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The Catholic Record

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PATIENCE

This is not the time or occasion when historical reminiscence is most welcome. The average reader busies himself with the daily details of military and naval happenings which feed the flame of patriotic excitement. We are very human in days like these, primitive in our passions and narrow in our sympathies, The old Hebrew canon, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor and hate thine enemy," is the echo of the natural man's instinctive attitude when once swords are drawn and guns begin to speak. The harrying of foreigners and all the troubles and annoyances of those | propensities of man. They are willwho happen to be sojourners in ing to believe that the Son of God strange lands should arouse our neighborly feelings: we have only to put ourselves in the place of those so overtaken, and the suspicions that rise so readily and often work to all who are not blind. so violently will be kept under due control. But such feelings are more likely to be chastened by recollections of previous crises. Among these the South African War is vividly present to many of us. We recall the disillusions of the earlier stages, the mistaken and costly rectifications in the later ones, and the happy settlement that followed after the long and heavy trials borne with so much fortitude. We can only hope and pray that the present troubles may be handled as reasonably and alleviated as wisely.

PERHAPS

The popular love for even a monarch like the Kaiser may turn to contempt and hatred. There is an excellent prospect that Germany, Austria and Russia may be temporarily sick of their rulers' part in Welt-Politik. Tottering thrones, which depend on the widely instilled sentiment that real democracy is possible without casting off old dynasties, may face a reaction of revolutionary flerceness. But the field is one for speculation, not prediction, and speculation, too, of a cautious kind.

ON THE FIRING LINE

How can we, the interested spectators of this terrible conflict-sufferers, too, in a multitude of ways, some more tragic than others, but all contributing to a fellowship of sorrowhow can we bear an honorable and effective part in lessening the sum of pain and privation which this war must needs spread, in widening circles, among all the classes who are not raised above the need of actual participation in the conflict or made helpless by its ruinous effects? Those who are charged with the solemn duties of the hour in high places are making abundant provision for every emergency on a scale that should silence faction and raise our people's hopes to the highest pitch. It remains for those of us who stay at home and are permitted to pursue our ordinary avocations to play some useful part in the great work of equipping the community for a hand to-hand conflict with the dire foes which beset the men, women, and children who are doomed to suffer pangs and to be shaken by terrors that are no less awful than those which haunt the beleaguered fortresses, the devastated towns, and the battlefields where shot, shell, disease and cruelty lay brave combatants low. And the indirect issues, the effects which none can foretell, how can we prepare to meet them, haply to profit by them, though loss and grief be the portion of all, in varying degrees? This war, just and unsought in our view, is still of progress, robs labor of its hire, quenches the scholar's lamp and the artist's vision, dulls even the pious hopes that sustain us in sorrow and in death. The glories that subsist upon human woe leave behind them a long and bitter trail of hatred : the desolation of fair provinces, the deadly destruction of the best and brighest in art and culture, and all the inconceivable miseries of sacked cities, mutilated bodies and blasted lives. Happily the human world is not devoid of spiritual guidance! the morning. This nightmare will to whom he can flive invaluable come to an end, perhaps speedily. assistance not only by material sup-

Revolution will paralyse the arms of port but by advice and the knowledge military power and confound its counsels. Not in a day or a year, but ere time has long run its course, the common sanity will rule. Though the sky be dark, the lightning's flash and the thunder's roll are the prelude to a long day of summer sunshine, when earth will yield bounteous harvests.

THE AUTHORITY

Many without the fold are ready to acknowledge humanity's debt to the Church. They extol her charity and her inflexible opposition to the enemies of civilization, but they look askance at any manisfestation of authority. They grow indignant at any law opposed to the natural came on earth with a message and gave to none any authoritative power of interpretation. The absurdity of this should be manifest

ALWAYS TRUE

There are natures in which they love us we are conscious of having a sort of baptism and consecration: they bind us ever to rectitude and purity by their pure belief about us: and our sins become that wicked kind of sacrilege which tears down the invisible altar of trust.

FATHER FABER

Says Father Faber : "The eye that is quick to see a fault, and the ear that loves to listen to criticism and the tongue that brags-these will be the signs of a praying soul when the rainbow comes to be the emblem of despair—and not before."

A THOUGHT

Has it ever occurred to you, says an author, that the saints must have been considered in their day as rather disreputable people. Leaving violent persecution out of the question what a raising of eyebrows and shrugging of shoulders, and how many indignant smiles and looks of mild surprise and gentle dismay and polite disapprobation they must have occasioned. If I had my will every nose that poked itself into other people's affairs would be cut off. But in that case how many men and women would be incapacitated for taking snuff.

THE FIREBRAND When we see the clerical firebrand

with his tools of slander trying to uproot the Church we remember Edmund Burke's reference to the shadow of the British oak :

"Because half a dozen grasshop pers under a fern make the field with their importunate chirp, while thousands of great cattle reath the shadow of the British oak chew the cud and are silent, pray do not imagine that those who make the noise are the only inhabitants of the field, that they are many in number or that they are, after all, anything better than the little shrivelled, meagre some insects of the hour.'

THE LAYMAN'S AGE

This is the layman's age. They are doing splendid work on some lines -work that takes toll of energy, money, self-sacrifice, and which must achieve enduring results. They are preaching the sermon of truly Catholic living. And that sermon falls like balm upon hearts bruised from the stress and storm of life and is always listened to however the world may affect deafness and scorn. If there is one thing more than another that the average man respects it is fidelity to principle, the courage of one's convictions. He may deem like all wars—it blots out the fruits it on some occasions unbusinesslike, but in his heart he reverences the man who, before politics or worldly interests, places his duty to God and who walks the highway of life with clean hands and pure heart. Such a man is an antidote to cynicism, a well-spring of courage to the weak and faltering. And the Church raises this breed of man. He is in the open to-day fighting current errors. He is going in for combination and using up to date methods to make smooth the way for the driving home of his principles. He is co-Sursum Corda is the watchword of operating more and more the priest

which he gleans from the world. And when one resolute, enthusiastic Catholic is let loose in any community he is very apt to provoke thought, to stir up the apathetic and to arouse the opposition of the critics who talk endlessly about our deficiencies. The sparks may not fly at the outset but pounding away always achieves re-

KATHERINE TYNAN

Those who have been led into the green pastures of Katherine Tynan's novels will be well aware of the iridescent atmosphere through which she views her lrish characters, their words and their ways. As she says: But of Ireland one loves all Irish things so much that Irish face or voice might have drawn one from my dreams into sociability. Irish faces went by the carriage window and I heard the dear brogue by fits and starts." She then describes an invasion of harvest men and adds: "I feel bitter against these poor country. men of mine for cutting such a figure in English eyes. It was not quite a mean feeling. My bitterness was in proportion to my love of my native land and my impatience of English superiority." The touch of a fanciful mysticism qualifies the witty reproductions of peasant life and frolic which render her pages so bright and readable. In the tale of a village genius she reflects that the Round Tower knew that like the seasons everything returns; there is never a lack of golden heads at the cottage doors: nor birds to sing in the boughs in the spring after the snow and the frost; nor apple blossoms though the last fell in showers; nor delicate pale leaves though the autumn swept such a mound of dead leaves down the village street to creep and whisper about the feet of the Round Tower like little ghosts of dead dreams.

THE ROSARY

Father Faber has beautifully said that as the Holy Eucharist is the testament of Jesus, so is the Rosary the testament of Mary. And as a testament the Church has received it lovingly and gratefully, and has added to its riches incessantly from the reasure-house of her indulgences.

It is an old fashioned devotion New devotions arise in the Churchit is to be expected in a living Church —but after the devotion to Our Lord there is none to compare with that of the Rosary. While no Catholic will consider as insignificant any devotion which the Church approve yet even in approved devotions there are grades of excellence.

It shows a lack of appreciation in those Catholics who will devote themselves almost exclusively to some saint, for instance, to the neglect of devotion to her who is the Queen of all Saints. To do so is to of the Church. Another great to honor Mary is by means of the

Rosary.
Now what is the Rosary that it is so excellent? One might call it the epitome of our Catholic faith. There is the Cross of our Redemption. hereon we recite our profession of faith in the creed; there is the prayer which Christ Himself put upon our lips, the Our Father; there is the Hail Mary, that prayer of praise and invocation to her who is our intercessor with our Redeemer. And these prayers which are the essence of perfect prayer are all bound to eather with the chain of mysteries of Christ's dealings with man. In the Rosary we witness the glorification

of our human nature. Look at it as you will you find the Rosary a perfect devotion. Surely it was not a man-made devotion. It is very easy for us to accept the story of its revelation. So perfect is it that we do not wonder at its becoming a very part of the Catholic life.

The Rosary has been called the unlettered man's prayer-book. But it is more than that. It is a prayer book for all from Pope to peasant. Even the greatest intellects in the Church have told their beads with all the loving simplicity of the child who knows no other book but this one of our Lady herself. Even the most eloquent book of prayers is gladly laid aside to take up the old rosary that seems like part of one's

The devotion to the Rosary is not failing. Now more than ever in its does it appeal to Catholics. But still one must deplore the pass ing of certain good old customs in connection with it. The custom of reciting the Rosary in common in the Catholic home is not so widespread as it used to be. Yet the time was not so many years ago when dur-ing the month of October and again during the Holy Season of Lent it

members of a Catholic family to gather together to say the beads. It is too beautiful a custom to let die out, for a family must surely be lessed that so reverence the Mother of God. To train the little ones alone

It is a happy memory when one gets older to look back to these even-ings of simple devotion. Who knows what strength those rosaries have They comforted and given us. They comforted and strengthened our accestors in the faith and in the blood; it was not merely a bit of poetical sentiment that made a great preacher say that the Rosary had kept the faith in Ire-land, that land which always had such a tender, chivalrous devotion to Mary. And it will also keep loving and childlike the faith of us and our

children.
October is the month of the Rosary. Every Catholic should do something to honor Our Lady in a special man ner during these days. By assisting at the special devotions in the churches, by morning Mass, by the family recitation of the beads, by more frequent Communion - there are many ways to make the time a season of special grace. And it is a poor Catholic that will give a deaf ear to the Church who is urging him to honor the Queen of the Most Holy Rosary.-Boston Pilot.

WILLIAM O'BRIEN WOULD BURY ALL DIFFERENCES

William O'Brien and Maurice Neal Parliamentary representatives Cork City called a public ting of their constituents, meeting of their consultant meeting of their consultant without distinction of party. without take immediate practical action to save our country and the civilization of Europe from the fate with which we are threatened by the progress of the German hordes." Mr. O'Brien spoke of the great danger in which they all stood and said if they remained with their hands folded much longer, they might bring to their own beloved land the scene of massacre, spoilation, and nameless horrors which were devastating the brave little nation of Belgium. was there that night prepared to bury as deep as the ocean any quarrels or controversies of the past whether between North or South or between Nationalist and Protestant. Every red to stand united in defence of their very existence as a nation and in defence of every principle of liberty and humanity which made life worth living. It would not do for them to say they were willing to fight for Belgium or Poland or France. They have got to go further and say they were willing to fight for England as well, and in England's way, with out putting a tooth in it. He closed his speech by proposing "That this meeting of citizens of Cork, without any distinctisn of party or section, declares our abhorrence of German military despotism, which is scourg ing Europe by a war already rendere infamous by inexplicable injustices, cruelties, and abominations, and we egard it as a most solemn duty to Ireland and humanity to tender to His Majesty's Ministers, the assurance that the manhood of Ireland is at their command in this emergency.'

IRELAND AND THE

They mistake the temper of the British peoples throughout the Empire who imagine that the ungracious and untimely utterances of Sir Edward Carson reflect to any appreci-able extent the spirit of the times or the sentiment of most thinking people in regard to the Irish question. A true sense of proportion and of what is due to the Empire has led the great bulk of Irish Unionists to accept in a generous mood the evi-dences, so clearly discernible, of the rise of a new Ireland, at one with Britain in its intelligent grasp of the vital issues at stake in this war, and in its tenacious adherence to the common cause of liberty and democracy. The threats of Sir Edward Carson to revive dissensions, now silenced in the trenches where Irish soldiers, Unionist and Nationalist. are facing death side by side, and adding fresh laurels to their fame, do not add to his reputation as a statesman or strengthen the hands of Kitchener in his pressing task of recruiting. The faculty for saying the wrong thing at the right momen seems to be equally shared by Mr. Bonar Law and Sir Edward Carson. So changed is the whole situation in Ireland that thousands of Union ists in the South are joining Red-mond's Volunteers, all their fears of Nationalist disloyalty having van-ished in a night. Troops for the front pass through the Irish capital accompanied by the National Volunaccompanied by the National Volun-teers and cheered by the Catholic citizens. The outrages on Belgium —linked by closest ties with Ireland —have stirred the whole Irish race with feelings of revenge, and the decimated ranks of the regiments at the front tell their own tragic tale of Irish valor and endurance. The taunt has been made that the National Volunteers have not recruited as largely as the Ulster Volunteers, but least for a time. Credit arrangements not so easily located by a crowned madman's whim, consequently a more flexible banking system. A movement among all

it must be borne in mind that the a larger proportion of her fighting men to the British army and that 50,000 of them joined the colors on speech in the Commons, in reply to Mr. Bonar Law, the Irish leader put these illuminating facts before Peninsular War and Waterloo right up to last year Ireland had furnish to the army a large quota by far in proportion to her population than England or Scotland. In 1885 the number per thousand of the male population from twenty to forty-five years of age who joined the army regulars and special reserves were : Irishborn, 176; British-born, 42 Last year the figures were: Irish-born 42; British-born, 32. What would be the Irish record now, when the sentiments of the whole Irish people were with Great Britain? In this war who had not been moved by the recent stories of the Munster Fusiliers, the Dublin Fusiliers and the Irish Guards?"-The Globe

TRUE TO THEIR TRADITIONAL REPUTATION

The stories which are coming in writes T. P. O'Connor, are especially gratifying to Irishmen. The Irishmen have had some of the hottest corners to defend, and they have behaved with a splendid bravery that has won the admiration of all other races and has, incidentally, of course, advanced the Irish cause.

In one of the first encounters be-

tween the British force and over-whelming German odds, the German had been directing their force to canture some British guns. officers in command of the guns were mowed down by the artillery fire, and at last it seemed cruelty to sacrifice more men.

However, the Irish Munsters were determined that the guns should be saved.

"I saw," writes an English soldier, "a handful of Irishmen throw themselves in front of cavalry trying to cut off a battery of artillery. Not one of the poor lads got away alive, but they made the German devils pay in kind and the artillery got

Every man of us made a vow to avenge these fallen Irishmen. Latter they were finally avenged by their own comrades, who lay in wait for the German cavalry. The Irish lads went at them with the bayonet, which they least expected. Some of them howled for mercy, but I don't think they got it. In war mercy is only for the merciful."

AFTER THE WAR

After the war, what? Here are few of the changes. A re-mapped Europe, largely along racial lines. A reconstructed Germany—either a republic or a strictly limited constitutional monarchy, but no Hohenzol-lerns. The breaking up of Austria-Hungary into its original elements. The disappearance of Turkey from European politics. A defensive alliance of Western Europe against the possible aggressions of Russia.

A moderately regenerated Russia, with local Home Rule for Poland and Finland, full rights for the Jews, and cover to the fields on either side of a growing sense of free citizenship mong the rest of the people. Japan's hegemony in Asia practic conceded, and her place among the great Powers established.

Increased solidarity of the British Empire-the colonies drawn closes to the Mother Country than fifty years of argument could accomplish and the fealty of India enormously strengthened. An amicable settle ment of the Irish Home Rule ques tion, the suffragette movement an other vexed matters, along with some halting in Lloyd-George's land reform movement, due to the fact that the land-holding classes shed their blood courageously on the field of battle. More money for social, industrial and educational reforms in Great Britain and Ireland, due to the diminished expenditure necessary for armaments. Less dislike to con-scription among English speaking

A closer reapprochement between England and the United States as the two greatest upholders of demoideals, possibly a treaty between them as a sort of moral supto the Monroe Doctrine, and Cecil Rhodes' dream of an Anglo-Saxon confederation several milestones nearer. The revival of the United States' mercantile marine. A great influx of men and money, mostly from war frightened Europe, to Canada. Canadian securities viewed with increased favor by the British investor. Canadian objections to Governors General from the Royal Family forgotten. Canada's defence policy no longer a party question

A universal jettison of water-logged stocks. Healthier business conditions—the whole world determined to earn an honest living, at least for a time. Credit arrange-

nations back to the land, as the only permanent source of wealth, and least disturbed by wars and rumors of war. Thrift found again and practised as a real virtue. A great on the comfort of religion and the power of faith, the whole civilized world having passed through the valley of tribulation. — Toronto Saturday Night.

THE "LIBERATOR"

Toronto Saturday Night It appears that General Carranza Constitutionalist" dictator of Mexico, "is feeling his oats" to an excessive degree. A Washington despatch states that he was only restrained by the wise counsel of the United States government from kickng the British Ambassador out of Mexico. It might be well for Carranza to remember that, though at the present time Great Britain is elsewhere engaged, there is in the office of the Foreign Secretary. Sir Edward Grey, a rather bulky age of documents marked "re Mexi can atrocities." These concern murder and other serious crimes committed against British subjects by the Constitutionalist army. Some day the package will be taken from its pigeon hole, dusted, and peruse once more. It is quite probable that when that day arrives Great Britain will have enough ships left and enough prestige left, to collect its

HORATIUS OUTDONE

ONE HEROIC HIGHLANDER HELD BRIDGE UNDER FIRE

Special Leased Wire from United Pres London, Sept. 26.—A Paris despatch to the Daily Mail describes the exploit of a lone Highlander who was one of a party of 150 detailed to

hold a bridge over the Aisne. "A German attack," says the correspondent, "was not expected at that point, and the detachment was meant to act rather as guard than as a force to defend the bridge. Sudden ly, however, the Germans opened fire from the woods around, and a strong force came forward at a run toward the bridge. The Highlanders opened fire at once, and for a time held the enemy at bay; but the numbers of the Germans were so great that the attacking force crept constantly nearer, and under cover of a heavy fire a dense column of troops was seen advancing along the road that led to the river.

"Then one of the Highlanders jumped up from cover. The maxim gun belonging to the little force had ceased its fire, for the whole of its crew had been killed, and the gun stood there on its tripod, silent amid a ring of dead bodies. One lone Highlander ran forward under a bullet storm, seized the maxim, swung it, tripod and all onto his back, and carried it at a run across the exposed bridge to the far side, facing the German attack.

"The belt of the gun was still charged, and there absolutely alone, the soldier sat down in full view of enemy and opened a hail of bullets upon the advancing column. Under the tempest of fire the column wavered and then broke, fleeing for the road, leaving the scores of dead that the maxim had mowed down.

"Almost the moment afterward the

Highlander fell dead behind his gun, where in the open road he had checked the advance upon the bridge and reinforcements came doubling up to line the river bank in such umbers that the Germans soon retired, and gave up the attempt to

gain the bridge.
"The Highlander had thirty bullet younds in his body when he was picked up.

THE ROMEWARD DRIFT

Whatever may be the effect of the Kikuyu controversy on the English establishment in expediting conversions—and it promises large results —the coming over last year of the Caldey Benedictines has been very fruitful. Rectors, curates, vicars, to the number of twenty four or twenty ive already have entered the Church, originally loosened from their false positions by that spectacular event. Nearly all are celibates, and most of them are making seminary studies at Beda College, Rome, an institution designed especially for this class of

THE DUBLIN FUSILIERS

From the Pall Mall Gazette

The Dublin Fusiliers, who have again covered themselves with glory, oast a record for foreign service unique among British regiments. Though raised more than two centuries ago, the first time the regi ment, as a regiment, saw the shores of England was in 1871. Their name is writ large upon the history of India, where they figured in almost every battle of importance from Plassey to the Mutiny; but the storming of the Boer position at Glencoe was their first engagement out of Asia.

CATHOLIC NOTES

A government census return just issued in London shows a decline in the number of clergymen of the stablished Church and an increase in the number of Catholic priests.

1877

An order of the day issued by Gen. de Castelnau names 6 nuns who, under an incessant deadly fire, continued to attend to 1,000 wounded in their establishment at Gerbeviller in France, although the population had evacuated the village. It is stated that Italy has cancelled

her promise to participate in the Panama Pacific Exposition to be held at San Francisco in 1915, on account of the European war. If this is true, it will probably rid this country of the incubus of ex-Mayor Nathan as Italy's representative at the Exposi-

Catholic missionary Sisters are doing wondrously in the foreign missions. They are angels of consolation and peace; they carry in meekness and with motherly love the Gospel of Charity among the pagans. The pagans say: "They are not The pagans say: "They are not women of this earth, but women who came down from heaven."

Baron O'Brien, Lord Chief Justice of Ireland since 1899, died in Dublin on Sept. 8. Peter O'Brien created a baronet in 1891 and first Baron O'Brien in 1909, was born June 29, 1842. He was Solicitor General for Ireland from 1887 to 1888 and At-torney General the following year. He was the fifth son of the late John O'Brien. M. P., of County Tipperary.

Probably for the first time in history men in military uniforms re-cently slept in the cells of the monks of the Grand St. Bernard hospice, 8.110 feet high, in the Alps. Under the command of an Italian colonel more than 200 future officers in the Italian army from the military academy at Turin arrived at the hospice. The hospice has only 125 beds for the public and there are always many travellers there, but the Abbot was not upset by the invasion and wel-

comed the officers. Three more converts are to be added to the steadily lengthening roll. The latest are the Rev. R. M. Brown, an Anglican rector, well known in London, and an M. A. of Oxford, who has been received into the Church at Farm street, and two laymen, who occupy prominent positions in two High Church Societies known as the Catholic League" and the "Living Rosary." Their names are, respectively, Mr. H. F. Hickes and Mr. Bainbridge, and they were received into the Church by Father Wondacot, an erstwhile friend, who is now stationed at Deptford.

A letter written by a Jesuit priest who escaped from Louvain before the destruction of the city by the Ger-mans has been received by the priest's father in London. The priest says: "All our people escaped ex-cept eleven scholastics. One of these was shot at once, as he had a diary of the war on his person. The others were taken to Brussels, where they were to have been shot, but the American minister stepped in and stopped it. He told the Germans that his government would declare war if any of these persons were shot.

New York's first free Catholic High school opened Monday, Sept. 16. It charges as parochial schools. Catholic Church and the city indebted to Jesuit Fathers this very important advance. They have built one of the finest High schools in America, costing fully \$500,000. The leader in the enterprise is Rev. David W. Hearn, who came here from Boston five years ago. He is the rector of the church of St. Ignatius Loyola in Park avenue, but the new High school is not for this parish only. It is for Catholic students of all parochial schools of the

More than 10,000 persons assembled recently in the square before Notre Dame Cathedral, Paris, and the inside of the cathedral was filled, the occasion being a special service presided over by Cardinal Amerte, Archbishop of Paris, at which prayers were offered for the wounded and prayers of thanksgiving for the repulse of the Germans. The ceremony was most impressive. When the hymns were being sung inside the cathedral the crowds in the open took up the airs. Women were in the great majority. Those who wore light colored gowns were conspicuous because most of the congregation was dressed in mourning.

The senate of Cambridge University has invited the Catholic University of Louvain, Belgium, to move to Cambridge, England, there to continue its own separate studies, grant degrees and generally to pursue its activities as if at home. Cambridge ctivities as if at home. University would supply the technical facilities for carrying out this work. Owing to the war the number of students at Cambridge has been reduced for the present, so there would be ample accommodations for such students at Louvain as would e able to avail themselves of the invitation. It is believed that this is the first time such hospitality has peen offered by one university to

nachine until midnight.

SO AS BY FIRE

BY JEAN CONNOR CHAPTER V BROKEN BONDS

The old woman laid her knotty hands on Barbara's shoulder. It was the first approach, in all their sighteen years together, to a womanly caress

'An' ye will do well, girl, ye will well. What is before ye, Weasel, work at the wheel or loom, where every beggar beside ye could fout and jeer at your father's child? What is before ye but hard work and ard living, or maybe harder mating with one that would not scorn to wive with Barbara Graene? And now—now! In Roger Randall's home ye'll have your pick of the proudest in the land"

"You have seen him—you knew him, grandmother?" asked Barbara, eagerly. "When? How? Oh, tell

me all about it—all, all !"
"No," answered the other, and she spoke now with the usual harsh tone and look. "I'll tell ye nothing, girl save that once Roger Randall stood between me and my spring sunshine gotten it all this many a year, but for me, girl, for me, it was the one glint in fifty years of darkness, and I glint in fifty years of darkness, and I never forgot, I never forgot. But this is naught to ye, girl—naught to ye only—Remember what I tell ye—the Randall pride is high and hard as a mountain rock. It will not break or soften, strike it as ye may.

"And listen to me, Weasel, for there is no time to loss. Ye must be off, or they may sand hare looking.

off, or they may send here looking for the girl, and that will end all for as. You must be off to-morrow morn ing, at break of day. You'll take her trunk and clothes and papers—they are all there to prove your claim. The wedding-lines, and the baptism cer-tificate of Elinor Randall Kent, and the letters—all as she told you. The money is nigh gone for the docfor and the coffin and the grave, but I've a bit of my own that I was saving for my burying—\$50—that will pay your way. And ye will wear her clothes clothes, and put money and letter safe in your breast, for you must not Randall's letter out of your hold night or day, the letter bidding you come to his home as his daughter's child. Hold to that let-

ter, girl, as to your life." Oh, grandmother, grandmother !" again the wave of fear, of doubt, swept over the girl's young heart as the rainbow castle of her dream took stern, strong outline at the old woman's words. "It is all so mad,

so desperate, so daring—"
"Eh, and why shouldn't ye dare? Why shouldn't ye dare?" was the fierce rejoinder. "What have ye flerce rejoinder. "What have ye here to lose, girl? And it's all the world can give ye that ye gain."
"I know, I know," answered Bar

bara, drawing a long, quivering breath. "And—and Elinor—she would have given it to me if she sould. She would have left me her Her dead lips seemed to tell me to go, grandmother; to go and be happy. And I will, I will dare it all, to live her life, the beautiful life she has left to me. I will be all—all that she would have been, grand-

Eh, if ye can, girl," answered the eld woman, drily, and the words came back grimly prophetic in the after time. "If ye can. But there'll be none to tell the differ. Ye can be your own wise, sharp self, and all will be right and well. Only remember when ye cross Roger Randall's doorstone that the past is dead to ye—dead as the girl that lies under

"Dead as the girl that lies under the yew." The old speaker's harsh cracked tone seemed to sound the knell of Barbara Graeme's young life. Long afterward the scene came life. Long afterward the scene came back to her, the shadowy room with its grisly memories, the heavy furni-ture, dimly outlined against the moldering wall, the ghostly glimmer of the tall mirror, the old woman seated there in the gathering dark ness, battling with grim, savage strength against the doom of her race, grappling with Fate for the last of her blood and name, reckless of the cost of victory, blind to the thorny path of falsehood into which she was forcing the young, faltering

Dead as the girl that lies unde the yew-tree!" Fatal words that were to echo pitilessly down the coming years, for Barbara Graeme's young life in all its bold, fearless freedom, its untaught truth ended to night; ended in this dark room where the fragrance of the spring flowers she had placed on Elinor's dead breast still lingered, like a had no power to warn or save. Then closing and locking the parlor doors, the old grandmother went back to her kitchen, while Barbara took her seat on the porch, where the white star looked down through the pines, and the breeze that came from the hollow bore the chilling odor of up

There was no Rip to flutter to her knee and with hoarse caw break the stillness. Yet there was a restful tenderness in the silence to night, and the dark shadow of the pines seemed a shelter like that of encir-cling arms, that held her as her dead mother had so often held her in her shildish dreams.

Gloomy and descrate as it was, the Road House had been home to Barbara for eighteen years, and winged for daring flight as she was, the old nest seemed strangely safe and warm to night. To morrow she would hate it again, she knew, but to night

hood were stirring in her heart.
For there had been a brief, bright
time—that comes to every healthy
human life before mind and heart
are conscious of shadow or stint — a time when the gloomy vistas of the pines had stretched golden arcades to Barbara's dancing feet, when the ruined barn was a fairy palace filled with treasure-trove, when perched on the topmost branches of the old yew tree she sang to the listening

A brief, bright time from which she had soon wakened, to think and feel and harden in self-protection, even as the laughing "burn" hardened at the touch of the frost. But the ripping music, bushed so long ago, was echoing in her hear to-night, and there was a softened look on the young face that gave it a new charm to the honest lover that

a new charm to the honest lover that came swinging up the weed grown road and paused in some doubt as to his welcome at the gate.

Barbara started up with a little cry of surprise, for Rip fluttered from Daffy's hold, and with a satisfied croak settled on his old porch on the rotter proce

I've brought him back," said the rotten post. Daffy. "Fritzie Wonn came within an ace of as big a thrashing as he ever got in his life when I saw him with that crow, Weasel. But his old dad swore that he had bought him fair and square."

"He did, he did," said Barbara,

eagerly. "I wanted some flowers."
"So they told me," said Daffy. "If
you had let me take a hand, as I wanted to, you would have had the flowers—but its all right. I've brought the bird back. He is yours again, Weasel. Fritzie did not want give him up but I made it a sort of paying proposition, and so he sold out at an advance."
"You mean you bought him back

Well, rather," said Daffy, with

the smile that showed his white teeth. "You don't suppose I stole him back, do you, Weasel?"
"Bought Rip back? Oh that was
good of you, Daffy," said Barbara, as
she took the fluttering Rip into her

arms. "I've missed him so much."
"I sort of thought you would,"

pertikler company in a crow. you'd like a dog now, Weasel, a real first class dog, I've got a collie that's worth talking about and caring for. I turned down a bid of \$20 for him yesterday, but if you'd like him he is yours to-morrow to have

for keeps."
"Oh, thank you, Daffy, no, no! I don't want a dog," and there was a little quiver in Barbara's voice at the thought of all the change in her wants the morrow would bring.
"But I do thank you for Rip, Daffy. I was afraid they might hurt him to make him talk, and there is no use in a bird talking."
"Not a bit," said Daffy, decidedly.

"There is a darned sight too much talking done now, without setting crows at it. Sort of lonesome here to night, ain't it? It always is after a funeral. Do you mind having me

wheep ye company a bit?"
"No, indeed," said Barbara, the softness of her mood deepened by Rip's return. "Sit down and keep me

ompany, Daffy."

And Daffy sat down on the porch beside Barbara, quite dazed by the sudden rainbow that seemed span ning Love's rather stormy way. was "striking" it right at last! perhaps he would have struck it right indeed—perhaps Barbara, with the half forgotten sweetness of child-ish memories wakened in her heart with Rip close in her arms, and Barbara might have be night by the simple truth and earnestness of Daffy's honest love, and her story would never have been

told But Daffy had tried the simple truth when he blurted out his love tale over the soap boxes less than a week ago. He felt this was an occa-sion that demanded higher art, and he proceeded to rise to it accordingly. 'It's a beautiful night, isn't it, and-starry?

'Yes," answered Barbara briefly. "Yes," answered Barbara bristy.
"There is something—something
great in stars," continued Daffy, conscious that he was somewhere near
the proper level. "They are so high the proper level. "They are so high and so bright, and they sort of fill your deepest soul with joy and won-der. If we could just sit here al ways-side by side like this, looking at them stars, Weasel—and listening

listening—"
"To the tree-toads," assisted Barbara, mockingly; but Daffy was not to be turned from his triumphant course.

Yes, to the tree-toads, and the breeze—the breeze that sighs so soft-ly as it lifts the golden tresses from your brow, Weasel." But I haven't golden tresses

they are red," said Barbara, curtly.
"They are golden to me," sighed
Daffy, "gold as the goldest sunshine, and your eyes are brighter than any liamonds ever taken from the deep est caverns of the earth, and your cheeks - them lily white cheeksthere ain't no rose in the world that can come anywhere near them. You are sun and flower and star to me altogether, and here in the solemn silent watches of the night I swear that I love you as woman was never loved before. If you'll be mine, Weasel, life will be an everlasting and eternal dream of bliss. If you'll be mine, my heart will beat true to you forever-

"Till the sun grows cold. And the stars are old-And the leaves of the Judgment Book unfold."

concluded Daffy, lapsing into the one school boy poem whose swing had lingered in his busy mind.

There was no asswer. Barbara sat motionless, her wan little face supported by her hand, her eyes fixed on the white star cleaning through the the white star gleaming through the gap in the pines. The sadness of the uplifted face, the silence of the sharp tongue, poor Daffy misconstrued. He had "struck it" with Weasel at

He slipped his arm about her waist. and was just bending for an l lover's kiss when he was dazed by a swift blow on the cheek and Barbara sprang to her feet, Rip fluttering away from her arms with a croak of

back, Daffy Mille! I don't want you or anything you can bring me! You did talk like — like you had some sense the other day, but to night—to night—" the young voice trembled with some vague pain, some yearn. ing for strong help and guidance which she could not put into words "I find your a bigger fool than I thought. You can go home and take Rip with you. And I don't want ever to see your feee again."

Lord !" muttered the bewildered Daffy, as the girl vanished into the gloomy old hall behind her and slammed the door. "Now who would ever think she'd a taken it like that? Weasel!" he called bac Weasel! Come back, won't eagerly, you, Weasel ?"

But Rip's indignant croak was the only answer, and wondering at the curious ways of womankind, Daffy

took his darkened way home.

But "Mr. Dafton Mills" had not been cutting his own way through a rough world for six and twenty years without learning some variable lessons in courage and persever ance. He had had worse knocks than that light blow from his lady's hand, and never gone down yet. In the clear sunlight of the following day, and in the prosaic atmosphere diffused by general merchandise, Daffy realized that the heights of poetry were slippery travelling for untrained feet.

untrained feet.
"I guess I did talk like a durn fool
last night. Some girls might have
swallowed all that stuff about moon swallowed all that stuff about moon and stars, but Wessel ain't that sort. It just made her dead sick and if I hadn't been a born ijiot I might hev seen. Poor little girl! she did look so lonesome and sad a setting there in the shadow of that cussed old house a hugging that durned black crow, that I wuz ready to make my self nine different kinds of a fool please her. And I'll try it agin," re solved Daffy stoutly. "I'll take an other tack and try it agin. She can't do no more this time than draw a

gun." And the picture of that pale, deso late young face upturned to the gar in the pines lingered so distractingly with Daffy all next day that his keen business wits quite for sook him. He measured vinegar for molasses, for got the advance in butter, took in plugged coins, and was, as he himself

confessed, generally dumbheaded. Starlight found him back at the Road House, prepared to follow any track that his perplexing ladylove

might take.
"No more book talk or poetry resolved Daffy. "I'll jest hold my tongue until I see how she leads, and I'll follow suit and make no fool plays to night, you kin bet on it. Hallo, you're there, are you, old chap?" as Rip croaked a friendly greeting from the gate post. "Somehow, I never could get over the feeling, the state of th ing that there was bad luck in a croak ing crow, and he certainly did me up last night. And there ain't nobody Rinor's guiding star trembling last night. And there ain't nobody through the darkness, perhaps this waiting to meet me by moonlight to night, it's very plain," added Daffy, with a forced laugh, as he strode up to the deserted porch and knocked at

the door. There was a slow, shuffling step within, a rusty bolt creaked, and the old grandmother looked out at the visitor. "Oh, it's you?" she said, sourly. "Ef you've come looking

for Weasel she ain't here."
"Not here?" echoed Daffy, prepared for a rebuff. "I'm sorry to hear it. Hope you are well, Mrs. Fraeme. Pretty night, isn't it? I'll step round again some other time and hope to find her home."

Well, you won't," was the grim answer. "She's gone—to stay ez long ez her mother's folks will keep her. They writ for her—and sent her the money to come to them. And her father—you know where he is, I suppose—give orders last Tuesday she was to go where she could hold her head up with anybody—which is more than she can ever do here. So

she is gone." "Where, when?" gasped Daffy, feeling in his heart there was both truth and wisdom]in this gruff state-

ment. " Et it will do you any good to know, she took the 640 train for Baltimore this morning. But where she's going from there, I won't say. Her folks don't want no trailing or gabbling from here. So ye can give it out, if ye please, that Weasel Graeme has cut loose from this here ridge forever."

Road House shut the door sharply, and put an end to further discourse. "Well, I swan!" muttered the be-rildered Daffy. "That's a lick I wildered Daffy. "That's a lick I wasn't looking for, sure. Though it's a move in the right line for Weasel, certain. Gone to her mother's folks, eh? Well, wherever they are, those same 'mother's folks' are go-ing to find that there's one 'trailer' in Graystone Ridge they can't keep off Weasel's track without a shotgun." And Daffy, finding Love's flowery and he would have been both surpathway temporarily blocked, went back to work over the stone grinding increasing irritation each evening

And the grim old chatelaine of the

But in spite of coge and levers a pale, sad young face flitted through his dreams, and Wessel's sudden flight was the first thought in his mind next morning as he opened the store for the early mail and daily papers which were flung in his door at 7 a. m. promptly, thereby enabling Mr. Mills to enjoy his hot coffee, made skillfully by his own hand, and the latest news still damp from the press before the morning rush of

He had just settled himself comortably for his luxurious half hour, when startling head lines confronted

ANOTHER RAILROAD HORROR SHOCKING DISASTER ON THE B. & P. Bastern Express plunges into Bix

our hundred injured, many fatally.

Daffy read on for a moment with only the usual shock at such an ap-palling loss of life then suddenly an icy fear struck through his heart. He sprang for the time-table upon his desk—" 6.40," the old woman had said. Weasel had left yesterday morning at 6 40. The figures in the time-table danced before his eyes as ne scanned them and computed with mick practiced skill. Great heavens it was her train then—there was no other that stopped within two hours at Graystone Station. Her train and

He staggered back against the counter sick with fear and horror as he read the terrible details.

Six passenger cars plunged into the swollen stream. Scores swept o death as they strove to escape in the raging waters. Piers of the bridge loosened by spring flood. Wrecking trains sent hurriedly forward. All houses in the neighbor good converted temporarily into just at nightfall it is impossible to give further details, or more than approximate the number of dead and

Jake," cried Daffy sharply to the assistant, who was already busy ar-ranging a tempting display of collar buttons and scarf pine in a glittering showcase. "You'll have to leave all that durn tomfoolery and attend bus-You'll have to leave all iness to day. I'm off."
"Off where?" exclaimed Jake,

turning staring eyes on his employer at this unprecedented announcement. To Bixby's Creek, wherever that may be," answered Daffy, as he made a hurried toilet behind the counter. "There's been another—" the speaker broke into strong language—" smash up on the B. & P., and that poor little Weasel Graeme was aboard. Grand-mother told me she sent her to her mother's folks yesterday morning. Five hundred miles away in a mix-up like that, with no one to look out for her-I'm off to see after her, dead or alive !"

TO BE CONTINUED

A PAIR OF BROWN BEADS

That Mark Gaylord steadfastly declined to become a Catholic was a constant source of grief and disappointment to his devout wife. A grief owever, that never found expres sion; a disappointment that never clouded the happiness of an ideal

home life.
"Do not try to force him," advised the old priest to whom she had con fided her secret sorrow. "Nothing would be gained and much might be You want him to become a Catholic, not through sentiment, not through a desire for your approva nor yet through fear of your reproach, but through a knowledge and conviction of the Truth. Pray, my daughter, pray, and let your life give evidence of the faith that is in you. On the teachings of the Church give suggestions for information if such would be welcomed. Otherwise be silent. Redouble your prayers and leave the rest to God.

Thus had begun the bitter soul struggle in which, after six long years, Helen Gaylord was forced to acknowledge defeat. But she clung even yet to the faint hope that some time the victory would be won, though she might not be there to witness the final triumphant. There was little to encourage her, however, in her

husband's present attitude.

While he did not openly scoff at her religion—he was too much a gentleman to do that—he still seemed to hold it lightly. He had, as a matter of course, consented to Margaret's baptism, and he was glad that she had been taught to say her prayers. That was a necessary part of a child's training; and that she would kneel at her mother's knee while she lisped the syllables was quite the conventional and withal the picturesque thing to do. The group pleased his artistic sense. Mrs. Gaylord, however had for other reasons, chosen the library as the place of Margaret's evening prayers. It was there that she and Margaret's father read or discussed affairs for an hour or so after dinner, and it had seemed best that the little daughter's invocations be made in the father's presence. But later, when the prayers had lengthened a bit, Mark Gaylord had been plainly bored and a plainly relieved when his wife had caenally remarked to Margaret's

nurse, one night:
"I think Hannah, that Margaret is old enough now to have her evening devotions in her own room. After to-night you need not bring her

here." Not even Margaret's father detected the note of sorrow that sounded through the quietly given decision

had been painfully observed. Instead, he was honestly glad that, in the natural order of things as it seemed to him, now that Margaret was five years old, the practise was to be discontinued without any decree from him. He was not sure how much longer he could have complemently horns it. placently borne it. He had winced guiltily that night

daddy." And to overcome his em barrassment, he had no sily straight ened out the evening paper, crinkled and crushed repeatedly while the little girl had prayed. H s restless ness was not lost upon the anxious wife who recognizing the inexpedi-ency of continuing the present course, had so worded her acceptance of de-feat as to make the change appear rather as a part of a pre-conceived plan than the blind impulse born of the necessity of the moment. And it was quite in keeping with his obduracy in matters of religion that he failed to see the price being paid by his wife to purchase his comfort. Along other lines of thought he was a man of keen perceptions and was not naturally selfish.

The decision brought an unex pected sorrow into Margaret's life This visit to the library was such precious thing It was something to which she looked forward each day touch daddy's by just reaching out her hand. Of course, this she never did, since her hands were clasped to gether, but then the sense of his near ness was just as strong as if she had thus tested it. And now this was to be taken from her, and it was because she was growing older. Truly in-creasing age had its advantages and it brought great deprivation. Instinctively, she knew that it was improbable her father would come to the nursery, dearly as he loved her. But would her mother stay away teo? Was that desertion also a penalty, of being old enough?" Would only being old enough?" Would only Hannah hear her recite her prayers Well, it was a comfort anyhow to know that the Infant Jesus and His Mother would listen to her there. And she might as well have it all settled now, and then she would have to morrow to get used to the impend

ing loneliness.
"Mother," she timidly asked, as with her hand held fast in Hannah's she turned at the door; " Mother shall I say my prayers to-morrownight, before the statue of the little Infant Jesus or before our Blessed Mother? And—and—won't you ever

come up to hear if I say them Mark Gaylord shifted his position. was about to speak, then pressed his lips closer together. He had not forseen, this. It had somehow seemed all right for his wife to adhere to her beliefs and pious prac tises, and even to pray if she so choose to the Blessed Virgin, since this had been part of her life before he had entered it and could not b dissociated from her personality. But that his child's mind should

be filled with this same doctrine was not wholly desirable and was most assuredly unnecessary. It is true that he had promised that she should be brought up a Catholic, and it had never occurred to him to disregard or retract in the slighest degree that promise. But he disliked to be reminded so forcibly of its fulfilment And, particularly, did he object to the title "Our Blessed Mother." It annoyed thim, although he could not title have told why. He felt unacquainted with her. She had been unknown, or at least unrecognized, in the church he had attended as a boy. That the tenets accepted by that church failed to hold his allegiance in manhood, awakened as yet no doubt as to the wisdom of its rejections. In fact, he was not interested in that church nor in any other. He disavowed belief or disbelief in any or in all. They were "all good enough," one was as good as another," and from his point of view they were one and all unnecessary, since there could be but one true religion. And as he had neither the inclination nor the time ne thought, to investigate the claims

of each, it was simpler to discounten ance all. But in spite of his supposed neutrality he still retained his inherited prejudice against devotion to the Blessed Virgin and belief in her in tercessory powers. And it was this dormant scepticism that now asserted itself when his little daughter inquired about her prayers to the "Blessed Mother." It was with an

effort that he restrained himself. Mrs. Gaylord's throat tightened in a dread that held more of despair than fear, but with a quick encourage ing smile that, in some inexplicabl way, seemed to include her husband in its sympathy, she hastily reassured

Margaret:
"We did not intend, dear, that you
"Hannah alone should go up with Hannah alone, I shall be with you just the same as

before, and we'll pray together."

Then with a new, unexpected cour age that surprised herself, she added:
"Now that you know the Our Father and Hail Mary so well, it is time that you used your little pearl rosary, and it will be better, perhaps, that we should begin this devotion in your room to morrow night, where you have the statues of both the Infant Jesus and His Blessed Mother. Good night, dear."

The speaker felt that the figure in the chair had grown suddenly tense and had then relaxed as the door closed on Margaret and her nurse. She asked him, almost immediately, concerning the progress of a business arrangement he had been trying to secure, and he met her on that ground

compromise.

His satisfaction at the discontinu-

was lessened by the feeling that he was thus placed still further outside an intimate bond of affection that held close those dearest to him. Her distress at the not altogether unex-pected turn of affairs was somewhat disquietude, unvoiced as yet, would lead to a discussion of the subject. and discussion to understanding. But that would do some days later, she thought. It would be indiscreet to surcharged with antagonism. And thus, with an all too palpable effort to ignore the specter of estrangement that for the first time stalked between them, they talked of many things but not of that which was uppermost in

the minds of both. The days passed on and the months but the proscribed subject remained as such. Things seemed to have fallen naturally into their old grooves again, save that Margaret now kissed her father "good-night" immediately after dinner and that her mother came into the library later than had been her custom under the earlier arrangement. The delay was not commented upon. The old comradeship was restored, the mutual confidences exchanged, the familiar and happy relationship again theirs. If the dangerous subject of religion was not mentioned, the omission seemed but the natural result of a multitude of more pressing topics. There seemed no link missing in the chain

of their happiness.

And then, without warning, came the crisis in their home life. Helen Gaylord was taken suddenly

and seriously ill and the physicians pronounced her case hopeless. The news was conveyed as gently as pos-sible to the distracted husband, but he shock of such a calamity crushed him. He sent for specialists, only to have his worse fears confirmed. Her heart, they said, was too weak to strain of the fever that threatened her and it could be matter only of days until the end

All that day ather bedside Mark Gay lord sat speechless—save for the low cry: "Helen! Helen! Helen! Don't leave me!"

But his pleating did not reach the dulled hearing of the stricken woman nor did the warm pressure of his hands on the pallid fingers clasping the worn beads meet with any response. And when at dusk the nurse told him that he must go but that she would call him if there was any change, he walked unsteadily from the room and made his way to the library—the room that seemed to belong in so peculiar a manner to them both. It was here that they had come o understand the heights and depths of each other's character, it was here that the happiest hours of life had been spent. He sat down heavily and buried his face in his hands

A light touch on his arm startled him. It was Margaret.
"What are you doing here!" he
dully inquired. "Where is Hannah?"

She is helping Miss Kellogg take are of mother. It was plainly his duty to have put the child to bed long ago. Helen would not have wanted her to stay

wake until this time.
You ought to be in bed, child, at his hour. Can you get ready yourself to-

"Yes, daddy, I don't need any help for that, but I need you to help me with my prayers. Mother is asleep, I guess, and Miss Kellogg said I musta't waken her. So I just kissed her 'good-night' and came away. But he can't say the prayers with me to night, and neither can Hannah until it d be awful late, and so I thought that you would take Mother's place to night. Will you daddy? I knew that you'd have to have beads in your that you'd have to have beads in your answered tenderly. "Wait," and hands too, so I took Mother's for you. his voice trembled, "wait until They had fallen from her hands when mother gets well." nurse moved her, so it didn't disturb her for me to take them." And she extended the chaplet to the grief. stricken man.

What thoughts coursed through his mind! What remembrances pound ed at his brain! And yet it was not remorse for his obstinacy that stood out most prominently in that medley of thronging memories. It was the significant fact that the religion which had erected an impalpable barrier between him and Helen nearly a year ago was again advancing its claims in this very room that Margaret was making profession of her mother's faith, and, as credentials of her mission, was offering him her mother's beads!

The silent woman upstairs never spoken more eloquently than her resary new spoke for her. It seemed a part of herself. He knew how much she valued the unattractive brown beads. They had been blessed by the Pope and had touched the shrine of Lourdes—privileges he had once ridiculed, but which now assumed priceless values. They had meant so much to her, and now, for the first time he took the beads in his trembling hands. The larger ones had been carved and the rough surface was worn to a lighter color, mute evidence of the countless times that had slipped through the now feverish hands.

Nothing had ever before seemed quite so precious to him as this string of beads. It was strange, too, hat at this time her religion, should stand out as her most characteristic possession. Before it had seemed a subservient thing, having no possible dualities of heart and mind. He was beginning to have a clearer idea of the relative value of things, spiritual and temporal. And so personal a possession had these beads been that the wild idea came to him. His satisfaction at the discontinu-ance of the prayers in the library that they might in some mysterious strong faith in their efficiency, to

enable him to keep her. He wound them about his fingers. A tired droop in the little figure that had been standing at his chair recalled him from his reverie. But although he still held the beads he

although he still held the beads he
had utterly forgotten her errand.
"Poor Margaret. You are very
tired. Let me carry you upstairs."
"No, daddy. I haven't said my
prayers yet. You say them too, on
mother's beads."

"Not to night, dear. Some other

time will do quite as well. Perhaps to-morrow night Hanna can—" "But to-night's beads can't be said to-morrow night, daddy dear. We must recite them to-night. We can offer them for mother to get well.

If we waited until to morrow to ask it, there would be a long time wasted. If we don't ask and ask for what we want, God may think we don't care
want, God may think we don't care
much for it, so we must keep on asking, you see. And then if we pray te
Our Blessed Mother"—he didn't
wince this time—"she will ask for
us, and He never refuses anything
he sale. Yourset her tog dedd." he asks. You ask her too, daddy."

"She wouldn't hear me, Margaret She doesn't know me. And," with a newly acquired sense of humility as he looked at his wife's beads. "I don't know how these are used."

don't know how these are used."
"Oh, that's easy, else I wouldn't know how," responded the eager little missionary. And she taught him when to say the Our Father and when the Hail Mary. She had to teach him the latter. He knew the Lord's Prayer. In fact his Prayer was longer than that actually given to the disciples by Our Lord himself, the disciples by Our Lord himself, and when under Margaret's instruction, he dropped the unnecessary and unauthorized appendage, he got along fairly well. The Hail Mary was new to him. Perhaps that was the reson he paid more attention to its recitation, although his progress through the first decade was a sumbling and hesitating one. He had rebling and hesitating one. He had re luctanely granted Margaret's reques that he say the beads with her, and his desire now to meet her expects. tions was sufficient incentive essay the second and to concentrate his mind on the words. It was easier after that and he found that he was repeating, with an earnestness that surprised himself:

Holy Mary, Mother of God pray for us sinners, now and at the

of our death. Amen."
"Now, and at the hour of our death." "That would be at all time," he reflected. 'Is it possible, that she, the Mother of God, does really pray for us? Does she, because we as intercede with her Son for us? It seems incredible. Yet, what proof must, of course, be many preofs that has already done so, for many thousands would not believe in her power. I wish I could believe. 'Pray for us now, when we need it so much, 'and at the hour of our death,'

when we need it still more!
"It she does hear and heed these prayers, then, perhaps, as Margaret says, and as Helen unquestionably selieves, Mary will intercede for us in the obtaining of other favors. Perhaps that is what the 'Pray for us now, really means." The five decades were completed and Mark Gaylord, in a calmer frame of mind, carried his little daughter to her room, and when she was safely in bed and had

kissed him "good night" she said:
"Mother will be so glad I didn't have to miss any of my prayers to-night, and she'll be gladder to know that it was you that said them with me. Maybe when she gets well we can say them all together. That's what they do in Marian's home. Her daddy says the first half, and her mother and the children say the

second part. Do you think-"Never mind about that now," he

"We'll have to ask the Blessed Virgin again to morrow, won't we? Oh, just a minute." as her father oh, just a minute. As her laster was leaving the reom. "Don's you think," and she sat up in bed, her hands clasped in bewilderment at the suddenness of the idea, "don's you think if we said the beads again in the morning, instead of waiting until to-morrow night, it would help

"Perhaps it would," came the humble response. "We'll do that."

He paused at his wife's door
The nurse shook her head. There was no change. He went slowly downstairs and back to the library. He again became aware of the beads that he carried. He had meant to replace them in the loved fingers where they rightfully belonged. would wait a while before inquiring of the nurse again and at that time he could return them. In the mean-time he might as well see if he remembered the method of using them, since he was to say them again with Margaret in the morning. He recited the Our Father and the Hail Mary. Yes, he knew them. He repeated the Hail Mary. It seemed to fascinate him. Then he remembered that, among other things Margaret had told him, was the strange fact that prayers said on these beads would benefit her mother, as the indulgences belonged to the owner. He decided to say the beads again from the beginning, reading Apostles' Creed and the medita and the meditation on the mysteries, from a prayer book as before. Margaret had knelt. A sudden impulse made him follow her

her example. The unusual attitude seemed to

interpreted it aright. Humble, repentant believing, he begged this favor if it were the will of God to grant it, and he implored the Blessed Virgin to be his mediator. In her

He was still on his kne He was still en his knees, absorbed in prayer, when Hannah looked in at the door. Startled, she stepped back. It was long past midnight. She had come to call him, but expected to

come to call him, but expected to find him asleep in the chair.

"Has he gone crazy?" she asked herself. "And what, I'd like to know, is he doin' with the Missus' beader Sure he knows nothin' to say on them. I'm almost afeard to speak to him, for I don't think he's right, at all—'tis the sorrow that's turned his

A swish of the nurse's dress up stairs recalled her own errand. She must brave the danger, whatever it might be, in addressing him.

"Mr. Gaylord!" she whitpered.

There was no response.
"Mr. Gaylordi" a little louder and tentatively advancing one foot into

ye can't go up at all if ye'd be sobbin' like that—'tis laughin' ye should be!'
"Oh, Hannah," he exclaimed, wiping his wet cheeks, prayers are truly-heard and answered! I never used to believe that. I have been praying to Our Blessed Mother," he said "Our Blessed Mother," proudly now—"and Ged has granted her petition and mine. If I can speak but:one sentence to Helen to night it shall be what she has waited years to shall be what she has waited years to hands and tell her that through them I have become a Catholic. She can teach me later what else I should know." And as he ascended the stairs, he repeated brokenly:
"Helen! Helen! I still have you
too. O Blessed Mother of God! I

"H'm," muttered Hannah, toiling up the stairs after him, "I'll say, then, that it took a mighty long time for you to make up your mind to be, when I, with not much learnin' at all, knew enough to be, a Catholic. But 'tis the Missus that'll rejoice. Glory be to God and to His Blessed Mother! It'll be the beads I'll say in thanksgiving."—S. Waldon Carney in the Magnificat. "H'm," muttered Hannah, toiling the Magnificat.

ARCHBISHOP GLENNON

PREACHES ON THE PATRIOTISM OF PRACE His Grace Most Rev. John J. Glen-

non preached at the New Cathedral Chapel on a recent Sunday on "The Patriotism of Peace." The full text of

his sermon was as follows:

Commencing with the first of
August of this year, there was in
augurated the saddest tragedy of human history—a war, namely, wherein is engaged nearly all the forces of modern civilization; a war which will test whether that civilization shall remain or be destroyed. For two thousand years the world of humanity has been moving onward, and in spite of re-curring wars and temporary setcurring wars and temporary set-backs with an ever-increasing mo-mentum in social, religious and material welfare. That progress has been more marked during these later years. Paralleling this pro-gress, however, the nations have made an even more rapid progress in the science and equipment of war. They claimed it was that thereby they might the better preserve and pro-mote peace; or, they said, with less hypocrisy and more truth, that they were arming because the others were arming because the others were. And now we see the result were. And now we see the result. The world energy to-day is monopolized in the inhuman task of men killing one another. All of Europe is practically one grand battlefield, and the living are too busy fighting to wait to bury their dead.

I saw neither a battle nor a battlefield; but I saw while there the

I saw neither a battle nor a battle-field; but I saw while there the shadows come of the approaching catastrophe. I had enough of the war before the war began; for I heard the alarms sounded, and saw the men gather, and saw the order given to march, and heard the fare-

effer the successive Hail Marys for the recovery of his wife's health—the very improbability of which made his request seem unreasonable to himself. But once on his knees he felt impelled to include it, however preposterous it might be, in the allembracing petition to her who was "full of grave," that she "pray for us mow, and at the hour of our death." And with a newly-understood veneration he repeated again and again the Angelic Salutation.

"How unworthy I am," he meditated. "Unworthy even of the patient, devoted wife God has given me. May not her illness be a just punishment on me for my obstinacy in refusing to accept the Truth that has been so clearly indicated to me for at least seven years? I have been blind, and criminally sol Ah, if God will but spare her to me, I will make amends. And yet, what right have I to bargain with God? I have denied Him and repudiated His Blessed Mother. I dare not ask."

And yet, like Peter, to whom else could he go? There is but one unchanging answer, and Mark Gaylord interpreted it aright. Humble, repentant believing, he begged this

have builded, and last and worst, the lives of innumerable beings for whom the Saviour died.

Now, while the conflagration rages and while men by the thousands are crushed to death, the question naturally presents itself, namely, "Where do we stand; and what is our duty?" To the first of which, I would say, the answer is already given us. We as a nation have struggled long for peace. It was with us in spirit and in full significance before this European catac-lysm. It was the dominant note in the treaties we sought to make, and in the expression of our national policies. Being so circumstanced before this war, it is only reasonable before this war, it is only reasonable to expect that our position shall not change now; but that in friendly neutrality we shall continue until peace comes to troubled Europe once more. But there is paralleling this our attitude to those without, a certain duty which we owe to tho within. The nations are bound to-gether by bonds of blood and com-merce. Thus the European situa-tion must affect the affairs of the tion must affect the analys of the nations outside, not alone externally in regard to policy, but also its economic well-being. It becomes, therefore, a duty for us to consider how, while war wages without, our own well-being shall be best pro-moted. On the American nation to-day stands the obligation of sustainthe room.

The haggard resignation in the face turned towards her was pitiable.

"Is—she—is—there—a—change?" he falteringly asked.

"There is that replied she, "and 'tis for the better. Miss Kellogg says the orisis came about an hour ago. I didn't know about it. But, at any lord will get well. And I was sent down to say as how since Mrs. Gaylord is awake, an ye may go up but ye mustn't talk much. Well, sure, ye can't go up at all if ye'd be sobbin' like that—'tis laughin' ye should be!"

"Oh, Hannah," he exclaimed, wiping his wet cheeks, prayers are mains a serious question whether we have the force, the strength and courage, standing alone, to uphold that cause.

We may, however, leave this broad world issue to others, and perhaps, to be more practical, to come nearer home, and state what we believe to be the duties that lie nearest us, as for instance, how best we may, a for instance, now bees we may, in mation at peace, preserve that discipline, and promote the vigor both of mind and body that is necessary for a nation to enjoy. The only one commendable feature of war is the spirit of discipline, and order, the rigid rules of military training, the sacrifices demanded, and the fidelity that is taught. Now with us the discipline—regard obedience as servile, while the idea of sacrifice only

appeals to them when it is made by others in their behalf.

A nation wherein discipline is ignored, obedience lost, and sacrifices unnecessary and uncalled for, is a nation that is liable to fall from its own weight. Lulled to a sense of false security, it yields but too read-ily to the stronger forces from with-out that await, or perhaps hasten its

The lesson we should learn from the Europe of to-day is to bring to the citizen of America the discipline that marks the soldier in Europe.

Nor is there alone the lesson of discipline to be learned; that also of sacrifice is one equally to be considered. The nations in Europe to-day not alone have to effer up their holocaust of men on the line of bettle but also they have to do battle, but also they have to de-mand the service of the men and women that remain at home. The castle is turned into the hospital, and the wealth of the nation is freely offered that the governments may equip still larger armies for the

I hope that this lesson of sacrifice nade by them for war shall produce similar sacrifices by us in the cause of peace. It is the time, now, when our employers should let their divi-dends go rather than their employ-

background, then, we have sound judgment and patriotism on our side to promote by every means in our power the commercial activity, and thereby the prosperity of our nation. Recent news may incline some to

thereby the prosperity of our nation.

Recent news may incline some to believe that the war may be long drawn out—a protracted war. But we may rest assured that the end will come sooner than these prophecies indicate. And when there comes the grand restoration, may we not hope that the conflict now in bloody progress shall result in lasting peace? The sanest commentary ment of someone who declared that this was a war upon war, and that its drastic character and world-wide proportions would mean a new vision of humanity, eliminating, forever,

There are only two powers in the world to day which have the favorable position to speak the words of peace. And while their command peace. And while their command may not be as effective as Our Lord's once was on the troubled waters, yet if in His name they speak, may we not hope that their prayer, their desire, and their urging may bring, speedily, that consummation so devoutly wished for? These powers are the United States and the Soversier Portiff We all as citizens are eign Pontiff. We all as citizens are with our President in his efforts fo peace; and we as Catholics rejoice that the first words spoken by our new Pontiff are words of regret for

> SUPERIORITY OF CONVENT EDUCATION

The following tribute to the superiority of convent education, from the Chicago Inter-Ocean, one of the greatest secular daily newspapers of the United States, is commended to the earnest consideration of those papers who are consideration. of those parents who are continually decrying our parochial and conven

"Despite the novelties of co-edu "Despite the novelties of co-edu-cation and the attractions of public institutions of learning, convent education still has a power and charm which all are free to admit. Thorough instruction in religious truth, correct moral teaching and a high sense of duty are known to be fully in accord with the most pro-found knowledge and the widest range of truth in every field of study. Hence the convent bred girl can have every intellectual advantage afforded by a secular college; and in addition, moral, artistic and social associations of a superior order. It is not surprising, therefore, that men and women of every shade of belief very considerately have chosen for their daughters a convent educa-

"In our country pioneer conditions have passed away, and with them the educational limitations they imposed. Privation and narrowness in the education of many were not of choice, and the absence were not of choice, and the assence
of culture was unavoidable. The
future points to wider and more
varied obligations, which demand a
higher and broader education for
all. Opportunity for learning and
culture is now open to young ladies
whose mothers knew such blessings only as a dream. In the field of science and letters convent instruc-tion is not excelled. In the realm of art and music convent tre stands pre eminent, while in the of true womanhood is the loftiest conception the world has ever known."—St. Paul Bulletin.

CATHOLIC SCHOOLS

FOLLOW NOT AFTER EDUCA-TIONAL NOVELTIES

Writing in the Rosary Magazine on Educational Tendencies," the Rev. Francis O'Neill, O. P., says :

"Catholic schools have been round ly criticized for not paying more attention to the revolutionary reforms which are now sweeping over the pedagogical prairies. The fact is pedaggical prairies. The fact is they have been working so steadily with the definite purpose of training students to develop normally in physical, mental and moral attainments that there has been no time for the introduction of passing fads. Cath-olic teachers have discovered no new specimens of human nature that require strange and unusual treatment.
They know that now, as always,
there is no royal road to learning—
that worthy achievement must ever be the reward of hard work. It is true the Pied Piper of Electivism is passing by, but the students in our Catholic schools continue to pursue the sanctioned courses which experi-ence has proved to be best adapted to fashion a normally developed scholar.
The Catholic schools have not capitulated to the fiesh. They are free from the salaciousness of the much lauded self-realization in the sphere of Eros; they ward off corruption by offering positive instruction in purity; they inculcate lessons of restraint, insist upon the subjugation of the

Catholic school. With this beneficence, it is a garden planted and cared for by the Good Husbandman. So essential is this religious spirit to the soul of Catholic education that it has always been tostered as the most necessary qualification for successful work in the schoolroom.

"The strength of the Catholic school must always be the strength of David rather than that of Goliath. There is danger of putting on new armor. Let the wonder still be that, without the trappings of state assistance, the Catholic school can accomplish so much. Let it be made manifest in the face of opposition that we are pledged to pedagogical principles that are based upon a complete knowledge of life: that we are equipped to combat mistaken psychology, however attractively disguised; that our hope for a noble manhood and a consecrated womanhood in based not on the daification of and a consecrated womanhood is based not on the defication of muscle nor upon the promises of eugenics, but upon the assistance that God lovingly gives to those who call to Him out of the depths of a clean heart.—Catholic Columbian.

'AND THE AGED BISHOP CAME AWAY HEALED"

ONE OF THE NUMBER OF CURES ATTRIBUTED TO THE LATE POPR PIUS X. From The Lamp

In the passing of His Holiness Pope Pius X. from the Pepal chair in Rome to the companionship of St. Peter and his successors in the great assembly of the Church Triumphant, the Catholic Church on earth mourns the death of a saint.

death of a saint.

Perhaps we have not appreciated the fact sufficiently, but it should be a reflection to fill the heart of every earnest Catholic with thanksgiving to Almighty God, that after the lapse of nineteen hoary centuries the Catholic Church should have been ruled over by one whose faith in the verities and every of the Catholic religious. ies and power of the Catholic religion seemed not one whit less virile and vivid than that of St. Peter himself, and although the miracles performed by Pope Plus X. were not as numerous as those of the Church's first Vicar, concerning whom we read in the Acts of the Apostles that "the people brought forth the sick into the streets and laid them on beds and couches that the shadow of Peter passing by might deliver them from their in-firmities."—Acts. v., 15. Yet the miracles of healing performed by Pius X. while occupying Peter's chair are sufficiently numerous to demon-strate that the hand of the Lord was not shortened to work through Pius as He had worked through Peter.

One of the most striking of these miracles was recorded in The Lamp for January, 1918. At that time a former Church of England clergyman well known to the editor, was a stu-dent at Beda College, Rome, and in a

letter to us he said:
"The Bishop of Salford (Dr. Casartelli), who is staying here, was up in the common room for recreation last night. He told us he had been conversing with a Greek Bishop now living in Rome. The Bishop was a Greek Schismatic and made his sub-mission to the Holy See. He is a very old man—ninety-two years of age. He was blind in both eyes and paralyzed in one arm and side. When he went to the Pope he asked him to breath upon his eyes and to lay his hand upon his arm. The Holy Father did so and the aged Bishop came away healed. This happened a year ago; he told Bishop Casartelli about it himself. The Bishop heard the old Greek Bishop say Mass—he resides at the Convent of the Coenaculum."

> MONTH OF THE ROSARY

The month of October has been se aside as devoted to the Holy Rosary If it were possible for all Catholics to concentrate their minds and hearts for a few minutes each day on the fifteen mysteries, if all should unite in this beautiful devotion what an

apon our souls.

The Rosary is a form of prayer combining the valuable properties of meditation, contemplation and petition. It is impossible to imagine anyone that says the Rosary with devotion being other than gentle, humble and kind not merely from motives that impel us all to maintain a fair exterior, but from motives fai higher and nobler, nor need we be saints to say the Rosary with devo-tion. The very natural virtues, that are not at all uncommon even in Denver, seem to intensity and make more marked the evils that hold sway. It is upon the natural virtues that religion can build; they need to be lifted to a higher plane, need to be supernaturalized. To bring this about what better fitted, what more effective, than the prayers of the

Rosary.

There are those conscious of the our employers should let their dividends go rather than their employees. It is a time when everyone who wants work should find it. And a little mutual sacrifice will make the same possible. It is a time when people who have money shall not horde it, but if it be in bank, let it stay there; and if it be not, to use it in investments, which, whatever they may be, are sure to be profitable. When the war is over, they will thus blend patriotism and profit together. We have a right to feel complete confi, ence ... he financial standing of the nation; that it is practically impossible for it to fail or fall, unless the nation itself does. With such a

through no effort on our part, are fortunate enough to possess it?
What are we doing either by word or example to lead our fellow men into the light? Indifferentism has been overcome in the past and God's grace's are none less abundant than in former times. But has there been the same asking for grace here that has elsewhere changed indifferentism to fervor? Internal troubles, discord strife within the ranks of the faithful; unbelief, the ranks of the faithful; unbelief, the worship of money, love of sinful pleasures, selfishness and the desire to get an easy living without earning it, caring little or nothing for the rights of others, the mad chase for enjoyment that "like dead sea fruit melts to ashes on the lips" all these evils afflict society outside the as prayer to avert the spread of such evils among ourselves.

WITH A MORAL

War stories with a moral are re-corded by the Catholic Times quot-ing from a Unionist paper which re-counts heroic deeds of the Munster (Ireland) Fusiliers during the struggle begun at Mone and ended on the road to Amiens. The Munster Fusilers are Irish Catholics and Home Rulers Quite recently a company or two of them going to the war cheered for Home Rule. Not long ago in the same Unionist Press which now pubbravery there were reports of speechss by Lord Derby and others containing sneers and suspicions with regard to Irish Catholic and Nationalist troops. * * * Let us quote the testimony of a non-commissioned officer of a Highland regions. ment who was wounded. in which the German Lancers swooped down and killed the last man of one battery, the situation was saved by a couple of companies of an Irish Fusilier batallion—the Munsters, who rushed at the Germans with fixed bayonets and put them to flight while the enemy's artillery poured a merciless fire upon them." Referring to another inci-dent Private A. McGillivray, another Highlander, says: "It was one of the finest deeds I ever saw. Not one of those poor lads got away alive. certain Unionist leaders have striven

And they are of the people whom the Unionist leaders declare unfit and unworthy to rule their own country. What is the moral, or one of the morals? That Irish Catholics and Home Rulers should think twice before enlisting in the British army.

THE THREE CROSSES

Do you know the difference between the Latin, Greek and St. Andrew's crosses? Many grown people do not, and it is reasonable to assume that the younger reader may need the in-fermation. The Latin cress is the one with which we are all familiar. The lower limb is a good deal longer than the other three limbs. The Greek cross, on the contrary, has all the limbs of equal length—two pieces crossed in the middle at right angles. St. Andrew's cross is in the form of the letter X. The Greek cross is sometimes called the cross of St. George, and is blended with that of St. Andrew to form a flag called the

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LONDON. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 10, 1914

AN ECHO OF THE "CONGO ATROCITIES '

Preaching in the Earlscourt Baptist Church yesterday, Rev. R. V. Bingham, secretary of the Sudan Interior Mission, said that one aspect of the invasion of Belgium by the Germans and the atrocities there was divine judgment for the terrible atrocities in the Belgian Congo by soldiers under Belgian officers, and under the auspices of the Belgian Gov

"In a subsequent interview, Mr. Bingham said that he firmly believed in the justice of the allies' cause in the present war. He did think, however, that Great Britain was unfortunate in her company, infidel France, Roman Catholic Belgium, pagan Russia and infidel Japan. Outside of the military party in Germany which had promoted the present conflict. Germany was quite as ent conflict, Germany was quite as good as the allies of Great Britain."

—The Toronto News.

The Rev. R. V. Bingham is typical of a class of Christian clergymen unfortunately not yet quite extinct. His knowledge of the subjects he treats of so authoritatively is commensurate with his Christian charity and breadth of view. Neverthe less it may be worth while in this connection to state the truth about the martyred Belgian people whose indomitable spirit and heroic sufferings have challenged the admiration and sympathy of the civilized world -and excited the petty envy of the Rev. R. V. Bingham and those who are able to listen to him without

The Congo atrocities ten years ago were a familiar newspaper topic and there is, therefore, a sufficiently hazy recollection of the facts remaining to make ill-informed and unthinking people give credence to slanderous charges such as the Rev. Mr. Bingham uses the Baptist pulpit to form

The Congo Free State owes its ex istence to the ambition and force of character of a single individual. It dated its formal inclusion among the independent states of the world from 1885 when its founder, Leopold II. King of the Belgians, became its head. In 1876 Leopold summoned a conference at Brussels of the leading geographical exp which resulted in the creation of The International Association for the Exploration and Civilization of Africa." Committees were formed in the principal European countries, but the Belgium committee at Brussels, where also were the headquarters of the International Commission, was from the beginning more active than the others. After the return of Sir H. M. Stanley from his exploration of the Congo, he visited Brussels and a separate committee was organized known as the "Comite d'etude du Haut Congo." Shortly afterwards this committee became the "International Association of the Congo which in its turn was the forerunner of the Congo Free State. This association was provided with a nominal capital of £40,000, but its funds were largely supplemented from the first from the private purse of King Leopold. Mr. Stanley, as agent of the Association which soon lost its international character and became in fact a private enterprise of the Belgian king, spent much time in the Congo where by 1884 he had established twenty-two stations for the purposes of civilization and

colonization. The United States of America on 22nd of April, 1884, recognized the Association as a properly constituted State. Germany was the next great power to recognize the Association as an independent State; then Great Britain, Italy, Austria-Hungary, Holland, Spain, France, Russia, Sweden and Norway and Denmark gave it recognition as a sovereign State, and finally Belgium. The Belgian cham-

by the International Association of the Congo" and declared that "the nion between Belgium and the new State of the Congo shall be exclusively personal."

When the Rev. Mr. Bingham talks of the responsibility and culpability of the Belgian people and the Belgian Government with regard to the Congo he shows just about the amount of knowledge of his subject that one night expect from the preacher of uch a sermon as the one we are considering. Leopold II, was King of the Belgians, but he was not a Belgian at all. His father, a German prince, was the uncle of Queen Victoria, and he himself was a close friend of his royal English relative He was a very able man and a Cath olic at least in name, a fact that doubtless, will please Mr. Bingham Still his Catholicity, such as it was does not make the Catholic Belgians responsible for his personal conduc nor for the conduct of his personal

With regard to the alleged Congo atrocities we have fortunately authorities more reliable and better informed than the Rev. Mr. Bingham and his credulous admirers.

Large areas were leased to con panies with extensive powers; in nany cases the state was also financially interested. This system of exploitation of the resources of the country was mainly responsible for the bad treatment of the natives. It will be recalled that Sir Roger Casement's more recent exposure of the Putumayo horrors in Peru involved a British rubber company whose head offices were in London England.

The charges of ill-treatment of the natives of the Congo became persistent that King Leoin July, 1904, appointed a commission of inquiry to investigate conditions and if necessary to recommend reforms. This commission was composed of Judge M. Janssens of the Court of Cassation Belgium, Baron Nisco, an Italian, and Doctor de Schumacher, Chief Justice of Lucerne, Switzerland. After five nonths on the ground the report of the commission was published. This report hore estimony to the real advance of civilization in the Congo. It recognized that the splendid campaign of the State against the Arabs put an end to the slave trade; that to the intestine wars of the native chiefs have succeeded peace and security; that the use of the flail and alcohol have been rigorously prohibited; and that cannibalism is practically abolished. Nevertheless, the commission confirmed the reports of grave abuses in the upper Congo and recommended a series of measures that would in its opinion suffice to ameliorate the evil.

It is to be noted that all this time Belgium was in no way responsible while the Congo remained an exclusively personal enterprise of the king. The Belgians were, however, keenly interested and at various times there was an agitation to take colony.

In 1906 Sir Edward Grey expressed the desire " that Belgium should feel that her freedom of action is unfettered and unimpaired and her choice unembarrassed by anything which we have done or are likely to do;" but he added that if Belgium should fail to take action " it would be impossible for us to continue to recognize indefinitely the present state of things without a very close examination of our treaty rights and the treaty obligations of the Congo State." The United States Senate declared that it would support President Roosevelt in his efforts for the amelioration of the conditions of the inhabitants of the Congo. Reform associations in Belgium and in France also enlightened public opinion. The attitude of the powers was at the same time perfectly friendly to Belgium. In this way the movement for ending the baneful regime of Leopold II. was strengthened. Public opinion in Belgium was disturbed and anxious at the prospect of assuming responsibility for a vast, distant, and badly administered country likely for years to be a severe financial drain upon the finances of the State. But, though those who opposed annexation formed a numerous body, all political parties were

record of the Free State should On the 14th of November, 1908, the Congo Free State ceased to exist, the rights of sovereignty being taken over by Belgium the next day. From Nov. 15th, 1908, Belgium's responsi-

agreed that in case of annexation the

excesses which had stained the

King was replaced by thorough parliamentary control. It was not acthe part of the representatives of the Belgian people reinforced by powerful international influence. Since that time the territory is known as the Belgian Congo and the responsibility for its administration rests on the Belgian Government. Since that time there have been no charges of maladministration even by broadminded, humane and well-informed missionaries such as the Rev. R. V. Bingham.

The Congo atrocities and Catholic Belgium have no more connection than has the Rev. Mr. Bingham with the conduct of General Joffre's ampaign in France.

IRELAND AND THE WAR

Statistics compiled before Home Rule became an accomplished fact, or at least before the Home Rule bill became part of the law of the land. show that Kitchener's call for enlist ment did not meet with so ready a response in Ireland as in Britain. Now enlistmentin Ireland is going on with enthusiasm. Even so uncompromsing an opponent of everything Nationalist as Windermere cables to the Star :

"John Redmond's earnestness in the recruiting campaign among the Nationalists is unquestioned, and he

ntiment of the bulk of Nationalist Ireland undoubtedly favors the

In this connection, also, the Globe remarks very justly : "The taunt has been made that the National Volunteers have not recruited as largely as the Ulster Volunteers, but it must be borne in mind that the Ireland of the South has always given a larger proportion of fighting men to the British Army and that fifty thousand of them joined the colors on the outbreak of

war." A friend who spent a good deal of time in Ireland last summer informs us that he was astonished at the unanimity of Nationalists in their determination not to fight with Ulster over Home Rule; the opinion prevailed that Ulster would fight, but Irishmen were resolved that the British Army alone should uphold the authority of the British Parlia ment; they were not going to imbitter relations between Protestants and Catholics in Ireland for another century by fighting on opposite sides over Home Rule. Nevertheless they were keenly desirous of having an effective fighting force in the Nationalist Volunteers to protect and assert their rights under all circumstances.

Prime Minister Asquith in Dublin said: "Old animosities between us are dead, scattered like autumn leaves by the four winds of heaven. We are a united nation, owing and paying to the Sovereign the heartfelt allegiance of men who not only love but enjoy the liberty which our soldiers and sailors are fighting to maintain and extend to others. There is no question of compulsion or bribery. We want, and believe

offering of a free people. His recention showed that New Ireland at the dawn of a better day still retains the ancient Celtic fire and enthusiasm as well as the martial spirit of the race,

John Redmond summed up the whole mighty truth in these words : I say to the Prime Minister and through him to the people of Great Britain: You have kept faith with Ireland and Ireland will keep faith with you."

If Orange Ulster outdoes Catholic reland in this crisis in the world's istory there is not a Nationalist in Ireland, there is not a true Irishman anywhere who will not feel a thrill of generous pride in glory of our Orange fellow-countrymen. Not Carson nor Bonar Law, nor any man whether through mistaken patriot ism or from political motives will then be able to rekindle the dead ashes of Irish religious animosity. Irishmen, Catholic and Protestant, will have found that from Ulster to Tipperary is not such a long way

The fact that the inconsequent Irish song "It's a Long Way to Tipperary" is heard on every march and on every battlefield where British troops are found in this campaign has its significance. Irish soldiers have always done their part. Not always, perhaps, has such generous recognition been accorded as that given by the Prime Minister in Dublin when he said: "The Empire always has been proud of its Irish regiments and in the incredible popularity of "Tipchief of the State founded in Africa bility dates; the absolutism of the good will, the mutual trust and con-

fidence, the feeling of genial good fellowship that have been begotten of the strenuous political battles which the people of Britain and the people of Ireland have fought side by ide each for and with the other. Now they go side by side to do or to die together on the bloody field of battle to preserve their common ideals of freedom and right and jus tice. This war will destroy the last remnant of racial misunderstanding and distrust between the peoples of the two islands which God has joined together. Is it vain to hope and trust that it will do as much for Ireland?

HAROLD OR PATRICK OR BOTH ? That serio-comic assailant of Rome and all its works and pomps has written us a letter in which he says "If, however, you think you can bring forward indisputable evidence that will conclusively prove to him (Mr. McFaul) I was never what I profess to have been, I feel confident he will not hesitate to take up his pen against me."

Our letter was signed Harold Patrick Morgan; any others we have seen were rubber stamped plain Patrick Morgan. We do not know what Harold or Patrick or Harold Patrick "professes to have been' since he ceased to profess to have been a Catholic priest And Harold knows that Pat rick Morgan as an ex-priest had a strongly entrenched position in the hearts of many, a position from which he had to retire in disorder when he gave up "professing to have been" a priest.

Harold Patrick Morgan issues solemn invitation to us to submit charges for his inquisitor-general Mr. McFaul to investigate. At the same time and in the same terms verba tim et letteratim et punctuatim Patrick Morgan issues a like invita tion to several others, Will Pastor McFaul find out whether Harold Patrick Morgan is related to the Patrick Morgan known to fame? Or is "Harold" one of the "calumnies concocted and circulated against " " Patrick " or vice versa ?

For our part we shall be fully satisfled with Inquisitor McFaul's investigations if he finds out that Patrick Morgan really knows his own name.

REMINDS ONE OF IRELAND

"The greatest industry of Galicia, One is reminded of Ireland, where similarly the manufacture and consumption of intoxicants goes with a omewhat backward agriculture."-

The old anti-Irish feeling is passing out the impressions left by the old anti-Irish lies will linger for some time yet. Our friendly Scots confrere of the Advertiser, quite as a matter of course and we are sure without malice aforethought, here furnishes a case in point.

About Galicia and the vodka-drink ing Slave we are not much concerned It might, however, be well to correct some vague impressions by accurate statistics. Dr. G. Bertillon at the fourth annual Alcohol Congress held in Paris last summer provided us. with this information; In litres of pure alcohol the per capita consumption of Great Britain is 7.77; that of Russia 5.21. Whether or not the Galicians are worse than their brother Slavs we do not know : probably not and therefore they are probably better off than the English, Irish and Scotch.

In 1906 a return was published by the British Board of Trade which. likewise allowing a certain proportion of pure alcohol for wine and beer, works out the statistics in gallons of pure alcohol per head for the period 1901 5. This gives the United Kingdom 3.42 and Russia 0.95. Canada, by the way, easily leads Russia with 1.25 gallons of pure alcohol to each Canadian.

Ireland, it is true, manufactures whiskey to a considerable extent It is one of the great industries of prosperous Ulster. But Ireland land less than Scotland, always, it is understood, in proportion to population. The margin is not much to boast about; but enough to make boasting the wrong way look foolish.

But why did not the sad chief industry of Galicia remind the Advertiser of Scotland? Because, wa imagine, such memories have to do with impressions much more than with accurate knowledge. This is an extract from the Encyclopaedia Britannica: "More than four-fifths never more proud than to day." But of the distilleries at work in the United Kingdom are situated in Scotland. perary" we have an evidence of the The leading distilling counties are

Aberdeen, Perth and Ross and Crom arty, while the industry ("sad to say" is found in seventeen other shires In 1898-1894 the total net duty received for home-made spirits amounted to £5.461.198 and in 1908-1904 to £7.276.125. The production has attained to collossal dimensions

. having practically doubled itelf in ten years." Of course a lot of people outside of Scotland help to nsume Scotland's product. hough we are a long way from Tipperary it is said that the product of Irish distilleries may be had in Canada.

and in a backward condition? The days of a vampire landlordism are past and gone. At present the farmers of Ireland are organized on co-operative principles and have been successful in establishing a large number of credit societies from which farmers can borrow at a low rate of interest. Agricultural societies actively co-operate with the Department of Agriculture in disseminating instruction in proper technical methods in every line of agricultural activity. Sir Horace Plunkett, for many years President of Irish Board of Agriculture, plainly told us a few years ago that there was a better public spirit, more intelligent co-operation and greater progress amongst the Irish farmers than is found either in Canada or the United States.

It might be a good thing now that we are all studying geography to correct old impressions by a more accurate knowledge of Ireland up to

MR. REDMOND TO THE LIONS

For more than a generation the ate Patrick Ford's great newspaper the Irish World, has been a tower of strength to the Irish national movement. In the hey day of the Parnell agitation, during the dark days of the "Split," and in the last lap of victory under Redmond, it has wonders for the cause of worked Ireland. It is not much to say that without the Irish World Home Rule would not be to-day the law of the land. But whilst we gladly concede it the full meed of praise for its glorious past we shall not thereby debar ourselves from questioning the wisdom of its present stand on the Irish situation.

About the righteousness of this war there is no room for doubt. Ireand has fought England's battles when the righteousness of Britain's cause was not so self-evident. Today, when Britain is pouring out men and treasure in fulfillment of a solemn pledge, in defence of the threatened liberties of a small and a peaceful nation, Ireland, true to her historic past, is as a unit in entering the lists. Her sympathies have ever been with the weak and the oppres sed. Not to come to Britain's aid would be, then, to outrage the memories of her immortal dead who died that men might be free and untrammeled. From every conceivable motive of liberty and justice Ireland should be with Britain in struggle. We are astounded that the Irish World should think otherwise. Pettiness and meanness is out of place in the columns of Patrick Ford's great journal.

Irish gratitude fights on the side of England. The English people have admitted the justice of Ireland's national claims, and the Act that recognizes her distinct nationality is now the law of the land. The Irish World has waged relentless war upon British rule in Ireland. That rule is now a thing of the past. Does the Irish World wish to see Prussian rulo installed in its stead? We do not. We want Irish rule for the people of Ireland. Home Rule gives legal sanction to the government of Ireland according to Irish ideas. That government is menaced by the Prussian militarists. And yet the Irish World argues that this war is no concern of Ireland's? But we who live under free British constitutions feel that we are very vitdrinks less than England, and Eng. ally interested in the success or failure of England. Bacause he is rallying the manhood

of Ireland to the flag of the Empire Mr. Redmond is to be thrown to the lions. But, thank God, the Irish people think otherwise. Did Irishmen elect to remain passive spectators the while little Belgium is battling for her life we would feel that we no longer had a motherland over the by loyalty we would feel ashamed of our Irish blood. But England has redeemed her promise, and Ireland when the smoke of battle has cleared

present in their proper perspective Irish World that will be judged guilty of a false step. Home Rule is reason enough to justify Ireland's participa tion in this struggle. Belgium is another reason. And if the Irish World were but true to its past it would be on the side of Belgium, not against her. "What has Germany ever done to Ireland?" asks the World. Beg. ging an Irishman's privilege may we not ask the World "what has Belgium ever done to Germany?" Moreover Ireland is not making war upon the German people, but upon Then, again, is agriculture in Irethe hateful militarism of Prussia. And from its defeat the German people stand to gain as much as any one else. The Irish World is laboring under

a great disadvantage. Did it but

know the truth the truth would make it free to love the liberty that flourishes everywhere beneath the Union Jack England made a mistake in her treat ment of Ireland. But that mistake has been rectified. Why not, then let the dead past bury its dead. That would be true Christianity Moreover it would be common sense Ireland's future is bound up with the Empire. Irish patriots want noth ing better than to be permitted to work out their country's destiny under the protection of the British flag. Freedom within the Empire is Ireland's slogan, and that freedom is to-day within her grasp. Let us cast aside the cobwebs of the past. Let us live in the present freedom, and not in the "dark and evil days' that are happily over and done with. We admire the liberty enjoyed beneath the Stars and Stripes, but, to use a rather slangy expression, the Stars and Stripes has nothing on the Union Jack. If proof be needed we point to the spectacle of Canada, Australia, South Africa, India and Ireland rallying as one man to the 'old grey mother" in her hour of peril. Slaves do not so love the and that smites them. It is because we are free, because this is a wa for freedom, that we are all, Celt and Saxon, Boer and Briton, lined up beneath the Union Jack.

Its denunciation of Mr. Redmond's recruiting campaign is the Irish World's great blunder. It can work no harm in Ireland. It may tend to delay the reconciliation of Irish-America with England. But we put it to the Irish American citizens of the great Republic, is it likely that Mr. Redmond would have kept his head during the storm and stress of the past eventful years only to lose it now when the storm has passed? Is not Mr. Redmond, the man on the spot, more likely to know what is best for Ireland than a journalist in a New York printing office? We leave it to Irish-America to answer. COLUMBA

NOTES AND COMMENTS

THE SEVERAL verdicts of artists and historians published in last week's CATHOLIC RECORD as to the Rheims so wantonly destroyed by the German armies, may fittingly be supplemented by the impressions of a noted English convert, who, more than sixty years ago, while yet an Anglican, visited France and Italy for the purpose of studying the Catholic Church at close range. Mr. T. W. Allies, after Newman the most minent intellectually of the Oxford converts, during the course of his our in 1845, spent some time at Rheims, and in his "Journal in France," published in 1849, has left on record his impressions of one of the noblest monuments which mediaeval piety had bequeathed to posterity. He says :

THE OUTSIDE of Rheims is all that can be conceived of beauty, grandeur, unity of conception, delicacy and boldness of execution; and this, though the one great design of the architect has not been completed, for the four towers of the transepts have had no spires since the great fire of 1491. The design of these towers is very singular; and the skill with which a strength sufficient to support spires 400 feet high is veiled, so as to make the towers appear quite pierced and open, seems to me one of the greatest marvels of architecture. The prototype exists in the four towers of Laon, which have the same design in embryo; but this is so enriched, expanded and beautified by the architect of Rheims as to become his own in point of originality, and certainly in grace seas. Did Ireland not reward trust and boldness not to be surpassed even over that of Amiens, is very marked—indeed, I think it perfect; redeemed her promise, and Ireland and the whole of the research has kept her word, so all is well. And side of the church reac as nearly the same degree. No words can con-

CONTINUING: "We went up the reat towers, and could hardly admire enough the delicacy and boldness of the four corner turrets in open work. . . . The immense quantity of sculpture all over this exterior cannot be conceived, nor the ingenuity with which it is made to serve for decoration. A day is far too short a time to carry off the impression of it. The mind is fatigued and exhausted during many a visit and is not at ease till it has suffi ciently mastered the whole, in order to fix itself for admiration and contemplation on some particular part It would be a good week's work to see it, and it should be visited once a year by all those who talk of the 'dark ness' of the Middle Ages, and the greatness of the nineteenth century, which is sorely taxed to keep in repair what they constructed, and has not sufficient piety to restore a part where the architect's design has been

left incomplete."

THE REVEREND editor of the Globe, with true Presbyterian unction, waxed very virtuous in denunciation of German barbarity in Belgium and France. Not since the ancient Goths and Vandals, he said. had the world witnessed anything to parallel the campaign of destruction to which the German invaders have committed themselves in both countries since the beginning of the war, and words failed to express his horror and detestation of the wanton character of the ruin and desolation which they have left in their train. It is but fair to suppose that in the warmth of his indigna tion the reverend editor forgot for the time being all about the doings of his forefathers in the Presbyterian faith in the Scotland of the sixteenth century. If so, a little honest reflection would have served to convince him that he was rather hard upon the Kaiser and his armies.

FOR, WHILE NOTHING can be said in extenuation of the ferocious vandalism of the latter in the destruc tion of Louvain and of Rheims Cathedral, and of other wanton acts laid to their charge, as contrasted with the sixteenth century fanatics the plea of lust of blood and conquest might at least be put forward in the German behalf. This plea, poor as it is in the light of the boasted enlightenment of the age, can have no application whatever to the rapacious hordes let loose upon his country by that paragon of mendacious ness and ferocity, John Knox, the Reformer," and father of Presbyterianism in Scotland.

LET ANYONE who has felt his fund of indignant denunciation exhausting itself in contemplation of the German atrocities just take up any reputable history of Scotland and study the sequel of the " Reformation." Or, perhaps better still, if the opportunities is afforded him of visiting that country let his rambles lead him to the ruins of cathedrals and religious houses-beautiful beyand description, even in their ruins -which dot the land, and, bearing in mind that their destruction was due solely to religious hate and fanaticism-without shadow of provocation-he will, as the circle of his observations widens, find himself realizing that after all even German destructiveness is outdone by the studied ferocity of the entire brood of Scottish Reformers. The editor of the Globe, who has upon occasion displayed some degree of receptivity. might with this in mind re-read the history of Scotland to advantage.

THE WAR with Germany has drawn attention once more to the venerable person of the Empress Eugenie, now in her eighty-eighth year, who in the day of her regnancy was the "first lady to the World.' It is forty-four years now since she wore the crown, but, in dignified retirement in England—the refuge of so many deposed sovereigns-is said to wear her years with the grace of her prime, and to still interest herself in world politics. She was by far the most talked of woman in Europe for eighteen years, or from the time of her wedding to the day when the Prussian armies entered Paris and a revolution forever robbed her husband of his crown, and her of her queenly coronet. Exile began from that day, and, unless she is more than human, the prospect of humiliation of the nation which sealed her fate cannot but be sweet to her. The Germans have not been tender in dealing with French monarchs, and had they laid hands upon the Emperor and his consort the latter might not have been spared to see France's revenge upon her old

THE FRIGHTFUL casualities of the war have drawn attention anew to army surgery. The French are credited with having made distinct advances along this line. In the Balkan War it grew to be as aying with the troops : "Chez les autres, on coupe; chez les Français, on recolle," which may be translated: "Others amputate, but the French patch you together." In other words the first aim of French surgeons is to save the limb. During one of the Balkan campaigns, to Dr. Rebrevend, who was with the Bulgarian army, is attributed the statement that through one entire campaign he had made only three amputations, one arm and two legs.

M. DELORME, Medical Inspector General of the French army, in a recent lecture at the Academie des Sciences, said:

"At the present day war surgery should be conservative in the great majority of cases and in practically every case of bullet wounds. The smallness and cleanness of the modern bullet hole, the fact that it is no longer necessary to search for foreign matter, the modern practice of antiseptics and aseptics, have the result of transforming the diagnosis of the majority of war wounds, lessening complications and reducing

ON THE BATTLE LINE

THE PROGRESS OF THE WAR

The apparently slow progress of the war in France where vast forces are locked in a gigantic struggle is thus explained by Sir John French in a statement issued by the official Press

"The delay has been produced, first owing to the immense power of resistance possessed by an army which is amply equipped with heavy artillery and has sufficient time to fortify itself, and second to the vast size of the forces engaged, which at the pres ent time stretch more than half way across France. The extent of the country covered is so great as to render slow any efforts to manoeuvre and march around to a flank in order to escape the costly expedient of frontal attack against heavily forti

fled positions.
"To state that the methods of at ack must approximate more closely to those of siege warfare the greater ablance of the defence those of fortresses is a platitude, but it in any way assists to make the pres ent situation clear. There is no doubt that the position of the Aisne was not hastily selected by the Ger man staff after the retreat had be gun. From the choice of ground and care with which the fields of fire had been arranged to cover all possible avenues of approach, and from the amount of work already carried out, it is clear that the contingency of having to act on the defensive as not overlooked when the details of the strategically offensive cam-paign were arranged."

Lack of apparent progress, howmean inactivity. On he contrary the operations have and of unprecedented severity. As we go to press it looks as though the persistent and determined effort of the were slowly but surely succeeding. It is presumed that in the matter of reinforcements of fresh troops the allies have a great advantage over the Germans who have to deal with the Russian invasion on the east.

If this presumption is well founded the enemy must be ultimately driven back. There is a limit to human endurance.

The most startling development on the sea was the sinking of three British battle-ships by a German sub marine. In itself this is not a seri ous naval disaster; but as an evidence of the possible development of naval warfare it is very disquieting.

Philip Gibbs War Correspondent of

the Daily Chronicle writing from extreme East wing of allied army whence little news has come other than the brief official accounts, says: It is absurd to talk of Red Cross work," said one of the French soldiers, who has just come out of the trenches at Luneville. "It has not existed so far as many of these fights are concerned. How could it? A few stretcher bearers came with us on some of our expeditions, but they were soon shot down, and after that the wounded just lay where they fell or crawled away into the shelter of the woods. Those of us who were unburt were not allowed to attend to our wounded comrades. It is against the orders. We have to

go on, regardless of our losses. 'My own best comrade was struck down by my side. I heard his cry and saw him lying there with blood oozing through his coat. My heart wept to leave him. He wanted me to take his money, but I just kisse his hand and went on. I suppose he died, for I could not find him when

HORRORS OF REAL WARFARE

horrors which have turned their stomachs. There are woods not far from Nancy from which there come forth pestilential stenches which make one vomit as it steals down which the wind in gusts of an obscene odor For three weeks and more dea more dead odies of Germans and Frenchmer have lain rotting there. There are few grave diggers. The peasants have fled from their villages, and the soldiers have other work to do, so that the frontier fields on each side are littered with corruption where plague and fever find holding ground.

THE BRIGHTER SIDE

To the pitiless savagery of warfare there are exceptions. One of these was a reconciliation on the battlefield between French and German soldier who lay wounded and abandoned near the little town of Blamont. near the little town of Blamont. When dawn came they conversed with each other while death. A French soldier gave his water bottle to a German officer who was crying out with thirst. The German sipped a little and then kissed the hand of the man who had been his enemy. war on the other side." he said.

INDIAN TROOPS IN FRANCE

It is officially announced that Brit ish Indian troops have been in France since Friday, Sept. 25. There is no information yet as to the disposition made of them, but they are almost certain to be put in the battle front on the left wing of the Allies near the troops of Sir John French. The Indian calvary would be especially valuable in this part of the vast field of operations were the German line to be broken and retreat begun toward the Belgian frontier. The Indian Lancers let loose upon a retiring and disorganized army of tired-out diers would speedily change the re-

GERMAN BARBARITIES IN BELGIUM

Glasgow Observer Rev. Father Bevaert, who was formerly a priest in the archdiocess of Glasgow, in charge successively of the Catholic missions of Uddingston and Parkhead, in writing to Parish Councillor Power, of Uddingston, recently sends a vivid account of the awful ordeal through which Belgium is passing during the present terrible Father Beyaert describes in detail the misdeeds of the German invaders, and tells also how indomi table is the spirit of the brave Bel gians in standing up to the overwhelming legions of the German in vader. Father Beyaert also de cribes the want and suffering caused to the Belgian people of all classes by the dreadful shock of war. In

the course of his letter he writes: "We are passing through an awful ordeal here in Belgium through the invasion of our dear country by the cruel, bloodthirsty German I never thought that in my old days I would have to live in the midst of such abominations. How happy you must be in Scotland. where a cruel, unjust war is not rag ing at your door as it is in Belgium. Thanks be to God, here in Bruges we have been comparatively safe and quiet. I am sure it is on account of the prayers of the whole population. We have had four Penitentia Processions through the principal streets of the town. In one of these more than 30,000 people took part. Our churches, large as they are, are crowded every morning and evening with devout worshippers. Thou sands and thousands approach the

Sacraments every day. "But if we have been free from want and poverty are making their sting felt by all of us. Not only are all works stopped and business at a complete standetill, but the invasion of our country happened so suddenly and unexpectedly that we had no time to supply ourselves with the necessities of life. Moreover, Bruges is overcrowded with refugees from the places devastated and put in ruin by the cruel German soldiery.

I never saw a sadder sight in m whole life than when these poor refugees landed here in Bruges. When flying they had had no time to bring anything with them. We are doing here all we are able to alleviate their distress, and to do so we have to deny ourselves many things we were ac customed to. I am sure if the good Catholics of the parishes I have been in only knew of this dreadful state of affairs they would send me some help to alleviate their distress Moreover, it is not only the poor and the working classes who suffer even the well-to-do classes also Their hands are tied, no rent coming in; the Exchange and stockbrokers markets being closed no dividends of

shares and bonds are paid.

GERMAN BARBARITY TO PRIESTS "Probably you saw in the news papers that when the German army entered into a town they robbed th bank and imposed upon the people an exacting levy, and to force the people to pay it the Germans took the Bishop, the Mayor and the principal inhabitants as hostages, threatening to shoot them if the levy were not paid in full. Five of the nine provinces into which Belgium is divided are completely devasted and ruined. The fury of our cruel, barbarous nemies is always launched first of all against our churches and priests. There have been several advances made by the French into Lorraine and several retirements. Upon each occasion the men have seen new at Tildonk) were not spared. It is the religious here as also from Stree, although there are still religious in both. I have a letter written but do not dare send it. Do not worry

would be ashamed to relate the

minations that happened.

The soldiers of the bloodthirsty Emperor William may continue their odious slaughter, mutilate our wounded soldiers on the battlefield and maltreat the prisoners of war; they may continue to massacre our women and children and old people they may destroy our grandest mon-uments, gems of architecture—the beauty of which these uncivilized German hearts are incapable of appreciating; they may rob us of all we cherish, but they will never succeed in disarming us completely They are trying their best to terror tize us. In the country everywhere they pass they put to fire villages, hamlets, farm steadings. They sacked and destroyed our Catholic University of Louvain and its world renowned library, etc.

BELGIAN BRAVERY INVINCIBLE

"But they are deceived if they think that by these barbarous, bloody means they will succeed in frightening into submission the Bel gian people. No! for like the Irish we are a patriotic and courageous people. We have shown it for the last five weeks to the astonished and admiring world; but we are also proud and tenacious, and will fight o death to save our dear country.

"I daresay your newspapers gave a pretty fair account of all the hap penings in Belgium and what we have to suffer, but all that they re ported or could report is and will b only a slight account of the abomin German army, of their inhuman treatment of innocent people, of de-fenceless women and children. The

"Perhaps my old friends in Uddingston would like to know how am getting on during the sad and trying times. Communicate my letter to them, and although it is but sad news it contains, it will show them that I am still safe and far from being disheartened. When I lectured on the persecutions in Ire-land I never imagined that I should witness as blood-curdling atrocities in my dear native land.

GERMAN SACRILEGE: SACRED HOST VIOLATED

The Manchester Catholic Herald prints a report supplied by Brother Amiel, the Superior General of the Brothers of Our Lady of Mercy whose mother house is in the Bel gian town of Malines. In a report sent to the Superior-General by his Brothers in Malines, this account is g ven of the outrages perpetrated by the German soldiers : Friday, August 21st.—At 5.15

a. m., the German soldiers began to storm the bouse from the rear. Doors were broken in and windows smashed. Very soon the soldiers made their way upstairs and came into the chapel with revolvers cocked threateningly, and accused us of having fired upon them on the previous night. We protested our innocence, pointing out how foolish it would be for us to fire on enemies We could not prevail upon them to ccept our statement, and under pretext of searching for arms they pro ceeded to rensack the house from top to bottom. Everything of was taken away fixtures were destroyed. even respect the chapel. They vio lated the tabernacle, threw the Sac red Host about, and stole the chalice and ciborium.

SURROUNDED BY THE ENEMY

The following card from Madame Bastien, Religious of the Sacred Heart in the Abbaye de Flone, Bel gium, to her parents Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Bastien, Hamilton, Ont., will be read with keen interest. It comes from within the German battle line. Madame Bastien was stationed for some years at the Sacred Heart Convent this city and six years ago was sent to Paris, France, where she made her final vows. Her many friends in this city will be particularly pleased to hear of her safety.

> Abbaye de Flone, Belgium, Sept. 13, 1914

My dear parents :- God grant this card may reach you for we are cut off from the rest of the world. A person is going to go to Antwerp and is kind enough to take this a to send it from there. The Sacred Heart and Our Lady of Miracles have protected Flone in a wonderful manner. No harm to life nor property thus far. Help us to thanks and beg continued protect We are living quietly and peacefully enough although surrounded by the enemy. We nursed twenty German wounded, but have none at present. We have no letters, no papers, no trains except the enemy's who pass without ceasing. Useless to write me now but keep the papers. are anxious to know what America thinks of it all, as we hear such conflicting stories. I have received no letters since the 12th of August. We heard that 400 000 Canadian soldiers had landed in these parts. We see nothing of our armies, but yesterday and to day have heard the cannon without ceasing. Our convent at Leige had

about me but pray, pray to the Sacred Heart and Our Lady of Miracles. Will you let Montreal know you heard from me as they must be very anxious about our convents in Belgium. Tell them everyone is safe at Leige, Stree and here. We know nothing about our other convents. I pray God to keep you all safely and offer the sacrifice of not hearing. Let us accept all in a spirit of penance for ourselves and the poor world, which has well merited this chastisement. Give my love to all.

In the Sacred Heart of Jesus. Your affectionate daughter. (Madame Bastier) Helena

DR. GLADDEN ANSWERS HIS CRITICS

The Rev. Dr. Washington Gladden in Harper's Weekly, of September 12 has an article on "The Anti-Catho has an article on "The Anti-Catho lic Agitation," in which he replies to the correspondents brought him by his former article, "The Anti-Papa Panic," in the same journal. The distinguished churchman says that the responses were prompt and voluminous, and as nearly all of them came "from vituperative Pro-testants, they would seem to confirm the estimate of the article concern ing the virulence of this eruption. CATHOLIC LAYMEN HAVE MINDS OF

THEIR OWN To his correspondents writing from the vicinity of New York, who question the existence of such ar pidemic, Dr. Gladden truly says :

The strongholds of this move ment are in the rural districts and the smaller cities. An astute politician of these parts was remarking only a few days ago that the issues this fall were not going to be politi cal, but religious.
"Some of the most violent of my

critic are willing to admit that the Roman Catholic laity are, on the whole, a good sort. 'Left to himself, the Roman Catholic layman is as good a man and as patriotic as I am. But he is not left to himself and the better Catholic he is the more of a tool in the bands of the religio-political machine that we call the Catholic Church.' I must express my doubt whether this writer is very intimately acquainted with many Catholic laymen. They are, as a rule, loyal to their church and its eaders, and they are not in the habit of engaging in factious disputes with the authorities of their church ; but I have known a good many who were men of independent judgment and strong character, who were not afraid to speak their minds and make their influence felt in the shaping of public policy. I do not think that Catholic laymen are all nobodies. I have heard from Roman Catholic priests very distinct admissions that the American layman has a mind of his own and is quite disposed to ex-press it. If any one thinks that the Catholic laity are not to be considered. I do not agree with him.

HARM DONE BY BIGOTED PAPERS

"The most serious fact about these communications is the spirit they reveal. Several publications devoted to this Anti Papal Crusade are included among them, and the judgment of charity is not strained when I say that their purpose is to represent the Roman Catholic Church and the Roman Catholic people in the darkest colors. Everything that can discredit them is gathered up and set in the most lurid light. Stories of honesty, of oppression, of it does not seem probable that sufficient care can have been taken to verify all of them. One of the correspondents points to the multitude of these them if they were not true. Unfor-tunately this is not the case. How easy it is to spread defamatory reports we all know. It is to be regreated that Americans generally are able article by President Andrews, of too tolerant of such outrages, and it Brown University, in which it is has been the Roman Catholic policy shown that science, its objects beto ignore abuses of this nature. I ing but the works of God, is a natumyself have proved the untruth of ral ally of religion. In including many such tales, so that I know that his thoughtful paper, the writer obthey are told with impunity. The whole animus of the publications referred to indicates an eagerness to bear injurious testimony against Catholics as a class, to assume that they are all evil, and only evil, and nized at last, putting to shame such that continually. I am sure that as refused its right to be heard. Reanyone who reads these periodicals ligion has suffered immeasurably regularly and sympathetically would be confirmed in the belief that the Roman Catholic people are either dupes, or knaves, with none but sinister purpose, an element in the population which must be held up to suspicion and reprobation-enemies,

in short, of the commonwealth. "This is the word which is used concerning them in much of this correspondence. This is the light in which the readers of these newspapers must have to regard them. We are told by these witnesses that one of these papers has a circulation of 1,520,000. The minds of its eaders are all being filled with hat red and suspicion of the Roman Catholic population.

BOGUS K. C. OATH BELIEVED "I alluded, in my former article, to widely circulated. One of my corre spondents who is in a position to know, tells me that the Protestant Only in one sense can Religion see railroad men on one of the leading an enemy in Science. Scientific an authentic document.

"An organized and persistent attempt is made to convince the Ameri-

can people that some fifteen or twenty millions of their fellow citi-zens are the enemies of their country, unworthy of their confidence and friendship. It does not appear that any specific proposition has yet been made to disfranchise them, or subjugate them; the object of this movement seems to be to discredit them, to make them feel that they are under the ban."

WHAT WOULD PROTESTANTS DO?

" It does not seem to me a wise or a Christian policy. I do not think that it is desirable that such relations of suspicion and antipathy on the one band and resentment and wrath on the other should exist be-tween the Protestants and the Catholics of this country. I try to put myself in the places of my Catholic neighbors and to think how I should feel if they were largely in the majority and were publishing newspapers in which the same kind of things were said about Protestants minis ters, and the wives and mothers of said or insinuated about Catholics by these anti-Catholic newspapers. I have seen a pamphlet published by a Catholic gentleman in Toledo, addressed to a judge of that city, in which he puts some searching questions :

"Do you suppose, for instance, that if we were vile enough to have a Menace; if we were low enough to employ pandering lecturers ; if we were so lost to shame as to slander your ministers ; that even you with your judicial poise could restrain your natural human passions? If I were so contemptible a cur as to impugn the purity of your homes, to insult by inference your mother, do you think that even you could remain calm ?"

" I am persuaded that if the same kind of campaign of destruction and vilification and inuendo, which is now waged by the anti-Catholic pro paganda against the Catholics, v urged by Catholics against Protestants, there would be trouble in our streets."-Catholic Columbian.

HOW HARM MAY BE DONE TO RELIGION

It were to be devoutly wished that all those who write or speak in defence of Christianity were men with breadth of mind as well as depth of aith. We have no sympathy with liberals or minimizers; and yet, one faith. is often constrained to exclaim, after reading the writings of some modern Christian apologists. "What a nar row conception of the Church!" Truth is a larger thing than most people can realize, and narrowness and bigotry are by no means confined to sectarians. There are Catholics who seem to regard the Church as an institution in some way dependent upon the existence of St. Peter's in Rome and the temporal power of the Pope: and who write and speak as if they considered themselves infallible oracles of Christian truth. The opinions of persons of this class are apt to be as set as they are erroneous they misrepresent the Church in many ways, and sometimes repel honest inquirers. No wonder that our holy religion is so generally misunderstood by non-Catholics when so many of the faithful fail to illustrate it either by word or deed. It is well to consider at times whether our lives and our expressed opinion may not be doing actual harm to the

Those especially who are disposed to condemn any statement put for ward in the name of science which happens to conflict with their ideas who seem to regard any one serious-ly engaged in the study of science as evil tales and asserts that these a half heretic, ought to be made to ulatist, you will need all the knowl newspapers would not dare to print them if they were not true. Unforsuch persons, and there is no telling the superior wisdom your supplicathe amount of mischief they do.

We have already referred to an

able article by President Andrews, of

serves: "Even if a tenet of science is not proved, and is destined yet to much modified, it is ly certain to contain important truth, which must be recogfrom these false alarms, of which in the end it has always been obliged. however reluctantly, to admit the groundlessness. But this confusion is not the worst. To do aught against real science is to shut a prophet's mouth, to stifle a voice from on high. We may be sure of it, every discovery in any field of truth has

or to hinder this from coming to due influence is fighting against God. The same thought is expressed by our own Aubrev de Vere in an able essay on modern belief-an essay that goes to the root of the mat'er. and is calculated to benefit anyone sincerely desirous of believing, though enveloped in the midst of speculation. After warning his readers against the credulous acceptance of scientific theories which may forgeries perpetrated by the A. P. A. be shown eventually to be erroneous twenty years ago. The same kind of he reminds religious teachers that work is going on to day. An alleged to disparage science is to dishonor one of God's great gifts to men. "It the 'Knights of Columbus' is being is to her progress, and that of Liberty, that Humanity looks forward with most trust for her future. . .

its religious bearing. To suppress

lines of the North are accepting it as | truth can not contradict religious truth; but religious error can contra dict it; and the path of Science ever lies, through error, more or less par

tial, to a larger and purer truth. tial, to a larger and purer truth. Be-fore atmospheric pressure had be-come understood, it was philosophivacuum.' and to add that her abhor rence extended only to a well thirtytwo feet in depth. Science advance ing thus tardily won.' "I remember the time," says the

distinguished Prof. Gray, in the first of two memorable lectures de-livered to the theological school of Yale College, "when it was a mooted question whether geology and orthodox Christianity were compatible. . . One need not be an old man to know that Laplace was accounted an atheist because he developed the nebular hypothesis, and because of his remark that he had no need to postulate a Creator for the mathematical discussion of a physical theorem. . . . Many of us re-member the time when schemes for reconciling Genesis with Geology had an importance in the churches, and among thoughtful people, which few if any would now assign to them when it was thought necessary-for only necessity could justify it-to bring the details of the two into agreement by extraneous supposi-tions and forced constructions of language, such as would now offend our critical and sometimes our moral sense. The change of view which we have witnessed amounts to this. Our pre decessors implicitly held that Holy Scripture must somehow truly teach sion to refer to, or at least could

never contradict it; while the most that is now intelligently claimed is that the teachings of the two, properly understood, are not incomparible. We may take it to be the ac We may take it to be the ac cepted idea that the Mosaic books were not handed down to us for our instruction in scientific knowledge and that it is our duty to ground our scientific beliefs upon observation and inference, unmixed with consid-

read scientific books and journals, the commonly received doctrine was that the earth had been completely depopulated and repopulated over and over, each time with a distinct population; and that the species which now, along with man, the present surface of the earth, be long to an ultimate and independent creation, having an ideal but no gene alogical connection with those that preceded. This view, as a rounded whole and in all its essential elements, has very recently disappeared from science. It died a royal with Agassiz, who maintained it with all his great ability, as long as it was tenable. I am not aware that it now has any scientific upholder. It is certain that there has been no abso lute severance of the present from the nearer past. . . .

In concluding his second lecture, the great naturalist uttered these re-markable words. "If I, in my solicitude to attract scientific men to re ligion, be thought to have minimized the divergence of certain scientific from religious beliefs, I pray that you, on the other hand, will never needlessly exaggerate them: for that may be more harmful. I am persuaded that you, in your day, will enjoy the comfort of a much better understanding between the scientific and the religious mind than has prevailed. Yet without doubt a full hare of intellectual and traditional difficulties will fall to your lot. Discreetly to deal with them, as well for ourselves as for those who may look to you for guidance; rightly to prent sensible and sound doctrine both to the learned and the ignorant, the lowly and the lofty minded, the Source of knowledge, wisdom, and grace.

march of science, who fears the results of approved Biblical study or of historical research, whose re ligious sense is being dulled by the study of nature, is either a man of weak faith or shallow mind. The greatest intellects the world has known have affirmed an after life and a living God. Only those who live up to the truth comprehend it clearly and grasp it firmly. A religious teacher ought to be a man of noble life, with a heart large enough to love all that is lovable, and a mind broad enough to embrace all truth. It must be embrace all truth. It must be confessed that there are Christian applegists newadays who would be The opportunity awaits you: let it apologists nowadays who would be employed in cultivating personal holiness than in defending the truths of religion.-Ave Maria.

The Christian who dreads the

Thornton-Smith Co. Are in a position to immediately deal with contracts for The Interior Decoration of Churches A request will bring a member of the firm who will pre-pare estimates and schemes of decoration forthwith. Correspondence Invited

LE CHEMIN A TEEPERAIRE

II King St. West, Toronto

The favorite marching song of our soldiers is "It's a long, long way to Tipperary," and their favorite cry is "Are we down hearted?" Both have delighted the French people, and by all accounts the soldiers are teaching the cry to their Allies, while one of their newspapers publishes this translation of "Tipperary" into the French anguage :

'Il y a bien loin d'ici a Tipperary, C'est un chemin bein long a faire! Quoiqu'il m'attendre au bout du

trajet La plus belle petite fille de la terre! Adieu donc, mon cher vieux Picca dilly. Adieu done, Leicester Square!

le vous quitte pour me rendre en Tipperary, Car c'est lui qui m'est le plus cher !" -London Letter Toronto Saturday Night.

THE NUN NEAR TO THE SOLDIER

"If a war, and especially a war in Christendom, is one huge paradox," says the London Tablet, "so in the details of the current conflict we have a constant union of opposites and a coming together of da tradictions. The nun, of all human creatures, stands for peace, and yet the nun is now near to the soldier. 'Seclusion, silence, watching adora-tion are her life day and night.' That is her normal history in a nutshell. But now she, too, is called into action. Already she is seen in her habit on the platform of London railway stations, speeding to some post of perilous duty. Already the picture papers show her in Belgium bending over the bed of the wounded. peace she is at her post on the battle field. The very convents have be-come camps; and at Liege, where the Angelus bell rang every morning on heights that seemed to stand symbolically between earth and heaven, nuns of the Sacred Heart have perforce given incongruous place to German staff officers."

There is no surer mark of the lack of culture than the use of ill-natured and abusive epithets.

All God's angels come to us dis guised; sorrow and sickness, poverty and death.

To go to confession, after repentng of sin, is to find peace, forgive ness, comfort, and strong advice. The confessional is the way to a quiet conscience.

FATHER FRASER'S CHINESE . MISSION

The noble response which has been made to the CATHOLIC RECORD'S appeal in behalf of Father Fraser's Chinese mission encourages us to keep the list open a little longer.

It is a source of gratification to Canadian Catholics that to one of themselves it should have fallen to inaugurate and successfully carry on so great a work. God has certainly blessed Father Fraser's efforts, and made him the instrument of salvation to innumerable souls. Why not dear reader, have a share in that work by contributing of your means

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FIVE MINUTE SERMON

MINETEENTH SUNDAY AFTER PENTECOST

"Wherefore, putting away lying speak ye

Of all the vicious habits into hich we are prone to fall, there is none more common, and none more miserable, mean, and contemptible, than this one of which the Apostle here speaks. There is also none about which Christians in general so lax and careless a consci ence. True, every one regards lying as in some sense at least sinful; and many would hesitate about going to Holy Communion if they had told a lie after confession. But in spite of that, when the Communion is once made, the tongue which has just received the God of justice and truth will immediately begin again to offend Him by telling falsehoods which are too often unjust as well

Still, when there is an injustice dene by telling a lie; when some one else suffers by it in his character or his goods, there are, I hope few who de not see what a sin they have committed, and understand that they must make reparation by taking back what they have said, if they wish to be good Christians. But, for all that, how many injurious lies are told, even by those who think themselves good Christians, and never properly retracted or even thought of afterward by those who tell them! The most abominable slanders pass from mouth to mouth : they are listened to and repeated with the greatest interest and eagerness, without any trouble being taken to ascertain whether what is said is true or not. These people who are so free with their tongues never seem to imagine for a momen even when circumstances would justify them — and it is very seldom that they do—in telling a fact bearing against their neighbor they are under an obligation first to find out by careful examination whether it be indeed a fact; otherwise the sin of an injurious lie will rest on their souls.

There are, however, some, and in deed many, who abhor slander, and who are really careful about telling injurious lies, and who hasten to re-tract what they have said against s, if they find out that, after all, the fact was not as they had goed ground to believe. But there are not by any means so many who are careful about the truth for its own sake, and who do not scruple to tell white lies, as they are some-

times called. What are these white lies? They are of two kinds. The first are these which are told for some end in itself good, to get some advantage for one's self for another, or to get one's self or some other person out of a scrape: to conceal a fault, to aveid embarrassment, or to save semebody's feelings. These are called officious lies. Then there are others, called jecose, which do no geed to any one, but are told merely for fun; such as the little tricks on others which are often indulged in, or beasts made about things which one has never done. They may be taken back before long, and only meant to deceive for a moment; still they are meant to deceive, if only for a moment, and are, therefore,

really lies. Now officious lies are really forbidden by God's law as well as injuri-ous ones, though of course not so bad as those. And yet how few act as if they really were sins at all! People will say, "I told lies, perhaps People will say, "I told lies, perhaps three or four every day, but there was no harm in them." No harm! No harm to other people; no, perhaps not, except by bad example and the loss of confidence in your word and that of others; though there is great harm even in that way. But there is a greater harm than this: it is that which the liar does to the sacredness of truth itself, and, as far as he can, to God who is the eternal truth, who loves truth unspeakably and requires that we should love it for his sake. He will not allow us to tell the most trivial falsehood though by it we could save the whole world from destruction, or bring all the souls which have been damned out of hell and put them in

heaven. Remember this, then; there are lies which are not injurious, but there are no lies which are not harmful and sinful; no lies for which you will not have to give an account at the judgment of God. Stop, therefore, I beg you at once, this mean, disgraceful, and dishonorable habit of falsehood; it will never be forgiven in confession unless you make a serious and solid purpose against it. Put away lying then at once and for ever, and speak the truth in simplicity; you may some-times lose by it for the moment, but you will profit by it in the end, both in this world and in the world to

THE CHURCH AND HER CRITICS

She is not political enough for Caliphas, but she is too political for Pilate; she is not sensational enough for Herod; she is too sensational for the Pharisees. She is too ugly for the Greeks; she is too beautiful for the Puritans. She is too dogmatic modern religious mystics;

she is too mystical for the modern scientific dogmatists. She has either over - emphasized or under - em-

imprudent and unphilosophical in her teaching on the married life; she is too leisurely and contemplative for the philanthropists; she is too active and zealous for spiritually minded. She is too rationalistic and precise in her theology for the sentimental; she is too sentimental for the rationalists. She is too hard on the here tics; she is too easy towards he sin

TEMPERANCE

PROHIBITION IN KANSAS

 Kansas has no saloons, says
The Wichita Advance. Young men
can go to their work and return home
without having the constant temotation to "drop in and have a drink." Money that would be spent for liquor under other conditions, is now taken home to wife and family.

When our farmers come in to town from the country to pass a day with the city boys, they are not enticed by the smell of beer or whiskey as they pass along the streets. Old timers can get liquor in the larger centers, where illicit selling goes on, but not in small towns. As a result, the average farmer goes back home as sober as he came.

3. If prohibition were submitted to the people of Kansas to morrow, it would win out fifty to one. There is not one woman in a hundred who would vote against it,-and women vote on all state questions in Kan-

As a direct result of probibition, Kansas has \$200,000,000 in banks and \$67,000 000 in mortgages in other states. It has \$600 per family in banks \$750 per family in live stock. In Kansas there are 87 counties without any insane, 54 counties without any feeble minded, 96 counies without any inebriates, 38 coun ties without any poor houses, 53 coun ties without any persons in jail and 65 counties without a representative

in the state penitentiary.

5. Wichita is the second large city in Kansas. The editor of the Advance has a parish in the stock-yards dis-trict and almost every one of his men parishioners is a day laborer. Yet there is not a single drunkard in this parish, nor is there a young man who even occasionally tipples. temptation is lacking. Conditions very similar prevail throughout the

6. Prohibition gives rise to blind tigers, speak-easies and illegel liquor selling. That is true. But it is so much harder and so much more dis-graceful to get drink under these conditions, that 90 per cent. of the growing generation escape the stain

7. If any further proof of the effects of prohibition were needed, we might say that Kansas, with a Cath olic population of 130,700, has 122 parochial schools. Rhode Island whose Catholic population totals 270,000 has 36 parochial schools while the 410,000 Catholics of Cali fornia count 85 schools.

WHISKEY THE CAUSE OF POVERTY

It is "heavenly dew"—whose Gaelic name, usquebaugh, we have pronounced "whiskey" that more than anything else has held back the Irish in America. The Irishmen is no more a craver of alcohol than other men, but his sociability betrays him to that beverage which is the seal of good fellowship. He does not sit down alone with a bottle, as the Scandinavian will do, nor get his friends around a table and quaff lager as the German does. No "Dutch treat" for him. He drinks spirits in temperament, too, makes liquor a snare to him. Where another drinker becomes mellow or silent or sodden, the Celt becomes quarrelsome and foolish,—Prof. E. A. Ross, in Century.

LESSON FROM THE LAUNCH A good story is told of Sir Wilfrid

Lawson that well illustrates the ready wit for which he is famous.

A friend was denouncing the practice of breaking a bottle of champagne on the bow of the vessel before launching.

I don't know that I altogether agree with you," replied Sir Wilfrid, "for, to my mind, there is a good temperance lesson to be found there. How can that be?" asked his

companion. "Well," replied Sir Wilfrid, " it is noticeable that directly the ship gets her first taste of wine she takes to water, and sticks to it ever after."

NOT A GOOD ADVERTISEMENT

In the front window of a Columbus (O.) saloon, during the state fair week was a large glass tank filled with water in which were hundreds of fish. It always attracted a crowd. A young fellow, after watching the fish for some time, stepped inside and said to the proprietor:

'That's a catchy advertisement in

your window. "Yes," said the saloonkeeper, "it attracts much attention."

"But," said the visitor, "yon are losing an important point. Instead of filling that tank with water, why don't you fill it with your bear or

"Why, you blankety-blank fool," said the saloon keeper, "the fish would all die if I were to carry out

your idea."
"Well," remarked the young man "if that is the case, it is not a good adphasized every element of truth
which the world acknowledges
ess. She is too ascetic in
g of celibacy; she is too

AFRAID SHE WAS DYING

Suffered Terribly Until She Took "Fruit-a-tives"

ST. JEAN DE MATHA, JAN. 27th. 1914.

"After suffering for a long time with Dyspepsia, I have been cured by "Fruit-a-tives". I suafered so much that I would not dare eat for I was afraid of dying. Five years ago, I received samples of "Fruit-a-tives". I did not wish to try them for I had little confidence in them but, seeing my husband's anxiety, I decided to do so and at once I felt relief. Then I sent for three boxes and I kept improving until I was cured. While sick, I lost several pounds, but after taking "Fruit-a-tives", I quickly regained what I had lost. Now I eat, sleep and digest well—in a word, I am completely cured, thanks to "Fruit-a-tives".

MADAM M. CHARBONNEAU ST. JEAN DE MATHA, JAN. 27th. 1914.

MADAM M. CHARBONNEAU "Fruit-a-tives" is the greatest stomach tonic in the world and will alwayscure Indigestion, Sour Stomach, "Heartburn", Dyspepsia and other Stomach Troubles.

50c. a box, 6 for \$2.50, trial size, 25c. At all dealers or sent on receipt of price by Fruit-a-tives Limited. Ottawa.

text for the temperance talk to my Sanday school next Sunday."

BUTTERMILK VS. BOOZE In Topeka, Kansas, within five blocks on one street there are fifteen buttermilk stores. It is said this one street from end to end dispenses one thousand gallons of buttermilk a day, but no booze. With all this drinking of buttermilk the police records of the city do not show a single arrest caused by swigging buttermilk, neither can a case of poverty or insanity be traced to that source. people of Topeka seem perfectly con-tent to use buttermilk instead of beer and whisky and this is why the liquor gang is howling.—American Issue.

CHURCH AND PEACE

The Church is the voice of Christ continued through the ages. "My peace I leave you," "peace on earth to men of good will," "love one another," that message has echoed down the ages and it was His Church who carried the message. It has civilized nations and almost Chris-tianized them. When our chief executive issued a proclamation that as American Christians we should pray for peace among the warring European nations, we all lauded his good impulse. It was Christ-like. Being in high position it seemed glorious. This seems an opportune time to call to mind the practice of the Catholic Church, which in like circumstances, is often ridiculed by our non Catholic friends. The supreme heads of Christendom, The whose office is to spread peace upon earth, have in all ages sent messages to the world urging prayer for the preservation of peace among the Christian nations. By the inspira-tion of the spirit they were led to know the usefulness and sanctity of peace. How was the message re-ceived? War and its accompanying War and its accompanying

orrors makes man think, The Church was ever the herald of nations during her career.

"The Church is a spiritual king-dom, instituted and sustained only for a spiritual end, and governs men and nations only under the relation of conscience." She must leave people free to organize their own form of government, to organize and govern the State as they see best. All she has to do is to preach to them the principles of natural jus-tice and equity; which is another expression for the "Golden rule." Her children, she knows, as well as those without her fold, are erring sheep. They are creatures of edueation and adhere to the political and social order of their training. In the first ages she found them des cendants of pagan ancestors and for centuries had the Simon-pure Roman paganism in them to cor against. They were called Catholics and children of the Church after their adoption of the true faith, but continued to adhere to pagan cusoms. Countries were Christianized, rulers converted, but we must understand this as the Church would have us to do. She must be "all things

ties in the persons of her ministers which are misunderstood by the mod-ern historian. The kings and em-perors, lords and barons of the Middle Ages, Catholics, but in the sense American public opinion to day thinks the kings, emperors and counselors of Europe are truly Christian. If men to day are not Christianized after all our vaunted progress, and this war only goes to prove that hereditary hatred and national animosity is stronger than Christian impulse can we wonder if in an earlier age man evinced more of his primitive barbarism. The Church to day has failed in its mission, and by this we might say it is the modern Church which has failed. But it is not the Church which has failed. She has always preached purity of sentiments and gentleness of manners, set a divine value on human life, urged tenderness for the lowly and afflicted, peace among nations; those are the elements of civilization ever taught by her. But man is primarily a pagan — converted, seemingly, but

proving ever and anon his extraction. So it is we must look upon this cataclysm among Christians to day. What will it lead to? Let us hope to universal peace or to the mind that will see its beneficence and value. Whether this dreadful spilling of blood will lead to horror for war or to the exemplification of the seemingly human readiness to avenge by more bloodshed remains to be seen. People we fear will not forget the bloody legacy of hatred bequeathed by those who will die and war will only fire anew un-Christian desire

In conclusion, we affirm that it is our solemn conviction that never has a nation been favored of Providence as our beloved America. Our Church never had a fairer field in which to preach her message of peace. We are misunderstood by some who reiterate the time-work calumny that because in spiritual matters we obey the vicar of Christ we are a menace to our country. The Church cannot interfere with a people's civil form of government It must tolerate all forms where righteousness and justice obtain. We owe allegiance to the Pope only in matters of faith and morals But we are proud that in our day was seen the spectacle of a vicar of the "Prince of Peace" laying down his life in sympathy with his Master when Christian na-tions turned a deaf ear to his apossequences.—Intermountain Catholic

DISCOURAGEMENT IN PRAYER

Sometimes we become discouraged about our prayers; it seems almost, perhaps, as though God had forgotten us, and our good angel had forsaken us. Let us see what encouraging things have been said about this in "Dominican Mission Book and a "Dominican Mission Devotions," compiled by a Dominican Father. The introduction to this book is a plain little talk about prayer; and in it we find these helpful and encouraging words which apply to the great and trying difficulty which we meet with now and then in our prayers.
"Sometimes it so happens that

both the imagination and reason seem to be puzzlyzed, so that after faithfully trying to begin and to go on with the meditation for a little while the soul finds itself so stupid peace. She has been accused of and dull as to be able to imagine or being neglectful of her duty as the reason upon nothing. Let her make acknowledged ambassador of Christ simple acts of the will, however hard treat" for him. He drinks spirits in public, and, after a dram or two, his convival nature requires that every stranger in the room shall seal friendship in a glass with him. His temperament too makes liquor a convival nature requires that every stranger in the room shall seal friendship in a glass with him. His temperament too makes liquor a convival nature requires that every stranger in the room shall seal friendship in a glass with him. His temperament too makes liquor a convenience of the church, and dry they may seem to be. Let her spend the time saying to God such things as 'O my God, I offer my mind and body to Thee—take me! O my God, I to the true definition of the Church, give my will up to The will. as well as her real attitude towards give my will up to Thy will—I sub-netions during her carear. and other such simple dry acts. There may be no sensible fervor in them, they may seem to the soul per-fectly stupid, yet such act of the will done at the same time with great calmness and interior stillness, without hurry or anxiety, will be of the greatest value to the soul and in the eyes of God. You will make more progress during that hour than in many others when the reason was bright and the affections came gush ing forth like a fountain. But per-haps the heart may be so dull that even these simple acts cannot be made without turmoil and disturb ance of mind. In that case, remain quietly before God in perfect calm-ness, submitting yourself to His will this trial Occupy yourself simply in keeping peace.

How consoling is this advice! Let us carry a little farther the teaching on tranquility, peace, calmness. It reads as follows, in plain, simple words :

'Another thing is, to make all your spiritual exercises, daily or other wise, whatever manner of prayer to all men to win all to Christ," and you may be using, with the greatest often while yielding nothing in point of dectrine, submitted to indigniheart. There is nothing worse in

WAR AND DRINK EQUALLY DISASTROUS

windermined their constitutions, inflamed their stomachs and nerves, until the craving must be satisfied.

Samaria Prescription stops the craving, restores the shaking nerves, builds up the health and appetite, and renders drink distastlets, and dissolves instantly in tea, coffee or feed. It can be given with or without the patient's knowledge. Read what Mrs.

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Both Bring Uncounted Miseries that it has brought already into my home. The cost was nothing according to what he would spend in drinking. The curse of drink my the my little my trans. but now I Many drunkards are sent to jail when what they need is medicine. Drink has undermined their constitutions, inflamed their stomachs and nerves, until the craving must be satisfied.

prayer than anxiety, fear, fretfulness, hurry, over eagerness to do it right, or any over straining of the soul. All should be done with the greatest calmness, stillness, peace and tran-quility possible. The loss of that in-terior calmness disturbs recollection, distracts the attention and hinders the workings of the Holy Spirit. So that, if your tranquility is disturbed you must endeavor by all means to restore it before you go further, even though the whole time of your prayer be occupied in doing this."

There is much food for thought in these simple words.

A MOTHER TO SINNERS

The Church cannot force goodness upon her members. She can lead them, persuade them, help them—but hey must save themselves. If they will not hear her voice or use he Christ would not make Judas honest or honorable, though He was the Lord God. The apostles could not produce a sinless Church.

No. The work of the Church is in a world of sinners, in a world prone to evil. The tares must ever grow with the wheat until the harvest. The Church faces the situation honestly. Her mission is to save the sinner, as well as to preserve the good. She will have none of the Pharisaism. She has no patience with the Donatists' assumption of im maculate virtue and their contention that the Church, in receiving sinners,

eases to be the Church of Christ. She is the Church of Him Who was accused of sitting at meat with sin-ners, Who forgave Magdalen and sought out the lost sheep, and wel-comed the prodigal and pardoned the malefactor in his death agony. She teaches that God alone can judge hearts; that propriety is not synony-mous with sanctity; that a well born son of culture or daughter of fashion, who idles life away and squanders in selfish enjoyment resources that might be productive of great good. may be more guilty in God's than the poor laborer who seeks in the saloon a temporary forgetfulness of his ills, though the one may violate no canon of polite society, and the other may find himself in the dock of the municipal court. Though adamant to sin, the Church must be a mother to the sinner. Such is the Church and such are her activities .-The True Voice.

ON THE WAY

"Those who value the comprehen siveness of the Church of England and indeed regard it as her most distinguishing mark," says the London Tablet, "will hear with relief that sixteen bishops of the Anglican Church have addressed a memorial to the Archbishop of Canterbury, in which they repudiate their brother of Zanzibar." The bishops think that the Catholic movement in the Protestant Church of England has gone far enough. They affirm that the exclusiveness of certain factions in the Church of England reflects but little of the broad, comprehensive charity of Christ, and they imply, though they do not clearly say, that a charitable co-operation with the various missionary forces in foreign countries is of greater importance than a narrow insistence upon creed They regard it as not contrary to the mind of the Church to enter into union with other Protestant Churches which accept the Scriptures, the Apostles' and the Nicene Creeds, and administer the two sacraments.
They do not see why Protestants may not be admitted to the Anglican sacraments, and when their own minisers are not available, Anglicans should be free to receive the sacraments from other Protestant clergy-men. "The task before the Archoishop of Canterbury," comments the Tablet. " will now be to show that there is also room in the Church of England for the Bishop of Zanzibar, who denies each of the propositions which the sixteen bishops affirm Happily the great prudence and tact of the Archbishop seem specially to qualify him for this delicate task." There can be no doubt that the primate will succeed in reconciling the opposing doctrines in question. But whether the Bishop of Zanzibar, who seriously objects to communicating with Protestants in religious services will consent to occupy the "room in the Church of England" which the kindly primate is endeavoring to re-serve for him, is another matter. It is reported that the private chaplain of His Lordship of Zanzibar is under instruction, preparatory to his recep-tion into the Catholic Church. It this be true, may light and strength be vouchsafed the bishop to follow his chaplain's example.—America.

CATHOLIC LAWYERS, ATTENTION

Mr. James L. Morris, for twenty years a leading member of the bar in Wilkesbarre, Pa., refused an appointment as a referee in a divorce action which was tendered him on June 18.
Mr. Morris declared that he could not be a consistent member of the Catholic Church and participate in divorce suits which the Church con of the day. "All honor to Mr. Morris," exclaims the Newark Monitor, "and may his example be followed by every Catholic Tawyer in the country."

No man can ever travel away from God without doing it at his own ex-





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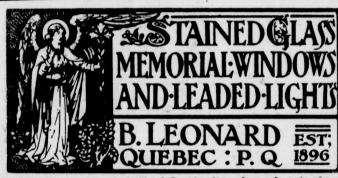
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CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

ONE MAN'S WAY This is not a pious exaggeration, nor the fruit of fancy—it is a sober

tale of fact. Let me tell it to you from the beginning.

I had just got into the Pullman car and was settling myself in the seat, when a strapping fellow with a pleasant, rosy face, leaned over from the opposite seat.
"Have half of my paper, Father?"

said he.

I thanked him and pointed smilingly at my breviary. But after the effice had been duly said, we fell to chatting together. In the course of our conversation we came somehow er other to talking of daily Communication and the difficulty most people ien, and the difficulty most people and in delaying their breakfast day after day until they have heard Mass and received the Blessed Sacra-

Yes," said he, " I found it so inconvenient that, about eighteen months ago, I gave it up altogether." "Well, now," quoth I, "that isn't

quite right. It may be hard to go every day. But you should try to manage it sometimes. Do you live so far from the church?"

He turned and looked at me won-

deringly.
"Oh," said he, "you misunderstand me It wasn't the daily Communion that I gave up—it was the

What," said I, " a hearty young fellow like you, hasn't eaten his breakfast for eighteen months past?" He nodded his head very vigor-

Upon my word," said he, " and I'll tell you how it happened. I went to work out in C—, and when I left home the folks kept reminding me, that C— was a godless town and that if I didn't look out I'd take some harm there. So I began to go to Communion every day from the time I struck the place. I'd been used to eating a regular whopper of a breakfast, I tell you. My mother believed that the more you ate, the stronger you grew-and I stowed away so much sometimes that it was a wender I held it. So I would start to Communion and then hurry back my work. And, I tell you, it made

Then I got the notion of cutting out the breakfast altogether, and believe me, it worked like a charm. After a while I went back home and took a job in an ice plant, and I used to leave home every morning break tless and walk to church for Communion, then down to work without ever thinking of breakfast again."

Well, but didn't it pull you down?" said I, taking a glance at his rosy cheeks—which, to tell the truth, were as plump and solid as anyone

Look at me, Father," said he "I've been doing the thing for eighteen months. When I started in, I weighed one hundred and fortyeight pounds, I now weigh one hur dred and sixty or so, and I've walked my good five miles a day, to and from

Haven's you ever been sick ?"

Sick," eried he, " not a minute !" I have set down our conversation very plainly, as you see, from the netes which I made instanter on the edge, of my time table. This young low was telling the plain truth as knew from other sources, as well as

this How true it is that where there is a will, there is a way—though the way may not be always the one which this pink-faced young business man has discovered for himself of solving the problem of the Eucharistic Fast.—T. R. K., in the Queen's Work.

CHOOSING HIS CROSS

Once, according to an old Bavarian legend, there was a man who com plained to his guardian angel that life's highway was beyond his strength. "I am well aware," he that in this world of sorrow every man must bear a cross, and at that I do not murmur. But the pecial cross that has been assigned o me is, without doubt, utterly unsnited to my carabilities : the shape. the weight, the balance, all are wrong. Could I but choose my own eross, though perchance it might prove a heavy one, I would carry it uncomplainingly, and even cheer-fully; but saddled as I am with so unwieldy a burden, how can I be expected to persevere and wend my painful way on to the journey's

So hearing this his guardian angel took the man to the place where all the exosses destined for mankind were stacked, waiting for their 'Choose," quoth the angel, bearers. and take whichever cross thou willest in exchange for thine."

Thereupon the man quickly cast his own cross aside and set to work to find one more suited to his strength. But it was no easy task, for one was too heavy, one too long, this one too rough and jagged to the touch, that one was badly adjusted, the weight of the cross beam too heavy for the perpendicular beam, and therefore impossible to balance on his shoulder. In fact, after try-ing some hundreds of the crosses and finding fresh difficulties and finding fresh difficulties and pains connected with each the man was fain to pray his angel to assist him in the choice.

Just then, however, his eyes fell Just then, however, his eyes fell ways "hard going," and, furthermore, on a cross lying a little apart from it is full of turns and branches; places

the others, and he lifted it to his the others, and he lifted it to his shoulder for a trial. It seemed to fit at once. The weight was right, the size was right. Although heavy, it was perfectly balanced, and although large, he could adjust it to his stride. There was no doubt about it; he knew immediately that it was the one of all those crosses that was execute suited to his that was exactly suited to his

strength. "This is the cross for me," he cried. "I can bear this one without a murmur, for I feel it is made for cried. me; there is even a sort of bucyancy in the substance of it that seems to bear me up, and after all those others that I made trial of, this one seems almost as a dear companion, so easily
I stride along beneath its weight."
"Even so," replied the angel, "for
it is thine own, the cross that thou

hast borne these many years, that was fashioned specially for thee, and that just now thou didst petulantly cast aside. Take it now and bear it patiently, for only in company with it shalt thou reach the journey's

And the man looked again, as schold it was even as the angel said.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

LEAD KINDLY LIGHT

The Italian drew his hurdy-gurdy up to the sidewalk, close to where a score of workingmen of different nationalities were seated, eating their noonday meal. He was a diplomat, that swarthy son of Italy, for before he began his penny concert he carefully scrutinized the little gathering, and having decided in favor of the children of Ham, he began to play s

catchy coon song.

As the strains floated out upon the air, a little girl who had evidently brought her father's dinner, sallied forth from among the motley group, and poising herself for a moment, like some graceful wild animal, be gan to dance to the music, at the sweet childish treble. Up and down, around and around she went, her raven curls flying, her dark eyes sparkling, her glowing cheeks dim-pling, her tiny, twinkling feet scarce ly touching the ground.

When the music had cessed, a band-

some, cadaverous looking young man, who, I supposed, like myseli was waiting for a car, approached the little girl, and dropping some shin-ing pieces of silver into her hand,

said wistfully:
"Little one, can you sing 'Lead Kindly Light?' If you can; ask the

man to play it, please."

For a moment the child stared at him with great, wondering eyes, then regaining her self possession, she smiled charmingly and murmured a few words in the affirmative. Turn ing lightly to the organgrinder she gave him the money, whispering a few words into his ear, at the same

time gesticulating elequently. Greatly elated by the hearty ap plause, to say nothing of the gener ous contributions, the Italian grinned comprehensively, and began to grind a few lines of the hymn in prelude.

As if by way of explanation, the man who had spoken to the little

girl, turned to me and said:
"I trust it has been given to the
author of those beautiful words to
know the good they have done me; truly, they are a rod and staff, a rock in a weary land. As you can plainly see, I am standing on the borderland of the Valley of the from his own honest word.

If I should add all the enthusiastic things he said of the spiritual beneather the felt from daily Communion I should take up as much space again as a go I had been running away from the should take up as much space again as a go I had been running away from the should take up as much space again as a go I had been running away from the should take up as much space again as a go I had been running away from the should take up as much space again as a go I had been running away from the should take up as much space again as a go I had been running away from the should take up as much space again as a go I had been running away from the should take up as much space again as a go I had been running away from the should take up as much space again as a go I had been running away from the should take up as much space again as a go I had been running away from the should take up as much space again as a go I had been running away from the should take up as much space again as a go I had been running away from the should take up as much space again as a go I had been running away from the should take up as much space again as a go I had been running away from the should take up as much space again as a go I had been running away from the should take up as much space again as a go I had been running away from the should take up as much space again as a go I had been running away from the should take up as much space again as a go I had been running away from the should take up as much space again as a go I had been running away from the should the should the should take up as much space again as a go I had been running away from the should take up as much space again as a go I had been running away from the should take up as much space again as a go I had been running away from the should take up as much space again as a go I had been running away from the should take up as much space again as a go I had been running away from the should take up as much space again as a go I had been running death, seeking in other climes that which I knew I could never find. It splendor of the crown at the summit was while I was abroad that I heard that hymn sung, and the words awak ened me. So I came home, and am living in the present, like the author, John Henry Newman, 'I do not ask to see the distant scene, one step enough for me. Now I am going to meet death; not gladly, oh, no; but nevertheless, with an unfaltering trust and confidence that the 'Kindly the cross he was given to bear along Light will guide me into a better life's highway was beyond his world; and that I shall find again all that has been lost to me here. Life

is beautiful and . . . He broke off suddenly, for the organ was playing softly and the child

was singing : Lead, kindly Light, amid the en-

circling gloom, Lead Thou me on! The night is dark and I am far from

home.

Lead Thou me on. Keep Thou my feet, I do not ask to

The distant scene, one step enough

The strains of the hymn rose and fell on the peaceful air, and slowly sobbed themselves into silence. A solemn hush had fallen on that little group of workingmen, and they es-sayed no applause, for when the heart speaks the lips are silent. The young man, who had spoken so calmly of going out into the "Great Un known," turned quickly and walked away ; I was glad, for the tears were in my eyes even as they would have been in my voice, but as I boarded my car, a song bubbled up in my heart, and I went on my way rejoicing.-Virginia C. Bayley, in Home

and Country. WHICH ROAD?

Life is not the straight, level road that some imagine it. There is only one perfectly smooth road, and that is the one slightly on the incline—downward. The upward path is al-

where we are brought face to face with the momentous question "Which road shall I take?"

and over temptations come to us; over and over we must choose the path we will go. But there comes a time, in the life of every man and every woman, when this question is brought home with a greater and more vital persistence, and when it must be answered, once for all.

The boy begins life with high ideals. He wants to "do the right thing," to be cleau and mauly and honest. He clings to these ideals as he grows older: he refuses to be led away from them. He will not be drawn nto shady paths; he keeps his bands clean, his honor bright. But he finds it uphill work. His labor is hard, his profits few. He comes to be regarded as over-conscientions and slightly peculiar. "Fine fellow, you know, peculiar. "Fine fellow, you know, but a little—well, a little squeamish. He'll get over it," and the laugh goes

Still he struggles on. Right is right, no matter what! But some dark day, when he is out of work or his wife is sick or the

baby needs shoes—he sits down and looks the thing squarely in the face and asks himself plainly, "Does it pay?" So and so isn't so particular. He is respected and considered a fine man, but he does these things. And others; everybody, in fact, that he knows.

Perhaps, after all, he is over particular. "You can't be, if you are going to succeed. You are in the world and you've got to be like the rest or you'll not keep up with the proces-sion." And he has a family to support—by heaven, he can't see them suffer!

And he's tired ! And discouraged!

And so he stands, questioning, at the turn of the road; which way shall

The girl, too. Perhaps she also stands at the parting of the ways. Love came and took her by the hand and led her on. And she has come to a path which is fair and alluring— and nothing really wrong, you know! Only a little doubtful; not quite what her better self tells her it should be. A companion she knows but little about; a slightly questionable amuse ment an hour not quite seemly.

But all the other girls do these

things, and they are nice girls and everybody likes them. It's the way of the times—no one does now as our grandmothers did. Everybody goes to these dances, these theatres; she will be called prudish if she refuses to do as the rest do. And there's really not a bit of harm in it.

She, too is asking, "Which road shall I take?" And everything, for time and for eternity depends, in both cases, upon

It is usually some little thing that decides the question. A father's voice—echoing from the long ago—manly and true; a mother's prayer at twilight; the odor of incense; the breath of flowers on a May time altar; the memory of a first Communion day-these things come back to the boy and to the girl and turn the balance, like a snowy feather laid upon the scale when the beam just tipe !

Alas! For the boy or the girl who has no such memories to come to hem, like angel messengers, at such moment! God pity them!

Oh. let those of us who have any one to influence—and who has not —let us not neglect to speak the the right word, to do the kind deed, to weave the sweet and tender charm

SILENCING A BIGOT

Some years ago, when the A. P. A. was rampant, the notorious "Father was rampant, the hotorious rather Slattery" was engaged by that un American society to "lecture" in the Southern cities. It was arranged that this campaign of slander should begin in Memphis, Tenn.

The coming of Slattery was told on insulting posters. His press agent was ingenious and industrious.

As the night of the lecture drew near; the excitement grew intense, and at last even many Catholics believed that there would be trouble Then the deputation began to invade the Mayor's office. The Chief of Police was a Catholic. He knew that apprehensions of violence were groundless. The other side pretend ed to be suspicious of him.

The morning Slattery was billed

The morning Stattery was billed to arrive a deputation of ministers waited upon the Mayor. They were dreadfully in earnest. They insisted that a body of "trusted" special police should be appointed to guard the lecturer. The Mayor at last be lieved that the situation was alarm ing. He assured the ministerial deputation that he would give the mat ter his personal attention, and re quested them to return in one hour The Mayor was a man of superb cul-ture and liberality, one of the leading citizens of Memphis and deserving of the confidence which sought the Catholic pastors resome of the leading Catholic layer.

When the ministers returned to the confidence which is a confidence which is a confidence with the confidence when the ministers returned to the confidence with the confidence which is a confidence with the confidence which is a confidence with the confidence which is a confidence which

When the ministers returned plans were made. He told then course he intended to follow. intended to take charge of "F Slattery" himself. All recommittees and guards were

dispensed with. He would meet the "lecture" the railroad station with his



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HOME BREAD BAKING RE-DUCES THE HIGH COST OF. LIVING BY LESSENING THE MOUNT OF EXPENSIVE MEATS REQUIRED TO SUP-PLY THE NECESSARY NOUR-ISHMENT TO THE BODY.

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carriage and make him his personal guest. The press heralded abroad that the Catholics were snubbed; that the "Reverend" Slattery had to be saved from death by the per-sonal interference of the Mayor The Mayor in his carriage, met Slat tery at the depot. There were no policemen in evidence. The Mayor briefly explained the situation, prom ising him complete protection and ordered his coachman to drive to different points of interest in the city, which he wished his guest to see. They first visited the educational institutions, public and par-ochial, then the churches, libraries and magnificent hospital erected by the city for the Sisters. Though the Mayor treated his visitor with the utmost kindness, the latter seemed be bored, and could not be to be bored, and could not be led into conversation. Evidently the Mayor was not just the kind of man he relished, and the absence of violence on the part of the Catholics was monotonous and mortifying. The Mayor inquired of his guest if he was weary, and politely asked him if he wished to see any more of the city. Slattery bluntly told him that he bad seen quite enough. The Mayor told him that there was one more place of interest which he wished to show him. They were soon at the gate of a cemetery. They entered and walked toward a marble shaft that towered as high as the eautiful southern trees, that draped it with their luxurious frendage.

"Mr. Slattery," said the Mayor, I have a purpose in bringing you here." His voice was husky with emotion, and his eyes gleamed more in sorrow than in anger. "L' read what is written there." Mayor read aloud the inscription which stated that the monument Catholic priests and nuns who laid down their lives on the altar of Christian charity in the dark days of the terrible plague. The Mayor's eyes were filled with tears.

'Read the names upon the shaft," he continued. "The pastor heads the list He was one of that race to which you are a disgrace. He was Nature's nobleman—benevolent, pure. faithful to every trust and a lover of liberty. The other mer whose names are on there were like unto him. They had neither kith nor kin in our city. Read that long death roll of these devoted women whose arthly names even were given up for charity. Where can you find a parallell of heroism and Christian devotion? No earthly motive move them. Until the dark days of our sorrow came, they were unknown to us. Then, when dread and sorrow filled every heart, when the most sacred ties and obligations failed to save our sick from desertion, when there were no bands to smooth the throbbing brow, or give drink to the parched lips. angelic women entered our homes, dared the horrors of the plague, smiled at the spectral face of

crubbing AND DO AWAY WITH HALFTHE RUBBING any Uses and Full irections on Large Sifter-Can 104

death itself, and for the lives of our children and our wives, gave up their

"Look at the fourth name on that name, but she was a beautiful girl, and her voice had the mellow "brogue" of the south of Ireland. She was stricken down ; the terrible death mark of the plague set its seal on her lovely brow. I, too, was ill. In my anguish I cried to God for help. There was a rustle at my door. That girl robed in black, hold-ing the crucifix in her hand, knelt beside my daughter's bed. Man! do you think she could die while an angel was caring for her? No, my daughter lived, but her ministering angel died. This is enough. Now to you: Do you think that you can pollute the air of our beautiful city by your foul slander of the priestd and those Sisters? Why, man, the very stones of our pavement should fly in your face. It the men of our city should prove so dastardly recreant to the memory of those noble men and women who gave up their lives for us, the women of our city should rise and stone you to h. Get your foul presence from our city."

our city."

It is needless to say that he wept, and the press were hard put to explain why Slattery did not speak at Memphis.—St. Paul Bulletin.

OUR HOLY FATHER BENEDICT XV.

PERSONALITY AND POLICY OF THE SUCCESSOR TO PIUS X.

Rome Correspondence of The Catholic Standard and Times Rome, September 3. Were you present, reader in St.
Peter's, Rome, at the funeral obsequies of Cardinal Rampolla some
months ago, you should have seen
sitting near the huge coffin an sitting near the huge coffin an ascetic looking prelate, with a sad look about his brilliant countenance. His lips moved in silent prayer for his dead brother and chief. And somebody remarked: "If Carsomebody remarked: "If Car-dinal Rampolla had become Leo XIV. in the conclave of 1903, that pale faced man would have become Cardinal Secretary of State." However, Divine Providence disposed otherwise. And to-day Christendom reveres him as Pope Benedict XV. Bologna loses an Archbishop whom she found to be zealous, kind and good, and the Catholic Church gains in Cardinal della Chiesa a Pontiff in whom are combined the diplomatic qualities of Leo XIII. with the pas-

toral yearnings of Pius X. GENTLE AND COURAGEOUS

In person the newly elected Pontiff s ascetic in features, bright and vivacious. In manner, Benedict XV. s particularly charming and gracious, and well, in truth, might it be so. To the innate charm and re-finement of the educated Italian has been added a life long training in the world of diplomats in Rome and Madrid, which fact weighed heavily with the Sacred College during its deliberations of the last three days.

But gentle and charming as is the character of the new Pope it has another side, viz., that which brings into play courage, tenacity and per-severance. His success as Arch-bishop of Bologna evidences this. For there are sees and sees. In the history of four centuries the Arch diocese of Bologna has not been regarded as a see that a weak char cter could rule. The turbulent element there accounted for the broken heart of more than one Arch. bishop, and in the general strike that paralyzed Italy three or four months ago the city and surroundings of Bologna took first place in riots, church-looting and bloodshed. One who proved able to ride the whirlwind and stem the blast as Arch bishop of Bologna with special success will know how to guide Peter's Park amid the shoals and troubles that now surround it.

A PASTORAL-DIPLOMATIC POPE It may be early in the day for a forecast of the policy of Benedict XV.; but nevertheless one can come to a fair conclusion from his past

history.

Benedict XV. will, I believe, be Benedict XV. will, I believe, be a pastoral diplomatic Pope—one who will embody the characteristics of the last two Pontiffs. He will be to the last two Pontiffs. He will be to erected, when one day she was out the pontificate of Pius X. what Leo XIII. was to that of Pius IX. When Leo ruins of the Monastery Chapel, the XIII. assumed the tiarra he found mule upon which she was mounted nearly every power in Europe at variance with the Holy See, and he spent years in remedying the second state of the Monastery Chapel, the mule upon which she was mounted stopped, and no effort would make the animal move on the second state of the Monastery Chapel, the mule upon which she was mounted to the animal move on the second state of the Monastery Chapel, the mule upon which she was mounted to the monastery Chapel, the mule upon which she was mounted to the monastery Chapel, the mule upon which she was mounted to the monastery Chapel, the mule upon which she was mounted to the monastery Chapel, the mule upon which she was mounted to the monastery Chapel, the mule upon which she was mounted to the monastery Chapel, the mule upon which she was mounted to the monastery Chapel, the mule upon which she was mounted to the monastery Chapel, the mule upon which she was mounted to the monastery Chapel, the mule upon which she was mounted to the monastery chapel, the mule upon which she was mounted to the monastery chapel, and the mule upon which she was mounted to the monastery chapel. spent years in remedying the situation. And now Pope Benedict, on taking his seat on Peter's throne, finds that France and Portugal no longer officially recognize the Church, that Spain has been restive, and that the European war will bring for the Holy See an entirely new era.

which his old friend Cardinal Ram polla would have observed had he seventy years. Isabelle de Foix saw become Leo XIV.? I feel inclined to in this remarkable fact an evidence think Benedict XV. will do so, but in of the Divine Will. She therefore Cardinal Rampolla filled the Pontifical Nunciature of Madrid he had as lieutenant the newly elected Pope, and when Cardinal Rampolla stood behind Leo XIII's throne as Secre tary of State, the present Pontiff filled a post of confidence in the Cardinal's office. Up to the very last he remained Cardinal Rampolla's close These facts lead one to think the Pontificate which has just existed between Pius X. and the Cardinal Archbishop of Bologna will surely leave its impress upon the line of action which, as Benedict XV, the latter will pursue.

HIS TRIBUTE TO HIS PREDECESSOR In his address to the faithful of Bologna relative to the late Pope's leath, Cardinal della Chiesa said :

"The memory of the special ties which bound me to the Sovereign Pontiff who, after keeping me with himself for years, was good enough to confer on me episcopal consecration with his own bands, renders his death particularly sorrowful to me. Along with me the faithful will weep over the sudden loss of the Pontiff the grand constancy with which he propounded true doctrine, for the zeal with which he promoted the de-votion of the Blessed Eucharist, and for the charity with which he em-braced all Christians, as well as for the fatherly manner in which he came to the assistance of all his sons.

GENTLE HEART AND MASTER MIND In Benedict XV. the Catholic world can with strong conviction welcome a firm hand, a kind, gentle heart, a master-mind filled with charity and zeal, enlightened in the scho labor. We stand on the threshold of what augurs to be a glorious pon tificate that will be full of triumphe for the Catholic Church both in the Pastoral and diplomatic fields.

THE MENACE BARRED

The Board of Directors of the Oregon City Pablic Library recently voted to remove the Menace from the tables of the library on the grounds that it was unfit for children o read. This action was not taken without stirring up sectarian bigotry.
According to the Catholic Sentinel of
Portland, Ore., the Board decided several weeks ago to remove the Menace and the Masses. W. S. U'Ren, candidate for Governor on the Progressive ticket, was not present at the meeting, but when he heard of the decision of the Board he wrote to every member quoting an article in the State Constitution in which the right of free speech and of free press is established McBain, President of the Board, threatened to resign if the two papers were placed back in the lib-rary. At the recent meeting at rary. At the recent meeting at which definite action was taken, Mr. U Ren introduced a resolution to keep these papers in the library and every member of the Board, except his wife, voted against him and as a result the offensive publications have been removed from the library.

AN ANCIENT SHRINE

Evidently U'Ren is very progressive.

STORY OF A MIRACULOUS STATUE OF OUR LADY IN FRENCH CHURCH

In the Catholic Church at Verde-Bordeaux, there is a statue of the Blessed Virgin carved in wood. It represents Our Lady with the Divine Infant in her arms holding a dove in His sacred hands. This statue is of very ancient origin. As far back as the twelfth century there is mention of it in documents still existing. In 1105 it occupied a position in the monastery chapal at Ver-delais, and we read that many pilgrimages were made to the shrine owing to numerous miracles having been worked there. In 1295 the church and monastery were pillaged and burned during the war between France and England. During the first years of the fourteenth century, when peace had been concluded, the

monks returned and built a small monastery and chapel, but in 1327 the war broke out again and the building was again destroyed. The religious however, took care to hide the statute. They made a deep hole in the ground in which they buried it, placing a large stone on the spot so that they might later on know where to find the image. The monks were obliged to take flight and conequently the statue remained hidden until 1390, when the Countess Isa belle de Foix, the owner of that portion of the country, made a vow to have a church and sanctuary built in honor of the Blessed Virgin

distance in the clay, until it rested on a large stone. The Countess was naturally impressed by the fact, and she dismounted and ordered her at tendants to raise the stone. Her wishes were obeyed, and when the stone was lifted the statue of Our Will he follow the line of conduct | Blessed Lady was found in the cav ity beneath, where it had rested for seventy years. Isabelle de Foix saw modified form. Remember, when rebuilt the church and monastery which became a great centre of pilgrimage until the sixteenth century, but alas! in 1562, during the religious wars, the Huguenots pillaged and burned the monastery and church. They massacred he monks and threw the statue into the fire. As soon as the Huguenots had gone away, the few people surviving in the district made their way to the ruins, and there, amongst the ashes, the statue opened will closely resemble that of was again found intact, but blackened by the smoke. The statue was then by the smoke. The statue was then concealed in a hole in a tree. In 1609 the church and monastery

were restored by Cardinal de Lourdis and confided to the care of monks. From that time until the end of the

eighteenth century numerous pilgrimages were made to the Shrine, and many miracles and cures of sick persons of whose recovery the doc-tors had abandoned hope were worked

through the intercession of Our Lady of Verdelais. However, the revolution raged at Verdelais, as in other places in France, and the sanctuary was pillaged. Fortunately the statue was again saved by the Sacristan, Jean Michel. It is a remarkable fact that members of the Michel family have held the position of Sacristan for one hundred and fifty years, and a descendant occupies it at the present day. The church was rebuilt in 1837 and given to the care of the Marist Fatners, who, however, have been banished by the Government of to-day.—St. Paul Bulletin.

SIR WILLIAM RAMSAY'S CONCLUSION

The distinguished authority in the scientific world, Sir William Ramsay, said on one occasion: "When I was a young man just entering the university, I began with the firm deter-mination that I would not accept anything which I did not understand If you follow this course, you will soon discover one important factand that is what a big fool you are We are surrounded with things which we cannot understand, and our chief difficulty is to find any-thing which we do understand. The miraculous is not the non-intelligible; it is merely the unfamiliar. Who will say that a thing is impossible simply because he is unfamilian The more we study, the better we see that there is one principle on which everything else is based. It is the principle that God

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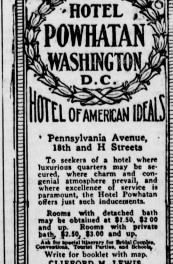
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CLIFFORD M. LEWIS.

Canada and the control of the contro

ST. PAUL'S, FINGAL, DEDICATED

Sunday, Sept. 26, was a historic day in the annals of the Roman Cath-olic people of Southwold township, olic people of Southwold whenly, for it marked the opening, with im-pressive ceremonies, by His Lordship Bishop Fallon of London, of the first Catholic temple of that township, at the village of Fingal, under the title and patronage of St. Paul.

But if the new church at Fingal is named in honor of a Christian saint, so is also the picturesque village itself. In the ancient Gælic tongue the word or prefex Fin, or Finn, means "saint," and the name Fingal means "saint," and the name Fingal denotes St. Gall, who, born in Ireland in the sixth century, accompanied St. Columba to Scotland, where multitudes of the Picts and Scots were soon converted to Christianity. The celebra ed Fingal's Cave in the Isle of Staffa was doubtless named in honor of St. Gall, who, near the close of his life, settled near Lake Constance in Switzerland, where he died in the year 646.

The new church, which is of white brick, is 36 by 60 feet in area, and will seat 250 people. It has a com-mod ous basement and a good driveshed, and it stands upon a spacious corner lot well ornamented by large trees. A broad pavement of artificial stone connects the street with the front portal.

This splendid property was most generously donated for the use of the Catholics of the whole district by Richard McCabill, and grateful thanks for this magnificent gift were feelingly tendered him by the Bishop during the dedicatory exercises, in the name of the Diocese of London, and especially on behalf of Rev. Father West and his flock in Fingal

and Southwold.

The altar and its graceful reredos are of Gothic design, the color scheme being pure white with gold enrich-Occupying two great panels above the altar are two really strik-ing mural paintings by Mrs. John Butler, namely: "St Peter, the Butler, namely: "St Peter, the chief of the Apostles, holding two massive keys, (Matt. 16-16:19); and St. Paul lightly resting his hands upon a sword, the weapon of his

High Mass was celebrated at 10.30 a. m. by Rev. Father West, assisted by the excellent music of Holy Angels choir of St. Thomas. At 3 30 p. m. His Lordship Bishop Fallon arrived by automobile from London, accompanied by his brother, Rev. Father Fallon, and Rev. Father Goodwin of St Thomas. As the Bishop stepped from the vehicle he smiled on those near at hand and remarked,

"It's a long way to Tipperary."

The ceremonies of dedication were proceeded with by the Bishop, as-sisted by all the clerry. The acoly-tes were Masters Cacil Coughlin and Patrick Lyndon McManus of St. Thomas, and Frank and John Ferguson, sons of John Ferguson, of Southwold. The procession having circumambulated the exterior of the edifice with the usual rites pre-scribed for such occasions, made solemn entry and proceeding to the altar, chanted the "Litany of the

Saints. THE BISHOP'S ADDRESS

His Lordship then addressed the closely packed assemblage, half of those present being non Catholics. His splendid sermon—or rather "talk" it may be called—was delivered in his usual clear, bold, unmpromising style, and withal was fraught with a pleasant tinge of humor and comradeship and undying loyalty to Canada and the Empire in their hour of peril. But the main accessory, every gesture employed during the celebration of the Holy Eucharist. "Unless understood and its solemn import grasped," said the Bishop, "the Mass would seem to the onlooker of another faith to be merely empty form and an unmeaning ritu-It would be impossible to do justice to the able handling of his subject by Bishop Fallon, short of a complete report.

The sermon was followed by the solemn service, Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

The special voluntary plate collection towards the expenses of the furnishings amounted to a handsome

Rev. Father West tendered his sincere thanks to all, both non Catholics and Catholics, for their presence and generous help.

WHY CATHOLICS SHOULD REMEMBER BELGIUM

"To night I am glad that I spent three most precious years of my life in Belgium," says the Very Rev. Vincent McNabb, O. P., in the London

Tablet. He continues:
I did not go there to learn the arts of war, though now I know that Belgium can teach the world the way of keeping honor by the sword. But I went to study at its universities, when I found a republic of letters giving freely of its best, as it had given for hundreds of recent to more given for hundreds of years to men whom religious hate had driven from

their fatherland. Recounting the valor and industry, the culture of art and agriculture, religious tolerance, enthusiasm for education, and other qualifications of this little country, Father McNabb goes on to show why all Catholics should think well of Belgium : We are not so modern that we for-

the most helpful of friends. There is hardly a town in that little country without memories of the exiles whom religious misunderstanding from these islands of saints No history of the English or Irish martyrs can be written without copious mention of Antwerp, Bruges Liege, Brussels, Louvain, Ghent. Some of the streets still bear the names of our own beloved fatherland, as we know who have trodden

We do not forget these things. We pray God never to forget them, lest God forget us. Most of all do we remember them now that history has turned full wheel, and we are seeing refugees of the country that once gave us refuge.

THE "PENTECOSTAL HERALD"

Editor of the CATHOLIC RECORD : Sir,-I do not often see Protestant denominational papers; but I happen o have a copy of a Methodist weekly Pentecostal Herald, called the published at Louisville, Kentucky, and dated September 9. Here is a paragraph from it:

Let him (the American citizen) note the five hundred thousand Knights of Columbus, armed and equipped with modern instruments of death, and ask himself what business has a church, if it be the only true church of the living God, th coming of whose Son meant peace on earth and good will towards all men; we say, let him ask himself what business has the Roman Catholic Church, or any other, with an armed ody of this magnitude? Has the United States asked them to arm and equip this body of men to help protect us in time of need? No! Has the government authorized it? No! Have they ever tendered their services to the United States at any time? No! Of what use are they to this country? None. For what purpose are they maintained? Treason to the United States, if ever the occasion or opportunity offers. That is the only answer that can be given in the absence of a reason to the contrary. The only reason yet assigned is their readiness to their way to the White House

the seat of government. For what

I do not quote this for any purpose

false as satan; but nothing said in

the RECORD can reach those deceived

of refutation. We know it is all as

purpose?"

by it. I quote it as an aid in an swer to the question: How can sens ible people really believe such dangerous absurdity? When we ask this question we assume that people usually form their opinions on some reason, good or bad. The fact that Catholics so often ask such questions means that they do really try to be reasonable, and naturally they take it for granted that others also try to be reasonable. But the writer of the paragraph quoted above knows better. He knows that suggestion is more potent than proofs with his readers. He knows that they are already dis-posed by inherited prejudice to be-lieve any discreditable thing about Catholics, and his task is to give this prejudice something defin-ite to feed on. He makes an impression by a great variety of statements, all assuming the same falsehood, and that impression is deeper than he could make by a variety of alleged facts in proof. What need of proof when he can secure acceptance of his statements without it ? Suggestion has more innuence with minds weakened by prejudice than any proof. "Trifles light as air are to the jealous confirm. Catholic doctrine of the Mass, and especially was explanatory of the symbolism of every garment, every accessory, every gesture employed during the celebration of the Holy question, how can a jealous man be so absurd? Reason has nothing to do with it. Bias of mind and sentiment are the chief factors. We see the same phenomenon in elec-tion contests. The candidates do appeal to reason and common sense; but they know how risky it would be to leave out of count the habitual prejudices, the likes and dislikes of electors. Some elections really turn on issues that belong properly to the seventeenth century, because the sentiments to which the electors give expression by their votes are inherited by tradition from ancestors who fought for ascendency over Catholics. Papers like the Pentecostal Herald play upon these traditional sentiments by means of suggested lies, and people otherwise sensible enough act absurdly in consequence. The skilful player consequence. The skilful player upon these old chords does not waste energy upon reasons, proofs, facts, etc. Suggestion based upon what is

more effective. WAR AND THE OSLER THEORY

known to be thought likely is far

New York Evening Post: "General Von Emmich, the capturer of Liege, is 66 and General von Kluck is 68. General von Hausen, who has just given up the command of the Saxon army, is 68; General von Heeringen is 64, and General von Elhem 61. General von Bulow is also 68, and General von Moltke, upon whose shoulders rest the heaviest burdens is 66. General von Hindenburg, whose success on the Russian boundary has made him famous, is 67. On the English side, Kitchener is 64, Smith-Dorrien 56, Sir John French We are not so modern that we forget what our fathers bore in the dark days of persecution. In those days of our bitter pain Belgium was 62, and General Grierson, who died

A Clean Mouth **Promotes Health**

Oral hygiene is quite properly fo-using the attention of the medical profession as well as the laity. A noted authority is quoted as saying: There is not one single thing more important in the whole range of hygiene than hygiene of the mouth."

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Prof. J. D. Hird, Biological Chemist

Washington, D. C., after an extensive laboratory examination of Absorbine, Jr., reports: "Four or five drops of bsorbine, Jr., to an ounce of water is sufficient to thoroughly cleanse the mouth and teeth of injurious bacteria, without injurious action on the teeth." (Complete report mailed upon request.) Sold by most druggists at \$1.00 per bottle or sent postpaid by the manufacturer, W. F. Young, P. D. F., 299 Lyman Bldg., Montreal, Can.

TO BELGIUM

corn stood golden on the dreaming hill, The ripening fields were to the har-

vest white; The murmurous wheel turned in the garnering mill, And all the land was light.

Swift, from a smiling sky, there shot one spark; The corn dropped blasted; little children cried: Stricken, defenceless, all the land

grew dark, And all its life-streams dried.

Hail, little land of heroes and of slain! Lift up thine eyes, thy Ransom is in sight. Our tears, our blood shall wash away

thy stain, God shall defend the Right. -MARY SAMUEL DANIEL

FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY

Right Rev. T. J. Dowling, D. D., Bishop of Hamilton, celebrated priv ately a few weeks ago, the fiftieth anniversary of his priesthood. The people and clergy of the diocese made His Lordship a present of \$10,000, which he has since disposed of in the manner following:

Building Fund of West End Italian Church, Hamilton \$5,000 Building Fund of Hagersville

St. Agatha Orphanage..... Hamilton Orphanage..... Cape Croker Indians..... Patriotic Fund..... City Relief Fund.

City Relief Fund...... Jubilee expenses, dinner, print-ing, livery, etc.....

THE DIFFERENCE

"A mighty poor preacher," remarked a young man, coming out from Mass, "I thought he'd never get done." The ill-bred and irreverent comment recalled an incident that Cardinal Gibbons related in the course of a sermon in the Baltimore

Cathedral. The Cardinal said:

Fifty years ago, chief Justice
Taney was a regular and devout worshipper in the Cathedral. One of the clergy of the Archbishop's household told me that he always felt a certain embarrassment in preaching before embarrassment in preaching before the great jurist. One day he re-marked to the Judge himself, his sense of trepidation in observing reverence. I regard all sermons as good when Christ is extolled and Sacred Heart Review.

Meet me at the

Tuller

PURGATORY

in these trying days of war, the bells are tolling at noon-tide to remind Anglicans to pray for the dying and the dead. Thousands of leaflets. issued by Anglican clergymen for use by English soldiers, recommend prayer "for the poor souls in Purga-tory." This merciful recommendaprayer tory." tion does not win the approval of certain English secular publications, whose editors hold, with article xxii, that the Romish doctrine of Purgatory is a fond thing, vainly invented, with no warranty in scripture but rather repugnant to the word of God. But this is not the first instance in which heresy, inculpable heresy perhaps, has sought refuge in the consoling teachings of Christ's Church. It is easy to recall the eloquent portrayal by Hawthorne in "The Marble Faun," of the exquisite consolation as of oil and wine, poured into the erring heart of man by God's minister pathetic prayer of the Anglican Newman for light to see the truth in the creed of the Church of Rome :

For thou dost soothe the heart, thou Church of Rome. . .

While the "Romish doctrine of practice.-America.

CHINAMAN TELLS OF CONVER-SION OF HIS FAMILY OF

Father Lescos, of China, this to say of Peter Wang, aged eighty five, and his third wife, aged seventy-two, who have reason to be proud of their family of seventy-five fervent Christians. God has blessed this good man by permitting him to see his children to the fifth generation, two of whom are

circumstances led this Chinaman to hear considerable about the Catholic faith. He desired to learn more of its teachings, and in time became a convert, generously giving up the annual tribute due him as viceroy of one of the many Chinese sects in der to follow Jesus in His poverty and humility. The genuine heroism of this act can be appreciated only by one who knows the deep-roote

avarice of the Chinese nature. interest. We give it in his own words, as he told it to Father Lescos. "I was a Christian, and I wanted

my children to be so, too. My sons daughters, daughters in law

"I looked at them, and calmly said All right, then you may go back to your own homes. I cannot have you in my family. When you are willing become Christians come back. My door will then be open to you, but to pagans it is closed. Pack up

the help of a good catechist for my sens and a Christian woman to instruct their wives. every evening, and in less than two him among the hearers. The jurist replied: I always listen to the prayers, which we said regularly at Lord's anointed with attention and some were more faithful in prepar-ing their lessons than others, so I had virtue praised. Indeed I never recourse to a little scheme whereby heard a bad sermon in my life."—

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Home Com-

forts

In many an Anglican church tower

study. in the sacrament of penance, and the

Oh that thy creed were sound!

Purgatory" is founded on no merely human sentiment, however touching or exalted, this most recent denial by Anglican clergymen of article xxii, shows how a heart, naturally Christian, turns impulsively in the hour of trial, from the dry husks of error to the richness of Catholic belief and

ALL ARE CATHOLICS

SEVENTY-FIVE

seminarians and one a Sister.
Soon after the opium war various

Perhaps the story of how this man converted his family after he had himself received the Faith may be of

grand-children, at that time, num bered twenty four. One day I sent for all my daughters in law and said, Will you be Catholics ?' No answer. I then repeated my question, and just one of them replied 'Yes.' The thers cried out with one accord We shall never be Catholics!'

"At the end of each evening's work, I distributed to each of the women present sesame oil for the next day's cooking, using an old, leaky spoon when I served those who had not studied well, so that they received a smaller amount of oil than their move tithful heathern. One of the more faithful brethren. One of the number had to go threedays without oil whatever, but after that her husoand found means to make her

"By the end of a year they knew nearly all the required amount of doctrine, and before the second year was over everyone was baptized, and now, see the fine Christian family I have, seventy five all told !"-Boston

NO PERVERT SPOKE AS THIS MAN

Dr. Victor McKee, a convert priest, writes from Henryetta, Okla., as follows: ever nature. My time is too valuable to spend it in listening to purveyors of filth and falsehood. Though I attended the Baptist Church for twenty years, before becoming a Catholic, it has never occurred to me to raise my voice against the virtue and purity of Baptist women, in the hope of extracting a few paltry dol-lars from admirers of rottenness. It has never occurred to me to bring into question the morals of the Bapt-

ist clergy.

True to the spirit of Holy Church, I believe in living and letting live. I am big enough to retain my friendship with every Baptist, who was ever my friend, but my change of belief was due to conviction. I entertain profound respect for clean men and women, but I have not the words with which to properly express my contempt for defamers of virtue. Church Progress.

SACRAMENT IN HIS EAR!

One of the secular papers of the city announced the other day that Father Edward Ryan, in attending to an injured man, "administered the sacrament into the ear of the dying man.

And still there are some Catholics who say that they can get all the Catholic news from the daily papers! -Catholic Telegraph.

DIED

WHITE .- At Prescott, Ont., on Saturday September 5th, 1914, Eliza-beth Buckly, relict of the late Bartholomew White. May her soul rest in peace!

O'BRIEN.-At Sault Ste. Marie, Ont. Wednesday, Sept. 16th, 1914, Mr. David Joseph O'Brien, aged twenty five years, nine months and twenty two days. May his soul rest in

NEW BOOKS

"Prodigals and Sons." By John Ayscough. Published by Benziger Brothers, New York. Price \$1.35 net.

"The Spiritual Exercises of St. Ignatius of Loyola." Translated from the autograph by Father Elder Mullan, S. J. Published by P. J. Kenedy & Sons, New York. Price 75 cents.

DAILY UNTIL DECEMBER FIRST

Although the heavy tourist travel on the Great Lakes is now on the wane, the discriminating traveller will continue to enjoy the lake passenger steamer service until the very close of the season of navigat on.

Following their usual custom the C & B. Line will operate their steamers daily between Cleveland and Buffalo until the first day of December, leaving either city at 8 o'clock every evening and teaching destination the following morning at 6:30 (Central Time.)

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journey is made as comfortable as if the traveller were sojourning at a luxurious hotel.

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McGillivray, a teacher holding a first or
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at once Salary \$600 per annum. Apply to John
O'Neill, R. K. I, Clandeboye, Ont

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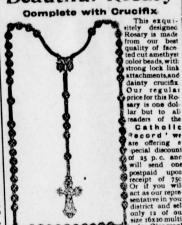
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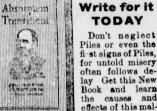
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