

# The Catholic Record.

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

VOLUME XXXVI.

LONDON, CANADA, SATURDAY, JUNE 27, 1914

1862

## The Catholic Record

LONDON, SATURDAY, JUNE 27, 1914

### WHY WE DO IT

Some journalists are astonished at our protest against Nathan's appointment as Italy's delegate to the Panama Pacific Exposition. They seem to regard it as an exhibition of puerility, and out of the garnered ignorance of years read us a lesson. Religion may be of trifling importance to these journalists, and, perchance, from much hearing of sermons and addresses on up to date creeds, are inclined to consign it to the regions of fog and doubt. But with us the matter is altogether different. We value our faith more than anything in the world. It is not our's but God's and we have but to live and profess it. To the Church that cradles us and follows us through all the vicissitudes of life and beyond the grave we yield loyalty in thought and deed. She is our mother whose compassionate heart broods over us always. They without the household may not understand the strength and tenderness of our love for the Church, but they should be able to see why we resent any insult to her. They who would guard the fair fame of their own mothers should evince no surprise at our protest against anyone who would defame the Church, our Mother. And such a man is Nathan, ex-mayor of Rome, and reviler of the Holy Father and the Church. Is it any wonder that Catholics refuse to accord him a welcome? Can any reasonable citizen who believes in loyalty and love to her own blame us for protesting against this individual who has ridiculed all that we have enshrined in our hearts as objects of reverence. We hope that our brethren over the border will give no support to the Exposition. Nathan is now in the United States, which house 16,000,000 Catholics, and he should be taught by them that they do not forget that he went out of his way to insult Pius X. and to vilify the Church.

### LET US HAVE IT

We wonder why the Federation of Catholic Societies of Canada is not an actuality. Prominent clerics are in favor of it and laymen, many of them, would give it enthusiastic support. It would neither interfere with the constitutions of societies already established nor would it be tinged with any political hue. The benefits it could confer upon the Catholic body will amply compensate those who undertake to draw the scheme out of the regions of theory and make it a fact. It would help us by the interchange of thought and aspiration and enable us to do business "with a punch" through our concentration and unity. It could be made an effective barrier to evils, social and otherwise, and would undoubtedly be a potent factor in the formation of public opinion. Energy now frittered away on trifles could be directed into helpful channels to the furtherance of beneficent activity. A Federation would harness our forces and set them turning the dynamos of noble endeavor.

### A PLEA FOR VISION

To content ourselves with saying that all is well, to plod along in the old rut, may be a sop to indolence but it will never serve the cause of citizenship. Secluding ourselves within our own precincts, uncaring of the world without, will not prove that we do acknowledge that each one is his brother's keeper. We are of the opinion that commingling with those without the fold will dissipate many a prejudice and the application of our principles to present-day problems may convince them that the Church is neither a worn-out organism, nor an enemy of social well-being. We should remember that many non-Catholics are the victims of education and environment. The drippings of prejudice fell upon them in their most impressionable years and became hardened in the course of time. The phantoms evoked during the bitter past haunted them and though these disappeared before the dawn of enlightenment they still exert an influence. Clerical fire-brands stir up the turbid waters of dissension; and the claims of that

society which yearns but little after the things of the spirit are acknowledged in some measure. Then, also, illogically we know, the Church is judged by its unworthy members and they point to them as conclusive arguments that it does not exercise the sway of which it boasts. This is not true of discriminating Protestants, but they are few, while those who are affected by this method of argumentation are many. Now we are of the opinion that a Federation playing a part in the world, dealing with the issues that concern the common weal, found wherever possible on the same platform with our separated brethren would be a magnificent sermon. It would mean Catholicism on the firing line—an antidote to false principles and a generator of enthusiasm.

### SOURCE OF LEADERSHIP

A Federation would, we think, breed leaders. The interchange of aspiration and thought would tend to make those who depend on others for mental food independent thinkers. This has been and is true of the German Federation. Fused into unity and tempered with high resolve and indomitable resolution, they, when their great leaders passed over the borderland, had others to replace them and continue their work. We surely have among us material for leadership. There are college graduates and men of wide experience and acknowledged ability, who have won their spurs in the "University of Hard Knocks," who are capable of being our standard-bearers. There is work for the layman who has his role to play in the salvation of the world, and to give an object lesson of truthful, honest, courageous, in a word, of sanctified citizenship. Such men can show the world that "a State is what the lives of the people make it." An attempt, said Leo XIII., must be made to bring them to think and act like Christians, not less in public than in private. And he also declared that of those whose principles are sound, there are many who, through a misplaced timidity, are frightened, and have not the courage to speak out their opinions boldly far less to translate them into deeds.

### VERY OLD THEORY

The theory that one religion is as good as another is advocated by some novelists and indifferentists who on this matter are carried away by mushy sentimentalism. It will not stand the test of common sense. They who uphold the theory would not hold in equal reverence what they believe to be true with what they know to be false. They do not have the same respect for the views of a social agitator as for those of a sagacious statesman. Nor would a scientist show the same courtesy to a mere speculation as to a fact of science. Sensible people do not believe that two contradictories can be at the same time true. And to say that God is indifferent as to whether we believe in the necessity of baptism or deny it; as to whether we extol Christ as Divine or give Him but the title of the world's best benefactor; as to whether we bow down before the supremacy of Peter or treat it with scorn—to say this is to proclaim that God is indifferent to truth.

Our Lord's commission to His Apostles was so definite as to permit no calling it into question. He bade them teach not anything culled from philosophers—not conceits that might flatter the popular taste, but all things "whatsoever have commanded you." They were not to pick and to choose doctrines that might seem more important than others, but they were commissioned to preach every truth, "all things," and that disbelief carried with it the penalty of condemnation. Hence we hear the Apostles denouncing those who disputed their teachings as "wandering stars to whom the storm of darkness is reserved forever, as lying teachers . . . bringing upon themselves swift destruction." St. Paul struck with flaming intensity the men who were perverting the faith in Galatia. He did not view them complacently, thinking the while that their opinions were as pleasing to God as the doctrines he defended, but he called them perverters of the gospel of Christ and warned the faithful that

though we or an angel from heaven preach a gospel to you besides that which we have preached to you let him be anathema. The early fathers of the Church had no sympathy with the theory that all forms of Christianity are equally good before God. Let one testimony suffice. St. Cyprian says: "If it were possible for anyone to escape that was not in the ark of Noah, it shall likewise be possible for him to escape who is not in the true Church."

### ARE CATHOLICS STUPID?

For a publicist who is not (as yet) a member of the Church, Mr. Gilbert K. Chesterton is doing about as effective work in Catholic apologetics as any writer whom we can at present recall. The disgruntled Mr. Dell, having stated that "a man becoming a Catholic leaves his responsibility on the threshold and is converted to be saved the trouble of thinking," Mr. Chesterton declares that the assertion constitutes "a very thoughtless and threadbare argument." Continuing in his characteristically Chestertonian style, he says:

Mr. Dell must know better. He must know whether men like Newman and Brunetiere left off thinking when they joined the Roman Church. Moreover, because he is a man of lucid and active mind, he must know that the whole phrase about being saved the trouble of thinking is a boyish fallacy. Euclid does not save geometers the trouble of thinking when he insists on absolute definitions and unalterable axioms. On the contrary, he gives them the great trouble of thinking logically. As the dogma of the Church limit thought about as much as the dogma of the solar system limits physical science. It is not an arrest of thought, but a fertile basis and constant provocation of thought. But, of course, Mr. Dell really knows this as well as I do. He has merely fallen back (in that mixture of fatigue and hurry in which all fads are made) upon some journalistic phrases. He can not really think that men joined the most fighting army upon earth merely to find rest. It is on a par with the old Protestant fiction that monks decided to be ascetic because they wanted to be luxurious. I should keep out of a monastery for exactly the same motives that prevent me from going into the mountains to shoot bears. I am not active enough for a monastery.

It will be seen from the foregoing that as usual, the paradoxical non-Catholic apologist of the Church quite covers the case. If Mr. Dell has not lost the capacity for blushing he should blush for the assertions which Mr. Chesterton has shown to be so ridiculous.—Ave Maria.

### PRAYS BESIDE INJURED AUTO DRIVER

While eyes were glued to the track at the Indianapolis speedway, quite recently; while eager ears were listening for word from the opposite side of the course, where lay the unconscious form of Joe Dawson, one of the most striking scenes of devotion among "pals" was witnessed by the few persons congregated about the form of the race driver. Damon and Pythias could not have shown more devotion for each other than was shown by the "pal" of Joe. The story is being told to-day by one of the spectators.

The car had just stopped rolling when an excited young man with black hair rushed into the small crowd, passed the guards and jumped to the side of the injured driver. At that moment it seemed Joe had only a few moments to live, and every one seemed dazed by the crisis which had arisen. The face of the visitor blanched for a moment, his voice started and then broke, and then, falling upon his knees, he pulled a rosary from his pocket and began uttering prayers in a voice which could be heard above the rattle and roar of the cars. The friend of Joe seemed wholly unconscious of his actions; it was a prayer of natural instinct. Joe is not a Catholic, but the friend happened to be, and later he said he did not remember what he was doing, but he felt he just had to pray.

As his prayers seemed to gain more fervor, the silent crowd of men about the form of the driver knelt one by one and bowed their heads. Then the ambulance arrived and Dawson was carried to the hospital, followed by the boy who loved him, and several hours later, faithfully camping at the spot, stood the silent sentinel endeavoring to obtain a word of the faintest hope.

As he sat there, the word finally came. It was that there was not much hope, and again the hand of the young man sought the rosary. This time, he parted the cross and the chain of beads, and handing it to his informer, begged him to place it in Joe's hand.

"It was a special blessing for a happy death and I have unbounded

confidence in it," he said. The messenger again returned to the hospital and later returned with the surgeon. "We can not grant the request, for we do not want him to know there is danger of his death when he recovers consciousness and the cross might give him this impression," said the surgeon, as he patted the back of the boy. "But just keep on praying," he added, "for you have been raised in our estimation a thousand times by your courage in kneeling down before that crowd and in that time: your faith must be whole," he said.

While the name of the friend of Dawson can not be told, it has been learned that during the conscious moments of the driver a request has been made by Joe for his faithful friend. And still camped within a safe distance is the boyhood "pal," praying for the recovery of his friend.—The Indianapolis Sun.

### POOR SUBSTITUTE FOR RELIGION

Some Protestant churches have devised a new method for winning Heaven. People are no longer to gain it by having their slumbering consciences awakened by sermons on the heinous character of sin and the punishment in store for sinners. That was the old way. But in these days, when faith is sick almost unto death and the chief aim of life is to get as much pleasure out of it as possible, entertainments must take the place of the preaching and of the prayer meetings that formerly were the chief reliance of Protestant ministers in their efforts to fill their churches. The new departure inaugurated by up-to-date ministers will be better understood by furnishing a concrete sample of it.

Here in New York City there is a Methodist Church, of which the Rev. Dr. Christian Reischer is pastor. As the preaching of Gospel truths failed to fill the Church in his charge, the Reverend Doctor hit upon a new plan for increasing his congregation. We find in one of the New York dailies a description of how he proceeded to carry it out. A band concert was given. This was followed by a military drill and a sham battle. A newspaper account of this unique Church "service" thus describes it:

"More than 5,000 persons heard the concert and partook of lemonade, peanuts and popcorn which were on sale. Company K. Seventy-first Regiment drilled, after which they divided into two 'armies' and gave an imitation of war, blazing at one another with blank cartridges."

We are told that Rev. Dr. Reischer was delighted with the success of his plan, believing, "that by entertaining the people he can greatly extend the influence of his Church." He is one of those Protestant ministers who believe in making their churches attractive.

Converting a place for religious worship into a species of vaudeville show may succeed in temporarily filling a church with persons desirous of being entertained but eventually it will not promote the cause of religion. Undoubtedly it was the realization of this fact which led the trustees and congregation of Christ Church, South Norwalk, Conn., to make it so uncomfortable for the Rev. J. Hyppin Brown that he has handed in his resignation. Like the Rev. Dr. Reischer, who got up that sham battle entertainment, the Pastor of the South Norwalk church was looking around for a "drawing card." A murder trial in New York which resulted in the conviction of a police lieutenant and four gamblers had been just concluded. Jack Rose, professional gambler who had testified against his fellow gamblers and who thereby had secured immunity from a murder charge, was a conspicuous figure before the public. The Rev. J. Hyppin Brown thought he saw a chance for utilizing Rose. He, therefore, took up the New York gambler to the disgust of many of his congregation who could not be convinced that the method employed by their pastor to advertise their Church, was one which would advance the cause for which Christ Church of South Norwalk was founded.

The Rev. Reischer and Browns have become so numerous in the Protestant churches that they are attracting considerable attention. Serious minded Protestants stand aghast at indecorous methods adopted by ministerial Barnums to draw a crowd. The Biblical World, a Protestant organ published in Chicago, in its May number scores these clerical Barnums when it says: "A religion that overlooks men's sins, men's sufferings and men's death is only a diversion. It does not save men—it hardly keeps them out of mischief." The writer then goes on to state that the attempt on the part of Protestant churches to out rival the vaudeville theatre is doomed to failure. We are told that if entertainment be the chief function of a Protestant church then that church "is already outgrown for it cannot complete with commercialized amusements . . . and rightfully outgrown, for it will have ceased to do the thing which as a church it ought to do; bring men and God together."

There was a time when there was no need for warning Protestant churches against making entertainment their chief function. It was when faith in the fundamentals of Protestantism had not been undermined to the extent it has been in recent times. Finding among the members of their congregation a lack of interest in the eternal truths, which once formed the staple of their sermons, Protestant ministers in recent years have been in search of attractive novelties which will enable them to hold their congregations together. Their doing so is, in itself an indirect acknowledgment on their part that they are not so sure of the doctrinal ground on which they stand as their predecessors in the ministry were. This uncertainty bodes ill for the future of the Protestant sects.—New York Freeman's Journal.

and religious well being of the worker should take precedence of everything else and that with the effort to ameliorate the condition of the worker should be conjoined a love for justice and the employment of legitimate means to establish harmony and peace between the different classes of society.—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

### FUTURE OF RELIGION IN FRANCE

Catholics the world over are being lighted up with the hope for the future of religion in France. This does not arise from any sign of relenting on the part of the persecuting government, but rather from plain evidence of revival in religious belief and practice among all classes of people. Fettered by no slavish union with an infidel state, the Church is now free to approach the people, and to address them directly upon their eternal welfare: to speak of the rights of Christ and of God, and to claim the training of the children in the way of salvation. In all cities an immense increase of religious fervor is manifested, and it may be said that in many places the people who go to Mass and frequent the sacraments are double the number that practiced their faith previous to the recent persecution.

We are assured by a Protestant observer resident in France, and writing to a journal of his own faith in America, that a fundamental change is coming over a large percentage of the best of the younger generation of France, and this change is in the direction of a sincere sympathy with the Church and its teachings. The very persecution and spoliation of the Church by the anti-clerical politicians of recent times, has gained it adherents from those who had fallen away.

"The younger generation of France continues this impartial witness," have not failed to connect present conditions with their contributing causes, the negations of the science of the past generation, its denial of the supernatural, as the term is popularly understood, and its consequent disdain of the Church. The contradictions—they have come to believe—are not between the sophisms of free thought and the health of France. Consequently, as serious men, they are becoming more and more defenders of the national religion.

It is not hard to forecast what this awakening of the perverted religious temperament of the great French nation will mean for missions, in all meetings of the term. It will result in a new era of conversions in all parts of heathendom.—The Missionary.

### A CONVERT'S STORY

Dr. Albert Von Buville, professor of history in the University of Halle, has written the story of his conversion. He calls it "Back to Holy Church."

He traces the course of his religious convictions from his childhood when he was brought up as a Lutheran, to the days of his mature experiences when he was troubled with pantheistic and atheistic misgivings. Then materialistic science opened the way back to faith.

A study of the teachings of Har-nack led to the conviction that Christ is not only the greatest of human prophets, but also that He is divine. Then he writes:

"Next I argued if Christ is divine, if He possessed divine wisdom, He must have founded a Church which teaches His truth with infallible certainty. In examining the various churches and different creeds of Christendom I found only one Church professing to teach with absolute certainty. And thus I was led, step by step by a logical and reasoned method to the very door of Catholicism."

"But I shuddered at embracing the religion of Rome. All my ingrained Protestant prejudice rose up in rebellion against the Mass and the confessional and the invocation of the saints and the Blessed Virgin Mary. This I believe is the supreme trial of converts—to overcome prejudice."

"I feel confident that many a non-Catholic is mentally convinced that the Catholic Church is the true Church established by Christ, but prejudice inherited and ingrained prevents them from acting as their reason would direct. And these prejudices are based upon traditional lies and misrepresentations—they are based in the last analysis upon ignorance of the true meaning and significance of Catholic ceremonial and Catholic doctrines."

However after he had considered thoroughly the teachings and practices of the Church and found them, when understood, to form a logical union, he willingly, asked to be received as a convert.

And now, content and at peace, he desires to draw others to the same certitude and happiness. His doubts have disappeared. His joy abounds. He cannot thank God enough for the grace of his conversion.

### CATHOLIC NOTES

Lieutenant Ralph Fane Gladwin, Scotch Guards, has been received into the Church at the London Oratory by Rev. Sebastian Bowden.

In May, 1915, will be celebrated the centenary of the solemn entry into Rome of Pope Pius VII. after his captivity by Napoleon in 1805.

Another Anglican minister has been received into the Catholic Church,—the Rev. H. A. Burrows, who had been attached to St. Alban's, Upton Park, and subsequently to St. Hugh's, Southwark. The ceremony of reception took place at St. John the Baptist's, Brighton.

The little painting of the Infant Jesus and His Mother by Fra Angelico which has been presented to the Museum of Fine Arts by Mrs. Scott Fitz, is an art treasure of great value. This picture was painted nearly five hundred years ago by one of the saintliest of the monks of medieval times in Italy and one of the Italian painters.

Rev. Mr. Ludlow Methodist minister of Castlebar, at the close of an entertainment there gave an answer to those who attack Catholics in the South and West of Ireland on the ground of intolerance. Mr. Ludlow said the spirit of the West had proved to be an exceedingly generous spirit, and he had proved how absolutely fair-minded and innately tolerant the spirit of the South and West is. "Wherever I go," he said, "I shall sound abroad the praises of your Christian courtesy and tolerance."

For the first time in England (since the Reformation) a Lord Mayor took part in a procession of the Blessed Sacrament on a recent Sunday. This was Lord Mayor McCabe of Manchester, who attended in state at the evening service of St. Mary's, Mulberry street, and joined in the procession of the Blessed Sacrament, which was held in connection with the Forty Hours' devotion. St. Mary's Church is within two hundred yards of the Manchester Town Hall, so that the Lord Mayor, in his official capacity, may be said to be a parishioner of St. Mary's which is also the oldest Catholic Church in Manchester.

Among thirty-seven theologic students who were raised to the rank of subdeacon and deacon by Most Rev. E. F. Prendergast, D. D., in the chapel of St. Charles Seminary, Overbrook, was Rev. John C. P. Ewens, formerly a curate at St. Clement's Protestant Episcopal Church, Twentieth and Cherry streets, Philadelphia. For the last five years Rev. Mr. Ewens has been studying for the priesthood at St. Vincent's Seminary, Germantown. He embraced the Catholic faith in 1908, after serving eighteen years as a minister of the Episcopal Church. He is now fifty years old. Next year he will be elevated to the priesthood.

Five Redemptorist Fathers from Mexico, belonging to the Spanish province of the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer, are temporarily stationed at a house of the Order in De Soto, Mo., awaiting orders from Spain to return to their mission in Monterey, Mexico, whence they were forced to flee by Villa and Carranza, who closed all the churches in Mexico, ordering the priests to pay heavy fines to help the rebels carry on the war. There are five Redemptorist houses in Mexico—the one at Monterey, and the other four, from the members of which no word has been received yet, at Vera Cruz, Mexico City, Cuernavaca and Wachaua.

Rev. Father Frederick Odenbach, S. J., professor of astronomy and physics at St. Ignatius' University in Cleveland says that, "it is as easy to learn to walk with perfect equilibrium in water as easily as it is for one on dry land." Father Odenbach explained that the human body will not sink in water because it is one eleventh lighter than the water it can be forced to displace. "Just as easily as we learn to walk on stilts or ride a bicycle we may take a position and maintain it in water for any length of time desired," he added. Demonstrations were made by Father Odenbach to prove the soundness of his discovery. Proper and scientific balancing of the head, hands and arms permitted him to walk through the water in a large swimming pool.

Miss Jessie Southwell, who has for the past two years acted as Zanzibar as Secretary to the "Universities" Mission to Central Africa, "has been received into the Catholic Church. Miss Southwell accompanied the Bishop of Zanzibar upon his journey from Africa, but whilst Dr. Weston came to England, the lady made straight for Rome. She was there instructed by the Sisters of a convent in the Via San Sebastiano, and was subsequently received into the Church by Father Hinde (late of Brighton), of the Academia de Mobilis Ecclesiastici. Last month the Bishop of Southwark confirmed forty converts at St. Gregory's church, Earlsfield. The godfather, Mr. Burgess-Bailey, was at one time, Anglican curate at Raynes Park, Wimbledon. Fifteen persons are under instruction at Clacton-on-Sea as the result of a mission to non-Catholics.

AILEY MOORE

SALE OF THE TIMES SHOWING HOW SWIFTERS, MURDER AND SUICIDE LIKE FASTIMES ARE MANAGED AND JUSTICE ADMINISTERED IN IRELAND TOGETHER WITH MANY STIRRING INCIDENTS IN OTHER LANDS

BY MICHAEL D. O'BRIEN, D. D. DEAN OF NEWCASTLE WEST

CHAPTER XX

LONDON: THE MEETING

It is hard to get used to London. We have travelled a good deal; we have smoked pipe among the Germans, and discussed politics with the French; we have luxuriated in an Italian autumn, and looked or felt for our nose at the Labrador; we have loitered about Biarritz, and jostled our way through New York; Hans towns, Scotch towns, Swiss towns, Belgian and Flemish towns we have poked ourselves into, and profited by, and after a time, sympathized with and homogenized into...

Everything, — the out-of-the-way number of houses, the gigantic, grotesque, and absurd monuments, the eternal rattle of every kind of machine and vehicle—the barrow, 'bus, buggy, brougham, cab, calèche, carriage, car, cart, and all the other "B's" and "C's" innumerable—with the heading drive and mad energy of man and beast, running and rushing along the streets in endless line and apparently inextricable confusion! Ah! save us from London!

Worse than the look of the population thereof. They seem all crazed. Every man's soul seems screwed up and his resolution taken to do something quite decisive as to himself and all mankind. His eyes are fixed, and his shoulders stoop to the angle most favorable to locomotion, and he drives, and he looks at you—if you are endeavoring to drag yourself in a contrary direction—as though you were one who might be an enemy of his. His looks—as plain as looks can speak—say to you: "Take care you don't run in my way." Alas! for the men of London! And the women! do not speak of them! nor of the poor little children! Is it Mr. Thackeray says that we have now no childhood, nor the young womanhood so odorous of childhood's sweet memories, and bright with its dear sunshine? If so, Mr. Thackeray is right; and what a sum of pure bliss has been sacrificed! What scenes of beauty have been blotted out of existence! and, oh! what an unpardonable inheritance has been deposited upon the poor, Good God! we have taught them to run—rush—and struggle for—money! and they are mad. The heaven-enlightened reason rules no more—only the beastly appetite; and if ever they shall find themselves unable to get the money, they will pay us back! We, the teachers, by work and word; we have robbed the poor of what money cannot buy, and time may come when they will show us that we have learned our bad lesson, at our own cost—if money can be found only in our coffers, they will have it.

What a gulf yawns between modern society in England and the security of progressing reason! But who knows? There is a quiet street as you turn up from the "Bank," at least, if not quiet, it is less noisy than the way down to Cheapside, from which it is an escape; and along it, the day of which we write, two females were rather rapidly passing. The elder was aged, and might be called very aged, if her active gait did not contradict the wrinkles in her face; and the younger was about nineteen, fair, soft, innocent as a gentian-looking. The old lady carried a band-box before her, and a light bundle in her right hand; the girl carried a light bundle also, but was not otherwise burdened. We should say that the young person was handsome; indeed very handsome, and evidently an object of care and solicitude to her more aged companion.

"Mag," said the young lady, when they arrived in a quiet, very quiet street in the neighborhood of Moorfields—"Mag, do not distress yourself. We have enough of time, this hour to come."

"Oh, I am strong an' hearty, Miss," replied the elder, "an' 'tis better be sure than sorry, as the sayin' is."

"Poor Mag, I am a sad weight upon you," said the young lady, with a sigh.

"Your mother's daughter is more to me than the light o' the sky, *agra*," answered Mag. "Little I can do for my darlin', but the heart is there, God knows."

"I am sorry I ever came here," said the young girl; "everything is so queer and so strange, and I feel so uneasy."

"A bad, black town," said Mag, "is London, and only the devil is known there. Many a heart it broke, an' many a soul it murdered. Ock, Miss Lucy, you don't know, thank God, you don't know! but the poor little girls come here from Cork, an' Galway, an' ever so many places; an' an' they have no one, the poor an' they go to a lodgin', an' they think 'places' an' money will come for askin'. Ah! I'll go bail they see an' hear what they never heard afore, an'—oh, where's the use in talkin'?"

"Well, Mag, you saved me from lodgin' houses, and from danger," said the young girl. "Good right I had *agra gall* (fair love). I earned my first wages from your grandmother, an' I looked at your angel-face in your cradle, an' I

nursed you, *asthore*." "I wish I had died then, Mag." "Oh, Miss Lucy, oh, *asthore* (child) isn't there, 'Our Father, Who art in Heaven,' an' 'our darlin' Lady, an' 'our Guardian Angel, an' all the Saints. Oh, have spirit, *agra*! My young mistress—your mother, miss, and poor Mag's voice was not quite clear as she spoke, "is an angel, an' mamma will ask God to let her near you, an' to watch you."

Lucy shed a tear, turned her eyes upon old Mag, with an expression of deep affection. "Oh, I'll see my Miss Lucy a happy lady yet!" said Mag, gayly, and drying up her tears. "Sure now, I know that, she should never leave my little hole of a room."

"Little I could do for you, Mag," said the young woman. "Do for me! Oh, glad, an' happy, an' proud I'd be to rise in the dark o' the mornin', an' to watch the long night for the love o' you! Do for me, my *cushla* (my pulse.) I wouldn't feel the years in my heart, an' my hands would grow strong, when I thought I was workin' fur you; an' good right I was, for my young mistress was an angel, an' so were you."

"Well, Mag, God is good!" "God is good? To be sure he is, *asthore*; but God keep our little girls from London! Ock, murder!" she cried in a whisper, and she drew Lucy up close to her; "take care, *agra*!" she said, as a well-dressed girl passed by.

"What is the matter?" cried Lucy, in alarm. "Hush, that's one of 'em!" "One of whom?" "Oh, *yeh*, of our poor little girls! There now, Miss Lucy, they send 'em over here, an' they are very often 'em out for service at home, although the service here is a thousand times harder to be done!"

"Mag spoke indignantly. "Well, Mag?" "Well, they can't get service, an' one after another their little rags is pawned, for their bread; an' then they're goin' to be turned out o' the lodgin', an' they have no where to go, an'—"

"Oh, Mag; that young woman! Sorra word o' lie in id, Miss Lucy, Hunsday go to ruin that a-way." "And their religion?" "They stay away from Mass for a Sunday or two, because they see no one goin'; they give up their prayers, because they see no one prayin'; they begin to think on'y of themselves, an' atin', an' wearin', because they see no one thinkin' of anything else; an' then they are hungry, may be, an'—"

"God protect us!" "An', darlin'—"

"Mind yourself; trust no one in London, trust no one." The companions here found themselves near a fashionable-looking office. Of course we don't care to mention the street. Great quantities of polished brass shone outside, as protecting bars to the window—a large one—and two large plates were hanging on either post of the entrance.

"This is the place," said Mag, taking a note. "Come in, in the Name o' God." The young person called Lucy approached the young man who did business at the counter, and seemed to have been immediately recognized as having been there before. The companions were both introduced to a private apartment on the right hand side of the entrance.

"Please wait here a little," the young man said, and retired. In the course of half an hour, during which Mag gave her *protégée* a number of sound advices, and also a number of illustrative facts, a lady and gentleman entered the room. The lady appeared about fifty, and the gentleman ten years older. Both were well dressed, and wore a profusion of jewelry. The gentleman was florid, fat and gray; the lady had heavy eyes and eyebrows, a heavy chin, and big hands. Neither of them was very lovable. The lady bowed distantly, the gentleman more cordially, and both looked sharply at the old woman and her charge.

"You are 'L. N.?' demanded the gentleman, again examining the young girl. "Yes," answered Lucy. "You have been a *gouvernante* before?" asked the lady, looking at Lucy through a gold-mounted glass. "Died, then, she hasn't," answered Mag. "She's a born lady, your ladyship," said the old woman, ardently; "an' no one that went before her was in service."

"No, no, no, *asthore*," she whispered, seeing Lucy going to draw forth the purse; "you are Miss Lucy, an' my own mistress, an' you shan't be askin' money of any one till 'tis due, an' your own."

"Ah, Mag!" "There now—that's a *sthore* now; sure you'll have enough to give every one, and the poor old servant, Mag, too, with the help o' God!"

And Lucy was obliged to yield. She entered the cab with the lady; the gentleman sat outside. "The rint is gone," said Mag to herself; but the landlord is a good man, an' my English—an, at any rate, poor Miss Lucy isn't depending upon the fat lady."

And so poor Mag went home to a cold room in St. Giles's, and, like a good Christian and a friend, Mag offered up a rosary for her "darlin' Miss Lucy."

Meanwhile the cab drove rapidly—or as rapidly as it was possible, through the city. After various turns, various chances of "locks," and curses at "crossings," and at mishaps, the carriage drew up before a fine house in a large square. The gentleman descended, and knocked at the door, the lady, who had spoken little, remained in the vehicle.

Lucy looked out for a moment, and saw a servant in livery open the hall. There were four young ladies in the drawing-room window. In a short time the young woman found herself in a really magnificent apartment. Gorgeous chandeliers—immense mirrors—ottomans and sofas, covered with rich silks, and a superb window hangings, which gave an air of regal comfort to the whole, and proclaimed the reign of gold and golden hours.

The four young ladies left the room on the entrance of Lucy Neville and her companions; one of them smiled at her in a most sinister way, and she heard a roar of laughter a little after. Lucy's heart beat fast, and she did not know why.

"You would like to see your own room?" asked the lady, as amiably as possible. "If you please," was the answer. "Oh, time enough," said the gentleman, "Ring for some refreshment for Miss—"

"Neville." "For Miss Neville." "Oh! I thank you; I do not wish any." "Oh! but you must," replied the gentleman. "By the bye," he added, "your name is a charming name—and otherwise it would not suit you," he said.

Then he rang, and sat very near her, at which she was distressed. She moved away to give him room, at which he hemmed a couple of times.

In a short while the servant in livery appeared, bearing cloth and tray, magnificently furnished for lunch. Lucy observed that this man looked at her, too, in a most sinister way, and that he spoke to the fat lady with unbecoming familiarity. She grew more and more anxious, painfully, painfully so; and though she did not know why, she would give the universe to be in the garret of old Mag.

"Hail, Mary, full of grace!" she cried to herself. "Mary, protect me!" she cried in her soul. "Come, you really must take some refreshment."

"You will excuse me, if you please sir." "Why, girl, that is absurd," said Lady Petrail, in a most unladylike way. "You must eat and drink." The voice was so coarse, the manner was so rude, and the face of the fat lady was so beastly, that Lucy Neville trembled from head to foot. She asked herself, who was Lady Petrail?

Poor girl, she was pale, and the seal of deep anguish was on her brow, but her heart was strong, and still she murmured, interiorly, "Hail, Mary!"

Well for her, well for Lucy Neville she had died before that minute. Poor people run to 'town' to put their little capital into business which they do not know; artisans to compete with skill and roguery; scholars to dream of eminence, and starve in misery; servants to seek 'places' where crowds are quarrelling for shelter; Irish maidens to look for patronage where there country and religion would more than counterbalance the perfections of an angel—and all, nearly all, go to perdition.

In the name of God, and by the virtue of your mothers, do not go to the metropolis, young girls of Ireland! You are not fitted for its industry, its iniquity, its prejudices, its calculating liberalism. You will have few of the guards of virtue, and you will be compelled to witness vice until its ugliness becomes familiar. Slow it may be, but secure is the approach of cold indifference, bringing the curse of insensibility by the hand. The honest mother's child will there know the richest treasure of her youth only as "folly," and the religion of her father's fire-side as a "scandal." The life of a reprobate and the death of the unhoping and hopeless have been the

fate of many a girl who thought London "was a fine place to get a situation." Keep away from the large towns; but above all, if you have no sure friend before you, keep away from London!

The young girl Lucy was allowed to go to "her room," with a full heart and a frightened imagination. The room was like the mansion, richly furnished, but too gaudy for true taste. She looked around, half in wonder, half in terror; her little bundles and her hand-box were laid by in a modest corner, and looked as "little at home" as herself.

She thought of bolting the door but became afraid of the fat lady; and to some dreamy idea of escape, or the possible necessity of an escape, she found the height of the window from the ground, and the fact that the window looked into a high walled yard, opposed an insurmountable obstacle.

Lucy crept into a small dressing-room of the chamber, and she knelt down to pray. "The Lord be praised!" she said; "the whole of her young life was in one thought, and God's presence all along through it; and all her little frailties her supposed transgressions, and her father's happy look, and her mother's gentle face, and the 'old house at home,' and its companions, and pleasures, and trials—they were all concentrated in an indivisible instant; and Providence was among them, arranging and moulding, and directing and assuring, and the girl began to feel confidence. Then her mother seemed to stand near her, and her heart beat rapidly; and she thought of Mag's saying that her mother would 'ask God for leave to come and watch her,' and her tears began to flow, and she said, "Mother!"

And then she recalled, by this expression, to the light of her supernatural life, and she raised her eyes to heaven, while her soul seemed to warm and expand in the sight of the Eternal, and she cried, "Hail, holy Queen!"

A sigh—a sigh, not loud, but still a sigh of agony, just beside her, startled and filled her with new terror. She suddenly rose, and she said, "What! my fine fellow, 'tis you!" said the traveller.

"Oh, Mr. Moore, thank God!" was the reply. "What is the matter? you seem agitated!" "Oh, come sir—come; you have been sent by God!"

"Just let me see to the luggage—only one moment. Walter! three packages only; take them in. Well now, I owe you much. What alarms or excites you?" The soldier, who, it will be remembered, went over to Ireland at the time of the trial, was the man at the hotel door, and Gerald Moore was the traveller.

But Lucy declared she could not eat. Bellinda asked her to try a little wine, and the other ladies kindly filled her glass, all wished to take wine with Lucy. But Lucy would not drink. Every possible mode of persuasion was used, and rallery, and some anger, and some threats.

But Lucy, though deadly pale, was firm. Dinner went on, and Lucy was the butt of the evening; occasionally she was told she would be glad to eat, perhaps before long; that many of her "country" got something to eat in London—but remarks like the latter were instantly suspended by a "no more of that!" peremptorily from Bellinda—she was called a "hoity toity," a "minx," a "fine lady," etc.; and at last Lady Petrail said she should "leave the house."

Instantly Lucy started to her feet, and made for the door. There was a roar of laughter then; and the laughter was very much increased when Lucy, yielding to the evident necessity of the case, was led back by the whole four to the chair from which she had escaped.

About ten minutes elapsed; Bellinda had gone away for a moment, and she said, there was an ominous allusion, so that the tick of a small clock on the mantelpiece was sharply audible; the servant in livery lowered the gas in the chandelier; the fat lady moved away from the table a little, and one of the young ladies remaining rang, or turned the ivory bell-handle; the servant in livery again entered, looked at the fat lady and retired.

At the moment this scene was being enacted, a cab drove to the door of a neighboring hotel, and from it a gentleman in travelling costume descended. He found in the entrance a soldier who seemed to await a policeman just then engaged in the bar. The soldier turned round on hearing the stranger approach, and looked for a moment into his face, closely examining his person. He seemed struck with astonishment—for he clapped his hands together and cried, "Thanks be to God!"

"What! my fine fellow, 'tis you!" said the traveller. "Oh, Mr. Moore, thank God!" was the reply. "What is the matter? you seem agitated!"

"Oh, come sir—come; you have been sent by God!" "Just let me see to the luggage—only one moment. Walter! three packages only; take them in. Well now, I owe you much. What alarms or excites you?"

The soldier, who, it will be remembered, went over to Ireland at the time of the trial, was the man at the hotel door, and Gerald Moore was the traveller. From a description of the fat gentleman and of Lady Petrail which, an hour before, he had received from old Mag in St. Giles's, the soldier knew the place to which Lucy Neville had been carried, and the characters who dwelt there. He felt a sudden impulse to run toward—Square, and only when near it remembered the necessity of calling for a policeman. Gerald shuddered as he heard the whole affair; but he lost not a moment in making up his mind. He forbade a word to be spoken to any authority. He did not change his dress. He simply depicted the honest soldier to go before him and show him the house, and felt to see that his arms were all right in his breast-pocket.

"Come," he said; "we must first her without injuring her fame, we are sufficient for them. Criminals are always cowards! Come!"

In a quarter of an hour Lucy Neville was leaning upon the arm of Gerald Moore, the soldier carrying Lucy's little bundles after them along the sidewalk. She had reason to remember poor Mag's prediction. "Your Mother will ask God to be near you!"

"I beg your pardon, sir," said Gerald, having accidentally jostled the lady and gentleman as he hurried on to meet a cab. The gentleman turned sharply round. "I should know that voice!" said the gentleman.

"Is it possible? Mr. Gerald Moore in London, cried the lady. "Miss Tyrrel!" exclaimed Moore in astonishment. And thus Cecily Tyrrel met Gerald Moore. The next chapter will show what a wonderful story Cecily had to tell.

WRECK OF THE FLYER

It was a lazy, sultry, sunny Sunday afternoon, one of the kind that tempts you to go far, far away into the country, select a nice, quiet spot under some leafy tree by a babbling brook, lay yourself down on God's green earth, and revel in the beauties of nature and of nature's God. It was a beautiful day for pleasure but a terribly dull day for news, and what interest was the day to hold for us if it did not produce sufficient copy for the Monday morning edition?

We had been in the editorial rooms for the greater part of the morning, and it was now nearly three o'clock, but as yet we were more than half a dozen columns shy and no news in sight. Ed. Bennett, the city editor, lounged back in his big swivel chair, calmly waiting for something to happen. The table before him, dignified by the title "Editorial Desk," bore a litter of papers that had been accumulating for weeks. Under the pile somewhere was a Bible, which, if I be permitted to term, was one of Bennett's hobbies. He read it with the interest that you and I bring to our novel, and quoted from it like a clergyman delivering a sermon.

The wall over his desk was bare, with the exception of a placard that told you to "Get Busy, and Keep It," and a facsimile copy of Gray's "Elegy." Everything was characteristic of the editor himself. Educated at the University of Hard Knocks, he had worked on some small Western paper till his style had attracted the attention of the editor of the San Francisco Call, who had sent for him and given him a job as editorial writer. Subsequently, he had acted as sporting editor, dramatic critic, had done the courts, politics, and pretty nearly everything in the newspaper game, till he was made city editor of the Courier.

His age was very difficult to determine; some thought him rather young for his position, but when it came to a show down many an older man wondered how "one small head could carry all he knew." In stature he was rather slight; his physique told him to be a man who had seen, done and suffered much. Many who saw him only in the office, and had seen him there at all hours of the day and night, thought there was no other phase to his life; but I happen to know that he has a wife, who is one of the finest little women that this earth is blessed with, and a little boy, who wants to be either a priest or an editor when he is "grow'd up," although he is not half old enough to realize the power wielded by the men in either of these vocations.

Evening was fast drawing on, yet no news or sign of news came in. Finally, along towards five o'clock, there came a long distance call from Pleasure Island, to the effect that a launch had capsized and the inmates, three in number, had been drowned.

"Drowned glad to hear it," said a little, bald-headed, wizen faced copy reader; "a few more of that stamp, and we'll be under way."

"We might squeeze a good story out of that," said Bennett. "Say, Mac," he continued, "pad that out for a couple of columns."

I had just begun to take down the details of the unfortunate accident, when the telegraph editor, a very fine, though talkative, individual came sauntering down the aisle, a big black perfecto protruding from between his lips. "Nice day, Ed," he remarked pausing at Bennett's desk; "too bad we didn't get that Flyer accident to-day instead of last Wednesday; some of us could be down to the beach enjoying ourselves, instead of squatting here waiting for things to happen."

"It would make a cracking good story," acknowledged Bennett; "we would be able to feature it in fine style, too. But," he continued slowly, "I would not want to cover the assignment to-day; give Hable Buddie and his mother a day; come to a picnic, and they expect to take the Flyer home." He paused and looked at his watch. "She's due here in twenty minutes now."

"I confess I do feel a bit nervous," he said, when the telegraph editor had passed on. "If anything were to happen to that kid or his mother I don't know what I would do."

He brushed aside the pile of papers and, picking up the Bible, opened it at random in an effort to divert his thoughts. It happened to be at the Book of Job. For a moment he read quickly, then he closed the book. "I have often thought," he remarked, "what a wonderful will-power that Job had; losing his wealth, children, and all that a man holds dear, then, in spite of all his sorrow, to use his head a little, and acknowledge that since the Lord had given them all to him and had the first right on them, He could in all justice take them away whenever He saw fit. Now, that's a hero for you; yet if you put him in novel to-day, you could not find a publisher for it. Let, for a thinking man, what a hero he really was!" He paused long enough to light a pipe. Just take that one expression of his, he continued, tossing the match into the tray on his desk, "The Lord

Beautiful Rosary



That is quietly designed Rosary is made from our best quality of faceted cut amethyst, clear rock crystal, strong lock link attachments, and dainty crucifix. Our regular price for this Rosary is one dollar but to all readers of the Catholic Record we are offering a special discount of 25 per cent. Or if you will act as our representative in your district and only 15 of our size 1620 multi-patented Rosaries are available. Pictures at 15c each, we will give you one of these beautiful Rosaries absolutely free.

Our Pictures are all reproductions of Famous Paintings and sell regularly in Art Stores at 50 cents each, so that at our wholesale price of 15 cents, you can sell the entire lot in an hour. Order today. When pictures are sold, remit us the amount of your sales \$1.80, and your Rosary will be sent you by return mail. Address: COLONIAL ART CO., Desk B2., Toronto, Ont.

STAMMERERS

The methods employed at the Arnott Institute are the only logical methods for the cure of stammering. They treat the CAUSE, not merely the habit, and insure NATURAL SPEECH. If you have the slightest impediment in your speech, don't hesitate to write us. Cured pupils everywhere. Pamphlet, pictures and references sent on request. THE ARNOTT INSTITUTE, Berlin, Ont., Can.

AFTER SHAVING

Use Campana's Italian Balm. Soothing—healing—pleasant. Twenty-seven years on the market. Send 4 cents in stamps for sample. E. G. WEST & CO., 80 GEORGE ST. TORONTO.

St. John's, Newfoundland

324 WATER ST. John T. Kelly MONUMENTAL and HEADSTON Dealer in Granite and Marble

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 2 Free.

Common Sense Exterminator

KILLS RATS AND MICE. It drives up the carcasses and absolutely exterminates them. Results attained by the use of inferior preparations. Common Sense Roach and Bed Bug Exterminator sold under the same guarantee. F. W. YOUNG, F.D.E., 299 KENNEDY BLDG., MONTREAL, CAN.

BELLS PEALS CHIMES

Send for catalog. Our bells made of selected Copper and East India Tin. Famous for full rich tones, volume and quality. Constructed by E. W. VANZONEN CO., Prop' Bellows Bell Foundry (Estab. 1837), 602 E. Second St., CHICAGO, ILL.

The Efficient Company

That servant is termed "efficient" who does well the thing he is employed to do. The Mutual Life of Canada, the servant of the Canadian people, has demonstrated its efficiency.

Table with 2 columns: Item, Amount. Rows include Paid to beneficiaries, Paid in Endowments, Paid in Dividends, Paid for Surrendered Policies, Paid in all.

Mutual Life Assurance Co. of Canada

Waterloo, Ontario. Is therefore termed "The Efficient Company."

ESTABLISHED 1856

Great Reduction in Price of Hard Coal

P. BURNS & CO. Limited 49 King East, TORONTO Telephone Main 131 and 132

hath given, the Lord hath taken away; those are his promises, then 'Blessed be the name of the Lord; that's his conclusion. Now, that's what I call logic."

I knew that Bennett was in a mood for philosophizing, so refrained from interrupting him, for while in such a state his every word was fit to go between the covers of a book. For a while he smoked in silence. The office was very quiet, with the quiet that precedes a storm. Suddenly the desk phone rang; then another; the telegraph instrument started its clatter. That means business. Everybody was deadly silent, all energy was suspended for an instant. The newspaper man's instinct told him that something was about to happen. Ed. picked up his receiver and, crouching it up close to his ear, leaned back in his chair in entire satisfaction. Here was a story at last.

His face as the facts were repeated to him was a study in expression. It seemed to unfold with the narrative he was receiving.

"Yes, yes," he continued repeating, "stick to the details, will you? How many lost? My God, man, that is impossible. Say, hold the wire, will you?"

"Here, Duden," he said, turning from his desk; "Flyer smash-up at Cromwell. Get up there. Take three of the boys with you. Hold the telegraph line and the station phone. We are the first in on this."

"Hello," he called again, turning to the phone, "hold the phone till a Mr. Duden gets up there, then turn it over to him. He'll pay the bill. Call me up if anything further develops, will you?"

"Duden," called the editor to the gentleman of that name, who was hustling around, his hat in one hand a bunch of copy-paper in the other, "look out for a little boy, six years old, light hair, blue eyes, wears a blue sailor suit; and his mother, a young woman, about 5 ft. 4; dark hair, brown eyes, wears a gold locket with the monogram E. B.; and for God's sake, as soon as you find them call me up."

I thought Ed. was going to break down then and there but with a strong effort he pulled himself together.

Gradually we got the story, padded out for the first extra. Sheet after sheet was O. K'd by the editor. Everything was now bedlam and excitement. Everybody was on the run. The facts were few and uncertain, yet we must get the extra out. No one had a thought for anything but the accident. Above the din and confusion could be heard the voice of the bald-headed, wizen faced copy reader, "Copy, copy, he's a boy, copy."

Suddenly, the managing editor burst from his sanctum, flourishing a bunch of proofs.

"Bennett," he cried, slapping them down on the desk before Ed., "how is this? Can't you make it an even thousand killed? In less than a half hour the yellows will be out on the street with a thousand killed, and here we have only a paltry couple of hundred."

"A thousand," repeated Bennett, whistling. "Why, man, you could not get that many into the train. Four cars—eighty in a car—that would make three hundred and twenty, supposing all were killed. We have made it five hundred for the extra. Don't you think that quite enough?"

The managing editor O. K'd the proofs. "All right, Bennett," he said; "you know best. I'll leave this extra entirely to you."

Ed. picked up the proofs and scrawling out a big caption for the story, handed them to a dirty looking urchin who stood waiting.

For a few minutes there was a lull. The work was well under way. For the first time since the story had come in we had an opportunity to collect our thoughts. I looked over at Bennett. There he sat, his legs crossed, his dead cigar hanging listlessly from his thin lips, waiting. I could not bear to see a man usually so full of life so spiritless.

"Bennett," I cried excitedly, catching him by the shoulder.

He turned around abstractedly, and as our eyes met he seemed to know what I was about to say to him. A flash of sympathy seemed to have been communicated through the look better than it could have been by words.

"It's no use now," he said. "I could be of no use up there, and I would only make a scene. Besides, Duden will look after them till we get out the first extra."

"But, Ed.," I expostulated, "how can you sit there? Don't you realize. Go up to them; we will take care of this edition."

"Steady, steady, old chap," he said. "I appreciate it, but just wait till we get this first extra out."

He picked up the copy of the Bible, still open at the page at which he had turned it down.

"See that, Mac," he said, pointing to the passage we had been discussing. "The Lord gave, and 'his voice faltered—" the Lord hath taken away. Bl—" he paused again and turned the book down. "I can't stand that now; I can't think of it."

"Tinkle, tinkle," went the phone "Duden? Did you find them?" There was a long pause. I knew it meant more for Ed. than either of us could realize. Suddenly his face blanched. "Don't tell me that!" he exclaimed almost angrily. "Look them over again, will you? They must be there. Let me know the worst."

CONVENIENT—Burns coal, coke, or wood. Large feed doors make firing easy.

# McClary's Sunshine

Water pan is filled without removing. See the McClary dealer or write for booklet.

Many of them could not be identified. The two doctors from the nearest town were doing heroic work, and attention was called to the devotion of Father Justus, who had hastened from the Benediction service in his church to minister to the dying.

Duden mentioned that he had seen him creep under a car to administer the last rites to several pinned there. Every new fact intensified the strain, under which Bennett was working; yet he and I alone knew of his misfortune. Finally, we heard the bark of "Extra, extra," from the streets below. The extra was out at last.

Gradually the firm look faded from the little editor's face. The strain was relieving. He rose, dazed, and looking about him as one awakening from a horrible dream. Now he was no longer the editor of the Courier, straining to get an extra out before any other papers got wind of the news. He was just a man, just Ed. Bennett.

He turned to me wearily. "Wall, Mac," he said, "I am going up there now; I guess you can get along without me."

He passed wearily to the door, followed by the inquiring glances of the reporters and copy readers. He had scarcely reached the outer door when his desk phone rang vigorously. I picked up the receiver.

"Hello," cried a woman's voice, that struck me as being entirely out of place in the tragedy and grime through which we had been passing for the last hour. "Is that you, Ed?"

"No," I answered; "Mr. Bennett has just left the office. Who is this, please?" I asked.

"His wife," came the answer. "His wife!" I exclaimed. "Hold the wire a moment; I'll get him." "Ed, Ed," I called. He scarcely heeded me. "Your wife, Ed! Your wife wants you."

He turned suddenly. "What's—that's that you say? My wife wants me! My wife, my Edna! She wants me?"

His mind seemed to be wandering. The idea was too much for him. "Quick!" I said, catching him by the arm and making a gesture towards the phone.

He walked slowly back into the room, and picked up the receiver incredulously.

"Hello," he called, as if afraid he might awaken himself from a dream and find only another disappointment staring him in the face.

"Edna, Edna, speak to me again! Is this you? And Buddie! Let me speak to him. The wreck, Edna, the wreck; were you not in it?"

"We were not in it," she answered. "I knew you would be worried, and have been trying to get you on the phone since I heard your extra on the streets; but your line was busy."

"Oh, Edna," he laughed almost hysterically. For a moment his language was incoherent. He spoke of a beat, the yellow journals, laughing all the time. I thought he was about to break down.

"The picnic?" he enquired. "Were you not at it?" "We didn't go," she answered. "We overslept, and had only three quarters of an hour to catch the train; so it was a question of missing either Mass or the picnic, and we would not think of missing Mass, so we missed the picnic."

"Thank God," he exclaimed, then burst into hysterical laughter.

"Buddie, Buddie, speak to daddy. I'm so glad, sonny, you missed the picnic."

"Say, Edna," he said, pulling himself together, "we are going out to supper to-night, to celebrate, and tomorrow we are going to have a special Mass of thanksgiving."

He turned to me, laughing between what I took to be two big boyish tears.

chapel, over the quiet fields and lanes, those sweet bells sound like celestial voices, filling the air with the music of the angel's message, and the soul with thoughts and aspirations that, like angel wings, lift it heavenward.—Boston Pilot.

## THE HOLY FATHER ON INTEMPERANCE

BLESSES THE EFFORTS OF CATHOLIC SOCIETIES IN FIGHT AGAINST EVIL

Providence Visitor

His Holiness Pope Pius X. made an important announcement on the temperance question which he received in special audience last month at the acting committee and about two hundred members of the general body of the Catholic International League against Intemperance. A deputation from the league, of which Baron Bujie de Bevenbrook is President, and which had been holding a congress in the Eternal City, presented to His Holiness an address begging for the members of the committee and the league generally the help, approbation and blessing of the Holy Father in their struggle against intemperance, the cause of so much ruin, economic and moral.

The address stated that the members of the deputation came from different countries, but were unanimous in proclaiming that intemperance had been a social scourge which seriously menaced the Catholic population in several countries. The league united fraternally in a common effort against intemperance with the Catholic total abstinence societies and societies which permitted their members the moderate use of strong drink. It appealed to every sound sentiment without imposing on any one the absolute observance of total abstinence, although it recognized that this was the security for a great number, and the most efficacious means of propaganda. The members gratefully thanked His Holiness for his kindness in appointing as protector of the league His Eminence Cardinal Mercier, Archbishop of Malines.

The Holy Father cordially thanked the deputation for the address and ordered to be read, as a formal reply, a letter signed by the Cardinal Secretary of State, dated from the Vatican, April 24, 1914, and which was, in part, as follows:

"The Sovereign Pontiff congratulates you on the success of the vigorous crusade which you have undertaken in all parts of the world, supported by the principles of the Gospel and guided by the authority of the hierarchy. He prays God to render fruitful the zeal you display against the terrible plague, an enemy of bodies and souls, which causes so many moral and physical evils.

"In blessing the efforts of all the Catholic societies affiliated to your league, the Holy Father also blesses the good intentions of all its adherents and encourages them to persevere in their generous apostolate.

"The Popes in these latter times have not forgotten to call attention to the terrible evil which you combat, and they have proclaimed the necessity of prompt and efficacious remedies. Provincial Councils and Bishops in all parts of the world have raised a cry of alarm and enlightenment on the subject. Following on their steps men of faith, of science and of action have set on foot by word and example a most salutary movement in favor of temperance amongst Catholic bodies.

How useful it is to explain the effects of alcoholism economically, morally and physiologically, by showing their bearing on the lapses of individuals whose health, intelligence and freedom are ruined by the destruction of families in the bosom of which confusion and trouble are created, and the injury to society, whose gravest interests are threatened. Accordingly, amongst social works there is not one more urgently needed.

"It will, therefore, be a great pleasure to the Sovereign Pontiff to see your league gaining increased strength through the accession of additional Catholic societies. His Holiness earnestly expresses the hope that the clergy will everywhere encourage this work of education and preservation, and that by their teaching and example they will place themselves in the very heart of the struggle against an evil which, especially in certain countries, brings so many reproaches on the faithful.

"But the struggle will not be brought to a sure victory unless it is sustained by the Divine Grace,

gained by prayer; the frequentation of the sacraments and the general practice of Christian mortification. 'Unless the Lord build the house, their labor is vain that build it.' (Psalm cxxvi, 1.) Let the light of the grace of Jesus Christ be poured on men's spirits and into their hearts, and the plague, with the accompanying procession of evils, will cease.

"With my personal good wishes and all sorts of congratulations on your great and holy undertaking, accept, gentlemen, the assurance of my sincere esteem.

R. CARDINAL MERRY DEL VAL."

## SISTERS IN WAR TIMES

"When I was a young man, before the great struggle between the North and South," said General Gibson, many years ago. "I must say that I was somewhat prejudiced against the Catholic Church. I used to picture to myself heaven. I imagined that it was a grand place, grand beyond description, because it was the dwelling place of the King of kings, the Lord of lords, as well as of all good Protestants. Of course, I could not see any reserved seats for Catholics. They, in my opinion, had no business there.

"Well, the cry, 'To arms!' came. I had the honor of commanding a regiment, the Forty-ninth Ohio volunteers. After a day's engagement with the enemy, in which my regiment took an active part, and after our forces had been badly beaten, I looked out from headquarters, which were located on an eminence upon the scene of conflict, and through my field glasses I could see black-robed figures going around the wounded and dying soldiers. I immediately ordered my aide-de-camp to go down and see who those black-robed figures were, and report as soon as possible to me. He soon returned almost breathless and exclaimed, 'O General, it was a most heart-rending sight. The figures are those Sisters of Charity, who are going around ministering to the wounded and dying soldiers. The self-sacrifice of these noble bands of women would bring tears to a heart of stone.' I was amazed and concluded to make a personal investigation. I went down to the scene of the great conflict, accompanied by some of my staff officers. I didn't have to go far before coming across a black-robed figure that was cold in death. The heroine of heroines died at her post. She was not regularly mustered into the service, she received no pecuniary compensation; what reward may be hers?"

"This noble woman was called to her eternal reward. Her companions were still engaged in succoring the wounded and dying. When I saw this with my own eyes on that eventful day I returned thanks on my bended knees to the omnipotent God for opening my eyes to the sublime grandeur of the Catholic Church. Those grand women did not ask the suffering soldier to what church he belonged, or whether he belonged to any; neither did they stop to inquire the side to which he belonged. They were performing their God-given mission. They aided those who wore the blue and gray alike. The black and white were all treated alike by them. I had the great pleasure of witnessing some members of this order subsequently in our hospitals, nursing with their

tender hands the suffering soldiers. They braved all dangers and had no fear of contagious diseases. Oh, how often have I prayed since that God may forgive me for my first impression of the Catholic Church. I saw that Church in its true light that day on the battlefield."

This is the task appointed: To hold the vision of a final arrival at some fitting destination; to maintain undiminished a sense of personal worthiness; to be defeated in each foolish dream of the younger life, and so to be disciplined into adversity, made more sure by adversity; to be delayed for most of a lifetime, and yet to believe in the strength of the human spirit to surmount pain, outlive sin and defeat malice and envy; to believe in the

**NATIONAL FINANCE COMPANY, Limited**  
Paid-up Capital and Reserve \$2,000,000  
Invested Funds \$5,500,000  
Our Mortgage Trust Certificates bring you a steady income of six per cent, payable half-yearly. You are heavily protected by carefully selected first mortgages as well as by the guarantee of this strong company.

We have to offer for a limited time Debentures in 3 and 5-year terms yielding 7 per cent interest, payable quarterly. Write for particulars.

10 Adelaide St. East, Toronto  
Ontario Directors:  
John Finlayson, Esq., Toronto  
R. J. McLaughlin, Esq., K.C., Toronto  
Dennis Murphy, Esq., Ottawa

**AUTOMOBILES, LIVERY, GARAGE**  
R. HUBSTON & SONS  
Livery and Garage. Open Day and Night.  
479 to 483 Richmond St. 360 Wellington St.  
Phone 443 Phone 441

**THE ONTARIO LOAN & DEBENTURE CO.**  
Capital paid up, \$1,750,000. Reserve \$1,500,000  
Deposits received, Debentures issued, Real Estate Loans made. John McClary, Pres., A. M. Smart, Mgr.  
Offices: Dundas St. Cor. Market Lane, London.

**American House Lake Muskoka**  
Good Boating and Fishing; Catholic Church five minutes' walk from house. Write for rates.  
1861-6 MRS. M. A. WALKER, Proprietress.

**HOTEL POWHATAN WASHINGTON D.C.**  
HOTEL OF AMERICAN IDEALS  
Pennsylvania Avenue, 18th and H Streets  
To seekers of a hotel where luxurious quarters may be secured, where charm and congenial atmosphere prevail, and where excellence of service is paramount, the Hotel Powhatan offers just such inducements.

Rooms with detached bath may be obtained at \$7.50, \$2.00 and up. Rooms with private bath, \$2.50, \$3.00 and up. Ask for special literature for British Columbia, Connecticut, Florida, and Michigan. Write for booklet with map. CLIFFORD M. LEWIS, Manager

## Eucharistic Congress at Lourdes in July, 1914

Special Arrangements have been made by ss. "Megantic" July 4

From Montreal and Quebec

PORTABLE ALTARS LOW RATES AND SPLENDID SERVICE  
For Rates, plans and details, write  
**White Star - Dominion Line**

118 Notre Dame W., MONTREAL. 333 Main St., WINNIPEG.  
41 King St. E., TORONTO. 14 No. Dearborn, CHICAGO.

**Fare \$3.00 DAILY BETWEEN BUFFALO & CLEVELAND**  
THE GREAT SHIP "SEEAANDBEE"  
Length 500 feet; breadth 98 feet, 6 inches; 510 staterooms and parlors accommodating 1500 passengers. Greater in cost—larger in all proportions—richer in all appointments—than any steamer on inland waters of the world. In service June 15.  
Magnificent Steamers "SEEAANDBEE," "City of Erie" and "City of Buffalo"  
Daily—BUFFALO AND CLEVELAND—May 1st to Dec. 1st  
Leave Buffalo 9:00 P. M. Leave Cleveland 9:00 P. M.  
Arrive Cleveland 7:30 A. M. Arrive Buffalo 7:30 A. M.  
(Eastern Standard Time)  
Connections at Cleveland for Paris-India, Toledo, Detroit and all points West and Southwest. Railroad tickets reading between Buffalo and Cleveland are good for transportation on our steamers. Ask your ticket agent for tickets via C. & N. Line. Write us for handsome illustrated booklet free.  
THE CLEVELAND & BUFFALO TRANSIT CO., Cleveland, O.

## THE ST. CHARLES

Most Select Location Fronting the Beach  
ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.

With an established reputation for its exclusiveness and high class patronage. Thoroughly modern and completely equipped. Courteous service. Bathrooms, with hot and cold, fresh and sea water attachment, etc. Magnificent sun parlors and porches overlooking the board walk and ocean. Orchestras of soloists. Always open. Golf privileges. Illustrated booklet.

NEWLIN HAINES CO.

good will; to be saddened but not embittered; to be beaten but not conquered. That is the stern business set before us.—Colliers' Weekly.

## Loretto Abbey Toronto

College and Academy for Resident and Non-Resident Students.

COLLEGE FOUR YEARS—Classical, Modern, English and History, and general courses leading to Degree.  
ACADEMIC COURSE—Lower, Middle and Upper School—prepares students for Pass and Honor Education; special course of one year after Junior Matriculation, designed as finishing year for Academic graduates.

PREPARATORY COURSE—Eight grades—usual elementary subjects, French, sewing, drawing and choral training.  
MUSIC—Violin, piano, harp, guitar, mandolin, vocal. Students who desire it, prepared for University and Conservatory examinations. Frequent recitals by distinguished artists.

ART—Studies for Applied and Fine Arts  
COMMERCIAL DEPARTMENT—Full course for resident students only.  
For information, address The Superior.

Loretto Ladies' Business College  
385 Brunswick Ave., Toronto  
MUSIC STUDIO ATTACHED

## ST. JEROME'S COLLEGE

Founded 1884 BERLIN, ONTARIO

Excellent Business College Department. Excellent High School of Academic Department. Excellent College and Philosophical Department.  
Address  
REV. A. L. ZINGER, C.R., Ph.D., Pres.

## Record Standard 50c. LIBRARY

Good Reading for Everybody  
Free by Mail. 50c. Per Volume

Liberal Discount to the Reverend Clergy and Religious Institutions

### NOVELS

By ROSA MULHOLLAND  
Marcella Grace.  
Agatha's Hard Saying.  
Late Miss Hollingford.  
By JEROME HARTE  
The Light of His Countenance.  
By FRANCIS COOKE  
Her Journey's End.  
The Secret of the Green Vase.  
My Lady Beatrice.  
The Unbidden Guest.  
By JEAN CONNOR  
Bond and Free.  
So as by Fire.  
By F. VON BRACKEL  
The Circus Rider's Daughter.  
By W. M. BERTHOLDS  
Connor D'Arcy's Struggles.  
By CARDINAL WISEMAN  
Fabiola.

By A. C. CLARKE  
Fabiola's Sisters.  
By ERNST LINGEN  
Forgive and Forget.  
By COTNESS HAHN-HAHN  
The Heiress of Cronenstein.  
By RAOUF DE NAVERY  
Idols; or the Secret of the Rue Chaussee d'Antin.  
The Monk's Pardon.  
Captain Roscoff.  
By H. M. ROSS  
In God's Good Time.  
The Test of Courage.  
By M. C. MARTIN  
The Other Miss Lisle.  
Rose of the World.

By A. DE LAMOTHE  
The Outlaw of Camargue.  
By JANE LANSLOWNE  
The Shadow of Eversleigh.  
By MARY AGATHA GRAY  
The Tempest of the Heart.  
The Turn of the Tide.  
By CARDINAL NEWMAN  
Callista.  
By MRS. ANNA H. DORSEY  
Tangled Paths.  
May Brooke.  
The Sister of Charity.  
Tears on the Diadem.  
By ISABEL CECILIA WILLIAMS  
The Alchemist's Secret.  
In the Crucible.  
"Dear Jane."

By REV. A. J. THEBAUD, S.J.  
Louisa Kirkbridge.  
By HENDRICK CONSCIENCE  
The Merchant of Antwerp.  
Conscience's Tales.  
By SARAH M. BROWNSON  
Marian Elwood.  
By ANONYMOUS  
Faith, Hope and Charity.  
By CHARLES D'HERICAULT  
The Commander.  
By FANNY WARNER  
Beach Bluff.  
By REV. W. H. ANDERSON  
Catholic Crusade.  
By MARY C. CROWLEY  
Happy-go-lucky.  
Mercy Heart and True.

By Rev. MOR. J. O'CONNELL, D.D.  
The African Fabiola.  
By CLARA M. THOMPSON  
Howthorndean.  
By GENEVIEVE WALSH  
Kathleen's Motto.  
By MARIE GERTRUDE WILLIAMS  
Alias Kitty Casey.  
By ELIZABETH M. STEWART  
Lady Anabel and the Shepherd Boy  
Ferncliffe.  
By MARY I. HOFFMAN  
The Orphan Sisters.

By LADY GEORGIANNA FULLESTON  
Rose Le Blanc.  
The Strawcutter's Daughter.  
By REV. JOHN TALBOT SMITH  
The Solitary Island.  
By REV. T. J. POTTER  
The Two Victories.  
By REV. JOHN JOSEPH FRANCO, S.J.  
Tigranes.  
By CECILIA MARY CADDELL  
The Miner's Daughter.  
By CATHRYN WALLACE  
One Christmas Eve at Roxbury  
Crossing and other Christmas Tales.  
By RICHARD BAPTIST O'BRIEN, D.D.  
Ailey Moore.

### RELIGIOUS BOOKS

The New Testament, 12 mo Edition.  
Life of Father Mathew.  
By Rev. Alban Butler  
Lives of the Saints.  
By Rev. M. V. Cochem  
Life of Christ.  
Explanation of the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass.  
By Rev. B. Rohmer, O.S.B.  
Life of the Blessed Virgin.  
Veneration of the Blessed Virgin.  
By Rev. A. Tesnière  
Adoration of Blessed Sacrament.  
By Rev. J. Stapleton  
An Explanation of Catholic Morals  
By Rev. H. Rolfus, D.D.  
Explanation of Commandments.  
Explanation of the Creed.  
Explanation of Holy Sacraments.  
By Rev. Joseph Schneider  
Helps to a Spiritual Life.  
By Rev. L. C. Bushinger  
History of the Catholic Church.  
By W. Cobbett  
History of the Protestant Reformation in England and Ireland.  
By Rev. Joseph Krebs, C.S.S.R.  
How to Comfort the Sick.  
By Rev. Richard F. Clarke  
Lourdes: Its Inhabitants, its Pilgrims and its Miracles.  
By Madame Cecilia  
More Short Spiritual Readings.  
By St. Alphonsus Liguori  
The True Spouse of Christ.  
By Rev. H. Saintrain  
The Sacred Heart Studied in the Sacred Scriptures.  
By Rev. Thomas F. Ward  
St. Anthony.  
By Rev. Leo L. Dubois  
St. Francis Assist, Social Reformer  
By St. Francis de Sales  
The Secret of Sanctity.  
By Abbe Lasausse  
Short Meditations for every day.  
By R. A. Vain  
Duties of Young Men.  
By St. John the Baptist de La Salle  
Duty of a Christian Towards God.  
By Aubrey de Vere  
Heroines of Charity.  
By Father Alexander Galleran, S.J.  
Jesus all Good.  
Jesus all Great.  
Jesus all Holy.  
By Rev. A. M. Grussi, C.P.P.S.  
Little Followers of Jesus.  
By Nicholas O'Kearney  
Prophecies of St. Columbkille.  
By Abbe Baudrand  
Religious Soul Elevated.  
By Father Henry Opiz, S.J.  
Under the Banner of Mary.  
By Rev. Nicholas Russo, S.J.  
The True Religion and its Dogmas.  
By Ella M. McMahon  
Virtues and defects of a young girl.  
By Very Rev. S. J. Shadler  
Beauties of the Catholic Church.

The Catholic Record London Canada

The Catholic Record

Price of Subscription—\$1.50 per annum. United States & Europe—\$1.00. Publisher and Proprietor, Thomas Coffey, L.L.D. (Rev. James T. Foley, B. A. Editor) (Thomas Coffey, L.L.D. Associate Editor) (H. F. Mackintosh.)

LONDON, SATURDAY, JUNE 27, 1914

THE TREND OF THOUGHTFUL OPINION

From the advocates of a national system of secular education the Church has borne many a harsh criticism on her over-anxiety for the religious instruction of her children.

THE MONROE DOCTRINE

The Mexican situation has brought to the forefront once more the consideration of that elusive and elastic principle which is in practice, at least, either openly or tacitly recognized as having the force of international law.

ERNESTO NATHAN

Ernesto Nathan was mayor of Rome for some years. At the recent general elections his intimate allies were so badly defeated that he resigned.

RACIAL DIFFERENCES IN IRELAND

Speaking of the widespread intermingling of races in the British Isles brought about by intermarriages the Month remarks that race and nationality are distinct things.

FAR ENOUGH AWAY

"Evidently the Journal does not like either the Cromwellian breed or their descendants. Why not move over to Italy?"—The Christian Guardian.

NOTES AND COMMENTS

MR. LINDSAY CRAWFORD'S characterization of the Carson campaign in Ulster as "the greatest show on earth" is, as usual with the Globe's Special Correspondent to Ireland, exceedingly happy and timely.

AN ELOQUENT WITNESS

The Niagara Rainbow, "the organ of the Institute of the B. V. M. in America," is well named. The seal of the rainbow in the heavens is the seal of the covenant made by the Almighty after the deluge.

HAND-IN-HAND

HAND-IN-HAND with this Presbyterian enterprise is the Polish Canadian Club inaugurated by Winnipeg Methodists. The Poles are for the most part good Catholics, and their national history in point of fidelity to their Faith and suffering because of it, is analogous to that of Ireland.

John Spargo, the American Socialist author, in his "Socialism" indicates that the development of the secular system on this continent will, if Socialist ideas prevail, follow French lines of development.

"It would probably not content itself with refusing to permit religious doctrines or ideas to be taught in the schools, but would go further, and as the natural protector of the child, guard its independence of thought in later life as far as possible by forbidding religious teaching of any kind in schools for children up to a certain age.

Shocking as this may appear, does the Socialist writer strain very much the generally accepted if imperfectly understood principle that underlies our state school system.

We shall have to get back to some fundamental truths if we wish to hold what we have won in the matter of personal liberty. The parents are the natural protectors of their children, and one of God's commandments is devoted to the upholding of the natural rights of parents.

"And justice," writes Bird S. Coler, "when we have made America see what justice is—will allow religion to resume her inspiring function in the education of the child.

THE MONROE DOCTRINE

The Mexican situation has brought to the forefront once more the consideration of that elusive and elastic principle which is in practice, at least, either openly or tacitly recognized as having the force of international law.

The peculiar obligations towards the nationals and interests of foreign Powers that the Monroe doctrine entails upon the Government of the United States, not only condone American intervention but make it imperative.

ERNESTO NATHAN

Ernesto Nathan was mayor of Rome for some years. At the recent general elections his intimate allies were so badly defeated that he resigned.

RACIAL DIFFERENCES IN IRELAND

Speaking of the widespread intermingling of races in the British Isles brought about by intermarriages the Month remarks that race and nationality are distinct things.

FAR ENOUGH AWAY

"Evidently the Journal does not like either the Cromwellian breed or their descendants. Why not move over to Italy?"—The Christian Guardian.

The principal clauses contained in the declaration in President Monroe's message to Congress Dec. 2nd 1823, are these:

"We owe it therefore to candour and the amicable relations existing between the United States and all these countries that we should consider any attempt on their part to extend their system to any portion of this hemisphere as dangerous to our peace and safety.

It is impossible that the allied powers should extend their political system to any portion of either continent without endangering our peace and happiness; nor can anyone believe that our Southern brethren, if left to themselves, would adapt it of their own accord.

The occasion has been judged proper for asserting as a principle, in which the rights and interests of the United States are involved, that the American continents by the free and independent condition which they have assumed and maintain, are henceforth not to be considered as subjects for future colonization by any European powers.

It is clear enough that foreign intervention in the political affairs of any American state is here declared to be an act which the United States is bound to consider an unfriendly act.

The Monroe doctrine, however, has gradually developed a somewhat indefinite responsibility on the part of the United States for peace, good order, and protection of foreign subjects and interests in American countries.

AN ELOQUENT WITNESS

The Niagara Rainbow, "the organ of the Institute of the B. V. M. in America," is well named. The seal of the rainbow in the heavens is the seal of the covenant made by the Almighty after the deluge.

HAND-IN-HAND

HAND-IN-HAND with this Presbyterian enterprise is the Polish Canadian Club inaugurated by Winnipeg Methodists. The Poles are for the most part good Catholics, and their national history in point of fidelity to their Faith and suffering because of it, is analogous to that of Ireland.

Government that appointed him to the position he holds at present. Politics makes strange bedfellows it is true. But one must know something of Roman and Italian politics to draw safely such inferences.

Now if they have not given the coup de grace to Ernesto Nathan they have at all events given a very emphatic answer to those who called Nathan the choice of the Catholics of Rome.

RACIAL DIFFERENCES IN IRELAND

Speaking of the widespread intermingling of races in the British Isles brought about by intermarriages the Month remarks that race and nationality are distinct things.

FAR ENOUGH AWAY

"Evidently the Journal does not like either the Cromwellian breed or their descendants. Why not move over to Italy?"—The Christian Guardian.

NOTES AND COMMENTS

MR. LINDSAY CRAWFORD'S characterization of the Carson campaign in Ulster as "the greatest show on earth" is, as usual with the Globe's Special Correspondent to Ireland, exceedingly happy and timely.

AN ELOQUENT WITNESS

The Niagara Rainbow, "the organ of the Institute of the B. V. M. in America," is well named. The seal of the rainbow in the heavens is the seal of the covenant made by the Almighty after the deluge.

HAND-IN-HAND

HAND-IN-HAND with this Presbyterian enterprise is the Polish Canadian Club inaugurated by Winnipeg Methodists. The Poles are for the most part good Catholics, and their national history in point of fidelity to their Faith and suffering because of it, is analogous to that of Ireland.

and Loretto Training College in Calcutta are affiliated with the University of Calcutta. In Italy women enjoy the full privilege of university education, but under conditions that are not always the very best as regards dangers to their faith.

Now if they have not given the coup de grace to Ernesto Nathan they have at all events given a very emphatic answer to those who called Nathan the choice of the Catholics of Rome.

RACIAL DIFFERENCES IN IRELAND

Speaking of the widespread intermingling of races in the British Isles brought about by intermarriages the Month remarks that race and nationality are distinct things.

FAR ENOUGH AWAY

"Evidently the Journal does not like either the Cromwellian breed or their descendants. Why not move over to Italy?"—The Christian Guardian.

NOTES AND COMMENTS

MR. LINDSAY CRAWFORD'S characterization of the Carson campaign in Ulster as "the greatest show on earth" is, as usual with the Globe's Special Correspondent to Ireland, exceedingly happy and timely.

AN ELOQUENT WITNESS

The Niagara Rainbow, "the organ of the Institute of the B. V. M. in America," is well named. The seal of the rainbow in the heavens is the seal of the covenant made by the Almighty after the deluge.

HAND-IN-HAND

HAND-IN-HAND with this Presbyterian enterprise is the Polish Canadian Club inaugurated by Winnipeg Methodists. The Poles are for the most part good Catholics, and their national history in point of fidelity to their Faith and suffering because of it, is analogous to that of Ireland.

moment he begins to question the genuine deposit of truth found in the New Testament." And yet there is no extravagance espoused by Tyrrell, no apostasy on his part from the fundamentals of Christianity which is not taught openly in the Church of England, even in high places.

Now if they have not given the coup de grace to Ernesto Nathan they have at all events given a very emphatic answer to those who called Nathan the choice of the Catholics of Rome.

RACIAL DIFFERENCES IN IRELAND

Speaking of the widespread intermingling of races in the British Isles brought about by intermarriages the Month remarks that race and nationality are distinct things.

FAR ENOUGH AWAY

"Evidently the Journal does not like either the Cromwellian breed or their descendants. Why not move over to Italy?"—The Christian Guardian.

NOTES AND COMMENTS

MR. LINDSAY CRAWFORD'S characterization of the Carson campaign in Ulster as "the greatest show on earth" is, as usual with the Globe's Special Correspondent to Ireland, exceedingly happy and timely.

AN ELOQUENT WITNESS

The Niagara Rainbow, "the organ of the Institute of the B. V. M. in America," is well named. The seal of the rainbow in the heavens is the seal of the covenant made by the Almighty after the deluge.

HAND-IN-HAND

HAND-IN-HAND with this Presbyterian enterprise is the Polish Canadian Club inaugurated by Winnipeg Methodists. The Poles are for the most part good Catholics, and their national history in point of fidelity to their Faith and suffering because of it, is analogous to that of Ireland.

Catholic worthy of the name fail in his duty to himself and to the strangers—the little ones of Christ—whom the exigencies of civilization have driven to our shores!

THE INCREASING vagaries of the sects, and the measure of their departure from the old sedate if gloomy conduct of public worship, may be seen by a study of church announcements in the Saturday dailies of any of the larger cities.

SOME APPRECIATIONS

OF THE LATE SENATOR COFFEY AND HIS WORK

WALTER MILLS, E. C. MOOSE JAW, SASK. I learned with deep regret of the death of the Honorable Senator Coffey. He was a fine type of Christian gentleman, a prudent and fair minded publicist and an amiable friend.

THE REV. HUGH J. CANNING, TORONTO

I admired Senator Coffey because of the firm and gentlemanly tone which he secured for his editorial pages throughout all the years of the RECORD'S existence.

HAND-IN-HAND

HAND-IN-HAND with this Presbyterian enterprise is the Polish Canadian Club inaugurated by Winnipeg Methodists. The Poles are for the most part good Catholics, and their national history in point of fidelity to their Faith and suffering because of it, is analogous to that of Ireland.

ERNESTO NATHAN

Ernesto Nathan was mayor of Rome for some years. At the recent general elections his intimate allies were so badly defeated that he resigned.

RACIAL DIFFERENCES IN IRELAND

Speaking of the widespread intermingling of races in the British Isles brought about by intermarriages the Month remarks that race and nationality are distinct things.

FAR ENOUGH AWAY

"Evidently the Journal does not like either the Cromwellian breed or their descendants. Why not move over to Italy?"—The Christian Guardian.

NOTES AND COMMENTS

MR. LINDSAY CRAWFORD'S characterization of the Carson campaign in Ulster as "the greatest show on earth" is, as usual with the Globe's Special Correspondent to Ireland, exceedingly happy and timely.

JUNE 27, 1914

is immeasurably more difficult—he lived a Catholic life.

REV. REV. MGR. MAHONY, D. C. L., VICAR GENERAL OF HAMILTON

In the death of Senator Thomas Coffey Canada has lost a devoted son. A Catholic by birth, a Canadian by adoption, the interests of Church and country were the theme of his pen, and the columns of the RECORD for thirty-five years testify his unswerving devotion to both.

Always self-respecting, courteous, singularly free from resentment or petty jealousy, no wonder he was universally respected and esteemed, and that under his guidance the CATHOLIC RECORD became a household word in every Province of the Dominion.

THE HON. J. J. FOY

Senator Coffey's death is mourned not only in his own city of London but throughout the Province. He was an upright, conscientious man of dignity and distinguished character.

He did splendid service by his newspaper, and his work was highly appreciated.

THE ECHO, LONDON, ONT.

The late Thomas Coffey, whose death is so generally lamented, was a man of the best type. It has been truthfully said of him that as a Dominion Senator in his manner towards men he was the same Tom Coffey as when he worked at the printer's case many years ago. Whether it was a less fortunate former fellow worker or a parliamentary colleague Mr. Coffey was the same genial, kindly, lovable man. This is why he was so generally liked, why everyone speaks well of him.

Coming to London with his parents when a child, he may be said to have grown up with the city, with the welfare and progress of which he always took a keen interest. As a journalist he ranked among the best in the country—a fact which is proven by the success of the weekly paper he for so many years controlled.

Through his interest in London's progress never led him to seek municipal office, his good advice was always available. London has lost many good citizens of late, and not the least of them was Thomas Coffey.

JUDGE N. H. MEAGHER, HALIFAX, N. S. I read this morning in our papers the death of our mutual friend, Senator Coffey. It occasioned me much regret. I had not even heard he was ill. I never met him personally, but since the commencement of this year we corresponded a good deal on several matters and through it I gained considerable insight into his character.

So far as my knowledge extends I can say with great confidence that no Catholic layman in Canada in modern days did so much for the cause of religion and the promotion of morality and good faith as he. His paper was conducted with exceeding great fairness and vigour, and had a powerful influence for good over the area of its circulation which was quite extensive.

Will you please convey to his widow and the other members of his family my heartfelt sympathy in the irreparable loss they have sustained through his death, and that I join with them in earnest prayer for the repose of his soul.

The country too, which he served so faithfully and well, will greatly miss his valuable services in the Senate, which he gave with untiring devotion, zeal, and great ability.

I sincerely hope the RECORD will be continued to carry on its splendid work to which the Senator gave so much of his means, time and ability.

ANTIQUITY AND GENIUS OF THE GAEL

The Rev. Michael Collins, who has published some most valuable treatises on the "Scotch Irish" myth, has just completed a series of articles in The Church Progress, of St. Louis, on the antiquity of the Irish Race. In these he triumphantly refutes the slur cast upon the claims of the ancient and modern Irish as inferior in arts and literature by such writers as Dr. Mahaffy and the Trinity College clique, who while securing the plums granted by the Government for the publication of the ancient Irish MSS., sneered at the claims made for those writings by scholars who really know the nature and value of such venerable monuments of the literature and poetry of the Gael in the twilight period of European history.

Giraldus Cambrensis began the dirty work of belittling the genius of the early Irish, and it was taken up later on by writers like Fynes Morrison, Edmund Spenser, Camden and a few more maligners in the Elizabethan era, who had a personal interest in blackening the character of the people whom they were piratically despoiling of their lands, their flocks and herds and all other possessions while they were helping to slay the miserable tillers of the soil by heartless famine. Father Collins is an historian and archaeologist of deep erudition and wide travel. He knows his subject thoroughly, and has a passionate love for the truth of history. The Museums of Trinity College, the Royal Irish Academy, the National Gallery in Dublin and the National Museum gave ample testimony of the exquisite taste of the Irish artists of ancient times in the wonderful arts of illuminated writing and

painting and working in the precious metals. The handiwork of angels, some enthusiastic critics have declared such works as the Book of Kells and other products of the monks of old who toiled in holy solitude in their cells, for the glory of God and the instruction of men, to be. These glorious masterpieces are to be seen still, in nearly pristine beauty in Irish museums and libraries, giving the lie to the tribe of Cambrensis, the hired slanderer of the Plantagenet murderer and robber, Henry II.—Philadelphia Standard and Times.

DIABOLICAL METHODS OF PROTESTANTS IN THE PHILIPPINES

REV. W. FINNEMANN OF THE SOCIETY OF THE DIVINE WORD EXPOSES DASTARDLY ASSAULTS OF BIGOTS

Rev. F. Markert, of the society of the Divine Word, Techny, Ill., sends the following account of diabolical doings by certain Protestants in the Philippines to The Church Progress for publication. It reveals a new line of attack on the faith of the Filipino people, despicable beyond description and filthy beyond mention. That it calls for drastic expression and some kind of summary action on the part of Catholics in this country is too evident for comment.—Editor.

The vast majority of the Filipinos were Christianized and civilized by the Spanish monks. With the political change brought about by the Spanish American war, American Protestants in large numbers have come to these shores, and for what purpose? Not to convert the pagan tribes, who would be a most worthy object of their zeal, but the Catholics. By every means fair and foul they have tried to alienate them from their old faith. From the beginning slander and misrepresentation of the Catholic Church has been one of their chief weapons. Their emissaries have penetrated even into small villages, and where they could not go themselves they have sent their periodicals, pamphlets, Bibles, and calendars. One of these, composed by Hanna, on many dates contained accusations of the priests, the Pope and the Church. The latest device they have resorted to is the film. They had visited San Juan, San Quintin and other places, but they seemed to have set their heart particularly on Tayum. Some time ago on a fine Sunday morning a great big automobile came tuff tuffing into town. An automobile is a rare bird in these places, and you can imagine that young and old stared at the thing in wonder and amazement. For hours it moved slowly through the streets, first in the morning, then again around noon time and once more toward evening, to announce a moving picture exhibition. That was something absolutely new. The men in charge knew this and willingly spent money and time to "make a hit." Of course money is no object with them, their means are simply unlimited, because they are superabundantly supplied from America.

The automobile was a great attraction and advertisement. But to make the advertising still more effective, stylishly dressed ladies and gentlemen from Bangkok paraded through the streets and went to the homes to invite the people personally. A further attraction was a Protestant doctor from Vigan, who gave free consultation, and admonished all that came to him to be sure and come to the show. The people were also told that among those that had come there were no Protestants, their only purpose being to inform and amuse the people. A tent had been erected and an entrance fee of five cents was asked. There were only a few that paid and went in, but those outside could see everything, although not quite so well. The first series of pictures shown were indifferent, simply calculated to amuse the audience, such as horse races, boat races and all kinds of "funny" exhibitions. Mr. Hanna gave his explanations in humorous form and succeeded at last in getting a large crowd inside. Every visitor received a book, or Bible in Ilocano. When the tent was nearly filled the second series of pictures was shown. It was a "Life of Christ," and Mr. Hanna gave his "explanations." He told the people that it was sinful to confess their sins to a priest. He mentioned many other points of Catholic doctrine, but dwelled with particular bitterness on confession. His whole lecture was simply an attack on the Church and her ministers, bishops and priests. You might think that it would have sufficed him to malign the immediate superiors and shepherds of the people, but his great coup was not the "Life of Christ," but the "Life of the Pope," which was portrayed in a third series of pictures.

It is incredible and unmentionable what was "shown" and told about the venerable head of the Church. I cannot bring myself to go into details; suffice it is to say that a number of the Pope's "wives" were shown on the screen, and other things much worse were mentioned and "explained." For three hours Mr. Hanna entertained his hearers in this manner. I wonder if those Protestants who support these missions are aware of these diabolical methods of their emissaries.

Besides such extraordinary means of spreading filth and corruption,

which they call "enlightenment," there are the usual channels, papers, pamphlets and posters, which they give away by the thousands. We know full well that all these efforts will not make Protestants of our Catholic Filipinos. Protestantism is entirely too dry to appeal to them, but it is sad to see that they do succeed in making unbelievers, doubters and indifferentists of them. Our means are so limited that we are almost powerless. I cannot imagine that Catholic America is fully informed of our condition and of the gravity of the situation or we should receive more substantial support. We need schools, we need papers, we need books, we need churches. We need most of all grace, and in order to get that, prayer, so that we who are in the midst of the battle do not lose courage in the face of so much opposition. We tremble for the souls confided to our care; who will help us to save them?—Church Progress.

FUTURE OF CATHOLICISM

Monsignor Benson is hopeful of the Church in America. He says enthusiastically: "I cannot conceive of any man being in doubt as to the future of Catholicism in this country. The congregations, the zeal, the activities, the business-like methods—in all these matters America is incomparably ahead of Europe. The cleanliness of the Churches; the variety of devotions; the numerous Masses; the very ornaments of the churches; the relations between priests and people; all these things inspire the visitor from Europe with an extraordinary sense of hope. The churches are not exiguous sanctuaries for dreaming; they are the business offices of the supernatural. The clergy are not picturesque advocates of a beautiful mediævalism, they are keen men devoted to the service of God. The people are not passive recipients from the Ages of Faith; they are communities of immortal souls bent upon salvation. There is a ring of assurance about Catholic voices; an air of confidence about Catholic movements; a swift, punctual, conscientious and efficient atmosphere about Catholic activities; a swing and energy about Catholic life, that promise well indeed for the future of the Church in this land. Catholicism already has won its place in American life, and holds it in such a fashion as to augur magnificently for the future. Such an organization alone as that of the Knights of Columbus is security enough."—New World.

A STRANGE COINCIDENCE

In these days of steam and electricity the world is a very small place after all. Rather a trite saying, but nevertheless true, and here is the story. During the manoeuvres of the Japanese army, three years ago, there came to Father Sauret, the missionary at Kurume, a captain of infantry whose residence is located at Omuta. He told the missionary that he had been baptized at Tokio when a little boy, but had forgotten all he ever knew about Christianity and wished to be instructed and to become a practical Catholic. In the course of his visits he told Father Sauret that he had become acquainted with a French military attaché during the Russian war, and the example of the young military officer had made a deep impression upon him and had revived his interest in the religion of his baptism.

In the course of an engagement at Mukden the captain lost a leg and went to the hospital, losing sight of his attaché friend, who returned home after the war was over. "While he was telling me the story," says Father Sauret, "who should come to me but the very man of whom the captain was speaking. What a strange coincidence! After the war one went to the East and the other to the West, and yet here they meet in my house. You can imagine how joyous was the meeting.

"The captain, whose name is Yamashika, invited me to establish a mission in Omuta. He was an attractive student and soon I had the happiness of reconciling him to the Church. His wife and children, too, have received the grace of baptism and, through his assistance and prestige, the mission of Omuta has been well established. During the past year I have baptized more than thirty persons there. In Kurume I am planning the erection of a larger church. Through the assistance of Captain Yamashika I have purchased the ground. I have in view for a cathedral a former mayor of the town, who was once wealthy but lost his money in trying to help some friends who betrayed his confidence. He is a fine type of man and a most earnest Catholic."—Catholic Bulletin.

CIVILIZATION'S DEBT TO THE CATHOLIC CHURCH

Catholics are becoming accustomed to see old anti-Catholic fables disseminated by non-Catholic writers. History as written these days lacks the partisan bias that characterized it when Protestantism was in its full flower. As an example of the newer viewpoint may be instanced some words on the time worn theme of "papal aggression," which appeared in a recently published volume on The Sociological View of Christianity, by Georges Chatterton-Hill, an instructor in the University of Geneva. The author is not a Catholic but he has come to appreciate the enormous debt which western civilization owes to the Church and he sets forth his conviction in these words:

"It is a service for which humanity should be everlastingly grateful to the Catholic Church for having performed—the separation of the moral from the political power, and the consequent maintenance of the supreme dignity and independence of the moral power. For without such a separation western civilization would never have been able to develop. Assuredly was it no indifferent matter that the spirit of the temporal power should succeed in the long struggle, of which the conflicts between Hildebrand and the Emperor Henry IV, between Alexander III, and the Emperor Frederick I, between Archbishop A'Becket and Henry II, of England, between Innocent XI, and Louis XIV. of France, between Pius VII, and Napoleon—of which the exile in Avignon, and the sack of Rome by the troops of the Emperor Charles V, of which these events were but episodes, for had the secular power succeeded in its persevering efforts to make of the papal see a mere fief, then would western civilization have fallen a speedy prey to disintegration and disruption. In the long centuries that separated the downfall of the Roman Empire, in 476, from the dawn of the Renaissance, at the close of the fourteenth century—during all this long period the Church constituted the only basis

whereon the fabric of the new civilization, that arose from the dust of the old one, could be reared; during these hundreds of years the Church alone stood between this growing civilization and a return to complete barbarism. Those who talk so glibly about "papal aggression" and "obscurantism" may be exceedingly deep in many things; assuredly are they not deep in history. Any one who is able to form even a remote conception of the tremendous labor required in order to build up a new civilization on the ruins of the old one—of the stupendous efforts necessary to impose order and discipline on a wild and barbarous agglomeration of peoples—will understand that, even at the summit of her power in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, the Church had but barely begun her task. When we contemplate the anarchy prevailing in Europe in the fifth century; when we take into adequate consideration the wild, uncouth and undisciplined nature of the populations of Europe; when we see the economic, moral and intellectual conditions prevalent all over the western world after the abdication of the last Roman emperor, when we essay to penetrate the depths of economic, moral and intellectual misery to which such conditions had reduced western society of so herculean a task. When we contemplate the anarchy prevailing in Europe in the fifth century; when we take into adequate consideration the wild, uncouth and undisciplined nature of the populations of Europe; when we see the economic, moral and intellectual conditions prevalent all over the western world after the abdication of the last Roman emperor, when we essay to penetrate the depths of economic, moral and intellectual misery to which such conditions had reduced western society of so herculean a task.

BLESSING INDIAN BABIES

Father Hull, in the Bombay Examiner, thus describes an interesting function in Bombay. The Blessing of the Babies is a great attraction at the Mission. It is a gala afternoon for mothers, babies and all the children who were too young to take part in the children's Mission. The interesting function may be called the blessing of the infant—for most of the babies are in arms, and defend the breastworks gallantly. The deep faith and Catholic solicitude of the mothers bring to the church every baby of the parish and of the neighboring parishes, also.

There are, then: Babies strong and babies weak, Angry babes and babies meek, Wakeful babes and babies who sleep, Babies who climb and babies who creep, Babes that smile and babes that bawl. Yet, mothers' darlings, babies all. They are all tender "Christi flores," and have a right by baptism to be in their Father's house, and the Church approves of this by that beautiful blessing in her ritual, "Benedictio Puerorum Qui in Ecclesiam inductur."

The main Altar and Our Lady's Altar are decorated with flowers and lighted candles; for after the blessing mothers and children are dedicated to Our Lady. The children's choir usually does the singing, for the good old-fashioned hymns can be joined in by the mothers and the members of the junior choir rather enjoy the treble accompaniment by their screeching brothers and sisters in the church below. A short talk on the love of the Lord for children the glory of motherhood and the assurance of God's blessing on large families is followed by the reading in Latin of the Church's prayer for the blessing of children. The preacher gets out of the pulpit—trying to avoid the babies who may have climbed into it to be nearer the source of eloquence—and goes through the church sprinkling all with holy water, the choir sings, and it is supposed to be heard, for the holy water has a sizzling effect on the "fomites peccati." If Caruso or Tetzlaff heard the piercing notes from some of those infantile throats they would grow green with envy. Many mothers look upon this asperges as "de essentialis, benedictionis." They hold the rebellious baby to get a generous asperges, and the young revolutionary breaks out into anarchistic roars.

Returning to the pulpit the blessing is read again, but in English; then follows the dedication of mothers and babies to the service. One must make a strong act of the will not to be unnerved by the crowd of restless, crying and cooing babies. At one mission the sanctuary is invaded, packed, then the place of honor was given to a mother and her triplets—that place was the Episcopal Chair. The Father remarked that a vocation to the purple might be the result. "Pardon me, Father they're all girls." The appearance of the speaker in the pulpit has a sedative on some audiences of babies. They look upon the Father in the pulpit as a large plaything, a Jack-in-the-box, and they are quieted, but only for a time. The ten thousand babies at a certain mission were seemingly hypnotized by the preacher in the pulpit, but when he finished, the jumble of "andantes, con spirites, fortes, fortissimo, vivaces and maestoso" beat all the Wagnerian thunder in the Niebelungen Lied.

Not satisfied with the general blessing many mothers bring their afflicted babies and children to the Altar rail for a special blessing. The scene is a repetition of the Gospel

ful theological metamorphosis. And all the time Mr. Tagliabate had his Bible with his right of "private judgment."—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

PRIESTS AND NUNS EXPELLED

WAR ON CATHOLIC CHURCH IS DECLARED BY REBEL GENERAL. A press dispatch from Torreon, dated May 30, says: "General Villa, virtually declared war to-day on the Church in Mexico and began the expulsion of priests. Nuns also were ordered out of the country, except those guarding young girls in convents. Twelve Jesuits of various nationalities were sent north from Saltillo to-day. They were assured by Villa they would not be executed, but he urged them never again to return to Mexico. "Villa said to-day that while he would not deport nuns left in charge of convents he would not allow the Church schools to be reopened next year. Practically all priests in Torreon and Chihuahua have left the country."—Philadelphia Standard and Times.

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: John Francis Kilgour, Eganville, 5.00 Mrs. Wm. George, Eganville, 1.00 Mrs. J. Furton, Eganville, 1.00 Mrs. T. Dwyer, Eganville, 1.00 Wilson Jessup, Eganville, 1.00 Mrs. O. St. Louis, Eganville, 1.00 Mission's Friends, Eganville, 6.33 Halifax Friends of St. Francis, 7.50 M. A. Boland, Edmonton, 2.00 A. Friend of St. Joseph, 1.00 Eva Kelly, St. John's, 1.00 Michael P. Ryan, Langan Road, 1.00 Subscriber, Beechwood, 1.00

Yesterday and to day In the Catholic Standard and Times Rev. Father Cosmas Bruni tells about the "conversion" to Unitarianism of Rev. Mr. Tagliabate, for twenty years pastor of Jefferson Park Italian Methodist Episcopal Church, New York, and he thus comments thereon: "Here is a man for twenty years a Methodist, who becomes a Unitarian. Yesterday he preached that the Bible is the sole and sufficient rule of belief and practice; to-day he utters that the Bible can be admitted or repudiated according to the individual reason. Yesterday he believed that Our Lord Jesus Christ was the Son of God, and God Himself; that He died to atone the sins of men; to-day he denies the divinity of Christ and His death as an effective and vicarious atonement for our sins. Yesterday he defended the Trinity in God; to-day he swears that there is only one Divine Person."

Truly editing, as Father Bruni remarks, and consoling is this wonder-

THE CAPITAL LIFE Assurance of Canada Company

DIRECTORS: J. J. Seitz, President; M. J. O'Brien, Vice-Pres.; Dr. N. A. Dussault, Vice-Pres.; J. A. McMillan, M.P.; L. N. Poulin; C. A. McCool; W. H. McAuliffe; J. J. Lyons; A. E. Corrigan, Managing Director.

The Company offers splendid opportunities for Life Insurance Agents in all parts of Canada. Experienced field men will find it to their advantage to communicate with us.

HEAD OFFICE: OTTAWA

Story, and the faith of the mothers is sincere and deep, and oh, so touchingly pathetic, and in some cases, one feels so humbled when, after a few days, a mother comes to thank the Father for the cure of her suffering child. At one blessing, a mother asked a special prayer for her little baby, who was what is commonly known as a blue baby, one whose heart action is irregular and whose circulation poor. Two days after the woman brought the baby to the house. Its color was normal, and the delighted mother said she had slept the past two nights, the first good rest in a month. True, cynics may sneer and say that it would have happened without the blessing. At any rate it came to pass after the blessing to the great joy of the mother and as a reward for her faith, which was the "faith of the Breton peasant's wife," for which the devout Pasteur prayed without ceasing.

SISTER COMPER HONORED

RECEIVES DEGREE OF D. OF L. FROM N. Y. STATE COLLEGE. A well deserved honor has just been conferred upon Sister Mary Comper, head of the literature department of Rideau street convent, who has been given the degree of Doctor of Letters by Youville College, Buffalo, N. Y. This college is affiliated with the University of New York and is a well known seat of learning in that state. Sister Comper of Ottawa is the first to receive this degree and it is given in recognition of her great literary attainments. Youville College has further shown its appreciation of Sister Comper's work by adding her to its faculty for its summer course. She has been engaged as teacher of history and literature, her duties to commence June 29th, and conclude the end of August. Like so many of the United States schools Youville College has established as an important part of its work, a summer course for the benefit of teachers and others desiring to take advanced studies.

Sister Comper has set a high standard and for the pupils of the Rideau street convent. She is an acknowledged authority in the world of letters and is well worthy of the new honor that has been conferred upon her. When the Alumnae and Youville Circles meet again in October a special ceremony will be held in acknowledgment of the degree that has been conferred upon their president.

Yesterday and to day In the Catholic Standard and Times Rev. Father Cosmas Bruni tells about the "conversion" to Unitarianism of Rev. Mr. Tagliabate, for twenty years pastor of Jefferson Park Italian Methodist Episcopal Church, New York, and he thus comments thereon: "Here is a man for twenty years a Methodist, who becomes a Unitarian. Yesterday he preached that the Bible is the sole and sufficient rule of belief and practice; to-day he utters that the Bible can be admitted or repudiated according to the individual reason. Yesterday he believed that Our Lord Jesus Christ was the Son of God, and God Himself; that He died to atone the sins of men; to-day he denies the divinity of Christ and His death as an effective and vicarious atonement for our sins. Yesterday he defended the Trinity in God; to-day he swears that there is only one Divine Person."

Truly editing, as Father Bruni remarks, and consoling is this wonder-

THE Thornton-Smith Co. HAVE JUST COMPLETED THE DECORATION OF THE CHURCH AT SIMCOE the work giving complete satisfaction. They were particularly complimented upon the demeanour of their staff as well as upon the artistic excellence of the finished work. CORRESPONDENCE INVITED 11 King St. West, Toronto

Capital Trust Corporation, Limited Authorized Capital \$2,000,000.00 BOARD OF DIRECTORS: President: M. J. O'Brien, Renfrew. Vice-Presidents: Hon. S. N. Parent, Ottawa; Denis Murphy, Ottawa; R. P. Gough, Toronto; A. E. Corrigan, Ottawa. L. G. McPhillips, K.C., Vancouver. Geo. C. H. Lang, Berlin. J. J. Seitz, Toronto. J. J. Lyons, Ottawa. Hon. R. G. Beazley, Halifax. W. P. O'Brien, Montreal. E. Fabre Surveyl, K.C., Montreal. Hugh Doherty, Montreal. E. W. Tobin, M.P., Bromptonville. Managing Director: B. G. Connolly. Offices: 29 Sparks St., Ottawa, Ont. Consult with us in regard to your business requirements. Have you money to invest? Do you require a Mortgage Loan? Have you made your will? Are there other matters that require attention? Correspondence invited.

FIVE MINUTE SERMON  
FOURTH SUNDAY AFTER PENTE-  
COST

HOW TO SUFFER

Brethren: I reckon that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory to come, that shall be revealed in us—Ephesians of the Day.

I think, my brethren, that there are few good and faithful Christians who do not have, as they journey through life, a fair share of crosses, trials and sufferings. Sometimes these crosses are not noticed much by other people, but they are heavy enough for those who have to bear them. The priest hears more of the troubles of the world, as well as of his sins, than any one else; misery is a very old story to him; and he has his own trials, too, in plenty, though many think that in his state of life he has mostly avoided them. Yes, trouble and suffering seem to be, and indeed they really are, the rule of life for Christians, happiness rather the exception; unless we are willing to get what some call happiness by disregarding the law of God.

Now this is a very unpleasant fact; but it is a fact, and we have to accept it. But how shall we best do so? That is a point which it will be well to consider.

Shall we simply take our trouble because we cannot help it, and fret as little as we can, because fretting only makes it worse? Or shall we take comfort by thinking that others are in the same plight as ourselves; by believing, though perhaps we cannot see it, that our luck, though hard, is not harder than that of most of those around us?

These would be two pretty good ways of getting along for one who had no better. But it would be a shame for us to fall back on them. One who has faith should be able to find a better way than either of these.

"Yes," you may say, "I know what you mean; a Christian ought to be resigned to God's holy will. We are taught and we believe that all things come to us by the providence of God; that He is all-wise and infinitely good; so, when He sends us anything hard to bear, we must say, 'Thy will be done,' and know by faith that it is for the best."

Now I do not want to say anything against this way of bearing trouble; it is a good way, and it is a Christian way; none more so. And perhaps sometimes it is the only one that will seem possible. But after all it is not exactly what I mean, or it is not at any rate all that I mean; and it is not what the great apostle St. Paul, whose glorious and triumphant death after a life of suffering, we commemorate with that of St. Peter to-day, meant in those immortal words which I just read.

"I reckon," says he, "that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory to come, that shall be revealed in us."

That is his consolation. "We have," he says to us, "a little to suffer here, but what is it after all? A drop, bitter it is true, but still only a drop, against an eternal torrent of joy with which God is going to overwhelm our souls. Truly it is not worthy to be compared in its passing bitterness to the ocean of delight of which it is the earnest for the future. It is, in fact, the little price which we have to pay for that future; and it is not worth speaking of when we think what it will bring."

Indeed, my brethren, it must be a matter of astonishment to the angels, it ought to be so to us, that we think so little of the heaven which God has prepared for us. We profess to believe in it; we do believe in it; but we seem to forget all about it. We can have it if we will; moreover these very crosses and trials, if we have them, are a sign that Our Lord means almost to force it on us. Let us, then, think more of heaven, meditate on it, look forward to it. The thought of heaven was the joy and strength of the martyrs; why should it not be the constant support of ordinary Christians, too?

TEMPERANCE

A HAZARDOUS OCCUPATION

The mortality records of all big companies show that in proportion to the number of men insured, more saloon-keepers die yearly than men in any other work save, perhaps, railroad brakemen and gun testers in the navy and army.

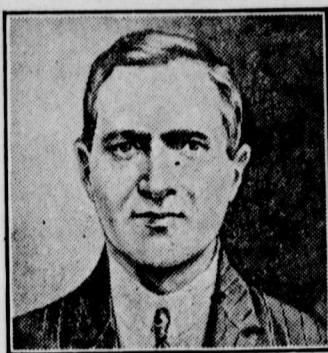
"What is the cause of this great mortality among men who keep saloons? Liquor, you will say, and you are right in a measure, but not wholly so. No doubt many saloon men do shorten their lives by use of alcohol but if they do not drink at all the rate of insurance we charge them would still be very high. The reason is what we call the moral hazard. Just what this is it is hard to say. Summed up, it is merely that they die easier and more often than men in other occupations.

"Detailed, it is, in a general way, they are open to greater temptations, break down their resistance, and many of them contract diseases where other men would not. How many saloon men have died of pneumonia during the winter? Scores of them, usually. And pneumonia is not the only disease. Their money is made easily (speaking of the saloon owner), and among that class easily won money means that it is spent easily. 'Easily spent' means a free and easy manner of life, which cuts years relentlessly from the lives of men.

"Then there is the mortality through accident. The list of saloon

PAIN NEARLY  
DROVE HIM MAD

Suffered Horribly Until He Turned  
To "Fruit-a-tives"



J. A. CORRIVEAU

DRYSDALE, ONT., June 15th, 1913  
"I am a general storekeeper at the above address, and on account of the great good I have experienced from using 'Fruit-a-tives', I recommend them strongly to my customers. They were about two years ago, I was laid up in bed with vomiting and a terrific pain at the base of my skull. The pain nearly drove me mad. Doctors feared it would turn to inflammation of the brain but I took 'Fruit-a-tives' steadily until I was cured. I have gained fifteen pounds since taking 'Fruit-a-tives' and I verily believe they saved me from a disastrous illness."

J. A. CORRIVEAU.

For Headaches, Neuralgia, Rheumatism and other diseases arising from an impure condition of the blood, 'Fruit-a-tives' is invaluable and infallible. 50¢ a box, 6 for \$2.50, trial size, 25¢. At all dealers or sent on receipt of price by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

men who have been shot or killed with a blow from a bottle, or in brawls and melees is long, especially among the poorer class saloons. The man behind the bar does not look upon his job as dangerous, no matter what the insurance companies say. However, it is interesting to know how these big insurance companies look upon one who occupies such a position.—Montgomery Journal.

A CHINESE OPINION

Wu Ting-Fang, late Chinese Minister to the United States, contributes to the current Harper's Magazine his impressions of American dinners and manners. We commend his point of view relative to drinking at public banquets and dinners. He says: "I do not suppose that many will agree with me, but in my opinion it would be more agreeable, and would improve the general conversation, if all drinks of an intoxicating nature were abolished from the dining table. It is gratifying to know that there are some families (may the number increase every day), where intoxicating liquors are never seen on their tables. So long as the liquor traffic is extensively and profitably carried on in Europe and America, and so long as the consumption of alcohol is so enormous, so long will there be a difference of opinion as to its ill effects; but in this matter America, by means of its State prohibition laws, is setting an example to the world. In no other country are there such extensive tracts without alcohol as the 'dry States' of America."

IN "WINE TEMPERATE" FRANCE

Tuberculosis has a little more than doubled in France since 1877, according to figures supplied to the Temps by Henri Schmidt, deputy, who is one of the leading figures in the temperance movement in France. Deputy Schmidt traces statistically the effects of drunkenness on births and upon the lives of children whose parents have been intemperate. Infantile mortality in Normandy, where women drink excessively, is just double what it is in the temperate department of the Gers. Infantile mortality is at its highest in those districts where absinthe drinking is prevalent.

The writer assembles figures showing that after the age of sixty, sober men have one-third greater expectation of life than intemperate men.

A WONDROUS CHURCH

No man can regard lightly any words of the late prime minister of England, William Ewart Gladstone, and we can never forget his tribute to Roman Catholicism: "She has marched for fifteen hundred years at the head of civilization and has harnessed to her chariot, as the horses of a triumphal car, the chief intellectual and material forces of the world. Her greatness, glory, grandeur and majesty have been almost, though not absolutely, all that in these respects the world has to boast of. Her children are more numerous than all the members of the sects combined; she is every day enlarging the boundaries of her vast

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 60¢.

LIQUOR HABIT

Marvelous 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.

empire. Her altars are raised in every clime, and her missionaries are to be found wherever there are men to be taught the evangel of immortality and there are souls to be saved. And this wondrous Church, which is as old as Christianity and as universal as mankind is to-day, after its twenty centuries of age as fresh and as vigorous and as fruitful as on the day when the pentecostal fires were showered upon the earth. Surely such an institution challenges the attention and demands and deserves the most serious examination of those outside of its pale."

FATHER TIM'S MAY  
SERMON TO A  
DRUMMER

WHAT CAME OF A SNEERING  
REFERENCE TO JACK  
KILDUFF'S "MESS OF BLACK  
PILLS"

I never saw Father Casey really angry but once, and that was when some one insulted the Blessed Virgin. I will tell you how it happened. Jack Kilduff, who was travelling for a New York furniture house, had just finished a cigar and a chat with two liquor drummers, and the three came forward to the chair car. Jack took a seat by himself and sat with his hand in his pocket gazing unseeing out the window. Only the keenest observer would have detected that his lips were continually moving. After some fifteen minutes he quietly turned away the rosary which he had been reciting (that was the reason he had kept his hand in his pocket), and which he never failed to recite, while traveling from one city to another. One of the liquor drummers happened to be looking that way at the time and caught sight of something in Kilduff's hand.

"Get on to the mess of black pills Jack Kilduff carries in his pocket. Say, Jack, what's the trouble? System out of order?"

"Those are not pills, you mutton head," said the other—one of those wisecracks whose reservoir of wisdom is constantly overflowing for the benefit of ordinary people's little founts. "When your doctor prescribes pills, does he make you take 'em strung on a chain like that? That's a charm Catholics use when they adore the Virgin. Hey, Jack, come out of the fog. A guy that can rake in orders for \$25,000 worth of furniture in a week ought to have enough gray matter to cut out twelfth century idolatry."

Now Father Casey always tells us that it is worse than useless to argue religion on the train; but on this occasion he had slapped his breviary shut, without marking the place, and was facing the liquor drummer before Kilduff had time to say a word.

"You have just said that Catholics practice idolatry towards the Blessed Virgin Mary. Are you aware that that statement is a gross insult to every Catholic within hearing?"

"Sorry it gets on your nerves, old man; but what I said is true."

"Prove it!" came sharp and quick as a pistol shot.

"Why, everybody knows it!"

"Everybody knows it?" echoed the priest, and his lip curled sarcastically: "if that is what you liquor drummers call proving a statement, then I wouldn't care to buy any shares in the business you are traveling for, I don't think it will double its list of customers in a week."

The drummer felt that his theological lore was rather frayed at the ends. He cursed himself inwardly for not holding his tongue. But there was no retreating now; the nearby passengers had laid down their papers and were listening for his reply. He clenched his teeth and jumped in with a splash.

"Go into any Catholic church and you will see at a glance that they adore the Virgin; they always have her image on the altar!"

"I see you have the image of an elk on your coat lapel," said Father Casey; "does that mean that you adore the beast?"

"They burn lights and offer flowers to her!"

"When you come to die, even your wife's mother will put lights and flowers around your coffin. Happy man, your mother-in-law adores you!"

The drummer did not enjoy the laugh. He charged anew.

"When they get hold of a rag or a stick or a stone that she happened to touch they think they have a treasure."

"Remember the Maine!" Do you know what a rusty piece of iron from its bulk will sell for?"

"But they pray to her!" cried the drummer. He was now striking blindly. "And we should pray to no one but God."

"What do you mean by praying?" queried the priest.

"Why, I mean to—say prayers—to—ask for things."

"And you claim that we must not ask for things from any one but God?"

"No, that isn't what I mean. I mean—"

"Your whole trouble, my dear sir, is that you don't know what you do mean, and unfortunately you have not enough sense to keep quiet until you find out. In the presence of these passengers you charged the Catholic Church with practicing idolatry towards the Blessed Virgin Mary, the charge is false, and I defy you or any man to prove it. On the contrary, I can show you black on white that, according to the universal law of the Catholic Church, any man that would practice idolatry towards the



Every ten cent packet will kill more flies than \$3.00 worth of any sticky fly killer. Refuse substitutes, which are most unsatisfactory.

Blessed Virgin Mary or any other creature would be guilty of heresy and would by that very fact be excommunicated—cut off from the Church.

"But," though Catholics do not adore the Blessed Virgin, they honor her, which is quite another thing. Why do they honor her? Because they love Jesus, and she is the Mother of Jesus. If you profess to love me, and at the same time you turn your back upon my mother, I will count your declaration of love a lie. Do not say that Jesus, being God, is indifferent to the way we treat His mother. He is the God that gave the command, 'Honor thy father and thy mother.' Will he act directly contrary to His own command—He who said, 'I have set you an example, that as I have done so you also may do?' You honor the mothers of great men yet you honor the Mother of your God? You honor the stable where Jesus was born; why not honor the Virgin that gave Him birth? It is one of the insoluble mysteries of human history that there should be so many fair-minded people who are sane on every other point, yet have an insane fear of offending Jesus if they show the marks of common decency towards His Mother.

"But," cried the drummer, who had been thinking hard and believed he saw an opening, "Catholics do more than honor the Blessed Virgin; they pray to her; they ask her to work miracles, to cure deadly wounds, to mend broken bones, and to do other things that only a God can do. Surely this is idolatry!"

"If they ask her to do these things by her own power, it surely is idolatry; if they ask her to ask God to do them, it surely is not. But why do they not ask God directly themselves instead of taking a roundabout way and asking the Blessed Virgin to ask Him? Because they are not extremists. All extremes are foolish. It is extreme and therefore foolish to speak always indirectly to God and never to dare to speak to Him directly as a child to its father. It is extreme and therefore foolish to speak directly to Him and to have a holy horror of even breathing a prayer to His Mother, as though it were high treason, like praying to the devil.

"Catholics pray at times to the Blessed Virgin because it is a delicate compliment to Jesus to show this mark of veneration for His Mother."

"Catholics pray at times to the Blessed Virgin because God encourages us to do so. When he inspired the evangelists to write his life, though they did not write one one-thousandth part of all the things He did, yet He took care that they should not omit the fact that He worked the first of His public miracles at Cana of Galilee in answer to Mary's prayer."

"Catholics pray at times to the Blessed Virgin because it brings a little of that variety into religion for which the human heart craves. The religion that has no variety in it will soon become stagnant, dull, monotonous, dead. Instead of the luxuriant vine from which all the members draw life giving sap, it is a dry stock that puts forth but one sickly shoot but once a year on the annual go-to-church Sunday."

"Catholics pray at times to the Blessed Virgin for the same reason that the boy who knows he deserves the cowhide rather than an excursion, will send his angel sister to

get him permission to go fishing rather than ask for it himself."

"All that," cried the drummer, "is silly sentiment or middle age superstition. God is the Father of all and the human heart needs no intercessor between itself and Him."

How do you know what the human heart needs? Did you ever lift a poor wretch out of the mire of sin after he had broken his good resolutions for the hundredth time, put him on his feet and bring him safe at last into his Father's house? The Catholic priest is doing this every day of his life. Experience tells him that there are numberless sinners who after falling back again and again into the most shameful sins, finally give way to despair. All the arguments in the world will not induce them to lead once more upon the God Whose mercy they have so repeatedly abused. But the very name of 'Mother' is so expressive of tenderness and pity, of forgiveness and forgetfulness of the misdeeds of wayward children, that, at the sound of that sweet name, they raise their despairing heads, and whisper, 'Mother, pray to Jesus for us.'

Here again experience tells the priest that no one that calls on Mary for help, with true sorrow for his sins and a firm purpose of amendment, is ever left unaided. You may explain it as you wish, but the fact is there, and it is a fact of extreme importance to the sinful sons of Adam. No more crafty trick was ever excogitated by a crafty devil than that which shuts off this source of salvation from thousands of Christians by means of the insane fear that affection and respect towards God's Mother is an insult to her Son.

"Here is my station. Gentlemen, I bid you good day." But, as the good priest lifted his satchel from the rack, he could not refrain from a parting shot. "Some enlightened people seem to think that every one has a right to a square deal except a Catholic. They will not charge another man with base crimes unless they have solid arguments to back their assertion; but, without even the ghost of a proof, they will call a Catholic idolatrous, superstitious, unreasonable, priest-ridden; and the Catholic is supposed to sit meek and silent and thank God that he is allowed to live. But sometimes he doesn't," said Father Casey.—C. D. McEniry, C. S. R., in the Liguorian.

CRUCIFIX EDITION



PRAYER BOOK  
SPECIAL PRICE to Readers of the  
'Catholic Record'

Address: Canada Mail Order, R9, Toronto Arcade, Toronto, Ont.

This de luxe edition Prayer Book is full bound in genuine leather. It has padded covers with enamel and gold design and full gold edges. The inside of front cover is of virgin white moire finish, with handsome border embossed in gold.

The center panel is depressed and contains an exquisitely designed pearl and gilt Crucifix with indulgenced prayer on opposite page.

It is full cathedral size 3 1/2 by 2 inches and contains 522 pages including Epistles and Gospels, Ordinary of the Mass, Novena to the Sacred Heart and Litanies.

The publisher's price of this Prayer Book is \$1.75 but we are very glad that we are able to give it to you for only \$1.50 post paid, and in order to quickly introduce it, we will also send you free, an exquisite amethyst color bead Rosary, complete with Crucifix. Please order early and state whether French or English edition is desired.

THE SPENCER  
STEEL ELECTRIC "Orgoblo"

is being used to provide wind power for over 7,000 Organs. A fan blower, quiet in operation and high-grade in every detail.  
Write LEONARD DOWNEY, London, Canada  
Selling Agent for THE ORGAN POWER CO., Hartford, Conn.

Deering New Ideal Binder



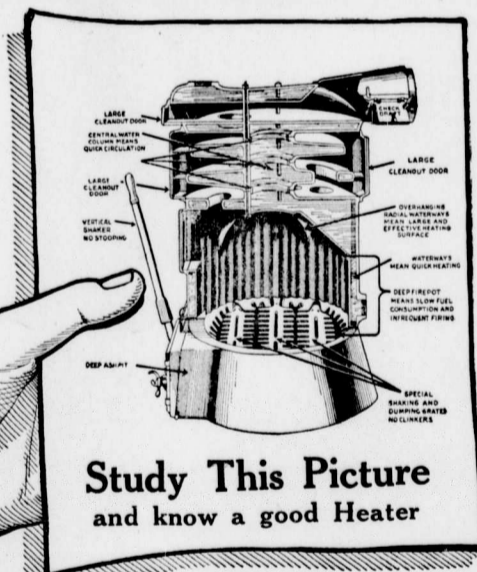
A Deering New Ideal binder will go into any grain field and cut, bind and deliver all the grain in that field. Any Eastern Canadian farmer can prove this statement to his full satisfaction by studying Deering binder features and trying the machine.

The reel is adjustable for tall, short, down or tangled grain. The special T-shape cutter bar enables the operator to tilt the platform close to the ground when necessary. The bottoms of the guards are almost level with the bottom of the platform, preventing trash being pushed in front of the knife.

Front smooth section or serrated knives can be used. Three packers and three discharge arms aid in doing efficient work. The main frame is made of tough, strong steel bars, forming a unit which the hardest usage can not twist out of shape. Then there is the famous Deering knouter—simple, accurate, unailing.

Get a catalogue from your local agent, or, write the nearest branch house.

International Harvester Company of Canada, Ltd  
Hamilton, Ont. London, Ont. Montreal, Que.  
Ottawa, Ont. Quebec, P. Q. St. John, N. B.  
These machines are built at Hamilton, Ont.



Study This Picture  
and know a good Heater

If you want a really efficient heating system for your home or building it will pay you to give a moment's thought to this picture. The statement that the Pease Hot Water Boiler and Radiators will give a better and more even heat at less cost, is not a mere claim, but is a fact proved by experience of users.

From the above picture you can readily understand how easy it is to heat the water, the shallow waterways offer such an extensive surface to the heat of the fire, and insure a rapid flow through the pipes and radiators.

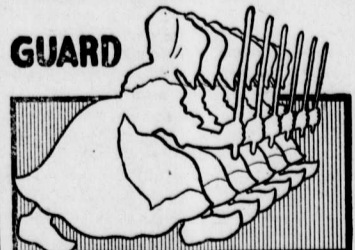
The fire and flue surfaces are backed by water, and so arranged that the heat strikes every inch of their area. Note the Fire-pot, it is deep and corrugated, with large surfaces overhanging the Fire, all joints are protected from the direct action of the Fire, and are of iron; therefore absolutely no leaks, which are a common source of trouble in ordinary Boilers.

The Vertical Shaker enables you to shake your furnace without stooping. The rocking and dumping grate—the deep ash-pit with large door for the removal of ashes—the large Fuel doors to put in Coal—the easy arrangement of dampers for regulating the Fire—All these special features go to make a



Pease  
"ECONOMY" BOILERS  
HOT WATER  
and RADIATORS

"Pays for itself by the Coal it saves."  
Decide now to install one in your home this summer and have greater happiness, greater comfort, better health next winter.  
Write for free booklet.  
PEASE FOUNDRY COMPANY, TORONTO, ONT.  
WORKS: BRAMPTON, ONT. BRANCHES: HAMILTON, WINNIPEG AND VANCOUVER



GUARD  
AGAINST DIRT  
IN HOME, OFFICE OR FACTORY  
WITH  
Old Dutch  
Cleanser  
MANY USES AND FULL DIRECTIONS  
ON LARGE SIFTER—CAN 10¢

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

THE GOOD PEOPLE

Two facts regulate the world's conduct towards a man; first, what he seeks, and second, what he is. There is a sort of second sight that regulates the appearance of mankind for the individual. If one is morose and inclined to believe his neighbors hostile, he will find them arrayed against him; but in case he takes every man for a potential friend he will be on compassed with well wishes.

The fairest morning that ever dawned wastes its beauty on one out of joint with the universe, but no lowering storm can chill the heart of him who hopes for the best. It is strange that those who find the most fault with their neighbors so seldom ask themselves the question who am I that I demand special courtesies from the denizens of this busy world? He might add, too: Am I really holding the balance fair for acquaintances? So many of us follow the example of the butcher who weighed his ample hand with the best.

Every day is a reconnoitre. The scene of the battle shifts hourly. The man whom you left last evening may have encountered the great sorrow of his life since then. Another may be going to work oppressed with pain. Nothing is fixed. Therefore caution is necessary, and with it guarded kindness. If we ourselves are so unaccountably lifted up and cast down by trivialities, so moody and changeable, surely we can afford to extend the same privilege to others.

If one has within him a fund of pity, if his soul is attuned to that fine Christian word, "misericordia," he need not lack those who need his bounty. But most miserable of all is he whose spirit is soured, who sees only the defects of others, to whom life motives are all selfish. Such a one wears the shirt of Nessus. The old folk stories tell of people given to making charms. One of the most common of these spells was the manufacture of a small image in wax of the person to be injured. The foolish votaries of hate magic believed that as the image was melted in the fire or frozen in the cold or pricked with a knife, the object of their hate suffered.

As a matter of fact these malicious people were moulding images of their own souls: the fire was that of malice, and cold that of their own ruthlessness, the wounds the self-inflicted blows of their own base dispositions. The evil minded live in a small gehenna of their own making. Every one you meet is a multiple personality, as the diamond has many facets and the sea many hues. Every man to me is what I find him, not what another considers him. There are certain people whose presence brings to the surface the worst qualities of my character; there are others who draw me up to their own nobility. I am bound to believe that others are compacted somewhat after the same fashion. There is no accounting for tastes. I have often been amazed at the attempts made by acquaintances to bring me to a good man and despise others without a hearing. On one hand many good people are malevolent; the matter of bigotry. Scores of times people have been accused to me of bigotry, latent hatred for my faith. When I came to know them I failed to find the smallest particle of proof. I fear much that some of my brethren of the fold look for bigots with microscopes. Certainly a fair minded man must make some allowance for the educational limitations and environment of those he encounters. He can add, too, for good measure the bad example and often scandal they have received from unworthy brethren. We must take folks as we find them, and not attempt to pull and pare them to our Procrustean measure. Go into any community with the fixed purpose of taking acquaintances at your own ascertained valuation, minding neither hearsay, the whispers of envy or enmity, and I am willing to guarantee that you will find nine men out of ten willing to meet you half way and render kindness for kindness. The trouble is, we are all prone to follow party lines, to mix ourselves with sectional jealousies and quarrels started before we were born. Such procedure is fatal to a fair judgment of neighbors and acquaintances. It has been a matter of wonder to me all my life that so many who have been accused as mean, dishonest and

unreliable have proved themselves good and loyal friends that hundreds who have their own sorrows yet have time to take an interest in my concerns, that in fact men and women in general are so much kinder and better than they have been reported. I am sure that most of us looking back over the past, revolving our defects, our smallness, our selfish seeking for our own interests, can honestly say that men have treated us better than we have deserved. We can re echo the kindly words of Hilaire Belloc, after his pilgrimage on foot through Europe to Rome, when he thought of all the hospitality and good fellowship of many strangers to whom he was merely a wayfarer: "The good people!"—Boston Pilot.

DON'T BE A CONSTANT GROWLER Whenever you are tempted to growl against fate or complain of your lot, just look around and find out what others are bearing. You will find many with more brains and better education, worse off than you are. Then compare your lot with that of others and if you don't quit complaining and go in for rejoicing there's something radically wrong with your mental balance. When an obstacle gets in your way don't waste time and energy in complaining about it. If you can't push it out of your path, get over it, under it, or around it, any way you can—and leave the obstacle behind you. The second obstacle will not appear half as big if you get past the first.

LOOKING TOO FAR AHEAD Doing your best sounds hard when you look far ahead. But if you pin it down to the present moment, it is not so difficult. Can you do your best just now, whether you are studying your lesson or practicing scales, or playing a game of tennis? Of course, you can, and it is not hard, either. All the trouble comes from our trying to live too many minutes at once.—True voice.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

FLORENCE CAREY'S TALENTS

Dr. Ingels told my mother he thought I had very decided ability," remarked Gladys, complacently. "I have been studying with him for three years now, and he says he thinks I have great talent. He is a perfectly wonderful teacher. Oh, I do love music!" "Yes, music's nice," said Irene, with a rather superior smile, "but I would much rather be a reader. People enjoy a good recitation so much, more than they do music. Didn't you notice at the concert Friday night how the reader was encored three times as much as any one else?" "I can't play and I can't speak," said Thelma. "But I can draw and I'm going to be an artist some day. That isn't so showy as some things, but it is real art, and no mistake, and it suits me."

"Well, I think I have a talent for studying," said Madeline. "I'm going to be a professor and have a Ph. D. after my name. That's artistic enough for me." Florence Carey slipped ahead of the girls with: "Oh, you lucky girls, to be so talented. Isn't it lovely? What would you do if you were like me—couldn't do one little thing? Why, I haven't even a talent for washing dishes." "You're a dear, sweet girl," said Madeline, "and I like you best of all, if you haven't any talent."

"Oh, girls," cried Thelma, suddenly, "did you notice Angie Gray in geometry to-day? I am sure she was cheating. I saw her look in her book." "Why, Thelma!" denied Irene. "Angie wouldn't do any such thing. She's a special friend of mine and she's not that kind." "Well, I saw her myself," said Thelma. "She never did any such thing," muttered Irene. "I saw her looking in her book, too," said Florence Carey. "But I don't think she was cheating. I think she just opened it thoughtlessly—she shut it in a hurry. Wasn't her story in English fine yesterday? She does write the nicest stories."

Again war was averted. At the gate the five friends parted, and as Florence Carey walked slowly up the pathway she thought back over the conversation. "Mother," she asked suddenly, "which is the finest art—music, reading, drawing or school teaching?"

Her mother laughed. "Goodness, Florence, such a big question! Any art is just as big as the artist makes it."

"As big as what?" asked Florence, doubtfully. "As big as the artist makes it. The artist is the measure—not the art." "Then it all depends on the person, doesn't it?" "Yes, all." "Mother, don't you wish I had a talent—or something?" "Why?" "Oh, because, Nearly all the girls are geniuses but me. My, listen to those children! What is the matter with them?" "Some mooted point in the game has caused dissension, but when it was referred to Florence she settled it promptly. Then for nearly an hour she played in the yard with "the youngsters," going in at last, flushed and breathless.

"Florence, dear, will you rid out my work basket?" asked her aunt, as she stopped at the door to speak to her. "The silks are all tangled." As Florence set to work she thought again of the subject of geniuses. "You are a genius, aren't you, auntie?" she asked. "A genius?" "Yes, if I could embroider and make lace as beautiful as you do I would say I was a star among artists. As it is, I can only smooth out the tangles in your silks, so you can be a genius."

"Well, that isn't such a bad job, either, Florence. You really do seem to have the knack of smoothing out other things besides silks. Didn't I just hear you smoothing out the difficulties among the children?" "Oh, that comes natural to me!" laughed Florence. "It's easy for me to settle scraps. The girls call me the 'Great Pacifier.'"

"Then, Florence, dear, your forte is right. Be a 'Great Pacifier.' You could not find a more worth-while art. Cultivate it. Develop it. You say it comes natural for you to smooth things out: That's just what genius is—nature. If you are by nature a born pacifier—a smoother-out of troubles—you are a lucky, lucky, girl. Music and art cannot compare with it."

Florence looked at her aunt. "How can I cultivate it?" she asked very practically. "Keep your eyes open for chances to use it, and make the most of every chance." Florence closed her eyes. "It is a very little thing," she said to herself. "It will never set the world on fire, that's sure. But, after all, I suppose it's better than nothing. It must be worth cultivating. Anyhow it's the best I've got." Then, after a long silence, she sat up and opened her eyes with an air of great surprise. "Why, auntie," she said aloud, in an astonished voice, "maybe that's why the girls like me better than the others."

And Florence Carey never said "It is a very little thing." She had found her talent, and she knew full well that it was worth cultivating and that the world needed it.—The Youth's Magazine.

HOW TO RECEIVE HOLY COMMUNION

While at the sanctuary rail hold the head erect. Keep it perfectly still during the moment the priest extends the Blessed Sacrament toward you. Do not move the face an inch forward to meet the priest's hand half way, as too many do. A moving face worries the priest terribly, lest he may drop the Host. The more you keep your head as still as a statue the more respectfully you receive. Open the mouth moderately. Extend the tongue so as to cover the lower lip completely. The priest does not wish to push the Sacred Host into the open mouth. He wishes to lay it flat on the tongue and press it down gently with his thumb, lest it may fall off when you draw it in.

After he has placed the Host on the tongue do not instantly bow the head and hit his hand with your hat, as many girls and women do. Give him time to pass to the next communicant before you do any bowing. As bad as the moving face are, habits with big brims or feathers are worse. Remember, the priest stands high above your head. In his position a wide brimmed hat completely hides your face. Wear a narrow hat or tilt it back while at the rail. After receiving, draw the tongue in slowly, allow the Host to moisten, and swallow it devoutly. If you have received two or more particles, it makes no difference. Do not stay at the altar rail too long. If others are waiting for the place you occupy retire with eyes cast down modestly and hands clasped or arms folded respectfully, or at least not swinging awkwardly. Our Lord may not care how the hands are if the heart is all right. He may not care if the clothes are soiled, unless the soul is clean. And yet we owe Him all possible respect in neatness of soul, neatness of body and neatness of attire. In this regard both rich and poor stand on equal footing. Outward respect costs nothing. When done for God's sake it is an act of worship. Let us show to those who see at our Lord's table that we really believe in His Divine Presence.—Intermountain Catholic.

It is a thousand times harder to be deaf to the beautiful songs of the birds, and the voices of our friends, and to the music of the great organ, than to be deaf to that whisper within which says, "This is the right way."

ROYAL Yeast Cakes BEST YEAST IN THE WORLD. DECLINE THE NUMEROUS INFERIOR IMITATIONS THAT ARE BEING OFFERED AWARDED HIGHEST HONORS AT ALL EXPOSITIONS E.W. GILLET COMPANY LIMITED WINNIPEG TORONTO ONT. MONTREAL

MAYOR SHAMED HIM INTO SILENCE

Vouching for its correctness, Le Couteux Leader prints the following: Some years ago, when the A. P. A. was rampant, the notorious "Father Slatery" was engaged by that un-American society to "lecture" in the Southern cities. It was arranged that the campaign of slander should begin in Memphis, Tenn.

The coming of Slatery was told on insulting posters. His press agent was ingenious and industrious. As the night of the lecture drew near, the excitement grew intense. He believed that there would be trouble. Then the deputations began to invade the Mayor's office. The Chief of Police was a Catholic. He knew that apprehensions of violence were groundless. The other side pretended to be suspicious of him. The morning Slatery was billed to arrive a deputation of ministers waited upon the Mayor. They were dreadfully in earnest. They insisted that a body of trusted "special" police should be appointed to guard the lecturer. The Mayor at last believed that the situation was alarming. He assured the ministerial deputation that he would give the matter his personal attention, and requested them to return in one hour. The Mayor was a man of superb culture and liberality, one of the leading citizens of Memphis and deserving of the confidence which all classes reposed in him. He at once sought the Catholic pastors and some of the leading Catholic laymen.

When the ministers returned, his plans were made. He told them the course he intended to follow. He intended to take charge of "Father Slatery" himself. All reception committees and guards were to be dispensed with. He would meet the "lecturer" at the railroad station with his own carriage and make him his personal guest. The press heralded abroad that the Catholics were snubbed; that the "Reverend" Slatery had to be saved from death by the snap of strong teeth. Unhappily, behind these weapons there is an irresponsible agent, and that it is which makes them formidable. So it is with sarcasm. The man who takes a pride in the glitter and edge of the dagger he loves to wield will be tempted to display its burnished brightness and experiment with its sharpness. Sarcasm forgets the woes of its victim, while it exults in its own keenness and brilliancy. It assumes a superiority which is maddening and will not only pierce its victim, but turn its weapon in the wound. Should it then be surprised if it rolls the springs of human kindness and draws to the turbid surface the refuse and mean sediment which virtue keeps suppressed. There is something of the strong man beating a woman, or of an angry man kicking a horse in the ungoverned sallies of sarcasm. The ocean travellers may admire the white spectre of an iceberg floating majestically on the waves; but it would be expecting too much of the iceberg's majesty in man's kind to think that the travellers will turn and bless this icy brilliance when their vessel has been dealt a mortal wound, and they are engulfed in the chilled waters. The cold, sharp edges of sarcasm numbers more victims than have gone down before the icebergs of the sea.

Sarcasm has been the opening scene in many a domestic tragedy. A broken sleep, a disgruntled husband at breakfast, a nervous wife forgetting to put on the salt, the curled lip unveiling a keen edged tooth, the flash and bite of a sarcastic word—enough; the curtain falls in a divorce court. Do you hunger for human affection; do you await the pleasure of trusting confidence? then avoid sarcasm. The heart will expand and mellow in the sunshine; it will not bare itself to a stiletto. A juggler whirling sharp knives cannot expect you to shake hands with him or, without fear of dire consequences to your nose, approach to kiss him. Imagine a man and wife and two sisters trying to embrace when both parties were keeping a dozen edged blades in the air. If you will be sarcastic, make up your mind to be a heart hermit. The delicate bloom of confidence and loving trust will never grow on the red-hot coals of a furnace.

The teacher, the superior, the wife, the husband, the older brother or sister, the human being who impales his victim on the cross of sarcasm and then shouts, "Vah! ah! him, will be eventually forgiven, it is to be hoped, but the high degree of virtue

sorrow filled every heart, when the massacred ties and obligations failed to save our sick from desertion, when there were no hands to smooth the throbbing brow, or give drink to the parched lips, angelic women entered our homes, dared the horrors of the plague, smiled at the spectral face of death itself, and for the lives of our children and our wives, gave up their own.

"Look at the fourth name on that roll of angels. I do not know her name, but she was a beautiful girl, and her voice had the mellow 'brogue' of the south of Ireland. She was stricken down; the terrible death mark of the plague set its seal on her lovely brow. I, too, was ill. In my anguish I cried to God for help. There was a rustle at my door. That girl robed in black, holding the crucifix in her hand, knelt beside my daughter's bed. Man! do you think she could die while an angel was caring for her? No, my daughter lived, but her ministering angel died. This is enough. Now to you: Do you think that you can pollute the air of our beautiful city by your foul slander of the priesthood and those Sisters? Why, man, the very stones of our pavement should fly in your face. If the men of our city should prove so dastardly recreant to the memory of those noble men and women who gave up their lives for us, the women of our city should rise and stone you to death. Get your fool presence from our city."

It is needless to say that he went, and the press were hard put to explain why Slatery did not speak at Memphis.

IT HAS SLAIN ITS TEN THOUSANDS

Irony is the well-dressed and comparatively harmless brother of sarcasm. Irony smiles; sarcasm is sardonic. Irony may in its wildest moments wield a lancet or a rattan, medicinal, if in enacting; the rough-handed brother is a bludgeon and a buzz saw.

Sometimes, indeed, sarcasm is a means of defence, but so, too, is a sting, a fang, a claw, or the snap of strong teeth. Unhappily, behind these weapons there is an irresponsible agent, and that it is which makes them formidable. So it is with sarcasm. The man who takes a pride in the glitter and edge of the dagger he loves to wield will be tempted to display its burnished brightness and experiment with its sharpness. Sarcasm forgets the woes of its victim, while it exults in its own keenness and brilliancy. It assumes a superiority which is maddening and will not only pierce its victim, but turn its weapon in the wound. Should it then be surprised if it rolls the springs of human kindness and draws to the turbid surface the refuse and mean sediment which virtue keeps suppressed. There is something of the strong man beating a woman, or of an angry man kicking a horse in the ungoverned sallies of sarcasm. The ocean travellers may admire the white spectre of an iceberg floating majestically on the waves; but it would be expecting too much of the iceberg's majesty in man's kind to think that the travellers will turn and bless this icy brilliance when their vessel has been dealt a mortal wound, and they are engulfed in the chilled waters. The cold, sharp edges of sarcasm numbers more victims than have gone down before the icebergs of the sea.

Sarcasm has been the opening scene in many a domestic tragedy. A broken sleep, a disgruntled husband at breakfast, a nervous wife forgetting to put on the salt, the curled lip unveiling a keen edged tooth, the flash and bite of a sarcastic word—enough; the curtain falls in a divorce court. Do you hunger for human affection; do you await the pleasure of trusting confidence? then avoid sarcasm. The heart will expand and mellow in the sunshine; it will not bare itself to a stiletto. A juggler whirling sharp knives cannot expect you to shake hands with him or, without fear of dire consequences to your nose, approach to kiss him. Imagine a man and wife and two sisters trying to embrace when both parties were keeping a dozen edged blades in the air. If you will be sarcastic, make up your mind to be a heart hermit. The delicate bloom of confidence and loving trust will never grow on the red-hot coals of a furnace.

required for such forgiveness is not at present a drug on the market. To expect conversion of any kind from sarcasm, displays in the user exceptionally rare faith. Since the time Adam got sarcastic with Eve, or vice versa, sarcasm has made almost as many converts as there are moons to the earth or suns in our planetary system or Christmases in one year. The sarcastic Herod did not deserve a word from Christ. Some Christian legends have canonized Pilate, but the devil advocate had no trouble in excluding Herod from the roll of Saints.—America.

GETTING ACQUAINTED WITH THE CATHOLIC CHURCH

Perhaps the commonest feeling, even among educated people, outside of the Catholic Church is that the Church does not believe and never has believed in allowing her members to acquire any store of general information, and, indeed, as far as possible, has discouraged education. It is curious to see what happens to these people whenever they themselves learn enough about the Church to be justified in having an opinion. They then realize almost poignantly that it has been their own ignorance of the Catholic Church and her ways that has led them to think that she is the fosterer of ignorance or is, indeed, anything but an enlightened patron of education. It is sometimes surprising to see how forcibly this strikes Protestants who are brought face to face with some real knowledge and information as to the Church and her ways. Prof. Von Ixville, the professor of history at the University of Halle-Wittenburg, Luther's own university, became a convert not long since, and declared that he did so as the result of the first Catholic book that he had ever read.

Like so many other Protestants, he thought he knew all about the Church. He had never read anything but Protestant books about her, but he was sure that these were scholarly and sincere and quite assured that there was nothing further for him to learn about her. Then came revelation, when for the first

time he read a Catholic book. He had been a professor of history for twenty years, yet had never consulted a real original authority. Surely other Protestants are scarcely to be blamed if even university professors do not read the other side.

RIDER AGENTS WANTED We ship our approved to any part of the world... DO NOT BUY... ONE GENT... FREDERICK DYER

Rheumatism

I Gladly send My Drafts which are Relieving Thousands to every Sufferer TO TRY FREE

Just Send your Name on a Postal

This offer is open to everyone... FREDERICK DYER... DYEING IMPURITIES ARE CAREFULLY EXPLAINED AND... DYE

5 Room SOVEREIGN HOUSE \$335 The Sovereign Ready-Cut System enables you to buy all the materials for a complete home direct from the original producer... IT HAS SLAIN ITS TEN THOUSANDS Irony is the well-dressed and comparatively harmless brother of sarcasm.

Safford and the house will rent easier Say "Safford" \$45... Safford Boilers and Radiators

NO matter how brief a "house-to-rent" ad may be, hot water heating is mentioned, if the house is so heated, because it makes the house more readily rentable or saleable. And the house is even more easily rented if the ad says "Safford" heating, because

Safford Boilers and Radiators are acknowledged to be "The Standard"—the one system that is built by an organization of specialists, who devote their time exclusively to the manufacture of hot water and steam heating systems.

You would naturally expect a specialized system to be very superior. The Safford boiler, for example, has 70% of its heating surface directly around the fire, whereas ordinary boilers have but 51%. The more direct the heating, the less coal required to heat your home to 70 degrees, provided the water circulation is rapid. And the Safford water circulation is rapid, because after being heated, it has only one-third the distance to travel to get out of the fire-pot that the water in an ordinary boiler has. It circulates three times as rapidly. The proof of the Safford's superiority shows in the coal bill, for you will pay for one-third less fuel than the man with an ordinary boiler of same size. And you will experience the comfort of a perfectly heated home, too. Full particulars about the Safford—the specialized system—are obtainable in our "Home Heating" booklet. It will only take you a minute or so to send a post-card request for it. You couldn't put your time to a better purpose. THE DOMINION RADIATOR COMPANY TORONTO, CANADA Branches: Montreal, St. John, Hamilton, Winnipeg, Vancouver, Calgary

SAMSON ROOFING For poultry houses, pig-sheds and all the hundred-and-one other small buildings around the farm there is nothing better or more economical than SAMSON ROOFING Samson must be good enough to back up the guarantee that accompanies every roll of it or we could not afford to so guarantee it. The life of a roofing depends on the thoroughness with which the fabric base is saturated with the waterproofing compound and the hardness of its surface. In the making of Samson Roofing special attention is given to these points. Bear in mind that Samson combines the qualities of economy, durability, and fire-proofness to the highest degree attainable by the use of the best of materials and the greatest of care in its making. Write for our booklet "The Roofing of Farm Buildings." It contains many useful suggestions. Ask your dealer for Samson Brand. H. S. HOWLAND, SONS & CO., Limited 144 Front Street West Toronto

**Get Acquainted with the**  
**O-Cedar Mop Polish**

Over a million are in use and every owner is satisfied. Ask your neighbor about it—How easy it makes housecleaning. You can reach anywhere with it—high or low—collects every grain of dust and holds it.

—Ask your dealer about it and the O-Cedar Dusting Mop. Sent anywhere in Canada, express paid for \$1.50.

**Channell Chemical Co., Ltd.**  
 359 Spadina Ave. Toronto, Canada

**YOU OUGHT TO KNOW**

That Martin Luther was born in 1483. That before the year 1500—when Luther attained the age of seventeen years, more than twelve editions of the Bible had been published. In 1455 the celebrated "Mazarin" (Latin) edition; in 1457, the Psalter was printed and published; in 1459; a second edition of the Psalter was published; in 1462, a second edition of the Bible was published in Latin; in 1483, the year of Luther's birth, Koburger's edition of the Bible, in German, was published with more than one hundred woodcuts by Michael Wolgemut; fifteen editions were subsequently published; in 1479, there were nine editions of the Bible published from the Amberbach Press at Baale, in German; that fourteen complete editions had been published in High German and five in Low German between 1489 and 1500; that eleven editions of the Psalms were published prior to 1518; that two editions of the Bible were printed and published in England prior to 1547; that the Catholic Church holds fast to the Bible and reverences it to-day as she ever did and ever will do while Protestantism is rejecting it because of chasing after the jack-o'-lantern of "Higher Criticism."—Bombay Examiner.



**J. RAY CLANCY**  
 Representing the Catholic Record in Ottawa and Eastern Ontario

ful illuminating system, and other interesting features. The "Seandub" is the largest and most costly passenger steamer on inland waters of the world; length 500 feet, breadth 66 feet 6 inches, 50 staterooms and parlors accommodating 1,500 passengers, equaling in sleeping capacity the largest hotels of the country, and she can carry 6,000 people, the population of a good sized town.

The fares for this lake trip are less than by rail, and also any railroad tickets reading between Cleveland and Buffalo are accepted for transportation on C. & B. Line Steamers.

**TEACHERS WANTED**

**CATHOLIC TEACHER WANTED FOR SEPARATE SCHOOL SECTION AT SOUTH GLOUCESTER, ONT.** Holding 1st or 2nd class Normal certificate. Salary \$450 per year. Duties to begin after summer holidays. Apply to Rev. Geo. D. Prudhomme, P. P. Sec., South Gloucester, Ont. 1861-4

**TEACHER WANTED FOR THE KEWATIN SEPARATE SCHOOL, HOLDING THIRD OR SECOND CLASS CERTIFICATE AND TO BE ABLE TO TEACH BOTH FRENCH AND ENGLISH.** Salary \$350 per year. Apply to Sec. Treas. Joseph Gagnon, Kewatin, Ont. 1862-4

**WANTED EXPERIENCED TEACHER FOR S. S. No. 3, St. Columban, holding professional second class certificate. Duties to commence Sept. 1st. Apply, stating experience and salary required and giving references to P. V. McGrath, Sec. Treas., St. Columban, Ont. Applications close June 30th. 1861-2**

**EXPERIENCED TEACHERS FOR COBALT SEPARATE SCHOOL, DUTIES TO COMMENCE SEPT. 1, 1914.** Apply stating experience and salary to O. A. Baker, Cobalt, Ont. 1861-3

**TEACHER WANTED FOR PLANTAGENET HIGH SCHOOL TO TEACH SCIENCE AND MATHEMATICS.** Salary \$800. Apply to J. W. Desjardins, Sec. Plantagenet, 1861-3

**CATHOLIC LADY TEACHER FOR THE JUNIOR ROOM OF THE TROUT CREEK PUBLIC SCHOOL, 2nd class professional. Salary \$300. Duties to commence Sept. 1st, 1914. D. F. Quinlan, Sec. Trout Creek, 1861-3**

**TEACHER WANTED FOR C. S. S. No. 9, Keatney. Fully qualified to begin Sept. 1st. Apply by letter, stating certificate held, experience and salary expected, to J. W. Brown, Sec. Treas., Keatney, Ont. 1861-4**

**TEACHER WANTED FOR PUBLIC SCHOOL, SECTION No. 3, Greenoch township, Bruce county (south). Average attendance 24. Rural mail. Duties to begin Sept. 1st, 1914. Applications will be received up to July 2nd. State experience, qualifications and salary expected to Daniel Madden, Chestnut, Ont. 1861-3**

**NEWFOUNDLAND FOXES FOR SALE. RANCH BRED BLACK SILVER PUPS, ALSO CRABES, BEST FUR-BEARERS IN NORTH AMERICA. One Nid fox pup sold on London market for \$3,000. Offers accepted, J. F. and D. C. Gillis, Fox Ranchers, Crabbes Station, Newfoundland. 1861-6**

**Catholic Church Goods**  
 Altar Plate, Statues, Stations of the Cross, Altars of Carrara Marble, Dapratino and Wood, etc.  
 All orders given prompt attention. Mission Supplies a specialty.

**J. J. M. Landy**  
**Catholic Church Goods**  
 405 YONGE ST., - TORONTO

**MEMORIAL WINDOWS**  
**STAINED GLASS**  
 N. T. LYON GLASS CO.

**O. M. B. A. Branch No. 4, London**  
 Meets on the 2nd and 4th Thursday of every month at eight o'clock, at their Rooms St. Peter's Parish Hall Richmond Street. P. H. KARASAN, President. James S. McDONNELL, Secretary.

**THE HOME BANK OF CANADA**  
 ORIGINAL CHARTER 1854

Your account is respectfully solicited for any transaction in which a Chartered Bank may be of service.

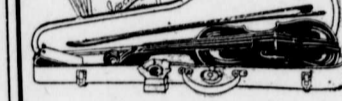
**LONDON OFFICE 394 RICHMOND ST. W. J. HILL Manager**

BRANCHES ALSO AT  
 Thorndale, Delaware, Ilderton, Komoka, Melbourn, Lawrence Station

**HOUSEKEEPER WANTED FOR PRIEST IN CITY PARISH IN WESTON ONTARIO.** Apply stating age, experience etc. to Box B, CATHOLIC RECORD, London, Ont. 1861-3

**FARM FOR SALE**  
 174 acres Clay Loan, 21 Wheat, 13 Oats, 11 Hay, 8 Corn, 1 Potatoes, 10 Orchard, 5 Bush; balance in pasture, 2 good Wells, 2 Cisterns, Frame House 9 rooms, Barn 40 x 60, Horse Stable, Cow Stable, Drive Shed, Buildings all in good condition, 14 miles from Thorold, Ont. 3 minutes from Stop 4 Trolley Car. Price \$2000. Terms \$500 cash, balance \$1500 on mortgage at 6 per cent. Apply DAVID BATTLE, THOROLD, ONT. 1861-2

**AGENTS WANTED**  
 everywhere in territory not already represented, to demonstrate and exhibit our handsome violin outfits of Jeiffroy 1914 Model Band Instruments. It is not even necessary to be able to play.



**BIG PROFITS.** Everybody wants to play some instrument. Agents can make handsome profits with a little spare time.

**SPECIAL OFFER.** Write for our special agents proposition with catalogue and full particulars. Free postpaid. State what instrument you prefer; it costs you only One Cent to do this. You can build up a good business. If already represented, our dealer will notify you promptly.

**DO NOT BUY** an instrument of any kind until you write us.

**The R. S. WILLIAMS & SONS CO., Ltd.**  
 145 Yonge St., Toronto Dept. A

**Funeral Directors**

**John Ferguson & Sons**  
 180 King Street  
 The Leading Undertakers and Embalmers  
 Open Night and Day  
 Telephone—House 3/3 Factory—543

**R. G. Killingsworth**  
 Funeral Director  
 Open Day and Night  
 491 Richmond St. Phone 3971

**UNUSUAL Summer Sale of Used Pianos**

Such a sale as this, of high grade used pianos at very low prices is, to say the least, exceptional. These fine instruments are priced extremely low in order to move them quickly. If you wish to get a real bargain you cannot afford to overlook this list.

**TERMS OF SALE**  
 Pianos under \$250—\$10 Cash and \$6 per month  
 Pianos over \$250—\$15 Cash and \$7 per month

Ten per cent. discount allowed for cash, or if these terms are not satisfactory, payments quarterly or half-yearly, or at any stated interval, may be arranged. Pianos are shipped carefully boxed, and subject to your absolute approval. If not satisfactory, we agree to pay the return freight. **Order at once and you will not be disappointed.** In ordering, send your second choice, in case the first should be sold before your order is received.

**List of Exceptional Bargains**

**DOMINION**—7 octave upright piano by the Dominion Piano Co., Bowmanville. Case in walnut with full length music desk, Boston fall-board, three pedals, ivory and ebony keys, etc. Sale Price \$195

**MENDELSSOHN**—A very attractive, almost new, small size upright piano by the Mendelssohn Piano Co., Toronto. Case in rich mahogany, simple style, with three pedals, full length panels, etc. Sale Price \$210

**HEINTZMAN & CO.**—A 7 1/3 octave upright piano by Heintzman & Co., Toronto, in walnut case with plain polished panels, double repeating action, etc. Has been thoroughly reconstructed and is in perfect order. Sale Price \$220

**MENDELSSOHN**—A beautiful 7 1/3 octave upright piano by the Mendelssohn Piano Co. in mahogany case, with full length panels and music desk, three pedals, ivory and ebony keys, etc. Just like new. Sale Price \$238

**CABLE**—A Cabinet Grand Upright Piano by Foyette S. Cable, Chicago. Case is in handsomely figured walnut, Louis XV. style. This piano is slightly used but cannot be told from new. Sale Price \$245

**GERHARD HEINTZMAN**—7 1/3 octave upright piano by the Gerhard Heintzman Co., Toronto, in attractive walnut case with full length music desk, plain polished panels, ivory and ebony keys, etc. As good as when new. Sale Price \$269

**McMILLAN**—This Cabinet Grand piano was made by us in our own factory. Is of splendid quality, both in materials and workmanship. Is almost new and in perfect order. Case of new style in rich mahogany. Special Sale Price \$275

**GOURLAY**—An almost new Gourlay Piano, Boudoir style, in richly figured mahogany case, without carving on panels. This piano—less than a year old—has been used so little that it cannot be told from new. Sale Price \$305

**GOURLAY**—An Art style Gourlay, with the new Grand Scale, the scale that has won for the Gourlay its reputation as "Canada's most nearly perfect piano." The design is old English, and while finished without carving, its beautifully contrasted veneers and perfect lines will delight the most critical. Almost new. Sale Price \$345

**Gourlay, Winter & Leeming**  
 188 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont.



**"Infant Feeding and Management"**

THIS is the title of a booklet every mother should possess, not so much because it is free but because it tells you how, from birth, strong and healthy children can be reared solely on the "Allenburys' Foods."

For many years doctors all over the world have pronounced these foods to be nearer in nutritious value and digestibility to the natural food, and safer from contamination than any other substitute that science has achieved.

Your own baby will grow sturdy and strong, happy and healthy, if you feed baby on

**Allenburys' Foods**

Milk Food No. 1 from birth to 3 months; Milk Food No. 2 from 3 to 6 months. Malted Food No. 3 from 6 months upwards.

The most rational and scientific system of artificial feeding.

Send for this booklet free. Reason why?

**THE ALLEN & HANBURYS CO., LIMITED, 66 Gerrard St., East, Toronto.**

**THIS INVESTMENT HAS PAID 7% PER ANNUM**

half-yearly, since the Securities of this corporation have been placed on the market 10 years ago. Business established 28 years. Investment may be withdrawn in part or whole at any time after one year. Safe as a mortgage. Write at once for full particulars and booklet.

**NATIONAL SECURITIES CORPORATION LIMITED**  
 CONFEDERATION LIFE BUILDING, TORONTO, ONTARIO

**THE STORY OF A CONVERSION**

**INTERESTING REMINISCENCES RELATED BY SIR HENRY BELLINGHAM**

Sir Henry Bellingham contributes an account of his conversion from Protestantism to the Church. It was, he says, the most momentous decision of his life, and the growth of his convictions having been so gradual, he finds it hard, he adds, to express himself in words. He says he got his earliest ideas about Catholicism in Ireland, where he was born and where he passed the first seven years of his life. His mother was a deeply religious woman of the Low Church type, and her convictions were those of the severest type, not far from Calvinism. She believed that "the Pope was the Man of Sin" and also that he was the anti-Christ of the Apocalypse. No Catholic was in her service, and all Catholic ideas were abhorrent to her. She always "inculcated internal piety rather than external reverence and disliked ritual of all kinds." Young Bellingham was therefore brought up in an atmosphere of anti-Catholic hate, as abuse of "Papiasts" was the fashion in her home and social

**24TH ANNUAL PILGRIMAGE**

The 24th Annual Pilgrimage from the Archdiocese of Kingston to the Shrine of St. Anne de Beaupre, will take place July 21st, 1914, under the patronage of the Most Rev. M. J. Spratt, D.D., Archbishop of Kingston. The pilgrimages is the largest pilgrimages that has ever left Eastern Ontario. Four special trains will run as follows: A special from Toronto and East, on the C.P.R., a second special from Whitby on a new lake shore C.P.R. line. Special G.T.R. trains from Whitby, Haliburton and Peterborough. A special from Brockton and east on the C.N.R. connecting with all branch lines of the Company and running through Ottawa.

Fares will give full particulars of departure of trains from stations, rates, etc.

Parties intending to take a short holiday should consider this trip to St. Anne de Beaupre, as it will afford them an opportunity of visiting Montreal and the historic city of Quebec, as well as the far famed A cordial invitation is extended to members of all denominations.

For fuller information apply to  
 Rev. J. J. CONNELLY,  
 Director of Pilgrimage,  
 Trenton, Ont.

**SUMMER TRAVEL**

Travel to be enjoyable must be restful, and at this season of the year whether your trip takes you East or West break its monotony, either at Cleveland or Buffalo, by a refreshing night's sleep across Lake Erie on a veritable floating hotel with every convenience for comfort and enjoyment. C. & B. Line steamers leave either city every evening and arrive early the next morning.

The fame of the Great Ship "Seandub" which was added to this splendid fleet last season is attracting to the route a vast number of travellers to enjoy the delightful lake trip and, at the same time, inspect her magnificent interior decorations, wonderful

**HUMBLE BUT SINCERE**

We give space as requested to this "humble but sincere tribute" of an old man who feels that he himself is entering into the valley of the shadow through which his friend has passed. It serves to light up some of the little known byways of friendship and sympathy in the busy life of the late Senator who was singularly tenacious of old-time friendships and associations. That in the years when success was achieved he retained the affection of the humble friends of long ago is something that all those who reverence the gentle old man's memory will be glad to recall.—Ed. C. R.

Will the Editor of the CATHOLIC RECORD please find space for this humble but sincere tribute to my old friend and oblige an old man who has for the past eight weeks been fighting, and still is, for his own life. It may seem like an intrusion for a poor man, a broken down old laborer, to ask this, but I have known the late Senator since the summer of 1878—a long time—and we have always been friends.

TO THE MEMORY OF THE LATE HON. THOMAS COFFEY, SENATOR OF CANADA AND REPRESENTATIVE OF THE CATHOLICS OF CANADA

Come unto Me all ye that labor  
 And I will give you rest  
 Come unto Me the Lord hath called  
 And our friend hath heard His voice  
 I come Lord, he answers back,  
 Thy call hath made my soul rejoice,  
 I was so tired and weary, Lord,  
 With my burden of care and pain  
 I come to Thee who canst give me rest  
 And count all I lose but gain.  
 Miserere Domine.

He that believeth on Me tho he be dead yet shall he live  
 Our friend is not dead, he only sleeps  
 On Jesus' loving breast  
 He hath only gone before to that sweet rest  
 Where those that love are blest.  
 Parce nobis Domine.

I will blot out all thy iniquities  
 And thy transgressions I will put behind me  
 Remember not, oh Lord, his offence  
 For we are by nature frail  
 Only remember Thine own sweet love  
 And hear us when we call  
 Jesu Refugium Peccatorum.

I know that my Redeemer liveth  
 And that in the latter days  
 He shall stand upon this earth  
 And that I in my flesh shall see my God.

Credo in Carnis Resurrectionem.  
 Yes Lord we know that Thou hast come  
 And Thou shalt come again  
 We know that Thou didst bleed and die  
 To save us from eternal pain.  
 Gloria Tibi Domine.

Yet though we know our friend is free  
 From earthly care and sorrow  
 At night we'll often pray and sigh  
 For him we shall not meet to-morrow

But God is good, wise, true and just  
 In all His holy way, and on His promise we rely  
 To meet thee in eternal day.

They mourn thy loss with aching hearts  
 And loath from thee were they to part  
 Hard it was to see thee go  
 When God said come My chosen one  
 Come My elected to thy true home  
 Come rest forever in my love.

The blow was hard to bear, oh God,  
 When Thou didst call from sin and sorrow  
 Him whom we loved to call  
 Leader, father, friend and brother.  
 Requiesscat in pace.

THOS. J. M. DOUGHERTY,  
 An old Pressman,  
 London, Ont.

**EATON'S**

**YOUR BOOK OF BARGAINS**

**SEMI-ANNUAL SALE CATALOGUE HAVE YOU RECEIVED THIS BOOK OF BARGAINS?**

We have just published the best Bargain Catalogue we have ever known. That is our opinion, and we believe you will say the same once you look your copy over. There are unlimited buying opportunities in this Catalogue that mean a saving, measured best by the volume you secure. It will pay you to make regular purchases from this Catalogue, so that you may benefit to the fullest extent. This announcement is particularly directed towards those who for some reason or other have not received a copy of this Catalogue. We desire to furnish all who are interested enough to write us so that we may forward a copy without further delay. Do not forget that, over and above all the wonderful buying this Catalogue affords you, a further saving is assured in our free delivery offer.

**WE PREPAY SHIPPING CHARGES ON ALL 10.00 ORDERS**

This is, indeed, a feature of our Sale Catalogue that enhances your saving in no small degree. It means that everything in this Catalogue can be bought and delivered free of all shipping charges to you at the wondrously low prices quoted if your order amounts to \$10.00 or over. A further convenience should be taken into account in that customers may club their orders together to make up this amount, and we will send the goods ordered on to the one address, shipping charges prepaid by us.

**EVERY PURCHASE IS EATON GUARANTEED**

You take no risk—at no time and under no circumstances. Our positive assurance to you is that you must be satisfied, and here is your protection, THE EATON GUARANTEE: "Goods satisfactory or your money refunded, including shipping charges."

**YOU CAN SECURE VALUES LIKE**

These FROM YOUR EATON SALE CATALOGUE

**EVERY WOMAN WILL WELCOME THIS OFFER**

**BLU-AND-WHITE CHECK GINGHAM APRON 29c**

72-X447. A neat, well-made All-over Apron of strong blue and white check gingham, trimmed with narrow folds of white. Cut in a simple, sensible style, which assures a good fit; two pockets, easily laundered. A practical and serviceable apron as a very low price. Price..... 29c

**WOMEN'S GLOVES 59c Each Pair**

Women's Double Tipped 22-inch Long Silk Gloves. Made with 2 domes, 4 buttons, and double wear finger tips. By placing an order in August 1914, and thus getting your gloves before the dull season we are able to give you this special bargain. Many big merchants would be pleased to have such a glove as this to sell at twenty-five or thirty-five cents. If you need gloves, order now!

**DON'T FAIL TO BUY STATE SIZE**

26-X558A. Tan, 26-X558B. White. STATE SIZE. Street 6, 7, 7 1/2 and 8. Shipping weight 2 ounces each pair. Pair..... 59c

**GINGHAM HOUSE DRESS 73c**

84-X657. This splendid House Dress is made of cheery checked Gingham—One of the best wearing fabrics known, and is the product of one of our factories making a specialty of this line of garments which secure for the very low price. Range sizes 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, or 44. Skirt 45 to 47 inches (with deep hem). Choice of Oxford Grey and White or Navy and White. Price..... 73c

**T. EATON CO LIMITED**  
 TORONTO CANADA

Whatever our station, there will be trials to bear and responsibilities to shoulder; and commensurate with our bearing of them will be our satisfaction, our happiness, and our peace.

Happy is the house that shelters a friend! It might well be built like a festal bower or orch, to entertain him a single day. Happier, if he know the solemnity of that relation and honor its law.