









praise. Such words rarely fell from his lips. "I don't see any use of complaining," said he. "You helped me a heap, doctor, and when I suffer I say: 'Lord, I'll suffer all you send me if you keep suffering away from my good doctor.'"

"Do you really say that, boy?" "Every day, doctor, but I'll hold the Lord I'm willing to bear any pain and ache that comes if He doesn't send any to you."

And then Dr. Storm looked back at his perfect and robust health these six years past and wondered if James Ignatius' prayers had anything to do with it. He was silent so long that the boy feared he was offended, and so expressed himself.

"Offended! Good heavens, boy, how could I be? I was thinking that you had perhaps been saying my prayers before the Lord all these years, for I never had a minute's pain and have never had time to pray for myself."

"On doctor, do you never pray?" "Not much, my son."

"And how do you expect God to take care of you?" "The question was inclusive, and the doctor finished before the clear gray eyes of the boy. His religion was his profession, and it was true that his knees trembled in prayer. He felt reproved, and wished the boy would speak of other things."

James Ignatius slipped his thin little hand into the firm, strong one of the doctor and said: "I'll ask God to let all your kind deeds to people be your prayers, and then I'll pray more and more that your life may be good and happy. But, doctor, you must speak to Him yourself sometimes. He will always hear you."

The doctor would rise hastily after such talks and say his time was up, but he always smiled his rare smile into the eyes of the boy, like a flash of light from behind a storm cloud when James Ignatius would lie still and think. Could it be possible that his idolized doctor never prayed to our Lord and to His sweet, spotless mother whom he loved so much? Impossible!

And then he would slip his hands under the covers and with closed eyes say his rosary for Dr. Storm, the nurse would tip-toe past and think he slept.

Dr. Storm's heart became like wax in the hands of little James Ignatius. He did not know how it came to pass, but he found himself telling him of his early life, of his struggles, of his bitter experiences, of the death of all he loved, and of his gradual crystallization and absorption of his soul by his profession. To all of which James Ignatius listened gravely, and never by a wrong word jarred on his mood. And in the few minutes' talk of every day by that little boy he found the simple old faith of his childhood and the beliefs of his youth. James Ignatius brought him back to God, and the great surgeon found his way once more to prayer in the guileless, yet stern, language of the dying lad.

Yes, the crippled boy was dying. All the resources of science proved vain and useless, and Dr. Storm confessed himself vanquished as he looked on the thin little face and saw the light of the blessed vision in the eyes of the little martyr.

It was Holy Week, and in the days that succeeded Palm Sunday, James Ignatius was worse. The nurse said that Dr. Storm was sicker than usual, more unsmiling, as such men when their hearts are stirred. His short visits to the little fellow's bed became more frequent, and on Holy Thursday morning he left word that a wineglass of milk and stimulant should be given to James Ignatius every three hours. The child had no inclination to talk to any one except to Dr. Storm, but a faint little smile always appeared when his doctor did a kind act for him. Another little lad who was in the same ward with him often sat by his bed, and thus relieved the nurse when duty called her elsewhere.

James Ignatius always shared his dainties with this little chum, Dickie, who was not blessed with much good things that came his way. James Ignatius had given to him everything eatable that kind friends had sent him in Holy Week, and Dickie had quietly carried everything away to a certain hiding place where he secretly devoured them at leisure. Oranges, bon-bons, fruits of all kinds disappeared, and the nurse flattered herself that her charge would never perish of starvation. James Ignatius never uttered a word as he saw his gifts appropriated, and it goes without saying, neither did Dickie. Besides, the good priest who attended him and gave him the last sacraments had laid particular stress on the Holy Week through which they were passing, and on Holy Thursday, after he had given him the blessed Viaticum, spoke touchingly of the dear Lord's sufferings on Good Friday—His fasting and toments and His agony and death on the cross for sinners, for those who would not pray or try to benefit by His death. The words clung to the memory of James Ignatius. Suppose he would fast all Good Friday and unite with the suffering Saviour, and by the dying God to bless Dr. Storm for all his goodness to a poor little boy that was crippled and of no account to any one! His generous soul sprang to the thought. He did not realize his weakness; he did not know it would hasten his death. The spirit of an apostle burned in him and the single thought of the doctor's soul dominated his whole being. Hence, when the wineglass of stimulant was offered to him every three hours he would simply say: "Put 'em down, nurse. I'll wait a minute." And when her back was turned he beckoned to Dickie, who swallowed it with one gulp. Weaker and weaker he grew, but he was not fasting like the dear Lord to save a soul? Dr. Storm came in several times that Good Friday, his heart torn at the pinched look of the sweet little boy face. He could not understand the increasing weakness of James Ignatius in spite of the constant stimulation. He questioned the nurse, he saw the empty wineglass, and he never dreamed of questioning the vacant-faced Dickie, who sat at the foot of the bed in apparent patience and devotion. Good Friday was passing. James Ignatius had tasted nothing all day. Nature could hold out no longer, and at 1

o'clock it was apparent the little fellow was in his agony. The priest came to his bedside and found Dr. Storm seated there with his fingers on his pulse. He watched the life ebbing from the one creature who had found a way to his hungry heart. The big gray eyes of the dying boy, fixed on his friend's face, still held the love that had animated his little heart when he offered his fasting and pain for the doctor, but his lips could not frame a word.

As the clock struck 3, the dreaded change came. The doctor did not move but between the spasms he saw the lips of James Ignatius move, and stooping low, he caught the words, disjointed and trembling: "Dear—doctor—I—fasted—for your soul—like Jesus—did on Good—Friday." With an expression of ineffable sweetness the tortured body gave up its white soul, and paradise opened to poor crippled James Ignatius!

The doctor rose with a face as white as marble. He pressed the eyelids shut, laid the thin little hands on James Ignatius' breast and turned away. With an intuition that was almost like a revelation he saw the whole tragedy. James Ignatius had started to death for his salvation! He turned to Dickie, who was wailing aloud. One glance showed the culprit.

"Did you take his medicine?" "It was only milk and stuff," wailed Dickie. "And he gave it to me every time."

"Well, you killed him, that's all!" said Doctor Storm in a voice of thunder, and he strode out of the ward.

He looked himself in his room, and on his knees, the string swept as few men pray, and registered a vow that the sacrifice of James Ignatius should have its recompense. The beauty and grandeur of the little cripple's soul, the wonder of his love, the greatness of his Good Friday offering again and again overwhelmed him. He prayed with all his being, and he prayed he felt the gentle spirit of the boy hovering near, bringing him strength and purpose. Doctor Storm arose a new man, a fervent Catholic Christian forever.

James Ignatius was buried with solemn High Mass. The mourners were but two—poor, simple Dickie and Doctor Storm.

THE DANGERS OF BAD READING

In a recent sermon in St. Ignatius Church, Galway, the Rev. Father Masterson, S. J., after having indicated the chief help to the soul as prayer, frequentation of the Sacraments, devotion to the Blessed Virgin—spoke at some length of that important, though negative help, which consists in the avoidance of reading evil literature. He said:

"This is a matter in which even some Catholics are sensitive, and chafe under the restrictive legislation passed by the Church. They will tell you they cannot understand how the Church can have anything to say in the matter. They had thought that the function of the Church was to define and disseminate revealed truth; and that she seems to be going beyond the limits of her competence when she implicates herself in our literary pursuits, and would set boundaries to our literary outlook; really, in matters literary, we ought to be perfectly free to follow the objects of our free choice. People who talk in this way show that they do not understand the nature of literature, means; as they most unquestionably contract unduly the ambit of the Church's teaching authority. As I shall show you by and by, the Church has the right to pronounce on both science and literature. Every well-informed Catholic will concede this right; and every reflecting Catholic will see that the nature of the literature which the Church will be more often called on to exercise that right within the domain of science. The subject matter of science is objective truth, truth as it exists in itself, as it exists independently of us, and of what we may think of it. The man of science confines himself to his own subject matter; he deduces his conclusions logically from his first principles; on the one hand, he need not be afraid of ecclesiastical interference; on the other hand, the Church will have nothing to fear from his scientific speculations. Heresy and vice are not propagated through the medium of the multiplication table, nor of Euclid's geometry; nor would the most hardened libertine find it easy to express them in the terms of an algebraical notation. In literature, it is very different. The subject matter of literature is not objective truth; not truth as it exists in itself; but, at best, truth as it is perceived by the writer; as it is passed through the alchemy of his mind; as modified or colored by his prejudices, social, political or religious. In other words, the subject matter of literature is, not things, but thoughts. So close is the connection between the writer's thoughts and the literature which he produces that thinking out in words. I insist on it, then, what the man of letters gives us are his thoughts; his thoughts on life and on the various aspects of life; on home life and on marriage, education, politics, religion, and every subject under the sun. To say, therefore, that we ought to be free to read what literature we please is to say that we ought to be free to adopt as our own all the filthy fancies, so insistently dinned into our ears, and offered for our acceptance by the literary writers of our time. 'Not so,' objects our discriminating reader. 'To read a man's works is one thing; to adopt his views, quite another. Quite wrong in theory, but the two things in theory so distinct are, in the run of cases, synonymous in practice. A penulいた swinging freely, under certain given conditions, will cause other pendulいた, that were at rest, to swing in unison with itself. A sounding board will cause other resonant bodies to take up its own vibrations. The man of genius molds language to his purposes. He is ever happy in his choice, and exquisite in the arrangement of his words; and, as the swinging pendulum will cause other pendulいた to swing, so will the writer of genius compel us to fall into step with the rhythmic swinging march of his sentences. As the sound-

ing board causes other bodies to repeat its own vibrations, similarly will the eloquent writer assuage our minds to his own pitch. And assuage and eloquence are merely natural gifts, they may be found in the libertine as well as in the saint; nay, as natural gifts are his little all, they are likely to be much more sedulously cultivated by the latter than by the former than by the latter. If the indiscriminate reader please free will for himself and denies it to the pendulum or the resonant body, I throw into the opposite scale another thing, in which the indiscriminate reader is indeed rich, but which pendulいた and sounding boards have not at all their evil inclinations, and his purblind curiosity to know things the knowledge of which is death. Besides, what right has he of all men to boast of the power to resist, with which his free will furnishes him? Did he not more than half surrender that power to the enemy of his soul, when without any justifying cause, he grasped to his heart as his teachers in morality writers who wallow in the filth of sensualism? To determine the rights of the Church in this matter, we must keep steadily in view the end for which the Church was instituted. The Church has for its end the salvation of the souls of men. The Pope, as the successor of blessed Peter, is charged with the duty of feeding the flock of Christ. Personally, he may be more learned or less so; highly born, or of humble extraction; but whatever his personal gifts may be, he is equally burdened with the commission given by Christ to blessed Peter: 'Feed My lambs; feed My sheep.' Every society, and every lawfully appointed superior, have a right to the means necessary or useful to the end for which they exist. If, then, the end for which the Church exists is the salvation of our souls and if immoral literature is so destructive of souls; if the duty of the head of the Church is to feed the flock of Christ, and if immoral literature is the poison of our supernatural good, will any man in his sound sense deny to the Church, or to the Pope, I will not say merely the right, but the duty, of passing sentence on the books, and magazines, and newspapers which issue daily from the press? It is the right of the Church and of the Pope, as our undiscriminating readers, to guard the deposit of revealed truth, and to preach it to the nations. I have no quarrel with the accuracy of this enumeration; but I deny that the infallible teaching authority, whether of the Church or of the Pope, is therefore confined to the defining of revealed truth. If it were so confined, neither Church nor Pope could assume the duty of Divine revelation. 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For that it would not suffice that he should be able to say that this or that abstract proposition or statement is of immoral tendency. If a man knew that I was going to get my chin in my foot, and if he were to content himself with proving to me that strychnine was a deadly poison, what would it profit me? I should say to him, 'Thank you for nothing,' or 'Tell me something I don't know.' To be of any service to me, he should tell me that I was in imminent danger of having that deadly poison given to me; with circumstances of time and place stated. Very often it would profit the simple faithful just as little for Pope or Church to assure them that such and such abstract statements were heretical or immoral. To be of effective service they must warn them of the books or publications in which heresy or immortality is contained. And when they so warn us, as the Pope often does warn us, we are bound not merely to an obsequious or respectful silence, but bound to republish with heart and mind whatever, in matters of faith and morals, the successor of blessed Peter reprobates and condemns. Let us be quite sure of it, that the right of the Pope and of the Church to pronounce an infallible decision extends to the condemning of evil publications. But antecedent to, and independent of, such a decision, we have a charter given us by nature to protect us from the poisonous influence of evil literature. The natural law, of which God is the author and conscience the herald, the law not written on pillars of stone, but on the tablets of the human heart, sternly forbids the production."—Denver Register.

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THOS. COFFEY, L.L.D., Editor and Publisher

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LETTERS OF RECOMMENDATION

Apostolic Delegation, Ottawa, June 13th, 1905.

My Dear Sir—Since coming to Canada I have been a reader of your paper. I have noted with admiration and above all, that it is imbued with a strong Catholic spirit.

Yours very sincerely in Christ, DONATUS, Archbishop of Ephesus, Apostolic Delegate

UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA, Ottawa, Canada, March 7th, 1909.

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

Yours faithfully in Jesus Christ, D. FALCONE, Arch. of Larisa, Apos. Deleg.

LONDON, SATURDAY, MARCH 9, 1912

MR. BOURASSA AND PROVINCIAL RIGHTS

The agitation for Federal interference with provincial jurisdiction over all that concerns the solemnization of marriage may have very far-reaching results.

The United States were at first only a loose aggregation of sovereign states with the consequent right of any state to secede from the Union.

The Fathers of Confederation, profiting doubtless by the experience of the United States, made the Central Government of Canada much stronger, giving to the various provinces certain definite powers, but vesting the residuum of legislative jurisdiction in the Dominion Parliament.

This unfortunately, but too accurately describes the spirit which animates the widespread public interest in the case. The Manitoba Free Press says that Judge Charbonneau's decision, if upheld by the higher courts, "will make church annulments of marriages worthless in the eyes of the law."

In this respect Quebec does what all the other provinces do; the legislature uses its own judgment as to how far it will give civil effect to Christian laws.

Mr. Bourassa stated emphatically, and repeated the statement, that the Ne Temere decree affected the civil law only in so far as was permitted by the Legislature. Hence, under cover of religious liberty and religious equality, the Ne Temere agitators were really attacking Quebec's autonomy and provincial rights.

When subscribers ask for their mail at the post office it would be well were they to tell the clerk to give them their Catholic Record. We have information of carelessness in a few places on the part of delivery clerks who will sometimes look for letters only.

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effect? It is not the encroachments of Rome, but the free exercise of her civil powers by the Province of Quebec, that our over-zealous Protestant friends are attacking.

Of course Judge Charbonneau's decision settles nothing; other learned judges hold the very opposite view of the bearing of the civil law of Quebec as it stands.

In the meantime the matter is, undecided and we commend to clergymen like the Rev. E. I. Hart, of Montreal, who says he never hesitated to marry Roman Catholic couples, the following editorial comment of the Quebec Chronicle:

"So far, however, as it is a question of the Hebert case itself, we have always considered that every Protestant minister should make it a point of honor never to celebrate the marriage of two Catholics, even though it should be legal to do so.

In the Province of Quebec the competence of a Protestant minister to marry two Catholics is still undecided. What then can be thought of those ministers who, with doubtful jurisdiction, persist in intermeddling with Catholic marriages?

FAVORS CELIBACY OF THE CLERGY

Rev. Byron H. Stauffer, of Toronto has some interesting things to say about the celibate, as compared with a married clergy. Commenting on the statements in a Globe editorial that "the tragedy of the Church is the unrecognized creeping paralysis of the pulpit," he said that a celibate clergy was preferable to a lifeless one.

"Bad as the idea of a celibate clergy may be," said Mr. Stauffer, "if fear of loss of position and consequent loss of adequate support of wife and children stands in the way of outspokenness on moral issues, it is better that the twentieth century preacher be untrammelled by temporal necessities and go out free from the power of money, to preach the gospel that this age assuredly needs."

"We are so dependent upon the influence of money, the age is so material, the cost of living is so high and the loss of income consequently so serious that an outspoken pulpit in the circles of society where outspokenness counts is well nigh an impossibility."

"Bad as the idea of a celibate clergy may be! To understand fully the meaning of this we must forget our own experience as Catholics with many, vile priests faithfully corresponding with the grace of state, and remember the Protestant conception of the celibate clergy. Still it is better than the dumb dogs whose god is their belly."

The tongues of these dumb dogs are loosed only when they join the yelping pack in pursuit of some Papist game. This requires no moral courage; indeed it takes considerable courage for the average minister to refuse to join the pack.

In the meantime, with newspapers and even clergymen fearlessly voicing the opinions long held by the Protestant multitude, who no longer sit under the lifeless pulpit, it behooves our friends to set their own house in order and let Popery alone.

NO HEAVEN HERE

Some of the wise philosophers who reject revelation labor to make a heaven upon earth. It is true, indeed, that inventions, a better knowledge of nature's laws and regard for hygiene, are responsible for a greater measure of well-being.

But it is also true that, despite the conquests of genius, sorrow is the inseparable companion of man. Man has breathed into marble and canvas sublime thoughts and visions of beauty; he has freed himself from the bonds that once attached his soul to earth, but he has done nothing against the kingdom of sorrow.

Every generation has seen the wet eyes of men and women. Hygiene will not banish it. Nor will the efforts, however well-intentioned, of philanthropists make the dream of terrestrial happiness an assured fact. We can and we should endeavor to alleviate the wretchedness that is man-made. Some of the conditions under which the very poor live are a disgrace to our civilization.

The tenements that are finding places for disease and sin: the foul rookeries which are a testimony to the rapacity of landlords and to the inertness of civic authorities, should be demolished. Now and then disease breaks out in these foul and loathsome hovels and forthwith there is clamor and sapient directions about the use of chloride of lime. And then we have dissertations on the housing problem. Speeches are made, and then there is a lull and forgetfulness until the next danger to health. We may say, by the way, that some individ-

uals, who are more impetuous than conversant with the housing problem, advocate the erection of a number of buildings in a certain quarter of the city for the very poor. They would make it a refuge for those who wish to escape the exactions of the tenement landlord. We fear, however, that these houses would be shunned by the very people for whom they are planned.

An expert is a safer guide on this matter than a philanthropist who talks. He ought to be able to furnish a plan that would commend itself to the self-respect of the poor, and moreover, have it supported by legislative enactment. We can also make our fellow-wayfarer a neighbor by helping him. The man out of work, the urhins who run the streets, they who are stumbling along with their burdens—these are by our doors and are our brethren. We may be able to do but little, but anything is better than inaction and the following of the don't care policy of the pagan.

A little thought, a little self-sacrifice will benefit us far more than the recipients of our brotherly love. Our brethren with tear-stained faces are round about us and we can minister unto them. We can shut our eyes, and shirking our duty, let Christ pass by unheeded. Work for our brethren is the best answer to the arguments of the socialists.

In the early ages of the Church sin was hated with a deep and abiding hatred, and was punished rigorously and at length. The records of these ages make us blush for our own. Our forbears in the faith were enthusiastic in their piety; they realized the objects of their faith and recognized the necessity of penance. They were warriors: we are oftentimes cowards.

They understood what it meant to offend God: we are apt to forget that unless we do penance we shall perish. There were four degrees of canonical penance. The first degree comprised those who were called the weepers. They remained outside the Church, begging for mercy, lamenting with tears their transgressions. Their trial lasted from one to five years according to their sins.

The second degree of canonical penance embraced the hearers, who were allowed to listen to the instructions. For a period of from one to five years they were obliged to fast and to remain in the vestibule of the church. The third degree consisted of the penitents who were allowed to enter the church but were not adjudged worthy to assist at the Holy Sacrifice. The fourth degree took in those who were not permitted to receive the Body and Blood of Christ for a period of time prescribed by the Bishop. When their ordeal was over they confessed publicly and were absolved. The apostle fasted on bread and water for ten years. Drunkenness was punished with a rigorous fast. We might go on, but these facts will serve to show the spirit that animated the Church, and the docility of her children.

AN OBSTACLE

The great obstacle to the progress of the Church is not the machinations of hostile governments, not the anti-Christian propaganda of men who have quarreled with God, but the indifferent Catholic who places the world and self in the first and God in the second place. He is inclined to rail at authority. When a prelate makes some pronouncement he is one of the first to play the critic and to air his superior wisdom born of an un-Catholic heart. He seeks to pose as being independent and broad-minded because it helps him in business or enables his wife to enter the sacro-sanct land of society. Any legitimate exercise of authority is deplored as either unnecessary or calculated to provoke the animosity of the non-Catholic. He loves peace so much that he will swallow any insult against the Church with a surprising alacrity. This, however, he calls prudence, to the amazement of those who have any regard for manhood. He hides his principles, goes through life with bated breath, represents any guidance of priest or prelate and gets the contempt of Catholic and non-Catholic alike. He may be used for this or that purpose, but he is placed in the category of those who are spineless. The Protestant, however he may view the faithful and ardent Catholic, will respect him as a man unshamed of his beliefs and ready to defend them. The shuffling Catholic, with his pose of wisdom, his cheap criticism, his strivings to please others at any cost, his pitiful efforts to cloak his ignorance with the vesture of broad-mindedness, is a living affront to decent men.

HOW WE REGARD IT

The Catholic is exhorted to read the Bible for his instruction and sanctification. He knows that the Bible is protected by the Church from the notoriety-seeking divine and the free-thinker who says that he can beat the wet eyes of men and women. Hygiene will not banish it. Nor will the efforts, however well-intentioned, of philanthropists make the dream of terrestrial happiness an assured fact. We can and we should endeavor to alleviate the wretchedness that is man-made. Some of the conditions under which the very poor live are a disgrace to our civilization.

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HOW THEY DO IT

The Antigonish branch of the C.M.B.A. has given \$1,000 to St. Francis Xavier College in that town. Antigonish is certainly in the forefront so far as Catholic education is concerned. Its college represents a world of devotion, work and self-sacrifice, and is to-day one of our best assets. With professors trained in America and Europe, it is a factor in the educational world and will in the near future be acknowledged as one of the most efficient halls of learning on this continent.

WHY WAS BEATTIE NESBITT? Massey Hall, where was held the Orange demonstration in Toronto to protest against the granting of Home Rule to Ireland, was, according to the Globe, comfortably filled. Three thousand is given as the number of those present, but as the hall accommodates five thousand there must have been a large measure of comfort. The speakers on the occasion were Mr. H. C. Hocken, Mr. J. S. Willison, editor of the News, Hon. Wallace Nesbitt, K. C., and Dr. A. W. Thornton. The chaplains of the meeting were Rev. Canon H. O. Dixon and Rev. Dr. W. H. Hincks. It is customary for clergymen who have small congregations to attend meetings of this character. The speakers were all in sympathy with and over-ready to glorify that portion of the population of Ireland confined to Ulster who threw rotten eggs, bags of flour, mud and other missiles at Lord Pirrie, hitting him several times on the face and bespattering Lady Pirrie and the policemen who were escorting them. Would they not likewise give three cheers and a tiger for the same people who offered gross insult to Mr. and Mrs. Winston Churchill when they recently visited Belfast. There was an air of stupidity, buttressed by dense bigotry, in the utterances of all the speakers. Mr. Willison, editor of the News, said that "what we demand is that the legislatures of Canada shall not again join in a conspiracy against Ulster and that the machines we have taken up to merge the scattered provinces of the Dominion of Canada into a single commonwealth shall not be used to separate Ireland from the empire and subject her to restrictions and perils to which we in Canada would never submit." As Ireland will in the future bear pretty much the same relation to England as the Province of Ontario does to Ottawa, we may take it that Mr. Willison trimmed his sails to evoke an Orange cheer. It was a typical Orange argument—common sense hibernating in the cold outside. But Mr. Wallace Nesbitt, K. C., gave us a serious joke on the occasion. It may not be looked upon as a joke in the Queen City but will be laughed at everywhere else in the Dominion. The King's Counsel recently met Sir Edward Carson, who had expressed surprise when "he (Mr. Nesbitt) had told him that the unanimous opinion in Canada was not in favor of Home Rule. He hoped Sir Edward would be in Toronto as his guest next September and the Toronto people would have an opportunity of hearing him then." The interpretation clause applied to this statement would read thus: "Come to Massey Hall, Toronto, and we will call a public meeting to discuss the Home Rule question. You will then see that the people of Canada are against Home Rule." Toronto is a great city and rapidly increasing in population. A pity it is that there are so many within its limits who are saying and doing things to bring it into disrepute elsewhere.

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of certain churches. Had the minister in this case been a Roman Catholic priest, this mix-up could never have occurred. That very "Ne Temere" decree, concerning one feature of which we have heard so much of late, would prevent just such a scandal as this. I do not know, but I doubt very much the possibility of a similar thing occurring with an Anglican clergyman as a party to it. In Canada, however, we should no longer leave matters of this kind merely to Church rules—especially now that there are so many churches that have rules of such astonishing peculiarity. It is not appalling to think of a condition where it is possible for two utter strangers to be married by a stranger, with two strangers as witnesses—and this in a province and a city where a bank will decline to cash a cheque for a man unless he first be identified! Clearly, the law should be so amended as to make it at least necessary for the contracting parties to a marriage to be as well identified before the officiating minister as a man must be before he can obtain money for a \$100 cheque.

A NEW MOVING PICTURE SHOW

Rev. C. O. Johnston, of Toronto, essays to be a proud owner of a cinematograph. He is exceedingly jealous of the crowds that go to see the moving picture shows and Shea's vaudeville, and he bethought him that as a graduate of the Chiquiqui-Margaret-Sheppard-John Kenist Institute he could, were he to make a furious onslaught on the Vatican, bring to his particular amusement hall a throng of Toronto's population who are ever itching to see a "show," and who, if the show partakes of an anti-Romanist feature, will enjoy it all the more heartily. That there are Protestant clergymen in Toronto who are ashamed of the Rev. C. O. Johnston we have not the smallest doubt, but the pity of it is that in their system of government there is little or no church authority, which could be utilized to prevent him kicking the traces. "I have decided to commit my life and use all the strength which God has given me to the suppression of all the evils which are identified with priesthood as identified with the Roman Catholic Church," declared this heated, scattered and turbulent clergyman. We give it literally as the press despatch has it. He is willing to commit his life, but he had better have a care that his life will not be committed for a considerable term in prison. Gross libels are punishable by law. Patience has its limits and some day some one may issue a warrant for the arrest of Rev. C. O. Johnston, and the policeman may take him by the collar and bring him before a judge and the judge may sentence him for a period to a place where he will, after working hours, have an opportunity of meditating upon the inadvisability of leading a life which brings one into contact with a policeman. As the first attraction on Rev. Mr. Johnston's programme will no doubt be the Ne Temere decree, we publish the following article from the North-West Review of Winnipeg:

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of each other," or "until we make other arrangements." This reminds us of a marriage which was performed last year in a furniture store on our local exhibition grounds by a local Presbyterian minister, to satisfy the eccentric advertising propensities of the Bandford firm.

To draw a crowd, this firm offered a set of furniture to the couple who would consent to get married in their booth. The marriage was duly performed by the Lipton St. Presbyterian Minister and the furniture delivered, though we are told by the bride that the set of furniture delivered was not nearly so good as that exhibited.

In this case the minister—to use a term in keeping with the manner in which these reverend gentlemen perform marriages—made a little better job of it than the Rev. Dr. Crummy in the Watson case, for the marriage lasted two weeks, at the end of which period the couple sold the furniture and separated, whilst the Watson marriage lasted less than half an hour.

Various surmises are made as to what is behind this mysterious matrimonial venture. Dr. Crummy says it is a "put-up-job." We will be greatly surprised if the editor of the Orange Sentinel, or the Rev. Mr. Hincks, of Toronto, or perhaps our own Rev. J. L. Gordon do not get to the bottom of this and discover that it was a "put-up-job" by the Pope or by the Jesuits to impress upon the Protestant clergy the necessity of a "No Temere" decree to prevent rash secret marriages.

A word to our Protestant fellow-citizens. In discussing the No Temere decree did you ever stop to think that one of its purposes is to protect good Protestant girls from blackguards who may call themselves Catholics? Study the decree, neighbors. Study it well, and you will thank the Pope for having given it to the Christian world. Do not be led astray by the vaudeville preachers.

ANOTHER NEW CHURCH

In last issue we published an account of the opening of a splendid new church in St. Thomas, and now we record with pleasure the dedication by the Right Rev. Dr. Fallon, Bishop of London, of an equally grand and commodious sacred edifice in the parish of Paincourt, whose pastor is Rev. A. D. Emery. Truly the outlook for the faith in this diocese is a bright one, Bishop, priests and people animated by an abiding desire to spread the faith and foster its practise in the hearts of the people. Upon the death of that apostolic and zealous Irish priest Father O'Neill, whose memory will ever be revered by the Catholics of Kinkora, Father Emery was appointed administrator. With holy zeal and perseverance he performed every duty pertaining to his sacred calling amongst the people of Kinkora. About a year ago he was appointed parish priest at Paincourt. The work he has accomplished in connection with the erection and completion of the new church will ever be a monument to his splendid prudence, zeal and administrative capacity. The CATHOLIC RECORD congratulates our Right Rev. Bishop and the pastor of Paincourt upon this new addition to the splendid church architecture of the diocese.

WHY MEN STAY AT HOME

An altar tells of worship. It is the outward expression of belief in a Creator and Giver of life. The pagans offer sacrifice to their gods in acknowledgment of the great gift of life. And they are right. If we esteem or value a gift by the grief we feel on losing it, or by the care we exercise in guarding it, can any gift be compared to the great gift of life? How we sorrow over the loss of a friend! When our life is endangered by sickness or exposure to what lengths will we not go to save it! We esteem our life above every gift. Rightly, too, we love the Giver, and we express our love in a very particular manner. Man dares not offer himself in return, for he is not the author of his own life. But behold what he does. He places his hands on a gift, joins himself to it, makes himself one with it and then destroys the being, life or existence of that gift in honor of Him Who gives being, life and existence. This act is so apt, so calculated by its very nature to express our dependence upon God for being or life, that many claim that at first it must have been suggested by God Himself.

Be this as it may, certain it is that in all ages and nations men have recognized sacrifice as the first, the most necessary act of religion—the great external act expressing outwardly their gratitude for creation. And it was not until the sixteenth century that was seen the strange anomaly of a religion without a sacrifice, a church without an altar, and a self-constituted priesthood.

Secularians may pretend to wonder at their vacant pews; they may try to shift the blame on the spirit of the age. They will be for some time stammering before they even hint at the truth. They will, with but very bad grace, admit that people are practising only what they have been taught. Teach people that they need not go to church to be taught; that they can learn all from the Bible; that there is no need to express their belief in a Creator by sacrifice; that there is no public act of worship which cannot be performed in private as well as in public. Why then should men go to Church? Not to be taught—they can learn at home; not to worship, there is no altar, no sacrifice.

HOME RULE AND CATHOLICISM

In our article last week we undertook to show how entirely untrue is the oft-repeated cry of the Orangemen that "Home Rule means Rome Rule." This week we return to this aspect of the controversy, because, when everything is said and done, this constitutes the main objection to Irish self-government. If Ireland were Protestant there would be no opposition to Home Rule. The Protestant minority are against Home Rule because they pretend to believe that a Catholic parliament in Dublin would persecute them. It is not the Catholics they fear, they tell us, but the Church of the Catholic. Now if "the Church of the Catholic" is loathing to persecute them why should it wait for Home Rule? From the point of view of the Church Home Rule will make no change. The Catholic Church will rule the Catholic conscience whether Ireland has Home Rule or British Penal Laws. Irishmen to day give full and unquestioning obedience to the ancient church. Can they do more under Home Rule? When an Irish Parliament sits in Dublin will Rome have control of the customs and excise? Will Rome have a veto over the legislation of the Dublin House? Will Home Rule change by a single fraction the allegiance which Catholic Ireland gladly yields in things spiritual to the Vicar of Christ? Only a Belfast corner boy could swallow such an evident absurdity.

Home Rule is a bitter pill to the Protestant palate because it will mean majority rule, and since the majority are Catholic, the Protestant mind cannot conceive why they should be permitted to govern the country. The Protestant attitude is that so long as a majority in Ireland are Catholics, the country must not have control over its secular affairs, but must be governed from England, where the majority are Protestants. If they had their way they would revise the Penal Laws, deprive Papists of the franchise, repeal Emancipation, buy up all the Papist's horses for five pounds, banish the school teacher, and place a price on the head of a priest. Of course it would never do to admit this in public, and hence all this shrieking about "threatened liberties," "Roman aggression," and the rest. They pose as trembling before the spectre, of Popery triumphant while they are endeavoring to keep their fingers on the pulse strings. Analysed, their fear of Home Rule amounts to this, that it will put an end to their monopoly of power, patronage and privilege. They do not fear persecution at the hands of their Catholic fellow-countrymen, because they know full well that Catholic Ireland never persecuted anyone for his religious beliefs. But Home Rule, by ensuring fair play for the majority, will deprive them of their unjust monopoly, which from long possession they have come to consider as their God-given right. Home Rule will place Catholic and Protestant on an equality, which is the last thing in the world the Irish Protestant wants. Having had everything to himself for generations he naturally objects to share with his neighbour, especially when that neighbour is a Catholic. Petted and pampered by the powers that be, entrenched behind the century-old bulwarks of Ascendancy, maintained as an "English garrison in Ireland," living on the fat of the land, small wonder this insolent minority came to look down upon and despise the great bulk of the inhabitants of the country who were their bondslaves. And now to think that with a stroke of the pen all this is to pass away, and Irishmen in Ireland, for the first time in eight hundred years, are to be free and equal, not only legally but in fact? Surely it is enough to make the Boyne Water run backwards! The whole question, then, simply amounts to this. Are Irishmen to be denied the management of their own affairs simply because they are Catholics? Eighty years after Emancipation are the Catholics of Ireland still to be deprived of their national rights? If the hands of the clock are to be put back again what becomes of the boasted British spirit of liberty and equality? Home Rule is not "Rome Rule," it is not another act of "Popish aggression," it is not "engineered in Rome." It simply means the recognition of the right of a majority of the people of Ireland to have a voice in the government of their country.

COLUMBA

NOTES AND COMMENTS

THE DEATH is announced of Dr. A. M. Fairbairn, formerly Principal of Mansfield College, Oxford, and an acknowledged leader of English Nonconformity. He dwelt in an intellectual and spiritual world far removed from the Catholic Church, but, like Charles Kingsley, was

by his ill-judged criticism of persons and principles of which he had no real knowledge, responsible for one of those luminous contributions to the literature of the language which have made the name of John Henry Newman a treasured national possession.

It was Kingsley's lot to furnish the impulse which resulted in the production of the Apologia—a misstep on his part which, however disastrous to his own fame, earned for him by its happy if unexpected result, the ready forgiveness of Catholics for the initial slander, and the gratitude of the world of thought and letters for an imperishable book. Dr. Fairbairn cannot be said to have been quite equally fortunate through his indiscretion, but those acquainted with the essay on "The Development of Religious Error" which appeared in the Contemporary Review of October 1885, will not begrudge him some need of gratitude.

FAIRBAIRN DEIFIED REASON, and in the course of a series of articles in that periodical developing his peculiar theory of belief, went out of his way to impute to Newman what he called "philosophical scepticism." The Cardinal's answer was the essay referred to, and it is at once a lucid vindication of his own mind (characterized by those multifarious graces of expression for which he is famous), and a soothing impeachment of his assailant's. It does not appear in his collected writings, and is therefore not so well known as it deserves to be. Its concluding paragraph is as follows: "Marvelous is the power of a Fundamental View. There is said to have been a man who wrote English History, and could not be persuaded that the Heptarchy was over or Queen Anne dead, I forget which; and who, when pressed with a succession of facts to the contrary, did but reply, as each came before him, 'O but excuse me that was an exception!' Dr. Fairbairn reminds me of that man."

THE RIGHT REV. DR. FARHING, Protestant Bishop of Montreal, has been arranging the society women of that city, for "aping men, even in their vices, their revelries and drinking bouts."

SATURDAY, FEB. 25th, was the eighty-seventh birthday of Sir Richard Scott, formerly Secretary of State in the Laurier Government, a prominent figure in the Senate of the Dominion, and, for six years, a useful public spirited citizen of Canada. This year, indeed, marks the sixtieth anniversary of his election as first Mayor of Ottawa—a period of public service to which very few can lay claim. This reflection carries us back to a period when Ottawa was little more than a lumberman's camp, and Canada but two provinces, held together by very uncertain ties of mutual interest, and divided by diverse languages and an abiding jealousy one of the other. This state of affairs the Confederation Act of 1867 to some extent remedied. Ottawa as the Capital of United Canada has developed into a beautiful and prosperous city, and the Dominion into a nation, and if there is still distrust between the two original provinces, it is rather between certain elements than between the people as a whole. In this process of growth and development Sir Richard Scott has borne a conspicuous share, and in the ripe old age to which he has attained can look back upon a career unmarred by any act disquieting to his faith as a Catholic or his honor as a public man. THE CATHOLIC RECORD unites with his innumerable friends in wishing him ad multos annos.

A LIFE corresponding in many respects to that of Bishop Verduguer of Texas, about whom we wrote three weeks ago, was that of Father Richard di Palma of the Society of Jesus, who died on Jan. 20th in Colorado. Ordained at an earlier age than is customary in the society, Father di Palma's priestly labors had been devoted solely to Colorado, New Mexico and Texas. He had made so many journeys on horseback over this territory that he became known as the "Cowboy Jesuit," and as such was loved and trusted by the rough frontiersmen who, in the main, constituted his flock. He looked sedulously after their spiritual welfare, and had a care also, as became a good missionary, for their temporal interests. He was instrumental in introducing among them better grades of stock and improved methods of farming, and in other ways proved their real friend and benefactor. An accomplished linguist, and a vocalist of no mean capacity, he was welcome wherever he went, and it is said of him that while he asked for fodder for his horse, his own repast invariably consisted of bread and cheese, which he carried in his saddle bags. Though of sinewy frame the hardships of his earlier life told on him, and he died in his sixty-first year. "Those to whom he so devotedly ministered," says America, "and his superiors who must supply the vacancy may well unite in asking: Who can replace Father di Palma?"

THE ART treasures which for many years Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan has been

terior motive behind it. That a measure of professional jealousy enters into their declarations seems beyond question, and the feeling of soreness over the non-recognition by the Church of their clerical character is very apparent. But they should be used to that by this time, and have learned to realize that the Catholic Church stands where she has ever stood, as the One authorized exponent of the Faith of Christ, and the one custodian of the Sacraments. To be clear on this point would save them many heart burnings and go far to bring about that reign of harmony and mutual forbearance which is the desideratum of every good citizen.

ONE STRONG point in the Archbishop's sermon and one that does not seem to have entered into the calculations of the No Temere decree's censors, is that the right they claim to marry all who come to them armed with a civil license, irrespective of religious belief, is not one either claimed or acted upon by the clergy of the Catholic Church.

The Archbishop's words should sink deep into the consciousness of every Protestant minister in the land. "Have we ever seen," he said, "a Catholic priest celebrate the marriage of two persons belonging to other than the Catholic faith? No, indeed. If Protestant ministers had acted in this manner, and if they had declined to celebrate the marriage of imprudent and guilty Catholics upon the simple presentation of a civil permit, without making inquiries as to age and other conditions, we would never have had to deplore these scandals, which so greatly trouble our society."

We have sufficient faith in the honor and singlemindedness of many Protestant ministers to believe that upon them these words will have their full effect. But, unfortunately, experience has taught us that there are too many of them who have not the same high conception of their calling and are ready to prostitute it at any time before a fee, even to the extent, as at Niagara Falls or Windsor, of subsidizing hackmen to pilot runaway couples their way. To such as these any higher consideration will appear in vain.

THE church is a stately edifice, from the design of architect Wilson, of Chatham. A handsome red brick has been used in its construction, which with the stone trimmings, makes a most imposing appearance. Over the large front doors the name of the Immaculate Conception appears in French. As one enters, the brightness of the interior is most striking. The half circle of the Romanesque architecture is pleasing to the eye and the beauty is enhanced by the pure whiteness of the dome ceiling, walls and pillars. The latter are arranged so as to give a minimum of obstruction and are erected in harmony with the rest of the interior. The Stations of the Cross are between a beautiful series of stained glass windows. The body of the church is spacious and with the additional room of a wide gallery at the rear there is a seating capacity for between nine hundred and one thousand people. The altars are worthy of a place in such a magnificent church and reflect the honor that the people of Paincourt have been so pleased to pay to God.

Along with the new church a fine, commodious presbytery has been erected, the cost of the two structures aggregating about \$45,000. The parish comprises upwards of two hundred families and where the generosity and religious zeal have been so well evidenced already, it was not surprising that on Sunday morning the new church was taxed to its capacity.

The ceremony of dedication was commenced at the entrance to the church and the vast congregation stood outside while His Lordship blessed the exterior. In the procession headed by crucifer and acolytes were Rev. Father James, Chatham, Rev. Father J. Nichol, Chatham and Rev. Father Tierney, London.

When the blessing of the interior was ended, the Litany of the Saints was sung by the officiating clergy. Then solemn High Mass was sung, Rev. Father James, of Chatham, being the celebrant.

The announcements were made bilingually by Rev. Father Emery and the sermon delivered by His Lordship the Bishop of London, who took for his text the two articles of the Apostles' Creed: "I believe in the Holy Ghost, the Holy Catholic Church."

To those of the parish who may not have known that His Lordship is conversant with the French language, his address on Sunday must have been a revelation, for the first part of his sermon was in the language of the majority and his clear enunciation and vigorous voice added to his eloquent command of French.

Repeating the two articles of the Creed, he first pointed out that they did not come together by accident—the Holy Ghost was the light and soul of the Holy Catholic Church. The glory of the Church, he proceeded, was not founded upon human power but had for its inspiration the Third Person of the Blessed Trinity.

You and I may serve or sell, may worship or crucify, may stand by or desert the Church; it will not matter, the Church will go on." His Lordship then painted a picture of the centuries of persecutions, but said that as long as the attacks were all from outside the gates, the Church could withstand them. It was harder when the attacks were from within, from false teachers, differences over dogmatic questions, from the pride, envy and jealousy that had brought about the schisms of the past, which His Lordship enumerated, from that of Arius to that of Knox. But even against these the Church had finally triumphed. "If a great heresy should arise to-day," he asked, "what would be the source of the Church's strength? You or I? Oh, no, I believe in the Holy Ghost and as I know they cannot reach and destroy the Holy Ghost, I know they cannot destroy the Catholic Church." In proof of this he quoted Our Saviour's words: "Upon this Rock will I build My Church and the gates of hell will not prevail against it."

The foundation of the faith was, therefore, not in dependence on Kingsdom's empire, nor human monarchs, neither in the staunchness of the laity nor the learning of the clergy but upon Christ.

Turning to the church he had just blessed and opened, His Lordship said the most precious privilege that God had made confer upon them was that He made them members of the Holy Catholic Church. He had about lost all confidence in what the world called friendship but he had never yet known the Catholic Church to desert one of her children if that child wanted the service of the Church.

His Lordship's relatives turn from their own because of a foul, loathsome disease, but he never knew of the Church deserting such a one. If a minister of the Church, hearing the cry for spiritual aid to a child in need, did not heed it or answered slowly, there was nothing a Bishop would punish with more severity. The child baptized at the font of the Catholic Church was followed through life, and he reminded his hearers that the Church did not view success and failure as the world did. Then when the final message came, what did they desire the most?

Impressing upon all the certainty of death, His Lordship asked: "When the messenger comes, what shall we want? Shall I call for episcopal regalia and look at myself in the glass? Not unless I am out of my head. Shall you call for something you prized in life? Shall you have them put a purse of gold in your hand? Shall you call for music painting, literature or art? No, you'll ask for the priest, you'll want him to raise his holy hands over you and give you absolution once more." And the priest comes not alone. Not only does he come with Christ's commission: "Whose sins ye shall forgive they are forgiven; whose sins ye shall retain, they are retained;" but the priest brings the Sacred Host and in his consecrated hands he takes the body of Christ and places it upon the tongue of the dying Catholic. Having given Holy Communion there was one final act, and here the bishop quoted from St. James, who had said: "If there is any sick among you, let them call for the priests of the Church and let him pray over him, anointing him with oil."

Repeating the final prayer for the dying, His Lordship said: "That is the ceremony, those the sacramental rites you will desire on the inevitable day." He therefore, appealed to them to make this church the centre of religion in the parish. He congratulated them upon what had been done through the union and co-operation of pastor and people. He hoped God would give them spiritual joy in abundance and that this church would be the cause of a great uplifting of the faith there.

In conclusion he asked all to join in prayer with Bishop and clergy at the altar and he invoked God's blessing upon the pastor and his work and upon all the parish of Paincourt.

Following his sermon in French, His Lordship preached similarly in English. At the conclusion of Mass, a large number who had come from a distance were served with dinner in the basement of the church. Many of the parishioners and others remaining for Vespers in the evening.

Rev. Father McMenamin Banqueted at Thessalon. It being the occasion of Rev. Father McMenamin's 55th birthday anniversary, his leading parishioners gathered at the residence of Mrs. M. McGuire, Huron street and presented him with a large bouquet of carnations and a well filled purse with following address.

Rev. and Dear Father:—The echoes of joy and happiness still reverberate in the hearts of your humble people as our first secular James would be the cause of a great uplifting of the faith there.

Children in particular enjoy the pleasant flavor of Na-Drui-Co Tasteless Cod Liver Oil Compound, and quickly regain health and strength when Nature is aided by this natural food-tonic. Your Druggist has it in 50c. and \$1.00 Bottles.

BEARING FRUIT

LETTER FROM A PRESBYTERIAN. The Editor,—Dear Sir,—On a recent visit to this city I happened to pick up a copy of the Toronto Globe in which was a report of a sermon preached by the Rev. C. O. Johnston, who may be called the "High and Mighty Expositor." He denounced the Catholic clergy for their belief in the Eucharist. I am really ashamed of some of our Protestant ministers. Instead of preaching the Gospel in their churches they seem to have a passion for attacking the Roman Catholic Church and its doctrines. The Catholic Church is the soundest religious body in the world notwithstanding. While I was attending church down East I found the same conditions. I now feel it my duty to seek the truth and I believe I will get it through the medium of the Catholic fold.

C. W. McBRAY, Fort William, Feb. 28, 1912.

TEMPERANCE WORK. To promote sociability amongst its five hundred members, the Catholic Temperance Union gave a "Henry Clay Get Acquainted" smoker on Monday night, Feb. 19th, 1912, in Calgary, A.I.A. The Auditorium of St. Mary's School was filled with members and friends. Each, armed with a "clay" and introductory tags, prepared to ignore formality and "get acquainted," and judging by the buzz of conversation their efforts were most successful. It was a great night for the Irish too. Mr. C. B. Reilly gave an address upon the vital subject of Home Rule, warning such coarseness of mind and conviction as were to soften the heart of the most rabid Unionist. Then Mr. T. Costello, who has recently visited Ireland discoursed upon its scenic beauties, and Rev. Father Lewis told of the splendid seas the Emerald Isle had contributed to the Church and State. With a hearty note of thanks, to the speakers, a most enjoyable evening was brought to a close.

White Swan Yeast Cakes can always be depended upon to make good, light, wholesome bread. Ask your grocer for a 25c package, containing six cakes, or send for free sample. White Swan Spices & Cereals, Limited, Toronto, Ont.

DIED. COLEMAN.—At St. Joseph's Hospital, Ashland, Wisconsin, on Feb. 1st, 1912, Mr. John Coleman, native of London, Ont. May his soul rest in peace!

MARON.—In San Diego, California, Mr. James Mahon, son of the late Adolphus Mahon, of London, Ontario, aged sixty-two years, interment from St. Patrick's Church, Salt Lake City. May his soul rest in peace!

MURPHY.—Of your charity pray for the soul of Mrs. Jeffrey Murphy, a native of Kilkenny, Ireland, who died at Bridgen Ont., Jan. Thursday, Feb. 22, 1912, aged seventy-three years. May her soul rest in peace!

Words are little things, but they strike hard. We utter them so easily that we are apt to forget their hidden power. Fitly spoken, they act like the sunshine, they cheer and the fertilizing rain; but when unskillfully like the frost, they chill and the devastating tempests.

Possibly the best test of real largeness of heart is the ability to be glad when another succeeds. But, it may be asked, how can one help a feeling of disappointment when one fails after striving for a goal? The answer is simple. Learn to work for the joy and excellency of the thing you are doing.

J. J. M. Landy. Manufacturer and Importer of Vestments, Ostersoria Chalcies, Ciboria Altar Furnishings, Statuary, Stations of the Cross, Candelis, Oils, Prayer Books, Library Books, Etc. SPECIALTY OF MISSION SUPPLIES. Telephone Main - 6555 Residence College 452. New Address 405 YONGE ST. TORONTO.

This Food-Tonic Quickly Restores Strength. After a serious illness, ordinary food should be supplemented by a strengthening tonic. For this purpose NA-DRUI-CO Tasteless Cod Liver Oil Compound is recommended very highly. In its preparation the disagreeable flavor of the natural Cod Liver Oil is entirely removed, while its well known nourishing and tissue-building qualities are retained. Then we add Hypophosphites to build up the nerves. Extract of Wild Cherry for the Lungs and Bronchitis (which), and Extract of Malt (a food itself) which aids in the assimilation of other foods.

Children in particular enjoy the pleasant flavor of Na-Drui-Co Tasteless Cod Liver Oil Compound, and quickly regain health and strength when Nature is aided by this natural food-tonic. Your Druggist has it in 50c. and \$1.00 Bottles.

National Drug and Chemical Co. of Canada, Limited.

Advertisement for Na-Drui-Co Tasteless Cod Liver Oil Compound, featuring an illustration of a man in a wheelchair and a woman standing by him. The text describes the product's benefits for restoring strength after illness and its pleasant flavor for children. It includes contact information for National Drug and Chemical Co. of Canada, Limited.







CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

WHAT IS TRUE SUCCESS?

Let us not make a mistake as to this word success, as to this, my friends, "getting on in the world," True, without a lofty aim we are apt to miss the work of life altogether, and it is always but to "hitch our wagon to a star."

To some success means money and houses and lands; to others, power and fame and high position and political office. But do these things constitute true success? We may acquire wealth and win political preferment at the expense of our good name and the loss of our character.

Let me tell you. True success consists in doing well whatever we have to do, meriting by the faithful performance of our duty the approval of our conscience and the blessing of God.

It is well, however, to remember that no success was ever achieved without steadfastness and perseverance. Every good thing, every thing worth having, is worth fighting for, and fighting means perseverance to the end.

True perseverance not only calls for continuance at our work until it is finished, but also until it is finished in the best possible manner.

Another hour devoted to a piece of workmanship may make the laborer of many precious hours doubly valuable.

Fidelity in small things constitutes the sum of duty. Devotion to details insures perfection. We have the assurance of Holy Writ that "he who counteth small things shall fall by little and little;" while on the other hand, there is incentive and encouragement to perfect duty in the smallest duties of life in the words of welcome spoken at the gates of heaven to the tired and faithful soul: "Because thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will place thee over many. Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord!"

What is piety? A controlling reverence toward God, shown by a loving desire to do His will. There is something quite dignified and elegant about the word when we consider its meaning in its true sense; and yet many boys and girls—yes and grown people, too—have a very strong dislike of the word "pious," associating it with what the boys call "goody goody."

Mr. Wauamaker has always insisted upon extremely courteous treatment of customers, whether they are merely looking at goods or purchasing. There is in his stores a certain cordiality and helpfulness which is in sharp contrast with the cold, repelling, indifferent atmosphere in many stores and there is a psychological reason for all this.

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Asthma Catarrh

Whooping Cough Croup Bronchitis Coughs Colds



A simple, safe and effective treatment for tracheal troubles, without doing the stomach with drugs. Used as directed, it relieves the most distressing symptoms, soothes the inflamed throat, and restores the patient to health.

ALL DRUGGISTS Try Vapo-Resolene. Anti-asthmatic, Anti-croup, Anti-bronchitic, Anti-cough, Anti-cold. For the irritated throat. It is simple, safe, and effective. Try it today. It will relieve you. 10c in stamps. Vapo-Resolene Co., Montreal.

He has been treated politely and kindly. Making friends of customers is one of the great secrets of mercantile success.

This merchant has made, as have the Straus Brothers, owners of the store of R. H. Macy & Company, New York, a study of the man at the other end of the bargain.

One of the Marshall Field's methods was to consider the customer as always right in any question under dispute; that is, he could not afford to allow a customer to feel that he was wrong unless it involved principle. In other words, Mr. Field found that it always paid to make things right with dissatisfied customers.

Whenever your business, whatever your vocation, try to stamp it with your individuality. Make it a part of your real self, an outward expression, an enlargement of yourself. Encourage your employees to carry out and magnify your individuality in your establishment, so far as it can be done without interfering with their own individuality.

WHEN YOU HAVE FOUND YOUR PLACE You will be happy in it—contented, joyous, cheerful, energetic.

The days will be all too short for you. Dinner time and closing time will come before you realize it.

All your faculties will give their consent to your work; will say "Amen" to your occupation. There will be no protest anywhere in your nature.

You will not feel humiliated because you are a farmer, or a blacksmith, or a shoemaker; because whatever your occupation or profession, you will be an artist instead of an artisan.

You will not apologize because you are not this or that, because you will have found your place and will be satisfied.

You will feel yourself growing in your work, and your life broadening and deepening.

Your work will be a perpetual tonic to you. There will be no drudgery in it.

You will go to your task with delight and leave it with regret.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

FAMOUS TEACHER

What is piety? A controlling reverence toward God, shown by a loving desire to do His will. There is something quite dignified and elegant about the word when we consider its meaning in its true sense; and yet many boys and girls—yes and grown people, too—have a very strong dislike of the word "pious," associating it with what the boys call "goody goody."

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His feast falls upon January 29 and in his honor we are going to find out what he taught about the one thing necessary; his lessons of practical piety. He is often called the gentleman saint, and although it is not necessary to be learned in order to be a saint, yet we must admit that the two make a very delightful combination.

Saint Francis is famous in the Church for having made piety attractive, and he calls it "true devotion," and tells us we must not paint it according to our own fancy. We must not be one-sided, or, as the school girls are fond of saying "cranky." To avoid this kind of unattractive piety we shall go to school to our gentleman saint and learn of learning much in one lesson.

Our saint was very fond of comparisons, and in this he followed our Blessed Lord's love for similes. He compares piety, or devotion, to rigor because it sweetens what might otherwise be bitter in our daily lives. He says, "It removes discontent from the poor and care from the rich," and we see the truth of his words in our own day, for who is by happy as God's poor? Not the world's poor; nor the devil's poor, but God's poor, whom He said we would have always with us.

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It is now almost four hundred years since Martin Luther nailed his protest against Rome upon the Church door at Wittenberg. It was the first in a long series of acts in what the apostate monk was pleased to call a reformation.

Well, indeed, might they despair. When matters have come to such a pass that the giving of a Bible to man means, if he read it, the giving to him of a new religion, it seems well nigh impossible ever to work the sheds and patches of Protestantism into a whole garment again.

It is, then, with much interest that the historic Church of Rome will follow the progress of the movement now on foot among the more hopeful of the churches and sects "to prepare the way for the onward and visible reunion of all who confess our Lord Jesus Christ as God and Saviour, and for the fulfillment of our Lord's prayer, 'That they all may be one.'"

She had seen them tossed about hither and thither, misguided and misinformed, fed on the husks of error when the strong and strengthening food of truth was ever within their reach. And always has the mother's love in her heart been expressed in her extended arms, wide open to embrace them all, and the earnestness of her appeal for their return to her bosom is but an index of the warmth of the welcome which these prodigals on their homecoming shall receive.

She has seen too many similar attempts at unity end in failure; and today as ever she would raise her voice and say that there can be no return to unity, no joining of hands in united

be dominated by the influential element in the congregation—a domination which has extended over his interpretation of the Scripture and left in his hands the covers of a Bible, it is true, but covers enclosing wild vagaries on politics, scandals and everything but what is religious.

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For some time now they have seen the folly of allowing their minister to

Christian brotherhood unless once more they return as of old to the feet of Rome's Pontiff and as members of the one true Church, recognize his divinely constituted authority and to give him unmistakable evidence of their loyalty and allegiance.—The Pilot.

THE DIFFERENCE

E. S. Wells, "reared a Methodist," with the usual attendance at Sunday school, but who admits that he "has never been and is not now, at seventy, a churchman," states in a letter to the New York Tribune his belief that the slim attendance at Protestant churches is largely due to the Protestant austerity, and that the Sunday services are too stiff, staid and prosy, and have about them too much of a preparing-for-death atmosphere to attract and interest.

"The religion of Christ," he says, "should give us all a happy, joyous, sprightly demeanor and presence. Protestants especially make the Sabbath day one of stiffness, sadness and gloom, a day to be dreaded instead of one to look forward to with pleasure." "The Roman Catholics handle this matter better; if communicants attend to their Sunday morning devotions they are allowed, as we understand it, to treat the remainder of the day as a holiday that may be devoted to light-heartedness and even innocent sports, if they are so disposed. Young people appreciate this spirit of liberality and cheerfulness among Catholics, but remain nominal Protestants."

Mr. Wells is right in maintaining that religion does not involve an atmosphere of gloom. He is also keen to observe the note of cheerfulness in Catholic worshippers and the absence of it in others. But the cause of the difference he is not in a position to perceive. The Protestant, if he attends church at all, recites his Books of Common Prayer or chants a hymn and listens to a sermon, but the soul of religion, which is sacrifice, is wanting. The Catholic, too, may read his prayer book and hear a sermon, but, above all else, he unites with the congregation in the only true act of worship, the act of sacrifice. There is little in Protestant worship to elevate and to cheer; the keynote of Catholic worship is given by the priest as he begins the Mass: I will go unto the altar of God, to God who giveth joy to my youth.—America.

There are some who dare assert that we can learn to be happy, that as we become better, so do we meet men of loftier mind; that a man who is good attracts, with irresistible force, events as good as he, and that, in a beautiful soul the saddest fortune is transformed into beauty.—Maesterlinck.

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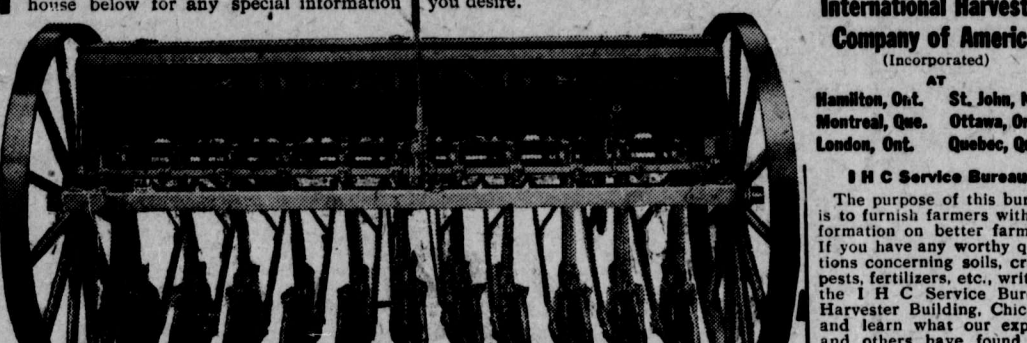
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