on their stations doing nothing, reef at night, and the hour was still early, it was possible we had made this ship before her captain, or first lieutenant, had made his appearance on deck. There were, as we were not left long in doubt on this head. The mist opened again, and, distant from us about three quarters of a mile, bearing on our lee-quarter, we got another look at the frigate, and a look that satisfied everybody what she was about. The Englishman was in stays, the very set of hauling his head-yards, as we observed many with the "sign of toll" upon their hands kneeling in company with the rich. We wonder if he himself now recalls with poignancy or with impatience the days when he, too, knelt a dutiful son of that great mother who welcomes to her temples the rich and the poor.—Providence Visitor.

minutes, each keeping her present course; the two ships would have passed within pistol-shot of each other. I scarce knew the nature of the sudden impulse which induced me to call out to the man at the wheel to starboard his helm. It was probably from instinctive apprehension that it was better for a neutral to have as little to do with a belligerent as possible, mingled with a presentiment that I might lose some of my people by impressment. Call out I certainly did, and the Dawn's bows came up to the wind, looking to the westward, or in a direction contrary to that in which the frigate was running, as her yards were square, or nearly so. As soon as the weather-leeches touched, the helm was righted, and away we went with the wind abeam, with about as much breeze as he wanted for the sail we carried.

The Dawn might have been half a mile to windward of the frigate when the manœuvre was put in execution. We were altogether ignorant whether our own ship had been seen, but the view we got of the stranger satisfied us that he was an Englishman. Throughout the whole of the morning, the part of the ocean which lay off the chops of the channel was vigilantly watched by the British, and it was seldom indeed, a vessel could go over it, without meeting more or less of the cruisers.

I was not without a hope that the two ships would pass each other without the mist; but the wind became very thick just as we hauled up, and had this change of course taken place after we were shut in, the chances were greatly in favor of its being effected. Once distant a mile from the frigate, there was little danger of her getting a glimpse of us, since, throughout that morning, I was satisfied we had not got a horizon with that much of diameter.

As a matter of course the preparations with the studding-sails were suspended. Neb was ordered to lay aloft, as high as the cross-trees, and to keep a vigilant lookout while all eyes were watching anxiously in the mist, as we had formerly watched for the shadowy outline of La Dame de Nantes. Marble's long experience told him best where to look, and he caught the next view of the frigate. She was directly under our lee, gliding so easily under the same arched ribs, that it was, in the opinion of the crew, the sparker rolled up, as it had been for the night.

"By George!" cried the mate, "all them Johnny Bulls are still asleep, and they haven't seen us! If we can give this fellow the slip, as the sailors say, and reach the coast of England, it will be a queer treat for us." Wallingford, the Dawn will become as famous as the Flying Dutchman! See, there he goes on going to mill or to church, and no more stir abroad him than there is in a Quaker meetin'! How my good old soul of a mother would enjoy this, and how she would rejoice in our escape.

"What d'ye see him now, sir; nuttin' now; but dere was a ship!"

"Whereaway?" I demanded.

"O'er here, Masser Mile—larboard bow, well forward; look sharp, and soon see him, yourself, sir."

Sharp enough we did look, all hands of us on deck, and in less than a minute, we caught a pretty good view of the stranger from the fore-castle. He might have been visible to us half a minute, in one of those momentary openings in the mist, that were constantly occurring, and which enabled the eye to command a range around the ship of half a mile, losing it again, however, almost as soon as it was obtained. Notwithstanding the distance of time, I can perfectly recall the appearance of that vessel, seen as she was, for a moment only, and seen too so unexpectedly. It was a frigate, of medium size between a heavy sloop-of-war and a two-decker, which, perhaps, offers the greatest proportions for activity and force. We plainly saw her cream-colored, or as it is more usual to term it, her yellow streak, dotted with fourteen ports, including the bridge, and gleaming brightly in contrast with the dark and glistening hull, over which the mist and the spray of the ocean cast a species of sombre lustre. The stranger was under his three topsails, sparker and jib, each of the former sails being double-reefed. His courses were in the brails. As the wind did not blow hard enough to bring a vessel of his size to more than one reef, even on a bow-line, this short canvas proved that the frigate was on her cruising ground, and was roaming about in quest of anything that might offer. This was just the canvas it gave a cruiser a wicked look, since it denoted a lazy preparation for mischief, in an instant, he improved into mischief.

As all cruising vessels, when on their stations doing nothing, reef at night, and the hour was still early, it was possible we had made this ship before her captain, or first lieutenant, had made his appearance on deck. There were, as we were not left long in doubt on this head. The mist opened again, and, distant from us about three quarters of a mile, bearing on our lee-quarter, we got another look at the frigate, and a look that satisfied everybody what she was about. The Englishman was in stays, the very set of hauling his head-yards, as we observed many with the "sign of toll" upon their hands kneeling in company with the rich. We wonder if he himself now recalls with poignancy or with impatience the days when he, too, knelt a dutiful son of that great mother who welcomes to her temples the rich and the poor.—Providence Visitor.

As all cruising vessels, when on their stations doing nothing, reef at night, and the hour was still early, it was possible we had made this ship before her captain, or first lieutenant, had made his appearance on deck. There were, as we were not left long in doubt on this head. The mist opened again, and, distant from us about three quarters of a mile, bearing on our lee-quarter, we got another look at the frigate, and a look that satisfied everybody what she was about. The Englishman was in stays, the very set of hauling his head-yards, as we observed many with the "sign of toll" upon their hands kneeling in company with the rich. We wonder if he himself now recalls with poignancy or with impatience the days when he, too, knelt a dutiful son of that great mother who welcomes to her temples the rich and the poor.—Providence Visitor.

As all cruising vessels, when on their stations doing nothing, reef at night, and the hour was still early, it was possible we had made this ship before her captain, or first lieutenant, had made his appearance on deck. There were, as we were not left long in doubt on this head. The mist opened again, and, distant from us about three quarters of a mile, bearing on our lee-quarter, we got another look at the frigate, and a look that satisfied everybody what she was about. The Englishman was in stays, the very set of hauling his head-yards, as we observed many with the "sign of toll" upon their hands kneeling in company with the rich. We wonder if he himself now recalls with poignancy or with impatience the days when he, too, knelt a dutiful son of that great mother who welcomes to her temples the rich and the poor.—Providence Visitor.

As all cruising vessels, when on their stations doing nothing, reef at night, and the hour was still early, it was possible we had made this ship before her captain, or first lieutenant, had made his appearance on deck. There were, as we were not left long in doubt on this head. The mist opened again, and, distant from us about three quarters of a mile, bearing on our lee-quarter, we got another look at the frigate, and a look that satisfied everybody what she was about. The Englishman was in stays, the very set of hauling his head-yards, as we observed many with the "sign of toll" upon their hands kneeling in company with the rich. We wonder if he himself now recalls with poignancy or with impatience the days when he, too, knelt a dutiful son of that great mother who welcomes to her temples the rich and the poor.—Providence Visitor.

THE PRISONERS

There was no sound in the forest except the light rattle of the snow as it fell upon the trees. It had been falling small and fine since mid-day; it powdered the branches with a frozen mow, cast a silver veil over the dead leaves in the hollow, and spread upon the pathway a great, soft, white carpet that thickened the immeasurable silence amid this ocean of trees.

Before the door of the keeper's lodge stood a bare-armed young woman chopping wood with an ax upon a stone. She was tall, thin, and strong—a child of the forest, a daughter and wife of a gamekeeper's.

"I have finished mother, I'm here, I'm here. There's nothing to be frightened at; it isn't dark yet."

Then she brought in her fagots and logs, and piled them up at the chimney-side, went out again to close the shutters—enormous shutters of solid oak—and then when she again came in, pushed the heavy bolts of the door.

"The nearest town was Bethel, an old fortress perched on a rock. It was a patriotic place, and the townspeople had resolved to resist the invaders, to close their gates, and stand a siege, according to the traditions of the city. The inhabitants of Bethel had been famous by heroic defenses. They would do the same, this time; by heaven, they would, or they would be burned within their walls."

So they had brought cannons and rifles and equipped the force, and the army drilled all day long in the Place d'Armes. All of them—bakers, grocers, butchers, notaries, attorneys, carpenters, book-sellers, even chemists—went through their manoeuvres in due rotation at regular hours, under the orders of M. Lavigne, who had once been a non-commissioned officer in the dragons, and now was a draper, having married the daughter and inherited the shop of old M. Ravandan.

He had taken the rank of major in command of the place, and all the young men having gone to the wars had enrolled as volunteers. There was no largest of gulps; their round eyes opened sympathetically with their jaws, and their swallowing was like the gurgle of rain in a water pipe.

The two silent women watched the rapid movements of the great red boards; the potatoes seemed to melt away into these moving fleeces.

Then, as they were thirsty, the keeper's wife went down into the cellar to draw cider for them. She was a long time gone; it was a little vaulted cellar, said to have been used in the days of the Revolution. The way down was a narrow winding stair, shut in by a trap door at the end of the kitchen.

When Berthine came back, she was laughing, laughing slyly to herself. She gave the Germans her pitcher of drink. Then she went back to her supper, with her mother, at the other end of the kitchen.

The soldiers had finished eating, and were falling asleep, all six, around the table. From time to time, a head would fall heavily on the board, then the man starting awake, would say to his companion: "You may just as well lie down here before the fire. There's plenty of room for six. I'm going up to my room with my mother."

The two women went to the upper floor. They were heard to lock their door, and to walk about for a little while, then they made no further sound.

THE PRISONERS

"The woman asked again: 'What do you want?'

"I have lost my way ever since the morning in the forest, with my detachment. Open the door, or I will break it in."

"The keeper's wife had no choice; she promptly drew the great bolt, and pulling back the door she beheld six men in the pale snow shadows—six Prussian men, the same who had come the day before. She said in a firm tone. 'What do you want here at this hour of night?'

The officer answered: 'I had lost my way, lost it completely; I recognized the house. I have had nothing to eat since the morning, nor my men either.'

Berthine replied: 'But I am all alone with mother this evening.'

The soldier, who seemed a good sort of fellow, answered: 'That makes no difference. I shall not do any harm; but you must give us something to eat. We are faint and tired to death.'

The keeper's wife stepped back.

"Come in," said she.

"I have finished mother, I'm here, I'm here. There's nothing to be frightened at; it isn't dark yet."

Then she brought in her fagots and logs, and piled them up at the chimney-side, went out again to close the shutters—enormous shutters of solid oak—and then when she again came in, pushed the heavy bolts of the door.

"The nearest town was Bethel, an old fortress perched on a rock. It was a patriotic place, and the townspeople had resolved to resist the invaders, to close their gates, and stand a siege, according to the traditions of the city. The inhabitants of Bethel had been famous by heroic defenses. They would do the same, this time; by heaven, they would, or they would be burned within their walls."

So they had brought cannons and rifles and equipped the force, and the army drilled all day long in the Place d'Armes. All of them—bakers, grocers, butchers, notaries, attorneys, carpenters, book-sellers, even chemists—went through their manoeuvres in due rotation at regular hours, under the orders of M. Lavigne, who had once been a non-commissioned officer in the dragons, and now was a draper, having married the daughter and inherited the shop of old M. Ravandan.

He had taken the rank of major in command of the place, and all the young men having gone to the wars had enrolled as volunteers. There was no largest of gulps; their round eyes opened sympathetically with their jaws, and their swallowing was like the gurgle of rain in a water pipe.

The two silent women watched the rapid movements of the great red boards; the potatoes seemed to melt away into these moving fleeces.

Then, as they were thirsty, the keeper's wife went down into the cellar to draw cider for them. She was a long time gone; it was a little vaulted cellar, said to have been used in the days of the Revolution. The way down was a narrow winding stair, shut in by a trap door at the end of the kitchen.

When Berthine came back, she was laughing, laughing slyly to herself. She gave the Germans her pitcher of drink. Then she went back to her supper, with her mother, at the other end of the kitchen.

The soldiers had finished eating, and were falling asleep, all six, around the table. From time to time, a head would fall heavily on the board, then the man starting awake, would say to his companion: "You may just as well lie down here before the fire. There's plenty of room for six. I'm going up to my room with my mother."

The two women went to the upper floor. They were heard to lock their door, and to walk about for a little while, then they made no further sound.

"On the whole, Mr. Marble," I said, after my mates and myself had taken a long and thoughtful look at the actual state of things—"on the whole, Mr. Marble, it may be well to take in our light sails, haul our wind, and let the man-of-war come up with us, and let his honest talk, as well as his little risk in the seeing all that we have to show him."

"Never think of it!" cried the mate. "After this long pull, the fellow will be as fit as a bear with a sore head. He'd not leave a hand on board us, that can take his trick at the wheel; and I fancy the chances to one that he would send the other, that the sugars are not sweet enough, or that the coffee was grown in a French island, and tastes French. No, no, Captain Wallingford—here's the wind at sou'-sou'-west, and we're heading north-east and by north—half the breeze, with that fellow about the mizzen-rigging, as soon as we get a p'int more to the northward, we'll have him fairly in our wake."

"The woman asked again: 'What do you want?'

"I have lost my way ever since the morning in the forest, with my detachment. Open the door, or I will break it in."

"The keeper's wife had no choice; she promptly drew the great bolt, and pulling back the door she beheld six men in the pale snow shadows—six Prussian men, the same who had come the day before. She said in a firm tone. 'What do you want here at this hour of night?'

The officer answered: 'I had lost my way, lost it completely; I recognized the house. I have had nothing to eat since the morning, nor my men either.'

Berthine replied: 'But I am all alone with mother this evening.'

The soldier, who seemed a good sort of fellow, answered: 'That makes no difference. I shall not do any harm; but you must give us something to eat. We are faint and tired to death.'

The keeper's wife stepped back.

"Come in," said she.

"I have finished mother, I'm here, I'm here. There's nothing to be frightened at; it isn't dark yet."

Then she brought in her fagots and logs, and piled them up at the chimney-side, went out again to close the shutters—enormous shutters of solid oak—and then when she again came in, pushed the heavy bolts of the door.

"The nearest town was Bethel, an old fortress perched on a rock. It was a patriotic place, and the townspeople had resolved to resist the invaders, to close their gates, and stand a siege, according to the traditions of the city. The inhabitants of Bethel had been famous by heroic defenses. They would do the same, this time; by heaven, they would, or they would be burned within their walls."

So they had brought cannons and rifles and equipped the force, and the army drilled all day long in the Place d'Armes. All of them—bakers, grocers, butchers, notaries, attorneys, carpenters, book-sellers, even chemists—went through their manoeuvres in due rotation at regular hours, under the orders of M. Lavigne, who had once been a non-commissioned officer in the dragons, and now was a draper, having married the daughter and inherited the shop of old M. Ravandan.

He had taken the rank of major in command of the place, and all the young men having gone to the wars had enrolled as volunteers. There was no largest of gulps; their round eyes opened sympathetically with their jaws, and their swallowing was like the gurgle of rain in a water pipe.

The two silent women watched the rapid movements of the great red boards; the potatoes seemed to melt away into these moving fleeces.

Then, as they were thirsty, the keeper's wife went down into the cellar to draw cider for them. She was a long time gone; it was a little vaulted cellar, said to have been used in the days of the Revolution. The way down was a narrow winding stair, shut in by a trap door at the end of the kitchen.

When Berthine came back, she was laughing, laughing slyly to herself. She gave the Germans her pitcher of drink. Then she went back to her supper, with her mother, at the other end of the kitchen.

The soldiers had finished eating, and were falling asleep, all six, around the table. From time to time, a head would fall heavily on the board, then the man starting awake, would say to his companion: "You may just as well lie down here before the fire. There's plenty of room for six. I'm going up to my room with my mother."

The two women went to the upper floor. They were heard to lock their door, and to walk about for a little while, then they made no further sound.

Health Restored Gained 29 Pounds

Many Years an Invalid—Untold Agony From Headaches

Dizziness, Sinking Spells and Excessive Weakness Disappear With Use of

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food

Nearly every woman will read with interest the letter of Mrs. Geo. Bradshaw, quoted below. It tells of years of great suffering from Nervous Headache and other symptoms arising from weak, watery blood and a starved and exhausted condition of the nervous system.

Mrs. George Bradshaw, Coney Neck, Harlowe, Ont., writes:—"I am glad to state that I received benefits from Dr. Chase's Nerve Food which I failed to get any place else. I was troubled for many years, in fact from my early womanhood, with weak, watery blood, and given to dropsy. I suffered untold agonies from nervous, sick headaches, dizziness, and sinking spells, in fact was a semi-invalid for many years. I tried many kinds of patent medicines, and got no help, and tried every new doctor that came along, but all failed to help me. Doctors told me I had no blood, and my blood and kidneys were diseased, and they said I should never be well again. I had no more complaints there was not much use in doctoring up one or two. Four years ago I took six boxes of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, and was glad to see I felt better, and then got six more, and they have cured me of many of my complaints. When I began taking Nerve Food I weighed 110 pounds, and to-day I weigh 139, and am 45 years old.

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, 50c a box, 6 for \$2.50, at all dealers, or Edmanston, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto.

Free Sample of Campana's Italian Balm

Anyone suffering from chapped hands, sore lips or rough skin, may have a FREE SAMPLE of Campana's Italian Balm, by dropping a card to R. C. West St., Toronto. All druggists sell it at 25c a bottle. Twenty-five years reputation.

The Prussians stretched themselves on the stone floor, their feet to the fire, their heads on their rolled-up coats, and soon all were snoring in six different noises, sharp or deep, but all sustained and alarming.

They had certainly been asleep for a considerable time when a shot sounded, and so loud that it seemed to be fired close against the walls of the house. The soldiers sat up instantly. These were two more shots, and then three more.

The door of the staircase opened hastily, and the keeper's wife appeared, barefooted, a short petticoat over her nightdress, a candle in her hand and a face of terror. She whispered: "Here are the French—two hundred of them at least. If they and you here, they will burn the house. Go down quick into the cellar, and don't make a noise. If you make a noise we are lost." The officer, started, murmured: "I will, I will. Which way do we go down?"

The young woman hurriedly raised the narrow square trap door, and the men disappeared underground backwards so as to feel the steps with their feet. But when the point of the last helmet had disappeared, Bernthe, shutting down the heavy oak plank, thick as a wall, and hard as steel, kept in place by clamps and a padlock, turned the key twice, slowly, and then began to laugh with the silent rapture, and with a wild desire to dance over the heads of her prisoners.

They made no noise, shut in as if they were in a stone box, only getting air through a grating.

Berthe at once re-lighted her fire, put on her sacanapa once more, and made more soup, murmuring: "Father will be tired to-night."

Then she sat down and waited. Nothing but the deep-toned pendulum of the clock went to and fro with its regular tick in the silence. From time to time the young woman cast a look at the dial—an impatient look, which seemed to say: "How slowly it goes?" Presently she thought she heard a murmur under her feet, low, confused words reached her ear through the vaulted masonry of the cellar. The Prussians were beginning to guess her trick, and soon came up to the little stair, and thumped the trap-door with his fist. Once more he cried: "Open the door."

She rose, drew near, and imitating his accent, asked: "What do you want?"

"I shall not open it."

"Open the door, you idiot!"

The man grew angry.

"Open the door, or I'll break it in."

"Break away, my man; break away."

Then he began to beat, with the butt end of his gun, upon the open trap-door closed over his head; but it would have resisted a battering-ram.

The keeper's wife heard him go down again. Then, one after another the soldiers came up to try their strength and inspect the fastenings. But, concluding no doubt that their efforts were in vain, they all went back into the cellar and began to talk again.

The young woman listened to them; then she went to open the outer door, and stood straining her ears for a sound.

A distant barking reached her. She began to whistle like a huntsman, and almost immediately two immense dogs leaped upon the shadows, and she held them by the neck to keep them from running away, and called with all her might: "Halloo, father!"

A voice, still very distant, answered, "Halloo, Bernthee!"

She waited some moments, then called again: "Halloo, father!"

The voice repeated nearer: "Halloo, Bernthee."

"The keeper's wife returned: 'Don't pass in front of the grating. There are Prussians in the cellar.'"

All at once the black outline of the man showed on the left, where he had paused between two tree trunks. He asked angrily: "Prussians in the cellar. What are they doing there?"

The young woman began to laugh.

"It is those that came yesterday. They got lost in the forest ever since the morning; I put them in the cellar to keep cool."

And she related the whole adventure; how she had frightened them with shots of the revolver, and shut them up in the cellar.

The old man, still grave, asked: "What do you expect me to do with them at this time of night?"

She answered: "Go and fetch M. Lavigne and his men. He'll take them prisoners; and won't be pleased."

Then Father Pinchot smiled; "yes he will be pleased."

His daughter resumed: "Here's some soup for you; eat it quick and go off again."

The old keeper sat down and began to eat his soup, after having put down two platefuls for his dogs.

The Prussians hearing voices had become silent.

A quarter of an hour later Pichon started again. Bernthe, with her head in her hands, waited.

The prisoners were moving about again. They shouted and called and beat continually with their guns on the immovable trap-door of the cellar.

Then they began to fire their guns through the grating, hoping, no doubt, to be heard if any German detachment were passing in the neighborhood.

The keeper's wife did not stir; but all this noise tried her nerves, and irritated her. An evil anger arose in her; she would have liked to kill them, the wretches, to keep them quiet.

Then, as her impatience increased, she began to look at the clock and count the minutes.

At last the hands marked the time which she had fixed for their coming. She opened the door once more to listen for them. She perceived that shadowy moving. She perceived, frightened, and screamed. It was her father.

He said: "They sent me to see if there's any change."

"No, nothing."

Then he in his turn gave a long strident whistle into the darkness. And soon something brown was seen coming through the trees—the advance guard composed of ten men.

The old man kept repeating: "Don't pass before the grating." And the first comers pointed out the formidable grating to those who followed.

Finally, the main body appeared, two hundred men in all, each with two hundred cartridges.

M. Lavigne, trembling with excitement, posted them so as to surround the house on all sides, leaving, however, a wide, free space round the little black hole, level with the earth, which admitted air into the cellar.

Then he entered the dwelling and inquired into the strength and position of the enemy, now so silent that it might be thought to have disappeared, flown away or evaporated through the grating. Lavigne stamped his foot on the trap-door and called: "Mr. Prussian Officer!"

The German did not reply.

The Major repeated: "Mr. Prussian Officer!"

It was in vain. For a whole twenty minutes he summoned this silent officer to estimate with arms and baggage, promising him life and military honors for himself and his soldiers. But he obtained no sign of consent or of hostility. The situation was becoming difficult.

The soldier citizens were stamping their feet and striking wild-armed blows upon their chests, as cooehens on the snow behind him with the quick desire to pass in front of it. At last one of them risked it, a very nimble fellow called Potvlin. He took a start and ran past like a stag. The attempt succeeded. The prisoners seemed dead.

A voice called out: "There's nobody there."

Another soldier crossed the space before the dangerous opening. Then it became a game. Every minute a man ran out, passing from one troop to the other as children at play do, and raising showers of snow behind him with the quick movement of his feet. They had lighted fires of dead branches to keep themselves warm, and the lying profile of each Garde National showed in a bright illumination as he passed over to the camp on the left.

Someone called out: "Your turn, Maloisian!"

Maloisian was a big man whom his comrades laughed at because he was so fat.

He hesitated. They teased him. Then, making up his mind, he started at a regular breathless trot which shook his stout person. All the detachment laughed till they cried. They called: "Bravo, Maloisian!" to encourage him.

He had gone about two-thirds of the distance when a long flame, rapid and red, leapt from the grating. A report followed, and the big baker fell upon his nose with a frightful shriek.

No one ran to help him. Then they saw him drag himself on all fours across the snow, moaning, and when he was beyond this terrible passage he fainted. He had a bullet high up in the thigh.

After the first surprise and alarm, there was more laughter.

Major Lavigne appeared upon the threshold of the keeper's lodge. He had just framed his plan of attack and gave his word of command in a ringing voice: "Plumber, Planchet and his men!"

Three men drew near.

"Unfasten the gutters of the house."

In a quarter of an hour some twenty yards of leaden gutter pipe were brought to the Major.

Then, with innumerable prudent precautions, he had a little round hole bored in the edge of the trap door, and having laid out an aqueduct from the pump to this opening, announced with an air of satisfaction: "We are going to give the German gentlemen something to drink." A wild cheer of admiration burst forth, followed by shouts of delight and roars of laughter. The Major organized gangs of workers, who were to be employed in relays of five minutes. Then he commanded: "Pump!"

And the iron handle having been put in motion, a little snow rustled along the pipes and slipped into the cellar, falling from step to step with the tinkle of a waterfall, suggestive of rocks and little red fishes.

They waited.

An hour passed; then two, then three.

The Major walked about the kitchen in a fever, putting his ear to the floor from time to time, trying to guess what the enemy was doing and whether it would soon capitulate.

The enemy was moving now. Sounds of rattling, of speaking, of splashing water to be heard. Then towards eight in the morning a voice issued from the grating: "I want to speak to the French officer."

Lavigne answered from the window, without putting on his head too far: "Do you surrender?"

"I surrender."

"And pass out your guns."

A weapon was immediately seen to appear out of a hole and fall into the snow; then a second, a third—all; and the same voice declared: "I have no more. Make haste! I am drowned!"

The Major commanded "Stop!"

And the handle of the pump fell motionless.

Then having filled the kitchen with soldiers, all standing armed, he slowly lifted the trap-door.

Six drenched heads appeared, six fair heads with long, light hair, and the six Germans were soon issuing forth one by one, shivering, dripping, naked. They were seized and bound. Then as a surprise was apprehended, the troops set out in two parties, one in charge of the prisoners, the other in charge of the Maloisian, on a mattress carried on poles.

Rebel was entered in triumph.

M. Lavigne received a decoration for having taken prisoner a Prussian advance guard, and the Maloisian had the military medal for wounds received in face of the enemy.

What compensation for the fatigues of the journey met the Blessed Mother have found in the presence of her Son? If my road, like hers, lies uphill, why do I not find strength and comfort in Jesus, present with me always by blessing and grace, and present, Body and Blood, Soul and Divinity, in the Blessed Sacrament—as really present as He was with Mary!

When in 1890 Cardinal Newman passed away at a great age, there was such an outpouring of reverential appreciation as has rarely been witnessed. Other men, Diarsell, Gladstone, Tennyson, Dickens, Thackeray, Froude, for example, have also been honored by many pens and much panegyric; but in the most kindly articles much criticism was mingled. No critic felt abashed in the presence of these worthies; no pen was restrained. In the case of Newman alone is to be found that element of reverence which marks the highest appreciation. We have before us a volume made up of essays and studies published at the time in British and American reviews; and seldom, we believe, has such a collection been made, containing so much admirable writing, so full of knowledge, of kindness, of skill in interpreting a many-sided mind, of ability to appreciate the results of memorable labors.

Now after more than twenty years we have before us the authorized Life of the great Cardinal in two noble volumes by Mr. Wilfrid Ward. The whole course of thought in the ecclesiastical world since 1833—from which we may date the modern "Oxford Movement," though, of course, that movement, like all historical influences, was by no means new—will be now revived for discussion by these volumes which deal freely and frankly with remarkable events and ever-memorable names. It is no light task to undertake to bring before a critical audience even a brief study or two of things and men that still awe us by their seriousness, and that still press upon a half-reverent world the promise, and the menace, of historic Christianity.

The hold which Newman had upon the educated classes among English-speaking people and which grew stronger as he grew older, till his lightest word was welcomed as a species of oracle and his disapprobation felt as a court-sentence, was due to many causes, arising partly out of his own character and partly out of certain peculiarities of the educated British. What made the strength of Pitt was his disinterestedness; what made the strength of Diarsell was his patriotism; what made the strength of Gladstone was his religious sincerity, his moral earnestness. The British adored this qualities, in a general way, as titles to their esteem; however much they at times resented the particular political conduct of their heroes.

Now, Newman exhibited all these qualities in a notable manner, unqualified by the personal ambitions and party passions which lessen the admiration paid to even the most memorable writers. All his life long he was wholly disinterested; poverty was a penalty he imposed on himself. All his life long he was in all relations of life conspicuously an English gentleman; no word ever fell from his lips; no sentence ever fell from his pen, which was not acceptable to the best men in England; by whom this bias of Newman will be welcomed with eagerness and criticized with as little of the critical spirit as it is possible to use with any respect to sincerity. Criticism, of course, there will be from many points of view. The arguments which to Newman seemed all consistent, which to every conscientious man who followed him, were rejected by many of his contemporaries even in his own personal circle. They are now less applicable to this new generation in England, which has gone farther in the direction of negation of all authority, all dogma, all revelation, all consistency. To Newman, as Newman saw before him, was the enemy consisting of a hard, narrow form of religion mostly personal in character as opposed to a historic and dogmatic and authoritative system. The enemy he would find now is an enemy consisting of an insolent, "scientific" rejection of all consistency, including any tendency to agnostic opinions which have been allowed to submerge all other forms of thought; a feverish frivolousness of life from which the element of religion is excluded. Nevertheless the details of that great battle of the Early Nineteenth Century for sincerity, strength, self-sacrifice, perfect faith, offering the following touching incident that happened during the Franco-Prussian war. There was a young soldier in the French army who, when he went to war, had most earnestly asked for the prayers of his mother. It was the last request he made to her when he left home, and every letter she received from him was sure to express this same pious desire. "Do not forget to pray for me," she did not forget to do what he had asked, but she prayed for him morning and evening. One Wednesday afternoon this mother had it most strongly impressed upon her mind—she could not tell why or how, but so it was—that her son was in great dangers, and that she ought to pray for him at once. And accordingly she did so; and went on praying for him, still having the same feeling for more than an hour. In process of time she had a letter from her son, stating that on that very day, at the same hour, he had been in the extremity of danger; he had been picked out to serve in the forlorn hope of the French army in the battle of Buzard. He was shot down—many of them; his own cap had been shot away and his trousers were nearly torn to pieces with splinters of flint bit up out of the ground by spent bullets; but he himself was not in the least injured—had not even a scratch.

From that has been related above, many people should be led to know and feel that a mother's prayer is the most powerful of anyone on earth.—True Voice.

voices was Newman's, who so often filled the historic pulpit of St. Mary's. "Who could resist the charm of that spiritual apparition, gliding in the dim afternoon light through the aisle of St. Mary's, rising into the pulpit, and then in the most entrancing of voices, breaking the silence with words and thoughts which were a religious music subtle, sweet and mournful."

Principal Shairp, in his studies, contributes another vivid pen-picture of Newman in the pulpit. "The look and bearing of the preacher," he says, "were as of one who dwelt apart, and, though he knew his age well, did not live in it. From the seclusion of study and abstinence and prayer, from habitual dwelling with the unseen, he seemed to come forth that one day in the week to speak to others of the things he had seen and known. . . . He laid his finger—how gently yet how powerfully—on some inner place in the hearer's heart and told him things about himself he had never known till then. Subtle truths, which it would have taken philosophers pages of circumlocution and big words to state, were dropped out by the way in a sentence or two of the most transparent Saxon. What delicacy of style, yet what calm power!—how gentle, yet how strong—how simply yet how refined."

Mr. Froude, kindly and gentle for once, contributes an equally friendly reminiscence:—"I met him now and then in private; I attended his church and heard him preach Sunday after Sunday; he is supposed to have been insidiously to have led his disciples on and on to conclusions to which he designed to bring them while his purpose was carefully veiled. He was, on the contrary, the most transparent of men. He told us what he believed to be true. He did not know where it would carry him. No one who has ever risen to any great height in this world refuses to move till he knows where he is going. He is impelled in each step which he takes by a force within himself. He satisfies himself only that the step is a right one and he leaves the rest to Providence."

How far Newman left things to Providence, an how boldly he took steps which he felt impelled, may be seen in the last sermon at St. Mary's on "The Parting of Friends." Proceeding from illustration to illustration, on the text, "Man goeth forth to his work and to his labor until the evening," he gathered up all the instances in Scripture of abandonment and self-sacrifice for the sake of duty, in obedience either to inner light or authoritative command; and those who were listening knew what he meant and that they were listening to him in the place for the last time, when he said:—"And O my brethren, O kind and affectionate hearts, O loving friends, should you hear anyone whose life it has been, by writing or word of mouth, in some degree to help you thus to act; if he has ever told you what you knew about yourselves, or what you did not know; has read to you your wants or feelings and comforted you by the very reading; has made you feel that there was a higher life than his daily one; and a brighter world than you see; or encouraged you or sobered you, or opened a way to the equipping, or soothed the perplexed; if what he has said or done has ever made you take an interest in him and feel well inclined to him—remember such a one in time to come, though you hear him not, and pray for him that in all things he may know God's will and at all times he may be ready to fulfil it."

We have preferred in this preliminary notice of a remarkable work to speak mainly by the lips of others rather than by our own, since the others speak so well. The work, in two years that have passed since Newman's death has dimmed his image in the public mind; and a new generation has arisen, less literary and less interested in serious things than the previous generation. The names of Newman, Pusey, Keble, Whately, Church, Froude, Shairp, are not much names to the new man. It will do them no harm to be reminded of times that were so interesting and of men whose names have passed away. The details of the work are being discussed in an approach to a future occasion.

THIS MONEY-MAKING BOOK IS FREE

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

Endorsed by Leading Bankers, Government Officials and the Catholic Hierarchy and Laity

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

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

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

This is the opportunity of a lifetime to make a safe and profitable investment and worth the attention and investigation of every conservative investor.

If you would like to have a copy of this book, address Philip Harding, Dept. 601X, Box 1301, Philadelphia, Pa. Mr. Harding requests that no one write simply through idle curiosity, and unless you are a member of the Catholic Church the book will not be sent to you, because only Catholics will be permitted to hold stock in this particular institution.

MOTHER'S PRAYER

We cannot better illustrate the power of a good mother's prayer than by reciting the following touching incident that happened during the Franco-Prussian war. There was a young soldier in the French army who, when he went to war, had most earnestly asked for the prayers of his mother. It was the last request he made to her when he left home, and every letter she received from him was sure to express this same pious desire. "Do not forget to pray for me," she did not forget to do what he had asked, but she prayed for him morning and evening. One Wednesday afternoon this mother had it most strongly impressed upon her mind—she could not tell why or how, but so it was—that her son was in great dangers, and that she ought to pray for him at once. And accordingly she did so; and went on praying for him, still having the same feeling for more than an hour. In process of time she had a letter from her son, stating that on that very day, at the same hour, he had been in the extremity of danger; he had been picked out to serve in the forlorn hope of the French army in the battle of Buzard. He was shot down—many of them; his own cap had been shot away and his trousers were nearly torn to pieces with splinters of flint bit up out of the ground by spent bullets; but he himself was not in the least injured—had not even a scratch.

From that has been related above, many people should be led to know and feel that a mother's prayer is the most powerful of anyone on earth.—True Voice.

Life is a series of steps, each one bringing us nearer to the awful moment when we shall kneel at our Lord's feet, and look up inquiringly into His eyes.—Fr. Dignam, S. J.

Trouble yourself not with superfluous cares; torment yourself not about the future. Day by day take your cross upon your shoulders and bear it. Leave the rest to our Lord. Do not hesitate such voices! They are a possession to him forever.—One of those

Has not God guided you lovingly heretofore? Has He not shielded you from countless dangers, lightened many a burden, assisted you through many a painful hour? And is He not always the same God?

Our PREFERRED TRADING REGISTER

- The following Firms, together with our Regular Advertisers, are Recommended as a TRADING GUIDE to our Readers, as they represent the Best Concerns in London
- ARCHITECTS**
 - Moore & Munro
A Architects and Civil Engineers
We make a specialty of Churches, Schools and Large Buildings
Carlton Block, London, Canada
 - AUTOMOBILES, LIVERY, GARAGE**
 - MITCHELL GARAGE & SALES CO., LTD.
291-299 Dundas St. Phone 180
Automobiles, Livery
For Pleasure, Business and Commercial use. Taxi-Cab Service open day and night
 - HUNTER & SON. PHONE 170
For Taxis, Autos and Carriages
Open day and night.
166 Maple—5—87 Askin.
 - BARRISTERS AND SOLICITORS**
 - McKILLOP & MURPHY, London, Ont.
Barristers, Solicitors, Notaries, Etc.
James B. McKillop
GIBBONS, HARPER & GIBBONS
Barristers, Solicitors, Etc.
Richmond and Carlton Streets, London, Ont.
 - PURDOM & PURDOM
Barristers and Solicitors
Masonic Temple, London, Ont.
 - IVEY & DROMGOLE
Barristers, Etc. London, Ont.
Chas. H. Ivey J. O. Dromgole
 - BISCUITS AND CONFECTIONERY**
 - D. S. Perrin & Company
Manufacturers of Biscuits and Confectionery LONDON, CANADA
 - BOOTS, SHOES, LEATHER GOODS**
 - THE J. F. COOK CO., Limited
Fine Shoes, Rubber Footwear, Trunks Bags and Leather Goods. London
 - BREAD MANUFACTURERS**
 - You can depend upon having THE BEST if you order
Johnston Bros. XXX BREAD
 - BRICK MANUFACTURERS**
 - J. W. CAWSE
Brick Manufacturer
Pipe Line Road. Res. Phone 1616
 - CLOTHING AND FURNISHINGS**
 - R. H. & J. Dowler
LONDON and ST. THOMAS
Confectioners, Caterers, Bakers
FAWKES & SONS, 666 Dundas St. Wedding and Party Supplies a specialty
 - J. E. BOOMER
Confectioners, etc. London, Ont.
181 Dundas St.
 - DAIRY PRODUCE**
 - J. F. MORALEE
Phone 2340
Market House Basement
Department Store
LONDON, ONT.
 - E. J. GRAHAM, Meats, 1002 Dundas St.
 - DEPARTMENTAL STORES**
 - SMALLMAN & INGRAM, Limited
Department Store
Send for our Catalogue. Its free.
 - DIAMONDS AND JEWELRY**
 - ROYAL CROWN DERBY CHINA
We have just received our fall shipment of Royal Crown Derby China. Our prices are the lowest. Call and see our large assortment of stock.
 - C. H. Ward & Co.
Diamond Mechanic and Jewellers
Phone 1084
374 Richmond St., London, Ont.
 - JOHN S. BARNARD
Diamonds, Precious Stones, Watches, Jewelry
Optical Goods
This house is famous for
Elegant Xmas and Wedding Gifts
179 Dundas St. London, Ont.
 - DRUGGISTS AND OPTICIANS**
 - CAIRNCROSS & LAWRENCE
Chemists, Druggists and Opticians
249 Dundas St. Phone 880
Special attention given mail orders.
 - DRY GOODS, MILLINERY, CARPETS**
 - JOHN H. CHAPMAN & CO.
Dry Goods New Stock
New Store, 248 Dundas St. London, Ont.
 - T. F. KINGSMILL, 139-133 Carlton St.
Direct Importer Carpets, Linoleums, Rugs, Lace Curtains, Shades, etc. I stand between the manufacturer and customer. Quality, Quantity, Variety, Value.
 - ENGINES AND BOILERS**
 - E. LEONARD & SONS, Est. 1834
Manufacturers of Engines and Boilers
Head Office and Works—London, Canada
 - FINANCIAL**
 - THE DOMINION SAVINGS AND INVESTMENT SOCIETY
142 Market Street, London, Ont.
Interest allowed at 3 1/2 and 4 per cent. on Deposits and Debentures.
 - Imperial Bank of Canada**
 - Capital paid up \$60,000,000. Reserve \$60,000,000
Savings Department \$100 opens an account
London Branch, Richmond and King Streets
R. Arkell, Manager
 - THE ONTARIO LOAN & DEBENTURE COY.**
 - Capital paid up \$1,000,000. Reserve, \$250,000
Deposits received, Debentures issued, Real Estate Loans made.
John McClay, Pres.; A. M. Smart, Mgr.
Office: Dundas St., Cor. Market Lane, London, Ont.
 - THE HURON AND ERIE LOAN AND SAVINGS CO.**
 - Incorporated 1884. 4% and 4 1/2% Debentures
Write for booklet. "Unquestioned Safety for your Savings."
H. Croyn, Manager.
London St. Thomas
 - THE LONDON LOAN & SAVINGS COMPANY OF CANADA**
 - ALLOW:
4% on Deposits 5% on Municipal Bonds
4 1/2% on Debentures 6% on Stock
 - MERCHANTS BANK OF CANADA**
 - Paid-up capital, \$6,000,000. Reserve funds, \$4,000,000
Commercial and Savings Accounts Invited. Joint accounts desired. Interest at highest rates. J. E. Magee, Mgr. London Branch, Richmond & Queen's Sts.
J. A. McKellar, Mgr. London South, 146 Worthy Rd. E.
 - THE BANK OF TORONTO**
 - The Oldest Bank in Canada
Having its Head Office in Ontario
Branches at ALL PRINCIPAL CITIES
and Correspondents throughout the world.
Four Offices in London
 - FURNITURE**
 - H. WOLF & SONS, 265 Dundas St.
 - THE ONTARIO FURNITURE CO.
 - LAUNDRIES**
 - PARISIAN STEAM LAUNDRY CO.
of Ontario Ltd. 73-75 Dundas St. Phone 539
 - GAS AND ELECTRIC COMPANIES**
 - COOK and LIGHT WITH GAS
GENUINE GAS COKE
Cheapest and best fuel
Heating, Lighting and Cooking Supplies
CITY GAS CO. Phone 314
 - For Continuous and Satisfactory
Electric Lighting
AND
Power Service
The London Electric Co.'s System
Phone 958
 - THE ELECTRICAL CONSTRUCTION CO.
of London, Limited, 31-40 Dundas St. Electrical Supplies and Fixtures, Motors Stocked, Wiring Done
 - FLORISTS**
 - J. GAMMAGE & SONS, LTD.
FLORISTS
Flowers and Plants for every occasion.
Store 270 Dundas St. Phone 99
Greenhouses on Oxford St.
 - FUEL AND BUILDING MATERIAL**
 - Thoroughly Screened Coal Promptly Delivered
JOHN MANN & SONS. Phone 473
401 Clarence St.
 - D. H. GILLES & SON
Hardwood Lumber, Coal, Wood of all kinds
Slack Barrel Cooperage. Phone 1314
 - HAIRDWARE**
 - J. G. STEELE & CO.
204 Dundas Street Phone 730
 - J. A. BROWNLEE, 38-7 Talbot St.
 - THE PURDOM HARDWARE CO., Ltd.
 - HOTELS**
 - The Tucumseh Hotel
London's Leading Hotel
Geo. H. O'Neil, Proprietor
 - THE DOMINION HOUSE (Remodeled)
Corner York and Clarence Streets adjoining Depots
Modern throughout. John J. Mc Troop.
 - THE LONDON HOUSE
Thoroughly Steam Heated. Rates \$12 per day
W. S. Lashbrook, Prop. Cor. Dundas and Talbot
 - INSURANCE**
 - A. ELLIS
204 Masonic Temple, London
 - G. M. GUNN & SON, 431 Richmond St.
All Kinds of Insurance.
 - J. A. NELLES & SON
General Insurance Agents & Brokers
350 Richmond St., London, Ont.
 - London Life Insurance Co.
POLICIES "GOOD AS GOLD"
Actual Profit Results Exceed Estimates
 - IRON AND WIRE WORKS
DENNIS
LONDON, ONTARIO
Designers and Makers of Ornamental Iron and Brass Work, Brass Pulleys, Altar Railings, Iron Fences and Gates, Fire Escapes, Wire Windings, Guards, Metal Lockers, Etc.
 - LUMBER**
 - GEO. H. BELTON
Wholesale and Retail Dealer in
Lumber and Building Supplies
Main Yard—Reevey St. and Grand Trunk R.R.
Branch—Fullarton and Richmond Sts.
 - MANUFACTURERS**
 - THE GLOBE CASSET CO., London, Ont.
Manufacturers of Cassets and Undertakers Supplies
 - EMPIRE MANUFACTURING CO., Ltd.
Brass Foundries and Finishers
Manufacturers' Plumbers and Steamfitters Supplies
Office and Factory, London, Ont.
 - DOMINION OFFICE AND STORE FITTING CO., Ltd.
Manufacturers Office and Store Fixtures
Office and Factory, London, Ont. Montreal Branch,
229 St. James St. West Toronto Branch, 600
Richmond St. E. Winnipeg Branch, Ashton Block.
 - MILL AND FACTORY SUPPLIES**
 - THE LONDON ENGINE SUPPLIES CO.
Limited.
F. G. Mitchell, Manager
Wholesale and Retail Jobbers in
Mill and Factory Hardware
Automobiles and Motor-Boat Accessories
443 Richmond St., London, Canada
Phone 307
 - OSTEOPATH AND CHIROPRACTOR**
 - DR. BARKLE
Graduate Osteopath and Chiropractor
SUPERB ELECTRIC EQUIPMENT
SPECIALTY—Rheumatism, Chronic and Nervous Diseases. Established 7 Years.
955 TALBOT ST., LONDON PHONE 2525
 - OVERALL MANUFACTURERS**
 - The "BULLDOG" Line
OF OVERALLS AND COATS
Are large, roomy and perfectly made. They really resist wear and owing to a special seam construction cannot rip. "Sold all over the world."
MADE BY THE CANADA OVERALL CO.
98 Carlton St., London. Phone 358
 - PHOTOGRAPHS**
 - EDY BROS., Artistic Photographers
214 Dundas St. London, Ont.
 - PLUMBING, HOT WATER HEATING**
 - NOBLE & RICH
Plumbing
Hot Water, Steam and Vacuum Heating
Gasfitting and Jobbing
Phone 538
235-237 Queen's Ave.
 - SHEET METAL, STOVES, ETC.**
 - WM. STEVENS and SON
Sheet Metal Workers. Hot Air Heating
Stores and Furnishings.
282-284 Dundas St.
 - STOCKS, BONDS, REAL ESTATE**
 - THOS. RAYCRAFT, Investment Broker
Specialist in Foreign and Colonial Stocks
London Loan Book Long Distance Phone 2925
 - UNDERTAKERS AND EMBALMERS**
 - JOHN FERGUSON & SONS
186 King Street
The Leading Undertakers and Embalmers
Open Night and Day
Telephone—Monks' 32 Factory—543
 - SMITH, SON & CLARKE
Undertakers and Embalmers
115 Dundas Street 629 Dundas Street
Phone 516 Open Day and Night
 - WALL PAPER AND ART GOODS**
 - COLERICK BROS., 312 Dundas St.
Wall Paper, Decorating, Pictures and Framing
 - WHOLESALE**
 - GREENE, SWIFT, LIMITED
Wholesale Clothing Manufacturers
Greene-Swift Block London, Ont.
 - JOHN HARSHALL & CO., Est. 1873
Daniel Munro—Water Simon
Wholesale Merchants and Manufacturers of Hats, Caps and Furs. Sole agents in Canada for "The Thunderbolt" Hat and Cap. Also "Battersby" Hats

The Catholic Record

Price of Subscription—\$1.50 per annum.
United States & Europe—\$2.00
THOS. COFFEY, L. D., Editor and Publisher

Advertisements for teachers, situations wanted, etc., are accepted on the condition that the advertiser pay the cost of such insertion. Remittance to accompany the order.
Approved and recommended by the Archbishops of Toronto, Kingston, Ottawa and St. Boniface, the Bishops of London, Hamilton, Peterborough, and Ogdensburg, N. Y., and the clergy throughout the Dominion.
Messrs. Luke King, P. J. Neven, E. J. Broderick, M. J. Heagy, Mrs. W. E. Smith and Miss Sara Hanley are fully authorized to receive subscriptions and to insert all other business for the CATHOLIC RECORD. Obituary and marriage notices cannot be inserted except in the usual condensed form. Each insertion 50 cents.
When subscribers ask for their mail at the post office it would be well were they to tell the clerk to give them their Catholic Record. We have information of carelessness in a few places on the part of delivery clerks who will sometimes look for letters only.
Subscribers changing residence will please give old as well as new address.

LETTERS OF RECOMMENDATION
Apostolic Delegation
Ottawa, June 13th, 1905
Dear Sir:—Since coming to Canada I have been a reader of your paper. I have noted with satisfaction that it is distinguished by its ability and, above all, that it is imbued with a strong Catholic spirit. It strenuously defends the teachings and authority of the Church, at the same time promoting the best interests of the country. Following these lines it has done a great deal of good for the welfare of religion and country, and it will do more and more, as wholesome influence reaches more Catholic homes. I therefore, earnestly recommend it to Catholic families. With my blessing on your work, and best wishes for its continued success.
Yours very sincerely in Christ,
DONATUS, Archbishop of Ephesus,
Apostolic Delegate

UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA,
Ottawa, Canada, March 7th, 1906.
Dear Sir:—For some time past I have read your estimable paper, the Catholic Record, and congratulate you upon the manner in which it is published. Its matter and form are both good, and a truly Catholic spirit pervades the whole. Therefore, with pleasure, I can recommend it to the faithful. Blessing you and wishing you success, believe me to remain, yours faithfully in Jesus Christ,
D. FALCONE, Arch. of Larissa,
Apos. Deleg.

LONDON, SATURDAY, MAR 2, 1912
MODERN SEARCH FOR TRUTH AND THE "TIMID IGNORANCE" OF THE DARK AGES
Theodore Roosevelt, in the Outlook, under the title "The Search for Truth in a Reverent Spirit," reviews about a dozen recent books, among which is "Thoughts of a Catholic Anatomist," by the late Professor Thomas Dwight, M. D. Mr. Roosevelt is a man singularly free from vulgar bigotry, so we may take his views as the unconscious bias due to the acceptance of the general view of the middle ages. That Dr. Dwight has given him something to think about is evident from the fact that fully half his space is devoted to the Catholic anatomist's thoughts.

"Dr. Dwight's book is very largely a protest against the materialistic philosophy which has produced such conceptions of life, and against these conceptions of life themselves."
"There is much that is true in the assault he makes; but in his zeal to show where the leaders of the modern advance have been guilty of shortcomings, he tends to assume positions which would put an instant stop to any honest effort to advance at all, and would plunge us back into the originating and blind ignorance of the Dark Ages."
The reviewer thinks Dr. Dwight is "less than just to Darwin" and holds that it is due to the triumph of such seekers after truth that makes possible for such books as Dr. Dwight's to be published with the approval of the orthodox thought of the Church to which the writer belongs.

"A half-century ago no recognized authorities of any Church would have treated an evolutionist as an orthodox man. A century ago Dr. Dwight would not have been permitted to print his book as orthodox even if it contained the statement that the earth goes round the sun. In the days of Leonardo da Vinci, popular opinion sustained the Church authorities in their refusal to allow that extraordinary man to dissect dead bodies, and the use of anti-toxin would unquestionably have been considered a very dangerous heresy from all standpoints. In their generations Copernicus and Galileo were held as dangerous opponents of orthodoxy just as Darwin was held when he brought out his "Origin of Species," just as Mendel's work would have been held if Darwin's far greater work had not distracted attention from him."

This pretty fairly represents the average man's view of modern search for truth as compared with the "clerical absolutism" and "theological tyranny and superstition" (to quote again Mr. Roosevelt) of the ages of faith.

Now let us glance at the facts concerned by modern scholars.
Darwin's one scientific principle, "natural selection," is unanimously discarded by scientists. Prof. Loeb, of the University of California, certainly not blinded in our favor, said in an article published in Science, Dec. 1904:

"It seems to me that the work of Mendel and De Vries and their successors marks the beginning of the real theory of heredity and evolution."
Prof. Bateson, of Cambridge University, in "Mendel's Principles of Heredity," writes:

"Had Mendel's work come into the hands of Darwin it is not too much to say that the history of the development of evolutionary philosophy would have been very different from that which we have witnessed."
Darwinism as a scientific doctrine is dead, and it is interesting to note that the new impetus and new tendency given to the investigation of the facts on which evolution is based was given by a Catholic priest, Father Mendel, an Austrian monk. But Mr. Roosevelt tells us Mendel would have been considered unorthodox "if Darwin's far greater work had not distracted attention from him!" It is true that Darwin's

superficial work distracted attention for many years from the solidly scientific work of Father Mendel, but Mendel has now come to his own, and Darwin is a scientific authority only amongst the unscientific.

"A century ago," the ex-president tells us, "one could not print as orthodox a book containing the statement that the earth goes round the sun." Nearly four hundred years ago Nicholas Cusa maintained that heliocentric system at the Council of Basel, side by side with his friend Cardinal Cesarini. He was summoned to Rome and Nicholas V. gave him the Cardinal's hat, and made him a bishop! "Theological tyranny and superstition" not a hundred years ago, but back in the Dark Ages. Copernicus' work was dedicated to the Pope.

With regard to the fable of ecclesiastical prohibition of dissection of dead bodies, Catholics should read Prof. Walsh's "Popes and Science," a work called forth by a controversy between the author and President Andrew D. White, who made similar statements in his book "The Warfare of Science and Theology in Christendom." This work of Prof. Walsh, through the influence of the Knights of Columbus, has been brought out in a very cheap edition; yet every Catholic should have a copy and read it. Much of the loose scholarly talk of modern freedom in pursuit of truth as contrasted with the theological absolutism of Catholic ages, is here met by Dr. Walsh with facts of history and documentary evidence.

Mr. Roosevelt concedes that Dr. Dwight is right when he quotes Roger Bacon to the dogmatists of modern science: "The first essential for advancement in knowledge is for men to be willing to say, 'We do not know.' The modern agnostic, whose very name means "we do not know," paradoxically assumes, to know everything knowable and a few other things also. And our reviewer gives us a fair sample of this feeling of omniscient superiority when he adds to his list of distorted facts of history the gratuitous statement, "Anti-toxin would undoubtedly have been considered a very dangerous heresy from all standpoints."
"He, Dr. Dwight, grudgingly admits evolution," says the learned Colonel. Yes, he admits proved scientific facts, and denies the fantastic theories that go far and away beyond any ascertained facts of science.

"The most significant feature of the book is the advance it marks in the distance which orthodoxy has travelled. Fifty years ago no recognized authorities of any church would have treated an evolutionist as an orthodox man."
Of course "evolutionist" is one of those elastic terms which may mean anything; but here is something written not fifty years ago, but six hundred years ago, and quoting St. Augustine, who wrote one thousand five hundred years ago:

St. Thomas Aquinas, the greatest theological doctor, thus speaks of evolution:
"Q. 69, art. 2—"Augustine says that this is said to have brought forth herbs and trees, inasmuch as it received the power of bringing them forth. Hence on the third day they were not actually brought forth but only *causally*."
Q. 70, art. 1—"But Augustine says that on the fifth day the nature of the waters brought forth fishes and birds *potentially*."
Q. 72, art. 1—"According to Augustine the terrestrial animals were brought forth *potentially*."
Q. 73, art. 1.3m—"Nothing entirely new has been subsequently made by God, which has not had some sort of beginning in the works of the Hexameron. For some things existed *materially* and some *causally*. Thus the individuals now generated had a beginning in the first individuals of their species. And if *new species arise*, they had a beginning in certain active principles."
For fifteen hundred years this forecast of the *origin of species* has held its ground and never once has it been condemned as unorthodox by "theological tyranny" or "clerical absolutism."

THE ANGLICAN MEMORANDUM AND CLANDESTINE MARRIAGES
In the discussion of the recent marriage law of the Church, the term "clandestine" is frequently used, and almost invariably in a wrong sense. This might be excusable in certain cases; but when a body of educated men pretend to treat learnedly of such a subject and take the responsibility of stirring up religious prejudices, is it too much to expect them to inform themselves as to the meaning of the terms used in the legislation they condemn?
Webster's Dictionary defines "clandestine" as conducted with secrecy; withdrawn from public notice, usually for an evil purpose; kept secret; hidden; private; underhand; as, a clandestine marriage.
This is not at all the meaning of the term in Canon Law which all other kinds of law has its technical terms with well-known and clearly defined meanings. A marriage may be as public as it is possible to make it, may be announced in the press beforehand, its celebration witnessed by thousands and yet be canonically a clandestine marriage. Every marriage is a clandestine

marriage unless contracted before the parish priest of the parties (or one of them), the ordinary of the place or before a priest delegated by either of these and two witnesses. A marriage before a duly authorized priest and two witnesses is not a clandestine marriage, even though the fact of the marriage be kept secret from all the friends and acquaintances of the contracting parties. This is the plain and clearly defined meaning of the term clandestine when used by the Church in her marriage laws.

The Anglican memorandum on the *Ne Temere* decree says:
"(The Benedictine) decree declared mixed or clandestine marriages to be valid even when the witness thereto is a Protestant minister."
It would be interesting to know just what meaning these learned specialists, who have undertaken the task of enlightening the country, attach to "clandestine" in the foregoing sentence.

But when they come to the elucidation of the Benedictine Decree and its bearing on the present situation those blind guides flounder hopelessly in the ditch. That their unscholarly treatment of the question is due to gross ignorance is evident from a quotation on another page from Father Gouthier's commentary on the Benedictine Declaration.

To understand this question it is only necessary to remember that the decree of the Council of Trent enacted that a marriage to be valid must be contracted before the parish priest or some other priest delegated by him and in the presence of two or three witnesses. All other marriages were clandestine marriages and therefore invalid. But the *Tametsi* decree, unlike the *Ne Temere*, had to be published in each parish and had no force except in those places in which it had been promulgated. In many parts of the world it was never in force. Benedict XIV. issued his famous decree of declaration with regard to the marriages of Protestants in Holland and Belgium, declaring that such marriages in these countries were not governed by the *Tametsi* decree of the Council of Trent, and hence, though clandestine, were valid. He declared further that clandestine mixed marriages were also valid in those places where clandestine marriages of Protestants among themselves were valid. Though this decree or declaration referred only to Holland and Belgium it gradually extended to many parts of the world under the name of the Benedictine dispensation or the Benedictine privilege. So that generally speaking clandestine mixed marriages were valid even where the *Tametsi* decree had been promulgated. That is to say, that the marriage of a Protestant and a Catholic was valid even if contracted before a Protestant minister, Justice of the Peace, or in any other way provided by the civil laws.

Now hear the grave and reverend authors of the memorandum:
"In 1741, Pope Benedict XIV. issued the Benedictine Decree, which, according to its terms, affected only Roman Catholics."
"This decree was not intended to and did not affect the marriages of Protestants."
Could gross ignorance go further? The Benedictine Decree related exclusively to Protestant marriages, and as a consequence to mixed marriages; but did not affect the marriages of Catholics amongst themselves in the remotest manner.

The Benedictine dispensation extended to Canada after the English occupation and hence all clandestine mixed marriages contracted before April 18th, 1906, are valid in Canon Law as well as in Civil Law.
The *Ne Temere* Decree abrogates this privilege, and clandestine mixed marriages, though valid civilly are no longer recognized by the Church as valid sacramental marriages.

It would be necessary to understand what hazy misconception of the Benedictine dispensation the Anglican committee had to follow their tortuous reasoning thereon.
Another ludicrous mistake of these gentlemen is the interpretation of the following clause of the *Ne Temere* Decree:

"The same laws are binding also on the same Catholics as above, if they contract betrothal or marriage with non-Catholics, baptized or unbaptized, even after a dispensation has been obtained from the impediment mixtæ religionis or disparitatis cultus; unless the Holy See decree otherwise for some particular place or region."

The meaning is very plain; mixed marriages henceforth must be entered into before the parish priest of the Catholic party except in those places or regions which the Holy See may exempt from this clause of the decree. By a later decree, Provida, the Holy See exempted Germany from the new legislation in so far as mixed marriages were concerned. A like dispensation has been granted to Hungarians marrying within the boundaries of Hungary, and some minor places; also all Catholics of the Eastern rite in union with the Holy See are exempt from the law.

The compilers of the memorandum interpret the words "unless the Holy See decree otherwise for some particular place or region," according to their own

misty conception of canon law, and their still mistier understanding of the Benedictine decree, and triumphantly conclude, "therefore the *Ne Temere* Decree does not affect Canada, and the old marriage law continues."
Again we read:

"It was equally a 'sacrament' where the marriage took place before a civil Magistrate."
Yes, those clandestine marriages that were valid were sacramental marriages. If our Anglican canonists took the trouble to learn the Catholic teaching with regard to marriage they would have avoided the cheap sarcasm of putting "sacrament" in inverted commas. The Church holds that the ministers of the sacrament of matrimony are the contracting parties themselves. And the very decree they are so learnedly discussing provides that in case a duly accredited priest cannot be reached inside of a month, "marriage may be validly and licitly entered upon by the formal declaration of consent made by the spouses in the presence of two witnesses."

What do intelligent Anglicans think of this memorandum issued in their name, bearing in its every page evidence of ignorant misconception of almost every phase of the question that it pretends to treat in a scholarly and exhaustive manner?

THE OLD STORY

Of all the preachers of the sects we think the Baptist is the least entitled to the claim of profound learning. One of them in Detroit, by name Rev. T. W. Young, condemns the use of the crucifix by the Roman Catholic Church. "By its practices," he adds, "the Roman Church has constantly ignored the commandment which says, 'Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image nor bow down and worship it.' We hasten to assure the reverend gentlemen that Catholics do not do this. If he desires to become informed as to the use the Catholics make of the crucifix he should step into a Public Library and consult the Catholic Encyclopaedia, after which he would be in a different frame of mind. We pity the congregation that takes its instruction and inspiration from such ill-educated spiritual guides as the Rev. T. W. Young. We should like to enter into an explanation of this matter for his benefit were it not that life is too short and more important matters claim a space in our columns.

Meantime let us remind him that he takes rank with the inconsistent class. While he is opposed to Catholics making use of the cross as a symbol, and calls it idolatry, he forgets that the Baptist sect uses a symbol too. On many of its churches may be found a weathervane, denoting that the members of that Church are cast about by every wind of doctrine, for we have the Arminian, or General Baptists, the Calvinistic, or Particular Baptists, the Baptist Church of Christ, the Campbellites, the Dunkards, the Free-Will Baptists, the Old Two-Seed-in-the-Spirit Predestinarian Baptists, the Hard Shell Baptists, the Seventh Day Baptists, the Six-Principle Baptists, etc., etc.

ANOTHER NEW CHURCH

On last Sunday was dedicated to the service of Almighty God Holy Angels' Church, St. Thomas, in this diocese. It was a remarkable event as betokening the spread of the faith, and the whole-hearted material interest in its substantial upbuilding on the part of the people of that parish whose pastor is Rev. T. West, a priest of most remarkable apostolic zeal. For St. Thomas the church which he and his people have erected seemed at first sight to be a work of such magnitude that a few were inclined to think it was too great an undertaking for the present. But the Right Rev. Dr. Fallon, Bishop of London, and Rev. T. West, are not building only for the present. The great work was undertaken by the pastor with a firm faith that the Eternal Founder of the Church would be with him. He has not been disappointed, for the financial outlook is exceedingly hopeful. Such is always the outcome when priest and people are of one mind and one heart. We congratulate Father West and the Catholic people of St. Thomas. No finer church edifice may be found in any parish of the same size in the province of Ontario.

The past few years has shown remarkable growth in church property in the diocese of London. Right Rev. Bishop Fallon's watchword seems to be "Build up; spread the faith." Not only have the larger parishes been well supplied with splendid church edifices, schools, rectories and religious institutions, but the smaller ones, where the Catholics are few and poor and far between, are not forgotten, and ere long wherever even a dozen Catholic families may be found they will have a place of worship and a priest, if not in their midst, at a convenient distance. This is a blessed work for which future generations will be grateful to our Bishop. In the old days, because of adverse conditions, some of the sheepfold strayed into the by-paths of heresy, and the sorrowful

spotcase presents itself of men and women of Catholic blood and Catholic names associated in religious communion with those whose ancestors cast themselves loose from the centre of Christian unity. All honor be to those who are thus endeavoring to keep the sheepfold intact and who are striving to bring back the lost ones. We congratulate our Right Rev. Bishop. With priests possessing such abounding zeal and perseverance and constancy of purpose as the pastor of St. Thomas he will be strengthened to reach that high ideal which he has set for himself in spreading the faith.

THE SOUR AND THE SWEET

Here is an account of two receptions, one given by Sir James Whitney, the Premier of Ontario, and the other by Mr. Rowell, the leader of the Opposition, to Mr. Joseph Gibson, President of the Ontario Alliance:

"When I went into Sir James' room and took hold of his hand I did most of the shaking. He hardly deigned to look at me. The discourtesy he showed us was not becoming a gentleman. He gave no answer. I say he ought to have given an answer. And God helping me, Tory though I am, I'll make him answer yet."
"I gave Mr. Rowell my hand. It was as if I were giving my hand to my best girl. Mr. Rowell is a good Christian gentleman any party might be proud of. I say that, though I am a Tory and he is a Grit."
Of the two receptions that of Mr. Rowell was of course most to be commended, but Mr. Whitney may at least to some extent be excused because "his moustache went up and his nose came down." First of all, the Alliance people are seeking the impossible, and secondly, a large percentage of them are not sincere. This large percentage will, during a term of three years and eleven months, preach prohibition, and for one month before the election will once again become ardent politicians, Grit or Tory as the case may be, postponing thought of their darling project, prohibition of the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors. With every other province in the Dominion selling it and making it, and with our big hundred million neighbor selling it and making it, the prospect of bringing about such a happy outcome in Ontario is but a dream, and a very foolish one at that. Meantime our best course is to adopt such temperance legislation as it is within our power to enforce. Better stay as we are than become as the State of Maine—the home of hypocrisy.

AS TO INTOLERANCE

An agent of the Canadian Press Service has sent the startling news from Quebec that two Protestants, by majorities of one hundred and eighteen and two hundred and thirty eight, have been defeated in the civic elections in that city. Two Catholics by very large majorities were defeated in Toronto at the last election when running for the Board of Control and nothing was said about it. Toronto never yet had a Catholic Mayor. It would be too much to expect Canada's Belfast to elect one, and Toronto, at rare intervals, has had a Catholic alderman. In the matter of religious tolerance the Catholic Province of Quebec has given many examples which should be a lesson for the Protestant Province of Ontario. We firmly believe that the two Protestants in Quebec were not defeated because they were Protestants, but for other reasons. It is a miserable business this voting for a man because he is a member of this or that Church or this or that lodge. Fitness for the office should be the test. Many a first class bootler takes refuge in a church or a lodge to promote his selfish purposes.

FROM ONE OF THEIR OWN

Reynold's newspaper, of London, England, published by Protestants, is severe on the Orangemen. In its issue of Feb. 4th, the editor tells us that "the conduct of the Ulster Orangemen has an aspect which deserves attention. They stand forth as representatives of Protestantism in its purest form. Now in its last analysis Protestantism stands for freedom of belief and speech. The Reformers protested against the attempt made in their day to prevent free discussion, Freedom of thought and utterance they contended to be a natural right of man. Such a theory, of course, is incompatible with intolerance and persecution. And yet we have in Ireland a band of men calling themselves Protestants who would trample under their political boots the very principles for which their ancestors contended. The Orangemen are not patriots, but renegades, political apostates who mistake splenic ferocity for patriotic fervour, and sectarian bombast for holy zeal. Orangemen is not Protestantism; it is a kind of religious and political fungus, a parasitical excretion. Home Rule will be the death of it, as Orangemen well know—hence their uproarious rowdiness, their flutulent violence."

ANOTHER HOOKING

We have always held William Briggs, publisher, Toronto, in high esteem, and we should be sorry indeed if we were forced not to consider him a good Christian gentleman. We are more than surprised that he has permitted his publishing house to give to the world a novel in which, the advertisement tells us, the life of a pure minded Protestant woman is sacrificed and the career of her boy blighted by ecclesiastical tyranny. We are furthermore told that the work shows in clear, heart-reaching language how easily the *Ne Temere* decree can twist a good husband into a home wrecker. The average non-Catholic, reading this book, will take it for granted that fiction is fact. In times of excitement there will always be found a literary soldier of fortune who will throw upon the market a book that sells. He cares not what he puts into it so long as it brings him money. The author of this work ought to be ashamed of himself, that is, if he has any shame left. Matters of controversy between Catholics and Protestants may surely be carried on in a judicial manner becoming high-minded citizens. It is a pity that so much contumaciousness is given to these gypsy writers who are ever ready to turn the dishonest penny, reeking not what turbulence may be created in the community by their abom-

nable work. William Briggs, we are surprised! Surely, you did not see the manuscript of this novel before it was handed to your compositor. We should not like to put you in the same class as the editor of what we may call the Weekly Maria Monk—the Orange organ of Toronto.

A LITTLE SERMON

George Joy, of Acton, when charged with contracting a bigamous marriage with Mrs. Blanche Racon, an Italian woman, pleaded through his counsel, Mrs. T. C. Robbette, K.C., in the Police Court yesterday morning, that he understood the young woman had obtained a divorce from her first husband, Thomas Racon. Racon and his wife are Roman Catholics, and were married in Toronto by Father LeMarche. The second marriage took place last Nov. in Acton, the ceremony being performed by Rev. J. C. Wilson, Presbyterian. Blanche Racon has been convicted of bigamy, and is serving a six months' term on that charge.

ANOTHER ONE

The examination of Everett McLellan, of Tennoyspe, charged with seduction of Miss Frances Longard, also of Tennoyspe, took place before Stipendiary James Farquhar on Thursday of last week. The evidence adduced was that the girl was under age, she being only fourteen years old last March. The evidence of the girl was that McLellan induced her to go with him against the wishes of her parents. He took her to St. John, N. B., and was there married by the Rev. Gordon Dickie, on the 2nd day of December. After the evidence was all taken, McLellan was sent up for trial in the Supreme Court.

AS TO INTOLERANCE

Most of the trouble and noise in the world is caused by people meddling in matters of which they know nothing. The present agitation over the *Ne Temere* decree is an example. The frothy Orange utterances against Home Rule is another case in point. The brethren in Toronto, Winnipeg, and other centres have been making exhibitions of themselves, passing long-winded resolutions in defence of their "Protestant liberties," and planking down good Canadian dollars for the fight against "Roman aggression" under the guise of Home Rule. They would have it appear that Home Rule is a religious question. Nothing could be farther from the truth. Irishmen take their religion from Rome, but in the words of O'Connell, they would as soon take their politics from Constantinople as from the Vatican. Irish nationalism is neither Protestant nor Catholic. A man's worth to the cause is not measured by his religious beliefs, but by the genuineness of his service to Ireland. On the long roll of Irish patriots there are no more glorious names than those of Protestants. The canonized saint of Irish nationality, Robert Emmett, was a Protestant. Lord Edward Fitzgerald, another idol of the popular imagination, was a Protestant. Gratian was a Protestant. Isaac Butt, the first Home Rule leader, was a Protestant. Parnell, his successor, the man who broke the power of landlordism in Ireland, and who was almost worshipped by the people, was a Protestant. At the present moment the chief whip of the Nationalist party, Captain Donegan, is a Protestant, and there are six or eight Protestants sitting for purely Catholic constituencies. The Ancient Order of Hibernians has been denounced as sectarian, and as practicing a rigorous boycott of Protestants, yet in places such as Donegal and Dublin, where the Order is all powerful, we find its members electing Protestant representatives, thus demonstrating that Irish nationalism knows no religious tests. Every responsible popular leader in Irish politics has raised his voice in defence of religious equality. Mr. Redmond has time and again assured British public opinion that Irishmen do not seek the ascendancy of any class or of any creed, and he has invited the Imperial Parliament to em-

body in the coming Home Rule bill such safeguards as it may deem necessary to ensure minority rights. That such legislative safeguards are unnecessary the whole course of Irish history goes to prove. Three times since the "Reformation" Irish Catholics have been in possession of political power—in fact, of the government of the country—yet they never passed one penal law nor persecuted one single Protestant. Speaking at Glasgow recently Wm. Redmond publicly challenged the Unionists to prove that any Protestant, any single man, woman, or child, is being persecuted in Ireland because of their religion. "I ask," said Mr. Redmond, "that their names and the districts should be given to me, privately if need be, and I pledge myself, if such information be given me, to go down myself to that district and to denounce the outrage and to stop it. But, my challenge will remain unanswered. There is no such case in the whole of Ireland."

Protestants have been boycotted in Ireland, but only for political offences. In the old Land League days no landlord was more detested by the people than Lord De Freyne, and he was a Catholic. Surely a handful of North-east Ulster Orangemen, and their next-of-kin in Toronto, do not think that their Protestantism could whitewash such inhuman monsters as Lord Clanricarde and the rest of the brood of exterminating landlords who sent hundreds of thousands to the poorhouse, the grave, or the emigrant ship to make way for the bullocks? They were boycotted by the people for their crimes against the people, not because they were of a different faith. The fact that they were of the same faith did not save the Catholic landlords from the peoples' wrath. Religion had nothing to do with it, and nobody knows this better than the men of the lodges. There has been persecution for faith's sake in Ireland, but the Catholics were the persecuted, not the persecutors. Now that it looks as if Catholic Emancipation were at long last to become something more than a legislative enactment, and that it would be no longer possible for an insolent minority to lord it over the majority, we are relegated with the old cry of religious intolerance. There was no mention of intolerance when, year after year, the incorporation of Belfast refused to employ a Catholic; when Derry with a majority of Catholic inhabitants would not have a Catholic mayor; when no Catholic Unionist was ever sent to Parliament by an Ulster Unionist constituency; when the railways, banks, government departments, etc., were all manned by Protestants? Catholic Emancipation has been eighty years on the statute book, but it might as well have never been passed. To-day the Catholic is the slave of the Ascendancy. And it is simply because Home Rule will change this by ensuring fair play for the majority that the self-styled "English garrison in Ireland" is opposed to it. Orangemen sees its privileges in danger of being swept away. It is beginning to realize that it must in the near future take its chance with the rest of the community. It knows that in a self-governing Ireland it will have to stand on its merits. It has cursed the Pope so long and so vehemently that it hates to think it will have to recognize its Papist fellow-countryman as an equal in fact as well as in theory. Ulster talks glibly of fighting Home Rule. Carson and my Lord Londonderry will die in the last ditch before they bow their necks to Rome. The timid can rest easy. Carson and my Lord will die in their beds. There is no question of their being forced to bow to Rome. The religious question is not a factor in the Home Rule fight. Home Rule will not lead to a Catholic persecution of Protestants, but it will render impossible the systematic exclusion of Catholics by the Protestant minority. And that is why they are opposed to it. Irishmen seek to govern Ireland according to Irish ideas, not in the interest of any party or religious body, but for the welfare of the country as a whole. "Ireland," said Parnell, "cannot afford to do without one of her sons." In the work of re-building the nation that must follow Home Rule there will be room and to spare for all, and no man will be excluded because of his religious belief. The Irish Nationalist creed is well summed up in the lines of the Protestant poet, Davis:

"If you're to Ireland true,
We heed not creed, nor race, nor clan,
We've hearts and hands for you."

Sectarian bitterness has been fostered in north-east Ulster for a purpose. The passage of Home Rule will, as Mr. Churchill said at Belfast, destroy forever this accursed machinery for the manufacture of hate, and then we may confidently look forward to an era of peace and prosperity in Ireland, when Belfast and Cork will both vie with each other in making for the newer and the greater Ireland. Old feuds will be forgotten, old differences disregarded, old wounds healed, when Orange and Green will blend together in the dawn of Ireland's re-birth.

COLUMBA

FIVE-MINUTE SERMON

SECOND SUNDAY IN LENT

BENEFITS OF A GOOD CONFESSION

"In thee, O God, I put my trust, let me not be ashamed." (Ps. xiv. 1.)

When our first parents fell from virtue they immediately hid themselves. This sense of shame for sin is committed...

There are some who from this year sense of shame go on from year to year making bad confessions, go on from year to year hiding some sweet darling sin...

"Fruit-a-tives" cured him. TRENTON, Ont., Jan. 29th, 1909. "I was a dreadful sufferer for many years from Stomach and Liver Trouble...

"Fruit-a-tives" cured my headaches, but completely cured me of all indigestion, and restored me to perfect health again." W. J. McCOMB.

"Fruit-a-tives" is the greatest cure for headaches in the world and is the only medicine made of fruit juices.

"Fruit-a-tives" will always cure Headaches, Indigestion and all Stomach and Bowel Troubles. 50c. a box, 6 for \$2.50, or trial size, 25c. At all dealers or from Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

The Pope. Several Catholics, priests and laymen, among whom the Slav element was strongly represented, proved that the vast majority of the Ruthenian immigrants were Uniate Catholics...

A little more than seventeen years ago an elderly Catholic gentleman moved by pity for neglected Catholic sailors, made a practice of visiting the ships in the port of Montreal, talking kindly to the Catholic sailors on each ship...

What an enterprising woman can do for the social betterment of her sex is exemplified in the Secretary of the "Federation National St-Jean Baptiste." This lady, whose name and address are given in the "Handbook of Catholic Charitable and Social Works in Montreal," published recently by the Catholic Social Study Guild...

Very intimate is the bond that links the social organization of a country with its religious and moral dispositions. Religion is, so to speak, the soul of society; economic and social institutions, its body.

Some two years ago a wave of reform swept the city of Montreal. Protestants were even more ardent than Catholics in cleaning out the Augean stables...

Thanks to this fellowship in civic activity the Protestants, by their own accord, waived their claim to elect a Protestant mayor because it was fitting the majority should be held by a Catholic during the year of the Eucharistic Congress. Thus it happened that, together with an honest body of controllers and aldermen, Montrealers had for two years as Chief Executive of their metropolitan city a distinguished and zealous Catholic honored by all classes and creeds.

About ten years ago, shortly after the arrival in Manitoba of many thousand Ruthenians, imported into Canada by a Federal Minister because he believed that they were enemies of the Catholic Church, the Presbyterians in the West organized Ruthenian schools which were hotbeds of Protestant proselytism. As soon as the new Catholic immigrants became widely known, the President and members of the Catholic Club of Winnipeg invited Presbyterian ministers and laymen to discuss the matter publicly with Catholic priests and laymen. The invitation having been accepted, a public meeting was called in the Winnipeg City Hall. It was well attended. The discussion was carried on with perfect decorum. Several Presbyterian ministers attempted to defend their religious propaganda by the plea that the Ruthenians were not in communion with

GENERAL INTENTION FOR MARCH

RECOMMENDED AND BLESSED BY HIS HOLINESS PIUS X.

CATHOLIC SOCIAL ACTION

Some two years ago a wave of reform swept the city of Montreal. Protestants were even more ardent than Catholics in cleaning out the Augean stables, though of course the great majority of the victorious votes was Catholic. Thanks to this fellowship in civic activity the Protestants, by their own accord, waived their claim to elect a Protestant mayor because it was fitting the majority should be held by a Catholic during the year of the Eucharistic Congress. Thus it happened that, together with an honest body of controllers and aldermen, Montrealers had for two years as Chief Executive of their metropolitan city a distinguished and zealous Catholic honored by all classes and creeds.

Thanks to this fellowship in civic activity the Protestants, by their own accord, waived their claim to elect a Protestant mayor because it was fitting the majority should be held by a Catholic during the year of the Eucharistic Congress.

Thanks to this fellowship in civic activity the Protestants, by their own accord, waived their claim to elect a Protestant mayor because it was fitting the majority should be held by a Catholic during the year of the Eucharistic Congress.

Thanks to this fellowship in civic activity the Protestants, by their own accord, waived their claim to elect a Protestant mayor because it was fitting the majority should be held by a Catholic during the year of the Eucharistic Congress.

TERRIBLE HEADACHES

Trouble Merchant Driven To Despair By The Pain.

"FRUIT-A-TIVES" CURED HIM

TRENTON, Ont., Jan. 29th, 1909. "I was a dreadful sufferer for many years from Stomach and Liver Trouble...

"Fruit-a-tives" cured my headaches, but completely cured me of all indigestion, and restored me to perfect health again." W. J. McCOMB.

"Fruit-a-tives" is the greatest cure for headaches in the world and is the only medicine made of fruit juices.

"Fruit-a-tives" will always cure Headaches, Indigestion and all Stomach and Bowel Troubles. 50c. a box, 6 for \$2.50, or trial size, 25c. At all dealers or from Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

oling the other. That is why our association, the Apostleship of Prayer, taking an active part in the world-wide efforts of the Church, and careful to save her imperial interests by prayer and good deeds has so often, of late years, recommended Social Work, Working Men and Women, The Fight Against Socialism, and Catholic Associations.

At the present moment we are concerned especially with the improvement of the conditions of labor. One of the chief sins of Catholic social action is to organize labor according to the doctrines of Christianity. Now, the organization of labor depends, whether we will or no, on preconceived notions as to the destiny of mankind; and as these are the same, the method of organization and object of human life, there are likewise two systems of labor organizations, the Christian and the anti-Christian.

If, as we stoutly maintain, the only rational view is that man is created to share the life of God and thus attain eternal life, the conditions of his life here below must favor, instead of thwarting, the fulfillment of his glorious destiny. In other words, the exigencies of industrial production must be subordinated, and, if necessary, sacrificed to the supreme exigencies of man's moral perfection and salvation.

If, on the contrary, the destiny of mankind is confined to the narrow limits of the present life, if all happiness consists in enjoying the good things of this world, it is only natural that industrial production, the source of riches and pleasures for the lucky few, should seem to them the final end of all labor, an end to which may logically be sacrificed the dignity, happiness, health and life of millions of human beings.

Conversely on this hypothesis, the working masses will shrink from nothing that may free them from this degrading slavery and enable them to share in that earthly happiness which seems to them the sole reason of their existence. In a society where such ideas prevail the organization of labor will be naught but that unstable equilibrium which the violent conflict of opposing interests sets up between those who enjoy and those who suffer.

This truly lamentable state of things, which obtains in so many parts of the world in what some people still call an enlightened age, is a return to the conditions of the pagan world at the coming of Christ and is a logical consequence of the rejection of Christian principles by the organization of labor.

For a pagan society had, like its modern imitators, solved the labor question by means of the basest selfishness. The vast majority of mankind were slaves to the privileged few, whose wealth, birth and armed retainers forcibly suppressed all those difficulties which must necessarily arise in labor contracts between freemen. Against this tyrannical treatment of the multitude Christianity raised up a new standard of life. Henceforth, what mattered most was, not to have great possessions, but to be good, to love God and one's neighbor in order to be happy hereafter forever.

Consequently, labor must be accepted as a purveyor not to the luxury of the rich but to the needs of all, so that all might engage in the great business of life, salvation. Slavery, therefore, became a shameful institution, which must disappear. In a single day St. Melanis the Younger, the wealthiest Roman patrician of the fourth century, freed so large a number of slaves that he biographer Gerontius could not count them. Many other rich proprietors had preceded her many followed her in this path of righteous self-sacrifice. The old order was crumbling to pieces.

In succeeding ages the Church preached by precept and by the example of her monks who cleared the forests of Europe, the dignity of manual labor, until, in the thirteenth century that splendid organization of labor the Catholic guild, spread throughout Christendom. The Christian idea that industrial and agricultural production is made for man, and not man for production, achieved a complete triumph. The best interests of the worker and of his family, his moral and professional worth, the safeguarding of his health and life, unlike more largely in the rules of these working guilds than the mere pecuniary reward of his labor. Contrary to the absurd Socialistic tendency in our day to insist that the lazy and inefficient workman should receive the same wage as his active and efficient fellow worker, the guild put a premium on brains, skill and fidelity to contract. The result was the incomparable cathedrals of the Middle Ages, a product of true civilization among workmen.

The religious and social guilds, once so flourishing in England, were suppressed as superstitious by the Reformations. The trade guild survived as corporations or companies; but, having lost the quickening spirit of religion, they soon ceased to safeguard the crafts whose names they bear. In France also, under the despotic rule of the later kings, the guilds ceased to be a means of protection for a majority of the members, and their privileges became a means of filling the royal coffers at the expense of the employers, while the latter retaliated on the public from whom they had no competition to fear.

In 1791 the French Revolution, which, like the Protestant Reformation, never reformed when it could destroy, abolished the guilds.

This abolition has resulted in the last hundred years of bitter antagonism between Capital and Labor. Capital treats man as a machine. Labor fights capital with dynamite. No wonder industrial, unhistorical socialism, which knows nothing of high ideals or the workings of conscience, should step in and promise a millennium for all on the sole condition that all goods should be equally divided.

What we need is not an unpractical dream upsetting the foundations of society, but real reform. Our associates should strive, each in his sphere, whether it be large or small, to influence local and federal legislation for the improvement of labor conditions, for the prohibition of night work for women and child, of excessive labor, of unsanitary workshops. In this matter Belgium affords the most instructive example of Catholic social action. The best elements of social

work are prepared in the houses of retreat where ten thousand industrial and agricultural workmen foregather every year to seek the practical inspiration of religious motives. They have, in consequence, organized themselves as well that Le Peuple, the official organ of the Belgian socialists, admitted recently that their own socialist syndicates numbered only 68,984 members, whereas the Catholic syndicates, in August, 1911, numbered 71,235 members.

The good work is already begun in many other countries. There are here and there noble examples of capitalists who respect the just claims of labor and even sympathize with their workmen. Let us pray and work that the movement may spread. The material well-being and moral salvation of the working classes is a vital factor in the Christian progress of the world. The best way to attain this end is Catholic social action sustained by prayer to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, who sanctified manual labor by devoting to it ten-elevenths of His mortal life.

LEWIS DRUMMOND, S. J.

The Church and Cremation

"The Church condemns cremation," says the True Voice, "principally because it has been adopted as a profession of unbelief by certain societies which the Church condemns. She wishes her members to be decently interred, because of respect for the body which shall arise again, and because it is more in keeping with the profession of belief in that truth. She forbids her funeral rites to be performed over any person who may request cremation after death. Of course, this prohibition does not extend to cases where necessary require cremation of large numbers as, for instance, in case of war or a devastating plague. But,

The Church condemns cremation, says the True Voice, "principally because it has been adopted as a profession of unbelief by certain societies which the Church condemns. She wishes her members to be decently interred, because of respect for the body which shall arise again, and because it is more in keeping with the profession of belief in that truth. She forbids her funeral rites to be performed over any person who may request cremation after death.

Of course, this prohibition does not extend to cases where necessary require cremation of large numbers as, for instance, in case of war or a devastating plague. But,

ACETYLENE

The Safe White Light. Don't let anyone frighten you out of enjoying the advantages of Acetylene by telling you that it's dangerous. Compared with other lighting systems it is SAFE, for it is responsible for fewer fires than any other illuminant.

Kerosene and gasoline cause the most fires; next in order comes electric light, caused by bad wiring; then coal gas; then candles, while Acetylene causes fewest.

Don't let any misplaced caution prevent you from putting in this whitest, softest, most agreeable of all forms of lighting, for the danger from Acetylene is, as you see, much smaller than that from the other lamps you are now using. For full information about Acetylene lighting, methods of installation, cost, etc., write.

ACETYLENE CONSTRUCTION CO., LIMITED 604 POWER BLDG., MONTREAL. Cor. McAvish and 6th Sts., Brandon, Man. 422 Richards St., Vancouver.

THE WORLD'S WORK DEPENDS ON THE WORLD'S DIGESTION

From the captain of industry to the hod carrier—from the milady in the auto to the woman with the scrubbing brush—the accomplishments of every one of us depend absolutely on the accomplishments of our stomachs.

Backed by a good digestion, a man can give the best that is in him. When his stomach fails, he becomes a weakling.

By this loss of power no one need submit. Right habits of eating, drinking, sleeping and exercise, aided by Na-Drin-Co Dyspepsia Tablets, will restore and maintain the full efficiency of the human mind and body.

Na-Drin-Co Dyspepsia Tablets contain the active principles needed for the digestion of every kind of food. They go to the assistance of the weakened stomach, and enable the sufferer, right from the start, to assimilate and get the benefit of the food eaten. With this assistance, the digestive organs regain their tone, and soon the use of the tablets is no longer necessary.

If your stomach is not working properly, try Na-Drin-Co Dyspepsia Tablets, 50c. your druggist's. National Drug and Chemical Co. of Canada, Limited, Montreal.

The VARENI VIOLIN

A really good violin sold at a price that is within the reach of everyone. Are you struggling along under the handicap of a poor instrument? Give yourself a chance to really do your best. The Vareni Violin is sold at an extremely reasonable price and it is an instrument with which you can secure the very finest results.

As it is made by a master violin maker from selected materials, it will prove extremely satisfactory both in regard to construction and appearance.

The tone is exceptionally fine, being rich and pure and of a quality that will delight you. There are three lines of Vareni Violin; all the same model but with fittings of different quality. No. 61 at \$25.00 No. 62 at \$35.00 No. 23 at \$45.00

The satisfaction to be secured from this violin will repay you for the trouble of learning more about it. For further information we will be glad to have you call or write to us addressing Dept. S.

Other lines of Violin from \$5 to \$5,000. THE R. S. WILLIAMS & SONS CO. LIMITED 143 YONGE ST., TORONTO

in general, cremation is forbidden by the Church because of its association with unbelief in Christianity.

KANTKRACK COLLARS

A LINEN COLLAR THAT DOESN'T NEED LAUNDRYING. You clean it yourself in a few seconds with a damp cloth and sponge and it will look as if it had just come from the laundry.

A STYLE FOR EVERY WEARER. KANTKRACK Collars have the following special and exclusive features that will appeal to you: Waterproof, Pure Linen, Slit in back which makes it easy buttoning and no pressure on the neck. Flexible lips that prevent cracking at the front fold.

Buy one at your dealer or send, stating size and style with 25c. to PARSONS & PARSONS CANADIAN CO., 101 Main Street, Hamilton, Ont.

These Collars are just the thing for the boys.

MADE IN CANADA BY The Parsons & Parsons Canadian Co., HAMILTON - ONTARIO

Significant Advances

A few striking comparisons made by Mr. E. P. Clement, K.C., President of the Mutual Life of Canada. Income... 1886 1911 Increased. Assets... 1911 1912 Increased.

Mutual Life OF CANADA

in his address to Policyholders at the 42nd Annual Meeting of the Company, held February first instant:

Table with columns for Income, Assets, Insurance, and Surplus for 1886, 1911, and 1912.

Head Office: Waterloo, Ont.

O'KEEFE'S Liquid Extract OF Malt with Iron

is an ideal preparation for building up the BLOOD and BODY. It is more readily assimilated and absorbed into the circulatory fluid than any other preparation of iron.

It is of great value in all forms of Anemia and General Debility. For Sale at Drug Stores.

W. LLOYD WOOD General Agent Toronto & Canada

The Northern Life Assurance Company of Canada. ENTHUSIASM is the key note of success in the profession of a Life Insurance man. Enthusiasm for the work: Enthusiasm for the Company.

During The Past Ten Years the NORTH AMERICAN LIFE has paid to policyholders or their beneficiaries for Death Claims, Dividends, Maturity investment and Maturity Endowment Policies, etc., the sum of \$6,320,296.41

North American Life Assurance Company. Home Office Toronto.

Memorial Church Windows. LEADED ART GLASS. Estimates and Sketches on application. Cutler Art Glass Co., 434 Richmond St., LONDON, CANADA.

CHURCH BELLS. The Old Reliable Meneely Foundry, CHURCH, CHIME, BELL, SCHOOL, AND OTHER BELLS.

If You Have Rheumatism Read This Offer. A 50c. Box Sent FREE to All. John A. Smith and His Remarkable Rheumatism Remedy. Cured Himself First and Now Proposes to Cure the World.

JOHN A. SMITH. address. Mr. Smith has suffered all the agony and torture from rheumatism, tried all the remedies known, and yet utterly failed to find relief. At times he was so helpless that he had to take morphine and after considerable doctoring he gave up in despair.

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

THE MONEY THAT SLIPS AWAY

"I get \$15 a week, and I never have a single cent of it when Saturday comes," said a boy of nineteen to me one day not long ago.

"Perhaps you have some one besides yourself to support," I said.

"No, I do not," was the reply. "I pay \$4 a week for my room and board at home, and all the rest goes."

"How does it go?"

"Well, it just seems to slip from me, somehow or other. I just cannot save a cent of it. There's so much to tempt a fellow to spend money nowadays. I never expect to save a cent."

I looked at the young man as he stood before me. He wore a handsome tailor-made suit of clothes. His tie must have cost a \$1.50 and he had a pin on the tie for which he said rather boastfully that he had "put up \$3."

Now, the men who have made themselves independent and who have money to spend for the good of others were not like this young fellow when they were boys. Had they been like him, they would never have been independent.

I suspect that this boy will verify his own prediction that he will never have a cent. He certainly will not until he acquires more wisdom than he seems to have at the present time.

The wealthiest man I know once told me that from his earliest manhood he had made it a fixed rule never to spend all that he earned.

When he was nineteen he began teaching a country school at a salary of \$8 a week, and he saved \$3 of it. Later, when his salary had been increased to \$10 a week he saved \$4 of it, and when he was earning \$15 a week he saved \$7 of it, investing it carefully.

Of course he did not wear tailor made clothes, and did not buy a new tie every two or three weeks and pay a dollar or more for it. I doubt if he ever paid \$1 for a tie in all his life.

And yet, he is by no means niggardly, for he gives away thousands every year to the suffering and for the benefit of humanity in general. There were temptations for him to spend all his earnings, but he did not yield to them. I have heard him say that he never went in debt for anything.

He could not pay for it he went without it. Some one has said: "Never treat money with levity; money is character."

BE CHEERFUL

It is very easy to keep a smile on our lips and a light in our eyes when the skies are blue, and the breezes blow softly, and from the woodlands near, cool shadows reach out invitingly.

Yes, there is nothing difficult about being gentle and loving and sweet when everything is just as we wish to have it. But when the change comes and the gray clouds sweep across the sun, and the long grass trembles in the wind, and the shadows which lie black upon the valley seem to darken our spirits too.

It is easy to sing when the blue skies are over us, but too often when the rain begins to fall, the music leaves our voices and only a dismal croaking joins the patter of the raindrops.

It is easy to recognize the faces that are lit by heart-sunshine. The sweetest of human voices are those which vibrate in harmony with inward music. The only puzzle is that more of us do not join the ranks of those whose joy is independent of the changes in this changing world.

There is nothing more beautiful in life than the expression and development of friendship. We do not use the term in the sense of acquaintances. General friendship is rare. The average man feels that he has many friends until some test disillusionizes him.

Friendships is a plant that does not thrive upon barren soil. Emerson says: "To have a friend you must be one." It thrives upon what it gives. Long ago mankind discovered that it was not good to be isolated and alone; that in the course of a life time each would feel the need of his fellowmen.

A man can be a millionaire and still be starving for the comradeship of men who like him for himself and not for what he possesses. Wealth alone does not bring you friends. The men who surround you and laugh at your jokes and call you a prince too frequently are courting your power and financial strength.

A certain rich man counted his friends by the hundreds until he went broke, when he found that his friends had flown, all except the old woman who kept a fruit stand. With tears of genuine sympathy she expressed her sorrow at his misfortune.

We all need friends. A life self-centered in its narrowness, and by the establishment of communal interests, by the development of keen interest in the welfare of our fellowmen that life becomes worth while. You are strong,

powerful and influential to-day, but there is a time coming to you, to all of us, when it will touch our heartstrings "to feel the soft touch of the hands of a friend."

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS PRINCE

The first faint glimmer of dawn streaking the eastern sky cast a weird light upon the deserted wreck far out at sea; and with its coming the merciless gale abated.

Down on the beach stood a group of fishermen, all of the village who were not busy tending the survivors of the wreck.

ROYAL YEAST. MOST PERFECT MADE. MAKES LIGHT WHOLESOME BREAD. REFUSE SUBSTITUTES. Includes image of yeast cake and logo.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS PRINCE

The first faint glimmer of dawn streaking the eastern sky cast a weird light upon the deserted wreck far out at sea; and with its coming the merciless gale abated.

Down on the beach stood a group of fishermen, all of the village who were not busy tending the survivors of the wreck.

The men and boys had just beached the boat in which they had hazarded their lives and were discussing the wreck and the dangers through which they had just passed.

At a hour before the little merchant ship Sea Gull had signalled frantically for help, struck on the sharp rocks just outside the choppy bay.

The waves ran high and the fierce booming of the heavy surf might well have struck terror to the bravest heart; but the sturdy fisherman had put out and manned a boat at once.

It is easy to recognize the faces that are lit by heart-sunshine. The sweetest of human voices are those which vibrate in harmony with inward music.

Among the half dozen passengers were a lady and her little son, a child of five years, who clung to his mother, with wide open eyes in which there was no trace of fear.

Even when the rough fisher lads had landed him in safety and placed him in bed, the distressed, hurt look remained, and the baby lips kept forming some indistinguishable word.

The good doctor sat by the rough little cot for a long time, while the big boys stood shyly by.

"He has evidently struck his head and been knocked almost unconscious," said he in a worried way. "Who or what is Prince?"

"His dog," said the lady anxiously. He was devoted to poor Prince, who must be at the bottom of the sea by this time!

The doctor shook his head. "The only remedy in the world that will keep the little fellow from going into a raging fever is a sight of that dog, Prince," said he.

act of affection should be unused — oh, no — by no means; for what is more touching to see than when a grown young man or woman kiss their old mother — not ashamed of her infirmity nor appalled by disease.

What if such a child, young or old, should not return home — should have met with an accident? Which would be more consoling to a really Christian mother's heart — to have kissed her child before leaving, or to have blessed it with holy water — although it would grieve her to have omitted the first?

Jack stood and lifted the dog high in his arms for the little fellow to see. There was a frantic whine of perfect happiness from the bedraggled dog, a low cry of bliss from the flushed little figure on the bed and next moment the two were an indistinguishable one.

The two boys, unashamed, openly wiped their eyes, then shamefacedly tried to back out of the room as people crowded about to congratulate them.

But here the doctor interposed, ordering everyone out of the room. "The child is dropping off to sleep, he said gladly, waving them downstairs.

Sure enough the chestnut head was dropping lower and lower, and finally boy and dog exhausted, slept quietly. As a result of that day's good deed Jack is very much higher up in the world than he would otherwise have been.

The "little fellow's" father was a very rich man, who insisted upon doing something for the brave lad who had saved the life of his only son.

As to day Jack is captain of his own crew and Jim is chief mate. And the greatest treat even yet anybody can bestow upon the "little fellow" — who, by the way, has grown very big — is to be allowed to go for a cruise with Jack and Jim and Prince.

GIVE THE BOY A CHANCE

Whether the boy or the girl shall be high or low in the social and industrial scale depends largely upon the way three or four years of the life between the twelfth and seventeenth birthdays are spent.

Some parents crave the earnings of their children between these years. The boy of thirteen can earn \$3 a week — or perhaps \$200 a year. In three years he can earn \$600 — but it may cost him his prospects in life.

Kept at school until sixteen, he might start life with a good common school education — probably with a year or so in the high school, to give him further ambition. Sent to work at thirteen, he is handicapped for life with an imperfect education — a scrawling penman, a bad speller and with no taste for reading. It is up to the parents to invest their children to the best advantage. Keep them at school.

MAKES A BOY POPULAR

What makes a boy popular? Surely it is manliness. During the war how many schools and colleges followed the popular boys? These young leaders were the manly boys whose hearts could be trusted.

1912 CONTEST. COUNT THE Xs AND Ts. \$100.00 GIVEN AWAY. Includes a grid of Xs and Ts.

BABY'S OWN SOAP

Best for Baby. Best for You. Includes image of a baby and a bar of soap.

THE particles of pure vegetable oil which are rubbed into the open pores of the skin with the creamy fragrant lather of Baby's Own Soap renew the life of the skin — help nature along.

Actions Speak Louder Than Words



Everywhere all the world over you will find the successful men and women are those who have "done things" and are doing things — you feel you can bank on them every time.

That's one reason why I always use the Metallic Roofing Co.'s materials on my various contracts and work — they don't have to tell you what they will or might do but show you what they "have done" and "are doing."

One great advantage of the Metallic Roofing Co.'s goods over any others, is that when your job is finished, whether Roofing, Siding, Walls, Ceilings or any old thing — you know it will never need any more attention — in your life time anyway. Now take

Honest Tales by the Philosopher of Metallic Town. EASTLAKE STEEL SHINGLES. They outwear any metal shingle on the market.

There are no other metal shingles on the market that can stand the "EASTLAKE" process. "EASTLAKE" Steel Shingles were the first lightning proof shingles in Canada — and are just as far ahead of others to-day — in fact with an "EASTLAKE" Roof you need no lightning rods.

THE METALLIC ROOFING CO., LIMITED. 1188 King Street West. TORONTO. BRANCH FACTORY: WINNIPEG. AGENTS IN PRINCIPAL CITIES.

New Scale Williams. The Piano of Caruso, Farrar, Scotti, Sembrich, Elmam and other great Artists. Includes images of pianists and a piano.

LENTEN CONFERENCES

CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIVE
wealth. But he was intensely interested in socialism as a living, moving concern with a well-organized press, and a propaganda that was a mark of energy, he might say, of self sacrifice.

SHAMROCK WEEK IN OTTAWA

We wear a shamrock for the orphans! The Ladies' Auxiliary of St. Patrick's Asylum have decided to hold a Shamrock week (March 11th to March 17th inclusive) in aid of that worthy institution...

A NOBLE CALLING

The Catholic School Journal, in a recent issue, has a very timely article on "Vocations and Schools" in which the writer refers to the great need in the United States of vocations to the teaching brotherhoods.

Investment Securities

Government Bonds yield 3.80% to 5.00%
Municipal Debentures yield 4.20% to 5.00%
Corporation Bonds yield 4.80% to 6.00%

DR. A. W. CHASE'S CATARRH POWDER 25c.

is sent direct to the diseased parts by the improved Blower. It cleans the ulcers, clears the air passages, stops droppings in the throat and permanently cures Catarrh and Hay Fever.

CHILBLAINS SO BAD HE COULDN'T WEAR BOOTS

Though thousands suffer from chilblains every winter, few are laid up with them as was Mr. J. A. McFarlane, of Napanea, Ont. What cured him will surely cure anything in the way of chilblains.

A DREADFUL ACCIDENT

SUDDEN DEATH OF REV. EDWARD CURRAN, P. P., POUCH COVE, N.F.L.D.

We regret very much to announce the sudden death of Rev. Edw. Curran, of Pouch Cove, Nfld., by a terrible accident which happened through an explosion of acetylene gas.

TO EVANGELIZE THE AMERICAN CITY

Very Rev. A. P. Doyle Rector of the Apostolic Mission House lectured in Washington, D. C. on "Saving of the City." He maintained that if the American city is to be saved, it must be through the evangelic work of the Catholic Church.

DRUNKENNESS CAN BE CURED

Old Fallacy That Drunkenness Cannot Be Cured Exploded
Many men drink who desire to stop the habit. Whiskey, however, has undermined the constitution it created.

My Best Cow is Dying

The Independent Telephone brings the veterinary and your valuable milk is saved. In case of family illness, the telephone will speed the messenger in summoning the doctor.

STROMBERG-CARLSON

Independent Telephone
STROMBERG-CARLSON
Independent Telephone
Every errand means a trip to town. Help is coming and getting more difficult to find every year.

WELL, WELL!

THIS IS A HOME DYE THAT ANYONE CAN USE
I dyed ALL these DIFFERENT KINDS of Goods with the SAME Dye. I used DYOLA

SANOL

The new discovery will positively remove Gall Stones, Kidney Stones, Gravel, the Bladder and will effect a complete cure. It will dissolve and remove stones in an operation in the future, as Sanol will cure in every case no matter how long standing the disease may be.

More and Better Bread

will be the result of your baking, if you use White Swan Yeast Cakes. Your grocer keeps them in 50 packages of six cakes. Send to day for free sample.

METHODISM IN ROME

It costs the Methodists \$100,000 annually to run the "plant" in Rome with which they hope to destroy the Catholic Church. Yet we are to believe the Rev. J. W. Weir, a Protestant minister, that the apparent results are in no wise commensurate with the money expended.

Quick Doctor

My Best Cow is Dying
The Independent Telephone brings the veterinary and your valuable milk is saved. In case of family illness, the telephone will speed the messenger in summoning the doctor.

Favors Received

A subscriber asks the prayers of the members of the Sacred Heart for a special favor. A reader returns thanks for temporal favour received from the Sacred Heart through intercession of the Blessed Virgin and St. Gerard.

DRUNKENNESS CAN BE CURED

Old Fallacy That Drunkenness Cannot Be Cured Exploded
Many men drink who desire to stop the habit. Whiskey, however, has undermined the constitution it created.

WELL, WELL!

THIS IS A HOME DYE THAT ANYONE CAN USE
I dyed ALL these DIFFERENT KINDS of Goods with the SAME Dye. I used DYOLA

How Much Does it Cost By the Year?

The first price of a cream separator is no basis for figuring its cost. Suppose you paid \$2 for a pair of shoes which, with \$1.00 worth of repairs, lasted 12 months, making an average monthly cost of 25 cents.

I H C Cream Harvesters

Dairymaid and Bluebell are famous for their durability. They skim close and run easy for years. They are built for long, hard, steady service.

Lower Cost of Living

Spend less for your breakfast—eat more Kellogg's Toasted Corn Flakes. There are twenty big platefuls to the package—and the package costs only 10 cents.

TEACHERS WANTED

FOR S. S. NO. 15, DOVER, KENT CO., a second class teacher, Duties to commence April 15th. Salary \$200. Apply to Albert Crover, Dobbins, Ont. 1741-2.
WANTED, A TEACHER, HOLDING a second or first class certificate, for S. S. No. 3, Township of Paspich, Wellington County. Duties to commence after Easter. For particulars address Mr. T. S. Doyle, Guelph, P. O. Ontario, Box 201. 1741-2.

HOUSEKEEPER WANTED

A GOOD HOUSEKEEPER WANTED in small Catholic family in town of Goderich. This is a good place for suitable person. Apply M. P. J. Ryan, Cameron St., Goderich, Ont. 1741-4.
SITUATION WANTED
WANTED, BY A CAPABLE PERSON, SITUATION as housekeeper for a priest. No objection to country. Can give a recommended from a priest. Address Box A, Catholic Record Office, London, Ont. 1741-1.

OPENINGS IN THE NORTH-WEST

CASPOW, ALTA. IS ONE OF THE RISING places in the North-West. There is a good chance for professional and business men in every line, doctor, druggist, lawyer, etc. Caspow is a very important centre of activity. For further particulars, letters may be addressed to Rev. L. Leconte, Caspow, Alta. 1741-3.

FOR SALE

FOR SALE 1,000,000 FEET NEW AND SECOND HAND BELTING, 1,000,000 FEET PIPE, all sizes also large quantity of pulleys, shafting, hangers, ready roofing, wire fencing, fence posts, etc., positively 25 per cent. to 75 per cent. less than elsewhere. Write for price list, stating what you require. Imperial Waste & Metal Co., 220 Queen Street, Montreal. 1737-4.

C. M. B. A. Branch No. 4, London

Meets on the 2nd and 4th Thursday of every month at eight o'clock at their Rooms, St. Peter's Parish Hall, Richmond Street, P. O. Box 100, London, Ontario. JAMES S. McDONNELL, Secretary.

The HOME BANK 1854 of CANADA

HEAD OFFICE: TORONTO
Seven Offices in Toronto
Branches and connections throughout Canada.
British and Foreign Correspondents in all the principal cities of the world.
London Office: 394 RICHMOND ST.
BRANCH OFFICES NEAR LONDON: St. Thomas Ilchester, Thorndale, Delaware, Melbourne, Lawrence Station.
JAMES MASON, General Manager.

A Home and School

Under the Direction of The Sisters of St. Joseph FOR BACKWARD AND FEEBLE MINDED CHILDREN. Established in 1896. For Prospectus, Apply St. Anthony, Comstock P. O., Kalamazoo, Mich.

Ventriloquism

Almost anyone can learn it at home. Small cost. Send to-day 2 cent stamp for particulars and proof. O. A. SMITH, Room M. 14, 828 Bigelow St., Peoria, Ill.

Church Organs

TUNING REPAIRING Water Motors, Electric Motors, Organ Blowing Machinery. LEONARD DOWNEY, London, Ont.

J. J. M. Landy

Manufacturer and Importer of Vestments, Ombrellas, Chalcies, Ciboria, Altar Furnishings, Stagnary, Stations of the Cross, Candles, Oil Prayers Books, Library Books, Etc. SPECIALTY OF MISSION SUPPLIES. Telephone Main - 4555, Residence College - 6822. New Address: 405 YONGE ST., TORONTO.

Complete Office of Holy Week

ACCORDING TO THE ROMAN MISSAL AND BREVIARY. In Latin and English. Cloth Bound. New Edition Revised and Enlarged. Price 25c. Postpaid. The Catholic Record, LONDON, CANADA.

THE IDEAL BEDDING CO. LIMITED

Some day you'll need a davenport like this. Not too expensive, yet strong, attractive, roomy and comfortable. No home should be without one. The thing people most like about the "IDEAL" Steel Davenport is its simplicity. Nothing burdensome, intricate or breakable about it.

Church Furniture and Seating

Write for free Suggestions and Plans. The Valley City Seating Co., Ltd. DUNDAS, ONTARIO.

Meriden Ecclesiastical Ware

Possesses a dignity and grandeur resultant from careful designing and skilful workmanship. Our Ware is strictly rubrical and every piece purchased and supplied by us is guaranteed as to quality of material and workmanship.

Meriden Britannia Company

Catalogues for the Clergy and Religious upon request. Hamilton, Canada.

DRUNKENNESS CAN BE CURED

Old Fallacy That Drunkenness Cannot Be Cured Exploded
Many men drink who desire to stop the habit. Whiskey, however, has undermined the constitution it created.

WELL, WELL!

THIS IS A HOME DYE THAT ANYONE CAN USE
I dyed ALL these DIFFERENT KINDS of Goods with the SAME Dye. I used DYOLA

THE IDEAL BEDDING CO. LIMITED

Some day you'll need a davenport like this. Not too expensive, yet strong, attractive, roomy and comfortable. No home should be without one. The thing people most like about the "IDEAL" Steel Davenport is its simplicity.

Church Furniture and Seating

Write for free Suggestions and Plans. The Valley City Seating Co., Ltd. DUNDAS, ONTARIO.