

my true interests had betrayed to an English prison. I never saw him after the day of his being put into the tower, and that of his death." Wallace interrupted him with an exclamation of surprise. "Yes," added Balliol, "I myself closed his eyes. At that hour he was in the tower, and the boon was granted. I went to him, and then, with his dying breath, he spoke truths to me which were indeed messengers from heaven; they taught me what I was, and what I might be. He died, Edward was then in Flanders; and you, brave Wallace, being triumphant in Scotland, and laying such a stress in your negotiations for the return of Douglas, the Southern cabinet agreed to conceal his death, and by making his name an instrument to excite your hopes and fears, turn your anxiety for him to their own advantage."

A deep tear kindled over the face of Bruce. "With what a race have I been so long connected!—what mean subtleties, what dastardly conceits, for the leaders of a great nation to do!" O King!" exclaimed he, turning to Balliol, "if you have errors to atone for, what then must be the penalty of my sin, for holding so long with an enemy as vile as he was ambitious?" Balliol rose in his bed. "Bruce," said he, "approach me near." He obeyed. The feeble monarch turned to Wallace. "You have supported what was my kingdom through its last stages for liberty; put forth your strength, and support its exiled sovereign in his last regal act." Wallace raised the king, so as to enable him to assume a kneeling posture. Dizzy with the exertion, for a moment he rested on the shoulders of the chief; and then looking up, he met the eye of Bruce gazing on him with compassionate interest. The unhappy monarch stretched out his arms to heaven; and "May God pardon the injuries which my fatal ambition did you and yours; the miseries I brought upon my country; and let your reign redeem my errors! May the spirit of wisdom bless you, my son!" His hands were now laid on the head of Bruce, who sank on his knees before him. "Whatever rights I had to the crown of Scotland, by the worthlessness of my reign they are forfeited; and I resign all unto you, even to the participation of the mere title of king. It has been as the ghost of my former self—as an accusing spirit to me, but, I trust, an angel of light to you; it will comfort your people into all happiness!" He then, with a look of intense grief, sank into the arms of Wallace. Bruce, rising, poured a little balsam into the king's mouth and he revived. As Wallace laid him back on his pillow, he gazed wistfully at him, and grasping his hand, said in a low voice, "How did I throw a blessing from me! But in these days when I rejected your service at Dunbar, I know not the Almighty arm which brought the boy of Ellerslie to save his country. I scorned the patriot flame that spoke your mission; and the mercy of heaven departed from me." Memory was now busy with the thoughts of Bruce; and he retired to shed, unobserved, the tears he could not restrain. Wallace soon after saw the eye of the exhausted king close in his sleep; and, cautious of awakening him, he did not stir, but leaning against the frame of the bed, was soon lost in a deep repose.

TO BE CONTINUED.

ONE WAY TO SUCCESS.

The editor looked up. He didn't look up often. His work was of an engrossing character and he was near-sighted. This combination kept his head bowed over his desk; and that was making him round-shouldered. The editor didn't care about his personal appearance. Otherwise the bend in his tall figure might have worried him.

When he looked up he saw that his caller was a girl, a girl of twenty, blue-eyed and nicely garbed.

"How do you do?" said the girl in a demure way and in a pleasant voice.

"I am reasonably well," replied the editor.

The girl came a little closer.

"May I sit here?"

As she spoke she took the chair beside his desk.

"You may," he told her. He looked at her quizzically. It was a habit he had—born, perhaps, of the brevity of his vision. "Have I your card?"

"No," she answered. "My name would have meant nothing to you. I knew better than to send in my card. I waited outside in the hall until the boy at the door went away for a moment, and then I came in."

"He nodded.

"The boy at the door should be grateful to you for the explanation. He would have told you that the editor finds it quite impossible to handle all the details connected with the production of the paper. He would have pointed out the way to the room occupied by the society editor—or is it the department of the household that you want to find?"

The girl shook her pretty head.

"I have found what I wanted," she said composedly.

The editor took off his glasses and wiped them. It was another habit he had, a habit that made itself noticeable when he felt that his precious time was being wasted.

"Perhaps you will state your business?" he mildly suggested, the droop coming back into his shoulders again.

"Of course," said the girl. She hesitated a moment. "It can't be all told in a moment, you know. There is a story connected with it, and that takes time."

"Try and condense it," he said. His hand lay nervously with the papers on the desk.

"Yes, I will," she told him. "That is, as far as possible. In the first place I will tell you why I am here."

"Kindly break it to me in as few words as possible," he cautioned her again.

She drew a long breath.

"I am here," she said with grave formality, "to appeal to your better nature."

"What's that?"

She did not heed him.

"I am sure there is a better side to your character," she went on. "They called you a mere machine. They said you had no imagination, no soul." He dropped the papers and drew back.

"May I ask who told you this?"

"It seems to be a general impression," she replied. "They say you have a wonderful sense of proportion, an incisive judgment, a remarkable cleverness in reading character, a mind that is fortified against all manner of emergencies—but no romance, no heart."

The editor drew back in his chair and stared at his caller.

"This is really interesting," he said. "And it's the general impression, is it?"

"Yes," she nodded. "But I didn't believe what they said. Not for a moment."

"You are very kind," he said. He suddenly smiled. "Do you know," he added, "that I expected you would offer yourself as an exception to the general impression?"

"I have just credited you," said the girl, "with cleverness in reading character. Now I'm going to appeal to the better nature I know you possess."

He shrugged his shoulders.

"In my present occupation I have no use for any nature save the one I utilize daily."

"This," she said, "should have a tendency to keep that other and finer nature fresh and unspotted."

"Will you very kindly make your appeal and relieve any passing anxiety I may be supposed to feel?" he demanded.

She nodded and leaned a little forward. He noticed that her eyes were very blue.

"It concerns a story," she said.

He shook his head hastily.

"We do not buy stories," he told her.

"Please wait," she said. "There is something aside from the mere fact that there is a story. It is an incidental that will appeal to you more than the story itself." She hesitated.

"I have a brother. He is an invalid. His—his months—perhaps his days—are numbered." He was fancy or did the blue eyes fill with tears?

"Then it is your brother who wrote the story?"

"Yes. It is his story. There is so little he can do, you know. He is getting more helpless every day. Yet he is always patient, always hopeful. And he loves to write. We have fixed up a little writing board across the front of his chair, and when he has his paper and his pencils he is quite contented. We wheel him to the big window in the dining room and there he sits in the sunshine—when the days are fine—close beside the window plants he loves and tends, and fashions the simple little stories that are at once his occupation and his delight."

Her voice was low and full of tenderness. Her blue eyes swam in a cloudy mist. The editor saw the sick boy at the window, his thin fingers busy, his pale face lighted by a hopeful smile.

"Well,"

The girl had paused in her narrative. She nodded at this reminder and resumed her story.

"My brother's stories are all imaginative," she said. "You see he has not been outside the house for five years. And our life—there is just my mother and me and Jean—is quite too simple to offer him any material. So he sits there with his fancies and his dreams, and out of them are his pretty stories. Some of them are too simple, no doubt, but there are a few that seem to us—to mother and to me—to be worthy of a greater audience. There is one in particular, 'The Fall of the Air Castle,' that we have persuaded Jean is worthy of publication. It required some argument to do this, for Jean has written you see, only to please himself. Then I look the story and made a typewritten copy of it, and without saying anything further to Jean about it, sent it away."

The editor, leaning back in his roomy chair, nodded.

"And it came back?"

"It came back at once. It seemed to me that they took so much time to open the envelope—much less to read the story. It came back with no comment. The whole thing seemed almost brutal."

She paused and drew her breath sharply.

"To whom did you send the manuscript?"

"To the Hesperian."

"You did not aim high."

"I didn't dare. It would be quite enough for Jean to see it in print—no matter where." She hesitated again.

"I have not told him of this disappointment. But pretty soon he will want to know. It will hurt him when I tell him how his dream child was scorned. If he knew it I'm afraid he would weep and very weak. He is very sensitive—and very weak. If he lost his only interest in life his mind would quickly fall a prey to melancholy of the saddest type."

She paused again and the editor nodded sympathetically.

"Poor boy," he slowly said.

"I have told Jean that it might be a month before we heard from the magazine people. Before that month is up something must be done." She looked at him with a new expression. "A daring idea came to me yesterday. I determined to see you—to storm your sanctum—to tell you Jean's story—to ask your help."

His voice had an unaccustomed gentleness when he spoke.

"In what way can I aid you?"

She clasped her hands.

"I want you to pass judgment on the story and then tell me where to send it. Think what this may mean to my poor brother!"

The editor looked at his watch.

"Have you the manuscript here?"

"Yes, yes."

"How long will it take?"

"Twenty minutes."

She quickly drew the typewritten copy from her shopping bag.

"I am waiting."

She read the story very well. It evidently was familiar to her. At times she looked up from the copy and repeated a line or two with her eyes on the editor's face. The editor, sitting well

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addition, I enclose our usual rates. And, Jim, don't lose sight of this Jean Crosby. I want to see something more from the same pen. Accept Mary's regards. Your old friend John. P. S.—I am going to crowd the story into our next month's issue."

The girl stared at the letter for a moment. Then she stooped and picked up the tipped slip of paper. It was a check for \$50.

Her face was pale and her blue eyes were wet when she looked up. The editor regarded her with a faint smile.

"Quite satisfactory?" he asked.

He saw that her hand trembled.

"Yes, yes," she murmured, and her eyes suddenly dropped.

"The boy should be pleased."

"Yes."

"If he writes anything else that is up to this standard bring it to me."

"Thank you," she said brokenly, and suddenly turned away.

He nodded sympathetically and bent over his work.

"Good-bye," he called to her.

She paused at the door with her hand on the knob. Then she came back swiftly and stood by his desk.

"Sir," she said, "I—I can't go like this!"

He looked up.

"Why, what is wrong?"

She caught her breath.

"I—I have deceived you, sir!"

"Sit down," he quietly said. "Calm yourself and then tell me about it. Don't hurry."

She looked at him appealingly.

"I am ashamed," she said, "ashamed and humbled."

"That requires explaining," he said.

"Go on."

"In the first place I—I can't take this!" And she laid the check on his desk.

"That seems a pity," he said. "Tell me why you can't take it."

"Because I—I deceived you. Because I played upon your feelings. Because I gained your sympathy by a cruel untruth."

"Go on."

"There is no sick boy. I—I invented him. I have no brother. I am Jean Crosby. The story is mine."

There was a little silence.

"Well," said the editor, "what else?"

"I was so anxious to succeed," said the girl. "I had tried and failed. I was discouraged. Then I thought of you and your influence. I knew there was no chance of interesting you in the ordinary way. So I invented that shameful story. I took the boy out of a story I had thought of writing. To me it seemed almost real. I have loved him and cried over him so often. And I—I—basely used him to gain your help. It was shameful!"

She looked away and brushed her tears from her cheeks.

The editor wrinkled his broad forehead.

"So there is no hopeless boy at the window in the sunshine?"

"N—no, no."

The editor nodded.

"I'm glad of that."

The girl suddenly arose.

"I must go," she said abruptly.

"Wait," he bent forward and put the check in her hand. "This is your legitimate transaction. John Sidman always gets value received for his magazine dollars. There is no moral question involved in that slip of paper. Take it away."

She drew back with the check crumpled in her hand.

"May I—may I hope," she stammered, "that you will forgive me?"

"So do not heed the appeal."

"So the boy at the window was the child of your imagination, eh?" He looked at her thoughtfully. "See here Jean Crosby," he briskly added, "this ought to make a very readable story. Put it together just as it happened. Then bring it to me and I'll send it on to John Sidman. Good-bye."

And he bent again over his papers.

W. H. Ross in Cleveland Plain Dealer.

WIT AND HUMOR.

CARDINAL ENJOYS THE STORY.

A little anecdote is told of the Cardinal, and which he enjoys very much, says The Catholic Columbian, is to the effect that a certain Washington lady gave him a reception at which he was to meet quite a distinguished company. The lady had instructed the colored butler that when the Cardinal arrived he should announce him as "His Eminence." In due time the Cardinal reached the house and was ushered in by the colored man, who, in all the pomposity that one of those colored butlers alone can show, threw the large party into convulsions.

of laughter by announcing in stentorian tones, "His Remnants."

LUCILLE'S COMPLIMENT.

Lucille, a carefully brought up little girl of five years, returned from her first party in great glee. "I was a good girl, mamma," she announced, "and talked nice all the time." "Did you remember to say something pleasant to Mrs. Townsend just before leaving?" the mother asked. "Oh, yes, I did," was the enthusiastic reply. "I smiled and said: 'I enjoyed myself, Mrs. Townsend. I had a lot better dinner than I thought I'd have!'"

THE DEPARTED.

An Irishman went into the firm of Scrubbs, Vanderwouter & Carney and asked to see Mr. Scrubbs.

"Mr. Scrubbs is dead," said the secretary.

"Well, the Dutchman will do!" said the Irishman.

"Why, Mr. Vanderwouter is also deceased," said the secretary.

"Then Carney'll do!" said the Irishman.

"Mr. Carney died four years ago," said the secretary.

"So you're all dead!" says Pat.

"Would you be kind enough to tell me whether my brother Mike Casey is running the furnace of the establishment in this world or the next?"

He—Congress will never be composed of women.

She—Why do you think so?

He—Can you imagine a house full of women with only one speaker?

MAKING A STAB AT IT.

"You're rather a young man to be left in charge of a drug store," said the fussy old gentleman. "Have you any diploma?"

"Why—er—no, sir," replied the drug clerk; "but we have a preparation of our own that's just as good."

An Old Acquaintance.—"Officer," said the whimsical tourist to the big policeman who had saved him from being run over by an automobile, "you remind me of a character in one of Kipling's stories. You've heard of Kipling?"

"Kipling?" said Officer Hooligan.

"Sure! He runs a Chinese laundry about four blocks from where I live."

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WRITE FOR THIS CATALOGUE TO-DAY

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WRITE FOR OUR Wall Paper Catalogue

is a Cold to be Cured

is reached the chest, is into bronchitis and throat pneumonia.

time for delay or experiment's time to use Dr. Chase's Linseed and Turpentine.

no bad that there is not more suffering associated with a cold, re would be less tendency to sment.

ly and stealthily does a cold is simpler form of a cold in on inflammation of the bronch and then on to the lungs do not realize their condition onia is upon them.

ry, of course, the cold is but with the system run weakened there is every seri that a cold will end result

ld not every cold be taken d Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine used before a severe on you.

re many reasons why you Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine. It is more thorough ching in its effects on the any mere cough medicine ly be. It keeps the cough open, it aids expectoration the inflammation. more than this. It cures the as the cough. It is direct, d almost specific in action. ood, Tichenor, Adding- ntly, writes: "It is with pleacertly to the wonderf Chase's Syrup of Linseed and as a cure for colds. It is d surest treatment for coughs hat we have ever been able 25cts. a bottle, at all dealers, on, Bates & Co., Toronto.

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

Letters of Recommendation. Apostolic Delegation. Ottawa, June 13th, 1905.

Mr. Thomas Coffey. Since coming to Canada I have been a reader of your paper. I have noted with satisfaction that it is directed with intelligence and ability.

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

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LONDON, SATURDAY, APRIL 3, 1910.

AUTHORITY WANTED.

Nothing could be clearer in the controversy amongst the Toronto Methodists than the need of real authority. To the sincere lover of the Bible modern criticism brings ruin and desolation.

the flock is to be protected and led to pasture. Nothing throughout this Methodist controversy is so evident as the want of authority. Nor can this latter be woven out of whole cloth.

ORANGE LODGE ON EDUCATION.

The vigilant Orange eye is fixed upon educational matters with the usual squint of malice and bigotry. No such small matter as the higher criticism of the open Bible by Methodist ministers and a non-sectarian University occupies the attention of the irrepresibles.

debentures are issued for Separate schools they will bear the same relation to the property of Separate school supporters and remain attached as a lien on that property with the same force as debentures for Public schools.

THE CHRISTIAN GUARDIAN.

In its issue of March 10th the Christian Guardian exemplifies practically the adage that silence is golden and speech is silver. With significant tact it leaves unnoticed the Carman-Jackson episode.

THE REV. MR. KER UPON HIGHER CRITICISM.

In a letter to the Star Journal, of St. Catharines, the Rev. Mr. Ker scores severely against Mr. Jackson, the pastor of the Sherbourne St. Methodist Church of Toronto.

tian Guardian is not ignorant of the man who crippled the Separate schools in their cradle and prevented by malicious unfairness and narrow folly their future growth and due administration.

BROTHER ODO BALDWIN.

On Sunday, the 21st ult., death terminated the sufferings and closed the career of a man whose life was spent in the high calling of education.

THE LORD'S DAY ALLIANCE.

We have been asked for our thoughts upon the above-named association. Whether our correspondent wishes to flatter us by asking for our ideas or wishes to criticize the Alliance we know not.

crimeless country, and the criminal classes, which were the despair of our own police, practically did not exist in Ireland. The landlord faction, who are largely in control of the English press, and notably the London Times, would have the outside world believe that the Irish are so given to criminality that it would be hazardous to put the management of the local affairs of the country in their keeping.

WITH EPISCOPAL SANCTION.

The Knights of Columbus have formed a Court in Toronto and His Grace the Most Rev. Archbishop has appointed Rev. Dr. Kidd chaplain of Toronto council. We are delighted to be enabled to make this announcement.

A FRIEND SENDS US A CLIPPING FROM A LATE ISSUE OF THE PETERBORO REVIEW.

We were amazed to see such matter copied into our respected contemporary. It is decidedly bad taste on its part to clip articles from a paper called the Sentinel, published in Toronto.

fact (which no one is to be noted. "The average getting to be y More than sixty mates of the houses of correction under twenty nine of the bands of boys from four their chiefs are nineteen or twenty "How does it p especially on the p creasing at such "It would not sign this abomin any one cause, the lack of relig public schools a juvenile vagran quate school ac passage of the lations must be a great deal of often commits discouraged, a often pushed in ships he eacoo bread. But wh crime, the cha deliberately ch because he has false ideals, he wrong standard inal of fifteen of not even so honestly. He l work dishonor world owns his his business to or by crook swindler, beca thing to be a "When YOUNG LIEVE TE With the l appears respect day morality, analysis, reve authority. Y believe in the God, everyv everything a yield to their are out of s parents—whi time in the mothers as obliged to go people no lon God, they no attention to demands of le physical and schools do n ations, and n them than t China. Un most natura they should belong to re savages. "There a of vice, t are plenty ing as rapid "That th not replace coming to most arden that somet stricter liv poorer clas of their re sorting to rituals in Church, w they were "Etholli

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NEWS HAS BEEN received from Rome that the Very Rev. Father McCann, V. G., archdiocese of Toronto, has been given the distinguished honor of Domestic Prelate to His Holiness the Pope. This will be welcome intelligence not only to his brother priests of Toronto, but to those of the dominion. Father McCann, by his loveable disposition, his great prudence and rectitude of character, and by his strict attention to the duties of his sacred office, has endeared himself to the people of the archdiocese. May he live many years to enjoy the well deserved distinction conferred upon him.

ALARMING INCREASE IN FRANCIS.

ALARMING RESULTS DRAWN OF RELIGION FROM THE SCHOOL WRITER TELLS OF DITIONS. In the fifth of a series Alvan P. Sanborn on France after three ye of Church and State, "Boston Traveller" at that journal, the auth lowing remarkable sta "The American one of the largest p France told me th neighbors invariably they never answered gate and that they name, and that they after nightfall excep that they were, in terror of being assu even murdered by th gangs of thugs French cities are Consul General Hiv avenue of the city. "Our Com should wake up som that beautiful prome a state of siege. "The number of Paris is now estim thousand. This w things terrorize la city and makes sev well-nigh uninhabi bands of bandits b because, in imitatio the eighteenth cent victims) incest cert districts also. And that all these law stantly growing tr "According to th Minister of Just years preceding I annual increase of crimes, which w by any correspondi lation. The chairm on judiciary reform Depuities reported crease of eighty p the total number o try. If the last considered, the c even more appa says the eminent s ist, Dr. Gustave L in proportions thaf fifty; thirty per while the sum fo doubled in five y almost passes bel an authority whos A DREA "In this connect fact (which no or is to be noted. "The average getting to be y More than sixty mates of the houses of correction under twenty nine of the bands of boys from four their chiefs are nineteen or twenty "How does it p especially on the p creasing at such "It would not sign this abomin any one cause, the lack of relig public schools a juvenile vagran quate school ac passage of the lations must be a great deal of often commits discouraged, a often pushed in ships he eacoo bread. But wh crime, the cha deliberately ch because he has false ideals, he wrong standard inal of fifteen of not even so honestly. He l work dishonor world owns his his business to or by crook swindler, beca thing to be a "When YOUNG LIEVE TE With the l appears respect day morality, analysis, reve authority. Y believe in the God, everyv everything a yield to their are out of s parents—whi time in the mothers as obliged to go people no lon God, they no attention to demands of le physical and schools do n ations, and n them than t China. Un most natura they should belong to re savages. "There a of vice, t are plenty ing as rapid "That th not replace coming to most arden that somet stricter liv poorer clas of their re sorting to rituals in Church, w they were "Etholli

ALARMING INCREASE OF CRIME IN FRANCE.

APPALLING RESULTS OF THE WITHDRAWAL OF RELIGIOUS INSTRUCTION FROM THE SCHOOLS. NON-CATHOLIC WRITERS TELLS OF STARTLING STATISTICS.

In the fifth of a series of articles by Alvan F. Safran on the situation in France after three years of separation of Church and State, written for the "Boston Traveller" and copyrighted by that journal, the author makes the following remarkable statements:

"The American Consul General in one of the largest provincial cities of France told me that he and all his neighbors invariably were alarmed; that they never answered a ring at the street door until the visitor had given his name, and that they never returned after nightfall except in a carriage; that they wore, in fact, a constant terror of being assaulted, robbed and even murdered by the 'Apaches' (as the gangs of thugs of that and other French cities are called). Now, this Consul General lives on the sweetest avenue of the city. It is as if a resident of our Commonwealth Avenue should wake up some morning to find that beautiful promenade practically in a state of siege.

"The number of the 'Apaches' in Paris is now estimated to be thirty thousand. This veritable army of thugs terrorizes large sections of the city and makes several of the suburbs well-nigh uninhabitable. Organized bands of bandits (called 'chauffeurs' because, in imitation of the bandits of the eighteenth century, they roam the country in motor cars) infest certain remote country districts. And the worst of it is that all these lawless bands are constantly growing in size.

"According to the official reports of the Minister of Justice, for a number of years preceding 1901 there was an annual increase of about three thousand crimes, which was not counter-balanced by any corresponding increase in population. The chairman of the committee on judicial reform of the Chamber of Deputies reported to that body an increase of eighty per cent since 1901 in the total number of crimes in the country. If the last five years alone are considered, the criminal statistics are even more appalling. 'Criminality,' says the eminent scientist and sociologist, Dr. Gustave Lebon, 'has augmented in proportions that are veritably terrifying; thirty per cent, for murders, while the sum for the criminality has doubled in five years.' This statement almost passes belief. But Dr. Lebon is an authority whose word goes.

A DREAFFUL FACT.

"In this connection another dreadful fact (which no one thinks of disputing) is to be noted.

"The average age of criminals is getting to be younger and younger. More than sixty per cent, of the inmates of the 'maisons centrales' (the houses of correction are called) are under twenty nine years of age. Many of the bands of 'Apaches' consist of boys of from fourteen to seventeen, and their chiefs are often not more than nineteen or twenty.

"How does it happen that crime, especially on the part of the young, is increasing at such a terrific rate?

"It would not be fair of course, to assign this abominable state of things to any one cause, but it is certain that the lack of religious instruction in the public schools and the truancy and juvenile vagrancy due to the inadequate school accommodations since the passage of the law against the congregations must be held responsible for a great deal of the trouble. An adult often commits a crime because he is discouraged, a desperate man. He is pushed into crime by the temptations he encounters in earning his bread. But when a mere boy takes to crime, the chances are that he has deliberately chosen crime as a career, because he has been brought up with false ideals, because he has been given wrong standards of living. The criminal of fifteen or twenty, as a rule, has not even so much as tried to live honestly. He has grown up to consider work dishonorable, to believe that the world owes him a living, and that it is his business to collect the debt by hook or by crook. He becomes a thief or a swindler, because he thinks it a finer thing to be a thief or swindler than to be a cabinet maker or a plumber.

"WHEN YOUNG PEOPLE NO LONGER BELIEVE THAT JESUS WAS GOD."

With the loss of religious faith disappears respect for even common, everyday morality, for which, in the last analysis, revealed religion is the only authority. When children no longer believe in the existence of an invisible God, everywhere present, who knows everything and sees everything, they yield to their worst instincts when they are out of sight of their teachers or parents—which is a good part of the time in the poorer classes, where the mothers as well as the fathers are obliged to go out to work. When young people no longer believe that Jesus was God, they no longer feel obliged to pay attention to the moral advice and commands of Jesus. The abstract philosophical and moral precepts taught in the schools do not take hold on their imaginations, and make no more impression on them than the blowing of the wind in China. Under these conditions it is the most natural thing in the world that they should become when they do not belong to refined homes, veritable little savages.

"There are no trustworthy statistics of vice, as there are of crime, but there are plenty of signs that vice is increasing as rapidly as criminality.

"That the teaching of morals does not replace the teaching of religion is coming to be recognized even by the most ardent freethinkers. They admit that something must be done to hold to stricter living those members of the poorer classes whom they have deprived of their religion. And so they are resorting to civil baptisms and to other rituals in imitation of the rituals of the Church, which would be ludicrous if they were not sacrilegious and pathetic."

—Catholic Standard and Times.

MR. BIRRELL ON IRISH AFFAIRS. SELF-GOVERNMENT ONLY CURE.

DIFFICULTIES OF HIS POSITION WILL BE DESCRIBED — COERCION WOULD BE FOLLY — ONLY CRIME IN IRELAND IS IN CONNECTION WITH THE LAND — CLOUD OF SUSPICION LIFTING.

Mr. Augustine Birrell, Secretary for Ireland, was the guest at the joint annual dinner of the Eighty Club and the Cambridge University Liberal Club, held at the Lion Hotel, Cambridge.

Mr. Birrell, who had a very enthusiastic reception, alluded first to Irish affairs. He said the Chief Secretary for Ireland occupied a very vulnerable position, and he could always be abused by somebody. There must always be something in his administration, belong to whatever party he might, or animated by whatever principles, so long as the present state of things continued, which was justly open to criticism. (Cheers.) A chief secretary was sure to be defective somewhere, but he was stated to be the worst that Ireland had ever seen. Some indeed, speaking in the easy slang of the day, had declared him to be what they were pleased to call "the limit." (Laughter.) There had been forty-nine chief secretaries since the Act of Union. All of them had done their best, and yet they must all be described as failures in the sense that all had been abused and some of them had succeeded in winning the confidence of Ireland. The reason was very plain. It was the duty of a chief secretary to make himself responsible for the law in a country where the provisions of the law were viewed with profound dislike, and where the administration of the law was regarded with the utmost suspicion. The fact was that suspicion and the atmosphere of suspicion ruled over the whole of Ireland. It muffled the land as with an inky cloak, just as much in Ulster as in other parts of the country. Whatever one did was attributed to some dark and sinister motive. If he spoke he was accused of crime. If he held his tongue it was said that his silence was sinister. (Laughter.) Nobody was prepared to believe that he had no other object than to do the best he could in difficult circumstances. What he did was always looked beneath to see if he was not carrying out some dark plot, which he had entered into in the secret caverns of his mind with the view of disastrously interfering with the prosperity of Ireland. That was the main reason why a chief secretary was such a difficult task. He found in Ireland a dislike and a suspicion of himself and of the law which he administered. Then he was a member of the British Cabinet, where all the members hung together. Sometimes a chief secretary had been sacrificed, but there was no chance of his meeting that fate at the hands of his present colleagues. (Cheers.) Whenever there was trouble and difficulty in Ireland the whole of the opposing forces united upon it and battered upon what they considered to be the weakest points in the administration. Hence the zeal displayed in bringing all the batter upon that point, not with the view of advantage to Ireland, but to turn the Government out.

CRIME IN IRELAND.

"I do not for a moment dispute," proceeded the right honorable gentleman, "that in certain parts of Ireland many things go on which cannot be regarded otherwise than with extreme reprehension. There is much boycotting and a great deal of intimidation. There is ruthless disregard in many places of the rights of individuals, of the rights of people to lead their own lives in the way they think best. I am not here to deny for a moment that there are many things full of gravity in the situation in Ireland, and I would say to all patriotic Irishmen, whatever their party, that the greatest thing they have to bear in mind is that some day they will govern themselves within the limits of the constitution. (Cheers.) The longer Ireland was prevented from governing itself the less she would be fit to do so. That was why he particularly rejoiced in the interest taken in the Irish University question. There is no reason to suppose that the matter should be the subject of the matriculation examination, but what was their first impulse? "Why to pitch into me, said Mr. Birrell, "but I have told them that it is no longer my business and that the whole thing has been handed over to the senate." He admitted, he dealt on to say, that there was a great deal going on in Ireland that was reprehensible, and he asked himself why it should be so. Ireland was admittedly a comparative crimeless country, and the criminal classes, which were the despair of our own police, practically did not exist in Ireland. He did not use this argument except to say that when people were disposed in their political heat to discredit Irishmen as savages they should bear in mind that as compared with other parts of the United Kingdom, there was less ordinary crime in Ireland. What crime there was, was in connection with the land. They had not got the land that they wanted. There was no doubt they had entered into illegal combination to get the land—in order to get it they had not hesitated, to join illegal combinations, to join illegal combinations. "We were told," added the Chief Secretary, that the duty of the Liberal Government was in the first instance to crush out this by the suspension of the ordinary law, and when we had reduced the whole population in the West to a state of terrorism, then we should come forward with proposals to divide the land so far as it would go amongst the people.

THE DEMAND FOR COERCION.

"That is the problem, and my firm persuasion is that my administration of the law, defective as it may be, unfortunately in certain respects as it may be, has done far more in producing the results we have at heart than if we had suspended the constitution and adopted government by coercion. (Cheers.) I am not here to say that my administration has been crowned with complete success. It has failed in many places—failed sometimes to my great disappointment and to my great regret. Sometimes I have felt that I had not the full

measure of support to which I was entitled, but if I turn to the other side of the shield and ask what would have been the position of Ireland if I had adopted the course so hastily and angrily thrust upon me by many persons, some in the House of Commons and some out of it, I say unhesitatingly that the state of Ireland would have been far worse than at the present time." (Cheers.)

For the present moment, Mr. Birrell continued, it is a state of hope. The obedience to and regard for the law has not been weakened; it has been strengthened. (Cheers.) And therefore indications that we are at last, very slowly, very uncertainly, biting up the cloud of suspicion in which I referred to, and we are showing that we do mean resolutely to administer the ordinary law, patiently, courageously and firmly, and to administer no other, and by that means to induce the Irish people to see that the law is what we have often been ridiculed for saying it is—that the law is the friend of the poor man and not his enemy. (Cheers.)

Proceeding, he said he would be false to himself if he did not express his deep-hearted conviction that the only possible way to get the Irish people to be self-respecting was to impose on them the task of self-government. (Cheers.) They would do many things when they had self-government, which they would not do in our wisdom approve of. The Irish had their own way of doing things, their own ambitions, their own ideals, and their own methods just as we had; but surely the time had gone by for Englishmen, Scotchmen or Welshmen to thrust themselves upon other people. Therefore he hoped that the Liberal party would not shrink from this question. They need not be afraid of it. It would lead to the real union of Ireland with this country. We had our duty to our colonies, but charity began at home, and let us see that Ireland, which was so near to our shores, with her strange, tempestuous, and melancholy history, was allowed to take the first steps towards social regeneration. That was the responsibility of self-government. (Loud cheers.)

THE LATE VERY REV. CANON CASEY, P. P.

Full of years and honor the poet-priest of Elphin, the Very Rev. Canon Casey, has passed away. The end came on Saturday last at the quiet but beautiful seaside resort of Rosess Point, where the venerable gentleman was spending a few months of rest and retirement. To few has it been given to live through eighty-five eventful years, and still to leave behind the memory of a useful life spent in the service of God and the uplifting of humanity. But to Canon Casey was vouchsafed the double blessing. Born away back in the early 'twenties of the last century he lived through the most remarkable and most epoch-making period of recent Irish history, and indeed, of the recent history of the world. His youthful mind caught up the universal rejoicing that greeted the Catholic Emancipation in 1829, but his boyhood days were saddened by the harrowing sights of wide-spread starvation, hunger and death that marked the Famine of Black '47. He lived through the various phases of the great political and agrarian struggles of the last century and took an active and patriotic interest in all of them. He was a Repealer with O'Connell, and a Home Ruler with Butt, and when the great movement under Parnell began he threw himself into it with a ready will. The closing years of his life saw his heart and soul with the Irish Ireland movement, and with the revival of the ancient language of Ireland, which he spoke fluently and wrote with all the strength and beauty of the Connaught idiom.

Canon Casey was born in the parish of Riverstown, Co. Sligo, and in those early days he received the first rudiments of knowledge in the local grade school. Later on he studied classic in Sligo and in a seminary, and in due time entered as a student of the Diocese of Elphin within the walls of historic Mayohead. Here he had as class-fellows many of the most distinguished of the Irish hierarchy who have long since passed away. He was ordained in 1857 and was in due time assigned by the then Bishop of Elphin to the Curacy of Ballygar. There were no bog-slides in those days in Ballygar, but there was far worse. The Catholic people of the district were steeped in the most abject poverty, and ground down by tyrannical landlordism. In very truth they could scarcely call their souls their own. The bailiff and proselytiser were constantly on the war-path; and many were, through want and tyranny, induced to conform outwardly, at all events. The infamous Denis Kelly was then a force in the land; and the one bulwark against his persecuting and proselytising knavery were the priests of the parish. In resisting proselytism and protecting his flock, Father Casey, then a young man, did yeoman service. His voice and his pen were ever ready in defence of his people, and to this day his vigorous denunciations, his caustic irony, and his scathing readiness and wit on the persecutors of his people, are still gratefully remembered. It was at this time that one of his most famous temperance poems, "Paddy Blake Amongst the Soupers," was written. Having spent some years in Ballygar, he was transferred to Sligo, where he remained upwards of ten years. In Sligo he had charge of St. John's Classical School and was for a short time administrator of the cathedral parish. During his stay in Sligo, his sphere of activity was not confined to the class room or to parochial work. He was a constant student and a vigorous writer and lecturer. Many of his essays, dealing with issues in the hotly contested Parliamentary elections of pro-ballot days, exhibit an extraordinary amount of erudition, and put the Catholic position on all occasions in a most convincing light. Some thirty-five years ago, Father Casey was appointed to succeed Father Rush as parish priest of Athleague, Co. Roscommon. Here he remained discharg-

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ing the duties of pastor with zeal and education until his retirement from active missionary duty some five years ago. Since then Canon Casey lived quietly near the Oblate Mission in Inghicore, and for some months past at Rosess Point, where he died on Saturday last.

Had Canon Casey no monument to leave behind but the memory of a long life spent in the service of his Divine Master it would amply suffice to ensure him amongst the priests and people of his native diocese a grateful recollection. But Canon Casey was far more than an ordinary priest. He was a scholar, a poet, and a great temperance advocate. There is something pathetically edifying in the thought of a grand old man kneeling as a youth seventy years ago at Campbells, Colonoony, and taking the pledge from the saintly Father Matthew, and steadfastly adhering to that pledge through the vicissitudes of all these years until the day of his death. There is something ennobling in the thought that from motives of the purest patriotism and zeal for God's glory the worthy sogaarth aaron gave to his countrymen the example of a life of edification and self-denial. Canon Casey felt then and to the day of his death the truth of what has since been crystallized into the adage, "a Ireland sober is Ireland free."

As a poet Canon Casey may not rank amongst the stars of the first magnitude, but the tribute paid to his Temperance songs by such eminent authorities as Cardinal Newman, the Archbishop of Tuam, Father Matthew Russell, Archbishop Macaulay, and writers in the present reviews stamp them as belonging to a very high order of poetic merit. The genial and beloved T. D. S. styles them "racy and succulent" and the American Press eulogises them as "poetic sparks from the furnace of apostolic zeal which fires the author's soul." Canon Casey's works fill a good-sized volume, and to the very last he continued to write. The genial "Bard of the Suck," as Canon Casey was affectionately styled, will write no more; his numbers are hushed to silence, his voice is still, but his saintly life and edifying death will remain with us as precious memories of the priest-hood of the past, and stimulate us to do in a certain degree, all that he accomplished in his day for God and country.—Freeman's Journal.

TOO BUSY.

NO ONE HAS TIME TO NAME THE EIGHT, FOURTEEN OR NINETEEN CATHOLIC PRIESTS WHO HAVE BECOME PROTESTANT EPISCOPALIANS. Philadelphia Catholic Standard and Times.

The open pulpit canon of the Protestant Episcopal Church opened the eyes of many ministers of that denomination to the fact that their orders amounted to no more than those of other Protestants and resulted in the turning to the true fold of a large number of such P. E. ministers. Ever since their defection several organs of that denomination, and in particular, have been making boastful claims of recent accessions from "Rome." These claims have been persistent.

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but not specific. The numbers claimed have varied and the names have not been given. This shyness about particulars has persisted in the face of repeated requests for details voiced by the Catholic press.

Recent publications of this character has given Rev. William C. Richardson, of St. James' P. E. Church this city, as the authority; it being stated that he obtained the information from the Bishops of his Church. As several gentlemen were discussing the subject it was suggested that one of them write to Rev. Mr. Richardson, which he did, as follows:

March 8, 1909. Rev. William C. Richardson. Dear Sir:—Having read in several papers statements giving the number of accessions to the Protestant Episcopal ministry from other denominations and finding the number of Catholic priests placed variously at 8, 14 and 19, and yourself in one or two instances quoted as the authority for these figures will you kindly furnish me with the names of Catholic priests received into their Church with great particularity as to the details, but there seems to be a lack of detail when the movement is in the other direction. If the Bishops of the P. E. Church, who in one of the papers I read, are given as the source of your information, have not you given your names, will you kindly furnish me with the names and addresses of the Bishops and the number of Catholics each reports? A prompt reply will oblige.

The reply was prompt, but not explicit. It follows:

(St. James' Guild House, 2210 Sansom Street, Philadelphia, March 9, 1909.

"My dear Sir:—In reply to your inquiry of March 8 asking for the names and addresses of Catholic priests who had entered the ministry of the Episcopal Church, or, in lieu of that, the names, etc., of Bishops of this Church who were my authority, I beg to say that I do not possess the former names which stated the ministers already referred to. Moreover, I should hardly consider that I have the right to trespass upon the Bishops' time to make the statements referred to.

Yours truly, W. C. RICHARDSON.

The Fathers (Should) Take a Hand.

"If a boy lacks manliness," says the Intermountain, "it is probably the result of a lack of proper home training. May be his father lacks manliness, or is too busy looking after his own interests to give the proper attention to his growing boy; maybe his dollars he considers of more importance than his boy. There are cases of this kind in the world. In such cases, the boy lacking the proper parental influence perhaps it is the duty of the school

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I was told to try "Fruit-a-tives," and I sent for six boxes, and this was the only medicine that did me any good. I am now entirely well, I can eat ordinary food and I never have a headache, and for this relief I think this wonderful remedy "Fruit-a-tives." My case is well known in this vicinity and you may publish this statement.

ALCIDIE HEBERT. 50c a box, 6 for \$2.50, or trial size 25c. If, for any reason, your dealer does not handle "Fruit-a-tives," they will be sent postpaid on receipt of price by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

to supply it, but where boys are given the proper association with their fathers and the correct home influences, it becomes the school to take the place of the parents in the scheme of education. A good many men are given to turning the entire management of their children over to the mothers. This condition is a natural outgrowth of the family relation but should be discouraged, and boys should have at least an hour a day of perfectly free association with their fathers. Boys need the influence of manly men that they may develop into manly men; but the home is the place for them to get that influence."

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CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

CHARACTER, PRINCIPLES, AND IDEALS.

What sort of man do we want our children to turn out?—that is the first question.

All this is good as far as it goes, but it is too narrow. A more comprehensive view would be this:

"I want my son to become intellectually well-informed and clever, conscientious and morally upright, sanely religious, strong and healthy, energetic and enterprising, cultivated in taste and feeling."

The first thing, therefore, we look for is a certain balance of parts—everything in its proper proportion.

THE MEANING OF CHARACTER.

But the word needs defining. In common parlance we speak of all sorts of character—some of which we certainly do not want.

I define character (in the sense required) as life dominated by principles.

The man of no character thinks, speaks and acts just as the impulse suggests him, whether for good or bad; or if there be anything of reasoned motive behind, it is determined by chance or circumstances rather than by any reflex and stable purposes.

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On the contrary, the life of a man of character is a decided unity—something knit firmly together into a consistent whole—not rigid or elastic necessarily, but still a unified structure.

What then is a principle? A principle is some pregnant idea relating to conduct, grasped firmly by the mind, and applied in conscientious, brooded over, and applied habitually to circumstances as they arise.

THE MEANING OF IDEALS.

Treating of principles brings us to the question of ideals. By an ideal we mean some type of excellence which we imagine as possible or desirable, and which we aspire to realize in our life.

There can be bad and good ideals, healthy and morbid ideals, possible and impossible ideals. Ideals are formed in various ways, but always empirically.

Sometimes they are suggested by reading about some towering personality, such as Napoleon or Newman; sometimes they are made up piecemeal out of the different qualities which we have come across in our living fellow-men.

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nothing other than the group of principles which we have set our heart upon as the guiding standards of our life; and the pursuit of our ideal is nothing else than the cherishing of these principles and their assiduous application.

There are plenty of people whose minds are filled with ideals, and those of the most exalted kind. But they never get beyond the stage of admiration, or at most a sort of self-satisfaction—a wish to have it, but an inability to go through the labor of attaining it.

So now we have reached the answer to our first question—1. The end and aim of training is (generically) to produce men of character, and (specifically) men of the best and noblest character which circumstances and the capacity of the subject will allow.

2. Character is life dominated by principles, as distinguished from life dominated by mere impulses from within and mere circumstances from without.

3. Principles are ethical conceptions deeply rooted in the mind, elevated above the level of conduct, and consistently applied to life.

4. A collection of principles constitutes an ideal. A man of principles is therefore a man with an ideal.

5. There cannot be character without some ideal, but there can be an ideal without character. To be effective, an ideal must not be merely pictured, admired and longed for. It must be embodied in a set of definite principles dominating life, and then it will result in character.

6. The great business of training therefore is, first, to lay before the child the best and noblest possible ideal; secondly, to get that ideal stamped into his mind in the concrete form of sound principles; thirdly, so firmly to establish the habit of acting according to those principles that it will last for the rest of his life.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

THE STORY OF MARGARET'S COAT.

"O dear, I suppose I'll have to wear this coat another winter. For father is sick and Ed is out of work. But I hate the old thing!"

"Never mind, mother dear, she said. 'I'm going to brush up the old thing and with new cuffs and collar, I think we can be chums again for another year, all right.'"

"My brave little daughter!" was the mother's loving comment as she turned away, and left Margaret to rejoice that she had been able to keep from her mother the bitter disappointment that a young girl feels so keenly when obliged to forego some long-anticipated pleasure.

At school, as usual, the girls had begun to talk over the new clothes they were going to have; and a group of them were discussing this subject, one morning, before school had been called to order, Margaret joined the group.

"Margaret is going to have a new coat, she told me so a long time ago," announced Amy Acton, as she caught sight of her.

"Is it going to be long, or short, loose, or tight-fitting? Do tell us, Margaret, dear," coaxed Helen Ober, encircling Margaret's waist and peering archly into her face.

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"It is going to be a new edition of black beaver freshened up for another year's service. You'll all recognize it when you see it, for it is a dear old partner of several years' standing," was the somewhat whimsical, if flippant, answer.

"Oh! You're not going to have a new one, then?" exclaimed Helen, with a drawing a step or two and viewing her companion with some curiosity. She longed to ask the reason, but something in Margaret's manner forbade further discussion, and the subject hastily dismissed.

One day Margaret went home from school to find her coat lying across the foot of the bed, so transformed that she scarcely recognized it. Brushing and pressing will do much for the shabbiness of garments; but Margaret's coat had received even more attention. Tears rang to her eyes as she thought of the many hours her mother must have spent over it to give it the attractive appearance it now presented.

"How poor mother much have labored over this!" she mused. "How did she ever find time to do it, with all her other duties!"

Suddenly Margaret's lips straightened into a line of determination. "How thoughtless I have been!" she ejaculated, as she pulled her arm hastily from the coat, tossed it upon the bed, took a clean white apron from the drawer and trying it as she went, hurried to her father's room, where she found her mother stepping quietly about with a tired look upon her patient face that swiftly brightened into a smile when Margaret appeared in the doorway.

"I have come to thank you, mother dear, for making my old coat so presentable," she said, tenderly kissing her mother's pale cheek. "I'm not at all sure that a new one would have pleased me better."

"I am glad that it pleases you, dear. It was a great disappointment not to have been able to give you a new one, but doctor's bills must be paid, first and foremost."

"Not another word of apology, mother, mine," continued Margaret, stepping to her father's bedside, and turning his tender greeting with a fond smile. "If I cannot make a little sacrifice for father I am not the right sort of daughter. I wonder I have not thought of making myself useful, before," she ran on, stopping a minute to straighten the sheet before she took the duster from her mother's hand and began to step lightly from table to chair in her effort to put into execution her newly-formed resolution.

The days that followed were busy ones for Margaret. In her father's sick room she proved a veritable sunbeam.

"Margaret is getting to be a very remarkable little nurse," her father remarked one day, after one of her cheering visits.

"Yes, a great change has come over the child, of late," the mother made answer, as, with a tender light in her eye, she watched from the window, the little young figure tripping down the street to meet one of her schoolmates.

"Yes, Margaret certainly has changed," her father assented.

"She has been taking a load of care from me, for the last few weeks. It must have been a great disappointment to the child not to have a new coat, this winter, although she met it as bravely as a woman would have done. The

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mother had scarcely finished her remarks when Margaret appeared at the door. "Helen Ober wants me to go coasting with her, mother," she said; not forgetting at the same time to give her father an affectionate smile of greeting. "Do you want me for anything?"

"No, dear; everything has been attended to. Go and enjoy yourself. You need not hurry home; supper is planned and ready to set on the table," encouraged her mother.

"Thank you, mother dear. I'll be back in good season," was the merry answer.

Margaret, always a ring-leader in all athletic sports, started her sled down the hill slope with a bright challenge to the rest to follow, and then the race was on.

"Look out, Margaret! the fence!" All too late came the warning call. Margaret's sled flew on. Toward the foot of the hill it bounced over a "thank-you-mam" that sent it over the fence and left Margaret hanging by her coat collar, from one of the pickets. But the sled was torn past repair, and so pretty fur was torn past repair, and so was the coat. Margaret's face was sad, indeed, when she returned home, half an hour later, to tell of the unfortunate ending of the anticipated coasting party.

"My dear old chum is ruined, mother, and I had grown to love it so!" she cried.

"I thought you hated the 'horrid old thing,' her mother said with an odd little smile. "But she had heard her daughter's passionate outburst several weeks previous, although Margaret herself had not been aware of it.



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RELIGIOUS LIBERTY IN BRITISH LAW.

The Catholic Federation of London has opened a campaign of public meetings in support of a Bill to be introduced in Parliament...

Another of the clauses of the still recent anti-Catholic legislation of former times sets forth: "That Jesuits and members of the Religious Orders or Societies of the Church of Rome bound by monastic or religious vows are resident within the United Kingdom, and it is expedient to make provision for the gradual suppression and penal prohibition of the same therein."

All have equal chances; no one can answer for another. The wise could not give any of their oil to the foolish ones; they bade them go and get their own supply, and so with us the father can not answer for the son nor the son for the father...

These provisions, it is true, are not enforced, but the same cannot be said of the clause which requires that: No Catholic can hold the Office of Lord High Chancellor, Lord Keeper, or Lord Commissioner of the Great Seal of England, and that no Catholic can hold the Office of Lord-Lieutenant, or Lord Deputy, or other Chief Governor of Ireland.

And so it is in fact. No Catholic can ever do hold either of these offices in Catholic Ireland a Catholic must not be the King's Deputy, though "Turk, Jew or Athiest" or Mohammedan may, so far as the law is concerned. Mr. Gladstone tried to remove this blot on the name of his country, but he met with such opposition that he had to give up the attempt.

"THOU ART DUST." Those words tell us that we must all die. They should be ever ringing in our ears, for they warn us to be ever ready for death, which may come, and may come at any moment for every one of us, young and old, without exception.

Let a man prove himself, says Holy Writ, let him show whether he is for Christ or against Him; whether He soweth or scattereth. These are practical, every day questions. We must die and die comparatively soon, and sooner than we expect, for death cometh like a thief in the night and we know not the day nor the hour when the Son of Man may come.

But are we ready? Are we ready to give an account of our stewardship? How stand we with God and our neighbor? Is God's holy law fulfilled in us, and are we good to our neighbor?

Each year, each day, brings its own reckoning. See the leaves falling and vanishing and crumbling into dust, and the trees themselves decaying; see the cold follow the heat; see the days of our friends and all nature telling us of the constant change and decay that finally comes to everything. And yet, though there is so much of death in life and so much of life in death, for the most of us they are idle lessons; we see but do not reflect on them, or we feel them but without being moved.

Such should not be the case. If all nature dies, we too must die; if friends and kindred are taken away, we too must follow. For this we are to prepare that we may be ready, and be ready all the time, since it may come any time; for as we die, so shall we be for all eternity.

them." All the struggles of life are over, all the suffering gone, temptations cease, trials are ended, the journey of life finished, its burdens laid down and the crown of heavenly glory is placed upon the head of the faithful Christian soul who struggled in God and for God and now hears the blessed words, "Come ye blessed of my Father, possess the kingdom prepared for you. Because you have been faithful over a few things I shall place you over many. Enter thou good and faithful servant, enter the joy of thy Lord."

But, O how different, how sadly different, the death of the sinner! All is passed for him of life, and there is nothing left; his substance vanishes; his friends are gone; his life has been but a waste; no good deeds live to tell its pathway; all was misspent and now he but waits the awful sentence that must condemn him; "Depart from Me, ye accursed, into everlasting fire!" See the scoldings who lived to gratify his appetite and to satisfy his passions, hurled into the unfathomable abyss!

But now Lent is for all, both good and bad. Let all be mindful of the opportunity and profit by it while they may. It is not when death is knocking at our doors for us to be getting ready, for then it will be too late. We must be ready in advance. We remember the parable of the wise and foolish virgins. All were called, but all were not ready, and when the bridegroom was coming, the foolish went to buy oil, but it was too late.

All have equal chances; no one can answer for another. The wise could not give any of their oil to the foolish ones; they bade them go and get their own supply, and so with us the father can not answer for the son nor the son for the father...

One of the most remarkable documents ever drawn up by English Protestants is that in which the Society of St. Thomas of Canterbury, the membership of which is made up of distinguished representatives of the Anglican Church presented its congratulations to Pius X. on the occasion of the golden jubilee of his priesthood. The address, which is signed by the Archbishop of Canterbury, President of the Society, is written in Latin. It is permeated with sentiments of affection and devotion towards the Successor of St. Peter, which are stamped with a Catholic spirit.

"Most Holy Father: We clergy and laymen of the venerable See of Canterbury and York beg to be allowed to take some share in the common joy of the whole Catholic world on the occasion of your forthcoming celebration, under God's blessing, of the fiftieth year of your priesthood."

"We recall to mind the heartfelt pleasure with which we heard that, on the morrow of your election to the Apostolic See, you publicly pledged yourself to strive with all your might to restore all things in Christ. Among the many measures you have already taken along various lines and with anxious solicitude for the fulfillment of this vow of yours we have in mind especially your strong endeavor to ensure the Most Holy Sacrament of the altar being for us 'our daily bread,' to strengthen our souls from day to day. And our thanks are no less due to you, Most Holy Father, for having so strongly vindicated the divine inspiration of the Scriptures against those who hold that the sacred books are to be counted among the splendid monuments of merely human genius. For these and for your many other achievements which it would take long to enumerate, we, in common with other faithful Christians, wish to thank you from our inmost heart."

In the early part of the last century no Protestant body in England ever dreamed of addressing such language to the Father of Christendom. During the first half of the nineteenth century English Protestants still held to the view that the Pope stood for all that is antagonistic to human interests, religious and civil. In the word "popery," was condensed a sentiment of indescribable loathing and hatred. The time was still far distant when thoughtful and earnest Protestants would begin to see and appreciate the evil effects of Henry VIII's revolt against the authority of the Holy See, and yearn for the undoing of his evil work. Something of this yearning finds expression in these concluding words of the address of the Society of St. Thomas of Canterbury:

"And although the dissensions of a past age have caused us to be long separated from communion with the office still we readily accord to the office and dignity of the See of Rome all that was accorded to it by the ancient Fathers, both of the Eastern and Western Church, whose teaching our communion has been wont to recognize as the rule of faith and morals."

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concluding words of the address of the Society of St. Thomas of Canterbury: "And although the dissensions of a past age have caused us to be long separated from communion with the office still we readily accord to the office and dignity of the See of Rome all that was accorded to it by the ancient Fathers, both of the Eastern and Western Church, whose teaching our communion has been wont to recognize as the rule of faith and morals."

Lord to grant you length of years in the supreme priesthood, to finish your worthily begun, so that all things may be restored in Christ, and that there may be one fold and one shepherd."

Impressive indeed is this language, when we consider that it is used by distinguished and influential members of the Church of England. It is a recognition of the need of the unity of Christendom which is only possible through communion with the Holy See.—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

These hundred and fifty sailors returned to the ships after Mass and said: "We were insulted here because we went to church. We are Americans. Do you wish us to be made a target for insults and sneers? What are you going to do about it?"

"This is the story as told by one of the sailors. There is quite a contrast between the French and American idea of republicanism or democracy. In France soldiers and sailors, naval and military officers have been dismissed because they insisted on attending Mass. In America the more faithful to religion the better the man."—Church Progress.

Over and over again we have had occasion to call attention to the fact that among the converts to the Catholic Church in every country are the distinguished painters, writers, artists and, above all, the poets. Whenever a man is able to see and feel life deeply and to think the thoughts of humanity so profoundly that they attract the attention of his generation, then he turns as a rule to the Catholic Church and finds in her the satisfaction of his deepest feelings and of all the best aspirations that are in the human heart.

In France poets who were born Catholics fled away from the Church in the midst of the storms of youth and the political excitement of middle age sometimes, but when they grow serious they find rest and peace and happiness in her bosom. Paul Bourget, Francois Coppe and Brunetiere are typical examples. In England the poets are often born Protestants, but become Catholics in later life or approach so closely to Catholicity that Catholic feelings are favorite subjects. In this country we have much more than our due proportion of the poets and there are many converts among the literary folk of America.

One might think that possibly this would not be true in the German and Scandinavian countries where, especially at the north, Protestantism is so firm a hold on people's minds. Johannes Jorgensen the Danish poet, however, is a convert to the Catholic Church of more than ten years standing, and his work in poetry is helping the beauties of the old Church while their forefathers rejected because they were led to do so by the nobility who wanted the money of the Church at the time of their formation and who then blackened it in order to justify their apostasy.

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