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## Catholic Record.

VOLUME XXXI.

#### LONDON, ONTARIO, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 16, 1909

#### The Catholic Record

LONDON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 16. 1909.

WHAT IS A SIN?

A correspondent puts the following questions: "If a person commits sin and at the same time does not know it to be a sin yet knows he should not do it. Is it a sin? Must be confess it? Have his confessions been bad?" Certainly as the case stands it is a sin. The subjective rule for a human act is conscience—the practical judge upon marticular acts. If conscience sees all other truths is the divinity of Christ. particular acts. If conscience sees question. judges that the act should not have their exact counterparts in be done, then the party has no right to do it. He may be in doubt about it, in which case he must solve his doubt. It all skeptics of Greece and Rome will He may be certain that he should not do in the end surely put to flight the armies it. In this instance he is acting against conscience. It is not necessary that the party should know that the act is a formal sin. In order that he may incur guilt it is sufficient that he knows that he should not perform the act, or has a reasonable doubt about it. He should confess it. As to his past confessions which, although it is false and not well formed, might on account of good faith excuse him. It is difficult for us to see that he can really be in good faith. We recommend him to explain his position before the data we recommend him to explain his position. From the data we recommend him to explain his position the data we recommend him to explain his position to be the property of the ways that the country recommend him to explain his position to be heard of—will not prevail; we must also make the country recommend him to explain his position to be heard of—will not prevail; we must also make the country recommend him to explain his position. The world has gone at this in a haphazard manner heretofore. eeds most is a good guide in the proper

THE REV. MR. KER'S ANNUAL HARVEST THANKSGIVING.

Cormation of his conscience.

Our friend, the Rev. Mr. Ker, of St. George's Church, St. Catharines, delivered the other day an able and eloquent discourse at his Annual Harvest Thanks- know that those who have charge of giving. It is impossible to give the affairs at some of our non-sectarian coloccupied. After speaking of the rarity ing at all hazards. Some of the unhe touched upon the favors and blessings with which Canada is filled. " The lines are fallen unto us in pleasant places; yea, we have a goodly inherit- country is aroused in opposition to dividual prosperity are not without danger. Too painful and too convincing whilst the haunts of pleasure and the

appalling ignorance of God's word, and a widespread and painful indifference to the fact on the part of parents who appear to disre-gard their own respo sibility for the neglect, and as a consequence, children are growing up self-willed, disobedient and lacking in those gentle courtesies and crammed note-books. They have the hours of life. Our education to-day jotted down panaceas for every ill they angrily with his arm, and thus limping clean. This reckless newspaper reporting in is a matter which should be dealt angrily with his arm, and thus limping clean. This reckless newspaper reporting in its a matter which should be dealt angrily with his arm, and thus limping clean. doesn't educate, and morals have no recognized status in our schools and make of these cherished books, now that ers. It was splendid and, when he fell they have fulfilled their purpose of aid-tempt and it has been publicly proclaimed from the housetops that the sacrificial bonfire. They are only are not rational enough to settless decalogue is no more worthy of regard than a college syllabus. If the Almighty crowns the fleeting years of Almighty crowns the fleeting years of our national life with His goodness, and our national life with His goodness, and the nation fails to respond, a line of Dreadnaughts stretching from Newfoundland to Liverpool will not prevent inevitable decay and disaster. Such is the lesson of history which in the pride of our great achievements, and the vast ac-cumulations of our wealth we shall do well to lay seriously to heart. The Church instructs her children to return thanks for the manifold blessings of this life, but above all for the redemption of the world by our Lord Jesus Christ. Do we need to be told what that redemp-Do we need to be told what that retemption means? If so we turn to our liturgy, where it is solemnly amplified. Listen to the awful words: "Almighty God, our heavenly Father, Who of Thy tender mercy didst give Thine own Son Jesus Christ to suffer death upon the Cross for our redemption; Who made there by His one oblation of Himself once offered a full perfect and sufficient sacrifice. full perfect and sufficient sacrifice oblation and satisfaction for the sins of the whole world." This is the founda-tion truth of Christianity, and without it the faith of the universal church is nothing but a cunningly devised fable. unbelief is rampant to-day in college halls, in university chairs, and in countless so-called Protestant pul-pits indeed, it is literally true to say pits; indeed, it is literally true to say that many of them have long since parted company with Christ, and are prepared to swear with erring Peter, "I know not the man." Others of know not the man." Others of them, acting like Judas, cry "Hail, Master, and kissed Him," They are fond of dilating on the character of Christ, the beauty of His teaching and the high moral of His whole life, and therefore its value as an example: and therefore its value as an example; but all this is nothing more than the traitorous kiss of a pulpit Judas who is

divine and supernatural revelation. Such a revelation is not amenable to "schoolcraft" or modernism—"Catholic or Protestant, and because the "natural man," be he a professor in a Methodist, a Presbyterian or an Anglican college, cannot receive the things which are "spiritually discerned" the kick against the supernatural and everything running counter to the peculiar canons of infallibility which his craft has called into existence. The heresies which are rampant to day and which threaten to destroy absolutely the Protestant interpretation of Holy Scripture held so tenaciously since the time of the Reformmarticular acts. If conscience sees of the professors and higher critics who omething wrong in an act, or as in this laugh at St. Paul on the Areopagus university professors and men of like craft in these days, and the simple story

not a discovery of the schools, it is a

of the aliens who have laid unholy hands

of the cross that swept away the intellec

THE HARVEST IN THE WEST. The cry from the West for more harvest hands is both gratifying and depressing; gratifying in that it shows that Nature's bounty is not abating; Infessions have been invalid. What he large cities are attractive. More means of wholesome amusement, better mail and news service, better schools, better roads, are some of the country's problems which the cities, for their own sakes, should help to solve.

A WARNING.

It is gratifying in the extreme to whole sermon, as our space is too much leges seem determined to prohibit hazof gratitude and the sting of ingratitude bearable snobs and cowardly bullies in attendance at these institutions have resorted to such extremes of insolence that all the intelligent sentiment of the ance." But seasons of national or in- them, and it has at last been found necessary to adopt harsh means to end their diabolical mischief. Five stuevidence is thrust upon us that God is dents were recently expelled from one forgotten and His temples abandoned institution and six others suspended as dest act of courage," the "bravest deed a punishment for defying the authorcourts of Mammon are crowded. The ities in persisting in hazing the under following paragraphs - timely and for- class men. It is to be hoped that this cible, as they are, we give as reported: wholesome lesson will have a beneficial "There is among the rising generation effect.

Hundreds of normal graduates will sta-t their life-work this fall, with trailing upon the ground, he leaned worthy ambitions, commendable fitness and crammed note-books. They have could foresee. But the best use to calmly to the very muzzles of our Mausby leaning on crutches. No reason for grief as the precious books disappear. The fundamental principles absorbed from instructors and the normal or college "course" cannot burn. The individuality of each student-soul cannot depends failure or success in the uncharted future, is not scorched, even though every scrap of note book equipment vanishes in flame. All that is worth while, all that is the real secret of true, earnest work remains-invisible and indestructible.

THE BETTER WAY. Success is the glittering goal toward which all mankind is striving. It is the siren of hope that lures youth onward and upward, and prevents sober manhood from faltering by the wayside. An appeal to this natural desire for self-advancement is seldom made in vain -a fact which reformers should seriously consider. Much time and energy are wasted in fighting the evil side of life, which should be devoted to cultivating the good. We tell the wayward boy he will go to the bad and land at the gallows-and most probably he will. Let him hear, instead, "that success and happiness are possible for all: that the world needs him, and there is an honorable place waiting for him as soon as he is ready to fill it." And your words will put new hope in his heart and turn his young energy in the right direction. There is nothing paid a high salary for his academic that setsour blood to tingling and nerves vapourings. It is simply paganism under a new name and lacking in pagan henesty. "Very God and very man" is we are needed; that there is work for us

of people who are in earnest: who are filled with noble impulses and desires to be of some use to others.

PHILANTHROPY.

In speaking of alms giving one of our enterprising weeklies has this to say :

" The fruit of inconsiderate giving is manifest in an army of tramps, a host of shameless mendicants and a multitude of professional beggars, all of whom are what they are for the simple reason that it is easier thus to maintain themselves in idleness and comfort. Why should they work, when they have but to ask some guileless person for that which bably created a large proportion of it, would, had it been properly expended, have relieved almost every case of real destitution in the country. There can be no stronger demonstration of the fact that we need professors of philanthropy to properly organize and teach us the science of charity. But the scope of philanthropy, so-called, is infinitely wider than simple almsgiving. It includes schools, hospitals, orphanages, old men's and infants' homes, libraries and other beneficent institutions. It covers tenement reform and a multitude of intricate and bewildering questions appertaining to there a society or organization, have done what was possible under the cir-cumstances, but always regarding it as of secondary import. It is but just be-ginning to dawn upon us that indiscrim-ate alms-giving is not a success, that the giving of charity is a distinct science in itself, to be taught as other sciences and practised only under the leadership of those worthy of the title: professor of

philanthropy. Yet it is to be hoped that sweet compassion still remains.

THE OTHER SIDE.

There can be no question that many noble qualities of courage, faithfulness and self-sacrifice are brought out in the crucible of war. But if one seriously studies the actual picture of what happens, it is not very inspiring to the higher moral nature. Here, for instance, is an extract from a eulogy on a certain colonel as having performed " the madever seen."

"The 'first rank of the enemy went down like a swath of grass, but others pressed forward; the colonel leading, we fired again, the colonel reeled and fell forward, shot through the leg. But almost instantly he was up again; the wounded leg hanging horribly limp and upon a rifle, using it as a crutch, and so

one another and with "devil's ing to blow one another into eternity. Note the inspiring picture; a man made to the image and likeness of God reelangrily to his men. Is that a picture of anything else than a wounded, blindly enraged animal? And what more does war mean than stupidity to begin with and brutal passion to end with? Its origin is a selfish dispute over some worldly possession or question of vanity and its prosecution rouses all the hell of anger, hatred and revengeful rancour of which the human heart is capable.

A WORD TO THE MOTOR

A certain English brain specialist thinks the present craze for "going fast" may develop a class of motor maniacs. He has seen many a man die with the most agonized look on his face, and he has seen a bicyclist with exactly the same look. Fast going is certainly a great strain on the mental faculties when racing motor-cars reach a speed of eighty miles an hour. They must drive themselves, for no brain is capable of dealing with all the emergencies that may and must arise should that rate be ing of. The human animal is not designed to travel eighty miles an hour Neither the human eye nor the human brain can keep pace with it. The brain declines to respond to the tax upon it;

to do, and an honorable reward for our the brain by which it is supposed to be doing it. We do not fully realize how controlled, and the unexpected obstrucimportant it is to keep in the vibrations tion is smashed up, or the car is, before the mental activities come into play Automobiling is not the very best thing for the mental powers; it is too intense. The automobile scorcher is the very natural successor of the bicycle scorcher. It is well to remember that he gets most out of all things in life who fellows none to excess.

THE REVERATIONS at the West Peteroro election trial should be a cause for reflection amongst all good Canadians. If even only a small percentage of the voters become degraded through the devious methods of the ward politicians some guileless person for that which will supply them with the necessities of life? And the terrible feature in this condition of things is that the money which has maintained all this idleness and imposture, and probably created a large proportion of it, would let the present writing, we have not in mind contained the present writing, we have not in mind contained the present writing, we have not in mind contained the present writing. Canada a considerable contingent of Philadelphia answers its neighbor in the present writing, we have not in mind any particular political party or any particular candidate or member. We desire to look at the question broadly from the stand-point of that sterling Canadianism which should be the attribute of every public man. So far as the unseemly features of an election contest are concerned, neither of the great political parties can show a clean slate. Even if we look at the matter solely from the sordid view point, we would ask the political workers, what is to be gained by purchasing the votes of those who place only a money value on their have drink, and women, too, very often. franchise? At election time a certain element of both parties is in the vote not be the means of compelling them to market picking up job lots offered for discontinue its use. Were prohibition sale by the low minded franchise holder. to become the law of the land, as society At the end of the contest it is usually found that the purchasing power of the one party equals the purchasing power advantage? Were the vote buying elewould stand on precisely the same plane, It would be an excellent thing were the Liberals and Conservatives at each contest to eliminate the vote-buying rising generation. If there is no feature. If this is not done, and done soon, it would be well were the vote-seller and the vote-buyer disfranchised. Let us not forget in this connection that the perjured evidence given at election trials gives proof that many Canadians are sadly

wanting in a high standard of morality. MR. WM. F. Fox, district deputy of the Knights of Columbus, recently made a speech at the meeting of the national council in Mobile, in which he made he drew attention to the importance of taking action in regard to certain detailed reports of criminal proceedings tunately we have not much to complain about in this respect in the Dominion of Canada, but it is not too soon to take forced himself forward in jerks, calling action with a view to keeping our house with by those who have at heart the welmake of these cherished books, now that ers. It was splendid and, when he fell fare of the community, and the only for the last time, well, we were sorry."

Here we have men, because they are not rational enough to settle yellow paper. Every organized body in the community should aid the Knights

The Messenger of the Holy Childhood majority. The provision for compuls among the students of the Propaganda sory purchase was eliminated from the sory purchase was eliminated from the community should aid the Knights. crutches and nobody ever grew wings their differences, lining up against the community should aid the Knights of Columbus in this work. That the machines," as some one calls them, try- minds of innocent children have been poisoned and incentive to crime engendered in them by the reading of these papers cannot be denied. It is ing forward with a broken leg, note his well therefore to show the purveyors of fall to ashes. The character, on which | jerking himself forward with rifle as a | filth that their business may become an crutch, calling hoarsely and beckoning unprofitable one. That is about the only way the disease can be eradicated.

> IN THIS city on Sunday last a demonstration of a very touching character took place. It will be remembered that a few years ago His Grace the Archbishop of Toronto, when Bishop of London, had erected in St. Peter's cemetery Stations of the Cross. The custom was then introduced of having a yearly procession to the cemetery. On account of the inclement weather which usually prevails later in the season it was decided this year to have it early in October. It was a most edifying spectacle to witness the thousands who wended their way last Sunday afternoon to the City of the Dead, each one bearing a load of sorrow for the departed ones and offering a silent but heartfelt prayer that the God of Mercy would give them eternal peace. At the cemetery the Stations of the Cross were recited by Rev. Father accompanied by Rev. Fathers McKeon and Tobin of St. Mary's church, and maintained for any period worth speak- Rev. Fathers Lowry and Valentin. The so the big racing-car dashes on, minus this beautiful devotion and we hope we impulses.

will be called upon to record its introduction in many other places throughout the Dominion.

It is painful to notice what a pecullar vision comes to some of our non-Catholic contemporaries when dealing with Catholic countries. The Church, in their minds, seems to be the root of all evil. If a great disaster of any kind occurs in any country the Church is at once found guilty and sentenced to death. The most graceless form of humanity is held up for adoration if he puts a knife in the Church. The Christian Advocate tells us that Briand is the most eloquent and persuasive speaker in the chamber and is not vindictive. The Catholic Standard and Times of

"The Combes Ministry showed how accurate is the description. So did the Clemenceau one. Pontius Pilate was anything but vindictive. Neither was Danton nor Marat nor Robespierre: these were all paragons of magnanimity.
M. Briand bears' no malice toward
Christ, nor does M. Viviani—only they want Him to be wiped out of existence on the earth He redeemed. Oh, no: these gentle souls are not vindictive they just hate like suave Frenchmen and

politicians.' CARDINAL GIRBONS does not believe that prohibition will succeed in suppressing the use of intoxicating liquors. If conditions are such that men must the suppression of its manufacture will is at present constituted, smuggling would become an enterprise of magnitude and illicit stills would spring up of the other party. Where, then, is the in many places throughout the country. With the Cardinal, we have always conment cut out on election day, each side tended that reform must come from within not from without, as we cannot make people virtuous with legislation. The great work is to be done with the demand for intoxicants the trade will fall to pieces. But while this trade is in such a manner that its evil effects should be minimized to the utmost.

As WE EXPECTED, Home Rule as well America with the object of soliciting in the afternoon. funds to carry on the campaign. The some excellent points. Amongst others latest despatches tell us the king's which appear in the daily papers. For crucial period in English history. That the people are determined to put a stop to the unreasonable opposition of the House of Lords to needed reforms there can be little doubt. THE IRISH LAND BILL, providing for

compulsory purchase, although passed by compulsory purchase, although passed by an almost unanimous vote in the Commons, was practically killed in the ary to Bishop McDonnell. Ireland, said the Land Purchase Bill was as important as the budget, and the He made a brilliant course in theology, bill. Mr. Birrell, Chief Secretary for Government will not accept, as he termed it, its vivisection in the House of Lords. The conduct of that House he described in robust but justifiable language. He could not imagine, he added, a method of conducting business"so absurd, so idiotic, so productive of disorder and so provocative of crime as that now existing in regard to Irish affairs. The time must come, and it could not long be delayed, he continued, when common sense and business principles would relegate all such purely Irish affairs to Ireland, where alone they could properly be understood. Winston Churchill, in the course of his speech, also referred to Ireland, with which, he declared, the Government would make a national settlement such as had been made in South Africa.

FROM the publishing house of Little, Brown & Co., Boston, we have received charming little volume entitled "A Round of Rimes," the author of which is Denis A. McCarthy. The Irish element in the United States, including John Boyle O'Reilly, Jas. Whitcomb O'Neil of the cathedral staff. He was Reilly, and Thomas Augustine Daly, has given us some very sweet singers. We are pleased to be able to include Mr. Denis A. McCarthy [in [the list. singing of the joint choirs of both There is nothing common or forced in churches was excellent and tended not his verses. The fruit of his poetic gena little to add impressiveness to the ins comes to us like a liquid stream of occasion. The Catholics of London look | beauty embodying thoughts betokening forward each year to the recurrence of the highest, the noblest and sweetest tell the conversation of the confession-

1617

When ground is broken on the site For your new church, some busy wigh Is certain to assume the right To pose as chief inspector. He deems it quite the thing that he Should represent the laity, And watch the builder's work and see He doesn't cheat the rector.

The "Building Inspector."

Of course the whole thing's badly

planned, He teils you, and you understand How good it is that he's at hand To check some greater blunder.
The mortar's bad. He breaks a crumb
Between his finger and his thumb,
And shakes his head and murmurs
"Bum!
Who sold 'em that, I wonder?"

Thus after church each Sunday morn, With mingled pity, grief and scorn, He goes about on his forlorn Grim duty of inspection. But no, not every Sunday though— That statement's not exactly so— Some Sundays you take up, you know, The building fund collection.

CATHOLIC NOTES

-THOS, AUGUSTINE DALY.

Right Rev. William George Mc-Closkey, D. D., Bishop of Louisville and the oldest member of the American hierarchy, both in years and in point of continuous service, died on Sept. 17th.

Of the large capitals of the world, the Of the large capitals of the world, the most unchristian is probably Berlin. Only nine per cent. of the Berlinese are churchgoers, and this 9 per cent. is largely made up of Catholics. The Catholic body of Berlin is an admirable one.

In Connaught, Ireland, a great temperance crusade has just been organ-ized. The six bishops of the province of Tuam have issued regulations for the guidance of the new movement, which is to be known as "St. Patrick's Tem-perance League of the West."

To be a Catholic and a thief is incompatible. Recently a package of bills valued at \$1,200 was left on a mail box near Brooklyn bridge in New York unnoticed by the thousands of passersby. It was left by a thief who addressed it to the owner of the cash saying he could not face his priest as a thief.

An important movement for the grouping together of all the Catholic forces of France in view of the coming elections in May next is taking a very tangible form. What has been named the "Enform. permitted to exist it should be regulated in such a manner that its evil effects with many of the leading Catholics at its head.

Fifty converts and one hundred children were confirmed in Eureka, California, Sunday, Se tember 5, by Right Rev. as the budget will be the issue at the next election. T. P. O'Connor, M. P., one of the most brilliant I-ishmen in at the High Mass on the "Necessian of the Most public life to-day, will shortly sail for sity of Faith," and also gave instruction

Rev. L. J. Evers, of St. Andrew's latest despatches tell us the king's intervention between the Lords and Commons has failed to bring about a settlement of the difficulty. This is the and the regular chaplain of Typographical Union, No. 6, the largest body of printers in the country.

For the first time in its long history, St. James' Pro Cathedral, Brooklyn, the cradle of Catholicity on Long Island, witnessed the great and solemn cere-mony of the consecration of a Bishop recently, when the Right Rev. George W. Mundelein, D. D., was con-

and speaks fluently, besides his own language, French, Italian and English.

In passing the death sentence recently on a criminal, Judge Sutton, of Omaha, Neb., departed from the old custom of fixing Friday as a date for executions. In offering his reasons, Judge Sutton winted out that the custom, dating back from antiquity, was nothing less than a mockery of the crucifixion of Our Lord. The Omaha Ministerial Association adopted a resolution commending the

From Paris comes announcement of the death, at the age of seventy-four, of the famous Jesuit priest, Pere Stanislas du Lac de Fugere, who was for more than ten years a familiar figure in the streets of Canterbury, England, whither he had taken refuge in 1880, when his order was expelled from France, and who attained, as the head of the Paris Jesuit College in the rue des Postes, a celebrity which almost assumed the proportions of a legend. Cardinal Gibbons upholds the decision

of Judge Milliken of New Bedford, Mass., in directing Mrs. Manual Amaricio, whose husband is suing Father Mercisses for \$1,000, to repeat the conversation she had with a priest in the confessional. The cardinal said the testimony of the woman in such a case vas not privileged and that the action of the court was in accordance with established precedent. "If she wanted to relate conversations in the confessional, it is evidence," said the prelate, " but the priest is privileged from being forced to go on the stand and tell what has been said to him in the confessional. This latter was established in New York something like one hundred years ago in the Coleman case, where it was laid down that a priest does not have to

TORONTO t. West

#### ion of Charles Scribner's Sons WILL SHAKESPEARE'S LITTLE LAD

BY IMOGEN CLARK. CHAPTER I.

They rose up early to obesive The rite of May. A Midsummer Night's Drear

There was an air of alertness about the little town of Stratford on-Avon that May morning in the year of grace 1596, and the thirty-eighth of the reign of good Queen Bess, though usually at such an early hour it was taking its last delicious doze, utterly unmindful of the

world and its manifold duties.

But who could really sleep the first of
May, even if the sun had not yet risen? Not the old people, surely, whose slum-bers are light enough at any time and who, with all the mysterious noises of the previous night sounding in their ears, lived over again in a half-drowsy state the days when they, too, went a Maying. Not the middle-aged people, who had buckled on the armour of responsibility and had homes of their own to look after and children to care for, and so perforce must give up all those pleasing, foolish customs, though the spring breeze called movingly to thom and the early flowers wooingly to them and the beckoned with alluring fingers. Not the young people—Ah, no! There were no young people in Stratford, except the tiny, toddling things, and they were of small account as yet.

There was not a young person from ten to twenty years of age within the limits of the little town. The bells of Trinity had hardly ceased striking the midnight hour of the 30th of April, when shadowy figures of all sizes came from the houses lying in quiet lanes near the water-side, or in adjacent fields, and hastened to the market-place, the point of assembly, where the groups grew quickly. What laughter rang out upon the still, damp air—what shouts and songs! Tom Bardolph, the town-crier, jingled his bell from sheer joy, and called stridently to the stragglers whose forms could be seen from the steps of the Cross. The boys whistled and gave vent to their exuberant feelings in wild yells, while the older girls cried "Hush!" warningly, with little ripples of excited giggles drowning the severity of their tones. The river, slipping slowly past under the arches of Sir Hugh's great bridge, seemed suddenly to hold its breath in envy of all the delights the young folk were shortly to know in the

young folk were shorely to know in the silent woods where the flowers were al-ready on tip-toe with expectancy. Who could sleep at such a time? Who could sleep later, when, with the blowing of horns and the cry of the pipes that grew each moment faint and fainter, the band of young people left the town and hastened toward the shadowy forest: And, above all, who could sleep in that sudden silence which, as it setted down, throbbed with memories of other times to the stay-at-homes, though the river went on with its drowsy lullaby among the sedges and there was no other sound

So it was small wonder that long be fore sunrise the good people were astir. They were as eager as children to see what manner of day it would be. The robin had sung blithely the previous afternoon, chirping forth cheery pro-mises of sunshine and clear skies. That mises of sunshine and clear skies. That was a sign that never failed them! But still the grey clouds lay close, guarding the secret of the morning, though al-ready there was a thrill of color in the where the dawn was knocking to

After a short time that mysterious curtain stirred softly, and here, through an unguarded chink, and there through another, the young day peeped out at the world with a little golden light in her eyes, and then, grown bolder, she rent the enveloping folds asunder and leaped forth, all radiant, rosy smiles.

The river, that had been a moving thread of darkness but a moment before. flashed on a sudden like a slender Spanish rapier drawn from its sheath; the meadows along the banks grew distinct and the little, plaster-walled, thatchedroof cottages of the town, that had been so many dim, blurred shapes, stood out boldly, while here and there a small tuft of blue smoke rose from the chimneys of the thriftier householders and mingled with the dissolving clouds, and under the wizard's touch the gartheir fruit-trees white with bloom, were

The wooden spire of Trinity thrust its glittering tip into the glowing sky. It was the first thing to catch the light of the coming sun, which burst sudden ly, wide-awake upon the scene. A white throat in a near-by elm, as if he had been the only one watching for this radiance, lifted his voice in gladness but his song was lost in the sounds tha

came from the woods.

Hark! a shrill, sweet cry—the call of the pipes, the lower notes of the tabour, and then a gay mingling of men's and women's voices throbbing with the lilt of the tune, and, rising above them all the high, childish treble that carried the melody up—up into the blue. The distant sounds were borne townward by the rollicking little breeze which was sof and warm, and yet as wayward as a lad's will as it loitered along, dropping vague hints of all the wonderful doings out there.

In a momen doors were flung wide and window saked under impatient hands. The reynote of the day was struck in that burst of music which the little breeze obligingly halted to chronicle. It came nearer and nearer. Ever the sober-minded Puritans, of whom there were not a few in Stratford town, felt a quickening of their pulse as the songs grew more distinct. They might maintain at other times that this Maying was an abomination—a godless sport, a pagan custom—and yet, with its sweet hurly-burly at their very doors, they could not but remember that their ancestors, nay, even some of them themandessors, hay, each some of their their selves, had gone forth in this same fashion to greet the May, returning, as these young people were doing, in the early morning with the treasures of the

woods heaped high in their arms.

Some such remembrance thrilled in their blood despite themselves, and the corners of their grim mouths relaxed a trifle, while some even went so far as to

half-sing the words of the song over be- England's foes in many a battle on sea neath their breath. Only some of them, however; there were others who listened sourly, and, as they hurried out with the rest to meet the incoming procession their voices were raised in loud de nunciation and they threatened the and they threatened the dancers with lameness and broken legs, and saw no beauty whatever in the freshness of the day and the streets with their arches of flowers and vines.

Little, however, did the gay band,

ntering the town from the this grumbling, any more than one would feel disturbed by the buzzing of some discontented flies. The world was large enough to hold them all, and if little black specks found fault with all the sweet bravery of spring and had no welcome for her, why, so much the worse for them that their eyes were the worse for them that their eyes were holden to the beauty and that these rites seemed impious in their sight. There be many like them in every age, who, taking no enjoyment in the simple, sweet pleasures, and, indeed, reading their own crooked meaning therein, would away with them all. As if God can only be presided by long prayers and can only be praised by long prayers and fasting, and sour, smileless faces. As if one does not know that He hath made the flowers and the singing birds and the sunshine, and that joy in them all and love and good will to our kind are

the best services we can render!
So, recking not of the adverse criticism about them, and seeing, indeed, only smiles upon the faces of the little crowd the procession came proudly on, the men with the pipes and tabours leading the way, blowing and beating lustily. Back of them was a band of youths, their persons decked out with vines. Someof them had bound wreathes of flowers upon their brows, others had gay blosson tucked in their caps, and all wore nose gays, large and small, slipped into their jerkins. They rested their hands on one another's shoulders, and stretched one another's shoulders, and stretched out across the roadway in two wavering. brilliant lines, as they danced forward from side to side, singing ever as they came. Next in order a group of flowercrowned maidens, with summer in their faces and in their light, buoyant steps, made the air sweet with their merr music. Their arms were laden with fragrant branches and shy blossoms. hich ever and anon they cast about

And then, with the shouts of scamper ing, crowding children, came the chief-est jewel—that which they had all gone forth to seek and were bringing home with pride and veneration. The stay-at-home people pressed close to see, the men tossing their little ones up on their shoulders that they might have a better view. A yoke of oxen (good Master George Badger's old Sure and Steady; they'd been away on this same errand to fetch the May-pole in a round dozen of years; it was little marvel, then, that to them was given the first place in the drawing!) stepped slowly by, each con-scious footfall full of majesty. Then followed another yoke, and still again a third, and so on until a half-score were numbered by the eager crowd. what a transformation it was of simple beasts—simple no longer, perdy! but tricked out with floating streamers and vines and with sweet nosegays tied on the tips of their horns. They like the beasts of Fairyland, or wondrous creatures on the painted cloths that used to adorn the walls of Charlecote House, before the owners turned Puritans and had them burned for popish reminders. And back of the last oxen was the rude, low platform set on wheels—especially made for this purpose—on which the giant of the forest lay supinely, stripped of all its branches, its wounds bound up with great bunches of flowers and herbs, with garlands of vines, and a hundred differ-ent floating ends of ribbons and cloth of various hues stretching from the top to the bottom. On either side of the cart walked a man holding in his hand a huge pronged stick, which, from time to time, he rested on the pole to keep it the better in its place; or anon he would shake it at the children to maintain some sort of order among them.

The crowd cheered stoutly as the long

pole moved serenely by. Then, with much good-humoured elbowing and pushing, the people joined the throng of up the rear, and so on and on, amidst jangle of questions and answers and verses of song, the whole procession took its way, halting at last in Master Adrian Ford's meadow, near Cross Lane. A score of men ran torward and closed about the cart. It was the work of a conjurer! In one moment the oxen were detached and led away; in an-other, strong hands were touching that fallen monarch with almost reverent tenderness. A boy, who had stood quietly by, now, at a sign from one of his elders, stepped proudly forward, and kneeling upon the ground, bound at the very top of the pole the banner of Eugthen he moved back; and the band of

men closed in again.

There was the sound of laughter and cries-quick commands-the place was cleared of people, then a tugging and straining went on among the men as the pole slipped into the hole prepared for it in the ground. It wavered uncer-tainly, as a ship will rock in the trough sea, but after a brief moment's space, it stood firm and straight, a right brave, beautiful thing with all its flowers and ribbons. There was an instant quiet, almost of suspense, among th watching folk and then in a trice that same rollicking little breeze which had already done such good service that morning, tugged, boy-like, at the end of the pennon, blowing at it mischievously, whereat it slipped away and bellying out, flaunted its undaunted splendour in

the sunshine. A sudden clapping of hands, like the crackling of a hungry fire, burst forth in great and a great cheer sprang ed people, a cheer that guiet waters at a stone's fall, until down in Old Town the chimer of Trinity answered merrily, and neares the bell of the Holy Guild, in Chapel Lane, rang out right jovial peals of welcome. And high above the clamour of belis and fifes and tabours and the shrill blare of the trumpet came the

"Saint George for England — Saint George for Merrie England!"

CHAPTER II.

All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players.
As You Like It More matter for a May morning.

Twelfth Night

Before the sun was three hours high Master Adrian Ford's meadow bore no slightest resemblance to its usual tran-quil aspect. On the softly rising knoll at its upper end stood the flag-tipped pole, with its ribbons and streamers fluttering in the morning air, as much at home-in its new surroundings as if it had always been there and was, indeed not a creature of a day but for all time. At its foot the ground was strewn with birch boughs and divers other branches, while here and there about the field, as if sprung up by magic, were leafy howers and ruce vine-trimmed booths, the latter erected by the tradesmen who, having a goodly eye for business, had left their stalls and shops in Middle Row and meant to take advantage that day of the country folk who would come from far and wide to join in the May sports and see the Morris danced.

There was a daring rogue of a pedler already upon the ground, who scented the air with his upturned nose as he passed the merchants' wares, disdaining, in especial, the attractions of the baker's stall, where there was a store of sugar, biscuits and caraways, with all kinds of sweet suckers and comfits, laid out to tempt the appetite, and whither, even thus early, the small boys were pushing and jostling as they eyed each coveted dainty with longing looks. At one side of the booth the smiling proprietor stood, crying in his thick, suety voice:

"Walk up, roll up, tumble up, come up any way you can—here's cates to

The pedler gave the place a wide berth; he was getting in tune, too, for the day's work, and began to enumerate the contents of his pack with lungs which put the baker's vocal powers to

"Ribbons, gloves, Sheffield whittles women's gear and rings wi' posies, bal-lads, shoe ties, table-books—come buy o' me! Who'll buy—who'll buy?"

He would keep it up all day and at the end, he would go away with an empty pack and a full purse, for he was a merry hearted wag with a tongue in his head that would draw kindness from a stone one who, in truth, was well known in Stratford and all the country round at fairs and wakes and greatly liked by the women, the maids especially. No that he'd let Ned or Diccon slip by without getting a fairing from his wares, and oh! the treasures he could disclose, and what an eye he had for a pretty face, and what a voice to sing you

Already, too, though it was far too early, the Morris dancers had gathered eneath the trees, taking their turn at a game of loggats. Robin Hood and Little John, in their tunics of Kendal green, with the bells about their ankles making a swift keen music as they moved, had laid aside their bows as they while the country bumpkins stood at a little distance gazing open-mouthed at the sport, or stealing furtive glances at Maid Marian, the Lady of the May, and marvelling among themselves that despite her golden crown and her long robes, she should play at penny-prick with Friar Tuck, and beat him at it, too. She was a pretty wench and fair to see in that wonderful yellow gown, though their elder sisters could have told them that 'twas only Dame Turpin's cast kirtle after all, and, if they Holes delegate, they would know that Maid Marian was but young Peter Turf, he that lived at Dancing Marston and had run away from home this two

The people came thronging in from all sides, and many of those who had been Maying in the earlier morning quitted the field now, hastening to their to refresh themselves with food and drink and to trim their own houses with the forest's spoils before returning for the sports, which would continue till the sun went down.

Three children-two girls and a boy detached themselves from the noisy ground in front of the May-pole and hurries cross the meadows and through the little straggling lanes, their arms weighted with flowery branches. The girls ne what in advance, dressed alike, in full kirtles of murrey coloured homespun reaching almost to the ground, their jackets laced over white smocks. The short grey cleaks which both of them wore, were pushed back over their shoulders, on account of the increasing warmth of the day and because 'twas the easiest fashion of carrying them. The oldest girl was about thirteen years of age, while he companion was two years her junior Both children had fair hair, the little one's escaping beneath her white coin wayward, wind tossed ringlets th of corn silk while gleamed from out the soft tangle as blue as the speedwell she carried in her warm little fist. She had a gentle, con

warm little list. She had a gentle, confiding way about her.
"I faith, Sue," she said, half smothering a sigh. "I wish I might borrow me yon bird's wings, for I be forewearied. and can go no faster than this snail's pace, and I would be at home with a owl full of porridge before me.

'I warrant thee it wouldn't stay full long the other laughed; 'there's naught like being out in the woods for hours to make a person hungry. Bu see Hamnet now, what a laggard he is One would think he'd never a though o' porridge, or o' aught else save the sky and his dreamings, and yet once we're set down, he'll eat more than the two o' us. 'Tis ever thus with men and boys; my Grandam Hathaway saith

they have tremendous appetites "Good Mistress Sadler told because a man must feed his brains and muscles, and a girl, now she hath only her body to care for."

" Marry and amen! I be glad Mis-tress Sadler is no godmother o' mine. Have we not brains as well? I think there is no question o' a boy's brains when there's food set before him. He

we are, and that's the truth. Feed his brains, forsooth! Believe no such fool-ishness, Judith sweet. My father's brains are better than good master Sadler's, and he hath more of them too, but he's no such big eater as Master Sadler is. Dost remember last Michaelmas when father was here and the Sadlers came to dinner? I warrant thee, father ate not so much o' the goose as Ham-net's godfather did, and he'd more ex-cuse, with all his brains to feed. Nay, nay, that's foolish gossips' talk, though be but a child—and a girl into the

bargain-to say it.' "I care not for my part, Sue, why a boy should eat more, so that I always have enow. I know one thing though and we were starving now and there was but a crust o' bread between us three. Hamnet would give up his share to us, though his muscles and brains cried out for the feeding." " Ay, that he would, and though we

would protest, yet would he find some good reason to make us do his will. And I marvel why that should be."

"Methinks any man would do the same. Even Master Sadler, though he be overfond o' eating, would give up all for my dear godmother's sake."

"I cannot say. He might do so an Mistress Sadler were in sore need; but

Mistress Sadler were in sore need; but every day, I think not—I think not. He'd as lief she had the wing o' the goose, so that he still got the major por-

"Nay, Susanna, what would our father

Our father would say-troth! know not. But methicks, though he might chide me for letting my tongue wag thus, he would smile in that way o' his that robs his words o' any sting and may hap he will make a little note. in that great mind o' his o' good Mas-ter Sadler's excellence and his mighty fondness for eating and sack, and sec could turn it into his writings ome day. "Doth he always so? I shall be

feared to speak or sing when he is by."
There is naught to fear; he leaks or only in kindness; he is so gentle for all he is so strong and tall, and knoweth so such. But he is ever learning and verything teacheth him—the birds and nuch. he flowers, and the way the trees blow n the wind, and-everything. even you and me are not too small. That is how his brain is fed, in that nanner and with reading, and not with stupid goose and gravy, but—"
"There's mother now," Judith inter-

rupted, "and grandam too; they're watching for us. Methinks my Grandmother Shakespeare hath the sweetest face in all the world. I'll race thee to the house, Sue, and beat thee, else thou may'st have my new handkercher, the one set about wi' Coventry blue."

"Keep thy handkercher," a scornful voice exclaimed, near them; "girls don't know how to run."
"Fie! fie!" the sisters cried in a breath, their words ur heeded by the slim figure darting past. Judith put out detaining hand, but she only grasped bit of branch from the store the boy carried, and even that would not stay with her, it flew back with a snap, leav ing a few, half opened buds in her fing-ers. The next moment she started in pursuit of her brother, and Susanna, after a short struggle with her dignity -she was growing tall and had put

—she was growing tail and had put away many childish things—joined also in the race. The disdainful gibe was like a lash to spur her on, but despite her fleetness she was no match for those flying feet that seemed to spurn all obstacles in the way, though she easily ontdistanced Judith. It was a foregone conclusion that the boy should win.

"Give ye good day," he cried as he reached the two women who had been in-

terested onlookers of the race. "Saw ye ever such beautiful blooms? I knew just where to find them—I've been watching for weeks, and I showed the girls. Oh! we've had rare sport. I warrant ye there was never such a May-' He broke off as his sister ing before." He broke off as his sister came panting up, with a little nod of satisfaction

'Said I not true, Judith?" he asked slyly.
"About running—girls can't run."

"'Twas not a fair race, was it, sweet Mother? He'd a goodish start, and beides he frighted us as he ran by."
"I outran thee once in Shottery Lane,"

Susanna cried, triumphantly. Thou'lt never forget that," Hamnet laughed: "'twas ages agone. Let's try again, fair and square—thou couldst not

beat me to-day."
"Nay, I could not do it to day, forsooth, because—because there are the
May sports to see."
"To-morrow, then?"

"To morrow will be a busy day, will it not, dear Mother? I could beat him to-morrow, were it not that there's baking to do; and then there's father's cloak to unpick, that it may be made over into a doubtlet for thee, Master Hamnet."

"The next day?"
"The next day Susanna might easily outrun thee, sirrah," interposed the elder Mistress Shakespeare, with a laugh "were it not that she hath promised to

help me with my knitting. One victory will have to content her."

"Ay, that it will," the boy returned, Ay, that it will, the boy returned, good-humoredly, "for 'tis the only one she'll ever get, as ye all know, though your words be so brave. Harp away, Sue, about that time; I give thee leave. Thou'lt still be talking o' it when thou art old and grey."

coming home: we "Thou'rt late in coming h looked for thee an hour agone."

"We could come no sooner, Mother But the pole hath been up this long

"Ay, in sooth it hath; and who dost think placed the banner at its very top? Nay, then, thou'lt never guess. 'Twas me—me—me! I knew thou wouldst be mazed, and my sweet grandam too; but this is how it happened. It fell this year by lot to Thomas Getley to put the flag in place, and 'tis the third time running that he hath had the office, and he careth not overmuch for the honor, save that 'tis kept from the other men. When we were in the woods this morn and the pole had been fixed fair with ribbons, I heard him talking with his mates and giving himself airs like the London gallants when there's food set before him. He that come sometimes to Clopton House.
eats so much for that he's greedier than And, saith he, with a shrug, like this,

'twas not such a fine thing to do as they thought, and for his part he'd as lief any boy would have the chance. Why then, Gran, I walked straight up to him and said I'd take him at his word. At that they all laughed, but I would not budge, though the cries sent little hot pricks into my skin, and he was mightily flus-

"'Why dost thou want to do this thing? he asked, speaking out right boldly; 'no boy hath ever set the flag.

"Then I answered him in few words
"And that is why I want to do it." " At which he laughed, too, and saith "'Perhaps thou hast another and a

better reason to serve thee, sith methinks 'twould never do to overthrow old customs just for a lad's desire.'

"'Ay, that I have,' I cried, 'and the best o' reasons, too. 'Tis the Cross o' Saint Géorge I want to raise, and it meaneth more to me than it can to thee.

meaneth more to me than it can to thee, for my father was born on Saint George

"Then he peered at me close.
"'Why,' quoth he, "tis Will Shakespeare's little lad. Nay then, thou shalt have my place, for his sake and thine own. What say ye, friends, shall we not let the old custom slip?"
"And all the men shouted 'Ay!' right

lustily, and one o' them set this wreath upon my head. And Mother—Gran— when we were come to Master Ford's field my heart was going as loud as old Pimpernel's tabour, and my hands shook. was afeard I might not bind the banner safe and there'd be some mishap, and then sore coil for Thomas Getley and the others. But when I stepped out at the sign they made me I wasn't affrighted in the least. I knelt and tied it, knots and double knots-'twill only come down when the pole doth— and then, still kneeling, I bent my head and kissed its folds softly. 'Fly wide, little kiss,' I whispered; 'fly as far as London town; the breeze will bear thee afe to father.

Thou art a pretty phrasemonger, in socth," his mother interrupted, with a fond laugh, "and full o' conceits too 'Tis a good thing, verily, to remember thy father. I doubt not he'll be think-ing o' us all this day and wishing he was

ang Judith in her shrill, sweet voice as she danced to and fro with her pretty

skipping steps and low courtesies.

The others stopped in their light talk to watch the figure of the little maid darting up and down the soft, green sward. Susanna and her mother stood ogether at one side. They were very like. The woman had only to glance at the girl's fair face to recall the lovely April of her prime," though the rose was still faintly growing in her own cheeks, and her fading hair, in the bright sunlight, took on some of its old time sheen. Hamnet was near his grandmother, as was ever the way when the two were of the same company. By a power stronger than that the magnet wields they were always drawn close to each other. Her arm was thrown fondly about his shoulder, and his head, with its curling auburn hair, was cast back against the spotless kerchief that was folded across her som. His frank face, with the dreamy hazel eyes set wide apart, was turned in admiration toward his twin, the soft, delicate cheeks curved into laughing

"Brava! Judith," he cried. "Though I beat thee at running thou canst give me points in dancing. I can stamp a Trenchmore as good as the next one, but when it comes to such twistings turnings I cut but a sorry figure. Thou'rt lighter than thistledown, and there'll be no better dancing done this day, I trow But leave off now, for I be starving Wait, Mother dear; let me fix that bit o' thorn above the door, to keep the witches out. So !

That's a good lad! Now, go you in children, and get your porridge—tis set on the dresser. We are losing day; it wastes toward noon, and there's naught done. Leave your grandmother and me

dress the house."
The children ran within doors with merry shouts, and the two women looked at each other smilingly. They needed no speech, for each could read the other's they fell to work, still in silence, sorting out the long vines and twisting them about the supports of the pent-house. They put great branches of May upon the ledges of the windows and bound them by the door, stepping off at a little distance the better to judge of the effect. as Richard Sponer of Chapel Lane, the painter, studieth his work.

They made a comely picture working together in the fresh spring sunshine. The sweet-faced elderly woman, with the silvery hair showing beneath the border of her coif, touched the flowers tenderly, as though they were a part of her own youth. She stepped a little slower than did her companion, and her tall, slender figure was somewhat bowed but she bore herself with a dauntles mien. The other woman was not quite so tall; she moved with quick, brisk motions, and as she wound the blossome deftly into sweet-smelling nosegays, she sang in a low, vibrant voice the words of little Judith's song:

"A branch of May I bring to you, Before your door it stands."

CHAPTER III. My crown is in my heart, not on my head; Not deck'd with diamonds and Indian stones, Nor to be seen; my crown is call'd Content. Henry VI

Spirits are not finely touch'd

Measure For Measur When Master William Shakespeare went up to London to seek his fortune he left his wife and their little ones in his father's home in Henley Street. At that time his father and mother, with three of their children—Joan, a merry-eyed lass of sixteen, Richard, and Edmund—the latter a small lad of five years—were living in the old house Gilbert, the son next in age to William was away in Snitterfield, at his Uncle Henry's arm, whither Richard followed

him a couple of years later.

There was a warm welcome ready for the little family from those good, true hearts, and the passing years only made the ties of affection stronger. It was very pleasant for the elder Mistress Shakespeare to have the continual com-

panionship of her daughter-in-law, Anne. panionship of her daughter-in-law, Anne. There was something so lovable about the creature that none could resist her. She had a way of slipping into a body's heart willy-hilly, and taking up her home there. Her low voice and gay laughter were goodly sounds to hear, while her fondness for her children was the touchingest thing in the world. The two women, though they were each a trifle jealous of the other, as is often the trifle jealous of the other, as is often the case with very worthy women, were drawn closely together by their love for the little ones.

Master John Shakespeare, worried and worn with the sad stress into which his affairs had fallen, had lost much of the jovial cheer which had been so marked a characteristic of his in earlier life. He had grown silent, too—he who had always been so ready with his lively sallies!—and the wish to keep from his fellows was one that increased daily. His was a nature to thrive only in the sunshine: the storms and shadows of life left him sore distressed, hopeless, despairing. He was like a wounded animal seeking the silences to nurse his hurt, and looking thence suspiciously at the world. The turn fortune had taken had embittered him sadly, and he no longer went abroad to mingle in the merrymakings of his towns-people, so that the coming of the children was as if a door had been opened suddenly upon a pleasant place radiant with love cheer.

It was midsummer when the young family came. Susanna was then a little more than two years old, and the twins a matter of five or six months. From the first the heart of the grandmother which was always open to children, and indeed to all her kind, warmed especially to the little bey. His resemblance to his father, even at that early age, was very marked, and the woman, as she crooned over the baby in her arms, seemed to be living over the time when her first-born son had lain upon her breast and she had sung the same simple words to him:

Sometimes the bright eyes would close almost at the first line, and then the sweet voice would cease and the grandmother would fall a-dreaming too, only with open eyes, of that other natte one who had grown to man's estate and tractions of a strange city. But the same confident smile would linger on her who was far away amid the din and placid lips. She knew the heart of the nan; it was as simple and gentle as the child's had been, and she had no fear that he would fall a prey to ill-deing. She had such absolute trust in him, though she missed him sorely and would fain, for her own sake and the sakes of those about her, wish that he were home again with them all.

At other times, if Baby Hamnet were not minded to sleep, she must needs talk to him in that foolish fashion women nave-lopping off their words and twisting them into strange shapes, as if by so doing the small mind can understand a person the easier. Or, if he ought to go to Dreamland, then would she sing hat other old song, about that Babe Whose mother's heart was filled with grievous dismay in the lowly stable in the far-away Eastern land:

'Lulla, la lulla, lulla, lulla bye.

My swete littell babe what meanest thou to cry?
Bee still my blessed babe, though cause thou hast
to mourne,
Whose blood most innocent the cruel king hath

And lo! alas, behold! what slaughter he doth

make.
Shedding the blood of infants all, swete Saviour
for thy sake.
A king is borne they say, which king that king
would kill.
Oh! woe and woeful heavie day when wretches
have their will."

So would Mistress Shakespeare sing the carol to the end, softly and tenderly, and when the little one had gone to Slumberland she would lay him in the cradle by his sister's side and fall to watching the two sleep-flushed faces. And often her daughter-in-law would

cry, half in jest, half in earnest:
"Nay then, my mother, thou'rt all for
Hamuet and hast no eyes for my sweet half in jest, half in earnest: givest the child no word. I do protest, la, 'tis not right; hereafter I will keep the little lad myself and thou mayest sing Judith to sleep."

her turn and say:

"I fear not thy threats, sweetheart and right willingly will I sing to Judith. In truth I love her and my little Susanna too; only—only—the boy cometh first because o'his father's sake. Thou'lt humor an old woman lass?"

And for answer Anne Shakespeare

would kiss the sweet questioning face, and if Hamnet were awake she would push him crowing into his granamother's arms and play hy-spy with him over her shoulder, whereat Susanna would join in the sport with her shrill screams and Judith would coo gayly from the cradle. Truly, they were very happy together. So the months slipped by, and season

after season passed uneventfully and quietly to the household in Henley Street. It seemed but yesterday to Mistress Mary Shakespeare that Susanna, on the time of her first coming there, had stood in the door way, while her father had cut a tiny notch in the ner father had cut a tiny notch in the wood above her sunny head to mark her height and had put a little 'S' alongside. The mother, Anna, had sat by; looking on with laughing eyes the while she danced baby Judith in the air and she herself held Hamnet; and when his fother, turned to him and said. she herself neid riammet; and when it father turned to him and said: "Thou'rt too small to be measured, manikin," she had cried out: "Not so, william, not so; he is as high as my heart." Whereat they had all laughed at her quick protest. And now her words had come true in very deed.

The years had brought still other changes to Henley Street, Master John Shakespeare walked a little slower, and the habit of silence had grown more surely upon him, though with his some increasing success in London his own fortune was rapidly mending. A letter content had gradually settled upon his wrinkled face, dispelling the harasse expression which had so long disfigured it, and he held his head with something

of the confidence he had shown in the days of his own public capacity.

I'The same gentle trust was written on Mistress Mary Shakespeare's features; the same unflinching bravery of mien

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OCTOBER 16, 1909.

Had not all London town tanged of them?
Had not the young Earl of Southampton
been glad to be the friend and patron of
such a man of genius as sweet Master
William Shakespeare? And he had
made substantial proof, ay! that he had,

had just begun, and he loved his work. He was going to write a play about a pair of hapless lovers—he had told her that much already—and he would weave therein a bit of poor Mistress Charlotte

therein a bit of poor Mistress Charlotte; Clopton's story—she that had died a fearful death the year of the great plague in Stratford town—God rest her soul! And, after that, there would be more and more. The wonder and the glory of it! Surely a woman had a right to be proud of a son like that; but, deep in her heart, she knew that, beyond all bis genius the real reason of her pride

his genius, the real reason of her pride in him was because of his love for her and his tenderness and help to them all.

What did they not owe him?
The family in Henley Street had grown smaller with the flight of years.

Of the other sons, Edmund was the only one at home—a tall stripling, with his

heart already turned Londonward. But Gilbert and Richard, both of them men

now and able to go whither they would.

were bothered by no such dreams. They were content with the tranquil life of the

near-by hamlets, where they followed

their simple pursuits and found their

diversions in sheep shearing festivals,

wakes, and harvest-tide, the annual fairs at Stratford, the entertainments connected

with Christmas, New Year's and Easter,

and occurred the previous August, when

foot as the deer in the heart of Arden,

and had even penetrated into the

they had borne themselves right bravely

TO BE CONTINUED.

KATHLEEN'S STORY.

right hand; and I, a young, inexperi-enced girl of seventeen was launched for

encedgirl of seventeen was launened for the first time on the sea of a house-keeper's experiences. And, oh, what a troubled stormy sea it was! There-fore my heart bounded with hope when I led the pretty grey-eyed Irish girl, who came in response to an advertisement in

the morning paper, to my mother's

"You look very young, my dear," said my mother in her sweet, kindly voice, as I lifted the blind a few inches that she

night see the face of our prospective

"And sure I am young, ma'am," she

replied, as one surprised that her state of youth should have been detrimental to the cause in hand. "But I always

days "landed." It was simply the delicious innocence of youth and inexperience. We both felt it. I looked

quickly at my mother as if to say. "Is she not delightful?" and she answered

my thought with a smiling glance of

comprehension.
"But what can you do?" she inquired.

in their different parts.

of his friendship and love.

ighter-in-law, Anne. ng so lovable about one could resist her. ipping into a body's
and taking up her
low voice and gay
dly sounds to hear,
for her children was g in the world. The they were each a other, as is often the orthy women, were her by their love for

hakespeare, worried sad stress into which sad stress into which een, had lost much of which had been so istic of his in earlier a silent, too—he who ready with his lively wish to keep from his hat increased daily, to thrive only in the rms and shadows of rms and shadows of vas like a wounded silences to nurse his hence suspiciously at rn fortune bad taken im sadly, and he no ad to mingle in the his towns-people, so of the children was as opened suddenly upon radiant with love and

ner when the young anna was then a little ars old, and the twins or six months. From open to children, and kind, warmed especial-His resemblance to that early age, was e baby in her arms,
ag over the time when the woman, as she had lain upon her sung the same simple

he first line, and then would cease and the ld fall a-dreaming too, res, of that other nattle on to man's estate and amid the din and trange city. But the knew the heart of the mple and gentle as the , and she had no fear ll a prey to ill-deing. bsolute trust in him, d him sorely and would sake and the sakes of wish that he were home

if Baby Hamnet were sleep, she must needs at foolish fashion women I their words and twistange shapes, as if by so mind can understand a cr. Or, if he ought to d, then would she sing song, about that Babe heart was filled with in the lowly stable in tern land:

innocent the cruel king hath old! what slaughter he doth d of infants all, swete Saviour

ney say, which king that king

stress Shakespeare sing end, softly and tenderly, little one had gone to e would lay him in the ister's side and fall to wo sleep-flushed faces.

daughter-in-law would half in earnest:
y mother, thou'rt all for
st no eyes for my sweet
d as for Susanna, thou

no word. I do protest, t; hereafter I will keep myself and thou mayest sleep."

thy threats, sweetheart

gly will I sing to Judith. her and my little only—only—the boy cause o'his father's sake. an old woman lass?" wer Anne Shakespeare

sweet questioning face, were awake she would ng into his granamother's hy-spy with him over her reat Susanna would join reat Susanna would pain the her shrill screams and oo gayly from the cradle, revery happy together, is slipped by, and season passed uneventfully and household in Henley emed but yesterday to the court Shakesmeare that

ry Shakespeare that e time of her first coming d in the door way, while cut a tiny notch in the r sunny head to mark her ad put a little 'S' alongther, Anna, had sat by; h laughing eyes the while by Judith in the air and eld Hamnet; and when his

to him and said: small to be measured, had cried out: "Not so, so; he is as high as my eat they had all laughed protest. And now her true in very deed.

had brought still other Henley Street, Master eare walked a little slower, of silence had grown more im, though with his sense coess in London his own pidly mending. A le kel gradually settled upon his allowed the hamost discussions and hamost h , dispelling the harasse ich had so long disfigured d his head with something nee he had shown in the

n public capacity. entle trust was written on ry Shakespeare's features; dinching bravery of mien and cheeriness of word that had never failed her even in the darkest hours were still apparent in her deportment and speech. She was always one to help others; her heart was as guileless and warm as a child's and as ready to go forth in love. It was a heart that knew no age. If there was a little more pride in her bearing than in the old times, was not that justifiable, when

go forth in love. It was a heart that knew no age. If there was a little more pride in her bearing than in the old times, was not that justifiable, when away in London town her son was becoming famous?

Already there had come word of the plays and poems he had made. Had not Richard Field, himself a Stratford man, printed 'Venus and Adonis' and that sadder, graver story of poor Lucrece? Had not all London town talked of them? Had not the young Earl of Southampton They are specific to make the service in England?"

"Yes, ma'am 'I mean that. It would be very wrong and foolish for women on the boat told me if I acknowledged the truth it would prevent me from getting a place. I think myself it would be far worse to say I could do the things I know nothing about, and then when I came to do them be telling on myself."

She had two of the prettiest dimples in her rosy cheeks that were ever seen.

in her rosy cheeks that were ever seen. They appealed to me irresistibly, and to mother also. As the stranger looked from one to the other, with that lovely smile half parting her beautiful lips, the innocent gray eyes, under the longest lashes I ever saw, were scarcely to be Suppose William were silent about his work? It was always his way to give no praise to himself. But good Master Field let the folk of Stratford withstood.

"My dear child," observed my mother. "I fancy you will have to be taught

almost everything."
"Your fancy isn't far from right
ma'am," was the instant reply. "But master rieta let the lolk of Stratford know the high esteem in which the poems were held by people of quality and learning. And those plays that crowded the theatre during the season—what magician's hand had called them into I'll try my best: and maybe the young lady will teach me a little till you are on your feet again."

being? Was it possible—was it possi-ble—how the mother's heart grew trem-The domestic situation was explained to her, my own inexperience, also the temporary disability of the housemaid, who had gone home that morning. ulous with delight!—that it was the same hand that, in the long ago, had clung to her gown and had patted her

clung to her gown and had patted her face so lovingly?
What a brave showing the mere titles made! 'Harry the Sixt'—or truly all that was best in it:—'the p!easant, conceited historie of The Taming of a Shrew,' 'Errors,' 'Love's Labour's Lost,' 'The Gentlemen of Verona.' 'Richard the Third,' 'A Midsummer Night's Dream,' 'The Venetian Comedy'— and there "I do not know what to do," said my nother, as she finished the recital of o

"Let me stop anyway till yourself "Let me stop anyway till yourself are better and you can find one to suit you," was the prompt response. 'I can wash the pots and pans and scrub the floors for the young lady, so that she'll not be soiling her hands too much 'The Venetian Comedy'— and there were more to come. Why, he said he had just begun, and he loved his work. entirely.

Her eyes met mine : Youth spoke to

"Do let her stay, mother?" I pleaded;

and the easy victory was won.

Afterwards we both laughed heartily at the mistakes Kathleen made in the beginning-mistakes that would not have occurred if I myself had not been so inexperienced. But by the time she had been in the house three weeks everything was running smoothly; though our fortunes, already falling, made it necessary that we do without another servant. Before she had been with us six months my father died; the large house was let, and my mother, Kathleen and myself moved to a smaller ne which we owned in the suburbs.

I do not know what we should have done without Kathleen in that dreary time. I had a spell of typhoid fever.

After I had recovered my mother fell
and broke her arm. Kathleen bore all
the burthens—was cook, housekeeper,
and nurse all in one. She seemed to grow prettier every day; everything she wore was fresh and becoming, though her attire was of the simplest. She was never out of humor, never tired; work seemed to her but play. She had been with us about a year

and a half when we learned the story of the little romance which had sent her to England. One day a letter came for her—the first she had received. This did not surprise us, however. She had the May-day sports, the delights of Whitsuntide, the beating of the bounds during Rogation week, and the occa-sional representation of stage plays at the Guildhall of their own native town told us she was an orphan, with no con-nection that she knew of but a step-mother, with whom she could not agree, and so had come to this country. When I handed her the letter, she turned it or in Coventry, only a short distance away. These home-keeping youths had away. These home-keeping joint far much to amuse them without going far over several times in a puzzled way; then said, with an embarrased smile: "Maybe you would read it for me, Pretty Mistress Joan Shakespeare was no longer an inmate of her father's house; she had exchanged her early home for one of her own in Scholar's Lane, which Master William Hart had provided for his bride. The wedding

Miss Florence, please? I don't know writing at all." I was surprised, as she seemed fond

of reading.

How is that Kathleen," I asked, had occurred the previous August, when the twins were ten years old, and it had been an occasion of great rejoiding. Hamnet and his sisters had rifled the woods and lanes the day before, of flowers "when you are such a great reader?"
"I am very fond of reading, ma'am,"
she rejoined; "but I can hardly make riting at all. After my mother's woods and lanes the day before, in new and yings, and had helped the young maids deck the rooms of both houses—the old home and the new—with the sweet-smelling treasure; they had run hither and thither on errands, as fleet of

out writing at all. After my mother's death I never went to school."
"I am so sorry," I said; "but after this we will have a writing lesson every evening when the work is done."

"Ob, that will be just what I'd like!" she replied, with radiant countenance. I opened the letter. I read as fol-

kitchen, there to receive frequent re-wards for their good behaviour. And on the auspicious day itself, with the bridekitchen, there to receive frequent rewards for their good behaviour. And on
the auspicious day itself, with the bridefavours floating from their shoulders,
favours floating from their shoulders,
floating nest that I am to be your hust Times were bad, and my lending her money leaves her and you my debtors to the amount of one hundred pounds. The same I will cancel if you promise The same I will cancel if you promise to come home and marry me. It can not be that you will allow the good woman who raised you as her own to languish in purgatory for a debt you can repsy.

"By this time I should judge you were tired of the hard work in London, which I learn from Martin Clancy you. The day she came to us my mother was ill. The cook had departed suddenly, without notice, as cooks sometimes will; the housemaid had developed a painful wound on the first finger of her

have been doing. Kindly let me know if you receive this, and I will send passage money, forgiving the past, and al-ways your faithful friend, "Peter Breen."

Kathleen sat gazing into space, with a troubled look in her grey eyes, her lips tightly shut, one foot nervously tapping the floor. At last she spoke.

Tell me, Miss Florence, would that debt he mentions be on me at all, think you? Would there be any obligation? God knows, I would not like to be the means of vexing my stepmother, though she was but a poor mother to me."

"No; not the smallest obligation," l answered promptly. Of course I do not know the particulars, but unless you made a promise, Kathleen—"

to the cause in hand. "But I always heard it was good to be young when one is strong, and I'll be growing older every day. Praise be to God that brought me under a Catholic roof this morning! And I hope you'll let me try, ma'am, and see what I can do for you. It's sorry I am that you're lying on your back this beautiful spring day. But we'll have you up before long, I hope ma'am."

There was not the slightest hint of forwardness in this speech, though to made a promise, Kathleen—"
"A promise is it! To that man," she exclaimed. "Twas on account of him mostly that I ran away."
"Tell me all about it, Kathleen," I

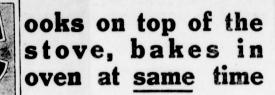
said.
"I will, Miss. Sure, why should I have any secret from yourself or the mistress? I'd have told it long ago if I thought there was any need of it. And I'm afraid he'll pursue me now that he forwardness in this speech, though to the reader it may seem familiar as falling from the lips of a girl not two

"But he cannot take you, Kathleen, if you do not want to go with him."
"I'd go to my grave first, Miss Florence," she replied.

At this moment my mother entered At this moment my mother entered my merchension.

"But what can you do?" she inquired. Where have you lived?"

"At this moment my mother entered to kitchen and the letter was read once more. I think I should have alled her if she had not appeared, knowing well that Kathleen's story could not fail to be interesting, and



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knowing also that I could never have repeated it in her own simple and de-lightful manner."

I GOOD TO

OBBURURUED 89

"Ma'am," she began. "I'd not think of bothering you and Miss Florence with my little affairs if it were not kind of forced on me by what's happened. I was out one day, and I met a boy from my own place, and it's he that has told where I am. He asked if he could come to see me, and I told him I didn't care for any company; but I was foolish enough at the same time to tell him where I lived. It's my stepmother that's the cause of it all. My father was an old man when he married her, and after he died nothing would do her but that I marry another old man and join the two farms.

"Why didn't she marry him herself?" "Why didn't she marry him herself?"
"They were cousins, miss," Kathleen replied. "And if they weren't I don't believe they would have had each other, they were both that cross. She put me herding the sheep and wouldn't allow me to go to school, though we had always a boy tending them before, and my father left her comfortable. But she couldn't make me marry Peter though she made my life so miserable that I ran away from her at last. I placed myself under the special protection of the Blessed Virgin, trusting that she would take care of me; and I say her Rosary every day. And that's all the story. Did I do wrong, think you?"

young carpentermade her acquaintance, and not long after Kathleen blushingly asked permission to receive him as a visitor. The inevitable end soon came to pass Felix was apparently all that could be desired, and reluctantly we gave our treasure into his keeping. They emigrated to Pennsylvania, and we had several cheerful letters from Kathleen. The oil fever was at its height at the time, and she wrote that

up machinery for the operators.

Misfortune continued to follow us.
Our little house with all its contents

In a few moments she returned with our little house with all its contents was burned to the ground leaving us almost penniless. Then a bank failure completed the ruin. Not only myself, but my poor mother was obliged to seek embrace. "It is Mrs. Donaldson and but my poor mother was obliged to seek

for employment. So Kathleen passed out of our existence.

For a dozen years or more I had been housekeeper in a large hotel. The responsibility was great, but my duties were not arduous; and my mother was with me. She employed her time in mending and marking the linen, and we were happy in each other. One day I was requested to prepare the finest suite of rooms in the house for the family of a famous oil king, whose riches

family of a famous oil king, whose riches were almost fabulous, and of whose charities and those of his wife the papers had long been filled.

"By the way, they are of your religion, Miss Donaldson," said mine host.
"It was specially asked whether this house was in easy reach of a Catholic church. I wrote them that there was one awould the conter." ne around the corner."

They arrived in the afternoon, but as my duties did not call me in the direction of their apartment, I had not seen any of them. The maid who attended the control of the control of the maid who attended the control of the the narty described the mother as very beautiful woman, the girls lovely, and the boys remarkably handsome. About nine o'clock my mother and were in our little sitting-room reading when someone knocked at the door.

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"I beg your pardon," said a sweet voice, as I opened it; "but they told me you were Catholics here, and would let me know the hours for Mass. I like to go in the morning whenever I can."

The lady had advanced within the room while she was speaking. I thought I had never seen so beautiful a face, nor one so full of amiability and kindness. one so full of amiability and kindness. But before I could answer her she had my mother's hand, and was exclaiming.

"Oh, Mrs. Donaldson!—you—you ere! Oh, dear! oh, dear!" My mother looked helplessly at me, but I had already recognized the "It is Kathleen, mother," I said, "you

member our Kathleen?"
'And you too, Florence!" she cried. Ah, you have changed! I would never Ah, you have changed! I would never have known you. But why are you here—working? What happened that you did not write to me? Why did you forsake me in that way?"

She drew us both to the sofa and sat in the middle, now looking at one, now at the other, while tears ran down her cheeks—indeed, we were all crying. After we had accounted for ourselves, she told how her husband, in his occupation of carpenter, had secured some oil lands which had proved of enormous value. For years she had vainly endeav ured to find some trace of us; "for I wanted you to share in my good fortune," she said.

We talked laughingly of Peter Breen She was speedily assured that she had not done wrong, and that was the end of the episode. No reply was ever sent to Peter, and for two years longer whom we must see that very night.

sent to Peter, and for two years long.

We rejoiced in our little Kathleen.

But one spring day, while we were following a tap at the door:

"Mother, mother, are you here? We "Mother, mother, are you here? We worried about you."

height at the time, and she wrote that he was making splendid wages putting delighted to see," the child said, afterwards, when we had become better

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Miss Florence, for whom I have been searching the world over, and of whom I have ted you hundred of times. Here they are, thank God! But they will not be here long. To-morrow morning will change all this."

They proved to be as lovely, as kindly, as affectionate, and as grateful as their mother—those handsome unspoiled children. Glad in her gladness, rejoicing in her joy, they surrounded us and bore us off with them to their own rooms, where we talked and feasted till mid-night. Next day we were the heroines of the place. Unashamed of the lowly station in which we had known her, Kathleen and her blessed family told the happy story everywhere. Hence-forward we were numbered among their own; and, though in spite of all entreaties I declined to give up my position on the instant, summer found us established in their seashore cottage on the east

My dear mother died several years after with my arms about her and Katheen's hand in hers. The boys and girls are all married now, but are constantly flitting to and from the maternal nest. I believe I am almost as dear to them as their mother; they and their little children call me "Aunt Florence."

WHY THEY DON'T GO TO CHURCH.

The September American Magazine prints the following from Thomas F Woodlock, formerly editor of the Wall Street Journal, addressed to Ray Stannard Baker, upon the subject of Mr. Baker's articles on the Spiritual Un-"People do not go to church-to the

Protestant churches — because the churches have ceased to teach them religious truth with authority, and be-cause Christendom, so-called, outside the Roman Catholic Church, has ceased to believe in the fundamental truths of

"The Protestant churches started in business, so to speak, on the basis of faith, not works,' and now have drifted to the absolute opposite of that posi-tion, viz., 'works, not faith.' Dogma is a thing abhorred, creeds are 'outworn,' all trath is relative, man is not fallen, Christ is not God, atonement is a fiction, and an unnecessary fiction at that, everything is explained away on natural grounds, there is no hell to fear—why should people go to church?
"Protestant Christendom has already

lost faith in the Incarnation, a large part of it no longer believes in original sin, and a great many who call themselves Christians do not even believe in a personal God. What is religion if it be not that group of truths express man's relations with and duty to his Creator? What are these truths but dogmas? How can there be an un-dogmatic religion?

"There is no Christianity properly

so called in the world to-day — that is, Christianity as a religion — outside of the Roman Catholic Church. Protestantism in all its forms is an empty shell now, and even the shell is rapidly disintegrating. The generation now growing up will demonstrate that to you and me if we live our allotted space according to the psalmist. And not even 're fined vaudeville' will then suffice to

keep the churches open.
"But you won't find the Catholic churches closing!"

THE MAGIC MIRROR OF THE SALOON. Walt Mason, a western newspaper man,

does not write high class poetry, though we have no doubt he could do so if he tried : nor does he condescend to put his philosophical rhymes on current events and everyday happenings into the usual form. Walt casts all his verses into form. Walt casts all his verses into prose form, so that one has, in the beginning, to hunt for the rhyme. But no or ever has to hunt for the reason in Walt's verses. Take for instance the following which, for all its slang, has a very good

esson:
"I went one night with my high-priced thirst to loaf in the booze bazaar, and as I sampled the old red dope I leaned on the handsome bar. My purse was full of the good, long green and my raiment was smooth and new, and I looked as sleek as a cabbage rose that's kissed by the nice wet dew. Behind the bottles a mirror stood, as large as your parlor floor, and I looked and looked in the shining glass, and won-dered, and looked some more. My own reflection did not appear, but there where it should have been, I saw the form of a cringing bum all crumpled and soak ed with gin. His nose was red and his eyes were dim, unshorn was his swollen ace, and I thought it queer such a seedy boy would come to so smooth a place. I turned around for a better look at this effigy of despair, and nearly fell in The barkeep laughed. 'It's the magic glass,' he said, with a careless yawn; 'it

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LETTERS OF RECOMMENDATION.

Apostolic Delegation. Ottawa, June 13th, 1905.

by Dear Sir.—Since coming to Canada I have na reader of your paper. I have noted with satis tion that it is directed with intelligence and lity, and, above all, that it is imbued with a strong hole, spirit. It strangously detands Cathons

Yours very sincerely in Christ,

Donatus, Archbishop of Ephesus,

Apostolic Delegate

UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA. Ottawa, Canada, March 7th, 1900.

ole paper, the CATHOLIC RECORD, and congra-you upon the manner in which it is published titer and form are both good; and a truly ic spirit pervades the whole. Therefore, with re, I can recommend it to the faithful. Bless and wishing you success, believe me to re

Yours faithfully in Jesus Christ. †D. Falconio, Arch. of Larissa, Apost. Deleg.

LONDON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 16, 1909.

Editorial Correspondence CATHOLIC RECORD.

THE PLENARY COUNCIL.

MGR. ARCHAMBAULT'S SERMON CONTINUED Duties towards God and towards the God creator of man, is also the author of society, the cource of its good and of its power. Empires are raised by God. His providence governs them through vicissitudes, and notwithstanding social transformation. God has, therefore, the right to reign ove ns, to use them for His glory, for world. For this reason the first obligan of civil law has God for its object Nothing could dispense the magistrate of even an infidel country from the social worship of the official manifesta-tion of religious sentiments. "If nature and reason," says Leo XIII.
"impose on each one of us to honor God by religious worship, because we are under His power and because we come from Him and should return to Him, the same law binds the public community; because men united in so-ciety are not less under the dependency of God than if they lived isolated, and society is not less indebted than indivi-duals to this God, Whose designs formed, it, Whose will preserves it, Whose munificence assures it all the good it en joys." The State has, therefore, the duty to make the worship of God the of society and the exercise of see that this worship be as soul of national education, to punish blasphemy and perjury severely, the outrages against the tholy laws of matrimony, the outrages against morals, It should also present a check to the diffusion of impiety, prevent licentious theatres, indecent public amusements. indecent public amusements, places of debauchery and seduction, an irreligobscene press constitute a standing danger to morals, causing the citizens to swerve in their loyalty towards God, their supreme end.

We have placed ourselves designedly in the hypothesis of a people without positive religion and without divine positive religion and without divine faith. But how much more serious and better defined the duties of authority towards God, in Christian society.

liged to be conformable to it, and to make it prevail, to penetrate the laws and national institutions with it. Poli-tical societies should, in fact, as indiv-iduals in serving the Divinity "follow strictly the rules and manner by which God has declare. he wished to be honored. (E.cyel. "Immortali Dei.")

If, in view of a greater good to be obtained.

If, in view of a greater good to be obtained, a social evil to be avoided, the State thinks it necessary to tolerate different cults, it should neverthe less show a disposition to legislate in dering the true religion, second it, and assure its liberal exercise and full de-

Coming in contact with the Church founded by Jesus Christ to be, throughout the world and centuries, the infallible organ of His doctrine and the delegate of His power, the State is obliged, even though there is a separation of two societies, to legally recognize this divine institution, to bow before its supreme authority, to respect its independence, its liberties and rights. "We must admit," said Leo XIII. "that the Church is of its nature and right no less than the State a perfect society; that the depositaries of power should not pretend to enslave and subject the Church nor diminish its liberty of action in its sphere, nor take from it any rights conferred by Jesus Christ." (Immortali Dei.)

Among the inviolable rights of the Church some have for object the unity and indissolubility of marriage, the immunity of its ministers, the existence of religious communities of men and women, the Christian sepulture, others the material benefits disposed of by the Church, the Catholic cult and the liberal display of liturgy ceremonies. There is one, however, which is more precious to her, which she defends with ore energy and constancy—and that is,

he right of teaching.

The Church alone, my brethren, has the power to preach the revealed truth, to command in the name of man. in the

that of opening and directing seminar-ies. She possesses the right, although not exclusive, to teach literature,

The Church guards over public schools in all that concerns faith and morals. The State should, therefore, respect her rights and powers, which

ome from a supreme authority.

Is that all? No, if for legitimate mo tives, the State itself opens schools, these schools should answer the just ex-igencies of the Church, give sufficient guarantees of orthodox teaching and morality in their choice of teachers and

A government, even without official religion, cannot patronize neutral schools. Some one has said, with reason, "a master who is not for Christ, is against Christ. Woe to the people who banish God from the mind and heart who banish God from the mind and heart of childhood or youth; to-day they sow the wind, to morrow they will reap the tempest." We cannot with impunity shake the principal foundation of the social edifice, without that edifice sooner or later tumbling down.

DITTER TOWARD SOCIETY.

DUTIES TOWARD SOCIETY. Civil authority having for an aim the common good, its second duty is, there-fore, to endeavor to procure it according to the rights and powers which the constitution of the country recognizes.

To issue laws capable of protecting the national rights of families and legiti the national rights of families and legiti-mate associations, assure inviolability to private property and a sure manne of transmission, to see that order and peace reign within and without, to vigorously repress popular riots, audit with care and justice the public revenues, wisely and impartially distribute administrative offices, particularly those of the magistracy, not to impose on the people other than really necessary taxes—and in proportion to the revenue of the citizens, are the serious duties incumbent on the State.

Defenders, born of society, of its rights, of its tranquility, Authority should also promote veritable progress. To oppose emigration when it is harmful to the nation, guard with care the coming of thousands of strangers, who having become citizens of their adopted country, may be to morrow the chiefs of it, and direct its destiny, multiply or render easier communication and transport, explore the natural resources of tion and industry, to see that commerce is not disturbed nor rendered fraudulent by dishonest raising and lowering, by the monopoly and forestalling to the profit of a powerful plutocracy, are so many more duties that the State should not neglect without failing in its noble

Social authority should also occupy itself with the task of organization and division. A workman should not be an automaton, if work affects his health accomplish his obligations towards God and his family. Man is permitted to acquire wealth, but he should never do aspirations of his soul and of his eternal

destiny.

In his admirable encyclical "Rerun Novarum," Leo XIII. asks the powers to intervene in order to repress, or better still to prevent the loosening of family ties among the working people, the vic tation of their human dignity by un-worthy and degrading conditions, and to protect the health of women and children by seeing that they are not given labor which should be reserved for man. The great Pope, who is called the "Workman's Pope," expresses the desire that the true measure of work be proportion between rest and labor, be een the labor and salary, salary which should afford the workman a living for himself and family, and to make legitimate savings for old age or time of

Another duty of the State is that of assisting culture, literature, science and arts, but let it beware of taking that which does not belong to it. Its right to teaching is not absolute, it is a purely relative right. The education of the child constitutes, by its very nature, a duty of the domestic hearth. The State Public power placed in presence of a of its own schools, new centres of incult determined by God Himself is cb- struction, if the existing Public schools meet the demands; still less has it the right to make such schools compulsory, to make of their attendance a condition of capability for public employment.

In another order of things, but al-

ways having in mind the common good, power is held to respect the the power is held to respect the liberty of association, to recognize the civil coporations necessary or useful to society, to give pecuni-ary aid to charitable institutions, in a word, to give its support to all that which has for object the opening of new such a manner as will, instead of hin-dering the true religion, second it, and zon, cannot, however, be obtained by the unaided efforts of citizens.

Such, my brethren, is the weak and forcibly incomplete allegation of the Catholic doctrine on the subject of civil authority. Is it not true that this doc-trine applies to the most vital questions of sociology. It clearly establishes the principles and rules. It brings "to power with the conscience of its divine origin, a strength which it would ask in vain from an ordinary delegation of the multitude. It tempers power by a senti-

ment of responsibility; it limits the rights by the intimation of duties." Happy the countries where the depositaries of authority, inspired with the luminous teachings of the Church, make it the base of their government. They enjoy a profound peace, a security which nothing can shake, a social well being far superior to the apparent pros-perity of the unfortunate nations whose blind chiefs have no thought of the eternal destiny of man and of his true liberties, and have no respect for the rights of God over society. kings have wished to reign of themselves," said the illustrious orator of Notre-Dame de Paris, of Every layman should believe his faith ous firmly, defend its truths fearlessly, love ris, it ardently, practise it faithfully and from whom I have already quoted a few fruitful thoughts—"The kings have wished to reign of themselves and the closing century has seen the downfall of the dynastics are the downfall of the dynastics are the second to the second the second that the second the second that the second the second that the archies. The elected chiefs have wished lieve the dogmas of faith propounded by

name of popular right, without regard for the right of God, and the Republics have fallen into disorder. The powerful have wished to make for themselver a justice which would not look to God for its ruling, and the wronged people have cried out in bitter complaint, and destructive sects have made a dogma o anarchy . . given up to our caprices filled with pride, which a false philo sophy of power put in its heart. The multitude plays with authority, it takes for its favorites disturbers, it is to con temnors of law it gives power to act in It seeks its elect in the prisons to bring them to honor, and those who, after flattering it, have today the mission of keeping it in bounds, disconcerted, hesitate between perilou

security and disastrous concessions (Mgr. Huist, Careme de 1895). Let us learn, my brethren, how to pro fit by these severe lessons which are causing the disorders and troubles to the old nations of Europe at the present time. Far from banishing God from our national life, may all in this life, young and full of hope, be impregnated with the cult and respect of His holy laws. Let us remember our origin Christian religion watched over our cradle, it was the soul of our progress, the safeguard of our liberty and beloved traditions. In setting foot on our soil Jacques Cartier took possession of it in the name of Christ and of the king of France, and in the name of religious and civil power. May these two powers remain forever united in thought and

action. Thanks to their cordial understanding the beloved country progresses, free and proud, she strides with a firm step to wards a brilliant future, inviolably faithful to her past and to her providential mission, that she may take place one day among the most prosperous nations procuring for Christ-Jesus new conquests, opening to the Canadian people a glorious era of peace and grandeur.

St. Patrick's Church, Quebec.

On Friday evening, the 2nd inst., the Fathers of the Council with their President, the Apostolic Delegate, attended a special service at St. Patrick's Church. Notwithstanding the rain and disagreeable weather the church, which is a large one, was well filled. The congregation was composed only of men. formed at the palace. Upon arriving at St. Patrick's the Delegate and his colleagues were received by the Redemptorist Fathers. When all had taken their place in and near the sanctuary the "Veni Creator" was sung His Excellency was assisted at the throne by Father Aylward of London, and Father Corbett of Cornwall. After the hymn was finished His Lordship, Bishop Scol-lard, ascended the pulpit, when he delivered a very forcible, eloquent and practical discourse upon the duties of laymen to the Church. His Lordship took as his text: "With the heart w believe unto justice, but with the mout

confession is made unto salvation. (Rom. x. 10.)

The Right Rev. preacher began by comparing the Canadian Church to the grain of mustard sown three hundred ears ago by the chivalrous valiant sons of France upon the northern banks of the majestic St. Lawrence. They had come from their own bright land, these men of courage and faith. They landed here upon this great rock—vast forests, pathless depths, unexplored regions lay beyond. These difficulties did not daunt them. Forth they went to the cold north and the far west to evangelize and civilize the unknown inhabitants of this vast country. These were the pioneers of Canadian Catholicity waters our soil, whose early Indian missions are swept away, but whose chief work remains to this day, a glory to their name. Later came the High land Scotch, victims of terrible persec tion, bringing the faith to Nova Scotia Some of the same brave race with Bisho MacDonnell established the Church Ontario. Finally the current of im nigration from the Isle of Saints started in the same direction. The sons of Erin, driven by religious proscription should not usurp it. It has not the right to arbitrarily institute, and at the ed ships—many of them crushed in expense of the public treasury, outside | spirit and broken in health. His Lord ship paid a fitting tribute of gratitud to the French Canadian priests and re ligious for the heroic services the rendered the poor immigrants in admi stering to their spiritual and tempor The sons of Ireland in England wants. in Australia, in the neighboring Republic have done much for the Church They have worn the mitre so as to wi praise of Pius IX. and Leo XI Irish, all three natives of the great Celti stock have by their bonds of blood, b their supernatural bonds of a comm faith and by a common allegiance the centre of Catholic Rome, these three have done much in the pa for the cause of religion in this count hand in hand, they will accomplish the future for the benefit Holy Church much more than they have done in the past. The little seed ha grown to a great tree, with branche which extend in all directions from the Atlantic to the Pacific and from the Great Lakes to the Polar regi There are pow 4,000 priests and 3,000 000 of people. Thirty-three Bishops, in person or by representative, united under the Apostolic Delegate, all paying allegiance to the See of Peter, are met in the First Plenary Council of Canada. These are gathered together for the spiritual good of their people for the larger scope of our Church, to go forth more closely united and for priests to de their duty more nobly and more generously than before. But the laity also have a part to play, a mission

to fulfil. They too must help in the extension of God's Kingdom. What is

this duty? What is a layman's mission

can be so dear to the intellect as to be-

the Church - the light and fire brought from heaven. Men may believe implicitly and collectively. That is not enough. They should believe explicitly. And in order to do this they should read good Catholic books. And this belief includes the rights of the Church upon education and matrimony. Secondly laymen must not be afraid of their Cath

olic principles. That object which is only good is the object of our love. To what, therefore, should our will more enaciously cling or our heart defend nore generously than those truths faith which point out happiness or propagate our faith zealously. We should not only aid those associations which propagate the faith in the North and West; but especially should we be concerned about those around us who have that are not of this fold. And what would I but that they be brought into the fold, that there may be one fold and one Shepherd." Catholic laymer should inform themselves so that can render an answer to the hope that i in them and give an explanation of the Catholic teaching to their enquiring neighbors. In order to be prepared for this they should read brief books upon the various subjects. Again-layme should defend truth fearlessly. How are you to defend the truths of the Church fearlessly? Defence can only be given according to one's own knowledge. There are the dogmas of the Church and there are the rights of the Church flowing from these dogmas These rights in the matters of education and matrimony should be defended—and more particularly by reviews and news-papers. Catholics too often drink their knowledge of these subjects from poisoned wells of thought. In order to counteract this poison they should read Catholic papers. But there are Catholic papers and Catholic papers. are papers which lism ahead of religion There nationalism ahead of politics above faith. real antidote is the good Catholic paper edited by men of sound principle, able to expose fallacies and sophistical reasoning. Where people read nothing but plausible error then follow disunion Where people read nothing discontent upon the rights of the Church. "I would have you," says St. Paul, "to be of one mind." His Lordship pointed out that the trade-mark of so-called Catholic newspapers was intense patriotism with perfervid and appeals to nationalism, with insidious attempts at times to undermine the reverence and obedience which the faithful owe to their pastors. On the other hand the trademark of the genuine Catholic newspaper was the defense of the rights of the Church and the inculcation of respect for the authority of the Church, whether that authority have for its subject the Sovereign

priest in his humble parish, irrespective of the race of the pastor or the people. After the sermon Bishop Brunsult of Nicolet gave Benediction of the Blessed

Pontiff, the Bishop in his diocese or the

The Children at the Basilica.

On Thursday afternoon, September 30, the Basilica was thronged with children and their teachers. Many of the Prelates and other members of the Council were present to give encouragement to the little ones and add pomp to the simple ceremony. This consisted in the singing of a hymn, after which Mgr. Bruchesi, Archbishop of Montreal, delivered the following touching sermon to the young congregation:

"Suffer the little ones to come unto

me." (St. Matthew.) These words are taken from a page in the Gospel which has very often repeated to you. Jesus without doubt came for all, but more especially for the humble; also Jesus loved children and the children loved Him. One day when to listen to Him, the Apostles wished to send them away, but Jesus said to them "Suffer the little ones to come unto me, for the kingdom of heaven is for those who are like unto them."

Hence the Bishops who are entrusted to continue on earth the mission of power, but also the sentiment- of His heart. And so, united in Council, the Bishops, after meeting the fathers and mothers, the citizens, now wish to say "Suffer the little ones to come unto me It is in answer to this call that you have come, notwithstanding rain and winds. Your masters and mistresses have taken you by the hand and have conducted you to the temple.

With me, all the Bishops here pre-sent, bless you as would Jesus Christ. Behold them at the foot of the altar. Amongst them many have come from afar, many of them are bowed down with the weight of years, of which God alone knows the merit; all are thinking of you, you will always be present in their minds when they will give advice or recall duties to your parents, to the teachers entrusted with your education; they will always do so with your in-terest in mind because they cannot for get what Jesus has said "Whatsoever you should do to the least of these you do unto me; woe to those who scandal-ize one of the little ones."

Consequently the Bishops love you, because Jesus loved you; they know that you are the generation of to-mor-row. To-day you occupy the most honorable places in this church, those of your fathers and mothers; you will succeed them in life, also I may say that I have before me the city o Quebec of to-morrow; and if we wish this people to be good, we must uplift our minds towards all that is good, we must protect childhood against all that would imperil its piety, innocence and

At this moment you are living a and nuns, but He offers Himself to unique hour in your life, because the all, to the fathers and mothers, to the spectacle you have before your eyes will never again be yours, because if other Councils take place you will not be there. The remembrance of this will be a great consolation if God grants

you a long life.

I would speak to you in a few words,

1. Wret God has done for you; 2. What you should do for Him.'

Have you thought of what God has done for you? Could you give sufficient voice in the transports of your grati-tude for all the gifts of His Divine Providence, which doubtlessly extends to all, but which however, holds for some

ineffable predilections. First of all, He has placed you on the believing and Catholic soil of Canada, in a Christian family, who upon your birth brought you to the Church so that baptism might make of you a Christian.

A father and a mother have surrounded you with their care, placed before your eyes the fine example of religion and virtue. Scarcely could you take your first steps before your hand, guided by that of your marks have a second to be seen as the second to be second to be seen as the second to be seen as the second to be second to be second to be second to be seen as the second to be second to be second to be second to be seen as the second to be second to be second to be second to be seen as the second to be second to be second to be second to be seen as the second to be se that of your mother, learned to trace on your forehead and breasts the Sign of the Cross, scarcely could you speak and already your lips framed the Names of

Jesus and Mary.
Soon led to the temple, you learned from them the meaning of the liturgy ceremonies. From the family hearth you went to school, where devoted and the second material leving, and pious interested masters, loving and pious mistresses, awaited to teach you the elements of Christian science.
On the day of your First Communion

you became living chalices and then all who met you bowed before you, and soon after the Sovereign Pontiff went to wards you to mark you with the sign of the strong, by the sacrament of confirmation

In other places it is by millions that we count the children who do not and will never know who Jesus and Mary are, will never be confirm never know the gifts and the peace of

In the natural order you have received nany gifts. You are born of well-to-do many gitts. You are born or well-to-do parents, you enjoy good health, you have the full use of your arms and feet, of your eyes and ears, while there are around you so many poor unfortunates whose paralyzed limbs will compel them to remain on a bed of suffering all their lives, so many deaf, blind and mute, notwithstanding the fact that these poor little ones have done nothing to displease God, nor have their parents, but because God distributes His gifts as He wills. Thus you have received as much and more than others in the natural order as in that of grace. Do not be ingrates. When you receive a favor, naturally, the expression "thank you" comes to your lips—to God, then belongs your most ardent thanksgivings.

To be really grateful, love God truly, with all your heart, with all your mind and with all your strength, prove it by You have often been told this ists. story of a queen of France—"O, my son, God knows how I love you, but I would prefer to see you dead rather This queen was Blanche of Castile, her son the illustrious St. Louis.

Under these circumstances, in the name of the Holy See here present, and of all the representatives of the episco-pate, notwithstanding the love we bear you, we do not fear to repeat these words to you. Sin, in fact, will banish God from your hearts and He alone can banish sin, for all other evils that may come to you, if borne with resignation, augment grace. Sin alone separates us rom our principle and our end.
Therefore, always preserve your inno

sence and ask the Blessed Virgin to pro

To fight against the passions and to preserve grace in your souls employ the means indicated to you by those who love you. Shun bad company. Never ear to scandalous proposi-do not look at anything tions, which would offend the eye, do not read books written by infamous authors, fight against your defects, and if you should fail in doing so, do not forget is a remedy, go to the tribunal of penance, and this moment of weakness will be succeeded by one of joy and perseverance.

Pray-do not belong to that class Who live as though God did not exist and as though they owed nothing to Him who has created them. Form the habit upon awakening, to make the sign of the cross, to offer your heart to God, and to repeat the prayers which your mother taught you-place yourselves in the presence of God, recite the Our Father and Hail Mary, etc., a little "memento" to the Blessed Virgin; your day will holy. And in the altar. evening, before entering upon the night. during which so many are surprised by death, pray once more, sing a hymn of

thanksgiving.

Before meals do not forget to ask God's blessing upon your food, it is your duty. If you form this good habit from the age of ten to twelve, you will retain it throughout life and everywhere. Never at official repasts v you blush to acknowledge your faith.

you blush to acknowledge your faith.

Recite your entire rosary every day;
just a while ago you sang, "Yes, we
have sworn it, we are His children."
Say, also to Mary, "Monstra te esse
Matrem." Mary will always be faithful
to her promise; let us on our part be
faithful to show ourselves her children
by loving the Ave Maria. In order to
do this, let us always carry our beads do this, let us always carry our beads I recall the story of a great writer and orator Montalambert, who, one day when one of his friends called on him and asked him for a little souvenir, took him, sayhis old rosary and gave it to him, saying. "It is my best friend and I give it to you, do with it what I have done."

Also, wear scapulars, they will be

distinctive sign of your affilliation, they will give you strength and victories. But the great means of perseverance is frequent and daily Communion. The great movement started from the Vatican, from the heart of Pius X., we need to nourish ourselves in order to make our pilgrimage, Jesus Christ does not only offer Himself to the priests and bishops who each morning offer up the Holy Sacrifice of Mass, to the monks and nuns, but He offers Himself to rich and poor, to the laborer and to the children. In our tabernacles and chalices are never empty and the Holy

You know the story of the prophet Elias, fleeing from Jezabel, through the desert. A bird brought to him, in order to sustain his life, the celestial bread which permitted him to reach

Mount Horeb, where God spoke to him. Mount Hored, where God spoke to him. Communion, the bread of the angels, will help you to reach a better goal than Mount Horeb, it will guide you to eaven.

Another virtue which I would recom mend above all is obedience. Mgr, Mermillod said one day in regard to this subject to the children of a school he was visiting, "I see you are endeavor-ing to masteryour letters; your alphabet ing to master your letters, your alphabet is long, long and difficult, as it is composed of twenty-six letters. I know of one shorter and simpler. If you learn it all will be well." And while the teachers and pupils looked at him surprised, he wrote on the blackboard, "O. B. E. Y

What did Jesus besides that; read the Gospel and you will see "erat su dites illis.'

If you obey you will act according to the will of God and you will be Saints. Remember that he alone deserves to command who has known how to obey. To obedience join love of work, as it is your duty towards the State. For the present study, listen and develop your intelligence and memory, execute each of the tasks given you by your masters. Always have a horror of idleness and indolence. At your age Jesus interrogated the doctors; not that He had need to do so, but He wished to set an example. Love your teachers, be respectful, and when you part do not forget

Be temperate. You no doubt know what ravages alcohol produces. Follow the example of bishops, priests and lay-men who are apostles of temperance; if there is no danger for you at present, from now on resolve to always be temperance apostles.

You are aged from ten to fifteen years. In twenty years where will you be? I do not know. However, God has destined you for something noble; what He has done for you proves it.

The majority of you will live in the world, but there are some among you to whom God has already said, "I wish you o be My priest, My servant." His voice. In your Communions, in your prayers, in your moments of fervoir say, "Lord, what do You wish me to do You are my Father You are also my master, I am feeble, grant me the strength to faithfully accomplish whatsoever You wish." After your youth there will remain one thing to do. I tell you this by quoting the words of a child of ten years whom I had just confirmed, and whom I asked what he intended to de. Looking at me with so much emotion depicted on his face that I shall never forgot it, he said, "I would like to be a Saint." He died recently, having received all religious aid. I trust his fond hope was realized. I hope you will follow his example. Imprint these words on your hearts as a last souvening

of the First Plenary Council of Canada.

May God bless you. Grow up in the
love of God and of your country. Be what God wishes you to be; become even powerful men, rulers of the people, be apostles, do good, be faithful, but remem-ber that all will be lost if you do not become saints.

Pilgrimage to St. Anne de Beaupre. Sunday, the 3rd inst, was a red letter Shrine, which has witnessed many a feast and pilgrimage. Never before were gathered together under the shadow of this Basilica or within its walls so many mitred prelates and sur pliced. Such manifestation is nowhere else to be found on this continent. Such grandeur of solemnity is only possible at a large gathering of Bishops. Promptly at 8 o'clock a special train left Quebec with the Fathers and members of the Council. Upon the arriva! at St. Anne's pany of Zouaves presented arms as the Delegate and the Bishops descended from the train and formed an escort from the station to the Redemptorist monastery. Here all vested. The Bis hops in cope and mitre and with crozier; the priests in canonical robes and sur plice or religious marched house to the main entrance of the Basilica. As they passed into the church the parish choir as well as countless pil-

grims intoned canticles and sang hymns. accompanied by Fathers Teefy of Toronto and McPherson of Antigonish a throne upon the gospel side of the Mgr. Begin. Archbishop Quebec accompanied by Canon Roy of Montreal and the Rector of Laval University, Quebec, was enthroned on the opposite side. High Mass was sung by Mgr. Emard, Bishop of Valleyfield.
After the Gospel Mgr. Labreque,
Bishop of Chicoutimi, preached an elo-

quent sermon in French, of which the following is a translation: "Hi qui sunt et unde venerunt? Deducet eos ad fontes aquarum et absterget Deus omnem lacrymam ab oculis eorum."

(Apoc. 8, 13) At the aspect of this imposing as-

sembly, of this large body of pilgrims, come from all parts, at the sight of the prelates of all the Canadian Churches, these words of the Apostle St. John, and which I have taken for text, come quite naturally to the lips of him who is called to address you on this memorable day. "Hi qui sunt, etc., etc., and the same Apostle answers-"deducet eos ad fontes auqarum,et absterget Deus omnem lacrymam ab oculis eorum."Here, on the shore of this majestic river, more than two cen-turies ago, God willed that a fountain of living water should spring forth, where millions of pilgrims could come to refresh themselves. He chose this calm and peaceful spot, this place of consolation and piety, where so many souls have regained peace and happiness -"absterget lacrymam." To this sanc-tuary of the good St. Anne is attached a long chain of souvenirs and hopes, a long inheritance of teachings and good deeds. We understand it, we c here to do honor to something greater than science, genius and sove something more resplendent than all the magnificence of the earth, and that is, sanctity. And what sanctity? which touches even the foundasanctity tion of Christianity, a sanctity from which springs, as from its roots, the glorious stemon which blooms the flower of eternity, a sanctity which is similar to the last reflex of Sinai and the first ray of Calvary, a sanctity which recapitu-lates the Bible and announces the Gospel, in a word, the sanctity of the

od St. Anne, m Behold what br ed sanctuary, wlascend towards G most agreeable od hands of our H questions, brief o endeavor to answ of this instruction

OCTOBER 1

What is a pilgr What is the pil Beaupre? To this first pilgrimage? most shining thea the most salutary infirmities. God who create to manifest His p liberally make

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which had morals and t and Joachie their faith a And now, look around this figure c I perceive their father and honor v religion. life its attr who, notwi slaughts m they have I and it is ou loudly, that of modern

the people You now

mercy, had

ich I would recomday in regard to ildren of a school you are endeavor-ters; your alphabet cult. as it is com-ters. I know of one If you learn it all while the teachers him surprised, he pard, "O. B. E. Y." pard, "O. B. E. Y.'
ides that; read the

Il see 'erat s l act according to you will be Saints, alone deserves to nown how to obey, ove of work, as it is ove of work, as it is ne State. For the and develop your mory, execute each u by your masters, or of idleness and age Jesus interro-t that He had need shed to set an ex-eachers, be respectpart do not forge

produces. Follow ops, priests and lay-s of temperance; if for you at present, to always be tem-

ou no doubt know

ten to fifteen years. ere will you be? I vever, God has des-ing noble; what He

oves it. some among you to dy said, "I wish you servant." Listen to r moments of fervor You wish me to do. r You are also my ole, grant me the ly accomplish what-After your youth ne thing to do. I tell the words of a child I had just confirmed, what he intended to me with so much his face that I shall aid. "I would like to ous aid. I trust his alized. I hope you aple. Imprint these ts as a last souvening Council of Canada. ou. Grow up in the f your country. Be u to be; become even ers of the people, be efaithful, but remem-lost if you do not be-

Anne de Beaupre. inst, was a red letter history of St. Anne's witnessed many a age. Never before silica or within its red prelates and sur-festation is nowhere this continent. Such ty is only possible at f Bishops. Promptly ial train left Quebec and members of the earriva! at St. Anne's the Fathers. A comesented arms as the Bishops descended d formed an escort to the Redemptorist all vested. The Bis itre and with crozier; onical robes and sur s marched from the entrance of the Basilwell as countless pil-icles and sang hymns. he Apostolic Delegate thers Teefy of Toronto Antigonish occupied

e gospel side of the gin, Archbishop ed by Canon Roy ne Rector of Laval c, was enthroned on High Mass was sung sishop of Valleyfield.

pel Mgr. Labreque,
imi, preached an eloFrench, of which the unde venerunt? De aquarum et absterget mam ab oculis eorum."

of this imposing asrge body of pilgrims, ts. at the sight of the Canadian Churches, A postle St. John, and n for text, come quite ps of him who is called a this memorable day-c., etc., and the same "deducet eos ad fontes get Deus omnem lacrym."Here,on the shore er, more than two cenilled that a fountain of ild spring forth, where grims could come elves. He chose this al spot, this place of piety, where so many ed peace and happiness ymam." To this sanc-St. Anne is attached a ouvenirs and of teachings and good

rstand it, we co to something greater nius and sovereignty, nius and sovereignty, esplendent than all the he earth, and that is, uches even the foundaity, a sanctity from s from its roots, the which blooms the flower etity which is similar to Sinai and the first ray ctity which recapituand announces the good St. Anne, mother of the Mother of to establish such close relations between the dispenser of miracles whose bounty feed. ea. Behold what brings us to this venerated sanctuary, where our prayers will when He inspired the first founders of the seems towards God as an incense of the this colony to establish the cult of St.

OCTOBER 16, 1909.

most agreeable odor, coming through the hands of our Holy Patroness. Two questions, brief questions, which I shall deavor to answer, will be the subject ondeavor to answer, who so the subject of this instruction.
What is a pilgrimage?
What is the pilgrimage to St. Anne de

Beaupre?
To this first question—"What is a

God who created this world, continues to manifest His power everywhere. He liberally makes known his mercy throughout the entire universe. Nothing sists Him. Thus it follows that God is free to choose the places where He wishes to manifest His power and mercy. He gives His blessing to mankind in the valley of Canaan, He promulgates His law on Mount Sinai, He establishes the seat of His power a short distance from the Jordan, He accomplishes the Incarnation at Nazar-eth, for the salvation of mankind he the blood of His Son on the heights of Golgotha; Rome finally was seat of the Religion which has the promise of eternity, and its empire will be limitless as regards time and space, because the gates of hell will not prevail gainst it. The entire history of algion has been unrolled in a series of places which may be termed privi-

Hence a pilgrimage is one of those privileged places which God has chosen in order to manifest his power and goodwhere He operates in favor of ness, where He operates in layor of souls His most astounding wonders. And by which intermediary—what is springs a miracle, around which wonders are multiplied, sometimes a picture scarcely respected by time. God thus ishes to manifest at the same time exercise this power? Without doubt God wishes to alleviate corporal sufferings, but it is more especially the souls ings, but it is more especially the souls. He wishes to save. Assuredly the souls find everywhere the help and remedies faith with which you come to this land The Church is everywhere, Everywhere Jesus Christ teachings. Everywhere Jesus Christ lives in the holy tabernacles, calling to Him all suffering mankind, to console and to aid them. But allow me to make a comparison, borrowed from material When a sick person's strength is declining, he is recommended a change of air. He seeks health in other limates, where the atmosphere is not so heavy. He seeks vivifying baths, the pure air of the mountains, then, after a protracted sojourn there he returns to his native country with re-

newed strength, and is ready once more to take up the battle of life. Such is the description of the pilgrim. when the Christian feels that he is stricken with some woral infirmity, he also goes to seek his soul's health in privileged places, that we call a pilgrimage. There he heather a different properties of the supernatural order, the power of God, the virtue of the blood of Jesus-Christ, the glory and greatness of Mary, and all the truths which the Christ age. There he breathes a different air, embalmed with the piety of generations, there he feels his heart dilating with the inspiration of grace, there his mind rests in the calm and solitude of silence. After completing this spiritual treatment, he returns, solaced and strengthened, carrying back to the domestic hearth a livelier faith and a renewed courage, which will assist him in fight-ing against evil. Such is, my brethren, result of the journeys of devotion which occupy such a prominent place in the piety of the people. Behold why God has placed here and there these stations of faith, where His grace operates more strongly and efficaciously. ere are operated those salutary reactions, those sudden cures. Who would not feel that he was made better at the sight of the multitudes crowding around the hearths of Christian piety, which we call pilgrimage? Yes, this imposing calm of faith, this vast communion of the arms of God, victorious in itself, and

overcome by the grace within it. I have said what a pilgrimage is. There remains for me to explain what the pilgrimage to St. Anne de Beaupre

It is on the part of God a token of benediction for Canada, and on the part of the people of Canada the solemn affirmation of their faith.

God does not act without motives. In choosing this corner of the Canadian earth upon which to show His power and goodness, what has He wished? What are His motives? It is good to understand them. In creating this pil-grimage of St. Anne de Beaupre God s wished to establish a tie of likeness between the Canadian people and their great patroness, the good St. Anne.

great patroness, the good St. Anne.
Hundreds of years ago, there lived a
married couple whose union was to be
blessed above all the unions on earth.
The old faith of Israel burned in them, with its hereditary virtues. The breath of novelty which had taken hold of the Jewish nation and carried it to its ruin could not touch this patriarchal family, which had remained faithful to the morals and traditions of the past, Anne and Joachim remained unshaken in

their faith as in their hopes. And now, twenty centuries after, I look around me and find a place where this figure could not be better reflected. I perceive a people who has also known how to keep intact, with the faith of their fathers, the traditions of loyalty and honor which were willed to them, ple who have preserved their empire of religion, authority its prestige, family life its attractions and charms, a people who, notwithstanding the many on-slaughts made on its belief, has remained as firm as a rock, against which have broken the efforts of heresy, and it is our firm hope, let us say it loudly, that it will also break the efforts

the Canadian people and St. Anne. Do we not see the aim with which God had h the Anne, which will recall to future generations, as it has in the past, the virtues shall of this great family, in which were maintained the inheritance of belief and the

promises of the future.

Would it not be opportune to recall to your memory a few of the most strik-ing facts of the origin of this pilgrimage so as to make you better understand the pilgrimage?" I answer that it is the action of the Divine Providence and his most shining theatre of God's power and the most salutary rendezvous for human people. Anne of Austria, in 1639 asked the venerable Sister of the Incarnation, who had just founded the Ursuline Convent, to build a new church in honor of St. Anne. Six years later, in 1645, a few poor navigators built a humble wooden chapel, on this spot, in honor of St. Anne. Historians relate that God bestowed special blessings upon those who visited it. In 1658, becoming insufficient to meet the demands of an ever increasing number of pilgrims, a more spacious church was built, and the Gov-ernor-General, Mr. D'Aillebout, laid the first stone. Extraordinary cures increased, more and more the devotion to St. Anne grew. Wonders were so multiplied that the venerable founder of this church, Mgr. Father de M. Laval approved, in 1668, a collection of the miracles operated by this great saint, and added the following words: "We confess that nothing has helped us more efficaciously to sustain the weight of the pastoral care of this church than the special devotion which the people of this country have for St. Anne, which, we are assured, distinguishes them from all other people." Is not this special devotion of the Canadian people to St. Anne an immortal token of benediction which God has placed over the cradle of His faith? Was it not to protect and bless it that he wished the picture of St. Anne to remain hanging over your heads it that he wished the picture, as the symbol of domestic virtues, as the symbol of domestic virtues, as the symbol of the illustrious and Most the instrument of His power? Often a faith? Was it not to protect and bless grave, a relic, a little dust from which it that he wished the picture of St. Anne to remain hanging over your heads as the symbol of domestic virtues, as the ideal of the wife and mother? Has He His power, liberty and His infinite mercy. But in whose favor will God preserve around the family hearth, filial submission, respect of paternal authority, purity of conjugal union, and all things which make for the strength,

honor and faithfulness of His people.

I understand better than ever the of miracles. I understand much better with her grace, sacraments and her the language so expressive, in its elequent simplicity, the humble manifestations of your gratefulness, suspended on the walls of this church. It seems to

story of your hopes and joys.

Is it not the solemn and permanent

affirmation of your faith?

For it is not a vain and frivolous practice which brings you here. When we come here, priests and faithful united, at the foot of our great patroness, with the same sentiment of veneration and respect, what is the signification of this act? It is the solemn affirmation of the faith of a people. And we prostrate at the foot of this altar, affirm the existence and all the truths which the Church teaches. It is an elevated act of faith, one that does honor to your intelligence

and to your heart.

May this faith in St. Anne, trans mitted to you by your fathers, not grow less in your soul, but rather grow more and more from now on. The Fathers of the First Plenary Council of Canada have come to place at the feet of the good St. Anne the decrees made during the holy assembly, decrees which have for aim to re-animate your faith and to place in your hearts the love of God and of the Holy Church. Now is the time to renew our faith and to draw therefrom the strength to resist the attacks. the strength to resist the attacks of false doctrines and of bad examples. Now is the time to understand that you must not borrow of modern civilization only that which she has to offer that is good, to separate the good from the bad wheat. Do not permit yourself to be invaded by luxuries and the abuse of material joys, retain your strong convictions, your simple and austere habits. calm of faith, this vast communion of spirits, this concert of prayer coming spirits, this concert of prayer coming from the lips of all, all that, I say, is capable of breaking, in the twinkling of an eye, the chains of sin, and of uplifting the soul from the earth to throw it in the soul from the earth to throw it in the soul from the earth to throw it in servation of your faith, that is a well with "Hosannah to the Son of David!"

denial. O, good St. Anne, thou who art the object of our veneration and joy, deign to make known the effects of your protection on this people who turn towards you with the eye of faith and hope. Deign to protect and bless those worthy sons of St. Alphonsus, in whom his zeal sons of St. Alphonsus, in whom his zear and virtues are revived, protect and bless the venerable pastor of this diocese, worthy successor of Mgr. Fr. M. de Laval, protect and bless the pastors of all the Churches of Canada, united by the same feeling of respect and love. Extend your protection to the entire Church, and thereby lessen life trials: to the Father of all the faithits trials; to the Father of all the faithful, so worthily represented amongst us by the illustrious Prelate who presides over the religious destinies of Canada. Pray for us, O, Mother of her who is the Mether, of God, conduct us yourself. Mother of God, conduct us yourself pastors and flock, to the source of these living waters, which flow even unto eternal life. "Deducet eos ad fontes,

Sermon by Father Lindsay. After the Mass Father Lindsay of Quebec delivered the English sermon: Surrexerunt filie ejus et beatissimam praedecaberunt.—" Her children rose up and called her blessed." (Priv. xxxi 2d.)

Your Excellency, Most Reverend and Right Reverend Fathers in Christ, My dear Brethren: Never were these words of Holy Writ more fully realized than on this auspicious occasion. The entire Church of Canada is here ssembled in the persons of her vener-

able chiefs and pastors.

From the far-away Pacific Coast, from the icy North, from the shores of the broad Atlantic, they have gathered here it to day in this famous basilica to pay homage to the thrice hallowed Mother of of modern incredulity, which invades the lamaculate Virgin, to the Ancestress of the Imarate God, to the Patron of the Incarnate God, to the Patron Sound wished from the beginning the cross of Christ took root in Canada, to the silence is equal to praise, praise of the silence is equal to praise o

extends to the uttermost limits of this and all Dominions, nay to the whole North American Continent, to the faithful of every nation and tongue, children of the same father, God Almighty and of of the same father, God Almighty and of the same mother, the Holy Catholic Church. To-day, indeed, are truly real-ized the words of the prophet "Filie tui de longa venient."—" Thy sons shall come from afar." (isa. 1x, 4.) The Fathers of the First Plenary Council of Canada assembled at the bid-ding of Pater's successor, to treat, with

ding of Peter's successor, to treat, with the assistance of the Holy Ghost, of the grave interest concerning the spiritual and eternal welfare of the flocks committed to their care, have thought fit to interrupt a while their solemn sessions, and, at the gracious invitation of the Sons of St. Alphonsus, as faithful guar-dians of this shrine as they are zealous apostles of our people, they have come hither to honor and praise good St. Anne, and invoke her blessing on their great undertaking. Each one, no doubt, of the venerable pastors here present of his flock, thus manifesting himself in piety towards the saint, as well as in all other Christian virtues, truly "forma gregis et exemplo." But to-day they have all come together in a plevious has already visited this shrine, either as an individua! pilgrim, or at the head of his flock, thus manifesting himself in have all come together in a glorious band, vieing with the gloriasus Apostatorum chorus of the Ambrasion hymn. "Great Saint," do they exclaim, with all their heart and soul, obtain by thine intercession, light for our minds, for our hearts the fire of divine love, that it may absorb every other interest. Bless oar churches, bless our people and keep them steadfast in the faith. "Behold,

lavishes on her faithful clients, and of which few of the illustrious and Most Reverend Fathers here present have not been either the witnesses or the re-

cipients. Allow me, dear brethren, to mention, in a few brief sentences, one or two of the titles of St. Anne to our veneration and love. 1. her glorious lineage; 2. the world wide inaccessibility of her

cult.

1. St. Anne, the daughter of David.
The Church chants in Mary's praise that she shines with the splendor of her the walls of this church. It seems to royal birth (Regali ex propeine refulget), me that I can read the intimate and sad

This signifies that Mary, at least by her father St. Joachim, is the descendant of the Kings of Juda, or of the House of David, as the Church likewise proclaims in the office of her Nativity—"Nativitas gloriasai Virginis Maria vitai de tribu Juda, clara extupe David." And thus it must be, for one of the distinctive characters of the Messias was to count David among his ancestors, and, as, Jesus was to be born of Mary alone, conceiving Him with no detriment to her virginity. Mary must needs be of the race of David.

She was truly so, at least on her

father's side. But was she equally so on that of her mother? In other words, was St. Anne also of the royal family of was St. Anne also of the royal ramily of the son of Jesse? Such is the opinion of one of the greatest theologians (Suary), according to whom Mary descended from David by the maternal as well as by the paternal line. The sole means of conciliating the two prodigies of the Messias given by St Matthew and St. Luke is to trace the descent of Jesus from David through Anne as well as through Joachim. Moreover, according

same stock.

Exsturpe David—Anne daughter of David, a little glorious above many others, since the Gospel rejoices in giving it to the Saviour of the world. It is a son of David that Gabriel announce He says: "I am the root and stock of

David. St. Anne was, therefore, a scion of that illustrious line of Kings and prophets, from which the Messias was to come forth. And the noble blood of her forefathers had not degenerated as the Redemption drew nigh, toward the dawn of the Immaculate Conception.
On the contrary, and justly so, it had grown purer and holier still. In proof token of, suffice it to mention the her kindred, saintly and venerable figures familiar to readers of the Gospel. St. Anne's eldest sister, Mary mother Salome, the wife of Zebidaeus, gives he as grand-nephews two Apostles, St. James the greater, and St. John the beloved. By a younger sister, she becomes the aunt of Elizabeth, mother of St. John the Baptist. She also numbers among her collateral descendants, St. James the Lesser, first bishop of Jerus-alem, whom St. Paul calls "the brother See of Jerusalem, and who was martyred

under Trojan.

These children and grandchildren of the brother and sisters of St. Anne are called in the Gospel "the brother and sisters of Jesus," according to the usage of Scripture, a designation so much abused by the blasphemers who tried to

11. The Catholicity of the devotion

to St. Anne.
In Holy Scripture obscurity envelops St. Anne, save the portrait of the valiant woman in the Book of Proverbs, recalled by the liturgy in the Mass of the feast of St. Anne, and the two figures of the mother of St. Anne and the aged pro-

of the humility of her in whose person God was to perform such great things, the veil was rent asunde; under the New Law after reality had replaced

universe, is lost in the night of Ages; traces thereof exist in the traditions of all Christian nations, and in liturgical ocuments of antiquity.

That devotion is Catholic by the uni-

everywhere with the gospelof peace, and the worship of the Mother of God. sion. It soon took root in the very heart of Christendom, in Rome, to shine forth again purer and more brilliant, all the rays of sanctity. It blossomed forth at Bologna, at Florence, in Sicily, everywhere beneath the sunlit firmament of the classic land of the saints. The countries of the North have seen it flourish amid cloud and fog, until the foul breath of heresy came to blight that devotion which had dawned in the East with the sunrise of faith — Germany, Denmark, England, once the "Isle of Saints," where devotion to St. Anne still lingers in the name of her children, but who have given over to a false worship the sanctuaries

In the once hospitable and most Christian realm of France, chosen resort of Christ's friends and disciples, St. Anne's reception was more gracious and cordial. Under the sunny sky of Provence, the ored by the erection of a right royal basilica.

dedicated to the mother of Mary.

Nor was ancient Brittany less favored. There also, in her miraculous image, we find proof of a cult dating from the earliest ages of the Church. Let us greet, my dear brethren, the apparition of St. Anne's worship on the soil of ancient America. From thence it came to us with discoveries of New France, with the early colonists, who opened this new land, with the martyr whose blood shed through love of Christ, gave birth to a Christian nation, who pro-moted by word and example devotion to St. Anne, who frequently came hither as a humble pilgrim, who donated to this shrine the first relic, who blessed

the corner-stone of the Unure.

the corner-stone of the Unure.

Apt is the treasure-house of the relics of St. Anne. From Apt came the relics of St. Ann, of which a stand of St. Ann, of which a sacred hand of St. Ann, of which a particle obtained from the chapter of that city by the saintly Bishop Laval, was the first relic of the Saint offered to the veneration of the faithful in their Canadian pilgrimage. From Apt came likewise the sacred arm of St. Anne possessed by the basilica of St. Paul, outside the walls in Rome, and a notable portion of which, donated to the shrine of Beaupre, is kept in the rich reliquary placed under the artistically chased and gilt canopy in the sanctuary.

Imitating the example of so many holy nd illustrious Pontiffs, following in the footsteps of the venerable Francis de Montmorency Laval, founder of the Church in Canada, devoted and faithful clients of St. Anne, the Fathers of the First Plenary Council of this country, have come here to-day to show their love towards the bountiful saint, their trust in her intercession. This solemn homage, this great act of Faith, St. Anne will doubtless requite and reward a hundredfold through the merits of Him whose mother she bore, Our Lord and

Saviour Jesus-Christ. Amen.
At two o'clock in the afternoon the relics were carried in solemn procession around the grounds of the Basilica. Societies with their banners, zouaves known fact, which does not admit of Jesus, Son of David, say the two blind with their uniforms, ecclesiastics with Jesus, Son of David, say the two blind men of Jericho, sitting by the wayside, have mercy on us." He calls Himself by the same name, in the Apocalypsis, He says: "I am the root and stock of walks of the parterre formed a spectacle of faith and devotion impossible to describe and never yet seen even at St. Anne de Beaupre. As the procession entered the Basilica the vast congregation sang three times "Sancta ora pro nobis," and immediately afterwards the Magnificat. The ceremony terminated with Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament which was given by His Lordship Bishop Casey of St. Joh N. B. The Bishops and members of the uncil returned to Quebec by a special train leaving St. Anne at 4 o'clock.

THE COMING CONSISTORY.

DIGNITARIES NAMED FOR SOME OF THE FIFTEEN VACANCIES IN THE SACRED COLLEGE. respondence of the Catholic Standard and Time Rome, September 16.

For some time past it has been considered almost certain that a consistory of the Lord," the Apostles St. Jude and at which several Cardinals shall be Simeon, successor to St. James in the created will be held in November. created will be held in November. Within the last few days, however, probability has arisen that none will be held until the new year. This delay would be rather unusual, especially since there are no less than fifteen vacancies in the Sacred College of Cardinals, which vacancies, however, abused by the blasphemers who tried to disprove the virginity of the Mother of in no hurry to fill up. At the present time only two dignitaries are certain of elevation to the position of prince of the Church at the consistory, viz., Mgr Bisleti, majordomo of the Vatican, whon those of our readers who have been to Rome, will recall as the undersized, kind prelate who fixed their audiences with the Pope, spoke in bad English and treated them with the greatest possible courtesy, and the Patriarch of Lisbon, partly owing to the concordat that exists between the Vatican and

As far as the names of possible creations mentioned by the journals are concerned, it is as well to say they are the veil was rent asunder under the New Law after reality had replaced the shadow. The publicity of the cult of St. Anne is as great as was the obscurity of her earthly life.

The history of the Church is full of her fame and of the marvels of her power. Her devotion is truly Catholic, being of all times, of all places, and the number and dignity of her clients unrestricted.

concerned, it is as well to say they are all mere guesswork. Probably the archbishops of Paris and of Westminster will be created at the first consistory held, as these sees have had always the cardinalatial dignity attached to them; their regard.

A GERMAN VICTORY IN JERUSALEM.

It is probable that the writer described a few years ago, for readers of The

power. Her devotion is truly Catholic, being of all times, of all places, and the number and dignity of her clients unrestricted.

It is probable that the writer described a few years ago, for readers of The Catholic Standard and Times, the beau tiful church built by the German Union on the site purchased by the Emperor of Germany for 80,000 francs and presented by that monarch to his Catholic purveyse, is lost in the night of Arges. subjects. The church is truly magnificent, but until the other day it lacked one important item—a chime of bells. For ever since the days of Mahomet. pious Musselmen cannot bear the sound of bells. And thus, though the bells versality of the countries where it flourished and still flourishes for God's glory and the consola-tion of His servants. It penetrated were brought from the Fatherland to the Holy City the permission of the Pasha to erect them was steadfastly refused, chiefly owing to the dervishes, who declared that King David (whose pretended tomb lays hard by) would surely arise at the sound and call down untold evils on the country. So the Benedictine Fathers who had charge of the church had to possess their souls

m peace! Well, a few weeks ago a German pilgrimage reached Jerusalem and righted things their own fine, practical way. Fifty men ascended the tower, and soon lawyers, doctors and merchants were houling up the four bells. But the women went one better than the men. Standing around the tower, they caught hands, and thus formed a chain to keep The Moslems did come, but, partly through respect for the German flag, which had been hoisted on the tower, and partly owing to the "insuperable barrier" drawn around it, they dared

not approach. The Pasha protested, Moslems fumed and Dervishes looked out for King David, who, "mirabile dictu," continued to enjoy his long repose. It is gratify-ing to know that, owing to the good offices of the German Embassy at Concity of Apt received her sacred remains, of which the great Charlemagne witnessed the finding, and which he hontonessed the finding, and which he hontonessed the finding and which he hontonessed the finding are not to be molested. And thus the Germans scored.

A SOCIALIST'S SCORN. A SOCIALIST'S SCOEN.

To the manifesto recently issued to his constituents by Romolo Murri, Deputy of the Italian Chamber and excommunicated priest, in which other Deputies are harshly criticized, a Socialist member sends a scathing reply. Few Catholics could sum up the situation

am not a prestruction of the myst willing to accord esteem and friend-ship to every good priest who preserves in the exercise of his ministry purity and solidity of faith and sincerity of life; and before every parish priest who, in soutane, braves the threats and invectives of enemies to vote for his own candidate I have always felt the need of taking off my hat in admiration. See, therefore, that, though being an incor-rigable anti-clerical. I am far from being a 'priest-eater.' But before such a soutane as yours, Hon. Don Murri, I confess that my very soul recoils. Before a priest who wishes at all costs to remain as one and to retain all the symbols of the priesthood, and yet at the same time demands the right to belong to ex-

treme parties, my good sense, by reason of its love of everything bonest and simple, rebels and doubts." simple, rebels and doubts."

After showing up the rebellious priest in his true colors, the Socialist quotes Murri's political professions of to-day and those of 1903, when the latter wrote:

"In such a variety of struggles and of the such a variety of struggles and dangerous and dangerous and dangerous and dangerous and dangerous and dangerous and dangerous." new problems difficult and dangerous we are with the Church and with the Holy See. We accept entirely the cause of this. From it we take and keep our programme. \* \* \* We are, we will be with the Church and

with Rome."

What a pity it is Murri did not preserve this programme! If he had done so, he would not be to day the outcast he is.

THE LATE MARION CRAWFORD. It is not too late in the those scribblers who dragged the memory of F. Marion Crawford in the dust as soon as he had breathed his last THE in a manner which they would not have HALY dared to do were he still living. Little wonder Americans are sent the most nonsensical "news" that can be faked in any country! According to those irresponsible writers, Crawford would to have lived and died as a refined pagan.

Now, as generalities never go to prove anything, and are useless in refuting even so mean a thing as a slanderous pen, I thought it well last week to ask the head of one of the great Roman families what she thought of F. Marion Crawford's religious life. This cultured lady and her husband had for long years peen close friends of Mr. Crawford, hence the worth of her opinion, as the dead man had always placed unlimited confidence in the family. This was her an-

"F. Marion Crawford's memory has been very badly treated, especially by American journals, for truly he was a saintly man. On visiting Rome one of the first things he did, on almost every occasion, was to go to confession. If I

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## Recommended As An Ideal Remedy



Lloydtown, Ont., March 19th, 1909 Lloydtown, Ont., March 19th, 1909.
"For some years I have been greatly troubled with headaches and indigestion, brought on by stomach disorders, constipation and biliousness. I had tried many remedies with only indifferent success, until "Fruit-a-tives" came to my notice. Being a goneral storeto my notice. Being a general store keeper, I was selling a good many "Fruit-a-tives" to my customers and, remarking how pleased they were with the results obtained from using "Fruit-a-tives," I decided to try them and, I might say, the effects were almost magical. Headaches and biliousness disappeared and to-day I recommend "Fruit-a-tives" to my customers as 'An

ideal remedy.' "I might also add that about three "I might also add that about three years ago I was laid up with LUM-BAGO AND SCIATICA—couldn't ges out of bed or lift one foot over the other. A good treatment of "Fruitatives" cured me of these pains and banished the Sciatica and Lumbago so that to-day I am as well as ever and can lift anything necessary."
(Signed) W. S. BOND.

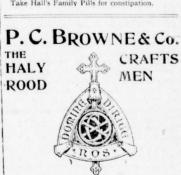
remember rightly, he mentioned Sam Clemente, of the Irish Dominicans, as the residence of his contessor Illian he often came direct from these to visit my husband and myself. He mustly used the French language when writing to me, and so sublimely beautiful were tion in more appropriate terms than these chosen by the Hon. Romaldi, Socialist, anti-clerical and all as he is. "Now," says the Socialist Deputy, "I am not a priest-eater.' I feel myself told him plainly that a book of his which letters that I have carefully preserved every one of them. We often spoke about his novels, and on the occasion I told him plainly that a book of his which I had just read could not be called quite moral. I remember well all he used to say about the temptations he had to make his plot work out according to the way many artists like, but which at the same time would be countenancing doctrines condemned by the Church. His fidelity against these difficulties often caused him much thought and labor.

" He told me how he came to be converted to Catholicity. While in India he began to study Buddhism, and one day, in the middle of his study, he grew convinced that he had at length found the true Church—and that was the Catholis Church. That same evening found him with the Jesuit Fathers commencing ten days' retreat, according to the method prescribed by St. Ignatius."

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TELLING LIES.

Putting away lying, speak ye the truth every a with his neighbor, for we are members one

Do these words of the apostle, my dear brethren, awaken your consciences? Do they give light to your souls regard Do they give light to your sours regard-ing the much too common offence of lying? We trust it may be so, for it is really distressing to observe the preval-ent disregard of truth. Sometimes it would seem as if the eighth command-ment had been entirely forgotten, and that it was a matter of indifference whether we spoke things true or false, our convenience alone guiding us in our aboice.

choice. Surely there must be a sad lack of appreciation of the virtue of truth when such a state of neglect of it can exist. There must be a grave error somewhe Truth in itself is lovely, and should b cultivated because it gives a beauty to the soul which without it it cannot possess. Purity and temperance and alms-giving are virtues; and bestow upon those who have them a peculiar quality. They are sought after, and great efforts are made to obtain them and to keep them. Why? Because they are virtues. What is truth, if it is not a virtue? And if it is a virtue, why not love it and seek after it? For it is not only the utterly unscrupulous man of the the utterly unscrupulous man of the world, who has no higher object in life than to serve himself and promote his real or fancied interest at whatever nis real of indiced interest at whatever cost—it is not only he who makes light of lying; but many who call themselves good-living people are frequent offend-ers in this matter.

Many, indeed, would not tell a grave-

ly injurious lie, yet they seemingly have no horror of lies of excuse, as they say, or untruths concerning trifling things. Nor have they any real serrow apparently for falsehoods of this kind, nor a sincere purpose of amending.

And yet these are sins—venial sins, it is true; still they are sins. They are displeasing to God, and offences against His majesty; and they do no little harm, moreover, to the soul, depriving it of many graces and laying up a store of material for the fires of Pur-

But setting aside the consideration of But setting aside the consideration of the sintulness of falsehoods in them-selves, the dishonesty and the duplicity of which we are of necessity guilty when we descend to these things destroy our self-esteem. Soon we cease to respect self-esteem. Soon we cease to respect ourselves, and progress from that to a general suspicion of the veracity of our neighbors, until in the end our confid-ence in those about us is gone and we are in a doubting, uneasy, troubled state of mind, fearful of all, trusting in

Thus our untruthfulness dishonors God, and deprives ourselves of the assistance which we might receive from our fellows, were we honest men and

Even if we practised this virtue from purely natural motives our lives would not be so barren as they are without it. Our friends would be about us, helping us with their advice, and we in our turn would sustain them in their difficulties, because we would know them and they us, and we would have trust in each other. But as it now is, how many are there truthful and honest enough to give and receive counsel? Love the truth, dear brethren, for the truth shall

#### DRA MATIC INCIDENT MARKS MIS-

PROVIDENTIAL ANSWER TO QUESTION PUT FORWARD BY CHRISTIAN SCIENTIST.

What gave added zest to the mission for non-Catholics given recently in the Panlist Church in San Francisco by a band from the Apostolic Mission House was the presence of a large number of Christian Scientists. These folk came every night, and every one was loaded with questions for the missioners, Fathers Doyle, Welsh and Towey. One of the questions read :

I listened with laterest to your proofs that the power of forgiving sins exists in the Catholic Church to-day, and I am about convinced that it is so. But what about the power of healing that was given at the same time? Has it vanished?—A Christian Scientist.

Father Dayle was answering.

ished?—A Orristian Scientist.

Father Doyle was answering questions that evening. "Not so," he replied. "The power of healing has always remained with the Church. It was exercised in apostolic times in a more world of the truth of Christianity. But the same power of healing has been exercised ever since. The lives of the saints bear evidence that the gift of miracles has been present in the Church in all ages. Read the story of Lourdes if you want proof of this modern times. He then related a miracle that came

under his own observation at Lourdes where a man born blind received his sight. Then, to prove still further his statement, Father Doyle proceeded to read an affidavit that Father Wyman had given him as he ascended the pul-pit, in which a well-known mining man of Nevada county, California, declares under oath that he had been suffering from a stroke of paralysis for nine years. His left side was withered, and the doctors pronounced his case incurthe doctors pronounced his case incur-able. Last May he began with some Catholic friends a novena. He himself was a non-Catholic at the time. At the termination of the novena he found, and the doctors certified, that he was can the doctors certified, that he was sempletely cured, when he began he could not walk alone. At the close of the novena his limbs had assumed their normal size and strength. Since then he has been received into the Church. All this was regulated in Jack! All this was recited in detail in the affidavit and sworn to before a notary

Father Doyle was quite unprepared fer the climax which followed. seener had he finished reading the affi-dayit and turned to the next question

man."
This produced a profound sensation. Every one present, particularly the oterie of Christian Scientists, showed Here's a good nourishing meal for 5 cents.

## SHREDDED

Biscuit with half pint of milk, a little fruit and a cup of coffee. Delicious and strengthening. Try it.

signs of being affected by the incident, and after the services they made the gentleman who had borne witness the centre of an interested and sympathetic crowd. It seemed a providential and her Divine Son would overcome all crowd. It seemed a providential answer to the question of the Christian Scientists, and several of them applied later for instruction in preparation for entering the Church.

"SWEARS HE WAS CURED—A MIRACLE." soul sufference of Under the above heading The Monitor, of San Francisco, gives the details of the case referred to by Father by hals of the case referred to by Father Doyle, also the text of the affidavit read by him. Says The Monitor.

"A miracle in this materialistic age is not thought possible. Even the wonders of Lourdes, which defy the ration-

alist, and yet sometimes conquer him-are generally discredited. Yet the age of miracles has not passed, and wonders, in the name of God and to His glory, do not cease. An indisputable proof of this had just been made here in the city of San Francisco. A miracle has been wrought by faith and proven be-yond question. The Monitor has secured the evidence in the matter and presents it herewith. The following affidavit, signed and sworn to by J. S. Goodwin, of You Bet, Nevada county, California, tells the story completely. Before reciting it, it will be interesting to note that Mr. Goodwin has been baptized and joined the Church. In the words of the Nevada City Transcript he was one of the most prominent members of the Masonic fraternity in Nevada county, he being well up in Nevada Commandery, Knights Templar. The same paper, under date of August 30, said:
"'Jerry Goodwin was in Nevada City

some time in the middle of last week His friends remarked at the time that he was a greatly improved man; that he carried himself with the energy and agility of a man enjoying the best of health. He was seen parading the streets without the aid of a cane, which caused a number of comments. He also had the appearance of a man who has a long tenure on life. This was so differ-ent to the Jerry Goodwin of recent years that it led to more than the customary street gossip, and every one said how well the erstwhile paralytic ooked.

THE AFFIDAVIT.
Here follows Mr. Goodwin's own story:

"In the middle of August, 1899, I left Bartlett Springs, where I had been spending several weeks of rest, for San Francisco. On my way to that city during the stage ride I was stricken with paralysis, and my left side was so effected as to render me absolutely help-

"In this condition I was taken to Lakeport and examined by Dr. Kellog, who pronounced my case such that I

Ild never reach San Francisco alive However, I continued on my journey, and upon arriving in San Francisco
I was taken to the Lane Hospital, where
I was again examined, this time by Dr.
L. C. Lane, who also considered my
case as a hopeless one. Under his skillful treatment, however, I recovered my health to such an extent as to be able to leave the hospital after three months.

hand and arm; my left leg felt heavy and I could not bend the knees, and only he re-has al-ground. I remained in this condition a little over nine years.
"'In the winter of 1907-1908 my foot

striking way because there was need of abundant proof to convince the pagan so I consulted Drs. Stillman and Rexford, of Lane Hospital, and they told me that there was no circulation in my foot and that medicine could not reach the

"They advised me to remain at the hospital for a while, but my busines compelled me to return home, which I did with the thought that it was the only place for me, and that there I would have to remain in that helpless condi-

with Mr. and Mrs. LeRoy M. Clark of Nevada City, Cal., who were devout Catholics. Mr. Clark often invited me Nevada City, Cal., who will be called me to spend a few hours with himself and wife at their home, but being unable to walk or leave my home, I had to post-

pone my visit.
"'On the third day of May, 1908, after spending a lonely day at home, I decided to drive to the Clark home. After discussing my condition with Mrs. Clark, her enthusiasm over the miracles ed by faith in the Blessed Mother of caused by faith in the Blessed Mother of Our Divine Saviour aroused in me the

deepest interest.

"I had taken Catholic papers for twenty years and had read of many such occurrences, but never had chanced to meet people who had witnessed a mir-

"' Mrs. Clark explained to me how she had been healed of a similar afflic-

davit and turned to the next question when a strong, healthy-looking man stood up in the middle of the church and said in a loud, clear voice: "I am the man."

This produced a profound constion.

CHARLES OF CHROSTOPHERS OF CHROSTOPHERS & CHROSTOPHERS signs of being affected by the incident, tion when a little girl, and she said that

advice and begin at once the May devotions to the Blessed Virgin Mary. Mr. Clark called on me the following evening, and I expressed a desire to have him send his wife to me, that I have him send his wife to me, that I wanted her to teach me her faith. On the evening of the 5th of May we started our devotions, which consisted of reading the meditations of the Most Rev. P. B. Kenrick's work, entitled "The New Month of Mary."

"On the evening of the 8th of May, 1908, I undressed in my bath-room to take a bath, and to my great surprise, I found that my leg had filled out to nearly its normal size and was covered with good, healthy flesh: and by the end of the month of May I found myself with

end of the month of May I found myself in a perfectly healthy condition. "'My rapid recovery has been noticed by all of my acquaintances and natur-ally they are all anxious to know what treatment I had taken; and to satisfy their curiosity and to be of benefit to the afflicted, I have decided to make the circumstances of my cure known to the public. "' J. S. GOODWIN.

" Subscribed and sworn before me this 26th day of August, 1909.

" FRED SEARLS "'Notary Public
"'Nevada county, Cal.'"

#### THE MONTH OF THE ROSARY.

October is the month of the Rosary, which by order of the Holy See is re-cited daily in every church throughout the world from the first day of the month to the second of November, during the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass or during the exposition of the Blessed Sacrament.

The use of beads for a set formula of

prayers goes back to remote days, but it is to St. Dominic we owe the present form of the beads, which we call the Rosary, and the spread of this devotion among the people.

Like many other Catholic practices

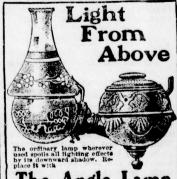
the Rosary was the outcome of the needs of a critical period in the history of the Church. In the twelfth century the Albigensian heresy was laying waste the Church in France. Like the Modernists in our days these heretics persisted in calling themselves Catholics. Their errors were infecting thousands of the faithful. They denied the prerogatives of the Mother of God and tore her statue from its place in the Church. faithful.

When conditions looked darkest God raised up St. Dominic as the champion of His Church. The saint had been accustomed to use beads in his private devotions and one day the inspiration came to him of their appropriateness as means of overcoming the enemies of od. The result was the rosary or chaplet of roses to Our Lady. Armed with this weapon, he and his followers attacked the enemy. He set about in structing the people in the practice of this devotion. The Church began to this devotion. The Church began to regain what it had lost and the devotion

spread throughout Europe.
Popes and saints since that time have not ceased to recommend the devotion of the Rosary. St. Pius V., a Dominican Pope, in the year 1571, relied on it for the victory over the Turks, and he was not disappointed. The victory of Le-panto evinced the intervention of the

Queen of the Rosary.

During the reign of Clement XII. Prince Eugene of Savoy with a compara-tively small army signally defeated the



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convenience 18 lights a destinguishes like gas, without removing globe—ne flining burns 18 to 28 hours, central about 18 cents a month roedl. Compare that with the monthly sas and electric bills, or even the cost of that troubissome, smoky smelly lamp you are using. For quality of the lightle commy and satisfaction for all lightling purposes, there can be no comparison. It is the cheapest and the best kind of illumination.

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Turks on the day which the Rosary con fraternity had set for the general reci-tation of the beads. In view of this victory Pope Clement made the feast of the Rosary a feast for the entire world. All Catholics know that the Rosary

obstacles.

"I left the Clark home that evening deeply impressed, and my heart was filled with all the intensity of a human soul suffering under such a homeland. Catholic families the Rosary is recited daily throughout the year and no better daily throughout the year and no better driven to the Blessed Virgin Mary.

Ir. Clark called on me the following parents every evening gathered round them their children and together they

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-Pope Leo XIII.

return to Christ, Who is "the Way, the Truth and the Life," by frequent meditation on the salvation obtained for us by Benson in By What Authority.

midst of a flood of sunshine.

What, though the prevailing tone o

life be gray, need we darken it more? And, by darkening it for others, we en-

circle curselves in gloom, just as, by brightening the hours and days for others, we let ourselves down in the

He was as one seeing a vision, which

Catholic Church. Far above all the

towered up, imperious, consistent, dominating—and across her brow the title

melting cloudland of theory she moved,

a stupendous fact; living in contrast to the dead past to which her enemies cried in vain; eloquent when other

systems were dumb; authoritative when they hesitated; steady when they reeled

and fell. About her throne dwelt her

children, from every race and age secure in her protection and wise in he

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You must pay the washerwoman fifteen

It is hard-earned money at that. If you

do your own washing or have the servant do it, this steaming, back-breaking, hand-

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Eight hours, at 15 cents, cost you \$1.20 per week for washing.

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We don't want a cent of your money,

nor a note, when we ship you the Washer on trial. We even pay all the freight out of our own pockets, so that you may test

the machine as much as you like before you

It takes eight hours hard labor to do

to Save

the average family wash.

agree to buy it.

Use it a full month at our expense. If you don't find it does better washing, in half the

We will then pay the freight back, too, without a murmur.

But, if the month's test convinces you that our "1900 Gravity" Washer actually does

8 hours' washing in 4 hours' time—does it twice as easy—far better, without wearing the

From that time on you pay us, every week, part of what our machine saves you, say 50 cents per week, till the Washer is paid for.

week, makes it entirely your own, out of what it saves you on each washing.

Every year our Washer will save you about \$62.00. Yet the "1900 Gravity" Washer won't cost you a cent, under our plan, because we let it pay for itself. You need not take our

word for that. We let you prove all we say, at our expense, before you decide to buy it on

Could we risk the freight both ways with thousands of people if we did not know our "1900 Gravity" Washer would do all we claim for it?

to your door on a month's trial.

That month's free use of it will save you about \$2.00. You thus risk nothing but the postage stamp to prove our claims, and we practically pay you \$2.00 to try it.

It costs you only the two-cent stamp on a letter to us to bring this quick and easy Washer

Therefore WRITE TO-DAY, while the offer is open, and while you think of it. A post-

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clothes, breaking a button or tearing of lace, then you write and tell us so.

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said the beads. Unfortunately attrac-

tions of all kinds that often are the

cause of no end of evil, keep the father and children out evenings, and the good

practice of ages of greater faith has been dropped. What better result could be desired from the impetus to devotion

to the Rosary during the month of October than the renewal of this custom

in every Catholic home? Let every father and mother do his or her part.

Its blessings will redound on a genera

tion that is too easily and too surely

forgetting the faith that brought forth

Our need of divine help is as great to day as when the great Dominic in-troduced the use of the Rosary of Mary

divinely enlightened, perceived that no remedy would be more adapted to the evils of his time than that men should

as a balm for the wounds of his conte

poraries. That great saint

the Rosary .- Pilot.



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Him, and that they should seek the in-3102-Blessed Virgin and Infant tercession with God of that Virgin to 3063-St. Anthony

whom it is given to destroy all heresies. 3063a-St. Anthony 1077- Pius X

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Mr. Lovett

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MEELY& GO. WATERVLIET, OF THE PROPERTY OF THE

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

OCTOBER 16, 1909.

A masterful railroad-man, Edward H. A masterior Amasterior Amasterior Herriman, died the other day. He simed to grasp the transportation facilities of the whole American continent. was called away in the midst of his He was canted away in the intest of his ambitions. His successor is not as yet a well-known man. But he has qualities that give ground for the expectation that he will prove a clever manager. Here is a hasty sketch of his life:

Robert Scott Lovett.

The man who succeeds E. H. Harri-man began life in even humbler circumman began in the first stances than did his predecessor. He was born in 1860, in San Jacinto, Tex., the son of a poor miller. He had to work hard for his meager high school education, and be is now a lawyer grown the railroad business.

into the railroad business.

Mr. Lovett began his railroad career, in a literal sense, right at the ground. In fact, his first employment away from home was with a railroad that was being built when he was fourteen. He was the dearen money to faish his class. wanted some money to finish his educa-tion and joined the contruction crew of the Houston, East and West digging stumps from the right of way. He stuck to it, and soon was running a scraper. Mr. Grasse, the contractor, liked the youngster's grit and put him liked the youngsters grit and put him in charge of a small store in the new town of Shepherd. While there he studied nights, and in a few months went to Houston to school. When his savings gave out he returned to Shepherd and worked a year in the store of Example Smith.

Then came his return to the railroad siness, when, through the influence of brother-in-law, Charles Uden, he was placed in charge of the new Shep-herd station of the Houston, East and herd station of the Houston, base and West Texas. With more savings he went back to the Houston school again, working after hours in the railroad's freight department. After a year of this he went into a law office, where he worked and studied law daytimes and attended night school. He was admitted to the bar in 1882, and at once formed a partnership with J. V. Lea. He renewed his railroad affiliations again when the Houston, East and West Texas went into receivers' hands, and he was called to look after the road's in-

ne was carried to look arter the beads interests at Nacogdoches.

Mr. Lovett was counsel for this road from 1884 to 1889. Then he became assistant general attorney of the Texas and Pacific Railway Company at Dallas. In 1891 he became general attorney of the road. He is a member of the law firm of Baker, Botts, Baker & Lovett, and has been counsel for all the South-ern Pacific lines in Texas since 1904. In 1906 he went to New York and be-

In 1906 he went to New York and became the personal counsel and confidential adviser of Mr. Harriman.

Practically, he awakes to find himself famous. Yesterday, krown in a limited way in American financial and business circles, he is now known wherever interest centers in American enterprise and actionatal development. His niceand continental development. His picture takes a place in the gallery of celebrities. The manner of man he is and all about him must be told with some elaboration. What does he look like? What are his characteristics? What may be expected of him in his promotion and with his enlarged oppor-

It is the oft-repeated American story. At the start, poverty and ambition. A small place well filled at a small salary. Study at night. A modest beginning at Study at night. A modest beginning at the bar. Diligence and success there in small things. Faithful over small things, he is called to administer big things, and now sits with the mighty. things, and now sits with the mighty.

And he is just turning fifty—still a

young man.

There are Lovetts in our politics, in our manufacturing world, in all the professions, in the banking world, and in the pulpit. Turn in any direction and you find the value of industry and purpose and staying qualities in this country when united to strong native intelligence.

There are still great opportunities for he competent. There is yet room at

The Difference One Man Made. In 1841 a lad of nineteen came up to small and insignificant that the London | breeder retail merchant to whom he applied for a place at first refused to take him, but finally gave him a trial. There were in us love and admiration, by what of the hundred and forty salesmen and assistants in the business. Most of them, in English fashion, slept on the premises. The work hours were long, the conditions demoralizing. The young newcomer received little more than half a dollar a day for twelve hour's work. He did not seem to be of manners and the absence of design in the total properties. But this is what little more than half a dollar a day for twelve hour's work. He did not seem to be of manners and the absence of design in its undertakings; it is this quality that any importance. But this is what happened because he came. When he entered the house it was almost imposter any young man to be a Chrisian here; and in three years afterwards than there; and in three years afterwards it was said to be almost impossible to be anything else. That was the difference George Williams made. How did he make it? For one thing, he was a devoted young Christian coming from a neighborhood where evil was rife, and knowing what temptation was, and how to fight it. For another thing, he loved companionship and being cheerful and sincerely interested in other people, sincerely interested in other people, was very attractive to his fellowworkers. For a third thing, he proved his Christianity by both generosity and self-denial, each in its turn. He persuaded young men to go to church with him, prayed for and with them, and understood their temptations. For a fourth thing, he was so capable in his work that his employer, though not a Christian, encouraged him in influencing the others. In a little while longer the employer, too, became a Christian

It changed conditions for young men so tremendously in London that it spread to other cities. Now it is an internato other cities. Now it is an international institution. In 1906 this association founded by this one young man numbered nearly three quarters of a million members in forty-five countries. What difference does one young man make? Some unthinking persons ask this question. Here is the difference one young man have a wards. Excessed.

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one young man has made. - Forward.

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Young Inventors. When the wireless telegraphy was developed hundreds of American boys began to experiment in this new science and house roofs were decorated with amateur antennae on which messages were successfully received and from some of which signals were sent.

The same thing had been true at a prior period of the X. ray. Roentgen's discovery of the function of this mysterious vibration caused all the amateur physicists studying in technical schools to experiment with Crooke's tubes. Now the inventive lads are experi-menting with air ships and flying

machines.
All such enterprising youths should be encouraged. It is always safe to regard them as potential inventors. No one can tell who will be the Stevenson or the Marconi or the Roentgen or the Wright or the Parsons of the future. All these men, who have contributed so richly to the world's mechanical equip ment and to the solution of practical problems, had their boyhood dreams and aspirations, stimulated doubtless by reading of inventors of past generations. Some of them worked against adversity and in the face of discouragement, and

their success was the sweeter for the handicap under which they labored. Some of the boys of to-day, reading of past successes, will be inspired to invent as wonderful contrivances as any that now minister to human comfort and delight.

A Fair Share For Everybody. Under the seeming injustice of lite and its attendant circumstances, there is more of equalization than we often think. "Nature keeps books with the individual," and if we would oftener do a little auditing of the books on our own account we should find that many of the supposed inequalities do not exist. We envy the treasure of prosperity our neighbor appears to have, but we do not know how heavily it is mortgaged by sorrow, disappointment and pain. We with fewer possessions, may be receiving a far larger percentage of happiness. We magnify our griefs and forget to count our joys and successes, and so complain of wrong and injustice. Much

Let The Other Fellow Do It.

A friend in speaking of a wealthy and successful business man of Chicago, one as widely known in the sphere of Christian usefulness as in the commercial world, said of him in connection with the countless things he did and aided, "I don't think I ever heard him suggest that the other fellow should do it." That is a brief but satisfactory bit of character-drawing.

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Even in this age of the world there are some people whose joy has no present tense. Their sky is always cloudy. They never have a good, bright day, and if one should come they do not enjoy it, for they say it is a "weather they say it is a "weather and will be followed by the unfavorable kind.

We are educated by what calls forth in us love and admiration, by what creates the exalted mood and the stead-

character of youth as simplicity of manners and the absence of design in its undertakings; it is this quality that makes it lovable and attractive.

Whatever you may hope to gain, Keep your self-respect; Whatever losses you sustain, Keep your self-respect. Not peerless ransom of a king, Can any compensation bring, For loss of this one priceless thing; So keep your self-respect.

No matter what the world may say,
Keep your self-respect;
Tho' darkness cloud life's prosperous day,
Keep your self-respect;
Then with an honest, fearless eye,
You'll face your soul and raise the cry,
"Adversity I can defy,
I've kept my self-respect."
—Susan W. Clune. Opportunity comes to a man once in a lifetime, but there is no limit to the number of visits a man can make to

opportunity. "The world will never understand," aid Athelstan, "that there are men born outside common rules—born to scramble through life, like lizards, work that his employer, though not a Christian, encouraged him in influencing the others. In a little while longer the employer, too, became a Christian through his efforts.

He went on to make a still greater difference in London itself. He started the Young Men's Christian Association. It changed conditions for young men so tremended to the started the started that the started the star

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

Rear Admiral Franklin and His Commander-in-Chief.

Uncle Jack, of the Sacred Heart Uncle Jack, of the Sacred Heart Review, wonders how many of his boys know anything about the late Rear-Admiral Franklin, U. S. N., who was a convert to the Catholic Church. The Hartford Transcript has a fine notice of this distinguished officer, and Uncle Jack quotes it for you, not because he wants you to rush off and become mid-shipmen, but because of the fine example shipmen, but because of the fine example it gives us of loyalty to our great Commander-in-Chief, Jesus Christ.

All you Little Defenders are pledged to honor the Holy Name, and Uncle Jack warts to see you fearless and con stant and outspoken in your devotion to our Master. Each of you have your opportunity, whether at home, at school, on the playground, in church, to stand up manfully for Our Lord and never to e ashamed to show Him honor. Don't forget!

It is not the boy who goes to army, or navy, or fire department, or life-saving corps, that is the hero, simply on that account alone; but the boy who any-where and everywhere does his duty, on land or sea. The boy who never misses land or sea. The boy who never misses Mass and who goes regularly to the Sacraments, the boy who obeys his parents, the boy who is not afraid never to swear or lie or pilfer, no matter who entices him, the boy who is true and pure and brive, and joyful with a real innocent gladness, that is the boy who is Christ's soldier and servant, yes, anywhere and everywhere. anywhere and everywhere.

And now here is the story of Rear Admiral Franklin:

"This splendid type of naval officer, whose active service, when it closed twelve years ago, had covered a period of forty-six years, was a brother of the late General William Buel Franklin, corps commander during the Civil War, whose memory is fragrant of glory to Hartford and Connecticut and whom the Army and Navy Journal numbers Army and Navy Journal numbers among American's Immortals. The Admiral was also a convert of long standing to the Catholic religion, robust as a soldier in his faith, fearless in its "Lights out!" would sileare the merry profession, but as simple as a child in his piety and devotion.

"During the life of the General, his in life. no less distinguished brother was a frequent visitor at his home on Washington Street, Hartford. And while in the city he was a regular and devout attendant at St. Peter's Church of the Immaculate Conception on Park street, invariably assisting at the High Mass, accompanied by his wife, who was also a Catholic, and occupying a pew well up towards the front. The people of that neighborhood can not have forgotten that tall, handsome, dignified figure, whose personal appearance was striking. Straight as a ramrod, his erect form, light step and graceful carriage almost belied the years that had blanched his abundant hair, and they also unmistak-ably proclaimed the soldier and officer accustomed to command. Distinction was written on his strong clean-cut features. The first impression of a forceful character, used to authority, was soon, with The first impression of a forceful character, used to authority, was soon, with agreeable surprise, tempered by a charm of simplicity and frankness of speech and manner which blended happily with his stern military bearing. He was a

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man good to look upon, whom one was

— Chatham, — Ont. —

apt to remember.

"He seems never to have lost the first fervor of his conversion and his religion was the greatest thing in the world to him, the pearl of great price, for the possession of which he would have parted with all else. A near relative of the late Admiral relates this story: A young lady, meeting him in the vesti-bule of St. Matthew's Church in Washington, whither he had gone for his regular visit to the Blessed Sacrament remarked: 'Why, Admiral, I did not know you came here too! 'Certainly, Miss—,' was his reply. 'I have to report every day to my Commander-in-

chief, you know. "It is indeed remarkable that two brothers, the one a soldier, the other a sailor should, each in his chosen calling, have 'trod the ways of glory and sounded all the depths and shoals of honor. Both lived to a ripe old age after long and most valuable and dis-tinguished service to their country;

voices. They were discussing ideals—what they would rather have, do, and be

Namette wanted plenty of carriages and servants at her bidding — dear, pretty Namette, whose curly head was already full of gay doings which, in her limited vocabulary, spelled "Life,"

Ruth was not so particular about money, but was planning to be an artist and paint pictures that would rival modern artists.

Dorothy meant to write books. She had always received "excellent" on her themes, and felt sure that if she sank into any ordinary career a great

writer would be spoiled.

The girl who looked dreamily into the fire had been silent during the gay chatter.

"The returns are all in except from

the fourth ward," prodded Nannette, giving the long braids of the silent one a playful twist.

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So, whilst the rest of you are filling your little corner and just try to be helpful.' - Looking back through the vista of years, and recalling the varying fortunes of these four room-mates, I believe the girl who aspired to be "just helpful" had reaped life's best reward. Instructors are many, and may be ham-mered out in the school, but the helper must drink at a deeper fount. In the school of love, unselfishness and sympathy, the helper must matriculate and only in the larger schools of experience are the subtlest lessons learned. It seems such a simple thing to say, "I will be helpful," yet adopt this as your creed; go out with wide-open eyes, and see what infinite vistas stretch before you. You never noticed before how many people needed help—not necessarily money help or hand, though these have manifold uses; but the help that comes from simple brotherliness and readiness to "lend a hand."

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#### THE ELIOT CONFESSION.

The furexposition of the "New Religion" for which Dr. Eliot hade his premature critics of wait, has at length appeared in the Harvard Theological Ouesteak and her been widely and her be

appeared in the Harvard Theological Quarterly and has been widely copied. Many newspapers have published the text in full.

The exposition is clever enough "to deceive even the elect." The whole reads simply and beautifully; it is the dainty flower of the Christian process of Altruism. It requires a second glance and yet another before one realizes the delicate sleight-of-hand, or rather sleight-of-head work which so dazzles the reader. "Hiding the grossness with fair ornament," Dr. Eliot bolsters up his new religion of Altruism with frequent citation of the words of Jesus Christ, and concludes by affirming dogmatically that this, his new religion is frequent citation of the words of Jesus Christ, and concludes by affirming dogmatically that this, his new religion is maught but Christ's own. Meanwhile he has categorically denied in the course of his exposition almost all other teachings of Christ except the one. "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." Christ taught the tallen state of man and the need of redemption. Eliot explicitly repudiates both. Christ taught the justice of God, punishing in hell and rewarding in heaven. Eliot will have naught of any of them. But the most utter chicanery is yet to come. Having deftly used the authority of Christ to establish Altruism, the unselfish service of others as the basis of his new religion, he repudiates all authority, declaring that in the new religion no such relic of man's bondage shall be. That is, having used his scaffold to erect the building, he kicks it down and says that scaffolding should never be used.

should never be used.

To cover up this volte-face, he insinuates all through the exposition that Altruism is nothing after all but the fine flower on the twentieth century plant of evolutin; and that any normal man of the twentieth century would be man of the twentieth century would be altruistic by Darwinistic necessity whether Christ ever taught the beauty altruistic by Darwinistic necessity whether Christ ever taught the beauty of service or not. It is needless to point out to any sane man that Dr. Eliot's position is ludicrously opposed to facts. The sailshness of the man of the twentieth century is written just as large across his face as it was across the face of every other since the fall. Needless to point out, also, that if Christ with His Church and Sacraments has failed to eradicate it—as Dr. Eliot remarks—it will resist fairly well, except on paper, any evolutionary uprooting by Dr. Eliot or his kind.

Yet the article is a wonderful article, as wonderful in its line as the feats of the renowned Hermann in his. It juggles away sin, "a fact," says Chesterton, "as plain as potatoes;" it puts away Revelation and the need of Redemption; and having exploited to the utmost Christ's authority to enjoin service of our neighbor, and refused to

vice of our neighbor, and refused to recognize His authority in any other point, it suddenly swoops down on authority altogether, knocks away, so to speak, all supports and proudly balances itself on air, on Dr. Eliot's breath.—

#### DIOCESE OF LONDON.

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peak that evening.
Pilgrims arriving from the west over the M. C. R.,
any return at 845 p. m., thus having ample time to
risit the shrine and of being present at the devotion

#### REMARKS ON IRISH HISTORY.

s...

Justin McCarthy, History of Our Own Times, ch iii.; It is a fact worthy of note that all the really midable rebels Ireland has produced in modern eas, from Wolfe Tone to Mitchel have been Pro



well-meant, but exceedingly maladrot and often opposite and cheapest on earth. Write for inaccuracy remarks on Irish affairs. As a sample of inaccuracy it would be hard to beat the paragraph of the paragraph of



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OXO is a splendid health-preserver. In this changeable autumn weather it is simply invaluable. When the system is weakened by colds and influenza, OXO quickly renews vitality.

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told, "divided the Liberal party in 1885 rather than assent to Chamberlain's Irish National Council." The truth is, as every one knows, that Chamberlain and Hartington (afterwards Duke of Devonshire) drew away from Cladstone together at the introduction of the first Home Rule Bill and formed the Liberal Unionist Party out of the eighty or so members that followed them.

## Did it Ever Strike You



That: You must use as much care in selecting a Cream Separator as you do in selecting a horse. Would any sane farmer select a light Roadster to do his heavy farm work? You say only a simpleton would do that, and you are right. But that is just what you are doing when you buy a skinned down, weak framed, worm geared Cream Separator. Look at it; examine all its points, and ask yourself if an excuse like that will do your heavy work in your dairy for a lifetime.

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