

The Catholic Record.

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

LONDON, ONTARIO SATURDAY, OCTOBER 18, 1913

1826

VOLUME XXXV.

FATHER FRASER'S CHINESE MISSION

The noble response which has been made to the Catholic Record's appeal in behalf of Father Fraser's Chinese mission encourages us to keep the list open a little longer. It is a source of gratification to Canadian Catholics that to one of themselves it should have fallen to inaugurate and successfully carry on so great a work. God has certainly blessed Father Fraser's efforts, and made him the instrument of salvation to innumerable souls. Why not, dear reader, have a share in that work by contributing of your means to its maintenance and extension? The opportunity awaits you: let it not pass you by.

Previously acknowledged.....	\$1,905 05
Hardup, Fort William.....	1 00
Mrs. J. Laberge, Chelmsford.....	2 00
Mrs. Jno. Owens, Emmett.....	1 00
Friend, Peterboro.....	5 00
Friend, Norwich.....	2 00
Jubilee Alms, Throopstown.....	1 25
A. L. L., Windsor.....	1 00
A Contributor, Barachois	
West.....	2 00
A Contributor, Barachois	
Harbor.....	2 00
A Reader, Lingan.....	2 00
Friend, Winnipeg.....	5 00
Reader, Eganville.....	5 00
Friends, Bruce Co.....	2 00

The Catholic Record

LONDON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 18, 1913

JOHN BARLEYCORN

In a story of his personal experiences, entitled "Jno. Barleycorn," Mr. London, not unknown to readers of fiction, gives us a record of his dealings with intoxicating liquors from the age of five to the present time. His experiences range from low water front saloons to great cities. He describes his bouts with liquor in company with oyster pirates and his solitary combats of recent years with drink. In a passage instinct with sincerity he writes:

"To the imaginative man John Barleycorn sends the pitiless spectral syllogism of the white light. He looks upon life and its affairs with the jaundiced eyes of the German philosopher. Wife, children, friends, in the clear white light of his logic, they are exposed as frauds and shams. All of which is not good for a man who is made to live to love and be loved. Yet suicide, quick or slow, a sudden spill or a gradual oozing away through the years is the price Jno. Barleycorn exacts. No friend of his ever escapes making the just due payment."

Our readers will not find fault with this passage. We have too many proofs round about us. The progress for the majority from moderate to excessive drinking may be slow but very sure. A man may be a "moderate" drinker for years, and he may develop in a very short time into the finished product of the saloon. He may go through his day with bemused brain, exhilarated and extolling his own sobriety, or he may be the bleary-eyed, shuffling, shambling figure that is turned out by alcohol. He may scorn the extremists and may laugh at the teetotaler, or he may simply live to have what sends him into the kingdom of swine. But alcohol takes off the edge of the intellect and makes even the moderate drinker less efficient and less resourceful. It plays havoc with his nerves and burdens with a craving that is pitiless and insatiable. He has always some "excuse" for self-indulgence, but down in his heart he knows that drink is his worst enemy and that, free from its shackles, he would be of more service to his community and would give example that might guard others. Of the excessive drinker we need not say much. He is dead in a world of living men. He is compassionated or reviled. He knows in his lucid moments that the "wages of sin is death." He has parted company with self-respect to be a "wall-flower" in a saloon and to give the bar-tender, who needs neither brain nor brawn for his avocation, the money that he gleans here and there.

THE SALOON

With regard to saloon-keepers an Archbishop says that a large proportion of those who open saloons are broken-down, impecunious men who have failed in other occupations and are fit for nothing but liquor selling. The man spoken of in Scripture who will neither work nor beg seeks out a wholesale dealer who is willing to set him up as a saloon keeper. The one aim of such men

must be to make money. They own fine residences, clothe their wives and daughters in silks and satins, while those who pay for it all live in a back street, squalid alley, in prison or poor house. Some years ago the late Bishop Hendricken, of Providence, appealing for charity for his orphan asylums, was not afraid to say that "in the greater number of cases those helpless children are dependent on alms because saloons murdered their parents."

DOES NOT EXIST

Let us waste no words in the possible or ideal saloon. It will be time enough to discuss it when it will be discovered. The saloon as it exists to-day trades in and batters upon intemperance, and at its door must be laid all the dire evils which accompany or follow from intemperance. Over saloon keeping hangs a heavy cloud of social and religious disgrace. The Church frowns upon it in anger and sorrow. Mr. London regrets that drink is so accessible and believes that it is dangerous to society for the saloon to be the legal, convenient meeting place that it is. "I regret," he says, "that John Barleycorn flourished everywhere in the society in which I was born, else I should not have made his acquaintance, and I was long trained in his acquaintance."

MERE PHILANTHROPY

There is a deal of sentimental rubbish spoiling good paper. For instance, we are told that as culture advances and men are uplifted into the serene regions of thought, love will unfold the human race in its embrace. A man, however, may be cultured with every nerve tingling at the thought of pain and suffering and yet have no love for those who suffer. He may have no sympathy; he may be heartless. Without impugning anyone's motives we fail to discover any solid reason for the enthusiasm of the mere philanthropist. We give him due credit for his efforts even though we wonder how a poltice formed of temperament and slum expeditions can effect a cure of the organic ailments of society. If there is no God we do not see why we should love all men. We do not naturally love all men. Does nature, a writer asks, teach us pity? Is it not her unmistakable lesson that the world exists for the strong? Does she not with iron and remorseless grip crush the strong? Was not the old pagan right who refused to help the poor because he thought it a bootless task to seek to prolong a miserable life? But when we obey the Redeemer we see Him in the sick and suffering and despairing. Men and women to-day as in the past spend themselves for the poor, minister to them in all gentleness and sympathy because they realize the vivid presence of their Lord and Master.

SIR EDWARD CARSON

The London Truth had, in a current issue, an amusing skit on Sir Edward Carson, the valorous and windy opponent of Home Rule. Despite his speeches he is still at large. Mrs. Pankhurst goes to jail, but Sir Edward, unmolested, breathes the free air, hearing the while the massing and drilling of the squadrons who are going to fight John Redmond. His admirers gave him a blackthorn, hoping that it would get him into trouble with the police. That not having the desired effect they presented him with a Bible, with texts marked which were best calculated to make him use the blackthorn, but all to no avail. The Government looked upon him complacently. They suffered him to envelop himself in a maze of whirling words on the grounds, we suppose, that Sir Edward diverted the nation and was an antidote to the suffragettes. Truth says that Carson is harmless. He cannot help it. For years past Carson has cultivated a criminal countenance. The great jaw and hooked nose, the heavy wrinkles around the eyes, the dare-devil slouch and sleek black hair, the bunch of the shoulders all suggest Bill Sikes, and if only the man would tie up his throat with a red muffler he would stand a very good chance of arrest as a suspected person. But there are in English law certain formalities which must

be observed before even Carson can be hanged, and the difficulty which hitherto has been insuperable is that his has been, on the whole, a blameless existence not unaccompanied by good works. The mischief with Carson is that he has failed to get himself hated. Millions of people would like to murder Lloyd George—who bothers about old Carson? And so he wanders up and down beating the Orange drum for the amusement of those who are never content to exercise their own religion unless they can also trouble the religion of others.

"AN AVERAGE MAN"

Monsieur Benson has chosen to deal with a simple theme in his new novel but it is sometimes in his portrayal of average everyday life and character that the sureness of a writer's insight is made most manifest.

The present story begins with the description of a young city clerk and his suburban home, his boy friend, his parents and his sister, and his spiritual pastor. We are made to realize very vividly the apathy and stagnation of the home atmosphere—where there is nothing at all to talk about, because every one knows everyone else's experiences perfectly. There is, indeed, "everything necessary to life, except life itself." Then to our young friend, the clerk, a new law comes. Life has a new centre, a new purpose. He begins to prepare himself to become a Catholic, and has hopes of the Franciscan novitiate later on. Fate, however, steps in and alters his programme. His mother inherits a fortune and a country estate, and gradually, in the new environment, comfort and wealth and assured social position become the stars by which he guides his course. Afterwards he gives up his faith completely, to what he calls the claims of a larger life, not realizing that it is life itself that is over for him in the sense that he has had his chances and lost them. The story is the old one of the struggle between God and Mammon, between the things of this world and the next. Monsignor Benson portrays it with great tenderness and sympathy, but with no hesitation, no shrinking from the hardest truths.

"The Average Man" is not such pleasant reading as the reverend author's historical novels.

PRIESTS IN POLITICS

"Priests in politics" has long been a Protestant cry in Ireland, meaning indirectly that the Catholic clergy dominate in Irish political affairs, that the priests are the cause and fomenters of all the "agitations," and that only for the priests the people would be content and loyal to British government as it is, implying in short, as expressed in the later phrase, that Home Rule would be "Rome Rule."

Of course, the theory underlying all these assertions is utterly false, though at the same time it may not be denied that the influence of the priest in Ireland has been very great. For this there is good reason, and attested from non-Catholic sources. It has been well noted by Mr. Annan Bryce, M. P., brother of the distinguished Mr. Bryce, lately British ambassador to the United States, who, in a public letter has observed that: "It was natural that in the past the influence of the Irish priest should be great. They came from the peasant class, and have a fellow-feeling with the ill, and were the friends (indeed, the only friends) of that class in its long social struggle. They possessed the natural influence given by a better education; and, in fact, in many parts of Ireland the priest was the only educated man whose advice and help the people could obtain."

The priests were of the people and from the people and with the people in their sufferings and sorrows; therefore, their influence was great in the people's politics.

But what of the "priest in politics"? Have not the Protestant clergy gone into politics whenever it suited their purposes, that is to say, whenever they thought any of their "rights" to be in danger? They were "in politics" against Mr. Gladstone when he proposed the disestablishment and disendowment of the Church—the Church of the small minority of the Irish people which the Catholic majority were taxed to support. They have been "in politics" against Home Rule ever since the movement began. Sir Edward Carson's anti-Home Rule "covenant" was read and signed in the Protestant churches. The Synod of the Reformed Presbyterian Church of Ireland "at its recent annual meet-

ing in Belfast unanimously adopted a 'protest against Home Rule.' That was 'politics,' and later still—only a few weeks ago—the Protestant Bishops of Ulster have issued a 'joint Pastoral' appointing 'a special day of intercession and prayer' in their churches, inasmuch as they say 'the dangers that threaten are so great and the possibility of civil war and strife is so very real.' Moreover, Sir Edward Carson has written to the Ulster Unionist Council saying that 'as the 28th Sept. falls on Sunday this year,' he hopes 'the clergy of all Protestant denominations will think it proper to hold services especially fitting to commemorate Ulster Day'—the day on which they entered into their 'solemn covenant.'

All this is politics, and the parson is in it all. And the parson is active in politics in Ireland every time his interests are concerned. Now, if it were the priest who was thus in politics, what a subject for Protestant protest and denunciation there would be. If the Catholic Bishops of Ireland issued a Home Rule Pastoral directing their priests to have service in all the Catholic churches in support of Home Rule and the Irish Party, we can imagine how the Orange-Tory press and platform and pulpit would ring with execrations of "Home Rule" and "Popish domination" and all the other terrible things familiar in the anti-Catholic harangues of the Protestant Ascendancy party in Ireland.

And it is to uphold this Protestant Ascendancy that the parson is in politics. He knows that Home Rule would mean equal justice and equal right for Irishmen of all creeds. He does not want this. He wants the perpetuation of the existing Ascendancy of his own creed. Therefore, the parson is in politics in Ireland.—Freeman's Journal.

CARDINAL GIBBONS ON CHURCH UNITY

HE REGARDS RECOGNITION OF THE POPE AS THE FIRST ESSENTIAL

Cardinal Gibbons has authorized the publication of the following statement of his view on church unity. It is the first time that the Cardinal or any other Catholic in America of comparable distinction has discussed so freely this delicate subject. "You want to know about the union of all Christian churches," said Cardinal Gibbons. "The reunion of the scattered branches of Christendom is a consummation devoutly to be wished, and I would gladly sacrifice the remaining years of my life in lending a helping hand toward this blessed result."

"The first essential requirement," he continued, "is the recognition of the Sovereign Pontiff as the successor of St. Peter, the divinely appointed head of Christendom. Every organization, whether religious, civil or political, needs a head for its peace and security, indeed for its very existence."

"Once the proper position of the Pope is recognized, I do not believe that the other controverted doctrines are as formidable as is commonly imagined. When a proper explanation is given of the various dogmas upon which Christianity is founded, I am persuaded that the logical sense of the people will prompt them to accept."

"And if the various Christian denominations of the United States were once united, working with one heart and one spirit, what a wonderful influence our Christian forces would exert on the civilization and the Christianizing of mankind!"

"What amazing things then would be done for society and humanity!" "But devoutly as we wish for such a union," continued the Cardinal, "we must wait for the conscience of the individual to bring about a state when union becomes possible. There are three courts, the civil tribunal, the criminal tribunal and the court of conscience. And until the last of these acts, until the soul demands, united in word, such a moment arrives, the time is not ripe."

LIFE AFTER DEATH

When asked his views in regard to the attempt of Sir Oliver Lodge to prove scientifically that after death there is life the Cardinal said that he was not prepared to say whether, or how far, the continuity of life after death could be proved by scientific investigations.

"Of such a vague proof," said the Cardinal, "I have no need. My faith in the hereafter, in the immortality of the soul, rests not on conjecture, but on a more solid foundation. It rests upon the infallible revelation of the Son of God, Who has said, 'I am the resurrection and the life.'"

The Cardinal returned to the union of the Christian churches. "The union of the churches," he said, "would bring about an era of civilization unknown in history. You and I may not live to see it; but it will come, I hope, and then the one undivided church will flourish and triumph."

AN ANGLICAN CONVERT

An interesting letter has been written by an Anglican convert to her friend, still an Anglican in which she attributes her conversion mainly to the influence of the Blessed Sacrament. She describes her visit to St. Paul's Cathedral in Pittsburgh, on a certain Sunday, as follows: "I knelt on, taking no note of time and not praying much, but just comforted. Later in the afternoon I went and sat in the first pew in front of the High Altar, still, not praying or thinking much, just peaceful and comforted—like a tired child in its mother's lap. Almost idly I watched the people come and go, young and old, men and women, girls and boys, rich, poor, and the large middle class, all are represented in the procession of humanity who come to lay their cares, sorrows, hopes, desires, whatever it may be, before their Friend, Who is always ready to listen.

"At last a distinct thought stands out in my mind. In what other church could one see such a procession? If the Abiding Presence were taken away how long would such a procession continue even in this church?"

"The shadows lengthen, the priests have left the confessionals, and the Church is empty, empty with the All-prevailing Presence, and I am conscious of nothing else. No. I cannot explain it any more, or tell any more except that I know God's will for me, and, with the Blessed Mother, I said: 'Behold the handmaid of the Lord; be it done unto me according to Thy Word.'"

"When it began to grow dark I went slowly down the long aisle; and so home like one in a dream. I said nothing; I pondered it in my heart."

The same lady writes concerning the conversion of her son, whose change from High Church Anglicanism to Catholicism is attributed to the same influence of Our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament.

"I am sure that you will rejoice to hear that my dear youngest son is now a 'rejoicing Catholic.' Like me, he was converted by the silent power of the 'Prisoner of the Tabernacle.' I made no effort beyond daily prayer to convert him."

"Christmas morning last I asked him if he would like to go to High Mass with me and a young Catholic friend (a young man) from their same young man. When he returned he came and stood beside me as I sat reading, and said: 'Well, mother, I have made up my mind.' I thought he meant to return to Indiana, and I said: 'Made up your mind to what my son?' 'To be a Catholic.' Oh, the wonderful surprise! For he had so frequently said to me: 'I will never be a Catholic.'—Pittsburgh Catholic.

MORE NOTABLE CONVERTS

Among the many new sects which came into existence in the early part of the nineteenth century were the Campbellites—so called from their founder, the Reverend Alexander Campbell. This man was a bitter anti-Catholic, and is at least as well remembered for his debate with Archbishop Purcell of Cincinnati, as for his fairly common achievement of adding one more to the multitudinous sects of Protestantism.

A few weeks ago his grandnephew, Lieutenant Colonel Williams C. Dawson, United States Marine Corps, his wife and four children were received into the Catholic Church. This is less strange, however, than the conversion to Catholicity some decades ago of the last lineal descendants of Martin Luther and Katharine von Bora, and of the last descendant of John Knox, father of Scotch Calvinism. This convert, another John Knox, labored for years as a teaching Brother of the Holy Cross in the Middle West.

How account for such conversions? Catholicity was in the blood, some will explain. If that were the only explanation, there would be a rush back to the Church, as Catholicity is equally in the blood of everyone who traces his family line back for four hundred years to any European land. For in those days Protestantism was not.

It is easier to explain those earlier conversions from the immediate families of professed persecutors of the Catholic Church, as of the wife and daughters of Louis C. Levis, founder of the "Know Nothing" or Native-American party; of the wife and daughters of William R. Smith, Levis' associate; of the daughters of Edwin Cowles, of the bigoted Cleveland leader. These converts, surfeited with slanders against the Church, no doubt reacted into intelligent curiosity about her, and their conversions were inevitable.

There are many conversions in England, however, which may be accounted for by the "in the blood" theory; as most of the people of England in the sixteenth century never gave up the True Faith, but were robbed of it. When it comes within reach of their descendants, these know their lost inheritance and make haste to recover it.—Boston Republic.

FATHER BENSON

HIS OPINION OF THE CURES AT LOURDES

Monsignor Benson, discussing in the Evening News the phenomena of Lourdes, makes wise and liberal reservations. "Let us dismiss as worthless," he says, "all those cases in which what is usually called hysteria plays any perceptible part." But even here, as Mgr. Benson knows, there must be a reservation to a reservation. "As a matter of fact," he says, "they are not all worthless. A doctor of Lourdes told me that hysteria in certain forms was a far more obstinate ailment than, let us say, a wound caused by lupus." But there are casual critics who think otherwise. So let those poor sufferers pass. "Then," continues Mgr. Benson, "let us exclude all those cases which, being known to depend on the nervous system, receive immense alleviation from a stimulus given to the nervous system through excitement or self-suggestion or credulity." But here again comes a reservation within a reservation. "It again remains a serious question," says Mgr. Benson, "as to why religious excitement can produce effects not producible by hypnotic suggestion."

Speaking of the undoubted cures that fall outside these categories, Mgr. Benson says: "Now the world of thinkers consists of two great schools—first, those that is to say, who regard Nature as all, and attribute every cure for which ordinary medical science cannot account to obscure laws of Nature whose operations are not yet understood. Now this is a perfectly reasonable theory, granted the premises; granted that there are no laws beyond those of Nature, it is evident that every phenomenon, however remarkable, must proceed from these. It is worth noticing, by the way, that this theory depends upon an Act of Faith, not upon demonstrable knowledge; it is a reasonable act to make, but it is nevertheless, of faith; because one cannot demonstrate the cause or the effect of Nature, and these laws beyond those of Nature, are not beyond those of Nature."

Nobody should complain if Mgr. Benson add: "Just as reasonable, granted the premises, is the Act of Faith made by the Roman Catholic." And again we get a reservation: "He does not, by the way, believe that laws of Nature are necessarily set aside in miracles, any more than that, when he lifts a book from a table he sets aside the law of gravitation. He believes rather that other laws come into play, not contrary to Nature, but greater than it, and these he calls supernatural. On these premises, then, he is perfectly reasonable in attributing the cures at Lourdes to supernatural forces; for the phenomena there are exactly consonant with what he already believes on other grounds."—Tablet.

WHEN GOD CALLS

"If Mary wants to get married to a truck-driver or a car-conductor, mother is willing and encourages the match even if she has visions of a crash in the marital adventure within a year, but," says the Brooklyn Tablet, "if Mary, induced by divine grace, should seek mother's permission to enter a religious order to live its sweet and beautiful life in union with God, and for the benefit of her fellow man, then mother believes that of all creatures she is the most miserable. She speaks of the Church 'robbing her of her child,' and swears she will never consent—a truck driver visible is more persuasive than Jesus Christ invisible and his arguments receive more favorable hearing. All this from supposedly sane and practical Catholic parents makes us wonder at the patience of God with some of His stupid creatures. If God calls one's child it is foolhardy to say 'nay.'"

THRICE IN LIFE TO CHURCH

Writing in the London Daily Chronicle about the Orangemen a writer says in regard to one type of the order: "The Belfast Orangemen who always realize that he is the bulwark of the Protestant faith attends his church regularly thrice in a lifetime—at baptism, marriage and burial. In the cause of that faith which he leaves to the more leisured and less worthy to practice he is willing to sacrifice everything even life itself—his neighbor's life, of course. He is the man who, in workman's dress, in the gallery of a theatre, passes down the cabbage, curses and aged eggs to the fellow who played the 'unfortunate' in one of Shakespeare's plays. He will unquestionably fight if Home Rule comes. He will fight if anything comes. Or he will fight if nothing comes. He'll not use the antiquated arms imported from Italy, either. He's a man whose picture of heaven is a pocketful of iron nuts, the shelter of a side street, and a Papist procession passing. The rebellion he launches will last as long as the supply of nuts, bolts, kidneys and whisky holds out."

Such are the men who will compose the Orange army of civil war against Home Rule.—Freeman's Journal.

CATHOLIC NOTES

The Catholic Club of New York numbers 1,500 members and has a library of 160,000.

English Home Rulers have started a movement to purchase the furniture of the old Irish House of Commons for presentation to the new Irish Parliament.

The Les Cheminots, in France, is a comparatively recent organization of the Catholic railway men of France. It was blessed and approved by Pope Leo XIII. and Pius X., and numbers over 800 men.

Recently the Baptist Mission Board voted \$2,500 for the work of "converting" the "Romanists," of Father Kemper's parish, in a remote section of Texas. There are about 400 Mexican under his care, 50 of whom are Methodists, the rest Catholics, but none Baptists.

The Irish College in Rome was opened Jan. 1, 1913, with 6 students. It is now nearly three hundred years in existence. In its church contained the heart of Daniel O'Connell. Pius IX. visited the college and said Mass and held a reception in it on St. Patrick's Day, 1860.

In Holland, where the Church is prospering so marvelously, there is, like in other non-Catholic countries, latent and explosive bigotry. Recently there was a huge outburst of bigots there against the honors the State, respectively the Queen, had shown Cardinal Van Rossum during his visit.

To be the Public Printer for Uncle Samuel is not only filling one of the best places in Washington outside of a cabinet office, but a great honor, for under him are thousands of employees, from the humblest laborer, to the many experts in the various branches of the art of printing. The present incumbent Cornelius Ford, of New Jersey is a Catholic.

Sir Lomer Gouin gives the following facts respecting school attendance in Quebec. Number of children from seven to fourteen years, in 1910-11: Protestants, 34,989; Catholics, 252,186. Number of those enrolled, 1910-11, Catholics, 249,148, or 9.88 per cent. of the possible enrollment; Protestants, 31,751, or 90.7 per cent of the possible enrollment.

The University of Santiago, Chile—a free Catholic University—was opened in 1889, which is not yet complete in all faculties, has property valued at \$1,000,000. Attending its courses of law, mathematics, agriculture, engineering, etc., are about 700 students and over 50 professors. Its institute of Humanities has an attendance of over 400, with 44 professors. Its library numbers over 30,000 volumes.

Right Rev. James A. McFaul, Bishop of Trenton, although enjoying good health, has chosen his last resting place and ordered his monument. He has gone about this gruesome duty just as though it was an every day incident in his affairs. For his grave, Bishop McFaul has selected a plot of ground in front of Morris Hall, a home for aged women at Lawrenceville. This institution was erected by the Bishop several years ago and has proven one of the most successful of its kind in the United States.

The committee deputed to select the Lord Mayor of Manchester, England, for the next municipal year, has submitted to the City Council the name of Alderman McCabe, chairman of the markets committee. The political parties select the Lord Mayor in alternate years, and on this occasion the choice lies with the Radicals. The selection of Alderman McCabe, a Catholic and avowed Home Ruler, who always presides at Irish gatherings held in the Free Trade Hall was unanimous.

Our defenders often come from unexpected quarters. A few days ago a young man, a member of the peculiar sect known as "Holy Jumpers," was encountered on his way to Chicago, by a Menace reader, who made an outrageous attack on the nuns. Denouncing the speaker as a liar, the young man promptly knocked him down. "I know that such stories about these good women are all lies," he said, "in explanation of his conduct," and I do not propose to have the Sisters maligned in my presence."

After the Constantinian celebrations have closed in December next, and on the occasion of the coming consistory, which will probably be held before Christmas, it is not unlikely that the Holy Father may issue a protest, addressed to the whole civilized world, against the insults that have been offered with impunity to Catholic citizens who have just visited Rome from nations, which hold friendly diplomatic relations with the Holy See.

Naples has been deeply stirred by the reconciliation to the Church of Professor Joachim Prinzl, a clever and well-known man who apostatized thirty-five years ago and became a Freemason, rising to high office in the craft. The professor has now publicly abjured Freemasonry, and has declared he desires to swear fidelity to the Catholic Church as the only true living faith, and to improve his past and admit him once more to her family circle. The Italian Freemasons are furious at this defection from their ranks.

PRETTY MISS NEVILLE

BY B. M. CROCKER
CHAPTER XXVIII

I AM ADVISED TO LOCK THE STABLE DOOR

"Puis-je toujours pour principe de ne faire jamais par un acte de que je pourrais faire par moi-même."

Every mail for the last four months had brought me a letter from Major Percival; a letter of at least three closely written sheets. The first novelty of these effusions had now worn off, and I found them somewhat dry and monotonous. They were not in the least bit like love-letters. I might have read them with perfect impunity. Generally there was a long account of balls, dinners, and fetes and the immense attention my future lord and master received from high and low; two pages would be devoted to the shortcomings of his new valet or touch of gout; a long list of books I was to read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest, was not an unusual item. The delight of his relations at the prospect of his approaching marriage and their entire ignorance of my photograph, were no longer alluded to. Also the immense crowds of pretty faces upon which his eyes were constantly feasted; it was gratifying to know that not one among the multitude could compare with mine. More than once Major Percival hinted that not a few of these pretty creatures were only waiting for the least suspicion of encouragement to smile on him. His last letter just received, was lying in my lap, as I sat in our deep, cool front veranda, early one beautiful morning. The concluding page will suffice as a specimen:

"I have been looking at landaus, in Long Acre, and seen several that I fancy; but I have not made up my mind as yet about the lining. I wonder which will suit you best, sapphire blue or dark green?" By the way, I hope you are taking great care of your complexion, and not allowing the sun to make acquaintance with your face and hands, and pretty white throat? Apropos—I am exceedingly uneasy about my hair. It is coming out in handfuls, and nothing will stop it. Your aunt has an excellent native recipe, which I should like to try. Remember me kindly to her and your uncle, and ever believe me, yours affectionately, H. PERCIVAL.—(P. S. Do not forget the hair-wash.)"

I folded up this letter with a strange, unaccountable feeling of dissatisfaction and discontent, and glanced down the veranda, where all our party were assembled—Auntie absorbed in her knitting, uncle in the Asian, Boyssie Towers and his brother Boo Boo deeply intent on building a castle of bricks, while Maurice (who was sitting on the steps) acted as confidential adviser and consulting architect, with Rosie on his knee. Rosie Towers, aged eight, a slender, rather pretty little girl, with neat black legs short white frock and orange yellow hair, adored Maurice, and made no secret of her devotion; and, strange to say, Maurice submitted to her endearments and blandishments with an excellent grace. I felt a wholly indefensible twinge of jealousy. In my youth, Maurice had never suffered me to sit on his knee, with my arm entwined round his neck, and my head on his shoulder; he never gave me rides on his pony, nor boxes of chocolate, nor a magnificent doll; but then I was never an alluring young person, or in a fact, quite the reverse, and I was distinctly plain.

"I am sure I don't know on what grounds we should have the Towers nursery in this veranda—why not have the orphanage here at once?" exclaimed Mrs. Vane, pettishly; suddenly uprooting herself from a deeply comfortable chair, and surveying Maurice and his young companions (and the litter they were making) with an air of marked disfavor. "Rosie, why do you tease Captain Beresford? You will throttle him before long; and you are really too big a girl to be nursed?"

"Oh, but I'm so dreadfully contentable," rejoined Rosie, with a toss of her golden mane, "and besides, he does not mind do you?" to Maurice, in a coaxing voice. "By the way," I observed, walking down the veranda with my letter in my pocket, "does any one know of a good hair-wash?"

"Hair-wash!" echoed Mrs. Vane; "why, what do you want with one? Your hair is already below your knees."

"Not for myself," I answered; "but for a friend."

"Ah, yes! I can understand you. For an elderly friend," she rejoined, with a look of unspeakable significance.

"Jarvis has something that he swears by," said Maurice, glancing up, brick in hand. "I can't say I've ever had occasion to try it myself, but he declares that it would make the hair grow on an old bullock-trunk."

"Well that certainly sounds promising. I shall take an early opportunity of looking at Mr. Jarvis's locks," said Mrs. Vane. "He is a singularly wooden-headed youth."

"He went to England the day before yesterday; so I am afraid you must postpone your inspection," replied Maurice, gravely.

"To England again? Why, he is always on leave—sick certificate, urgent private affairs, every dodge."

"Well, you see, he looks upon Asia as a country to be avoided, and as he has plenty of coin, perhaps he is

right. Captain Robinson has come back; so the void is filled."

"I'm delighted to hear it. He brings me a parcel from his sister. How is he looking?"

"Oh, awfully fit."

"I thought you were talking of taking a run home this year?" said Mrs. Vane, puckering her eyebrows.

"So I was, but I have changed my mind," replied Maurice, setting down Rosie, and picking up his hat and whip; "I shall put it off till next year."

"One wants a lot of rupees for a trip home these times," said uncle, reflectively; "you young fellows are so deucedly extravagant, and send your money flying in all directions."

"Bear in mind that all your friends will expect handsome presents," observed Mrs. Vane, impressively; really valuable jewelry, shawls, and Indian curiosities. That will be one little item; you cannot return empty-handed."

"But I shall," replied Maurice, with decision; "I assure you that the only curiosity I mean to take home is myself!"

"Who knows but you may take a wife as well?" said Mrs. Vane, with a smile.

"Who knows?" returned Maurice, reddening slightly. Then, suddenly looking at his watch, he exclaimed, "By Jove, I had no idea it was late; I must be off. Here, syce," beckoning to his horse-keeper, "come on. Of need not keep him in the dark; I am sure he will be delighted."

"I am not quite so certain of that," remarked Mrs. Vane, pointedly; "but I quite agree with you that he ought to be told at once."

"Shall I break it to him gently, Nora?" said auntie, with a smile.

"No, do not," I replied, eagerly; "I would much rather tell him myself. Leave it to me, please—all of you—will you promise?" looking anxiously around.

"Of course we will, my dear, if you wish it," said auntie, with suave acquiescence.

"Well, mind you do tell him—and soon," said Mrs. Vane, emphatically; "or it will be a case of locking the stable door when the steed is stolen!"

"My dear Violet," exclaimed auntie, in a shocked voice, "you don't know what you are saying. Maurice and Nora have been brought up together, and are just like brother and sister."

A little, incredulous sniff, not lost on me, was Mrs. Vane's only reply, as she turned away, and began picking petals off the lovely creeper that embowered the whole veranda.

"Oh, Puss," said uncle, suddenly raising his eyes above the paper, "why could you not have waited a little longer? This cousin of yours is just a fellow after my own heart. Now I could easily understand a girl falling in love with him," he concluded, with an emphasis by no means complimentary to Major Percival.

"James, James, you really must not say such things!" said auntie, astutely. "You can hardly expect Nora to marry to please you in order to have two shikaries in the family."

"I think the old grandfather was not so far wrong after all," persisted uncle, courageously. "And Nora might have done worse than become Mrs. Beresford of Galloway; the latter part of his sentence was muttered to his Asian, but I heard it nevertheless, and was by no means as indignant or displeased as might have been expected."

CHAPTER XXIX

ABOUT A TIGER AND A KISS

"All men have their price."—Walpole.

Uncle's shikarry, "Mari," was a very singular-looking old person. Your uneducated eye might fancy him to be in the last stage of emaciation and decrepitude, but he was nothing of the kind; he could grip up his loins and run for miles; he could sit up all night on the branch of a tree, marking down the gorged tiger; he was the most knowing of his profession, the best organizer of a beat in the presidency, and the mutual and jealously guarded, enormously paid servant of uncle and Maurice. Tigers are rarer than they used to be in the good old day of John Company; a brace of tigers before breakfast is a hoard unheard of. They are not to be found sporting in one's compound, or gambling on the high-road, as some people still imagine. Nevertheless, within forty miles of Mulkapore there prowled a "man-eater," who had never yet been brought to justice, though more than seventy people were said to have been his victims. With the very name of this notorious monster native mothers subdued their naughty children to abject penitence and prompt obedience; and the rumor of his being in the neighborhood immediately placed a village in a state of siege.

All the inhabitants shut themselves up in their little mud hovels till he took his departure; for he had been known to stalk through the streets more than once, and carry off the impatient or the unwary. He was a perfect scourge within a certain radius, killing and eating old women, children, grass-cutters, and

finally—emboldened by success—able-bodied men and women. He really seemed to be the embodiment of the "evil one"—continually going about seeking whom he might devour. Shooting-parties for his benefit had been organized over and over again, and without success. He evaded every effort to take him; he scorned the bait of a plump young buffalo. Nothing would entice him short of a solitary human being, and he traveled in too erratic a manner to fall an easy prey. Say that he had made a meal of a miserable herd boy, close to some village, and, the news being brought into the cantonments, all the noted shots would to horse and away, to beat that neighborhood; but ere they had pitched their camp fresh tidings would probably arrive—i. e., that the tiger had killed a coolie woman in a district thirty miles off. Twice he had sprung upon and devoured the wretched Banghy postman, whose tinkling bells and singsong chant, far from overawing, had simply attracted this terrible brute.

One evening, just before dinner, I came into the veranda, and found uncle and Maurice interviewing the shikarry—a little, withered, half-naked savage, with a dirty turban, a skinny brown body, and a fantastic belt, stuck full of flints, powder-flasks, and knives. What a contrast to Maurice—tall, upright, well-built, in irreproachable evening-dress and snowy linen, the beau ideal of an officer and gentleman. And yet this type of advanced civilization was literally hanging on the words of the wizened, half-naked barbarian. So deep were their confidences, so rapt my cousin's attention, that he did not even notice me.

"Maurice," I said, as I stood in the doorway, "never mind that stupid old man, but come and help me to wind some silk."

"I will in a minute, Nora," he answered, without even turning his head. "Just hold on for one second."

I felt decidedly piqued. "The idea of ignoring me for the sake of that horrid old shikarry; of making me wait while he talked to him!" I thought, as I sank into a chair with a gesture of resignation, and listened to their intrinsical conversation. This was what Mari was saying, with hideous faces and great gesticulation:

"True tell you, sahib! Tiger done come Nazapet country again, killing Banghy postman same like as before, and nearly in same place, two mile this side village. People there plenty 'frading; gentlemen tying up buffalo no use, that tiger only taking native people."

"Dinner, dinner, dinner, good people," said auntie, coming briskly into the veranda; "here are Colonel Keith and Mr. Campbell, literally starving; and in a lower and more impressive key, "Jim, do come in; so Jim and Maurice were obliged to tear themselves away, and dismiss their retainer until a more convenient occasion.

I was in a bad humor that evening. I could not tell why. Why are we sometimes in bad tempers in spite of ourselves? I was determined to show Maurice that I was not to be treated *de haut en bas*, so I snubbed him every time he spoke to me, and gave all my smiles and my conversation to Dicky Campbell. Now Maurice did not care for Dicky, and certainly Richard was conceited. We could not quarrel with him for thinking his own regiment the brightest jewel in the service of the crown, but it was hard to expect us to go with him in the opinion that Lieutenant Campbell was decidedly the show man of the battalion. Otherwise, Dicky was harmless; he had a kind heart; his overpowering conceit was but the incrustation of the precious metal within.

But Maurice did not think so. Maurice thought the metal brass, and declared that "there was a lot of cheap swagger" about my fellow-passenger in the Corunna. Dicky had a weakness for very pronounced collars and cuffs, for exquisite gloves, for a draw and an eyeglass, and for me; I think it was this latter frailty that Maurice found it impossible to condone.

Great was the talk about tigers, beats, and kills; and about the number of victims that had fallen to the man-eater, and the length of time he had baffled his enemies.

"I hear he is a huge brute, old and thin, and has lost half his teeth," said Colonel Keith, helping himself to salad.

"Just like all man-eaters; they only take to human beings when they are no longer active enough to catch deer and big game," replied uncle.

"If this horrid beast had lived in the Middle Ages, he would soon have been got rid of," I remarked, meditatively.

"As how?" inquired Maurice, with a smile; "brought down by an arque-buse, or plinned by an arrow?"

"I don't know how; but he would not have been allowed to go marauding about, as he does now. Some fair lady, hearing of the terrible havoc he was making, would have bidden her own true knight prick forth and bring her in the skin, or never see her face again."

"Especially if she had another string to her bow, and wanted to get rid of him," asserted Mrs. Vane, cheerfully.

"Either leave his own skin or bring the tiger's," added Colonel Keith. "A case of St. George and the Dragon, eh, Nora?"

"Or," cried Maurice, "like the amiable creature that flung her glove into the arena among a *meute* of wild beasts, and told her own *preux chevalier* to go fetch—"

"I should have fetched it," said Dick, grandiloquently, "and then flung it in her face."

"Oh! fle-fle!" said auntie, shaking her head.

"I'm sure I don't know what possessed me to say it. I did not mean it. I regretted it the instant I had spoken. I merely wanted to say something disagreeable to Maurice, who had hitherto smiled invulnerably throughout the meal."

"The young men of to-day have not half the pluck they had in days of yore," I said superciliously, "if all tales are to be believed. I don't think there is a man in Mulkapore this moment who would go out single-handed and bring in the dead body of that man-eating tiger."

Dead silence. I felt that all eyes were on me. I glanced over at Maurice, who gravely met my gaze, and said in an airy tone:

"I accept your challenge, Nora; figuratively speaking, I pick up the gauntlet."

"I did not mean it as a challenge," I faltered, nervously, not a little frightened by the storm I had raised.

"Did you not? It certainly sounded like one—very stillly. It behooves us to stir ourselves, Campbell, and show people that the young men of the present day are not the faint-hearted they are supposed to be."

"I assure you I only meant it as a joke, Maurice; really, only a joke," I exclaimed, with a miserable attempt at a laugh; "and, of course, present company are always excepted."

"When you are pleased to make jokes of that kind, Nora, you should prepare us by saying previously. This is going to be a joke," otherwise, the point is missed; and I am afraid I cannot accept your most flattering excuse," returned Maurice, with overwhelming politeness.

I hate him to speak to me like this. How stern he looked! He reminded me of the old days at Galloway. However, times were changed; I was not going to allow him to keep me in order now, so I replied with great dignity; "I would not be rude, Maurice, if I were you."

"That's right, Miss Neville," said Dicky, approvingly. "Just walk into him. He can be very insulting sometimes, can't he, eh?"

Maurice took no notice whatever of my remark or of Dicky's suggestion, and went on cracking walnuts for Mrs. Vane (who sat beside him), with the most unrumpled composure. Evidently auntie felt that there was thunder in the air, and made an early move, and I escaped into the front veranda with eager haste.

I felt rather ashamed of myself as I sat on the steps with my elbows on my knees, staring at the stars, and listening to the croak croak of the frogs in a neighboring marsh. Never mind, I thought, I would make it all right with Maurice by and by. I had no business to say such things out of pure ill temper, especially to him—to him of all people, when I remembered that Sunday at Galloway, and Beauty Connor. But I had no chance of making amends; Maurice's dog-cart came round in a few minutes (hours before its usual time), and I heard him go into the drawing room and say good-night, offer a seat to Dicky, and drive away, without even a message for me. About 12 o'clock next morning uncle came home in a state of the liveliest excitement. Before the door of his office-brougham could be opened, he called out:

"Did you hear of it, missus? Did you think he was such a young idiot? Then, stepping hastily out, "Could you have believed that he was such an infernally fool-hardy fellow?"

"Whom do you mean?" we cried in a breath.

"Whom should I mean?" sitting heavily down, and casting his tope on the ground with great violence. "Beresford! He went off to Nazapet last night; found the colonel at mess; got three days' leave, and, two hours later, he and that fool Mari had started alone. Madness! I hear he is not going to have any beaters nor fireworks. Nothing!"—opening his hands expansively—but means to bring the brute down on foot. Just as he was saying this, a man met his death three years ago."

For some seconds no one spoke; and then auntie, turning to where I stood, as if turned into stone, said very sternly:

TO BE CONTINUED

MCDONALD'S SACRIFICE

Robert McDonald was in the seventh heaven of delight. A compassionate onlooker could not have said why it was cause of joy that a notably unsociable person received an invitation for a fortnight's visit, especially when the Christmas festivities, for which he was being asked, were sure to draw a full complement of guests to Lindoris Court.

Yet the fact remained, Robert McDonald, sitting over his books late in the evening, had been overjoyed by the arrival of that simple little missive.

He spread the note upon the table before him. It was not the words which claimed his attention. After the glance which conveyed their meaning he had forgotten them. They suggested no gay picture of revelry and good fellowship. On figure, and one only, rose before him—that was of a young girl, tall and fair, with calm eyes of clear, sea blue, eyes childlike as the morning, yet in whose limpid serenity a shadow of pain seemed to linger. It was a face that, sweet and true, a face like that of some cloistered saint. It was the one face in all the world for him.

Esclairmonde, the Light of all the World, he had named her to himself.

That gracious, womanly figure stood to him as an embodiment of the Christian ideal, "a lady with a lamp"—the lamp of holiness, of truth, of good deeds always bright, and burning beacon-wise in her gentle, stainless hands. She was his Una, his Queen of Beauty and of Love, surely the virtuous and valiant woman of the inspired Scriptures. Such was the fane of reverent imaginings wherein he had shrined the lady of his dreams as some gleaming saint upon a blazoned window. And all day long the light of another world streamed through the splendors of his wondrous window, filling the quiet places of the scholar's soul with inspiring loveliness.

He had now known Mary Hamilton for three months. He recalled their first meeting. She had been decorating the church for Father Lang, and was just leaving it as he himself entered for his customary visit. He had been impressed by the strength and Madonna-like beauty of her face—it was one in a thousand. Occasionally, after their introduction, they had met each other at the homes of friends, then he had called at her step-mother's, and once, he had spent a week with Miss Hamilton and several other guests at Lindoris Court on the invitation of her guardian severe old Mr. Anthony Codrington.

Yet, despite his opportunities, he had scarcely come to know her well. Timid and somewhat reserved, he had been sufficiently happy in worshipping his star at a distance. But for this laxity he resolved firmly to make amends during the forthcoming Christmas visit, which he knew she also was to make. And in this intention he was confirmed by the memory of the loneliness he had suffered during her three weeks' unexpected absence a short time previously.

The castles built were radiant with hope, as was McDonald's gentle and unpretentious nature, fragrant with prayer. True Catholic that he was, he confided this enterprise to his Mother-Confidant in Heaven. And at last it was Christmas, the snow thick and white as of yore, the glossy holly bushes scarlet with berries, the red-breasted robins tame and friendly, the atmosphere full of that indefinable, magical spirit of Yule, of unfettered gladness.

It was a glorious Christmas Eve. So cold was it that the air seemed a crack with the intensity of the icy silences that brooded over the wide white fields and the lonely lanes, unfamiliar in their "wedding robes" of snow. Like the "spirit of Christmas," a single robin, perched on a thickly powdered branch, just level with McDonald's face as he sat in his trap, poured a veritable carol of glee to him.

"Dear little bird!" thought Robert delightedly. "Robins mean good fortune, I have heard, and the little fellow sings with all his heart as if he were congratulating me and wishing me 'Happy Christmas!' It is my happiest Christmas even now, and something tells me 'twill be happier yet. A merry Christmas, and the best of feasts to you, little robin, bird of Mary, as you surely are."

And the same elusive, boyish unreasoning spirit of delight was with him through all that radiant evening, through all the next day's holier beauty and throughout the festive week that followed. It was paradise only to be there in her presence, only to see her, beautiful as a Christmas rose. It was like kneeling night some well-beloved patron saint to be beside her, as once it chanced to him during the evening prayers that were said in common by the household, guests included.

Then, from the clear heavens above, there fell a thunderbolt. The summer cloudlessness of his happiness was destroyed by the black storm wreath of fate across it. She was not for him. His golden Esclairmonde might no longer light his path with the illuminating radiance of her lamp.

"Have you noticed how like an old Madonna that beautiful Miss Hamilton is?" he had one evening chanced to overhear David Kerr, a newcomer in the district like himself, ask of one of the older residents.

"Yes, she is wonderfully like the Madonna di San Sisto to my mind," the other had returned, "especially in repose. It is an extraordinarily saintly and really uncommon type. She and her fiancé are well matched, are they not? He is Mr. Codrington's only son—you know him, Bernard?—a most agreeable young man. What a grave medieval face his is; isn't it?"

"That is true. They are very unusual in appearance. I hope they will be as well matched otherwise. Have they been long engaged?"

"Oh, they were betrothed from the cradle almost. Old Mr. Hamilton and old Mr. Codrington were the closest of friends, and it was their wish that the children should marry. It was Mr. Hamilton's dying wish and Miss Mary is Codrington's ward till she reaches her twenty-seventh year. I have heard that his father's will leaves Bernard absolutely penniless unless the marriage takes place. But I don't think he required such compulsion. It would not argue much discrimination on his part, would it? They have been formally engaged for, I think, three years—maybe four. They were both very young at the time."

"When is the marriage to take place?"

Robert McDonald, sick at heart, had heard no more. The stunning effect of such news had made him an unwilling eavesdropper. He crept away to his room—he could scarcely think. Was this Christmas, the

happy Christmas to which he had so looked forward? Was he the person who had driven to Lindoris Court so insanely happy of mood? Was it to him that that deceitful little robin had sung such encouragement?

He stared blankly out of the windows. How dull and flat, how colorless and insipid everything was! Why had he been such a fool as not to have seen before that life was one long weariness? Why was he so wretched, what did anything matter? Yes, one thing mattered. And that was Esclairmonde. She was the whole world. Surely the whole world mattered. But she did not matter to him. He must learn that. Esclairmonde—there was no Esclairmonde—Mary Hamilton, then, did not matter to him. She was no concern of his. He must put her out of his life. It was like having to learn by heart heartily and unintelligible words. He felt like a child again, at a hard school.

Several days elapsed ere he could recover his balance. Hitherto everything had been a strange delirium to him. He could not comprehend it all. With the fuller realization came, however, a terrible keenness of bitter pain and disappointment. He could scarcely bear to look at Bernard. The very thought of him was agony. Thank God, the visit would be over in two days' time—he could scarcely leave earlier without an excuse. Meanwhile he chatted and laughed, sang and joined in the games with a fevered zest that made the more observant of his neighbors wonder, knowing that sudden changes are due to some cause.

A strange dream visited Robert McDonald's slumbers that last night of their stay. He thought he was wandering along in a vast subterranean chamber. A thousand lamps swinging from the far- vaulted roof lent it a weirdly illimitable appearance, and a hot, drug-like atmosphere heightened the effect of Oriental mystery. There were passages hung over at the entrance with strangely worked curtains of silk, passages, alternating with iron-studded doors, all around this hall. While he was wondering what he should do and whither to go, a lady draped and veiled in white, with a shining lamp in her hand, his Esclairmonde entered beckoning him to follow. She bade him burst open one of the great nail-studded doors and release her Bernard. He hastened to obey and a great dragon of incandescent heat came leaping forth to envelop him in a terrible fiery embrace.

At this juncture Robert awoke. It was not a moment too soon. The room was full of smoke, the heat was fearful. A crackling, frightful sound all around, a brilliant glow in the garden, hurrying steps and cries of "Fire!" left him without a moment's doubt. Hastily donning a strong wrap and snatching a few of the more valued of his possessions he left the room and succeeded in effecting a safe descent to the garden with a panic-stricken companion or two.

Here, in the large summer house, most of the household was congregated. One had a good view of the burning building from this place, and it was a terrible spectacle. A large, square, old-fashioned house, compactly built, there was scarcely hope for it to increase the work of destruction. The flames had enveloped one whole side in a sheet that blazed up into the dark, pitilessly dry sky with a hungry roaring and crackling that made the onlookers shudder. A chill wind was blowing and this but served to increase the work of destruction, fanning the fire and carrying it more easily from point to point.

Ever and anon, a cruel, forked tongue of red leaped forth from another of the windows, joining its companions at a widened sheet of flame, spreading its baleful activities always further. Leaping, dancing and running here, one steady frightful blaze there, the sound of crashing beams, of splintering wood and stonework, the horrible crackling of destruction proceeding apace—it was a nightmare, a vision of horror. The house was doomed.

They were busy counting the refugees. One after another answered to the rollcall or was satisfactorily accounted for, there was no one missing. "Stay!" where was Bernard Codrington? Had any one seen him? Yes, the last that had been seen of him was in the burning house, he had wakened early and assisted many. But where was he now? None could tell! Hurried searching to and fro revealed nothing, and old Mr. Anthony was in despair, for the boy was the apple of his eye. O God! what had become of him?

Heavens! There at an upper window in that raging Inferno of flames the young man was clearly seen. There was a simultaneous groan from the onlookers. It was too hot round the house—how could any one enter. Tears streamed down old Mr. Anthony's stern face. He fell on his knees on the ground.

"O God be merciful to me a sinner!" he cried. "I have sinned, I have sinned, but if Thou, O God, wilt be merciful and spare him to me, no longer will I resist Thee—"

"There is a back way up, a secret entrance," came the trembling tones of Mary Hamilton. The flames had hardly reached it yet, but I am afraid that before the brigade can arrive it will also be impracticable. The only hope—"

"Let me go, let me go, Miss Hamilton," eagerly besought McDonald. And he was gone.

How he succeeded in battling his way against tremendous odds to the room, where Bernard had been seen, how, with the unconscious, inert load he snatched from the smoulder-

ing floor that was almost aflame already, he tottering gained that stone back stairway after repeated falls, he had not the faintest idea. Dazed and half dead, between the combined action of, at one time the stifling heat at another of the volumes of suffocating smoke, and, frequently too, of the keen, bright white-hot agony of the flame, it was a miracle, a real miracle, that the more than heroic feat should ever have been accomplished. There was an eager little crowd assembled around the stairway as he appeared, and, just as he would have dropped down it unconscious with his unconscious burden, a dozen willing hands and arms received them safely.

Bernard would live, ay, and retain no trace of that terrible night's suffering upon him, said the doctor, some few days later. It was otherwise, however, with the brave rescuer. He had been cruelly burned, and the shock he had sustained had been to too grave a nature.

"He is sinking and cannot last very much longer. A noble man!" said the physician warmly.

Esclairmonde, radiant with a newer, stiller beauty, happier of face than of old, with a happiness that all the compassionate sympathy of her grief for the dying man could not altogether conceal, entered the sick room again after the doctor's departure. Father Lang had been sent for, but it would be some little time yet ere he could arrive.

The dying man looked at her penetratingly.

"Esclairmonde, Light of the World," he murmured.

Her face flushed, tears filled her eyes. Kneeling by his bedside she gently lifted one of the wounded, bandaged hands and held it softly.

"Listen, Robert, I will call you Robert," she said. "Your devotion, your unselfish generosity was all revealed to me by the wanderings of your recent delirium. I was nursing you. Thank God, thank God, your reward will be beyond words. He will know how to return it to you. I cannot tell you how moved I was to hear that story from your lips."

"But the best returns that I can make to you," she went on, "is to tell you how great a happiness you have brought to me, and to Bernard also. You may know that our engagement was more a matter of our parent's wishes than our own. Well, about a year after it occurred, my real vocation in life was clearly made known to me, and some time later the Heavenly Bridegroom's call came also to Bernard. I had no freedom till my twenty-seventh year. Bernard also was under age, and Mr. Anthony persistently refused to listen to us. Once, becoming very angry, he threatened us with the curse of a slighted and neglected parent should we persevere in our folly."

"Bernard and I endured months of misery. Then came the fire. Mr. Anthony feared God was about to punish him by taking his son from him, and he vowed, as you heard, to surrender him should he be saved from death. Your heroism, your noble action was God's answer.

"Your martyrdom has given God a priest and a nun who will never forget you all their lives through. Our Lady of Mount Carmel, to the shelter of whose mantle I go, will receive you now. To you, under God, she owes another daughter. The Sacred Heart will embrace you, for to your disinterested generosity He owes a new priest, another Self."

"Thank God," were McDonald's dying words. His cup of bliss was full—the lost life was more than found again.—Richard Grant in The Magnificat.

A CONVERT'S STORY OF HIS OWN CONVERSION

FAITH CAME THROUGH PAULIST MISSION

In writing down the following account of my conversion to the true Church of our Lord, my purpose is chiefly to impress upon such readers as may yet be outside the Catholic fold, or perhaps have received an intuitive glimpse of the truth, the great mercy of God in sending the unflinching Grace of Faith, even to those who may have, for a number of years, entirely neglected to give serious thought to the welfare of their souls. I was one of these.

When I was born forty-two years ago, my father was a prominent dignitary in the Evangelical Lutheran State Church of Sweden. He died before I was five years old, but my deeply religious mother gave me just as thorough a Christian education as my pious father could have bestowed on me, had he survived to guide my early steps in life. I was only fourteen when my dear mother passed away also, and I was placed under the guardianship of my brother-in-law. My intention at this time was to follow in the footsteps of my father, thereby fulfilling the fondest wish of my mother, who had always hoped to be spared until the day when I would serve God at the altar and in pulpit.

When I was confirmed and made my first Holy Communion, a year or so after her death, my mind was still bent upon a clerical vocation, and I was as sincerely religious then as any youth ever brought up in a good Christian home.

<

me to receive unworthily, and as there was no other way of probing my worthiness than by self-examination of conscience, I was naturally very much perturbed, since I was not absolutely sure whether I was worthy or not. Suppose that I should "eat and drink eternal damnation unto myself," as the phrase read in my catechism, would it not then be better not to approach the Sacrament of the altar at all? For if I actually did go and damn myself for the first year, there was no way of repairing the damage done. Yet through meditation, prayer and other means of approaching our Lord, I gained sufficient reassurance to enable me to receive my first Holy Communion. It was my last one as a Protestant, too, because I could never afterwards persuade myself to believe that I was worthy of receiving my Lord and Master, although I made several attempts to get into the right state of mind. Very likely my intentions may not have been good enough to deserve such a great favor from God.

At the age of seventeen, I had already finished my general college course with quite some distinction, and I looked forward, with the self-reliance of conceited youth, to a great academic career. I matriculated in the faculty of philosophy at one of the royal universities, and I was a proficient Latin scholar. I wrote my specimen for the Doctor's degree in that language already during the first year of my academic citizenship. The praise I received subsequently to this achievement bolstered up my pride still further, and I gradually became so exceedingly well pleased with myself and my alleged great learning, that my inner vision covered very little beyond that limited sphere. In short, it was a clear case of exaggerated ego. I will not dwell very long on the four years of my university life. Suffice it here to say, that I completed my philosophical and general course of humaniora, and when I was a little over twenty-one, I was ready to pass my examination for admission to the judiciary and administrative departments of the governments. At this juncture I was drafted for military service, and when I got through with that, after a period of rather rough and vulgar garrison and camp life, I decided to visit one of my brothers in the United States, with the intention of returning to my native country after replenishing my inherited funds which had run miserably low.

Things American, however, suited me to perfection, and my desire for going back to Sweden waned more and more as one year after another passed by. I experienced shifting fortunes during my early years in this country, but managed somehow to keep in the swim. All this time I was not cognizant of any religious wants. It is true that I would have spells—especially at matters had gone awry in some way,—when I felt a vague longing for some spiritual food to build up my soul and strengthen my character. While under this mood, I once in a great while attended religious services in Swedish churches, but the shallow discourses of their preachers were not of the kind to arouse any religious fervor in me. I suppose that the mind is stered to their people in good faith and according to their best knowledge, and it is more than likely that the average church-goer received all the consolation expected and desired. As for me, I came away from such services more downhearted than before and with a feeling of either gloom or irritation. Before long I made up my mind not to bother at all about any church, but to live along according to my own ethical standards which were—by the way, admitted—not particularly exacting. In this connection I wish to say that God in His great mercy did never suffer me to fall altogether out of the ranks of believers. He graciously kept alive my faith, such as it was, and I remained a Christian, in theory, if not in practice. In other words I became an Indifferentist.

The years went on, and in time I married a true girl of my own nationality. She had been brought up in a good Lutheran home in Sweden and had remained faithful to her creed also after her arrival in this country. My example and influence caused a change in this, inasmuch as she adopted the same kind of conscience-religion, as I had followed for so many years. Still she never accepted this spiritual condition with the complacency that had lulled me into a state of artificial peace of mind. She yearned to get into more immediate communion with Almighty God, and when our first child became old enough to be taught religion, her anxiety that we should affiliate ourselves with some church was also shared by me to a certain extent.

About this time the Paulist Fathers of New York were giving a Mission in the parish where we happened to live. Our landlord was a Catholic, and his daughter suggested to my wife that she accompany her to one of the Mission services. When she came home, she made me promise to go with her to the church the next evening. I shall never forget that evening. With the preconceived idea that I would come away from that Mission service as little edified as I had been on previous similar occasions in Protestant churches, I resigned myself to the fate of spending a weary hour listening to a string of stereotyped admonitions, interspersed with scriptural quotations. But I had not been long in church before I surprised myself at listening intently to the explanations one of the priests gave to the

more or less silly inquiries which had been deposited in the "Question Box" at the door. First I admired what I then considered the clever argumentation of the cleric, but in a short while it dawned on me that there actually was no cleverness, much less any sophistry, needed to elucidate the points involved in the questions. Why, it was nothing but ordinary common sense and of course, the word of God, as accepted by all of us Christians in the Bible, which the priest referred to for a satisfactory solution of the problems presented. I could not help pondering over these instructions and the dignified, clear exposition of religious truths to which I had been listening. How unlike was it not to the frantic efforts I had so often seen employed at prayer meetings, when the preacher had endeavored to work up enthusiasm in his audience, yet effecting nothing but a sort of spiritual intoxication, at the best, which would be slept off over night.

I did not go to the Mission services again, nevertheless, for fear that I would become a Catholic, if I did. Yes, my oldtime prejudice against the Catholic Church reasserted itself, a prejudice nurtured by the traditions and teachings implanted in me from the first day I commenced to study theology and church history, which subjects are obligatory in the Swedish elementary schools. How could I possibly think of becoming a Catholic? It would mean, as I thought, abnegation of my whole previous existence, of nationality, of family traditions, in fact, everything that had served to mould my character and define my station in life. Yet I could not rid myself of the impression I had received, and many an evening found my wife and myself discussing the subject of religion.

I had then two friends who visited us quite frequently, one of which was more or less of an Agnostic and the other an Indifferentist of my own brand. We often spoke of religious matters, but after my attendance at that mission I could not agree with them on many points where our opinions had formerly been identical. Really, in our conversations I became, half unknowingly, a champion of Catholic doctrines, and I remember particularly well one evening, when I smote vehemently at my indifferentist friend who denied the grace of Almighty God as a factor in our daily life. When both of them soon after ceased their visits to my home, I realized suddenly that I had already started to cut loose from my former associations, but instead of it making me feel downcast over my rashness, it rather seemed to give me more breathing room, so to speak. I cannot describe the spiritual regeneration that immediately transformed me into a Catholic. When I looked back now on those two or three weeks after the memorable Mission it seems to me that the glorious grace of faith all at once flooded my soul, rousing my whole being, filling the dark and empty recesses of my mind with the light of Truth.

I communicated my new spiritual condition to my wife, and we both responded with alacrity to what we sincerely believed, as we always will do, to be God's own call for us to come to the bosom of His Holy Church. To test ourselves we decided however, to attend devotions at the nearest Swedish Lutheran Church on the following Sunday. When we arrived there, some minutes before the scheduled opening of the services, we found the doors locked and a few persons standing outside waiting to get in. We did not join them but retraced our steps home. The next evening, if my memory is right, we sought the pastor of the Catholic parish in which we resided, and were received most benignly. I told him our story, and he agreed with us that it was by a special and most immediate act of merciful grace that Our Lord had gathered us in among His faithful. We received instructions during a couple of weeks, but everything appeared so familiar that both of us felt as if we had never been anything but Catholics. Not a feature in any of the doctrines caused us any difficulty to understand, and the supreme gift of faith with which Our Lord had endowed us, bridged over the unfathomable chasm of the divine mysteries.

There is not much more to add. We were duly received into the Church, together with our little son, by conditional baptism, and a year afterwards we received the sacrament of confirmation. Our Lord has conferred more bountiful blessings on myself and family than ever during these past years, the greatest of them all being the strengthening of our faith more and more, as we pass the milestones on the path toward our eternal goal. Our dearest wish and daily prayer is that God will deign to call our two sons to the holy priesthood, and that they may become the means of propagating the true faith among the people of that dear old country in the Far North where a truly and deeply religious sentiment makes a deeply religious promise to go with her to the church the next evening. I shall never forget that evening. With the preconceived idea that I would come away from that Mission service as little edified as I had been on previous similar occasions in Protestant churches, I resigned myself to the fate of spending a weary hour listening to a string of stereotyped admonitions, interspersed with scriptural quotations. But I had not been long in church before I surprised myself at listening intently to the explanations one of the priests gave to the

are told that there never was a national flag for Ireland. The golden harp on green; the golden harp on blue; blue, green and gold; the golden sunburst on green—all are familiar, but none of them can be considered the true national flag of Ireland.

The Irish tricolor, green, orange and blue, is suggested by those who maintain that there can be neither peace nor prosperity in Ireland until all the forces of the country can be reconciled to one common platform.

THE FRENCH CHURCH UNDER SEPARATION

From the Tablet

The participation of English Catholics in the recent celebrations at Calais and Boulogne has served to recall the present situation of the Church of France. From time to time there is seen in the press an attempt to support the Bill for the Disestablishment of the Church of England in Wales by an appeal to what has happened in France under the regime of Separation. The view of the people who thus use the case of the French Church as an argument is that Disestablishment in Wales will be justified by its results as it has been across the Channel. But what is the spectacle that has been there presented to the world? We have seen the Church of France at once disestablished and disendowed by a law far more drastic and severe than the bill promoted by Mr. McKenna for the accomplishment of a similar process in Wales. The Concordat was abrogated without any reference to Rome, the other contracting party; the cathedrals, churches, bishops, houses, presbyteries, seminaries, and the funds for their upkeep were declared the property of the State, the departments, or the communes. On one condition alone might they be retained for the use of the Church which built them or to which they had been given—the formation of Associations of Worship, which would have reduced the Church to Congregationalism. The Pope forbade, therefore, the formation of these Associations, in which the rights of the hierarchy had no legal recognition and as a result the Church of France, with silent and docile heroism, gave up some 331,000,000 francs' worth of property rather than surrender the spiritual claims involved in the divine constitution of the Catholic Church of which she is a member. True, she has still the use of the cathedrals and churches, but it is neither by legal right nor even compliance, but as a mere occupant at will, because the politicians in power feared to close them and so irritate the voter. Such a renunciation as that could not but strike the imagination of all thinking men, and the Bishop of Oxford, in his speech on the Welsh Bill in the House of Lords in February, said of it: "I think what attracted our attention at that time was the magnificent loyalty with which (the Church of France) asserted its principles and made its spiritual claims, and at the same time betrayed an extraordinary degree of indifference as regards its secular position and as regards its financial resources. I think that process was extraordinary; I watched that process with admiration."

But Bishop Gore did not end there. Whilst admiring the wisdom displayed by the French Church in asserting her spiritual claim, putting her spiritual principles first and her secular position and finances last, he implied that there was and would be an increasingly great revival as a result of this process of Disestablishment and Disendowment. His lordship also regretted that the spiritual claims in France in such complete subjection to Rome. For this view he has been taken to task in the Nineteenth Century by the Comtesse de Franqueville in an article which, though chiefly intended as an argument against Disestablishment in Wales, is full of instruction upon the real facts of the situation in France. In the first place, in regard to this "subjection to Rome," she points out that it was really "the key to the whole situation. The magnificent loyalty was to the Pope. To me that loyalty is all the more truly magnificent, and that heroism is all the greater, because very many among the French clergy, as well as the laity, hoped the Pope would decide otherwise. All realized to the full what beggary would mean to themselves, and still more in the crippling of their work at a time when the need for temporal means was ever increasing." This is but what M. Goyau has already pointed out in his article in the Constructive Quarterly for March when he said: "While aiming at vengeance upon the Pope or at his chastisement, certain of his adversaries who were suspicious of Ultramontane influences, have, quite to the contrary, sanctioned and finally completed the full sovereignty of the Pope in the Church of France; and the very independence of that Church in regard to the State consecrates and finally completes her docility to Rome." As suggested, it would be absurd to suggest that the French Church desired it, as to Separation, the Comtesse de Franqueville declares that she knew of no Bishop who would have lifted a little finger to help it. "Indeed, Mgr. Dadoile, late Bishop of Dijon repeatedly told me that despite the ever increasing hostility and unfairness of the State officials to the Church, warping to this effect the natural intention in the Concordat, he felt so strongly the importance of the nation of that public recognition

WHAT KEEPS PROTESTANTS OUT OF THE CHURCH?

PRIDE OF HUMAN REASON AND IGNORANCE OF CATHOLIC BELIEF AND PRACTICE, SAYS ARCHBISHOP MANNIX.

The Most Rev. Dr. Mannix, Coadjutor Archbishop of Melbourne, Australia, preaching recently from the text "and other sheep I have that are not of this fold; then also I must bring, and they shall hear. My voice, and there shall be one fold and one Shepherd" (John x, 16), said: "The Church of God was to be one fold. But outside the Catholic Church there exists, not the unity of a single fold under one Shepherd but the chaos and confusion of shepherds innumerable, calling to sheep that will not follow. I speak not merely of the confusion and discord between the different sects of different nations, but of that existing between the sects of the same country and between those who, because they were born into the same sect rather than from any unity of religious conviction, sit side by side upon the benches of church or chapel. They may be, and many of them are, earnest, zealous, pious people, but they are 'other sheep' who are not of the fold of Christ. That pride which prevents people from accepting the infallible authority of the Church in favor of their own private judgment is one of the chief, if not the greatest, obstacle, to conversion from Protestantism.

"Of course, there are other obstacles, and very serious ones. There is among Protestants an appalling ignorance of what Catholic belief and practice is. We live in the midst of them, and for the most part they are good neighbors, as we say, and friendly. But they know very little about our religious belief. They see that we go to church more regularly, indeed, than they do, and that we abstain from meat on certain occasions, and that we are, therefore, troublesome guests to provide for

of Almighty God, which must cease with separation, that, for that reason more even than for the endowments, he tolerated the inconveniences and shackles of the Concordat." Then, in regard to the Bishop of Oxford's remark that the Church of France, though she had by Separation lost influence in many ways, was vindicating her claim to be the Church of the country, the Comtesse points out to His Lordship with blunt frankness that "there is no competition of Churches in France. The competition is solely between Christ and anti-Christ. The Church in France receives all the blows because it alone is the organized, living medium of the Incarnation in France.

The great revival in France is next dealt with, and again the facts noted are a justification of the course taken by the Pope. "There is," writes the Comtesse de Franqueville "more vigorous life and energy. The line taken by Pius X. as to Modernism has had as one result the concentrating of energy on practical work. Also, now that the Pope alone chooses and nominates the Bishops, there is at least a security for choice on spiritual grounds. The connection with Rome has been tightened, the spell of State officialdom has been broken." But as regards the activity that has been so remarkable, its secret, she thinks, "lies in the freedom, hitherto denied, of the assemblies of the clergy, and, above all, in the newly acquired facility for making parishes where required and therein building new churches." At the same time, however, not all is, she declares, as bright and full of promise as some would have us believe. In insisting upon the priceless value of the parochial system, she states that the number of country parishes without priests is increasing, partly because of the want of clergy and partly because of the want of funds to maintain them. Indeed, in many dioceses the situation is described as "very serious." Apart from the contributions of the *denier du culte*, the real contributors remain about the same in number. It is a general rule, she says, to find funds for a new church; a rich lay benefactor comes forward, and some of the parishioners give generously in small sums. But it is the maintenance of the church and clergy that is the difficulty. The *denier du culte* produces less than was hoped for, whilst in country districts, where formerly the clergy received gifts in kind, everything is now taken for sale to the nearest market if there is one. A new agreement with that given in the striking article by M. Goyau already referred to. All goes to show that whatever the Church of France is achieving under Separation is due to the devotion of the clergy, aided by the generosity of the faithful laity. As M. Goyau has eloquently put it: "Sometimes we speak of the 'cure of the Concordat,' so easily treated as State functionary, in contradistinction to the 'cure of the Separation,' the latter is a newcomer, utterly careless of earthly interests, indifferent to political contingencies, concerned only to be at the disposal of the throng, as the servant of the servants of God. And the glorious thing for the Church of France is the thoroughly apostolic ease, the glad disinterestedness, the joyous and fruitful energy with the 'cure of the Concordat' has transformed himself into the 'cure of the Separation.'"

THE PROTESTANT MIND REBELS AGAINST MODERNITY

"Even though the mists of prejudice and ignorance regarding the Church were dissipated, there would still remain the difficulty of submitting to the authority of the Church. The revolt in the sixteenth century was to a large extent a revolt against the unyielding pride of human reason. Men will not humble themselves to hear the Church. Religion, they say, is a matter between each man and his Maker. They can, they say, judge for themselves. They do not object to listen to the discourse of a preacher in a Protestant church. He may have strong, definite views and may try to enforce them with argument and compelling authority; it is understood on both sides that each member of the congregation is free to accept as much or as little as he pleases. (With the Catholic Church is quite different. She does not commission her spokesmen to teach a number of doctrines which men are free to reject, or from which they might pick and choose as they might choose from the program of a political party.) She demands an absolute, unquestioning assent to each and every truth which she teaches to be a part of the divine revelation. This is what the Protestant mind rebels against.

PEOPLE IN GLASS HOUSES

CHURCH OF ENGLAND RECTOR ATTACKS CALDEY MONKS

The Norwich Church of England rector discharged an epistolary javelin at our devoted head the other day, says the editor of The Lamp, couched in the following terms: "I say nothing about the Caldey Monks who have taken with them to Rome money given them for Church of England purposes, other than to point out that it is little wonder so many 'men of the world' refuse to believe in the sincerity of those professing to be religious."

Now that we go to church more regularly, indeed, than they do, and that we abstain from meat on certain occasions, and that we are, therefore, troublesome guests to provide for

daughters much more even than when she first executed the deed of transfer we think our Anglican brethren had better reflect that people who live in glass houses should not throw stones.

Reference to Caldey is particularly unfortunate in this connection because it is notorious that Henry VIII. robbed the Catholic Benedictines of the island in the 16th century and in this twentieth century act of restitution the hand of God is so plainly manifest that we wonder how any reverent man, Catholic, Anglican or non-Conformist, could fail to see it.

ROB MEXICANS OF FAITH

BAPTISTS VOTE \$2,500 TO PERVERT CATHOLICS IN TEXAS PARISH

Recently the Baptist Mission Board voted \$2,500 for the work of "converting" the "Romanists" of Father Kemper's parish, in a remote section of Texas. There are about four hundred Mexicans under his care, five of whom are Methodists, the rest Catholics, but none Baptists. According to the Baptist point of view, this is three hundred and ninety-five too many Catholics. They need "evangelization." They should have the free rays of the King James' edition flashed on their eyes. In short they should be rescued from the "Roman converts," and swell the number of "converts" that the Baptist Home Missionary Society shows to its benefactors. So the \$2,500 was voted to offset the work that Father Kemper, the man who went down to Texas to die, is doing.

BAPTISTS BUILD CHURCH

The Baptists evidently forgot that in the large cities their churches are for the most part temples of solitude. They overlooked the fact that in the city they have proven themselves a failure, and the logical thing to do would be to fill their own churches first before they construct more empty ones. But that is not the way the Baptists viewed the situation. Here was a happy hunting ground—entirely innocent of even one Mexican Baptist. Here was the field of endeavor for them, so they built a church, and hired an excommunicated Spanish priest to help vilify the religion he had rebelled against. But the priest from Chicago, has so far come out ahead.

"This will show you," Father Kemper remarked to a member of the Catholic Church Extension Society, "better than anything else the progress that my little Notre Dame school

made last year. Nothing would please me more than to be able to build a church and school for the Mexicans right opposite the Baptist place. Now is the time."

The Catholic Church Extension Society has already aided Father Kemper in every possible way. It has sent him donations that benefactors of the society designated for his missions. The other day a beautiful ciborium found its way down there. And evidently it was an opportune gift.

1,000 COMMUNIONS DURING VACATION

"We have great need of a new ciborium now," he remarked, for every week I have to fill it with at least one hundred altar breads. This would have been enough for a whole year three years ago. During the vacation months I had over a thousand communions. Let this give you an idea of what one year of parochial school life can do for a mission district. This year," he went on, "I am opening a boarding annex for girls."

Father Kemper completed his seminary course in the American College in Rome, and on his return to Chicago, his health failed and he was sent away to Texas to regain it. But evidently and perhaps to the regret of the Baptist Home Missionary Societies his hour had not come. Unknown to himself, his life was to be filled with hardships of a missionary career, and down there in Texas among the Mexicans he found his field. Donations for his work may be sent to the Catholic Church Extension Society, 1133 McCormick Building, Chicago, and they will be promptly forwarded to this zealous young priest, who has found life on the missions one complete tension.

ST. ANGELA'S COLLEGE

Queen's Ave. and Colborne St., London
Under the patronage of Rt. Rev. M. F. Fallon, D.D., Bishop of London

A Day School for the Education of Young Women and Girls

High School Department

Students prepared for Lower School, Entrance to Normal, Entrance to Faculties, Pass and Honour Matriculation Examinations. Science Department equipped for practical work in Physics, Chemistry, Mineralogy, Biology and Domestic Science.

Preparatory Department

Efficient training in the Elementary and Entrance to High School Courses.

Music Department

Affiliated with the Toronto Conservatory of Music. Thorough courses in Piano and Theory of Music. The Famous Myer's Method used for beginners in piano. For terms apply to THE MOTHER SUPERIOR.

College and Academy of St. Joseph

ST. ALBAN STREET, TORONTO

Residential and Day School for Young Ladies and Little Girls

Thorough Academic, Collegiate, Commercial and Preparatory Courses. Under the Direction of Teachers holding University Degrees. For Prospectus, apply to THE MOTHER SUPERIOR.

"Stella Maris" Convent

Congregation De Notre Dame PICTOU, N. S.

This institution, directed by the well-known Order of the Sisters of the Congregation de Notre Dame of Montreal, occupies one of the most beautiful and salubrious sites in Canada.

The building is large and commodious. The class rooms are furnished with all the improvements and appliances requisite to a modern curriculum. The scholastic year, divided into two sessions, begins the first week of September and closes the latter part of June.

Address: THE MOTHER SUPERIOR, PICTOU, N. S.

URSULINE COLLEGE, "THE PINES"

CHATHAM, ONTARIO

Under the patronage of the Right Rev. Bishop of London

AN IDEAL PLACE FOR THE EDUCATION OF YOUNG GIRLS

College Department: Perfectly equipped High School under qualified teachers.

School of Business: Full Commercial courses in Bookkeeping, Shorthand, Typewriting, etc.

Preparatory Department: The most devoted attention given to the training and teaching of young children.

Domestic Science: Cooking, Sewing, etc., taught practically in all the classes.

Schools of Music, Art and Expression

Registration of Resident Students September 5. Classes open at 9.30 a.m. September 9.

APPLY FOR CATALOG TO THE REV. MOTHER SUPERIOR

AUTOMOBILES, LIVERY, GARAGE

R. HURSTON & SONS
Livery and Garage, Open Day and Night
Star Livery, 479 St. Lawrence St. Phone 423
Boys' Livery, 380 Wellington St. Phone 441

FINANCIAL

THE ONTARIO LOAN & DEBENTURE COY
Capital paid up, \$1,750,000. Reserve \$1,450,000
Deposits received: Taxation, Insured, Real Estate
Loans made. John McCarty, Pres., A. M. Smart, Mgr.
Offices: Dundas St. Cor. Market Lane, London.

made last year. Nothing would please me more than to be able to build a church and school for the Mexicans right opposite the Baptist place. Now is the time."

The Catholic Church Extension Society has already aided Father Kemper in every possible way. It has sent him donations that benefactors of the society designated for his missions. The other day a beautiful ciborium found its way down there. And evidently it was an opportune gift.

1,000 COMMUNIONS DURING VACATION

"We have great need of a new ciborium now," he remarked, for every week I have to fill it with at least one hundred altar breads. This would have been enough for a whole year three years ago. During the vacation months I had over a thousand communions. Let this give you an idea of what one year of parochial school life can do for a mission district. This year," he went on, "I am opening a boarding annex for girls."

Father Kemper completed his seminary course in the American College in Rome, and on his return to Chicago, his health failed and he was sent away to Texas to regain it. But evidently and perhaps to the regret of the Baptist Home Missionary Societies his hour had not come. Unknown to himself, his life was to be filled with hardships of a missionary career, and down there in Texas among the Mexicans he found his field. Donations for his work may be sent to the Catholic Church Extension Society, 1133 McCormick Building, Chicago, and they will be promptly forwarded to this zealous young priest, who has found life on the missions one complete tension.

Loretto Ladies' Business College

385 Brunswick Ave., Toronto

MUSIC STUDIO ATTACHED

ST. JEROME'S COLLEGE
BERLIN, ONTARIO
Founded 1864

Excellent Business College Department. Excellent High School or Academic Department. Excellent College and Ph.D. Department.

REV. A. L. ZINGER, C.R., Ph.D., Pres.

The Catholic Record

Price of Subscription—\$1.50 per annum. United States & Europe—\$2.00. Publisher and Proprietor, Thomas Coffey, L.L.D. Editors—REV. JAMES F. FOLEY, B.A. THOMAS COFFEY, L.L.D. Associate Editor—REV. D. A. CASEY, H. F. MACINTOSH.

Advertisement for vacant situations wanted, etc. sent to each insertion. Remittance to accompany the order.

Approved and recommended by the Archbishop of Toronto, Kingston, Ottawa and St. Boniface, the Bishops of London, Hamilton, Peterborough, and Carleton Place, and the Clergy throughout the Dominion.

Members: P. J. Neven, E. J. Broderick, M. J. Haggarty, Mrs. W. E. Smith, Miss Sara Hanley, Miss O. Herringer, and Miss Breda Saunders are fully authorized to receive subscriptions and transact all other business for THE CATHOLIC RECORD.

Divorce and marriage notices cannot be inserted except in the usual condensed form. Each insertion 50 cents.

Subscribers changing residence will please give old as well as new address.

In St. John, N. B., single copies may be purchased from Mrs. H. A. McNeill, 225 Main Street.

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

Mr. Thomas Coffey. Dear Sir—Since coming to Canada I have had a number of your papers, and have been satisfied that it is directed with intelligence and ability, and above all, that it is imbued with a strong Catholic spirit.

Mr. Thomas Coffey. Dear Sir—For some time past I have read your admirable paper the Catholic Record, and congratulate you upon the manner in which it is published.

Mr. Thomas Coffey. Dear Sir—For some time past I have read your admirable paper the Catholic Record, and congratulate you upon the manner in which it is published.

Mr. Thomas Coffey. Dear Sir—For some time past I have read your admirable paper the Catholic Record, and congratulate you upon the manner in which it is published.

Mr. Thomas Coffey. Dear Sir—For some time past I have read your admirable paper the Catholic Record, and congratulate you upon the manner in which it is published.

Mr. Thomas Coffey. Dear Sir—For some time past I have read your admirable paper the Catholic Record, and congratulate you upon the manner in which it is published.

Mr. Thomas Coffey. Dear Sir—For some time past I have read your admirable paper the Catholic Record, and congratulate you upon the manner in which it is published.

Mr. Thomas Coffey. Dear Sir—For some time past I have read your admirable paper the Catholic Record, and congratulate you upon the manner in which it is published.

Mr. Thomas Coffey. Dear Sir—For some time past I have read your admirable paper the Catholic Record, and congratulate you upon the manner in which it is published.

Mr. Thomas Coffey. Dear Sir—For some time past I have read your admirable paper the Catholic Record, and congratulate you upon the manner in which it is published.

Mr. Thomas Coffey. Dear Sir—For some time past I have read your admirable paper the Catholic Record, and congratulate you upon the manner in which it is published.

Mr. Thomas Coffey. Dear Sir—For some time past I have read your admirable paper the Catholic Record, and congratulate you upon the manner in which it is published.

Mr. Thomas Coffey. Dear Sir—For some time past I have read your admirable paper the Catholic Record, and congratulate you upon the manner in which it is published.

Mr. Thomas Coffey. Dear Sir—For some time past I have read your admirable paper the Catholic Record, and congratulate you upon the manner in which it is published.

Mr. Thomas Coffey. Dear Sir—For some time past I have read your admirable paper the Catholic Record, and congratulate you upon the manner in which it is published.

Mr. Thomas Coffey. Dear Sir—For some time past I have read your admirable paper the Catholic Record, and congratulate you upon the manner in which it is published.

Mr. Thomas Coffey. Dear Sir—For some time past I have read your admirable paper the Catholic Record, and congratulate you upon the manner in which it is published.

Mr. Thomas Coffey. Dear Sir—For some time past I have read your admirable paper the Catholic Record, and congratulate you upon the manner in which it is published.

Mr. Thomas Coffey. Dear Sir—For some time past I have read your admirable paper the Catholic Record, and congratulate you upon the manner in which it is published.

Mr. Thomas Coffey. Dear Sir—For some time past I have read your admirable paper the Catholic Record, and congratulate you upon the manner in which it is published.

Mr. Thomas Coffey. Dear Sir—For some time past I have read your admirable paper the Catholic Record, and congratulate you upon the manner in which it is published.

Mr. Thomas Coffey. Dear Sir—For some time past I have read your admirable paper the Catholic Record, and congratulate you upon the manner in which it is published.

Mr. Thomas Coffey. Dear Sir—For some time past I have read your admirable paper the Catholic Record, and congratulate you upon the manner in which it is published.

Mr. Thomas Coffey. Dear Sir—For some time past I have read your admirable paper the Catholic Record, and congratulate you upon the manner in which it is published.

Mr. Thomas Coffey. Dear Sir—For some time past I have read your admirable paper the Catholic Record, and congratulate you upon the manner in which it is published.

Mr. Thomas Coffey. Dear Sir—For some time past I have read your admirable paper the Catholic Record, and congratulate you upon the manner in which it is published.

Mr. Thomas Coffey. Dear Sir—For some time past I have read your admirable paper the Catholic Record, and congratulate you upon the manner in which it is published.

Mr. Thomas Coffey. Dear Sir—For some time past I have read your admirable paper the Catholic Record, and congratulate you upon the manner in which it is published.

Mr. Thomas Coffey. Dear Sir—For some time past I have read your admirable paper the Catholic Record, and congratulate you upon the manner in which it is published.

Mr. Thomas Coffey. Dear Sir—For some time past I have read your admirable paper the Catholic Record, and congratulate you upon the manner in which it is published.

Mr. Thomas Coffey. Dear Sir—For some time past I have read your admirable paper the Catholic Record, and congratulate you upon the manner in which it is published.

Mr. Thomas Coffey. Dear Sir—For some time past I have read your admirable paper the Catholic Record, and congratulate you upon the manner in which it is published.

Mr. Thomas Coffey. Dear Sir—For some time past I have read your admirable paper the Catholic Record, and congratulate you upon the manner in which it is published.

Mr. Thomas Coffey. Dear Sir—For some time past I have read your admirable paper the Catholic Record, and congratulate you upon the manner in which it is published.

Mr. Thomas Coffey. Dear Sir—For some time past I have read your admirable paper the Catholic Record, and congratulate you upon the manner in which it is published.

Mr. Thomas Coffey. Dear Sir—For some time past I have read your admirable paper the Catholic Record, and congratulate you upon the manner in which it is published.

Mr. Thomas Coffey. Dear Sir—For some time past I have read your admirable paper the Catholic Record, and congratulate you upon the manner in which it is published.

Mr. Thomas Coffey. Dear Sir—For some time past I have read your admirable paper the Catholic Record, and congratulate you upon the manner in which it is published.

Mr. Thomas Coffey. Dear Sir—For some time past I have read your admirable paper the Catholic Record, and congratulate you upon the manner in which it is published.

Mr. Thomas Coffey. Dear Sir—For some time past I have read your admirable paper the Catholic Record, and congratulate you upon the manner in which it is published.

Mr. Thomas Coffey. Dear Sir—For some time past I have read your admirable paper the Catholic Record, and congratulate you upon the manner in which it is published.

Mr. Thomas Coffey. Dear Sir—For some time past I have read your admirable paper the Catholic Record, and congratulate you upon the manner in which it is published.

Mr. Thomas Coffey. Dear Sir—For some time past I have read your admirable paper the Catholic Record, and congratulate you upon the manner in which it is published.

Mr. Thomas Coffey. Dear Sir—For some time past I have read your admirable paper the Catholic Record, and congratulate you upon the manner in which it is published.

Mr. Thomas Coffey. Dear Sir—For some time past I have read your admirable paper the Catholic Record, and congratulate you upon the manner in which it is published.

organized Socialist movement, I may without immodesty undertake to present the accepted Socialist position, and to speak for the Socialist movement with some degree of authority." Mr. Hillquit has been a delegate to the national conventions of the Socialist party since 1899, and to the international congresses and conferences at Amsterdam, Stuttgart, Copenhagen and Brussels.

Father John A. Ryan, D. D., Professor of Moral Theology and Economics in St. Paul Seminary, and also an author of recognized standing, will combat Socialism, showing that "as a social philosophy, though it reaches some glimmerings of truth, it is in the main false. As a living movement, it involves and disseminates so many and such baneful errors, social, religious and ethical, that it is a constant menace to right principles and a right order of society. As a contemplated economic-political scheme, it would bring in more and greater evils than it would abolish." Nevertheless, Father Ryan admits that the present industrial system "in many of its elements is far, very far, from satisfactory or tolerable. On the other hand, it is not bankrupt. It has in it the possibilities of immense improvement. Hence we are not compelled to continue it as it now is or to fly to Socialism. There is a third alternative, namely, the existing system greatly, even radically, amended."

In the current number of "Everybody's" the decks are cleared for action. Mr. Hillquit and Father Ryan have agreed on the subject, the method of treatment, and the limitations of the discussion. It is the principles, the philosophy, the ideals and the tendencies of Socialism, as embodied and exemplified in the actual living Socialist movement, that will form the subject of discussion. The debate will be, therefore, eminently practical and actual. The articles for and against Socialism will appear side by side in the same issue in a form available for the immediate comparison of arguments. It has been agreed that the authors should exchange manuscripts and re-exchange, each with the right to introduce revisions in the light of what the other had written, until each should be content.

The immense advantage of such full and fair discussion is at once evident. Too often the arguments against Socialism have been as intemperate, as ill-informed and as inadequate as the violent denunciations by which the street corner socialist seeks to uphold his cause. At times in condemning Socialism we are too prone to champion things as they are; to brand as socialistic and therefore condemned by the Church, measures which may or may not be economically sound, but which certainly are not condemned.

In the English coal strike the most formidable conservative argument was that the strike was unjustifiable and immoral, because the coal workers repudiated a contract that had yet some years to run. Some Catholic writers vigorously upheld this view. And yet it was Leo XIII. who made this deliberate pronouncement on this very subject:

"Let it be granted, then, that, as a rule, workman and employer should make free agreements, and in particular should freely agree as to wages; nevertheless, there is a dictate of nature more imperious and more ancient than any bargain between man and man, that the remuneration must be enough to support the wage-earner in reasonable and frugal comfort."

Whether the English miners were right or wrong does not matter now. What does matter is that Pope Leo, if quoted in favor of the miners, would probably have been branded as a Socialist by the reactionaries of that troubled time.

It is a matter of great congratulation that in Father Ryan, Socialism will find an opponent thoroughly well informed as to Catholic principles, and one, for that very reason, less likely to flinch from facing squarely the injustice of existing conditions. It is this frank recognition of what constitutes the strength of Socialism that will do much to keep the forthcoming discussion between Dr. Ryan and Mr. Hillquit within the sphere of the actual, the concrete and the useful.

We have no apology to make for this extended notice; we are quite convinced that our readers who follow the discussion will be grateful for the unique opportunity it will afford for informing themselves of the best that can be said on a subject of absorbing interest and pressing importance. The Catholic

Church is the chief bulwark against Socialism.

"Men eminent in both these world-wide groups," says the editor, "have lent their good-will, shared in the selection, and welcomed the conflict as one certain to be of the utmost value."

THE ANSWER

Day after day press despatches telling of war's alarms in Ulster created in the minds of some Canadians the impression that there was some foundation for believing that the British Government had reached an impasse on the Home Rule question. Lord Loreburn's suggestion of a conference, rumored consultations between leaders of both parties and the King, the silence of the Government, all seemed sufficient to confirm the impression.

It is now evident that the silence of the Government was not due to hesitation or uncertainty as to their course of action. Settlement by consent was in the air. Everyone felt that this was highly desirable, so the Government wisely allowed ample time for its discussion. This discussion enabled the people of the United Kingdom to realize that the very desirable settlement by consent was rendered impossible, not by the Government, but by Carson and Carsonism.

When this was clearly seen and the people and press were speculating as to the next development, a member of the Government, the Right Hon. Reginald McKenna, without brag or bluster, but with dignity and determination stated the Government's position firmly and unequivocally:

"The Liberal party have convictions and have the courage of their convictions. One of these convictions is that in the government of the country the will of the majority, lawfully expressed through their representatives, must prevail, and upon that conviction the Liberal party will stand. There is no possible alternative. We are not going to submit either to rule by minority or to anarchy."

"The Home Rule Bill will pass next session through the House of Commons, by authority of the representatives of the people, and if again rejected by the Lords it will pass under the Parliament Act."

Commenting on Mr. McKenna's speech The Westminster Gazette said:

"What the Government cannot do, without making itself ridiculous, or undermining the whole cause of constituted authority, is to hoist the white feather to Sir Edward Carson's Provisional Government."

Contrasted with the bluster and carefully ambiguous threats of Sir Edward Carson there is a courage and quiet dignity about these utterances that will appeal to self-respecting Englishmen.

Unionist visitors to Canada have been heard during the past year, so it was fitting that the Right Hon. Herbert Samuel should make a pronouncement before leaving Canada. At the Capital before the Canadian Club Mr. Samuel discussed the Home Rule Bill in some detail. Humorously he called attention to a fact, an outstanding fact, but one which too often forgotten or ignored:

"With regard to Ulster the first thing to understand about the Ulster problem is that it is not an Ulster problem. Ulster sends 35 members to the House of Commons, who, above all, reflect the opinion of the people on Home Rule. Of these 35, 18 are in favor of Home Rule."

Another important fact to which he called attention was that, leaving out the Irish members altogether, and counting only those from England, Scotland and Wales, there is a majority of sixty members at Westminster in favor of Home Rule. The Mail and Empire report describes Mr. Samuel as a fluent and incisive speaker who was listened to throughout with the closest attention; "and while he was making his peroration with all the emphasis at his command on the Home Rule question, the stillness was almost dramatic."

"We believe," concluded Mr. Samuel, in ringing tones, "that our general policy, apart from details, commands the approval of the dominions in the Empire and the Government of the United Kingdom cannot and will not abandon its proposal for establishing self-government in Ireland."

The most absolutely plain-spoken and uncompromising declaration was made by the Right Hon. Winston Churchill, First Lord of the Admiralty, in an address to his constituents at Dundee, Scotland:

"I turn to Ireland. Our policy, under the leadership of the Premier, towards Ireland, is clear and unwavering."

"We intend to create and set up an Irish Parliament subordinate to the

Imperial Parliament, with a responsible Executive, for the conduct of purely Irish affairs. We are absolutely entitled to do this, and to do it now, without delays. In the lifetime of the present House of Commons we are entitled to use the machinery of the Parliament Act for that purpose, which was indeed one of the main and explicit purposes of the Parliament Act."

He held that the two elections in 1910, with the fully expressed intention of passing a Home Rule measure, gave the government the fullest authority to act; "and we intend to act on that mandate, simply, fearlessly, and to the utmost of our just power."

"From that course no abuse, no reproaches, no cajolery, no violence, ought to turn us during the next two years; that is to say, before the Home Rule Bill can be fully operative."

"I have not the slightest doubt about the power of the government to carry this policy through. I have no doubt of their intention to carry it through. I have no doubt about their right to do so. Still less have I any doubt about the power of the State, as the State, apart from Liberal and Conservative politics, to maintain law and to maintain law and to put down disorder, by whomsoever it is threatened or fomented."

Then the British statesman gave the seditious Orange agitator the British Government's answer direct and unequivocal. It is wholesome reading after the columns of Orange bluster with which we have recently been regaled:

"Home Rule has been at last carried to the threshold of complete achievement, and if that is to be nullified by Orange violence and by the minority, having the lawless audacity to interpose a bully's veto, more arbitrary than the veto of the Crown which has been abolished these 300 years, then, if such things could happen, constitutional and Parliamentary action and patient and law-abiding agitation for the redress of grievances will in every part of the Empire and throughout the civilized world be discredited, and dark and furious methods of lawless violence will receive supreme and devastating vindication. Against such a peril, against such outrageous pretences, the government will be prepared to take all necessary appropriate measures."

Then he added:

"The claim of Northeast Ulster for special consideration is a claim which if advanced with sincerity and not as a wrecking manoeuvre cannot be ignored without full consideration by any Government dependent upon the present House of Commons. The Home Rule Bill is not unalterable but must be altered by consent."

This is taken by our frantic friend Windermere to mean that the Government is willing to exclude Northeast Ulster from the scope of the Home Rule Bill. Saneley read, the paragraph means nothing of the sort. Mr. Churchill, speaking for the Government, makes it clear to the people of the United Kingdom and to the world, that the Government is entirely willing to make any reasonable concessions in order to reach a settlement by consent.

It is now Ulster's move. If Carson offers nothing but the bully's veto for consideration, then the odium of rejecting all offers of conciliation rests on him and the irreconcilables he represents.

It was a good tactical move on the part of the Government. It was good statesmanship. It was good politics. It was in no sense a betrayal of his Irish colleagues. Redmond himself said there was no concession short of abandoning the principle of the Bill that he was not prepared to make in order that Irish self government should be made acceptable to all Irishmen. Such concessions can never include the dismemberment of Ireland. Ireland could no more consider the exclusion of Northeast Ulster and Belfast, than Canada could consider the exclusion of Quebec, with Canada's chief port of entry, Montreal.

It is now up to Mr. Carson and his Unionist sympathizers to formulate their demands, to advance with sincerity, and not as a wrecking manoeuvre, any and every reasonable claim on behalf of special consideration for Northeast Ulster. The Government and the House of Commons are willing to give them full and serious consideration with a view to settlement by consent. Settlement by consent, if possible, is ardently desired by all who are not blind partisans loath to abandon their wrecking manoeuvre. We can well believe it is the desire of the King.

If the champions of special consideration for Ulster are sincere, settlement by consent is possible. If irreconcilable wreckers, on them must rest the responsibility and odium of making settlement by consent impossible. They must now speak or forever hold their peace.

What the government will do, in the event of no sincere proposition on behalf of Ulster, is answered by His Majesty's Ministers in a tone and in terms that leave no room for misunderstanding.

DIVORCE AND RACE SUICIDE

The report of the Secretary of State for Ohio gives statistics of divorce in that State that are almost incredible.

The Kansas City Times has the following summary of the report:

"More than one out of every eight marriages in Ohio finds its sequel in the divorce court. Last year 43,357 brides vowed eternal love and obedience at the altar. To-day 5,724 of them are divorcees. And that is not the worst of it either. In addition to the six thousand divorces granted more than eight thousand more couples tried to get decrees and failed, chiefly because of refusal of courts to grant them."

The above figures show that, while more than one divorce is granted for each eight marriages, the total number of divorces sought is one out of every three marriages."

Significant also is the fact that the number of marriages last year was only 43,357 as compared with over 46,000 in 1908.

If the United States gives the most impressive object lessons in divorce, France, decadent and dying and at war with the Church, furnishes not less eloquent statistics in the matter of race suicide.

During the whole of the nineteenth century the birth rate declined every ten years with mathematical regularity. From 1800 to 1810 there were 32.3 births for every thousand inhabitants; in the second decade 31.6; in the third 30.8; in the fourth 29.9; in the fifth 27.4; in the sixth 26.2; in the seventh 26.1; in the eighth 25.5; in the ninth 23.2; in the tenth 22.2. In 1910 the number sank to 19.7 and in 1911 18.7. Dr. Bertillon pessimistically asserts that "the decreasing progression will continue until the complete extinction of the race."

In England and Wales the Registrar-General's report shows that in 1911 the birth-rate was the lowest on record. In 1876 there were 36.3 births for every thousand inhabitants; in 1911 the number had fallen to 24.4, and provisional figures for 1912 indicate a further decrease of 0.6 per thousand. The English birth-rate is, therefore, now about what the foregoing figures show for France in the decade between 1880-1890.

The decrease from 1881 to 1891 was 34 per cent. In other words, if there had been no decrease in the birth rate during the past 30 years, the number of children born in England and Wales in 1911 would have been 1,273,698 instead of 843,585.

These figures are their own comment. It will be noticed that just as France has fallen away from the Church and the practise of religion the figures show a proportionate decrease in the number of births.

Furthermore, those districts of France which remained steadfast in the faith are those which show the highest birth-rate. On the continued success of the present religious revival depends not only the fate of the Church in France, but the very existence of the French nation.

An esteemed correspondent refers to a species of race suicide amongst the Irish Catholics of Canada that deserves serious attention. While it may be less repulsive than the callous selfishness, of which the appalling figures above quoted tell the sordid story, it nevertheless is sufficiently similar in results to receive careful consideration. In a subsequent issue we shall discuss the question.

THE CATHOLIC IDEAL

In the matter of education we have noted time and again that thinking men of all denominations and of none bear testimony to the wisdom of the Catholic Church. The recent Anglican Synod in Toronto, attended by an archbishop, seven bishops, sixty clerical and forty-five lay delegates, declared the following to be one of the outstanding objects of the synod:

"To emphasize the fact that children cannot be trained in public schools unless upon a foundation of morality and religion."

Our Anglican friends are generally long on resolutions and short on practical measures. However, this time they seem to have made some approach to action:

"A report by Archdeacon Ingles, Toronto, recommended the appointment of a representative committee on religious instruction in schools, with power to act for the synod during the next few years, the committee to be empowered to confer with other communions with a view to the adoption of recommendations

to be made the Minister of Education regarding desired changes. Archdeacon Ingles considered the present regulations inadequate and impracticable."

Mr. Blake held "that the 400,000 Public school children were entitled to the great treasure of minds stored with inspirational treats." In other words, we suppose, they should read the Bible at school.

"The trouble is," continued Mr. Blake, "that the 8,000 teachers would first have to be taught how to give religious instruction."

Note how lightly he passes from the Bible to religious instruction. He is right. You cannot teach the Bible without teaching religion. What sort of religion shall it be? Each one of the 8,000 teachers must make her own selections from the Bible; and each must put her own interpretation on the passages selected. Otherwise the Bible will be entirely different from everything else on the school curriculum; it will be read but not explained, not discussed, not taught.

You can't eat your cake and keep it. You can't have undenominational schools with denominational teachers teaching denominational religion. To teach undenominational religion is merely to instil indifference into the children.

Archdeacon Ingles considers the present regulations with regard to religious teaching inadequate and impracticable.

Mr. Blake, on the contrary, thinks the regulations give the clergy great privileges. But he sympathizes with any boy who had to remain for half an hour's religious teaching while other boys were at play.

The present regulations do give the clergy great privileges unquestionably; but how many clergymen avail themselves of these privileges? Apparently the sympathy of the clergy would go out to the minister giving half an hour's religious instruction while others were enjoying themselves elsewhere, rather than to the boys who had to forego a half hour's play for the sake of religious instruction. At any rate not one in a hundred of them have honestly tried out the present regulations. Is it just to pronounce them inadequate and impracticable without a trial?

There will be time enough, however, before they have taught the teachers how to teach, and after that the important matter of what to teach, for the average man to decide whether his sympathy will go to the boys, the clergy or the teachers.

What a change has come over the spirit of our dreams of secular education freed from all sectarianism. The biggest sect today is that which regards all sects with indifference. True they give a languid adherence to non-sectarian Christianity and a modified approval to Christian ethical standards—especially for children. Shall this sect determine the character of the non-sectarian religious teaching in the public schools?

THE STORY OF ULSTER

S. S. McClure, the owner of McClure's magazine, publishes in its October number an autobiography. We give below an extract from the introduction which will serve to throw much light on the present condition of Ireland:

"I was born in Ireland fifty-six years ago. Antrim, the north-east county of the Province of Ulster, was my native county. My mother's maiden name was Elizabeth Gaston. Her people were descended from a French Huguenot family that came to Ireland after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, and they still bore their French surname. My father's people, the McClures, were from Galloway, Scotland. The family had come across the North Channel about two hundred years ago and settled in Ulster. After the battle of the Boyne, as for hundreds of years before, it was a common thing for the Protestant kings of England to make large grants of Irish land to Protestant colonists from England and Scotland. Ulster, lying across a narrow strip of water from the Scottish coast, was given over to colonists from the Lowlands until half her population was foreign. The injustice of this system of colonization, together with the fierce retaliation of the Irish, brought about the long list of reciprocal atrocities which are at the root of the Irish question today."

It will thus be seen that for the most part the inhabitants of North East Ulster have little claim to be called Irish in the true sense. From the beginning to our day they have been but a foreign garrison in the country—the descendants of those who in the long ago by brute force robbed the real Irish people of their patrimony. For centuries the coun-

try has been governed by and for the special benefit of these foreigners.

A MANLY UTTERANCE

It would be well were more of our Canadian dailies to follow the example of the St. John Telegraph and take a manly stand upon the Ulster disturbance. Too many of them remain practically silent, afraid that an expression of honest opinion would have some effect on the political weathervane. It is unlively and un-Canadian to permit the influence of a politico-religious organization to retard or guide expressions of opinion upon a great public question. The Telegraph says:

"The Carsonite movement, which has about captured the Unionist leaders, involves statesmen whose names at least would probably be written in water, but before it is ended it may well fulfill Gladstone's prediction and rescue some of these men from a more or less innocent historical obscurity to a disgraceful pre-eminence. Mr. Gladstone anticipated for men of the Carson type not only the momentary notoriety but a sort of eternity of infamy. Mr. Law is going to speak on the platform with Sir Edward Carson in the later autumn. He hopes something will turn up from disorder, and he will venture timorously for a while in the wake of sowing sedition in the hope that later he may glean a few stray ears from this or that corner of the electoral field. He may change his mind before going the full length, for a sort of laziness of purpose hangs about the Tory policy, as if the leaders were always in a state of nervous perplexity and indecision."

LABOR UNREST—AND A PROPHECY

We have repeatedly stated in these columns, what is a self-evident fact, that after the passing of the Home Rule Bill old party lines will be obliterated in Ireland, and new forces and new movements in the body politic will give rise to new parties and new affiliations. The terms "Nationalist" and "Unionist" will cease to have any significance, as the success that is sure to crown the work of a native parliament disarms prejudice and gradually wins universal allegiance. The Ireland of the future will divide on new political issues. The thorny subject of education may, in the course of time, supply the line of demarcation, but we are inclined to think that the issue in an Irish-ruled Ireland will be mainly economic. The owners of the soil, and we look to the latest Land Act to transfer every inch of the land of Ireland to the people, will form the Conservative party. The industrial workers of the north and the other important manufacturing centres will constitute the progressive party. The farmer from Antrim and the farmer from Cork will find that their lines run parallel, whereas the Belfast factory hand will make common platform with his brother from Limerick.

The present labor trouble in Dublin gives point to our argument. Capital and Labor are as bitterly divided as Nationalist and Unionist in the early days of the Home Rule struggle. All the old landmarks are absent from the quarrel. Mr. Murphy, who is fighting the battle for the capitalists, is a Nationalist, and owner of one of the most influential Nationalist papers in Ireland. On the other side is James Larkin, also a Nationalist, but much more of a Socialist. "The future," says the Manchester Guardian, "is likely to be concerned more with what he stands for than with any of the matters about which 'guarantees' have been inserted in the Home Rule Bill. The movement that he leads cuts right across old party lines in Ireland. If a native Irish Executive were in existence to-day in Dublin, it would have to deal with Mr. Larkin and his movement, and in the present critical situation it could scarcely avoid a conflict with large numbers of the former supporters of the Nationalist party, while if it endeavored to moderate the zealotry of the lookers-out it would estrange the more conservative elements of that party and drive them to seek new affiliations. Whatever its policy, the consequence would be a dissolution of the old parties and a recrystallization, not upon religious or racial or national, but upon economic and social lines. The Dublin conditions themselves reveal the forces that will be active in the Ireland of the future, making and unmaking political parties, quite regardless of those political boundaries upon the permanent and unchangeable character of which so much Unionist prophesying is based." When a native Parliament is in being Protestant and Catholic

workers in Belfast, should they throw bolts at all, will throw them, not at each other, but at the common enemy.

And now for the prophecy. A little better than a year ago, in writing his "Miriam Lucas," Canon Sheehan, the gifted Irish novelist, described present-day conditions in industrial Ireland with the fore-knowledge of a seer.

Stuarts," Henry Benedict, Cardinal Duke of York, was not only by right of succession the legitimate sovereign of Great Britain and Ireland, but that, while through a long succession of foreign alliances, the pure Scots blood that flowed in his veins had become somewhat diluted, yet that it flowed there is indisputable.

It was not, however, Cardinal Stuart (or Cardinal York, as he is usually designated), that we had in mind, but Charles, Cardinal Erskine, of the famous Mar family, which figures so conspicuously in Scottish history.

CHARLES ERSKINE, though a Cardinal and a canon of St. Peter's, was not a priest. This is perhaps somewhat unusual in our day, though, as late as the Pontificate of Pius IX, Cardinal Antonelli, his great Minister, was in the same category.

NOTES AND COMMENTS

THAT THE fraud and duplicity of Presbyterian dealings with the Ruthenians of Canada do not meet with the approval of the rank and file of that persuasion, is evident from a letter in a late issue of the denominational weekly, The Presbyterian.

A MONUMENT has just been erected, or is about to be erected, in the little village of Pitthem, in Belgium, to commemorate one of the most remarkable of missionary careers.

OUR READERS will, we trust, pardon us a further reference to Cardinal Beaton, whose life as reviewed by a writer in the Tablet, formed the subject of a paragraph or two in last issue.

LATER IN life, as Cardinal Deacon, Erskine became Protector of the Church in Scotland, and also of the Scots College, Rome. He is chiefly remembered in English history as Envoy of the Holy See to the Court of George III. His elevation to the Sacred College took place in 1803, and his death, in Paris, where he had resided for some time, almost in poverty, in 1811.

WHILE ON Scottish affairs we may revert to another recent testimony, from a non-Catholic quarter, to the far-seeing wisdom and patriotism of the ecclesiastical leaders of the country in Catholic times.

THE Scottish clergy had, from the very beginning of the War of Independence in 1296, been enthusiastic supporters of Scottish freedom, and more than any other section of the community, had kept alive and fanned time and again into flame, the spirit of resistance to England.

continued in the field, and how he responded to every call, to any effort, however desperate, which was aimed against the hated domination of England.

A TESTIMONY such as this is of deep significance. No means were neglected by the first "Reformers," to delude the people into the idea that the Church had no thought but for her own aggrandizement.

THE LEAKAGE

To the Editor of THE CATHOLIC RECORD Sir,—The Fortnightly Review (U. S.) tries to show that the English language is responsible for the fact that the Catholics of North America are fewer by several millions than they should be by natural increase and by immigration.

THE only reason why I wish to supplement it is that what happened in the United States half a century ago and more is happening to day in Canada, west of Lake Superior, on a small scale,—not through lack of priests, nor because the priests are of this or that nationality; but because our people scatter unguided and settle too often in the midst of non-Catholic neighbors.

WHILE ON Scottish affairs we may revert to another recent testimony, from a non-Catholic quarter, to the far-seeing wisdom and patriotism of the ecclesiastical leaders of the country in Catholic times.

has many causes, but isolation is the chief cause in the case of Canadians. What can be done? For one thing, we can warn Catholics at home that if they go West they are bound to seek settlement in places where their children will have a fair chance of preserving the faith.

As to the extent of leakage in the past, there is an element of importance not taken into account in the calculations usually given. Anyone who takes note of the extraordinary number of old bachelors and old maids in our English speaking Catholic groups throughout the West, and in a position to answer when asked about conditions in given places.

IN MEMORIAM

CANON SHEEHAN

Canon Sheehan is dead. The blinds are drawn in the quiet house in Doneraile that millions of admirers had learned to regard as a shrine. The well-loved books, companions of many a lonely hour, are never again to know the touch of the hand that is cold in death.

IN Mary's Rosary month he died. And as we looked down upon the dead face we know that it was his that he would have wished. For as he was Irish in everything, he was Irish also in this, that he loved Mary as his countrymen and women have loved her from the beginning.

CANON Sheehan is dead, and to-day Ireland is mourning her greatest son. It may be that in the stress of great political issues she may have appeared to some not to have given him that need of reverence that was so justly his due, but we knew that for all that, in her heart of hearts, she loved him. And he gave her back love for love. Faith and Fatherland were the twin passions of his life.

IT is his priest studies we see the gifted author at his best. Even a superficial acquaintance with them places it beyond the possibility of doubt that he has enriched Catholic literature with some of the most lovable priestly characters. How many millions of readers have laughed and fraternized with "The Inseparables?" How many have knelt in spirit above the rough flagstone that guards the ashes of poor "Luke Delmege?"

critics will cover his dead face with wreaths. It has been ever thus. It is only when the angel of death has removed the veil that we see our prophets in their proper perspective. It was our privilege to receive a personal letter of appreciation for our review of his last published book, "Miriam Lucas."

CANON Patrick Arthur Sheehan, D. D., P. P., was born at Mallow, Co. Cork, in 1852. He received his early education at the well known Irish-Ireland College of St. Colman's Fermoy, and was ordained to the priesthood at Maynooth College in 1875.

He served two years on the English mission in Devonshire, where his study and personality made him at once remarked and appreciated, although no hint was then given of his future career in literature. Subsequently he was curate at Queens-town and Mallow, becoming parish priest of Doneraile in 1895. He was installed Canon of the Chapter of Cloyne in 1903, and received the degree of D. D. from Leo 13th, who also sent him a medal in recognition of the service rendered religion by his writings.

Writing last week, ere yet the wires had flashed across the waters the sad news of his death, we paid our tribute to Canon Sheehan as an interpreter of the Irish mind: "Amongst the many who have written of Ireland and her people, Canon Sheehan stands in a class apart. He is of their very own, kindly Irish of the Irish."

It is his priest studies we see the gifted author at his best. Even a superficial acquaintance with them places it beyond the possibility of doubt that he has enriched Catholic literature with some of the most lovable priestly characters. How many millions of readers have laughed and fraternized with "The Inseparables?"

IT is his priest studies we see the gifted author at his best. Even a superficial acquaintance with them places it beyond the possibility of doubt that he has enriched Catholic literature with some of the most lovable priestly characters. How many millions of readers have laughed and fraternized with "The Inseparables?"

ing heart of Ireland. As Moore's Melodies were sung in select drawing rooms where otherwise to mention the "mere Irish" would be considered vulgar, so "Daddy Dan" and "Luke Delmege" and "Father Tim" and "Dr. Gray" have been entertained by people who would not so much as notice a mere priest in the flesh.

But if the priest in literature is the canon's peculiar field, he has a scarcely less remarkable claim to recognition for the splendid pictures of Irish family life he has given us. Let us quote one or two examples. Here is his description of that grand old Irish custom of the family Rosary. "A whole family, three generations of them, were gathered into the father's bedroom. They were saying their night prayers before separating for the night. The aged grandmother was reciting the first decade of the Rosary as we entered. We knelt. When she had finished she looked around and said 'Alice, go on.' Alice was a tiny tot of seven summers. She promptly took up the recitation, repeated the form of meditation as found in Catholic prayer books, and slowly and sweetly gave out the decade to the end. The grandmother looked around again and called out, 'Go on Willie! Willie was the father, a gray-haired man of fifty-seven. In the mother's imagination he was still but the child she had carried in her arms half a century ago. Willie finished, and the aged mistress of ceremonies called out, now a grandchild, now the mother, until all was ended. Then the children kissed 'good-night' and departed. Very realistic is this picture of the village children going to confession: 'There in my armchair I sit, with the old cloak wrapped around me that sheltered me many a night on the mountain. And there the little children come, not a bit shy or afraid of old 'Daddy Dan.' They pick their way across the new carpet with a certain feeling of awkwardness, as if there were some pins and needles somewhere, but when they arrive at safe anchorage, they put their dirty, clasped fingers on my old casock, toss the hair from their eyes and look me straight in the face, whilst they tell their little story to me and to God. They are now well trained in the exact form of confession. Father Letheby has drilled them well. But, dear me, what white souls they are? Poverty and purity have worked hand in hand to make them angelic, and their faces are transfigured by the light that shines within. And their attenuated bodies show clearly the burning lamp of holiness and faith, as a light shines soft and clear through the opal shades of porcelain and sevens. And the little maidens always say 'thank you, father' when they receive their penance; and the boys say 'all right.' I sometimes expect to hear 'old fellow' added. One more exquisite picture—this time the death-bed of Mrs. Delmege. 'Mrs. Delmege lay upon her death-bed. The physicians had been called in and had shaken their heads. This mors, said one to the other. And those around the poor patient understood. And she also understood.

NEWSPAPER PUBLISHING TO-DAY

"Like a lot of other plattitudes, the so-called liberty of the press has long been worn threadbare," says the Leader. "While we still have the liberty of publishing we have practically lost the right to a hearing. What is the use of free speech if nobody will listen? What is the use of a free press if nobody will read? Let us explain. In the old days almost anyone who could get the materials together could set up a daily newspaper or journal, and he was sure that people would read it. He could get out typographically as good a sheet as the rest of them, and his success or failure rested on his message and the way he put it. He was a man speaking to men, and he was sure of an audience. But of late years typography has ousted thought. People to-day buy a paper for the amount of red ink that appears in the headlines, for the number of comic supplements and for the weight of the wood pulp they can get for a nickel or a cent. Everyone knows that the nickel or a cent doesn't begin to pay even for the printer's ink, and that the big Sunday sheet is really an elaborate dodger given away for the sake of the advertising. The result is that newspaper publishing has become a trust. Only a millionaire individual or a millionaire corporation can now afford to publish a daily newspaper. The people in their desire to get luxuries for nothing have sold themselves of old time the Roman citizens sold themselves for a dole of bread and a pass to the circus."

THE SECRET

Quoting Protestant authorities as to the moral aspect of Catholicity, a staff correspondent of the Catholic Herald says: "Another Protestant contributor to 'Christian at Work,' the statement that 'while under the guidance of their priests Irish women as a class enjoy, and with justice, a reputation or respectability of conduct unsurpassed, if equaled, by any women in the world.' Even so bitter a foe of 'Rome' as Mr. J. A. Froude declared that: 'Impurity was almost unknown in Ireland, and this absence of vulgar crime and this exceptional delicacy and modesty of character is due to their everlasting honor to the influence of the Catholic clergy.' 'Immortality is scarcely known among the Catholics,' writes Mr. Harold Begbie, in a chapter on Belfast. 'In Catholic Ireland,' he tells us, 'even among the most ignorant of the peasants, spiritual life is the supreme reality,' and he records the tribute paid by a Protestant business man in the South: 'In family life the Catholics are superior to the Protestants. The purity of their women is extraordinary. The Catholics have the secret of the moral life.' By their fruits you shall know them. Another Protestant authority writes: 'It is the general belief in Ireland, a belief expressed to him by trustworthy men in all parts of the country, Protestant as well as Catholic, that the singular purity of life among the people there is due to the practice of confession.'

THE good tree brings forth good fruit. That is the "Secret."

A PRIEST'S ADVICE

Recently an eloquent priest said in his sermon: "If you have but one nickel to divide between the church collection and your Catholic paper, give it to the paper."

Now, this was solid, praiseworthy advice. The Church needs money, but under the present condition of things the Catholic newspaper needs more. The Catholic paper can do a missionary work—three and four times as great as that of any band of missionaries. It can go into remote places where there is no Catholic Church, and where perhaps no Catholic priest has ever been. It often supplies the place of Sunday school and church service. It can keep Catholicity alive, where otherwise it would have been dead a long time ago. It is a light in the wilderness and a safeguard in the fastnesses of the mountains, where the population is sparse and the erection of a church would be impossible. It can reach nooks and corners where the missionary chapel on wheels cannot plow its way.

Something has been done, and is still being done occasionally to stimulate Catholics to the better support of the religious press. It can keep Catholicity alive, where otherwise it would have been dead a long time ago. It is a light in the wilderness and a safeguard in the fastnesses of the mountains, where the population is sparse and the erection of a church would be impossible. It can reach nooks and corners where the missionary chapel on wheels cannot plow its way.

NEWSPAPER PUBLISHING TO-DAY

"Like a lot of other plattitudes, the so-called liberty of the press has long been worn threadbare," says the Leader. "While we still have the liberty of publishing we have practically lost the right to a hearing. What is the use of free speech if nobody will listen? What is the use of a free press if nobody will read? Let us explain. In the old days almost anyone who could get the materials together could set up a daily newspaper or journal, and he was sure that people would read it. He could get out typographically as good a sheet as the rest of them, and his success or failure rested on his message and the way he put it. He was a man speaking to men, and he was sure of an audience. But of late years typography has ousted thought. People to-day buy a paper for the amount of red ink that appears in the headlines, for the number of comic supplements and for the weight of the wood pulp they can get for a nickel or a cent. Everyone knows that the nickel or a cent doesn't begin to pay even for the printer's ink, and that the big Sunday sheet is really an elaborate dodger given away for the sake of the advertising. The result is that newspaper publishing has become a trust. Only a millionaire individual or a millionaire corporation can now afford to publish a daily newspaper. The people in their desire to get luxuries for nothing have sold themselves of old time the Roman citizens sold themselves for a dole of bread and a pass to the circus."

THE SECRET

Quoting Protestant authorities as to the moral aspect of Catholicity, a staff correspondent of the Catholic Herald says: "Another Protestant contributor to 'Christian at Work,' the statement that 'while under the guidance of their priests Irish women as a class enjoy, and with justice, a reputation or respectability of conduct unsurpassed, if equaled, by any women in the world.' Even so bitter a foe of 'Rome' as Mr. J. A. Froude declared that: 'Impurity was almost unknown in Ireland, and this absence of vulgar crime and this exceptional delicacy and modesty of character is due to their everlasting honor to the influence of the Catholic clergy.' 'Immortality is scarcely known among the Catholics,' writes Mr. Harold Begbie, in a chapter on Belfast. 'In Catholic Ireland,' he tells us, 'even among the most ignorant of the peasants, spiritual life is the supreme reality,' and he records the tribute paid by a Protestant business man in the South: 'In family life the Catholics are superior to the Protestants. The purity of their women is extraordinary. The Catholics have the secret of the moral life.' By their fruits you shall know them. Another Protestant authority writes: 'It is the general belief in Ireland, a belief expressed to him by trustworthy men in all parts of the country, Protestant as well as Catholic, that the singular purity of life among the people there is due to the practice of confession.'

7% BONDS PROFIT-SHARING Series \$100, \$500 and \$1000 TERMS 5 YEARS Withdrawable after one year. Send for special folder. NATIONAL SECURITIES CORPORATION LIMITED Confederation Life Bldg. TORONTO

FIVE MINUTE SERMON

REV. J. J. BURKE, PEORIA, ILL. TWENTY-THIRD SUNDAY AFTER PENTECOST

THE TRUE FOLLOWER

"Be followers of me, brethren." (Philip 3:17) In his epistle to the Philippians, St. Paul exhorts them to lead better lives. He proposes his life as a model.

Many seek their happiness in the wealth, the honors, or the pleasures of the world. Do not imitate them; but be followers of me," says St. Paul, as I am of Christ who is the way, the truth and the life—the way we must follow, the truth we must believe if we wish to attain a life of everlasting happiness.

As is well known, St. Paul, who thus exhorts the early Christians to follow his example, was, before his conversion, a persecutor of the Church. It was after his miraculous conversion that he made this exhortation. If, as a Jew, he hated and persecuted the Church of Christ, he was honest in his convictions.

He does not wish the Christians to imitate his deeds done before the gift of grace upon his eyes to the light of Divine truth. It is his life after his conversion, when a true Christian, a follower of Christ in deed and in word, that he wishes us to imitate. For Saul, the bitterest foe of Christ, became Paul, the zealous Apostle, the ardent disciple, and the humble follower of the God-man.

St. Paul's life is an inspiration. Travelling thousands of miles over land and sea under the most difficult circumstances, enduring trials and privations of a hundred different kinds, suffering shipwrecks, scourings and imprisonment, he patiently endured all for Him Whose follower he was. Undaunted by trials, sufferings and persecutions, he sowed the seed of the Gospel in Western Asia, in the islands of the Mediterranean, and in various parts of Europe.

His success was wonderful. He did more for the propagation of Christ's Church than any other man. Relying on the power of God, he wrought miracles of grace in the hardest hearts. Working principally among the Gentiles, their idols everywhere gave place to the Cross of the Crucified One.

Simple, sincere, earnest and zealous, St. Paul had a great influence on everyone, even on the greatest and most learned. Hundreds moved by his words and example gave their lives to further God's glory.

For God's sake Paul suffered everything. He denied himself, suffered willingly and made great sacrifices in order to lead souls to God. His life is a beautiful one for us to imitate.

The true follower will endeavor to imitate the life of St. Paul, as he imitated the life of our Divine Model.

The true follower will, in imitation of St. Paul, be a zealous member of God's Church. He will lead a good, upright, Christian life. He will have charity towards all, malice towards none. At all times he will do his duty to God, to his country and to his fellow-man. He will be honest, honorable, upright, pure and temperate.

The true follower of Christ, having imitated St. Paul's beautiful Christian life, when his time comes to die can say with the Apostle: "I have fought the good fight. I have finished my course. I have kept the faith. As to the rest, there is laid up for me a crown of justice, which the Lord, the just Judge, will render to me in that day." (II Timothy iv, 7, 8)

TEMPERANCE

BEER AND LABOR

One of the most common customs among certain classes of laborers is the drinking of beer. During the noon hour the can of beer is passed from one man to another, it being regarded as an obligation to imbibe the beverage. To refuse invites ridicule and possibly a discharge from the ranks. The man must be strong indeed to endure the sneers of his fellows. It has also been taught incorrectly that it is a necessity to drink the beverage. It is a peculiar fact that one person may eat meat and another only vegetables, yet the two do not enter into unpleasant argument; but the advocate for beer will insist that all total abstainers are fanatics. The drinker is absolutely sure that he is right and will not tolerate any argument, no matter how reasonable. The condition of his mind is such that he maintains an attitude of contemptuous indifference to all opinions conflicting with his own. As the alcohol further affects his brain this indifference is increased, and his "hard luck" is considered to be due to all other causes and not to his self-indulgence. The organs change due to alcoholism as permanent as those resulting from any other major disease.

The effect of beer upon the muscles is a brief stimulation of but a few minutes followed by a period of two or more hours of depression with loss of efficiency. Although the individual commonly believes that he is accomplishing more work, actual measurements disprove this belief. No healthy muscle needs the momentary stimulation of alcohol; weak and exhausted ones need rest. The most effective means of restoration

are early hours of retirement and a day of leisure once a week. Tests have been made repeatedly among soldiers and laborers, especially when the men were not aware of the experiments, and it has been conclusively shown that the use of alcohol in the smallest quantity is detrimental to the physical endurance, whether it is in the tropical or arctic climates.

Many peculiar accidents are due to the stupefying effect of alcohol or some other narcotic. This especially true in relation to the positions of chauffeur, engineer, motorman, where the human agency is sometimes uncertain and may fall in a crisis. The numbing action of the alcohol upon the brain may not be detected, yet it is present, and the person is in an irresponsible condition. So serious is this condition that it is inadvisable to trust any drinker of alcoholics, even a moderate beer-drinker; for there is a great danger of his "slipping a cog" at an important moment and terrible disastrous results. The deleterious action of alcohol has been shown to exist for several days after a debauch during which time the individual is not in a normal or responsible condition.

It is a mistake to suppose that all persons under the influence of liquor must stagger about the streets, or talk foolishly, or have a dull expression of countenance. These symptoms may be absent, yet the brain can be subjected to detrimental influences which are not apparent to the drinker himself nor to the casual observer but they can be detected by psychological tests.—Dr. Lane.

PLACE WHERE PROHIBITION IS NOT NEEDED

When Father Holland, C. S. S. R., arrived on board the "Meigle" in Port Saunders, N. E., to give a mission recently, he was accorded an enthusiastic reception at the wharf. "At first," says the Newfoundland paper from which we take this account, "the passengers on the 'Meigle' were puzzled to see the display of bunting and the arches built along the way which he had to pass to the chapel or the residence of Mr. E. F. Goff, J. P. When he appeared on deck forty muskets thundered out a salute and the firing was kept up for some time, then a crowd of stalwart fishermen shouldered arms, formed a guard of honor, and accompanied the missionary to Mr. Goff's house whose guest he was during his stay. The people of the port regret his departure and hope to see him again at no distant date."

Then the paper adds: "Prohibition by law on the West Coast is now unnecessary as far as Catholics are concerned, every man in the congregation, as in the other places visited, having taken the pledge before the good priest left for the Southern Coast to continue the work which he is doing."

THE POWER OF THE PLEDGE The following story often told by Archbishop Ireland (as well as its sequel), we take from the Catholic Bulletin:

"Not long ago, I was strolling of a summer evening along one of the streets in the uptown of St. Paul. The figure of a friend of mine was seen, hammering a piece of wood in front of a new and neatly-built cottage. I approached with the salutation: 'Well, Patrick, what are you doing here?' 'Industry,' answered he, 'putting some last touches to this house of mine.' 'This house of yours,' I replied, 'have you had the money to pay for this fine building?' 'Yes, indeed,' he answered; 'this house is paid for, and so is the next house, mine also—one to live in, the other to be rented to some neighbor.' My wonder grew. 'Why, how is this, Patrick? I remember well when you had very little money.' 'So do I remember,' replied Patrick, 'but I have found the money. You, Father Ireland, gave it to me. Still more did my wonder grow. 'Come inside,' continued Patrick, and in an instant, following his quick pace, I was upstairs in Patrick's bedroom. 'Look here,' he said; 'here is the deed of gift.' I looked on the wall, above the bed, nicely framed, was the document: 'I promise to abstain, during my lifetime, from all intoxicating drinks—signed, Patrick—Witnessed, John Ireland.' The mystery of the two houses, the property of Patrick, was explained. With gladsome hand I saluted him; with warm heart I prayed for further success to the cause of total abstinence."

It appears, from a correspondent of the Catholic Bulletin, that this man who subscribed his success to the total abstinence pledge administered by Father Ireland, died the other day in St. Paul. The correspondent writes: "A faithful total abstainer Patrick Leo ever was, from the day, now forty-three years ago, when he gave his promise to Father Ireland, down to the moment when death bade him to another world. Whether the old paper is still extant, I do not know. If so, it is a sacred relic, telling of self-abnegation, of virtues nurtured by it, of peace and happiness begotten from it, along the years of nearly a half-century."

TOBACCO HABIT

Dr. McTaggart's tobacco remedy removes all desire for the weed in a few days. A vegetable medicine, and only requires touching the tongue with it occasionally. Price 25c.

LIQUOR HABIT

Miraculous results from taking his remedy for the liquor habit. Safe and inexpensive home treatment, no hypodermic injections, no publicity, no loss of time from business, and a cure guaranteed.

Address or consult Dr. McTaggart, 155 King Street East, Toronto, Canada.

PARALYSED AND COULD NOT WALK

"Fruit-a-lives" Completely Restored New Brunswick Merchant To Health.



MR. ALVA PHILLIPS

BRISTOL, N. B., JULY 25th, 1911. "I am unable to say enough in favor of 'Fruit-a-lives' as it saved my life and restored me to health, when I had given up all hope and when the doctors had failed to do anything more for me. I had a stroke of Paralysis in March, 1910, and this left me unable to walk or help myself, and the Constipation of the bowels was terrible. Nothing did me any good and I was writhed in every way. Finally, I took 'Fruit-a-lives' for the Constipation, and it not only cured me of that trouble but gradually this fruit medicine toned up the nerves and actually cured the paralysis. Under the use of 'Fruit-a-lives' I grew stronger and stronger until all the palsy and weakness left me. I am now well again and attend my store every day and all day."

ALVA PHILLIPS.

"Fruit-a-lives" is the only remedy in the world that is made of fruit juices and tonics. 50c. a box, 6 for \$2.50—trial size, 25c. At dealers or sent on receipt of price by Fruit-a-lives Limited, Ottawa.

"Ever a total abstainer, ever industrious, as he himself used to say, ever a true practical Catholic—Patrick Leo was able to bring up a large family of children in comfort and in honor. None knew him but to respect and love him. None ever detected a fault in his quiet, unobtrusive, honest life. None there are, who may not learn from his memory the holiest lesson, that the precious life, blessed of God, valued in eternity, is the life passed in doing one's duty however much or little the world around gives attention to it. Again, peace to the soul of Patrick Leo!"

"The writer of the present letter knows that deepest friendship always, unto the end, linked to Archbishop Ireland the hero of his total abstinence story. More than once the writer saw Patrick on the streets of St. Paul instantly stop the horse and wagon, conveying to his place of work tools and material, and leap to the sidewalk, where the Archbishop was passing; and the hearty shaking of hands and the warm beaming of faces told that surely two friends were in the meeting."

ARNOLD AND THE JESUITS

Some fifty years ago Mr. Matthew Arnold published a volume entitled "Schools and Universities on the Continent," in which that gifted writer gave a very comprehensive survey of higher and middle-class instruction in France and Germany. Mr. Arnold was at the time inspector of schools in England, and having been authorized by a Royal Commission to inquire into and report upon the state of primary and secondary education on the continent, the work above mentioned embodies, in part, the result of his investigations.

A precious volume, "A French Eton," which first appeared in 1864 and was reprinted in 1892, discusses the same subject. From this keen and competent observer we learn much respecting secondary instruction in France in the period, in which he wrote, a most noteworthy feature being its incontestable superiority to the provision then existing in England for the intellectual training of the youth of the middle classes.

Amongst the non-official schools visited by Arnold were the college of the Dominicans at Soze, then having at its head the famous Pere Lacordaire, and the well known Jesuit institutions at Paris, one in the Rue des Postes and the other at Vaugirard to the irreparable loss of France, all three have disappeared with the expulsion of the religious orders. Incidentally it may be mentioned that Matthew Arnold stoutly and ably championed the claims of Ireland to a Catholic University, and that in a day when the cause had few partisans, and still fewer advocates, amongst his co-religionist in Great Britain.

The following is the English visitor's sympathetic notice of the Paris Jesuit schools:

"Two private establishments which I visited," says Mr. Arnold, "I will mention, because they both enjoy a high reputation. One is the school of St. Genevieve in the Rue des Postes, the other is the Jesuits' school at Vaugirard. Like the school at Vaugirard, the school in the Rue des Postes is in the hands of the religious. Both are considerably more expensive than the Public schools, keep up a brisk competition with them, and make them very jealous. This is particularly the case with the school in the Rue des

Postes, which is a special preparatory school for the Polytechnic, Saint Cyr (the special military school) the Naval school, and other Government establishments."

After giving some details as to the charges, Mr. Arnold goes on to say: "A boy gets here a thorough mathematical training, but this school aims at uniting this training with a truly religious education. I found three hundred boys here, with thirty-five masters, half for superintendence and half for teaching. It is, of course, to its superintendence that an establishment of this kind aims at giving a character entirely different to that of the superintendence in the establishments of the State. For the special scientific training of their pupils these religious are free to use, and do use, along with duly qualified teachers of their own order, the best lay instructors of the capital, the same as the lycées themselves employ. Their charges are high, and they can afford to provide thoroughly good teaching."

"They admit their pupils with careful tests as to character and capacity, and they keep them for the first three months on probation; the seclusion is greater than in the lycées; the boys have leave out but once a month instead of once a fortnight; visits in the parlour are permitted only twice a week instead of every day. No wonder, then, that this abundance of care, concentration, and appliances bears fruit and that the candidates from the Rue des Postes are remarkably successful in the examinations for the Government schools."

"I was particularly struck with the good appearance of the boys here. In the lycées I had been struck with their good manners, and the natural politeness they showed, down quite to the little boys, when tried by the unusual incident of the entrance of a stranger and a foreigner into their school room; I am sure in England there would have been much less rising and bowing, and much more staring and giggling; but here, besides having good manners, the boys certainly looked, I thought fresher and better than in the lycées. There are a great many of them the sons of the old noble families of France, amongst which, as is well known, Catholic sentiment is strong. They have probably had more advantages for their health and growth and good looks than the mass of the lycées boys, and the grounds and recreation of the school itself, though not without a general resemblance to those of a lycée, had something much more attractive in them. The great religious house, with its large cool galleries looking on the convents and gardens of that old quarter of Paris, and the figures of the religious moving about, had certainly a repose and refreshment for the spirits which in the great barrack-like machine of a lycée is wanting."

"The same may be said of the Jesuits' school at Vaugirard. This school is even more interesting than that of the Rue des Postes, being a complete school, while that is only a set of scientific classes. At Vaugirard they go through the whole course, as in the lycées, from primary instruction to philosophic and mathematical specialties. Here, too, as in the Rue des Postes, they are very successful in the examinations for the great Government schools; and for the same reasons. The boys are all boarders; the fees are high (about the same rate as in the Rue des Postes); no expense need be spared, and the tutoring as well as the class-lesson is very careful and good. The instruction is given by the religious, and as they work for love and for the good of the Order, of course, one great cause of expense in lay schools

"AMAZING PROCEEDINGS" They have an organization in London called the "Catholic League." It is composed of Protestants of the Church of England who claim that they are Catholics, and have services in their churches similar to all outward appearance to real Catholic service in real Catholic churches. In opposition to this sort of Protestantism, Mr. J. A. Kensit, the well-known Protestant agitator and crusader against "Romanism" in Protestant churches, makes vigorous protest, not merely by words but occasionally in militant suffragette fashion by breaking up the obnoxious "Romanist" services.

Recently Mr. Kensit wrote to the Protestant Bishop of London calling his attention to and describing a remarkable program in a Protestant church in his diocese—St. Mary's Mission Church—under the auspices of the "Catholic League." Here is part of the description:

"The evidence I now give relates to the evening of August 21st last, and shows that the following amazing proceedings took place at St. Mary's Church; Rosary of our Lady, congregational use of holy beads; procession with Mary image; Litany of the Sacred Heart; procession of the Host; Benediction and Exposition of the Sacrament; intercessions to the Host; worship of the Sacred Heart; collects, hymns, and responses in Latin.

"As the members of the congregation entered the church they went to a holy water stoup and sprinkled their foreheads with holy water. The services 'Rosary of our Lady,' was conducted by the priest in charge, who forthwith entered the pulpit with a chain of rosary beads. The congregation held out their rosaries, which were used at his direction. First the crucifix was kissed, and then, as the beads were 'counted' a number of Our Fathers and 'Hail Marys' were said aloud. The chaplet of the 'Five Glorious Mysteries' of the Rosary were recited by Mr. Maltby (the 'priest in charge') exactly as in Roman Catholic churches, and to each the people responded the Roman Ave: 'Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us now and at the hour of our death—Amen.'"

Mr. Kensit then goes on to describe the "amazing proceedings" in further detail, and he concludes by calling on the Bishop to "take proceedings in the Ecclesiastical Courts against the perpetrator of this 'defiant lawlessness.'"

The Bishop may "take proceedings" and Mr. Maltby may be removed or expelled from St. Mary's, but the "Catholic League" may still remain and claim and exercise the right as to religion which they hold on the Protestant principle of "private judgment." Or many, if not all of them, may do better—they may join the

CURED OF DRINK BY SIMPLE REMEDY A DEVOTED WIFE HELPS HER HUSBAND TO A CURE THROUGH SAMARIA PRESCRIPTION Mrs. S., of Trenton was in despair. A loving father, and a careful provider when sober, her husband had gradually fallen into drinking habits, which were ruining his home, health and happiness. Drink had inflamed his stomach and nerves, and created that unnatural craving that kills conscience, love, honor and breaks all family ties.

But read her letter: "I feel it my duty to say a few words about your Tablets. As you are aware, I sent and got a bottle, and my husband had only taken them a week when he told me he was going to Port Arthur for the summer, so I had to tell him about the Tablets. He said he would take them just the same, so I sent and got the second bottle for fear one would not be enough. He writes me saying that he has taken the contents of both bottles, and he feels splendid, does not care for drink. In fact, he has not taken any liquor from the first of my giving it to him. I feel I cannot say too much in favor of your wonderful Remedy. S. Trenton, Ont.



NONE SO EASY—the payment of teachers—is cut off.

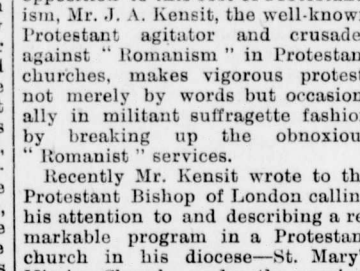
"I heard the teaching in philosophy, rhetoric, quartette, and the elementary division. The Jesuits seemed to me quite to merit their reputation as teachers. The superior is in every respect a remarkable man. He was a distinguished pupil of the Ecole Normale; then he became a Jesuit, and, of course, quitted the service of the State; but his experience in the Ecole Normale is no bad thing for his school. The good appearance of the boys struck me here as in the Rue des Postes, and the number of well-known names one heard among the boys was curious, and showed from what class this school is fed. Among the little ones I found a Maronite, and a young American from Mobile who could hardly speak French yet, and was glad, poor child, to be addressed in his own language."

"The instruction at Vaugirard, having the degree of bachelor or the Government Schools in view, cannot but follow, in general, the same line as that of the lycées; the tutoring is the great difference. The house, class-room, and recreation arrangements have also a general similarity with those of the Public schools, but the sense of a more agreeable, happier and milder life than that of the lycées is felt at Vaugirard and more at Vaugirard than in the Rue des Postes; for Vaugirard, though still Paris, is the very outskirts of Paris, and of the convent quarter of Paris—a region full of trees and gardens. The Jesuit school is at the extremity of Vaugirard and gets the air of the country."

"In the Rue des Postes, too, the boys are older, and it is for the little boys that the cast-iron movement of the lycées appears most dismal, and the guidance of the ecclesiastical hand in bringing them up seems most protecting and natural. Something of the ecclesiastical shelter we are used to in the great schools and universities in England; and, perhaps, it is on this account," concludes Mr. Arnold, "that in spite of all which is to be said against the Jesuits and their training I could not help feeling that the Vaugirard school was of all the schools I saw in France the one in which I would soonest have been a school-boy."—Freeman's Journal.

WOODWARD'S GRIPE WATER MAKES CHILD REARING A PLEASURE!

WOODWARD'S GRIPE WATER HAS BEHIND IT A RECORD OF FIFTY YEARS OF MEDICAL APPROVAL.



TRADE MARK ON EVERY BOTTLE

Invaluable in Teething and All Digestive Troubles. Insist on having WOODWARD'S. Can be bought everywhere throughout the British Empire. ALL DRUG STORES IN CANADA HAVE IT.

Advertisement for 'A Lease of Life' by North American Life Assurance Company. It features a map of Canada and text explaining the benefits of their life insurance policy, including the ability to prolong life and provide income to beneficiaries.

Advertisement for 'BUSINESS AND SHORTHAND' by Western School. It offers instruction in business and shorthand, with subjects taught by expert instructors. The school is located at Y.M.C.A. Bldg., London, Ont.

Advertisement for 'WOODWARD'S GRIPE WATER'. It describes the medicine as a 'Great British Remedy for Infants and Young Children' and highlights its long history of medical approval.

Advertisement for 'NEW CENTURY' washing machines. It promotes the machines as being 'made in Canada' and 'honestly constructed', with a focus on durability and quality.

Advertisement for 'M. L. A. C. Question Drawer. II. What is a Mutual Company?'. It explains the concept of a mutual company and its benefits for policyholders.

Advertisement for 'Send your Raw FURS to John Hallam'. It offers a 'FREE HALLAM'S TRAPPERS GUIDE' and promotes the quality of their fur products.

Advertisement for 'Buy a Mechanical Drudge'. It describes the 'IHC Oil and Gas Engine' as a 'wonderful' machine for farm and industrial use, highlighting its power and efficiency.

Advertisement for 'IHC Oil and Gas Engine'. It provides detailed information about the engine's specifications, including its power output and various applications.

Advertisement for 'International Harvester Company of Canada, Ltd'. It lists various agricultural machinery products such as tractors, trucks, and harvesters, and provides contact information for their Canadian branches.

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

KEEP YOUR WORD
Sentiment is the corner-stone of human relations. It sways public opinion, it dominates business and trade, it places individuals in high position and pulls down those guilty of double dealing.

THE FOOD OF THE MIND
The mind feeds upon what it thinks about just as our bodies feed upon whatever is taken into them. Impure food will poison the body, so will impure thoughts poison the mind.

ONLY A SMILE
How many of us, I wonder, realize the true worth of a smile? Do we ever stop to consider the beautiful meaning of the word itself? Ah, very seldom, for it we really knew and appreciated the value of one smile of love, of hope, of sympathy or encouragement, we would frown and grumble less, and try to make our little world brighter and happier.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

THE HOLY HOUR
"Ising at the Holy Hour," said Mary Bradley, in excuse for leaving a little Protestant neighbor.

AN IRISH SHRINE

ST. PATRICK'S CHURCH, STATIONS AND HOLY WELL IN CLEENISH
Quite recently I visited the old church at Holywell (Belcoo) in company with Mrs. Green, the eminent Irish historian. We were charmed with the place and its plainly evident associations.

ARCHBISHOP GLENNON AND SEX HYGIENE TEACHING
Archbishop Glennon of St. Louis, while in Milwaukee for the convention of the American Federation of Catholic Societies, expressed himself as strongly opposed to the introduction in school curricula of sex hygiene.

Na-Dru-Co Headache Wafers

certainly do make short work of headaches. 25¢ per box.

This Outfit Was Made for You

THERE was a time when all farmers hitched up every other morning—part of the year every morning—and took their milk to the creamery.

I H C Cream Separator

Dairymaid, Bluebell, or Lily
and a one-horse power back-gear I H C engine, will save you, in cream, from five to fifteen dollars per year on every cow milked, separate your milk and cream cleanly and thoroughly, and give you clean, fresh, warm skim milk to feed that will build up fat, healthy pigs and calves.

Na-Dru-Co Laxatives

are especially good for children because they are pleasant to take, gentle in action, do not irritate the bowels nor develop a need for continual or increased doses.

learned from experience that it was not well to interfere with the performance of the exercises. From that time forward she was left quite free to practice the devotion, and it is said that her great zeal caused her to promote the practice in her own community and among all others whom she could influence.

After the death of this holy religious devotion lay dormant, or hidden in the hearts of a few. "Yet," says Father McDonnell, "it was but gathering strength to come forth vested in a splendor and attractiveness that at once secured for it a foremost place among the practices of devotion to the Sacred Heart."

Father de la Columbiere was the first great apostle—after Blessed Margaret Mary—of devotion to the Sacred Heart, and it was a brother-religious of his who was the instrument of God's Providence in making known to the world the devotion of the Holy Hour. When in 1828, the Jesuits came back to their home in Paray-le-Monial, from which the Revolution had driven them, the Superior of the house was Father Debrosse.

A strong impulse urged the Father to make the Holy Hour in the very spot where Blessed Margaret Mary had made it, a century and a half before. He had been in the habit of making it once a year, on the night of Holy Thursday; he now began to make it on the eve of each First Friday. One night in May, as he knelt before the tabernacle, a voice bade him spread the devotion abroad. A confraternity of the Holy Hour was begun, with the approval of Pope Pius VIII., who granted a plenary indulgence to the members every time they made the Holy Hour. The next year the indulgence was extended to the entire diocese of Autun; and a year later, under Pope Gregory XVI., the confraternity and its privileges became world-wide.

There is much more to learn about the Holy Hour but Uncle Jack has told you enough for this time. Perhaps you will tell him about the Holy Hour in your parish. And here are some lines that Mary and her friends in the choir may have said many times without thinking that the hymns and prayers are comforting to the dear Sacred Heart in the Holy Hour.

AN HOUR WITH THREE

"My heart is tired, so tired to night, How endless seems the strife! Day after day the restlessness Of all this weary life!

WHAT THE CHURCH DID FOR ONE CONVERT

Many of our readers either know or have read of Rev. John Handly, C. S. P., one of the most gifted missionaries preachers in the great Paulist Order, and will be interested in his own personal account of his conversion, recently published in the San Francisco Monitor.

PROTESTANTIZING CATHOLIC BOOKS

Making over Catholic books to suit Protestant readers is a bit of disingenuousness (to put it mildly) of which not a few of our separated brethren are guilty. A correspondent of the Living Church (Protestant Episcopalian) manfully protests against a suggestion made by the book reviewer of that publication concerning the translation of Pere Hugues' "Guide to Holiness."

THE INCREASED NUTRITIOUS VALUE OF BREAD MADE IN THE HOME WITH ROYAL YEAST CAKES SHOULD BE SUFFICIENT INCENTIVE TO THE CAREFUL HOUSEWIFE TO GIVE THIS IMPORTANT FOOD ITEM THE ATTENTION TO WHICH IT IS JUSTLY ENTITLED.

HOME BREAD BAKING REDUCES THE HIGH COST OF LIVING BY LESSENING THE AMOUNT OF EXPENSIVE MEATS REQUIRED TO SUPPLY THE NECESSARY NOURISHMENT TO THE BODY.

E. W. GILLETT CO. LTD. TORONTO, ONT. WINNIPEG, MONTREAL

could believe. I read many books of many religions but could not find satisfaction. "Finally one day I went out on a mountain side and prayed aloud to God that I wanted to give myself to Him. That I wanted to work for Him and devote my entire life to His work. And then came the answer as clear as though a voice had spoken: 'Go and become a Catholic priest.'"

"What?" I cried, "become a Catholic priest? I affiliate myself with the faith that I have always been taught to scorn?"

"But the answer came again and again, 'Go and become a Catholic priest.'"

"I went to a little priest that I knew and asked that he instruct me in the faith. I told him that I wanted to become a Catholic and go into the priesthood. But for four months he kept me clamoring to enter the Church. Finally a Paulist missionary came to the city, and I was sent to him. The missionary finally told me that because I closely resembled a boy that he once loved, but who had died in his arms, he would send me to the Superior of the Paulists at Washington."

"So to Washington, I went. There, after a great deal of pleading, I was placed in a college where everything was bare and cold, and study and work was hard. But I did not mind for at last I had found peace. I studied long and hard and finally was admitted into the Order and have conducted missions in all parts of the country. I found the greatest peace in the Church. I found I was near God, so much nearer than I had ever found myself in any other faith. That was what the Catholic Church did for me."

Father Handly is now the assistant at St. Austin's Church, Austin, Texas, where he is in charge of the Newman Club at the State University.

ABSORBINE

Will reduce Inflamed, Strained, Swollen Tendons, Ligaments, Muscles or Bruises. Stops the lameness and pain from a Splint, Side Bone or Bone Spavin. No blister, no hair gone. Horse can be used. \$2 a bottle delivered. Describe your case for special instructions and Book 2K Free.

ABSORBINE, JR., the antiseptic liniment for Absorbine, Strained, Torn Ligaments, Enlarged Glands, Veins or Muscles, Heals Cuts, Sores, Ulcers, Ailays pain. Price \$1.00 a bottle at dealers. General, Book "The Record" Free. W. F. YOUNG, P. O. Box 299, Lyman Bldg., Montreal, Can.

JOHNNY ON THE SPOT
I thrive on hard work—just "cut it up"—and it costs but a trifle to keep my 1 1/2 H.P. "handie" going on gasoline. I will give you perfect service because I am one of the famous GILSON "Iron Horse" boys.

MAN tried to sell me a horse once. He said it was a fine horse and had nothing the matter with it. I wanted a fine horse. But, I didn't know a thing about horses much. And I didn't know the man very well either.

I told him I wanted to try the horse for a month. He said "All right, but pay me first, and I'll give you back your money if the horse isn't all right."

Well, I didn't like that. I was afraid the horse wasn't "all right" and that I might have to give up my money if I once parted with it. So I didn't buy the horse, although I wanted it badly. I thought I'd better get me some thinking.

So I see I make Washing Machines as the "1900 Gravity" Washer.

And I sold to myself lots of people may think about my Washing Machine as I thought about the horse and about the man who owned it. But I'd never know, because they wouldn't write and tell me.

You see I sell my Washing Machines by mail. I have sold over half a million that way. So, though I'll be only far enough to let people try my Washing Machines for a month, before they pay for them, just as I wanted to try the horse. Now, I know what sort of "1900 Gravity" Washer will do. I know it will wash the clothes without wearing or tearing them, in less than half the time they can be washed by hand or by any other machine.

I know it will wash a tub full of very dirty clothes in 15 minutes. I know no other machine ever invented can do that, without wearing out the clothes. Our "1900 Gravity" Washer does the work so easy that a child can run it almost as well as a strong woman, and it doesn't wear the clothes. For the edges of the clothes like a hair brush.

When we sing our own praise we must supply the encore.

Don't worry about growing old. Keep up with the age and look ahead, even if old Father Time is staring you in the face. Be young in your feelings, and the rest will take care of itself. Don't complain of your ills. Nobody wishes to hear of them, they have enough of their own.

JUST PUBLISHED

Handy Manual of Baptismal Rites

De Sacramento Baptismi

RITE ADMINISTRANDI EX RITUALI ROMANO

This new addition will be found most useful and practical. It contains the various Baptismal Ceremonies and some other ceremonies closely related to Baptism, where it is conveniently to hand when needed.

In many churches the Baptistry is in the back of the church, or the Baptismal Font is in a location, not easily accessible to the rectory or Sacristy. It is therefore a decided advantage to have a convenient book uniting all the Baptismal Rites in one volume, so that the priest can, at a moment's notice, find the form he is called upon to use and leave the Rite in the Baptismal Font, wherever it may be situated.

This Washer Must Pay for Itself.

MAN tried to sell me a horse once. He said it was a fine horse and had nothing the matter with it. I wanted a fine horse. But, I didn't know a thing about horses much. And I didn't know the man very well either.

I told him I wanted to try the horse for a month. He said "All right, but pay me first, and I'll give you back your money if the horse isn't all right."

Well, I didn't like that. I was afraid the horse wasn't "all right" and that I might have to give up my money if I once parted with it. So I didn't buy the horse, although I wanted it badly. I thought I'd better get me some thinking.

So I see I make Washing Machines as the "1900 Gravity" Washer.

And I sold to myself lots of people may think about my Washing Machine as I thought about the horse and about the man who owned it. But I'd never know, because they wouldn't write and tell me.

You see I sell my Washing Machines by mail. I have sold over half a million that way. So, though I'll be only far enough to let people try my Washing Machines for a month, before they pay for them, just as I wanted to try the horse. Now, I know what sort of "1900 Gravity" Washer will do. I know it will wash the clothes without wearing or tearing them, in less than half the time they can be washed by hand or by any other machine.

I know it will wash a tub full of very dirty clothes in 15 minutes. I know no other machine ever invented can do that, without wearing out the clothes. Our "1900 Gravity" Washer does the work so easy that a child can run it almost as well as a strong woman, and it doesn't wear the clothes. For the edges of the clothes like a hair brush.

I know it will wash a tub full of very dirty clothes in 15 minutes. I know no other machine ever invented can do that, without wearing out the clothes. Our "1900 Gravity" Washer does the work so easy that a child can run it almost as well as a strong woman, and it doesn't wear the clothes. For the edges of the clothes like a hair brush.

I know it will wash a tub full of very dirty clothes in 15 minutes. I know no other machine ever invented can do that, without wearing out the clothes. Our "1900 Gravity" Washer does the work so easy that a child can run it almost as well as a strong woman, and it doesn't wear the clothes. For the edges of the clothes like a hair brush.

I know it will wash a tub full of very dirty clothes in 15 minutes. I know no other machine ever invented can do that, without wearing out the clothes. Our "1900 Gravity" Washer does the work so easy that a child can run it almost as well as a strong woman, and it doesn't wear the clothes. For the edges of the clothes like a hair brush.

I know it will wash a tub full of very dirty clothes in 15 minutes. I know no other machine ever invented can do that, without wearing out the clothes. Our "1900 Gravity" Washer does the work so easy that a child can run it almost as well as a strong woman, and it doesn't wear the clothes. For the edges of the clothes like a hair brush.

I know it will wash a tub full of very dirty clothes in 15 minutes. I know no other machine ever invented can do that, without wearing out the clothes. Our "1900 Gravity" Washer does the work so easy that a child can run it almost as well as a strong woman, and it doesn't wear the clothes. For the edges of the clothes like a hair brush.

I know it will wash a tub full of very dirty clothes in 15 minutes. I know no other machine ever invented can do that, without wearing out the clothes. Our "1900 Gravity" Washer does the work so easy that a child can run it almost as well as a strong woman, and it doesn't wear the clothes. For the edges of the clothes like a hair brush.

I know it will wash a tub full of very dirty clothes in 15 minutes. I know no other machine ever invented can do that, without wearing out the clothes. Our "1900 Gravity" Washer does the work so easy that a child can run it almost as well as a strong woman, and it doesn't wear the clothes. For the edges of the clothes like a hair brush.

I know it will wash a tub full of very dirty clothes in 15 minutes. I know no other machine ever invented can do that, without wearing out the clothes. Our "1900 Gravity" Washer does the work so easy that a child can run it almost as well as a strong woman, and it doesn't wear the clothes. For the edges of the clothes like a hair brush.

I know it will wash a tub full of very dirty clothes in 15 minutes. I know no other machine ever invented can do that, without wearing out the clothes. Our "1900 Gravity" Washer does the work so easy that a child can run it almost as well as a strong woman, and it doesn't wear the clothes. For the edges of the clothes like a hair brush.

I know it will wash a tub full of very dirty clothes in 15 minutes. I know no other machine ever invented can do that, without wearing out the clothes. Our "1900 Gravity" Washer does the work so easy that a child can run it almost as well as a strong woman, and it doesn't wear the clothes. For the edges of the clothes like a hair brush.

I know it will wash a tub full of very dirty clothes in 15 minutes. I know no other machine ever invented can do that, without wearing out the clothes. Our "1900 Gravity" Washer does the work so easy that a child can run it almost as well as a strong woman, and it doesn't wear the clothes. For the edges of the clothes like a hair brush.

I know it will wash a tub full of very dirty clothes in 15 minutes. I know no other machine ever invented can do that, without wearing out the clothes. Our "1900 Gravity" Washer does the work so easy that a child can run it almost as well as a strong woman, and it doesn't wear the clothes. For the edges of the clothes like a hair brush.

I know it will wash a tub full of very dirty clothes in 15 minutes. I know no other machine ever invented can do that, without wearing out the clothes. Our "1900 Gravity" Washer does the work so easy that a child can run it almost as well as a strong woman, and it doesn't wear the clothes. For the edges of the clothes like a hair brush.

I know it will wash a tub full of very dirty clothes in 15 minutes. I know no other machine ever invented can do that, without wearing out the clothes. Our "1900 Gravity" Washer does the work so easy that a child can run it almost as well as a strong woman, and it doesn't wear the clothes. For the edges of the clothes like a hair brush.

I know it will wash a tub full of very dirty clothes in 15 minutes. I know no other machine ever invented can do that, without wearing out the clothes. Our "1900 Gravity" Washer does the work so easy that a child can run it almost as well as a strong woman, and it doesn't wear the clothes. For the edges of the clothes like a hair brush.

I know it will wash a tub full of very dirty clothes in 15 minutes. I know no other machine ever invented can do that, without wearing out the clothes. Our "1900 Gravity" Washer does the work so easy that a child can run it almost as well as a strong woman, and it doesn't wear the clothes. For the edges of the clothes like a hair brush.

When we sing our own praise we must supply the encore.

Don't worry about growing old. Keep up with the age and look ahead, even if old Father Time is staring you in the face. Be young in your feelings, and the rest will take care of itself. Don't complain of your ills. Nobody wishes to hear of them, they have enough of their own.

JUST PUBLISHED

Handy Manual of Baptismal Rites

De Sacramento Baptismi

RITE ADMINISTRANDI EX RITUALI ROMANO

This new addition will be found most useful and practical. It contains the various Baptismal Ceremonies and some other ceremonies closely related to Baptism, where it is conveniently to hand when needed.

In many churches the Baptistry is in the back of the church, or the Baptismal Font is in a location, not easily accessible to the rectory or Sacristy. It is therefore a decided advantage to have a convenient book uniting all the Baptismal Rites in one volume, so that the priest can, at a moment's notice, find the form he is called upon to use and leave the Rite in the Baptismal Font, wherever it may be situated.

This Washer Must Pay for Itself.

MAN tried to sell me a horse once. He said it was a fine horse and had nothing the matter with it. I wanted a fine horse. But, I didn't know a thing about horses much. And I didn't know the man very well either.

I told him I wanted to try the horse for a month. He said "All right, but pay me first, and I'll give you back your money if the horse isn't all right."

Well, I didn't like that. I was afraid the horse wasn't "all right" and that I might have to give up my money if I once parted with it. So I didn't buy the horse, although I wanted it badly. I thought I'd better get me some thinking.

So I see I make Washing Machines as the "1900 Gravity" Washer.

And I sold to myself lots of people may think about my Washing Machine as I thought about the horse and about the man who owned it. But I'd never know, because they wouldn't write and tell me.

You see I sell my Washing Machines by mail. I have sold over half a million that way. So, though I'll be only far enough to let people try my Washing Machines for a month, before they pay for them, just as I wanted to try the horse. Now, I know what sort of "1900 Gravity" Washer will do. I know it will wash the clothes without wearing or tearing them, in less than half the time they can be washed by hand or by any other machine.

I know it will wash a tub full of very dirty clothes in 15 minutes. I know no other machine ever invented can do that, without wearing out the clothes. Our "1900 Gravity" Washer does the work so easy that a child can run it almost as well as a strong woman, and it doesn't wear the clothes. For the edges of the clothes like a hair brush.

I know it will wash a tub full of very dirty clothes in 15 minutes. I know no other machine ever invented can do that, without wearing out the clothes. Our "1900 Gravity" Washer does the work so easy that a child can run it almost as well as a strong woman, and it doesn't wear the clothes. For the edges of the clothes like a hair brush.

I know it will wash a tub full of very dirty clothes in 15 minutes. I know no other machine ever invented can do that, without wearing out the clothes. Our "1900 Gravity" Washer does the work so easy that a child can run it almost as well as a strong woman, and it doesn't wear the clothes. For the edges of the clothes like a hair brush.

I know it will wash a tub full of very dirty clothes in 15 minutes. I know no other machine ever invented can do that, without wearing out the clothes. Our "1900 Gravity" Washer does the work so easy that a child can run it almost as well as a strong woman, and it doesn't wear the clothes. For the edges of the clothes like a hair brush.

I know it will wash a tub full of very dirty clothes in 15 minutes. I know no other machine ever invented can do that, without wearing out the clothes. Our "1900 Gravity" Washer does the work so easy that a child can run it almost as well as a strong woman, and it doesn't wear the clothes. For the edges of the clothes like a hair brush.

I know it will wash a tub full of very dirty clothes in 15 minutes. I know no other machine ever invented can do that, without wearing out the clothes. Our "1900 Gravity" Washer does the work so easy that a child can run it almost as well as a strong woman, and it doesn't wear the clothes. For the edges of the clothes like a hair brush.

I know it will wash a tub full of very dirty clothes in 15 minutes. I know no other machine ever invented can do that, without wearing out the clothes. Our "1900 Gravity" Washer does the work so easy that a child can run it almost as well as a strong woman, and it doesn't wear the clothes. For the edges of the clothes like a hair brush.

I know it will wash a tub full of very dirty clothes in 15 minutes. I know no other machine ever invented can do that, without wearing out the clothes. Our "1900 Gravity" Washer does the work so easy that a child can run it almost as well as a strong woman, and it doesn't wear the clothes. For the edges of the clothes like a hair brush.

I know it will wash a tub full of very dirty clothes in 15 minutes. I know no other machine ever invented can do that, without wearing out the clothes. Our "1900 Gravity" Washer does the work so easy that a child can run it almost as well as a strong woman, and it doesn't wear the clothes. For the edges of the clothes like a hair brush.

I know it will wash a tub full of very dirty clothes in 15 minutes. I know no other machine ever invented can do that, without wearing out the clothes. Our "1900 Gravity" Washer does the work so easy that a child can run it almost as well as a strong woman, and it doesn't wear the clothes. For the edges of the clothes like a hair brush.

I know it will wash a tub full of very dirty clothes in 15 minutes. I know no other machine ever invented can do that, without wearing out the clothes. Our "1900 Gravity" Washer does the work so easy that a child can run it almost as well as a strong woman, and it doesn't wear the clothes. For the edges of the clothes like a hair brush.

I know it will wash a tub full of very dirty clothes in 15 minutes. I know no other machine ever invented can do that, without wearing out the clothes. Our "1900 Gravity" Washer does the work so easy that a child can run it almost as well as a strong woman, and it doesn't wear the clothes. For the edges of the clothes like a hair brush.

I know it will wash a tub full of very dirty clothes in 15 minutes. I know no other machine ever invented can do that, without wearing out the clothes. Our "1900 Gravity" Washer does the work so easy that a child can run it almost as well as a strong woman, and it doesn't wear the clothes. For the edges of the clothes like a hair brush.

I know it will wash a tub full of very dirty clothes in 15 minutes. I know no other machine ever invented can do that, without wearing out the clothes. Our "1900 Gravity" Washer does the work so easy that a child can run it almost as well as a strong woman, and it doesn't wear the clothes. For the edges of the clothes like a hair brush.

I know it will wash a tub full of very dirty clothes in 15 minutes. I know no other machine ever invented can do that, without wearing out the clothes. Our "1900 Gravity" Washer does the work so easy that a child can run it almost as well as a strong woman, and it doesn't wear the clothes. For the edges of the clothes like a hair brush.

I know it will wash a tub full of very dirty clothes in 15 minutes. I know no other machine ever invented can do that, without wearing out the clothes. Our "1900 Gravity" Washer does the work so easy that a child can run it almost as well as a strong woman, and it doesn't wear the clothes. For the edges of the clothes like a hair brush.

I know it will wash a tub full of very dirty clothes in 15 minutes. I know no other machine ever invented can do that, without wearing out the clothes. Our "1900 Gravity" Washer does the work so easy that a child can run it almost as well as a strong woman, and it doesn't wear the clothes. For the edges of the clothes like a hair brush.

When we sing our own praise we must supply the encore.

Don't worry about growing old. Keep up with the age and look ahead, even if old Father Time is staring you in the face. Be young in your feelings, and the rest will take care of itself. Don't complain of your ills. Nobody wishes to hear of them, they have enough of their own.

JUST PUBLISHED

Handy Manual of Baptismal Rites

De Sacramento Baptismi

RITE ADMINISTRANDI EX RITUALI ROMANO

This new addition will be found most useful and practical. It contains the various Baptismal Ceremonies and some other ceremonies closely related to Baptism, where it is conveniently to hand when needed.

In many churches the Baptistry is in the back of the church, or the Baptismal Font is in a location, not easily accessible to the rectory or Sacristy. It is therefore a decided advantage to have a convenient book uniting all the Baptismal Rites in one volume, so that the priest can, at a moment's notice, find the form he is called upon to use and leave the Rite in the Baptismal Font, wherever it may be situated.

This Washer Must Pay for Itself.

MAN tried to sell me a horse once. He said it was a fine horse and had nothing the matter with it. I wanted a fine horse. But, I didn't know a thing about horses much. And I didn't know the man very well either.

I told him I wanted to try the horse for a month. He said "All right, but pay me first, and I'll give you back your money if the horse isn't all right."

Well, I didn't like that. I was afraid the horse wasn't "all right" and that I might have to give up my money if I once parted with it. So I didn't buy the horse, although I wanted it badly. I thought I'd better get me some thinking.

So I see I make Washing Machines as the "1900 Gravity" Washer.

And I sold to myself lots of people may think about my Washing Machine as I thought about the horse and about the man who owned it. But I'd never know, because they wouldn't write and tell me.

You see I sell my Washing Machines by mail. I have sold over half a million that way. So, though I'll be only far enough to let people try my Washing Machines for a month, before they pay for them, just as I wanted to try the horse. Now, I know what sort of "1900 Gravity" Washer will do. I know it will wash the clothes without wearing or tearing them, in less than half the time they can be washed by hand or by any other machine.

I know it will wash a tub full of very dirty clothes in 15 minutes. I know no other machine ever invented can do that, without wearing out the clothes. Our "1900 Gravity" Washer does the work so easy that a child can run it almost as well as a strong woman, and it doesn't wear the clothes. For the edges of the clothes like a hair brush.

I know it will wash a tub full of very dirty clothes in 15 minutes. I know no other machine ever invented can do that, without wearing out the clothes. Our "1900 Gravity" Washer does the work so easy that a child can run it almost as well as a strong woman, and it doesn't wear the clothes. For the edges of the clothes like a hair brush.

I know it will wash a tub full of very dirty clothes in 15 minutes. I know no other machine ever invented can do that, without wearing out the clothes. Our "1900 Gravity" Washer does the work so easy that a child can run it almost as well as a strong woman, and it doesn't wear the clothes. For the edges of the clothes like a hair brush.

I know it will wash a tub full of very dirty clothes in 15 minutes. I know no other machine ever invented can do that, without wearing out the clothes. Our "1900 Gravity" Washer does the work so easy that a child can run it almost as well as a strong woman, and it doesn't wear the clothes. For the edges of the clothes like a hair brush.

I know it will wash a tub full of very dirty clothes in 15 minutes. I know no other machine ever invented can do that, without wearing out the clothes. Our "1900 Gravity" Washer does the work so easy that a child can run it almost as well as a strong woman, and it doesn't wear the clothes. For the edges of the clothes like a hair brush.

I know it will wash a tub full of very dirty clothes in 15 minutes. I know no other machine ever invented can do that, without wearing out the clothes. Our "1900 Gravity" Washer does the work so easy that a child can run it almost as well as a strong woman, and it doesn't wear the clothes. For the edges of the clothes like a hair brush.

I know it will wash a tub full of very dirty clothes in 15 minutes. I know no other machine ever invented can do that, without wearing out the clothes. Our "1900 Gravity" Washer does the work so easy that a child can run it almost as well as a strong woman, and it doesn't wear the clothes. For the edges of the clothes like a hair brush.

I know it will wash a tub full of very dirty clothes in 15 minutes. I know no other machine ever invented can do that, without wearing out the clothes. Our "1900 Gravity" Washer does the work so easy that a child can run it almost as well as a strong woman, and it doesn't wear the clothes. For the edges of the clothes like a hair brush.

I know it will wash a tub full of very dirty clothes in 15 minutes. I know no other machine ever invented can do that, without wearing out the clothes. Our "1900 Gravity" Washer does the work so easy that a child can run it almost as well as a strong woman, and it doesn't wear the clothes. For the edges of the clothes like a hair brush.

I know it will wash a tub full of very dirty clothes in 15 minutes. I know no other machine ever invented can do that, without wearing out the clothes. Our "1900 Gravity" Washer does the work so easy that a child can run it almost as well as a strong woman, and it doesn't wear the clothes. For the edges of the clothes like a hair brush.

I know it will wash a tub full of very dirty clothes in 15 minutes. I know no other machine ever invented can do that, without wearing out the clothes. Our "1900 Gravity" Washer does the work so easy that a child can run it almost as well as a strong woman, and it doesn't wear the clothes. For the edges of the clothes like a hair brush.

FIGHTING FILTH

An indecent anti-Catholic sheet, which very appropriately is named The Menace, may get a taste of New Jersey justice before long. So long as it confined itself to slandering in a general way the Catholic Church and Catholic institutions, it was safe from legal proceedings. Recently it swerved from this safe course and went into particulars. The fainting of a woman opposite a convent in Camden, N. J., furnished for the vile sheet a text for attacking the highest types of womanhood, whose lives are spent in the service of others without any expectation or desire of earthly reward. The story as told by a press dispatch from Trenton is that a woman, who gave her name as Mrs. Nun, fainted in the street. The "Mrs." was clipped from the name as a preliminary to telling the usual lies about Catholic convents. The mistake The Menace made in associating these stories with the convent is thus told in the press dispatch of which we have made mention: "Up to this time the paper (The Menace) is said to have dealt only in generalities in referring to Catholic bishops, priests, and nuns. Now that it has mentioned a particular convent the Church authorities have decided to appear against it in court."

It is humiliating to have to turn aside from the consideration of more serious matters to spend any time upon a sheet such as the one against which the Catholic authorities of New Jersey are reported as intending to take legal proceedings. But just as precautions must be taken against the spread of infectious diseases threatening the physical health, so safeguards must be adopted against moral filth that contaminates minds and souls. As we write we have before us a paper published in Jacksonville, Florida, entitled Dixie. The leading editorial is devoted to the anti-Catholic rantings of a local preacher who derives his inspiration from the pages of the filthy sheet that foully maligns that Camden convent. It seems that the local preacher in question and the members of his congregation have been devoting themselves to defiling Jacksonville homes by sending into them moral poison. Of this work of pollution, the editor of the Dixie says: "Brother Claude Jones has other members who distribute The Menace, a filthy sheet containing advertisements of such books as—(We refrain from advertising the foul book by mentioning its name.—Ed. F. J.), a story of a house of prostitution. The Menace is unfit to be in the hands of any boy or girl, and The Menace publishes the same sort of attacks that Claude Jones poured upon his audience last Sunday night. I've investigated many of the charges made by The Menace and find them false. Therefore, I am not going to withhold my protestations against a preacher whose heart is so full of prejudice and hate that he finds consolation in abuse."

CATHOLIC TRUTH SOC'Y ANNUAL MEETING

OPERATIONS OF THE PAST YEAR

—LARGE DISTRIBUTION OF LITERATURE—PAPER BY MR. JUSTICE MEAGHER

The annual meeting of the Catholic Truth Society was held on Sunday, 5th inst., in St. Mary's Parish Hall, Halifax, His Grace Archbishop McCarthy presiding. There was a good attendance of clergy and laity. The reports of the Treasurer and Secretary showed the society to be in a flourishing condition. The receipts for the third year of operation showed a total of \$1,081.34, made up as follows: Balance on hand from previous year, \$165.58; donations, \$874.00; sale of literature, \$490.39; profit on sale of papers, \$51.48. The payments were \$604.71 for literature, and \$44.88 for sundry expenses, leaving a balance on hand of \$432.25.

Fifteen thousand eight hundred and forty-nine copies of Catholic newspapers were distributed at the church door during the year, and the sales of literature were constantly increasing, showing that the people were generally interested in the work and desirous of educating themselves more thoroughly on points of doctrine, historical questions, etc.

On motion of Sir Malachy Daly, seconded by Mr. Justice Meagher, a hearty vote of thanks was passed to Rev. Father Collins, who relinquishes his office of Secretary-treasurer on leaving Halifax to take charge of the parish at Windsor. The Archbishop, in putting the motion, spoke eulogistically of the work done by Father Collins.

Justice Meagher read a lengthy and interesting paper on the aims and objects of Catholic Truth Societies, showing the importance of the work and urging that the laity should avail themselves of the means offered for adding to their stock of knowledge.

DIABETES CURED WITH SANOL'S ANTIDIABETES

No diabetic should fail to give this perfectly harmless and efficacious remedy a trial. It never fails to effect wonderful results. It has the unqualified approval of prominent physicians. PRICE \$2.00. Correspondence invited.

The Sanol Mfg. Co., Ltd. WINNIPEG, MAN. Leading Druggists

edge and also that they should, in accordance with Catholic tradition, take a more active part in missionary work. It was decided to have the paper printed in pamphlet form. The officers for the ensuing year were chosen as follows: Patron, His Grace the Archbishop; President, Sir M. B. Daly, K. C. M. G.; Vice-President, Rev. W. Foley, D. D.; Treasurer, J. A. Chisholm, K. C.; Secretaries, W. W. Page and Edward Cummings.

MY PRAYER FOR YOU

What shall I ask for you, dear heart, at the Altar of Sacrifice? When the White Host rests in the priestly hands, and the Blood the chalice dyes? For the gifts of earth—the dead sea fruit that ever is void and sore— Shall this be my prayer for you, dear heart, as I kneel at the altar here? Earth's honors and wealth and beauty rare—ah, what do they all avail— For the purple trappings of pomp and power but aching hearts entail— O Friend? Shall I ask a part for you in the things that are defiled? Would you build your throne in the hearts of men or the heart of a Little Child?

And over the waste of days, dear heart, there comes to my listening ear— 'Tis the Voice that I loved in the Golden Past—in accents loud and clear, "The empty gifts of the changing hour are but for the worldly wise. Do but ask for me through the ages gray the light of a baby's eyes."

"For the shadow love of the human heart for ever craves for change. As an infant reaches its tiny hands for toys that are new and strange, The idle laughter of yesterday gives place to the saddening tear, The floral gifts of the birth hour gay look withered and old on the bier.

Love's summer days at best are brief. The shadows grow apace. For each brief moment a bleeding heart and the Memory of a Face. The fairest works of our human hands shall fade with the fleeting day. Eternal Faith and Eternal Love are the things that will last for aye."

Aye, Eternal Faith and Eternal Love must be the final test. The Faith and the Love that a meaning give to Life's tempestuous quest. Eternal Faith and Eternal Love—twin lamps to our feet of clay. May God's mercy grant that they walk, dear heart, with thee till the Dawning Day.

—REV. D. A. CASEY, (COLUMBA)

THE NEW PARISH PRIEST OF THESSALON

On the occasion of the departure of Rev. Thomas H. Trainor, his parishioners of Cache Bay showed him many tangible evidences of their esteem. At a banquet tendered in the town hall an address was read and a purse of gold and gold-headed cane presented. All the principal citizens of Cache Bay were present as well as those from outlying sections of Verner and Sturgeon Falls. On the Sunday following, this being his farewell Sunday to his people, the words of the rev. father were touching. He outlined what his good people had achieved since it was his happy lot to come among them eight years ago. The many good works began will stand a lasting monument to the zeal and energy of the rev. gentleman. The Ladies of St. Ann presented a purse while the children of the Separate school offered a magnificent dressing case. The rev. gentleman has with him the best wishes of his parishioners, and they pray God to bless him and his works in his new field as he has been blessed here.

Rev. Father Trainor is a native of Prince Edward Island, where his family still reside. He joined the Diocese of Sault Ste Marie ten years ago. His first charge as pastor was Cache Bay, where church, presbytery, school, cemetery, etc., practically all paid for, show forth the goodness of Father Trainor and the zeal of the priest. Father Trainor entered his new duties on Tuesday of this week at Thessalon, Ont., where the nature of the work will coincide with the zeal and courage of the incumbent.

Know your man before you let his opinions weigh much.

A VENERABLE ENGLISH PRIEST ONCE ON THE CANADIAN MISSIONS

We like at all times to follow the work and career of a laborer in the vineyard of the Master. When this work extends away beyond half a century the interest in the laborer intensifies and his manifold toil holds us as would a chapter in a stirring and heroic romance.

It has been my pleasure and privilege recently to visit such a laborer, venerable with the years of his sacred ministry, thirty of which were spent in the Diocese of Kingston, Ontario, as parish priest of Trenton. Rev. Henry Brettargh is still well remembered not only by the people of Trenton but by the Catholic Church in Ontario. Most of his co-laborers in the vineyard of God who toiled with him in the Kingston diocese away back in the fifties, sixties and seventies of the last century now sleep the sleep of Eternal peace. Mgr. Farrelly, Father Stafford-Father Quirk, Father O'Connor, Archbishop Gauthier, Bishop O'Brien, Father Davis, these were some of Father Brettargh's contemporaries in the vineyard of Kingston. All are now dead save the good Prelate of Ottawa, and only Rev. Henry Brettargh of Kendal, Westmoreland, is left, besides Archbishop Gauthier of Ottawa, to answer to the sacred roll call of these distant days ago.

It was when Father Brettargh was parish priest of Trenton that I learned to know him the teacher of his Separate School late in the seventies of the last century. His many friends in Trenton, his old parishioners, of whom he enquired most kindly, will, and do remember him, I am sure in those days as I do: An alert, cultured, scholarly priest, kindly, approachable, with a fine mingling in his nature and bearing, of the simplicity of a democrat joined to the "cachet" of an aristocrat.

Who, too, can forget his beautiful sermons so full of logic and eloquence, which, by the way, he always read in a voice musical and distinct. I have often thought that if these finished and polished sermons of Father Brettargh's were published what a valuable volume they would make.

Father Brettargh is of Lancashire stock, being born in the town of Burnley in 1824. Father Brettargh, however, is of Celtic not Anglo-Saxon extraction, and this perhaps accounts for his deep sympathy for the Irish people in their long struggle for freedom. During the heyday of his priestly life in Trenton many an able and vigorous article he wrote in behalf of the Irish cause.

So powerful an adversary was Father Brettargh with the pen that many a great controversialist and publicist, such as the late Dr. Egerton Ryerson, Superintendent of Education for Ontario, acknowledged the weight of his blows. Even yet this venerable priest and scholar holds the Anglican vicarages in his neighborhood in a kind of vassalage through fear of his pen. It amused me, I must confess, very much when visiting him recently in his quaint manorlike home near Kendal in Westmoreland, England, to find him complaining that some of the Provincial papers refused to publish his trenchant criticisms of the birth and character of the Anglican Church. I found it, however, easy to explain to him why his letters met with a denial of publication—they are so logical, trenchant and caustic that they invariably make his opponent ridiculous.

Father Brettargh is a scholar of the old school, and that means thorough and solid education. He is a splendid Latin and French scholar and now, though sixty-five years have intervened since he pursued the study of French in Belgium, he reads and speaks it with the greatest facility.

Father Brettargh's early studies were chiefly made in that nursery of priestly scholarship—Ushaw College in Durham, which is the Alma Mater of His Eminence Cardinal Bourne. He had, I mistake not, as classmate, the late Father Nugent, founder of the Catholic Times of Liverpool, of whom he speaks most affectionately.

This venerable priest, who will soon be ninety years old, referred most feelingly to the days he spent in Trenton and to his fellow-laborers in the ministry, nearly all of whom have long since passed away.

During the past thirty years Father Brettargh has been attached to the English diocese of Hexham and New Castle in England, having gone to England in 1888.

His many Canadian friends will be pleased to learn that, despite his great years, Father Brettargh is still strong physically and intellectually, and in his beautiful little chapel, which is adjoining his home, he says daily Mass. "Doddin Green," where this venerable priest of God lives, has a history reaching back to the Penal Days of England, and to-day Father Brettargh will show you where some of his predecessors, when hunted and pursued by persecution, escaped through an opening in the roof.

It was indeed a delightful visit to "Doddin Green," made doubly pleasant by the warm-hearted greeting of this kind and venerable priest of God.

THOMAS O'HAGAN

SPELLING REFORM COULD BEGIN HERE

"We would advise the excellent teaching Sisters," remarks the Pittsburgh Catholic "to instruct their pupils how to spell their Christian names. There is no St. Kathryn, and the

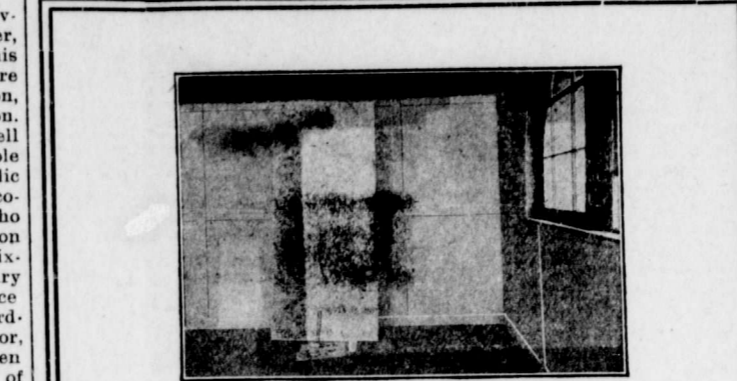
Blessed Mother's name is more attractive as Mary than Mayme. The list could be lengthened."

DIED

MCCARVELL.—In Kinkora, P. E. I., Friday, Sept. 26, Ada T. McCarvell, age twenty-one years, daughter of Thos. and Mrs. McCarvell. May her soul rest in peace!

MITCHELL SLIDE-EASY NECKWEAR QUALITY STYLE VARIETY

To-day's best is worth more to-day than to-morrow's better.



The Permanent, Protective Building Board LINABESTOS

Linabestos is a damp-proof, fireproof Building Board made of Asbestos and Portland Cement. It is smooth on one side and somewhat rough on the other, and is made in sheets 42 inches wide, 48 inches or 96 inches long, and 3/16 inches thick.

Though hard and semi-rigid, Linabestos can readily be worked with carpenter's tools, and nailed direct to the studding. It is either applied smooth side out and panelled with strips of wood or of the same material, or put on rough side out and covered with a thin skin coat of plaster.

Walls and ceiling of Linabestos will confine an ordinary fire to the room where it starts, and check the spread of even the worst blaze. They are sanitary, easily decorated, non-conductors of heat, practically everlasting, and inexpensive.

Write for folder No. 26, giving full particulars.

Asbestos Manufacturing Co., Limited Address E. T. Bank Bldg., 263 St. James St., Montreal, P. Q. (near Montreal)

Record Standard 50c. Library FOR EVERYBODY

NOVELS AND RELIGIOUS BOOKS BY THE BEST CATHOLIC AUTHORS COPYRIGHT BOOKS UP-TO-DATE BINDINGS

Free by Mail. Fifty Cents Per Volume Liberal Discount to the Reverend Clergy and Religious Institutions

NOVELS DION AND THE SIBYLS. By Miles Keon. A classic novel, far richer in sentiment and sounder in thought than "Ben Hur". MARCELLA GRACE. By Ross Mulholland. The plot of this story is laid with a skill and grasp of details not always found in novels of the day, while its development bears witness at every page to a complete mastery of the subject, joined to grace and force of diction. MISS ERIN. By M. E. Francis. A captivating tale of Irish life, replete with genuine Celtic wit, love, and pathos, and charming in the true Catholic spirit that permeates every page. THE LIGHT OF HIS COUNTERTENANCE. By Jeanne Marie. A highly successful story. The plot unfolds in flawless characters are natural, their conversation is sprightly and unhampered, and there are bursts of genuine comedy to lighten the tragic darker shades. HER JOURNEY'S END. By Francis Cooke. A story of mystery, of strife and struggle, of petty jealousy, and of sublime devotion. AGATHA'S HARD SAYING. By Rosa Mulholland. Rosa Mulholland's best novel. A new story by an author who knows how to write a splendidly strong book. BOND AND FREE. By Jean Connor. A new story by an author who knows how to write an attractive than the old editions. CONNOR DARCY'S STRUGGLES. By W. M. Berthold. A novel that depicts to us in vivid colors the battles of life which a noble family had to encounter, being reduced to penury through impudent speculations on the part of the father. FABIOLA. Cardinal Wiseman. This edition of Cardinal Wiseman's tale of early Christian times is much more modern and decidedly more attractive than the old editions. FABIOLA'S SISTERS. Adapted by A. C. Clarke. This is a companion volume and a sequel to "Fabiola". FORGIVE AND FORGET. By Ernst Lingens. A sweet and wholesome love story, showing the power of nobility of soul and unflinching devotion. THE HEIRESS OF KRONENSTEIN. By Countess Hahn-Hehn. An exquisite story of life and love told in touchingly simple words. IDOLS; or The Secret of the Rue Chaussee d'Antin. By Raoul de Navery. The story is a remarkably clever one; it is well constructed and evinces a master hand. IN GOD'S GOOD TIME. By H. M. Ross. This is a story that grips the heart, stirring in the liveliest sympathy for what is human and good. THE MONK'S PARADISE. By Raoul de Navery. An historical romance of the time of King Philip IV. of Spain. MY LADY BEATRICE. By Francis Cooke. The story of a society girl's development through the love of a strong man, it is vivid in characterization and intense in interest. THE OTHER MISS LISLE. By M. C. Martin. A powerful story of South African life. It is singularly strong and full of action, and contains a little of the supernatural with various stirring and exciting incidents. THE SHADOW OF EVERLEIGH. By Jane Lansdowne. It is a weird tale, blending not a little of the supernatural with various stirring and exciting incidents. THE TEMPEST OF THE HEART. By Mary Agatha Grey. A story of deep feeling that centers around a young monk musician.

RELIGIOUS BOOKS

LIVES OF THE SAINTS. Adapted from Rev. Alban Butler. LIFE OF CHRIST. By Rev. M. V. Cochem. LIFE OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN. By Rev. B. Rohner, O. S. B. THE ADOPTION OF THE BLESSED SACRAMENT. By Rev. A. Tesiere. AN EXPLANATION OF CATHOLIC MORALS. By Rev. J. Suisant. EXPLANATION OF THE COMMANDMENTS. By Rev. H. Rolfus, D.D. EXPLANATION OF THE CREED. By Rev. H. Rolfus, D.D. EXPLANATION OF THE HOLY SACRIFICE OF THE MASS. By Rev. M. V. Cochem. EXPLANATION OF THE HOLY SACRAMENTS. By Rev. H. Rolfus, D.D. HELPS TO A SPIRITUAL LIFE. By Rev. Joseph Schneider. HISTORY OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH. By Rev. L. G. Bussinger. Edited by Rev. Richard Brennan, L.L.D. With a history of the Catholic Church in America by John Gilmary Shea. HISTORY OF THE PROTESTANT REFORMATION IN ENGLAND AND IRELAND. By W. Cobbett. Revised by Abbot Gasquet, O.S.B. HOW TO COMFORT THE SICK. By Rev. Joseph Krebs, C.S.S.R. LINDSES; ITS INHABITANTS, ITS PILGRIMS, AND ITS MIRACLES. By Rev. Richard F. Clarke. MORE SHORT SPIRITUAL READINGS FOR MARY'S CHILDREN. By Madame Cecilia. THE TRUE SPOUSE OF CHRIST. By St. Alphonsus Liguori. THE NEW TESTAMENT.—12 mo edition. Good, large type printed on excellent paper. THE SACRED HEART STUDIED IN THE SACRED SCRIPTURES. By Rev. H. Saintrain. This is the best work on the subject, and is recommended to all lovers of the Sacred Heart. ST. ANTHONY, THE SAINT OF THE WHOLE WORLD. By Rev. Thomas F. Ward. This life is written in a manner which can hardly fail to prove interesting to the reading public. ST. FRANCIS ASSISI, SOCIAL REFORMER. By Rev. Leo L. Dubois. THE SECRET OF SANCTITY. According to St. Francis de Sales. SHORT MEDITATIONS FOR EVERY DAY. By Abbe Lassus. VENERATION OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN. By Rev. B. Rohner.

The Catholic Record LONDON, CANADA

Order Early

THE HOME BANK OF CANADA

Transact your business in the way of paying and receiving money through the Bank. Pay your current accounts by cheque, collect money owing you by drawing upon your debtor and make your remittances by money order.

HEAD OFFICE AND BRANCHES IN TORONTO JAMES MASON GENERAL MANAGER BRANCHES AND CONNECTIONS THROUGHOUT CANADA 394 Richmond Street, London BRANCHES ALSO AT ILDERTON, THORNDALE, DELAWARE, KOMOKA MELBOURNE, LAWRENCE

TEACHERS WANTED

WANTED EXPERIENCED TEACHER FOR R. C. S. No. 5, General, Carey Co. Second class Normal training, understands furnace and boiler. Address Box 7, Catholic Record, London, Ont. 1824-47.

QUALIFIED SECOND CLASS TEACHERS Q wanted for schools in Alberta. Salaries \$720 a year and up. Address Teachers' Bureau, P. O. Box 4791, Edmonton, Alberta. 1824-47.

TEACHER WHO HOLDS A SECOND class certificate, paper of qualifications, for the year 1918, to teach at a Public School, Section No. 15, Dover, Kent Co., Ont. Salary \$500. Address Frank Meteyan, Sec. Treas. Public School Section No. 15, Dover, P. O. Dubuque, Ont. 1824-47.

POSITION WANTED MARRIED MAN REQUIRES POSITION AS janitor or caretaker, understands furnaces and boilers. Address Box 7, Catholic Record, London, Ont. 1824-47.

HOMES WANTED FOR CHILDREN APPLICATIONS WILL BE RECEIVED FOR a number of wards of the Children's Aid Society who are in Catholic Orphanages of Ontario. There are twenty boys between two and eight years of age, two boys ten to twelve years old, and two girls twelve to fourteen. Applications may be directed to Wm. O'Connor, Inspector, Children's Branch, Parliament Buildings, Toronto. 1824-3.

TWO FARMS FOR SALE LOT 22 AND 23 S. B. OF STEVEN TOWNSHIP, Huron County. These two farms have both large barned barns and other out-buildings; and on one a good house. The land, clay loam, is in good state of cultivation and is well watered. Young apple orchard and small fruit trees. School on farm, also grass farm with a never-failing well. Convenient to general store, postoffice, blacksmith shop and telephone lines. For further particulars address Thomas Ryan, Mount Carmel, Ont. 1824-4.

AGENTS WANTED

In every parish of the Diocese of London. Good opportunity for live men. For particulars apply to Box J, Catholic Record, London, Ont.

MILITARY

Overcoats, \$3.00 1000 MILITARY OVERCOATS—Gray Waterproof Cloth lined with flannel, high storm collar, civilian shape. These coats show no wear—some are new, but are passed out of service for new patterns. Excellent coats for farmers or city out-of-town workers. Price \$3.00, or with Long Coat \$3.50. Your money refunded if not satisfied. State size required—chest measure and height. Heavy Grey Army Blankets 60 by 80, weight 8 lbs. \$3.00.

THE A. W. LYNES COY ARMY CONTRACTORS Dept. A. 779 1/2 King Street West, Toronto

Marriage Laws

A Brief Explanation of the Decree "Ne Temere" It embodies all the Decisions of the Sacred Congregations up to December 1912, besides giving a clear and definite commentary on each Article of the New Laws on Engagement and Marriage.

The Catholic Record

LONDON, CANADA

Agent Wanted

Canvassing Agent for Eastern Ontario for weekly family paper. Apply stating age and experience to

BOX A, CATHOLIC RECORD LONDON, CANADA

ST. BASIL'S HYMNAL

Full Musical Score and Words The Finest Single Volume Collection of Liturgical Music and English Hymns ever published

Complete Services for Vespers and Benediction. Music for Missa Cantata and Mass for the Dead. Specially adapted for sodalities, Choirs, Colleges, Parochial Schools, Sunday Schools and Institutions. Use St. Basil's Hymnal and thus have the best and cheapest work now offered in Church Music.

PRICE PER DOZ. \$7.20: SINGLE COPY 75C.

CARDINAL'S RESIDENCE

Baltimore, November 14.

REVEREND DEAR FATHER:—I take great pleasure in adding my name to that of your most Reverend Archbishop, in commending to Catholic Institutions your most useful work. ST. BASIL'S HYMNAL is calculated to promote devotional singing, which is a powerful element in the cause of religion.

Fraternally yours in Xto, J CARD. GIBBONS.

To REV. L. BRENNAN.

ST. BASIL'S HYMN BOOK

WORDS ONLY A companion book to St. Basil's Hymnal, containing all the words of every psalm, hymn and anthem, numbered to correspond. Besides it is a complete prayer book for children. Substantially bound in flexible cloth.

PRICE PER HUNDRED \$12.00: SINGLE COPY 15C.

St. Basil's Hymnal and Hymn book are now in use in every diocese of United States and Canada and increasing in popularity every year.

THE CATHOLIC RECORD

LONDON CANADA