

The Catholic Record.

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

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JOY AND CONGRATULATION

We can never take any pleasure in cynical remarks about the closing exercises of our halls of learning. These remarks may be but the outpourings of the world-weary or the disappointed, or of those whose sensibilities have been roughened with life's content; but whatsoever the source they, to our mind, do not ring true. For Commencement Day is associated with joy, with beautiful promise and wondrous achievement. It means the going forth to battle and to victory. The clear eyes see but the shining highway aglow with the sunlight of youth, crowded with knights in golden armour, on quest for the Holy Grail. They do not see the noisome glens on either side, the shadows and darkness that will blot out for the time being the glory of the road. Theirs is the heritage of the young—the heritage that makes the blood tingle and sets every "bush afire with God." And that heritage, an anodyne for every pain, a fashioner of the strength that, when going hand in hand with humility, laughs at danger and of the vision that sees behind every lowering cloud a glint of the blue can be theirs for aye. For we can be always young. Though the hair be shot with grey and the years make the steps falter, the heart can be as fresh as in the days when life was a story that held neither sob nor sigh. Worldly success may be ours without preventing decay of the heart. Achievement may be the product of our energy and yet be as ashes on our lips. But whether we have cheque-books or be acclaimed by the voice of notoriety, we can, if we do our work enthusiastically and constantly, build up within us a store of joyous memories—a house into which we can go and find comfort. We can be commonplace or live on a high plane. On the heights it is sometimes cold, but they who dwell there are vouchsafed visions which are denied to those who live in the valley. It is betimes monotonous, but the consciousness of duty done is more than ample compensation. We think that we may expect from our graduates the proof that their eyes have been opened to the beauty of the world beyond the spheres. They should be light-bearers in the darkness of materialism. They should be austere in a world of easy sensuality. They should walk securely, for they have the lamp of Catholic principles for their feet. They should be soldiers for they have a glorious cause, and a source ever at hand of sacramental help. And more, they should be leaders, ever ready to give assistance to the solution of social problems, and anxious always to reach out to others the helping and guiding hand of brotherly love. To become one of the "crowd," to live on its thought, to be swayed by its influence, to fear its antagonism, were unworthy of those trained to live for the beautiful and true. To see a Catholic graduate become so impregnated with worldliness as to love his individuality, and to be shorn of Catholic characteristics, makes us sad and indignant. For he should be better than others. The love and the truth which he claims to possess should shine forth in act and be a beacon for all but the blind. There is no limit to the influence of a good Catholic. It is a force indestructible and fruitful. It colours thought and shapes action; it awakens conscience and compels those who are touched by it to put on the garments of purity and truth. It is all-persuasive in its application, and works silently and more effectively than words, however eloquent.

DO HIS SHARE

The graduate of to-day should contribute his quota to the making of history. He can draw indeed upon the wisdom of the past and extol its glories, but he should make them subservient to his own thought and action. The deeds which are chronicled in letters of fire upon the pages of history should impel him to give toil of self-sacrifice and industry. To close his books means mental

atrophy. For his education is but a key to the realm of knowledge: his college is but a workshop wherein his faculties have been tempered and developed for future use. Hence to imagine that when the doors of Alma Mater fade into the distance his education is finished is the climax of folly. For him is the work of feeding both mind and heart, so as to make him capable of coping with emergencies and of rendering service of enduring value. Hence he must always be keyed up to concert pitch. In other words, he must be in the firing line. Any man can stop with the commissariat wagons, but to be where there is work to be done, even at the cost of personal comfort, demands not only courage but vision, not only enthusiasm but pertinacity. And should it entail death the angels will look down and smile at the man unafraid, dead in his harness, true, and to the end unwavering in fidelity to duty. We are of the opinion that to-day there are more opportunities than ever for Catholic graduates. They can minister to minds diseased with false principle, and befogged in the mist of materialism. To others they can give the example of men who see and measure things by the light of eternity. By their attendance at and participation in public meetings they can foster the formation of enlightened public opinion. Their sphere of usefulness is as large as they wish. The prizes which this country has to offer are to be won by the strongest and best. Let them give no quarter to the pretence of coward and weakling. The shadow of bigotry may fall athwart their path, but they should remember that here in Canada is fast growing the Canadianism that knows no discrimination in civil and political matters in the lines of race, color or creed.

THE SAINTS IN ART

WITH THEIR ATTRIBUTES AND SYMBOLS ALPHABETICALLY ARRANGED, BY MARGARET E. TABOR

We are of the opinion that a book of this nature should be penned by one who is sympathetic with the subjects and dowered with the gifts of study and scholarship. It can be as dry as a broken cistern, or vital with life and color. It can be suggestive and stimulative or a mere transcript of statistics. While we are averse to any display of hyper-criticism with regard to this little treatise, we must say that Miss Tabor, if not scholarly, is industrious. Clerk-like, she checks off the subjects with never a line to make us think of cloisters in which the saints lived and died. Occasionally she makes, due perhaps to injudicious selection of authors or to haste, a statement that is not in harmony with statistical methods. When she tells us, for example, that St. Theresa was a woman "of a fervid and somewhat morbid temperament," her tone, always unsympathetic, takes on an element of dissonance. A little knowledge, and there are good biographies of St. Theresa, would have spared Miss Tabor this glaring exhibition of misinformation. One can be brief without being inaccurate; and even in a guide book written at high speed one can refrain from dismissing an eminently practical woman as of "some what morbid temperament." Her life shows that she was a woman of extraordinary analytical gifts and of a character that was impregnable to opposition. Within her frail body was a fount of courage and enthusiasm that inspired and carried her along from one triumph to another. And they who read the "Book of Foundations" in which she narrates the story of the convents founded by her and note how the brave, tranquil spirit, strengthened from above, went on despite obstacles and difficulties, will not assign her a place among the morbid temperaments.

In near intimacies, we are ninety-nine times disappointed in our beggarly selves for once that we are disappointed in our friend; that it is we who seem most frequently undervalued and that it is by our friends' conduct that we are continually rebuked and yet strengthened for a fresh endeavor.—Robert Louis Stevenson.

God's words are always words of love, no matter whether they be words of promise or of warning.

BISHOP FALLON IN ROME

RECEPTION OF THE M'GRANE TOURISTS—HIS LORDSHIP PRESENTS AN ADDRESS TO THE HOLY FATHER

From Rome, 26th July

The third pilgrimage of the year touting under the auspices of Comm. McGrane arrived in Rome on Saturday evening last. Numbering sixty-five it is under the spiritual direction of Mgr. Fallon, Bishop of London, Ont., and includes, besides several American priests, the Revs. M. J. Brady, P. McCabe, and D. J. Downey from His Lordship's own diocese, the latter acting as his Secretary while in Rome. Introduced by Mgr. O'Hearn, Vice-Rector of the American College, Bishop Fallon and the pilgrims were received in audience in the Consistorial Hall on Wednesday morning. His Lordship's address to the Holy Father ran as follows:

"Holiness: It was written that love will not bear chains of iron or of gold and that it knows no limits either of time or space. As we left the shores of Canada and the United States, one thought, one heart-beat moved us; the thought of seeing Your Holiness, the heart-beat of devotion to the threshold of Peter. Holiness, it is not only the children of the cities of Europe who kneel at your sign, weep and rejoice at your tears or your smile—far off, amid the sweet virgin gardens of the new land, in the busy cities of the new world, where Slav and Syrian mingle with Anglo-Saxon and Latin in heart and mind and tongue, there too, in the whirl of life, thought and trade, are hearts that beat for you, minds that think with yours. How great the joy of a pilgrim in placing foot on this land whose every yard is to the traveller a record of a hero, a genius, a martyr; how great in front of the eloquent records of this city, Imperial, Byzantine, modern, the indescribable foot-steps traced by sword and art in an undying harmony. But how immeasurably greater the joy of the pilgrim before the Successor of Peter, living and imperishable monument of the Fisherman of Galilee! How to describe our joy, the affection that moves us, Your children! Holiness, it is to show this affection that we have come to Your feet from far off shores. In front of the civil world, scrutinising and observant, amid the whirl of modern thought, we, humble children of that Holy Church that You represent, have come, too, to celebrate the famous Edict of Constantine, which sixteen centuries ago gave peace and liberty to the bark of Peter, then harried by tempest, raised above paganism and the innumerable passions of the interests of the world. We have come to declare our living faith in Christ, the close bond which unites us to the successor of Peter, to congratulate Your Holiness on restored health, to thank God Who has deigned to leave to the love of Your children Your Vicar on earth. In this year of Jubilee, in which You are receiving the homage of all Your devoted children, in this year of joy and pardon, with the ardent homage of Your other children, receive, too, ours. It comes from humble hearts; it tells You of our devotion to the Faith. Accept it, Holy Father, as a sweet virgin flower from the fields and forests of the new land; bind it with the others offered You; make of them a mystic wreath, and offer it to the Heart of Him in Whose name You speak and act. Accept it, and grant me, the last of Your devoted children, Your blessing; and may that strengthen ever more the attachment of our hearts and minds to You and to Our Saviour of Nazareth."

His Holiness in reply thanked the Bishop for his address. He thanked too, the pilgrims for coming so far, to see the visible Head of the Church on earth; He hoped that Christ the invisible Head would bless them for it. He granted the spiritual favors the Bishop asked for them; the Apostolic blessing for those present and for their relatives and dearest at home; permission for the priests to give the Apostolic Blessing once; he blessed all the religious objects they had brought with them, specially indicating the Brigantine Indulgence for the Rosaries, Plenary Indulgence for the Crucifixes in the hour of death for the Crucifixes.

After Mgr. Fallon had translated for the pilgrims the Holy Father's address which was spoken in Latin, His Holiness imparted the Apostolic Benediction.

After leaving the Consistorial Hall the pilgrims visited His Eminence the Cardinal Secretary of State. Introducing them to His Eminence Bishop Fallon said he wished to present a pilgrimage of Catholics of the United States and Canada who had just come from the august presence of the Vicar of Jesus Christ and had been strengthened there in their faith and attachment of the Holy See by the Apostolic Benediction imparted by His Holiness. He thought it only fitting that they should present their homage to His Eminence the Cardinal Secretary of State, so closely united to the Holy Father in the administration of the affairs of the Church. Those who came from Canada remembered with

the deepest affection His Eminence's presence and work in their country; his name was a household word in every Catholic home on the great American continent. They humbly asked His Eminence's blessing that their lives might be actuated by some small portion of his wonderful devotion to the Holy Father.

Replying, His Eminence said that for them who had just come from the presence of the Holy Father himself, his blessing could be but a small thing. He was very glad indeed to receive pilgrims from the United States and Canada who had come to present their homage to the Holy Father. He himself had always retained the deepest love for Canada and all Catholics in it nor could anything diminish his affection for the Catholics of the United States. Of one thing they had spoken with absolute accuracy and the deepest truth—his entire devotion to the Holy Father. For that reason it gave him great joy to grant his blessing in the sense in which their Bishop had asked it.

Before leaving Bishop Fallon presented the pilgrims individually to His Eminence who gave his kindly greeting to each.

FOREIGN MISSIONS

ATTACKED BY VANDALS.—Some of our Chinese missionaries have suffered much at the hands of the vicious rebels. Father Sebastiano Ceccherelli, O. M., is one of these.

He writes that it would be impossible to describe the barbarities committed by these vandals in his district. Armed with guns and swords they went from house to house, sacking and killing all who offered opposition. Those who were not killed were imprisoned; those who attempted to escape by flight were pursued and mutilated.

"Towards the women," he continues, "they behaved like wild beasts. Earrings were snatched from their ears, bracelets from their wrists. A young girl of eighteen years, the wife of the defeated general, and a convert, is said to have been seized and killed after a most cruel torture. Father Ceccherelli incurred the wrath of the rebels because of his friendship with one of the generals of the opposing party. About thirty of them broke into his house and one fired a shot that just grazed his forehead. His coolness quelled them and they were bidden by their leader to desist from any further attack. However, they continue to spy upon him and surround his house with a guard that they may know just what goes on.

Meanwhile he finds himself in a deplorable condition. The bank where he kept his money was sacked and he has therefore lost everything. Besides this his Christians turn to him for aid in this, the hour of their misfortune, and he is unable to relieve them.

"In our Lord's name," he writes, "see if you can help me a little. This mission, fifteen days ago so flourishing, is fallen into a most deplorable misery. But we must be brave and remember that the Lord's trials are meant to purify and not to destroy. However, we can do very little to repair our misfortunes unless some one comes to our aid with material assistance."

NEW CHINESE PAPER.—Our attention has been called by Father Morel, a missionary in Northern China, to the publication of a Chinese Catholic weekly known as "Kwang-loo" (The Public Good). In the beginning it was a modest little paper with about one hundred subscribers, for according to the intention of its founder, it was merely an organ for the Propagators of the Faith, a local association in the district of Tientsin. Now, fourteen months since its foundation it has more than one thousand eight hundred subscribers in the forty-eight vicariates of China and even in foreign lands—Italy, Holland and India.

"We do not enter into religious controversy with Protestants or heathens," writes Father Morel, "nor do we devote our pages to political matters, save a short summary in our supplement. We seek only Catholic interests, giving the important news items of all Christendom. Before we knew of the Pilot we had little news from Catholic America, but now we have plenty, and I assure you it is of great interest to our Chinese Catholics who look to America for all things."

"You must know how difficult it is to found and sustain a paper, even in your own country. Then think what it means to us here in China where we have nothing but our intellectual resources. We would appreciate any assistance no matter how small. Perhaps some Chinese Americans could be found who would like to subscribe to our paper. The subscription price is \$1.00 per year."

NATIVES BEG FOR MISSIONARIES.—Bishop Biermans, of Africa, recently took a trip through the outlying districts of his province. It was a six weeks' tramp through a very dangerous country. The native boy who accompanied him, on his return home had much to tell the Sisters concerning the trip. "O, Sister,

it was a very bad country. There were no bananas and the people went about with spears and arrows in their hands. We had to stay in huts which were not like our nice clean ones but dirty and bad smelling."

The Bishop, however, was very happy to find that in some of the places visited the natives are very anxious to have missionaries come and teach them. The chiefs begged him to send them permanent missionaries, and altogether the fields in this part of the Lord's vineyard are white for the harvest.—Sacred Heart Review.

INFLUENCE OF THE MADONNA

To the common Protestant mind the dignities ascribed to the Madonna have been always a violent offense; they are one of the parts of the Catholic faith which are opened to reasonable dispute, and least comprehensible by the average realistic and materialistic temper of the reformation. But, after the most careful examination, neither as adversary nor as friend, of the influences of Catholicism for good and evil, I am persuaded that the worship of the Madonna has been one of the noblest and most vital graces, and has never been otherwise than productive of true holiness of life and purity of character. There has probably not been an innocent cottage home throughout the length and breadth of Europe during the whole period of vital Christianity in which the imagined presence of the Madonna has not given sanctity to the humblest duties and comfort to the sorest trials of the lives of women; and every brightest and loftiest achievement of the arts and letters of manhood has been the fulfillment of the assured prophecy of the poor Israelite maiden, "He that is mighty hath magnified me, and holy is His name."—Ruskin.

THE SWISS GUARD STORIES

For the last week we have been reading in the Roman papers the most extraordinary accounts of what the Swiss Guards at the Vatican have been doing and not been doing. If they had been literally true, a timid person might really have hesitated before approaching the bronze doors. And—again on that supposition—one hoped that this unprecedented "mutiny" would have no adverse effects on the Holy Father's health, now so magnificently re-established. But it required no expert knowledge of the Liberal Press of Rome to be sure that such reports contained a great deal of imagination built on a small foundation of fact, and the exact extent of the fact we now learn from the *Osservatore* of last evening. This is what the Vatican paper has to tell us: "Something which, though in itself deplorable, is not of such gravity as might appear, has occurred in the Pontifical Swiss Guard. On Thursday, the 17th, twenty-one of the Guard who should have gone on duty refused to take up their positions unless satisfaction was given them by the removal of Captain Glession. This officer, being present, and being taken by surprise, did not get a proper grip of the situation, and instead of issuing his orders or calling his superior, Major Glanzmann, argued with the men. The argument was heated until a sergeant who is on leave in Switzerland, was at once recalled, and Captain Glession who is not, as some papers have said, his nephew, was provisionally retired. Colonel Repond, arrived in Rome this morning, and at once enquired into the facts. He found that Captain Glession has no longer the personal authority necessary for his position, especially after the damage caused to his prestige by the events of the 17th. He will be asked to hand in his resignation. The position of the Swiss Guard requires that its officers should be possessed of a degree of authority which is more than is usually necessary; that is the reason why it is impossible for Captain Glession to remain at his post, in spite of the notable services he has rendered in the training of the corps. As soon as the degree of personal responsibility of the men has been established, they will be punished. It is to be noted that they are almost exclusively late recruits, unaccustomed to military life, and desirous of introducing into it the customs of the strike and of free discussion prevalent in civil life. The greater part of them do not seem to have any idea of the gravity of their conduct. For the rest, complete order has been re-established since last Thursday in the ranks of the Swiss Guard, but it will not be possible to form a complete judgment of the event for some days yet. What is quite certain is that military discipline will be maintained at all cost in the ranks, and that such as do not wish to wish to submit to it will be eliminated."

The necessity of military discipline among the Swiss Guard has come to be realized, particularly during the last year or two. It is necessary that the Pontiff, being a Sovereign, should have a force round him suffi-

cient for his needs, and in these days it is necessary that that force, small as it is, should be trained to be able to act if need arise. The Person of the Pontiff is sacred; the Giordano Bruno Society the worst and most violent anti-clericals in Italy, are established almost within a stone's throw of the Holy Father's windows; their "Down with the Vatican" aims are stated in public meetings, and it was in the power of the Italian Government to prevent this—it is for instance, an obvious infraction of the Law to Guarantees. Nor has the Government done this—it is for the insult of the body of Pius IX, which the Government did not prevent, being forgotten. Many an ordinary Italian, and European citizen has a revolver handy these days for the protection of himself and his property. Therefore Colonel Repond is determined that those whose business it is to stand guard over the Person of the Sovereign Pontiff shall be put in a position, through drill, discipline and proper arms, to do so effectively. It seems that some recruits have come to Rome with a very up-to-date conception of what "duty" means. And the Vatican having no need for such, they will go back to the places from whence they came.—Roman Letter of Tablet.

FATHER FRASER'S MISSION

On March 1st the editor of Notes and Comments gave a summary of an interesting letter from Father John M. Fraser, the Canadian missionary to China.

There are but 2,000,000 Catholic Chinese in a population of 400,000,000. The recent mighty revolution has broken down the old superstitions and prejudices, and now the fields are white with the harvest.

Catholics of Canada have the opportunity and privilege of sharing in the great work of the conversion of China by helping spiritually and financially their fellow-Canadian, Father Fraser, whose missionary work has been signally blessed by God.

The CATHOLIC RECORD gladly accedes to the request to receive subscriptions, which will be duly acknowledged and forwarded to Father Fraser.

Here is an opportunity to discharge the duty of aims giving, participate in a great spiritual work of mercy, and help to bring the Light of the Gospel of Jesus Christ to those who sit in darkness and the shadow of death. Do it now, in the name of God.

REMITTANCES

Previously acknowledged.....	\$1,659 25
A Friend, Bowmanville.....	1 00
D. J. Byrne, Montreal.....	10 00
Patients Woman's Ward	
Lazaretto, Tracadie, N. B.	5 00
Mrs. J. Wells, Grimsby.....	1 00
M. E. Donovan, Crystal City	1 00
Geo. Hammond, Hamiota.....	1 00
A Friend, Roseland.....	10 00
Anthony Cobus, Renfrew.....	1 00
A. Enright, Toronto.....	2 50
Rose Marie, Ottawa.....	5 00
A Friend, North Sydney.....	1 00
Alfred Diebolt, Morse, Sask.	5 00
Tessie Carson, Thessalon.....	1 00

REMITTANCES TO FATHER FRASER

By cheque April 25, 1913.....	\$780 00
May 15, 1913	
(Special).....	5 00
July 11, 1913.....	736 70

ANOTHER LETTER FROM FATHER FRASER

We have received the following letter from Rev. John M. Fraser, Missionary to China, acknowledging a special donation of \$5.00.

Catholic Mission,
Taichowfu, China.
June 30, 1913.

Dear Mr. Coffey.—Yesterday I said High Mass in honor of St. Ann as requested by a reader of the CATHOLIC RECORD of Penetanguishene, Ont. Will you please thank her for the \$5.00 she sent. The good intention this kind person expresses of sending me pecuniary aid is indeed encouraging. Every friend I make gives me new strength to go one step further into the wilderness of paganism. You will be glad to hear I have begun to build a first Catholic Church in the Tientai, one of my parishes. I have three cities and a thousand towns and villages in my parish. I am exceedingly grateful to you and your generous readers.

J. M. FRASER.

HIGHER CRITICISM

Higher criticism is now getting in its deadly work. After our separated brethren had taken the Bible as the only rule of faith they began to tear it to pieces, each one according as humor was upon him. After they had satisfied themselves as to the nature of the book along came the higher criticism and taught them how to examine it "scientifically."

At the meeting of Methodist ministers in New York a week or two ago, it was the cause of bitter dispute among the members of the assembly. The New York Sun reports that Bishop Thomas B. Neely defended the Bible at this meeting, and Rev. Dr. George F. Main attacked Bishop Neely for so doing.

CATHOLIC NOTES

According to statistics cited by a correspondent of the Lamp, one-half of the population of the Island of Malta receive Holy Communion every day of the year.

Rev. Alexander Thompson Grant, former Episcopal chaplain at Wemyss Castle, Fife, England, was received into the Church at Dunbar, England, by Father Long.

In Italy, it is now unlawful for a military employee of the Government, to join a secret society such as the Masonic lodge, or to have any part or connection with such.

The diocese of Menevia, in Wales, is ancient, dating from the middle sixth century. The magnificent Cathedral was formerly Catholic. It contains the tomb of St. David. The restored diocese is rich in relics of the Ages of Faith.

A new council of the Knights of Columbus was instituted on Sunday, July 6, at Asheville, N. C., and among the sixty-five charter members received into the new council were the Right Rev. Bishop Haid, Vicar Apostolic of North Carolina.

In Madrid, Spain, in a church in which was a crucifix containing a relic of the True Cross, six thousand workmen recently spent two hours before it in veneration. Ten thousand children also paid homage to this venerated relic.

In Switzerland, the Catholic population is 1,590,792. Of this number 52,777 belong to the Volksvereine (Catholic Union) and reside in 181 places. The Catholic Women's Union numbers 40,328 members in 20 different towns.

Recently there has been established a Catholic mission for the Japanese colony in Vancouver, B. C. This work was made possible by the zeal and charity of a Miss O'Melia, a convert to the Church, who for several years has devoted herself to the instruction of the Japanese.

Rev. John Janssen, P. D., first Bishop of the Diocese of Belleville, Ill., died July 2, aged 78 years, after an illness which dated from April 24 last, the day before he had arranged to celebrate the twenty-fifth anniversary of his consecration.

Under the Church of St. Paul at the Tre Fontane, Rome, is the actual tomb of St. Paul the Apostle. On one of its marble slabs is engraved rudely the words: Paulo Apostolo Mart.—Paul the Apost. Martyr.

The Knights of Columbus have very nearly completed the \$500,000 endowment the order started to raise for the Catholic University in Washington. Only \$5,000 remains of the amount required, and that will be secured before the supreme convention of the order in this city is ended.

The New World of Chicago tells us that Miss Melva Beatrice Wilson, sometimes called "America's foremost woman sculptor," has become a nun. The young woman went to New York from the Middle West a decade ago, and attained a success that was almost sensational. Miss Wilson is a daughter of the late Judge John Lafayette Wilson of Ohio, and is a convert from Episcopalianism.

At present it costs the Archdiocese of Paris about \$40,000 a year to pay the salaries or wages of its Catholic teachers; the Diocese of Angers, \$200,000; the Diocese of Cambrai, \$325,000. Catholics in France are making heroic efforts for their schools.

The tyranny of the revolutionary Government of Portugal is producing a marked renewal of religious faith and practices, as in France. In Oporto and its neighborhood the conferences of St. Vincent de Paul have been doubled. The Communions, especially of men, during the Easter season were, it is said never equaled in the memory of the people.

The "Association Catholique des Chefs de Famille," organized to combat the secularization of French schools, is increasing rapidly in strength. At the time of the first congress, held last year in Paris, fifteen dioceses only belonged to the association; thirty-eight now adhere, and it counts fifty thousand heads of families.

After a long struggle, the German Jesuits, exiled from their own country but settled in Tokio, have obtained the authorization to open a university. Minister of Public Instruction Hasabu has sent to Father Dahmann the solicited authorization with the intimation that the official name of the university will be "Jochi Daikou," or "High School of Wisdom."

Emily Hickey, the convert daughter of the Protestant rector of Mackinac Castle, Emmisconth, County Wexford, has been decorated by the Pope with the gold cross Pro Ecclesia et Pontifice. Her grandfather had also been a Protestant parson. She became a Catholic seven years ago and has since then devoted herself to social and philanthropic work. Her book, entitled "Thoughts of Creedless Women," has attracted many to the Church. She holds Cambridge University first class honors.

PRETTY MISS NEVILLE

BY B. M. CROKER

CHAPTER XIX

PRETTY MISS NEVILLE IS ENGAGED AT LAST

"Be wise to-day, 'tis madness to defer,"—Young Nora repeated, somewhat abashed by the undignified amazement reflected in my ever-tall-tale face. "Surely you have known my feelings this long time? Make me happy; say you will be my wife."

"Impossible," I answered, blushing furiously.

"And why impossible?" eagerly.

"I thought you only cared for me as a friend?"

"A friend? Pah! I fell in love with you across the dinner-table the first night I ever saw you! There is no such thing as friendship between a man like me and a girl like you; it must be love or nothing."

"But you said you were my friend," I persisted.

"Yes, very true; friendship is the beginning of love, the outworks of the citadel. And now, Nora, tell me, my dear little girl—do you care about me—do you love me?"

"No, I do not; no, certainly I do not," I replied, with great resolution and flaming cheeks.

"But you like me," he answered, unabashed. "Your auntie told me that I might—hope. I have her best wishes in the matter. Nora, surely you will listen to me; with even liking I will be content to commence with."

"I—do like you—I like you very much—better than any other man except uncle—but I do not love you," I stammered.

"If you love no other man, that is enough for me; you are sure there is no one you care about?" he asked in a calm, judicial manner.

"No one," I answered, firmly.

"Then you will marry me, Nora—liking will soon ripen into love," he urged, in a tone of subtle persuasiveness.

"But I do not want to marry any one," I replied with a wee-gone face, and on the very brink of tears. Surely no one would guess from my face and attitude that a heart and coronet were figuratively at my feet!

"Oh, come now, you know that all nonsense! Some day you will marry, as a matter of course. Shall I give you a day to think of it, Nora? Shall I come for my answer to-morrow?" said Major Percival, standing right before me, with an air of resolution, and an inflection in his voice that told me he was a determined man, and one not to be denied.

"Very well," I faltered, eagerly grasping at the proffered delay.

"You can talk it over with your aunt" (oh, crafty Major Percival!), "and this time to-morrow you will give me your answer. I am not anxious I will be nor how I shall be counting the minutes till I know my fate. May I walk home with you now?"

"No, not on any account!" I answered, pettishly. "I see uncle coming this way," casting my eye discarded fern among the bushes. "I will go with him; I want to be alone, and to think. You have taken me so much by surprise."

"I kept my word; I thought a great deal. I lay awake for hours, revolving the matter in my mind. Major Percival was much older than I was, and I did not love him; but many marriages were exceedingly happy, despite disparity of years, and I asked myself, over and over again, could I love any one? Was I not, although hot-tempered and impulsive in everyday matters, of a really cold and undemonstrative disposition? It was a magnificent match. Auntie's heart was set upon it. She had talked to me eloquently for hours before I went to bed, and discussed Major Percival's character, his position, and his prospects of happiness, and had summed up; and, in her opinion, the verdict should be, Yes.

"Think, my darling girl, if anything were to happen to us, how alone in the world you would be, without any near relatives, without any man of your own kind and kin, to take care of you and look after you."

I thought of Maurice, and became crimson.

"After all, I made up my mind to say 'Yes' and 'Yes' I did breathe in Major Percival's rapturous ear when he came to hear his fate, that lovely April afternoon, in our dim, jasmine-scented drawing-room. But—there were conditions.

"I have some stipulations to make, Major Percival," I said, as he took me by both hands, and drew me toward him.

"Anything, everything, to the half of my kingdom," he exclaimed gayly.

"The first is, that our engagement remains unknown to any, save our immediate relations, for the next six months—in case we should change our minds."

"I agree. I shall be in England all the time," he answered cordially.

"But my mind can know no change."

"At the end of that time, you can come and see us at Mulka-pore, and the matter may be made public; but I shall not marry you for at least a year."

"I agree to that also—though I think it is rather hard lines."

"And the third is—" becoming

crimson, and breaking down altogether.

"Is—that? Something easier than the last, I hope."

"Do not think me very foolish, or be very angry with me; but I have a nervous horror—of—of—(making a superhuman effort and bringing out my words with a gasp)—of any man kissing me."

"But I am different," returned Major Percival, boldly putting his arm around my waist.

"No, no, you are not," I answered, scarlet and trembling. "If I thought you would—I should dread every time I saw you."

Major Percival's sole answer was to put his hand under my chin, turn my face towards his, and, before I could move, without a word of warning, the dreaded kiss had become a hateful fact. It was (speedless to march) the first time a man had ever laid his lips on mine. I struggled, I shuddered, I tore myself from his arms, and casting myself down on a couch, buried my face in the cushions, and burst into a storm of tears—tears of shame and terror. I wept and sobbed so long and so bitterly that my betrothed was beside himself with amazement and consternation.

He came and sat by me, smoothed down my rumpled auburn locks, and overcame me with fond epithets and endearments, and vague apologies; but I was deaf as the traditional adder to all his caresses; and he was almost at his wits' end.

"If I never kiss you again without your leave, Nora, will you be satisfied?" he asked at length, in a low voice; "never again without your permission?"

"Promise," I repeated, raising my tear-stained face and sitting upright, but averting my eyes.

"I give you my word of honor," placing his hand in mine. There was a long pause. At length my sobs ceased, and Percival broke the silence.

"You little goose," he said, reproachfully; "well, I give in. I know I am a great fool for my pains; but I agree to all the conditions. And now, Nora (looking at me with the air of a triumphant proprietor)—now you and I are engaged to be married."

"Yes," I answered, with a watery smile.

"Here is your ring," producing a little velvet case. "I bought it on my chance," he added apologetically, displaying a splendid sapphire and diamond marquise ring, and placing it on the third finger of my left hand.

"But I do not wish to wear it yet; we are to do nothing—nothing decided—for six months," I answered hastily.

"Oh, you have given me your word; and now there is no going back. You belong to me," he replied, firmly.

"You don't know how my first time with you, Nora, felt, the very first time you saw you; that you were just the style of girl that I would like to make my wife. You are so aristocratic-looking; your lovely face would adorn the highest position; your manners are so natural and so fascinating; and yet there is a tinge of hauteur about my little Nora that will sit very well on Mrs. Hastings Percival," he concluded complacently.

The few days intervening before the morning of Major Percival's departure he spent almost entirely in the garden together, and did a considerable amount of talking together; but there was no more kissing. My fiancé was evidently well pleased with his betrothed, and I felt it quite possible that we would be a very happy couple. My future husband—how odd it sounded—was clever, gentlemanly, much sought after, and evidently very much in love with me.

I had but little sentiment in my composition, and no scenes of hysterical smothered sobs, or wild protestations need be expected from me when the wrench of parting came. I was sorry—moderately sorry—I was really surprised and ashamed within myself that I did not feel the leaving more acutely. I saw my lover whirled away in a Madras Carrying Company's carriage, while I stood at our gate waving my handkerchief with tearful eyes. It was not proper, it was not natural, I am of an iron heart as granite," I said to myself reproachfully, as I turned away and walked slowly toward the house.

A few days later I likewise went down from Ooty, an engaged young lady, in the charge of a very complacent chaperon. During the long down-hill drive, thirty-four miles, I had ample time for reflection, and by the time we had changed horses at Kular I had thoroughly and minutely reviewed my career during the past three months, and came to the conclusion that, on the whole, I liked Major Percival as well as I could possibly like anybody; and that I was—as auntie said—an extremely fortunate girl.

True, uncle could not endure him, but that was mere narrow-minded prejudice. He declared that "Major Percival could not hit a flying haystack, nor ride a dhoty's donkey! The fellow is too old; he is a dandy," he added, "and not the sort of husband I would choose for my little Nora."

"I suppose if she is satisfied, that's the main thing," said auntie, pointedly.

"Oh, of course, of course; but, all I can say is, that there's no accounting for tastes," he retorted, as he once more subsided behind the Pioneer newspaper.

It was a cruel trial to auntie that the engagement was to be kept quiet, and not immediately blazoned forth. But I was firm. I had Major Percival's consent, and that was sufficient, and the matter was to be

buried in silence for the present.

"And why?" asked auntie, irritably.

"Because I wish for a whole six months' freedom before I am branded as that public curiosity, an engaged young lady—who is to have no more social cakes and ale, and is supposed to care for nothing but love-letters and the moon!"

The day following our return Mrs. Fox (who had preceded us to the plains) came stepping over the wall connecting our compounds, thirsting for news, but news there was none! There was evidently no engagement; Major Percival's name was not even mentioned in the course of conversation; and as I looked fagged and haggard (after our long journey), she immediately leaped to the well-known conclusion that I had been very badly treated. She veiled her condolences but secretly, talked in a general way of unprincipled male flirts engaging girl's affections (gazing impressively at me with an air of grievous interest), and then leaving them the lurch!

"Dear, Mrs. Neville," she said, pressing auntie's hand, as she was leaving, and looking into her face with deep compassion. I know what it is; I can feel for you sincerely. You remember that terrible business of our Mossy's and the unparadised way Major Walker—"

"Really, Mrs. Fox," interrupted auntie, coloring and drawing herself up; "I am at a loss to understand you; there is no occasion for your sympathy, I am happy to tell you."

"Oh, of course, of course; keep it as quiet as possible!" returned the irrepressible matron, nodding her head with indescribable significance, and backing toward the door. "But indeed I feel for you, although you will not trust an old neighbor like me." So saying, she hastily departed, in a high state of jubilation; and before auntie could recover her tongue, or her presence of mind, our compassionate visitor was already over the adjoining wall and back in her own domain.

"It is too bad, really quite too bad! I shall tell her of your engagement, Nora," said auntie, pacing the room in great excitement; "such commiseration is not to be tolerated."

"No, no!" I exclaimed eagerly. Remember your promise; and if you tell her, you must say as well as announce it in the Mulka-pore Herald. I'm sure I don't mind; I think it is a capital joke."

"A joke?" echoed auntie. "Well, I fail to see the point of it. Now here comes Mrs. St. Ubes," as a close carriage drove under the porch.

"Look here, Nora," said auntie decisively, "I shall certainly tell her. She is a friend of Major Percival's, and she ought to know; and she shall, giving her cap a tug to emphasize the fact."

I had no time to remonstrate; Mrs. St. Ubes was already sailing languidly into the room, an elegant vision of cream surah and crimson. She, too, came to condole; and was possessed with an insensate craving for "hill news;" having also preceded us to the plains.

After a little desultory talk about our journey, the heat, the dust, the people who were still at Ooty, and the weddings that were, and were not coming off, she casually inquired for Major Percival.

"He did not leave his heart behind him, at any rate. He is a shocking flirt, I can tell you, Miss Neville, and never means anything; as no doubt you know. But he is quite too charming, he is not?" she remarked to me in her most pointed manner.

I did not know exactly what to reply.

"He is one of those gay cavaliers who love, and then ride away, and ha! I hope you kept a tight hold of your heart?" she proceeded, with an air of would-be graceful badinage.

Auntie now came into action, and in spite of my nods and signs, speedily declared the real state of affairs.

A stare of the rudest incredulity was the only answer she received to her announcement for nearly sixty seconds. Evidently, it was not agreeable intelligence to our fair visitor. She became very red, then very white. At length she found words, and asked, with a lolling hysterical laugh, "Are you in earnest, Mrs. Neville?"

Auntie replied in a tone that must have carried conviction to the most disbelieving.

"Then it is really all settled," returned Mrs. St. Ubes, who had now recovered her usual color and her presence of mind. "All settled," she reiterated, eying me with a look of deadly import.

"Yes, quite settled," replied auntie, almost humble in her triumph.

"Well, it is certainly a magnificent match for your niece," observed Mrs. St. Ubes, in a tone that King Cophetua's relations might have used when speaking among themselves of his betrothal.

"You must feel yourself of some importance now, Miss Nora," turning to me; "may your former acquaintances presume to touch the hem of your garment?"

"It is not to be known to any one in the place," I answered composedly.

"But knowing you were such a friend of Major Percival's," interrupted auntie, "I thought you ought to be let into the secret, as I was certain that you would be pleased to hear of Nora's good fortune." Oh, simple-minded, single-hearted auntie!

Mrs. St. Ubes glared at her hostess during this most unfortunate speech.

If her face was any index to her feelings, her pleasure was imperceptible to the naked eye; to tell the

truth, she was in a highly volcanic state—a condition the laws of good-breeding, and a colossal outlay of self-command, alone enabled her to restrain. Turning to me with a forced smile, she said:

"Well, I hope you will be happy," in a tone of voice that expressed the gravest doubt. "You may rely on me. Your little story shall not go any further," rising. She threw vast emphasis into the word story, and accompanied the thrust with a look baffling all description. "I suppose we shall see you at the band this evening, Mrs. Neville?" she said, kissing auntie with an appearance of almost filial affection; and patting me on the shoulder, with an air of negligent patronage, she marched off, drums beating, colors flying, and, in fact, with all the credit of a honorable retreat.

Major Percival had no associations in my mind connected with Mulka-pore; and at times I could scarcely believe that I was engaged to him. My weekly letter and auntie's occasional remarks alone reminded me of the fact. I liked him. Yes, I liked him very much indeed. I was proud of having been singled out by so intellectual and popular a man; but I was not one atom in love. They say that "absence makes the heart grow fonder," but time and distance had had no effect upon mine. The fact was, I could not be "in love" with any one; it was not my nature, I told myself over and over again. The love of which I read in novels was simply as unintelligible to me as one of the dead languages. Different people had different dispositions, I told myself; and although I was impulsive and readily carried away by anger, grief or joy, I was really and truly of a cool, unimpassioned character. My surroundings as a child had withered up my tenderest sensibilities. I had had neither father, mother, sister, nor brother, and the affection I would have gladly bestowed on grand-father or Miss Fluker had been to a great extent returned on my hands. So I had grown up a hardened little creature—not that I was this by nature—but simply because no one cared two straws whether I loved them or not. Now that I had some scope for my feelings they were not readily forthcoming. If I had been asked whom I cared for most in all the world—on my word of honor I would have said auntie first, and then, perhaps, Major Percival; but even of this I was not very sure.

TO BE CONTINUED

THE MISTRESS OF WIRIBIRRI

Ellen M. O'Sullivan in "The Southern Cross"

It was late afternoon on an early December day, and the giant gums threw long shadows over the Wirribirri homestead and over the big dam at the garden's foot, darkening the delicate green of the willows that tenderly kissed its cooling surface. The magpies had awakened from their afternoon nap and were filling the air with rippling music.

The master of Wirribirri was lying on a cane lounge on the cool southern veranda, nursing his left knee, which in the fall he had had a couple of weeks previously while schooling a new hunter over some rather stiff fences. The necessity of careful inactivity at first palled almost unbearably, and it required all Mrs. Moyle's—his housekeeper—most earnest persuasion to keep him in bed for one week and the threat of Shane O'Shane, his right-hand man and the counsellor of his whole lifetime.

"Put one foot out, Master Kevin," he had said, as sure as the sun rises to-morrow I'll leave you for good and all and go gardening for old Brown at 'Letherton.' So there's for you now, my boy—you do it and I'll do it." So he had consented, and was at length moved out to the veranda, where he lay dreaming on this bright December day. The dream was one that had haunted him for the last five years, and it gave him exquisite pain and pleasure—pleasure because of the unspoken beauty and lovable ways of the girl who came to him in it and pain because of its utter intangibility.

The crunching of a horse's hoofs on the gravel of the drive brought him back to the everyday world around him as Shane rode up with the mail bag swinging over his shoulder. He gave a long, low whistle, and a black boy came from where he had been enjoying a siesta under the big mulberry tree and took the long way. Shane slowly mounted the steps and came along to his master.

"Those confounded ewes will have to be sold, Master Kevin," he said. "I met two of the boys out at the two-mile gate with their now. They found the lucerne flats last week and they've lived there since, and you might as well try to stop the tides from flowing as those sheep from going back there now."

"An' there's the mail, and a good big one it is, too." And he sorted out the letters and papers and laid them conveniently to his master's hand and threw himself into the deck chair opposite and surveyed the master with a look of tender solicitude.

"How does the knee feel to-day, laddie? You've got pale and thin. It's the lying still that's done it." And without waiting for a reply he went on: "Sure, every living soul in the township was after me to know how you were. The doctor said he'd run out some evening, and his wife said to tell you that she was coming, too,

and going to bring her sister. And a fine-looking girl she is, too," and Shane glanced out of his eye at his master's face, which was unperturbed as he answered slowly:

"It's very kind of her."

"Brown was in the township, too," Shane continued. "He was asking about you, and said to tell you he and the girls will ride over some day next week to see you. He sold two mobs of fats from 'Letherton'—didn't make much of them, either—and Father Lyons wanted to know every mortal thing about you, from your temper and your weight to what you eat and read, and he said to tell you that the new organ has come for the church, and as soon as you are able you're to go and try it. And you're to be the organist, and he won't have any parley about it. He has given his orders, and you're to obey. The only other fingers he'll allow on it are those of the mistress of Wirribirri, and if you'll provide her well and good. Meanwhile you're organist, and Mrs. Connor is quite frantic about it. Miss Kitty is home from the city wearing such a hat! Oh, Lor'! It is as big around as—as—as—that rose bed yonder, and there is quite a bushel of flowers cast about it; and they're both set on her being organist. But Father Lyons said nothing to the master or to me, and that's all about it."

"Father Lyons is absurd," said Kevin O'Neill impatiently. "Miss Connor or any of the Brown girls would make a much more competent organist than I, but because it happens that I presented the instrument he insists that no one else shall play it. I'll have to remonstrate with him."

"He hasn't said 'no one else' Master Kevin," said Shane cautiously. "He said one other night, and as he says to me, 'Shane, why doesn't that man marry? He should, you know; and there's many a nice girl who—'"

"Shane," said Kevin, sitting erect, "drop it. The world only holds one girl that I'd marry, and as I'm never likely to meet her again, that's an end to it."

He gave his knee a little twist that shivered him with pain and drove the moisture to his brow. Shane instantly had him in his arms, and laying him down again, gently straightened the injured knee.

"Ah, laddie, laddie, you shouldn't flare; you hurt yourself, you see. It's wholesome advice, and you know, lad, I've not known you from your babyhood, aye, and loved you, too, for nothing. I feel an interest in you, and I'm getting to be an old man; and when I have to meet your sweet little mother on the blessed shores of eternity I want to be able to tell her that I left her boy in good hands. The little mother said to me that very last night: 'Shane, take care of my wee lad, and see that there are always good hands to tend him,' and I promised her."

Kevin's strong, young right hand went out and clasped those of the old man, who for the last twenty-five years had served him and his so faithfully. He had come into his life when he was only a baby, when she had brought his gay, handsome young father home lifeless from where he had found him, crushed beneath his disabled horse, and he had been the young widow's right hand for the few years she lived after her husband's death. And then he had been father and mother to the orphaned boy, until he was able to take up the reins of management and drive for himself. Several times since the boy had grown up a spirit of unrest had taken possession of Shane, and many times he was on the point of setting out to "explore the world," as he termed it, but each time he hesitated and then settled in his little cottage on Wirribirri again and became interested in the doings of his young master. But the feeling had returned with renewed strength, because—there was a reason.

"I was thinking, Master Kevin," he said, when the sharp pain had passed, of getting out and having a good look over the face of the world before I have to leave it, but I'd wish to see you safe in good hands before I go."

Kevin's hand tightened on his. "Don't, Shane," he said shortly. "Don't, for it seems to me when a fellow goes far afield he stands greater chances of meeting troubles which, had he stayed at home, he would never have come in contact with. In fact, I found it so."

The old man shook his head. "My mind is made up, lad. I'm going to be a wanderer for the next year or two. And indeed I must. I'm getting old, and I've two duties to see to before I leave this old world, and one is to see you safe with good hands to tend you and the other is what's calling me out."

Kevin O'Neill carefully lit a cigarette and thoughtfully blew the blue rings of smoke heavenwards. Presently he spoke:

"Shane, I'll tell you a dream of mine. I've dreamed it every day and night for the last five years; dreamed it sleeping and waking, until at times it seems so real that I nearly cry aloud in my joy, and again it is only so utterly a dream that the pain is intolerable. Anyway, five years ago I've not breathed this to a living soul before, Shane—you remember I went travelling, and one August morning I found myself in an English village, and went looking around the little town. On the outskirts I came upon a little church. I went in, and I remember distinctly every detail—the old notched seats, the tall, narrow windows, the statue of our Lady, with a crudely blue

mantle, the perfume of a thousand white roses massed about her feet; the silver sanctuary lamp of exquisite workmanship, the Stations of the Cross, beautiful in the extreme, in frames that were hideous. Oh, and a hundred other things. I was telling my beads and enjoying the cool, when some one commenced playing the organ, softly and tenderly at first, a miracle of delicate melody, then swelling and rising until it was a perfect pean of glorious sound. It was only a common little instrument, I discovered afterwards; all the magic was in the player. Presently I ventured to look back, and just above the organ I could see a drooping white hat and the lower part of a girl's face, a dainty chin and an exquisite mouth. I turned to the altar again and drank of the melody that welled around me. The music ceased, and I followed the player out. She was a tall, graceful, white-clad figure. I had forgotten my name in the church and hurried back for it, and when I came on to the street again I was just in time to see her take an over-dressed young fop by the shoulder and seize a whip with which he had been beating a little dog, break it in two and throw it over the fence into a field, and taking the poor, bruised dog in her arms, carry it away with her. Late that afternoon I met her again on a country lane, and she was kneeling, binding the wound on a poor old tramp's foot and laughing with him and cheering him. It was then I spoke to her, offering my services. "Thanks so much," she said, in a voice that was peculiarly deep and musical. "I've just finished nicely now, but I'd be so glad if you'd help this poor old fellow back into the village. I'm going the other way, and my people will be anxious about me if I'm out late. Otherwise I go myself." She stood up beside me and looked at me with those sea-blue eyes that have haunted me ever since. Of course, I said I would. Indeed, I'd have done anything she might have asked me. She came back a little way, helping the old chap along, and when leaving she gave him her hand. "Cheer up, that the girl I saw for that brief while is the only girl I shall ever call wife. I close my eyes a thousand times a day and I can see her moving about Wirribirri. I can see the gleam of her red-gold hair down there among the roses. I meet the direct blue eyes and I see the rare, sweet face in the light and dark, and the music of her voice comes to me at will. I love her, Shane; she is my 'one woman,' my dream-wife, the mistress of Wirribirri and of me. That closes the matter, Shane, and we won't mention it again, please. You're going down to the cottage now?" Well, take those papers. You'll probably find something of interest in them, and I won't want them before to-morrow."

Shane O'Shane rose and, taking the papers with a soft word of thanks, went slowly down to his cottage, where Billy, his black boy, kept everything in the pink of dress perfection. He threw the papers on the table and himself into an easy chair—the master had seen that his chair left nothing to be desired—and, closing his eyes, went back into the past and saw many things, but chief among them was the tall, graceful figure of a woman, who smiled on him with a sweet, tender mouth and sea-blue eyes that held a world of love, and on whose shapely head a coil of masses of red-gold hair and in whose arms there nestled a little child. The night came down unheeded; the past held him securely, and it was only when Billy came in and lit his lamp that he recalled himself and with trembling hands took the paper that lay nearest and opened it and on looking down its columns read, at first uncomprehendingly, and then again and again the following:

Mr. and Mrs. John St. John have returned to Australia from abroad after an absence of twenty-five years, and taken up their residence at "St. Winifred's," at Mosman's Bay. They are accompanied by their two daughters.

"'Tis them; 'tis them," he said aloud. "Ah, dear Lord. After twenty-five years. Oh, my little girl, my little babe! I must, I must! Oh, surely I may just look upon you—just once—no more. I swear no more. 'Tis God's doing. Just when I'm about to search the whole world over, to just set eyes on you, He brings you here so close to me."

Then out of the night the past came leaping back again, and he lived through the most poignant anguish of his life, just as he had done one night twenty-five years before, and when the first faint rays of the morning came creeping into the room he aroused himself. He had a cold bath and some breakfast, meanwhile making his plans rapidly. He called the black boy.

"Billy, saddle Jess and bring her around for me quickly. I want to get into the township to catch the train."

The boy went for the horse, and Shane hastily wrote a note to the master, telling him he was going down to Sydney for a couple of days, but not giving any reason. It was the first time he had gone further

than the township since he had come to Wirribirri twenty-five years before. He gave the note to Billy.

"Take it to the homestead," he told the astonished boy, "at dinner time and gave it to the master. Mind the cottage, Billy, and I'll be back in a couple of days, please God." And, mounting his horse he rode away.

On the following morning, when the first rays of the sun were tipping the treetops with gold and burnishing the crest of every wave that broke across Sydney's harbor, an upper window of "St. Winifred's," at Mosman's, was thrown open, and the morning light glorified the girl that looked out, turning her red-gold hair into a halo and deepening the depths of the eyes that were as blue as the sea she looked out upon.

She drew a long deep breath and withdrew, and presently emerged from a lower door, swinging her bathing dress and towel, and ran lightly down through the grounds to the private bathing beach.

In about half an hour along the way she had gone came Shane O'Shane. With white, set face and cautious step he worked his way around to the back of the mansion and hesitated.

"Dear Mother of God," he breathed, "help me. Let me just see her and know if she is happy. I'll not break my word. I'll go there."

As he paused a door close to where he was standing opened and a woman came out—one of the servants early astir. He started and faced her, and she threw out her hands with a startled exclamation. "Shane O'Shane!" she gasped in a hoarse whisper. "Man, why have you come here—how dare you—what right have you?"

"The right of a father," he answered fiercely, fearing he was going to be deprived of the chance he had watched so long for.

"Shane," she said sorrowfully, "are you mad? Do you know what you are doing? What is it you want?"

"Not much, Alice—only the sight of my child, to know if she is happy and if they've stood fairly by her. Tell me if her, Alice; tell me, and I'll go without ever seeing her."

The woman looked at the white face and the quivering lips.

"There is much I would tell you, Shane. Come with me to my own parlor. There are none astir yet, or likely to be for some while, unless it's her. Come with me, though. Heaven knows what the master would say if he knew you had been under the roof."

He followed her silently into a dimly-lighted room. She closed the door and left the blinds undrawn, and motioned him to an easy chair.

"Sit there, Shane, and I'll tell you of her," and she drew her own chair close, and neither of them noticed a wet bathing dress and a towel thrown on a chair, or the girl who was on a couch on the further side of the room, her damp, red-gold hair falling in a shower over the end of the floor.

"Shane," said the woman softly, "were you wise to come?"

"I don't know, Alice; but when one doesn't count what is wise or foolish, or the cost of it. For twenty-five years my heart has called for its own and last night when I read that the St. Johns had returned to Australia I could stifle it no longer. If I could just look on her once and know she was happy, I could die content. But how could I face her mother—ah, how could I meet my wife and tell her that I knew nothing of the little girl she left me; that I gave the child of her own heart and blood to others; that her father was too cowardly to face the task alone? Oh, gracious heaven none know what I suffered that night! I was mad, I think, and ah! how often have I lived it over again. I was kneeling by my dead wife and my helpless babe was clasped in my arms, when Mr. St. John burst into the room."

"O' Shane," he said, "our baby is dead. Man, it will kill my wife when she knows. The doctors say she will never have another child, and this babe was all the world to her."

"I looked up to him. 'I wish God had taken my babe,' I said, 'and spared me Johanna.'"

"O' Shane," said he, "give me the child. We'll take her for our own. It will save my wife, and the child will be as our own. She'll never know what, and she'll have all that money can do for her."

"I got up and I put the child in his arms. 'Take her,' and thank God! And then he made me swear that I'd never attempt to become known to her; that I'd never, by word or act, make it known that she was not their own child; that I'd give her up, my little babe, body and soul, into their keeping for life, and I swore over the dead body of my Johanna, and I'm not going to break my word. I only want to look upon her and to know if she is happy. And sure, isn't God good to me to send you in my way, my girl and the daughter of the millionaire were one and the same. Tell me of her. Do they call her Johanna? That was her name, you know."

"No, Shane; they call her Joan. And they're good to her, and they're proud of her, and they love her for their own, though God did give them a daughter of their own since."

"What is my Joan like, Alice?" And the quivering face turned away.

"And the quivering face turned away." And the woman quietly rocked herself to and fro. "Ah, what can I say she is like?"

"Like Johanna, is she?"

"Yes, Shane surely; but oh, much more beautiful. She is like a May morning, and like a sweet wild flower. She is a queen. Her portrait hangs in many a gallery in the Old World. Her hair is like a shower of burnished copper, and her eyes are like the sun-lit sea. Her face is like the Madonna's, and her soul is like snow, avick; and her heart is gold—pure gold. I've seen her in satin and diamonds, the talk of the Old World cities. I've seen her carry a poor bruised dog home in her arms and tend it herself. I've seen her ride over fences and hedges where every other one feared to follow. I've seen her peerless among beauty and rank and I've seen her kneeling in poor cottages weeping with those who wept. She has all the world can give, avick, but I think there are times where his heart craves for something else. Her nature is different. Shane. There are times when I think she needs her father."

Shane sobbed softly, "Ah, my little girl, my little girl, I did it for the best. They have given you what I never could, and you don't know, and I'll suffer, my mother."

Out of the gloom rose the figure from the couch, the glory of hair falling about her shoulders; and coming straight to Shane, she knelt at his feet and put her arms about him and drew his white head down on her shoulder.

"Oh, my father, my father!" she cooed. "My poor, brave father. Your daughter has found you, and never again will you leave her. Oh, my own, my own! Kiss your little girl. We shall have our Christmas together, daddy. Where you go, I go, too. Wherever your home is, it is mine, too. Oh they were good and kind and loving, but they're not my own. I think my heart told me so at times, and he should not have tempted you then. Oh, I'm glad, I'm glad, my own father!"

Alice was wringing her hands and moaning.

"What will the master say, Alannah! Think before you act. They'll turn me off in my old age. Alannah; where did you come from? I thought you were in your bed."

"You dear old goose, they won't turn you off. They wouldn't lose their oldest and most valued servant for all the world; and if they do, why you can come to us. I went out early to bathe, and then came back here to wait until you would come along to get me a cup of tea. I had fallen asleep, and then your voices woke me, and then—I found my father. Get him some tea, like a dear soul, and then we'll go home. Where is home, father?" And she looked at him eagerly.

"Ah, sweetheart, it's a wee cottage on a station many good miles from anywhere, where we have a black boy to mind us and the best young master in the world."

She smiled and ran off, and then went slowly up the luxurious stairway to her own dainty room. She locked the door and in a storm of silent weeping threw herself on her knees before an "Ecce Homo."

"Oh my suffering God," she prayed, "give me strength. He is my father, and because he needs me my place is with him, be he rich or poor. Give me strength to do right." She dressed herself plainly, took a few necessities and then hastily wrote:

My Dears—May heaven bless you for all your loving goodness and kindness to me, and dears, forgive me for leaving you without a goodbye, but I dare not trust myself. The girl between us is a great one now, for I have found my own father—your old servant, Shane O'Shane—and my place is with him for he needs me. With my heart's love. Joan.

Billy's eyes goggled when they fell on the radiant vision that sat beside Shane when they drove up to the cottage in the gloaming, and as he took the horse away he walked backwards, gazing. The doctor's wife and her sister had been to him ideal, but this girl—he was amazed.

Shane gently drew his daughter into his little sitting-room.

Welcome home, my own brave child," he said brokenly. "It's not much I have to give you, but the jolly up love of my lonely, longing heart."

"Which is all in the world I ask, my father."

The low, thrilling voice brought the man who sat dreaming in Shane's easy chair to his feet with a bound that apprised him of the fact that he still had a very weak knee. He sank down quietly with a smothered groan.

"Shane, old man," he said, "I'm sorry I startled you, but I've been awfully anxious about you, so I came down to wait and see if you'd turn up. I gave my knee a little twist; it does take a while to strengthen."

"Master Kevin! Why, God bless you boy. Sit there and Billy will bring the light."

Billy brought the lamp along and revealed to Kevin O'Neill's waiting eyes his "one woman"—his dream girl.

He stayed at the cottage for tea and heard the whole of the story, and when Shane said: "Praise God for working it out in His own wonderful way," he answered a fervent "Amen."

There was some little trouble about the organist for a while.

"No," said Father Lyons: "no one else shall play it. It's either you Kevin, or the mistress of Wirribirri." And so there was no music in the little church, and the organ remained locked.

"How could I," Kevin told himself "go fumbling with my clumsy fingers while her magical ones are there?" But one joyous day he ran into the presbytery.

"Father," he exclaimed, "you are

going to have your organist and Wirribirri its mistress!"

Father Lyons extended both hands and beamed. "I'm glad, my boy, glad, who is it?"

Kevin's eyes dropped. "Why, Joan O'Shane," he said softly.

"Good! cried the genial priest. "Good! The grandest soul and the noblest heart I know. God bless the mistress of Wirribirri."

THE CROSS

Those who have observed that the spires of Protestant meeting houses that were built in the last century generally bear aloft a disastrously symbolical weather-vane, will understand "The Point of View" of a writer in the June Scribner's who asks:

"Hamlet said he was 'but mad north-north-west'; are we but religious north-north-west also, or east, as the wind of opinion may blow? It is unpleasantly suggestive of faith rationalized, faith that is a matter of changing thought, not of steady, heavenward-pointing hope founded on something more solid than the play of mere intellect. The old-fashioned Catholic Church does better, at least in the matter of the symbol on its spires; there shines the cross, against the blue of noon-day, or golden against gray gathering mists, and there is no gain-saying, no evading, its unchanging significance."

Nowadays, however, Protestants seldom build plain meeting houses surmounted by weather-vanes, but erect more often "churches" and even "cathedrals," which are adorned with far more crosses and graven images than can be found, as a rule, on the exteriors of our own temples of worship. But we should rejoice at this, for such edifices will require but few alterations to convert them some day into excellent Catholic churches.

A STORY OF PIUS IX

One day nearly ninety years ago a strange cortege was seen filing out of the gates of the Castle of St. Angelo in Rome. It had a funeral aspect. They were hooded brothers of a pious confraternity walking with a measured pace, and chanting in a mournful cadence. They were followed by a company of soldiers with fixed bayonets, who surrounded a cart draped in black. None of the hundreds who stopped on the bridge of St. Angelo to see the procession pass asked what it meant. The ominous black was but too eloquent. But many asked who was the criminal that stood up in the cart, his hands tied before him, and his shaggy head cast down in a sad and penitent manner. It was Gajetano the most notorious revolutionist plotter against the State, and outlaw of his time. He had just been convicted of treason of the highest degree and was sentenced to be executed. His appearance excited the compassion of the bystanders. Just as the cart reached the other side of the bridge, a handsome young priest emerged from one of the streets which open into the square. He glanced at the prisoner for an instant. People noticed that he had lovely eyes, and they seemed bathed in tears. Touched with a noble impulse he rushed into the crowd and worked his way up to the officer in charge, who was on horseback. He begged for God's sake that the procession might be delayed a few moments, until he could run up to the Vatican and back. There was something irresistible in those pleading eyes, and besides, the officer recognized in the young priest one who was seen frequently in the Apostolic Palace. He promised acquiescence, and the priest sped to the Vatican into the presence of the Sovereign Pontiff Leo XII, and throwing himself upon his knees, begged with an earnestness almost supernatural for the life of the criminal. The Pontiff was moved, and commuted the sentence of death into solitary imprisonment for life, in the fortress of St. Angelo. The clergyman flew, rather than ran from the Vatican, in pursuit of the procession. He soon overtook it, for it moved slowly, as the officer in command had promised, and produced the autograph order of the Pope, forbidding the execution, and remanding the captive to St. Angelo's. Life is dear. The criminal was grateful to live at any cost, and would have fallen down at the feet of his deliverer to thank him. But he disappeared, and was next seen in the vicinity of a hospice for little boys, called Tata Giovanni, with which he was connected. He was known to the boys as Padre Giovanni.

Years rolled by, Leo slept with his predecessors, Gregory XVI, succeeded him, and he too paid the debt of nature, and rested in St. Peter's. The glorious Pontificate of Pius IX, had been inaugurated but a few days when a handsome priest, dressed in the simple cassock and farraino of the Roman clergy, presented himself at the fortress of St. Angelo, and asked if there was a prisoner confined therein called Gajetano. Yes, he was answered, but the prisoner being a solitary, could not be seen without an express permission from the governor of the fortress.

The priest went away, and appeared soon after with the necessary order. Being ushered into the cell, the prisoner asked, "What do you want?" "I come," said the visitor to bring you tidings of your mother."

"She still lives," exclaimed the captive, "O God be thanked!"

"Yes she still lives, and she sent

me to console you and tell you to hope for better days."

"All the angels are not in heaven; I see one before me," said the penitent criminal. He then narrated all that he had suffered during the long years of his living death.

"Why have you not appealed to the clemency of the Pope?" said the priest.

"I have done so time and again without effect," was the reply. "Another petition," he continued, "would have the same fate as the rest. It would never reach Gregory XVI."

"Gregory XVI is dead; write to Pius IX."

"And who will present my petition?"

"Myself; write, here is paper and pencil."

The prisoner wrote a touching appeal to the new Pontiff, full of protestations of repentance and of loyalty. When the priest received the paper, he said:

"Have confidence. This very evening the Pope will have your memorial. Courage, my friend, and pray to God for Pius IX." He left the cell, and presenting himself to the governor of the castle said: "I come to ask grace in favor of the prisoner Gajetano."

"The Pope alone can grant it," said the governor. Asking for writing materials, the stranger wrote:

"In virtue of the present order, the governor of the Castle of St. Angelo will set the prisoner Gajetano at liberty immediately." Pius IX.

There was no mistaking the signature. The order was obeyed on the instant and when Gajetano sought his mother, his liberator had already disappeared. She told him how a certain young priest called Giovanni Mastali Ferretti was his deliverer on both occasions, how he had provided for her, and how they made a Bishop of him first, then a Cardinal and finally, Pope.

DESTROYS FREE WILL

SOCIALISM WOULD FORCE ALL MEN TO BELIEVE ONE WAY

Due to its faulty conception of human nature, Socialism advocates the very evils which it pretends to combat and eradicate. For Socialism, of itself and by itself, can do nothing to diminish or discipline the inordinate and materialistic desires of men, because Socialism, in itself, is the most exaggerated and universalized expression of their lust yet known to men.

The first condition of man's nature is free will; hence, free choice between good and evil. This free choice, on the material side, is provided by private ownership; on the material and spiritual side by the Christian family, and on the purely spiritual side, by religion. The Socialistic system attacks every one of these three conditions.

Socialism denies the existence of free will; hence, makes man irresponsible for his acts.

It is anti-Christian, because it has for its philosophical basis pure materialism. Its religious basis is pure negation. Its ethical basis consists in the theory that society makes the individual of which it is composed, whilst the contrary is true, because individuals make society, which could not exist without them. Its economic basis is the theory that labor is the surplus value produced by labor, but stolen by the capitalists. Its juristic basis consists in the right of labor to its whole product. Its historic basis, finally, is found in the industrial revolution.

It matters little how often Socialists may try to change the form of their doctrine, the principles of Socialism will always remain the same; to-wit, substitution of public for private ownership.

The consequences of such a principle are far-reaching, because they attack the very foundation of society. It eliminates, first of all, religion.

"The worker must not seek redemption beyond the grave; he must find it on earth. He must become his own redeemer. Thus he will need neither God nor eternity."

"In the Socialistic state, religion will die a natural death. The school must be mobilized against the Church; the schoolmaster against the priest."

"If I were prefect of police for only twenty-four hours," blasphemes Right, "my first official act would be the arrest of God. Should He refuse to submit to arrest, I would condemn Him to death, and have Him publicly executed in effigy."

Time does not permit to enter into more details. I can but call your attention to the pernicious doctrine in regard to private ownership; for it forms a bulwark around the Christian home. This, too, Socialism tries to destroy. Nor are the leaders any way backward in acknowledging their aversion to marriage. "Marriage," says one of the writers, "is the first crime committed by capitalism against society." And again, "Marriage is the greatest of all existing evils in present-day society. To be married is synonymous with slavery."

Socialism is, therefore, logical in advocating divorce, not because it forms a plank in their system, but it provides, for the time being, at least, a makeshift.

"Divorce," says a writer, "for the time being, is the best remedy against moral corruption." No, Socialism cannot provide an efficient remedy against the moral, social and economic evils that afflict modern society. This is easily understood when it is borne in mind that Socialism is a real sect. It is an economic and moral heresy which has for its ulti-

mate end the dethronement of God and the debasement of man. It preaches a crude materialism with its concomitant hatred of Christianity in general, and of the Catholic Church in particular. Instead of strengthening society, it weakens its already tottering foundations by de-Christianizing the schools; by the destruction of private property and by the abolition of the Christian family. Indeed, filled to the bursting point, like the frog in the fable, with the concupiscence of the flesh, the concupiscence of the eyes and the pride of life, it has proved a dismal failure in the attempt of curing the social cancer of which our godless age is rotting away.

No, Socialism was never cut out to be the remedy for the present-day illness; the only cure for such illness is the Catholic Church, through you Catholic laymen of the Federation. You have a glorious work awaiting you, and it is through your united efforts that our social problems must be solved. Maybe we cannot see the end of it, but we can lay the foundation upon which the coming generations may rest, in a Catholic atmosphere, the atmosphere of Catholic schools and Catholic homes, and by coping with the weapons of Catholic intelligence and truth. Thus may we expect victory once more to perch upon our banner, and this banner is the cross.

The present year witnesses the centenary of the first public triumph of the cross. We of the Catholic Federation hear the same consoling promise repeated to us, as it was given to the great Constantine, "In hoc signo vinces." "In this sign thou shalt conquer." The Cross must be our standard, and this standard we must hold aloft. The Cross once more must be carried publicly before the minds of the people. In the Cross there is salvation, and in the Cross only, because only the truth can make us free."—Rev. Leo Gassler in address before New Orleans Federation.

THE CHURCH AND SOCIALISM

The words of our Lord Himself, Whom some Socialists are desirous to claim as the first of their number, are quite explicit to this effect. We read in St. Matthew's Gospel (chap. xix.)—and the same event is also recorded by St. Mark and St. Luke—that a rich young man came to our Lord, and inquired what he should do to have life everlasting. Our Lord told him that he should keep the commandments; and on the young man's asking Him what commandments He meant, He mentioned several of the Ten Commandments of the Decalogue, adding also that of loving one's neighbor as oneself. One of the Commandments He mentioned was, "Thou shalt not steal."

The young man answered that he had kept all these. Our Lord did not say, "No, you have not, for you have no right to possess private property of your own, for you, in claiming so, are taking what belongs to the community." No, He acknowledged that the lawful possession of private property is not stealing. But on the young man asking what yet was wanting to him, Our Lord said, "If thou wilt be perfect, go sell what thou shalt, and give it to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven; and come, follow Me." In other words, "Join our community." You will notice that He told the young man to sell what he had. But how could he sell it, if it was not really his to sell? Now notice what these words of our Lord were in reply to the young man's repeated question. He told him to sell what he had and give the money to the poor. But He did not absolutely require this. He told the young man to do this, if he wanted to be perfect.

Now the Catholic, and really the only possible explanation of these last words is that there are some things which a man may do to please God, but which are not required as of obligation, or under pain of sin. These are known in the Church not as laws, but as "counsels of perfection." They principally come under three heads: namely, the renunciation of property, of marriage, and of one's own will by obedience to someone to whom one gives a right to require it in the name of God. This obedience, of course, only extends to actions not contrary to the laws of God, or of some regularly constituted general authority—as that of the State—acting also, of course, in a way not contrary to the divine law.

Let it be thoroughly understood then, that

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Now, in conclusion, it must also be thoroughly understood that the Church fully realizes the great evils which have grown up by the accumulation of immense amounts of wealth in the hands of a few, which threatens to reduce the great majority of mankind to a condition of practical slavery, and that she sympathizes with the advocates of Socialism in their desire to abolish these evils; but that she simply rejects this special plan as being primarily founded on statements as to human rights which are absolutely false, and which, if carried out in practice, would tend to increase these very evils rather than to abate them.

IS THE MASS AN EMPTY FORM?

"On a recent Sunday I attended service at a Catholic Church," says a correspondent of the North Western Christian Advocate. "The priest went through his role without a wrinkle in his gown, the choir did their stunts without a discordant note, and the people went away as they came. It was all passing show 'for man's illusion given.'"

The emptiness, as we Catholics know, was not in the hearts of the people who attended Mass piously but in the head of the man who, knowing nothing of the meaning of the service, set down such an ignorant statement as that we have quoted.

Far different have been the thoughts and sentiments evoked by the Mass, in numberless non-Catholics who have brought to the service not a cheap, cocksure attitude of mind, but a sincere desire to know what the Mass means to those who, hot or cold, rain or shine, faithfully attend church every Sunday and holiday of the year, and many other times besides. Here for instance is what Mr. Stanley E. Bowdrie, a non-Catholic correspondent and publicist writes, (as quoted by Church Progress) of a visit to Mexico City:

"I attended Mass there Easter morning. At least three thousand Mexicans were kneeling in the Cathedral—an impressive sight anywhere but in this setting of majesty, solemnity, and historic association, a picture of touching eloquence. And they knelt throughout the services, for Mexican churches are without seats."

"I stood in the shade of a pillar, to render my Protestantism less conspicuous. There was no rustle of skirts, no vain, studied stride, no looking about to see the milliner's creation worn by neighbors. There were no unctuous ushers to escort thoroughly belated Pariahs to high seats. It was one tremendous democracy of Mexican sinners—the rich, the poor, kneeling side by side, each class oblivious to the other's presence, and each showing an intensity of purpose that seemed to say: 'Lord, be merciful to me a sinner!' The thousand Masses they had attended had brought no callousness. Time had but intensified the august mystery of the Mass. To them it was a veritable Mount of Transfiguration, for they seemed to see no save Jesus."

This is only one of many similar testimonies that might be quoted regarding the effect of the Mass upon the souls of those who attend it. That there may be some Catholics who come away empty from Mass we have no doubt. But it is their own fault. They are those who allow themselves to be distracted from contemplating the stupendous Mystery at which they have been assisting. With most Catholics, however, attendance at Mass is an act of the deepest devotion; and they bear from it a soul charged with strength to persevere in the faith and love and service of God.—Sacred Heart Review.

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FOURTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER PENTECOST

TEMPORAL AND ETERNAL

"Seek ye therefore first the kingdom of God and His justice. (St. Matthew vi, 33)

In this day's Gospel our Lord desires to impress upon us the littleness of temporal and the greatness of eternal things. From the Gospel we learn many important truths. Among them, we learn that there is only one thing necessary for us in this world, and that is to save our souls.

It is not necessary for us to be great; it is not necessary for us to be rich; it is not even necessary for us to enjoy good health; but it is necessary for each and everyone of us to work for our eternal welfare, to save our immortal souls.

God placed us here for that purpose. He did not make us to gain great honors, great riches, or great worldly pleasures; but He placed us in this world that by our good works we may acquire eternal honors, eternal riches and eternal pleasures.

He made us that by knowing, loving and serving Him here we may be happy with Him forever hereafter.

Such is the grandeur of our destiny—the enjoyment of God for all eternity. This is the end for which man was placed in this world.

God placed Adam in the Garden of Eden for an end. This end was that, obeying God's commandment, he might live forever. But Adam broke God's commandment, was doomed to sickness and death, and transmitted sin, death and other evils to his posterity.

God placed us in the Garden of His Church for an end. He gave us certain commandments to obey. He furnished us the seven sacraments, to assist us in keeping the commandments and remaining steadfast in seeking our eternal home. But have we not proved untrue to our end? Have we not, time and again, broken the commandments of God? If God were to say to us as He did to Adam "Where art thou?" would we not like Adam have to hide our faces in shame on account of our transgressions of the law?

An eternity of happiness or of woe awaits us. If we were to die now, what would be our fate? Would we go to eternal punishment or to reward eternal? Let us ask ourselves those questions in all seriousness and sincerity.

Each of us has but one soul. If by our improper use of temporal things that is doomed to eternal misery, what will it avail to be honored, famous or rich?

What good did it do Solomon to be the richest and the wisest of men? Of what benefit was it to have all the luxuries that gold could purchase, to have all the temporal things that one could wish? He used those temporal things heedlessly. He grievously sinned, and he died in that state, would have merited an eternal punishment. But, seeing the error of his ways, he repented and declared that "all is vanity" except to love God.

Of what permanent value is it to our great railroad men, oil men, steel men, or others to be millionaires? For, if they have gained their millions by acts of injustice, if they have grown rich by oppressing the poor, if they have made a god of money, if they have set too much of their affections on temporal things, they have no place in the affections for eternal things, for the one, true, and only God, Who is to be loved, served and adored.

Let us learn a lesson from others. Let us look out for our true interests. Let us not be fools, seeking the things of the world; but let us seek "first the kingdom of God and His justice." Let us consider earnestly, seriously, conscientiously and prayerfully the littleness, the nothingness of temporal things and the greatness, the importance of eternal things; then let us resolve to use temporal things only as a means to assist us in attaining eternal happiness.

TEMPERANCE

HIS DAUGHTER'S VOICE

Between 5 and 6 o'clock on a wet, wintry morning, Elsie Cameron alighted from a crowded street car and hurried along the glistening street to the dingy tenement where she lived. She was a girl who would have attracted more than passing attention anywhere. Tall and shapely, with regular features and dark brown hair that strayed in natural ringlets over brow and ears, women would have called her good-looking, and men, beautiful. Despite the plainness, almost shabbiness, of her attire, she was dressed with scrupulous neatness.

The daughter of an eminent city organist, who had latterly fallen on evil days, Elsie Cameron possessed a rich and carefully trained contralto voice. This talent she had turned to advantage when the dark days came to her home, and at the time which our story deals she was earning a modest income by giving lessons and singing at concerts and other musical functions.

She had had a long and exacting day with uninteresting pupils. She was tired and wet, but it was neither of these things that caused her to hurry along the street and mount the tenement stairs three steps at a time. Letting herself in with the latch-key, she passed quickly into the sitting-room without taking time to

divest herself of hat and cloak.

"Here I am, mummy," she cried brightly as she stooped to kiss the lined face of the invalid lady who lay on the shabby couch. Then looking hastily round, and with a trace of ill-concealed anxiety in her voice, she added, "Where's father?"

"He went out about an hour ago," answered Mrs. Cameron in a hopeless voice. Then, meeting the look of pained reproach in her daughter's face, she put out an appealing hand.

"I did my best, dearie," she pleaded, "but I couldn't keep him. He said he must go out for some papers, but he promised to come back in a few minutes. He hasn't come back yet. And," she added, with a break in her voice, "I'm afraid dearie, he's giving way again."

Elsie walked wearily to her father's table, looked down at the half-copied sheets of manuscript music on which he had been engaged. Her young heart was full of bitter thoughts, not against her father, whom she still dearly loved in spite of his fatal weakness and oft-broken promises, but against the social conditions which made such things possible.

"Oh it's cruel, mother, it's cruel!" she exclaimed with a choking sob.

For answer Mrs. Cameron only sighed heavily.

Elsie dropped on her knees beside her mother and buried her face in the lap which had so often been her refuge from childish sorrows.

"O mummy!" she wailed brokenly; "Mrs. Cameron could no longer keep back her tears as she stroked her darling's bent head with tender, trembling hands."

"O dearie!" she said with ineffable tenderness, "we must go on trying to be brave, and trust in God."

Elsie grew calmer, and rising, buttoned up her waterproof cloak.

"Where are you going, dearie?" asked the anxious mother. "You haven't had your tea yet, and you must be ready for it after your long, tiring day."

"I'm going to find father," answered Elsie, with a resolute light in her eyes. "I can't eat, mother, till I know what has become of him."

"But you can't go into any of these—these places," exclaimed Mrs. Cameron, now deeply concerned for her daughter's safety.

"Don't you worry yourself, mummy dear," Elsie reassured her bravely; "I am quite capable of taking care of myself, and I'm going to bring father home."

So saying, she kissed her mother fondly and hurried out into the street.

The Palace Bar was ablaze with light and the glitter of glasses. In and out through the swinging doors passed an intermittent stream of customers, men and women, in whose faces one might read some of life's sorriest, saddest history. Reckless faces, some of them, others distraught and desperate; sullen, hopeless faces, too, and some, alas! drink-sodden and hopelessly debased.

With head held high, ignoring proudly the curious stares and coarse audible whispers which her appearance in such a place drew from the frequenters of the bar, Elsie walked straight forward to the counter.

"Is my father here?" she inquired of the proprietor in a low voice.

"There was no need for further explanation. It was not the first time, by many, that Elsie Cameron had come on the same humiliating errand."

"Yes, miss," admitted the proprietor respectfully, "you'll find him in No. 9." The glance which he threw after the girl as she passed through to the apartment indicated had pity in it.

"Cameron's brought that fine girl to a sorry pass," he remarked to his head barman.

A momentary hush fell over the noisy assemblage of men who sat in the heated, smoky, drink-laden atmosphere of No. 9 as the door suddenly opened and Elsie Cameron stood before them.

But Elsie had eyes only for the man who sat with pallid face at the head of the table—a fine figure of a man, though a long course of dissipation had left it unmistakable mark upon the handsome features and the well-knit frame. For one brief moment the eyes of father and daughter met. Then a deep flush of shame spread over the man's face, and he dropped his head in his hands.

"At that Elsie Cameron's tears nearly overcame her, but with a desperate effort she regained her courage. "Father," she said, "mother and I are waiting tea for you. Are you ready to come home?"

"Yes, Elsie, I'm just coming," he said in a low voice as he rose and put on his hat.

There were loud protests from his boon companions. Their sing-songs were never such a success as when he was chairman, and he must stay and see the evening through.

"I must go with my girl!" he insisted.

"Well, at least give us a song before you get back to petticoat government!" shouted a coarse-faced individual who sat in a corner seat.

"That is," he added ironically, "if her ladyship here will allow you!"

"Cameron's song! Cameron's song!" shouted the half-drunken company in chorus.

Hector Cameron hesitated. Elsie's pleading hand on his arm. "Perhaps, dear, it would be the best way to humor them," he whispered.

"You see, I—I am their chairman," "Chairman of this gathering! You, father!" The scorn which she could not keep out of her voice seared his very soul.

"Cameron's song! Cameron's song!" The noisy gathering became more insistent.

"I must do it, Elsie," again whis-



WILSON'S FLY PAD POISON

There are many imitations of this best of all fly killers. Ask for Wilson's, be sure you get them, and avoid disappointment.

pered her father, with averted eyes. "It's the only way out of it now. Run home and get tea ready. I'll follow you in a few minutes."

But Elsie knew too well by sad experience how much her father's assurance was worth.

"Oh, do come now with me, father! Now!" she insisted, with a break in her voice. Then as her father still hesitated, she turned and faced the company, who were calling impatiently for "Cameron's song."

"Delighted, my dear, delighted!" exclaimed a big fellow with tipsy gallantry, and this brought forth a burst of applause from his companions.

Ignoring both the coarse expressions of admiration her offer had evoked and the restraining hand of her father, Elsie Cameron stepped to one end of the room and filled it with such glorious music as its walls had never heard before.

"Mid pleasures and palaces Though we may roam, Be it ever so humble, There's no place like home."

Hector Cameron leaned against the wall and wept like a child. Music had been the one ruling passion of his life till drink usurped it and made him its wretched slave. His daughter, whose glorious voice had been the pride and delight of his heart, singing in a common tap room! "My God!" he groaned.

"My God! What have I done?"

"There's no place like home!"

The voice of the fair young singer trailed off in a long sweet note of ineffable yearning. Then with a pathetic little catch in her breath she spoke a few low words to the subdued men around her.

"I am sure you all have nice homes," she said, and your woman-folk will be waiting for you just as mother and I are waiting for father. They will get so tired, oh, so weary! of waiting if you don't go. The tea will be set, and the kettle is singing 'There's no place like home.' Won't you all go home?" Then and then only the brave heart quailed, and a sudden terror of the place and its inmates and of the part she had played came over her. Faint and dizzy, she seized her father's now unresisting arm and hurried him out into the street.

Instead of the tears and reproaches he might have expected, Mrs. Cameron met her husband with her usual sweet smile, and gentle, wifely welcome. He made no promises. Alas! he had made so many before which he had failed to keep. With a full heart he stooped and reverently kissed his wife's brow.

From that night Hector Cameron came back steadily to his own. His brilliant talents soon attracted many rich pupils, and he eventually secured one of the most-coveted musical appointments in the city.

Many a time Elsie Cameron looks back upon that eventful night and wonders how she ever dared to do what she did. "What must they have thought of me?" she exclaims to herself, flushing from neck to brow at the remembrance. But the great joy of her reward is with her still.—Scottish Temperance League Tract.

THE ASSUMPTION

FEAST, FRIDAY, AUGUST 15

Although the belief in the corporal assumption of our Blessed Lady is not an article of faith still the assent of the Church is so universal and constant in that regard that to refuse to accept it would be a mark of rashness and temerity. The dogmas of the Church are not usually defined until the necessity arises for an authoritative statement in regard to them. Thus, it was always the belief of the universal Church that the Blessed Virgin was conceived without sin, but when the whole Church clamored about the middle of the last century for the exact terms in which that teaching should be expressed, the Holy Father Pope Pius IX., in 1854, defined it authoritatively and infallibly. Whether the same course shall yet be pursued in regard to the doctrine of the Assumption cannot be said, for it may be that the Church will go on, as at present, in the quiet and undisputed belief it now holds.

St. Thomas Aquinas speaking of the Blessed Virgin, says: "There

are three things God could not make any better; the Man-Christ, the Beatific Vision, and the Blessed Virgin. As she is exalted over all the angelic choirs she cannot be any nobler, for she is the Mother of God. Now to destroy the virginal body—the instrumental cause of the Incarnation, that meritorious act whereby she bore the Creator of Beatific Vision and all created perfections, demands a reason; our bodies shall be reformed in the Resurrection; but the Blessed Virgin's cannot, as it is perfect. Hence the disintegration of the virginal body would seem to be opposed to divine wisdom. It is also opposed to divine love and divine justice; to divine love, because divine love loves the perfect."

The body of the Blessed Virgin is consubstantial with that of Him Who is seated at the right hand of the Father; hence, as Saint Bede says, the body of the Blessed Virgin ought to share in that incorruptibility which distinguished the Sacred Body of her Son. Moreover, the Immaculate Conception itself is the strongest proof of Mary's Assumption. Because if the body of the Blessed Virgin were corrupt even for a moment it would be entirely incongruous for it to unite with the soul for the soul of Mary always triumphed over every corruption. Again, Mary was immaculate in her whole being, the composite of soul and body, and hence that corporal corruption which is a consequence of original sin could not belong to her. She might, and did die, but she could not continue in death.

At the same time, while we do not rely on any text of Holy Scripture as a proof of this doctrine, that does not mean that there are none which are to be interpreted in that way. The doctrine has its strongest basis in tradition. Already in the fifth and sixth centuries it was quite universally spoken of, and if there is an apparent silence in earlier years, it must be remembered, that during the first centuries the Church was busy defending and declaring the doctrine of Christ's Resurrection and adding it as a proof of His divinity. Hence the danger of putting forward too prominently the doctrine of Mary's Assumption, lest the captious be led to believe her to be divine even as her divine Son.

The Church has always looked lovingly and fondly upon Mary in the glory of her Assumption; she has honored the belief in her prayers and devotions, and has set aside the 15th of August as a special holiday of obligation in honor of the same blessed privilege. She will continue to do so; in fact, there are many who are led to believe that the definition of the doctrine has been delayed only to meet some important crisis in the Church's history, some eventful moment when under the glory of her Assumption she may incline towards the suffering Church to bring it once again the blessings of peace and security.—The Pilot.

SIMPLICITY OF OUR CARDINALS

Many non-Catholics have a notion that our American Cardinals live in luxury and are entertained like princes. This is a great mistake. They are princes of the Church, indeed, but their mode of living is of the simplest kind.

The following description of Cardinal Farley's daily routine will be of interest:

In the private chapel in the rear of his residence, Cardinal Farley celebrates Mass at 6 o'clock.

After a simple breakfast of cereal, fruit and tea, with perhaps one chop or a small piece of steak, the Cardinal attends to his correspondence, which is very large and extremely important.

There are always a number of visitors from different parts of the world, who must be interviewed, as the Cardinal's list of callers includes diplomats, high potentates of the Church, philanthropists, men of affairs and women of exalted social ranks from all parts of Europe and America. Cardinal Farley is a charming host and his hospitality is always ready when Church dignitaries from foreign countries are visiting America.

The Cardinal keeps himself informed on all questions of the day. If there is any additional time left for reading during the busy twenty-four hours it is occupied with books and biography.

Cardinal Gibbons follows out the same simplicity in his mode of living. Their hours of rising, dining, and taking their daily walks are almost identical. After attending to his daily correspondence and business matters, Cardinal Gibbons holds a public reception from 10 to 12 o'clock. He usually receives the priest of his diocese from 4 to 5 o'clock in the afternoon, and his afternoon constitutional takes place after 5 o'clock.

Of Cardinal O'Connell we read the following: "Cardinal O'Connell of Boston, the

PRESIDENT SUSPENDER NONE SO EASY

third of American Cardinals, being a man of astonishing versatility, a lover and patron of all the arts, an orator of distinction and an accomplished musician, is fitted to shine in the most cultivated society, but he has devoted a very large part of his time since his elevation to his present office to the study of social questions as particularly affect the poor."

These three grand men of the Catholic Church of the United States are dignitaries only in their religious relations. In every other respect they are plain citizens, and they strictly follow out the rule of their divine Master, to give to Caesar what belongs to Caesar, and to God what belongs to God.—Intermountain Catholic.

"BRILLIANT FETE OF PYTHIANS TO-NIGHT."

In the above words was announced the parade and other festivities that accompanied the recent Pythian celebration in Minneapolis. The Knights of Khorassan marched, three thousand strong, and with them marched, we are reliably informed, some of our Catholics. Now, of all the strange sights in this day of religious and mental acrobatics it were indeed difficult to find a more inconsistent one than a parade of Pythians and Catholics. Non-Catholics have a perfect right to belong to this organization, and with them we have no question whatsoever. But for intelligent Catholics to take public part in the celebration of an organization to which Catholics are strictly forbidden to give their names, seems little short of the incredible. The Catholic Church has a stringent law which forbids her members joining or participating in the ceremonies of heretics, infidels or organizations that are under her ban. We are not instituting a quarrel with the Pythians or other societies, but we emphatically remind our Catholics of their obligation in this matter. Business, social, or other considerations should have no influence in a matter where the Church has so definitely set the seal of her disapproval. The personal delinquency is here enhanced in that a pernicious example is set to Catholics who may be weak or wavering in their faith. The Knights of Columbus are as noble an organization as we have in America to-day. There is no necessity therefore for a Catholic to turn his coat inside out and march as a son of Khorassan, Columbus was a Catholic; Khorassan smacks of the Zend Avesta.—Catholic Bulletin.

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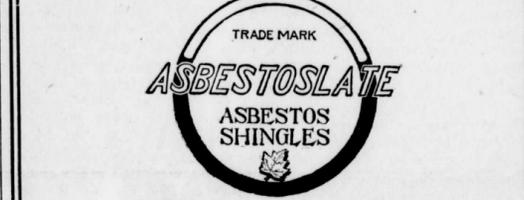
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Makes Child Rearing a Pleasure!

My husband works in a factory saw-mill, one of his work-mates told him of his having a sick baby. He said he had been taking his house for sale and was taking a trip to England for the baby's health. My husband told him what Woodward's Gripe Water had done for our baby. So they have used it ever since, and now (three months after) it is quite a healthy boy, plays about with other children and will take a good walk with his parents without being tired. They have never done telling us what good it has done for them. I have also recommended the medicine to several of my neighbors with very good results. I could not resist the opportunity of telling you, and sending you the thanks of grateful parents. WISEBRO, Mrs. POLYBROKE. The Great British Remedy for Infants and Young Children. WOODWARD'S GRIPE WATER has behind it a record of fifty years of medical approval. A great specific for summer complaint. Invaluable in Teething and All Digestive Troubles. It can be bought everywhere throughout the British Empire. ASK YOUR DRUGGIST FOR IT.

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

VACATION DAYS WITH A PURPOSE

Let us put vacation to good use by means of recreation for ourselves and of good example of the Christian life given to all with whom we come in contact this summer.

The vacation days of 1918 are upon us. Let us resolve this summer to get more out of them than we ever have before.

What a contrast between the efforts of the bee and those of the butterfly! The latter dips here and there into the sweets of life, fitting from one to another, satisfying the desire of the moment and then, after this ephemeral existence, dies.

If bees, here are some of the blossoms we may call which will yield that which is not only sweet to the taste, but which, digested and assimilated, will prove to be "sweeter than honey and the honey-comb."

First, let us get a better idea of what self-surrender means. If we make that the cornerstone of our lives the rest of the building is comparatively easy.

Enthusiasm comes next. What a beautiful origin the word has! "To be inspired or possessed by a god."

Next comes a sense of personal responsibility in the great work of extending His kingdom on earth.

Vigilance! How essential an element it is to strong Christian character! How insidiously the tempter approaches us through those same three avenues by which he has always attacked the citadel of man's soul.

Incentive. Another word with an interesting history! Literally it means "that which sets the tune," the keynote. The keynote of His life was to do the Father's will.

Courage. We shall need that, too, and lots of it, for discouragements await us on every hand; but to us He says as to Joshua of old, "Be strong and of good courage," for, "I will be with thee; I will not fail thee, nor forsake thee."

Endurance. Not in the sense of "putting up with," but of holding steady, pressing on toward the prize running with patience the race that is set before us.

Arrange in order the initial letters of these seven elements and you will find that they spell the sum total of the purpose of each life given to Christ. What is it?—Catholic Columbian.

ON SAVING MONEY

Saving money means that you set aside so much a day, a week or a month from your regular earnings.

How you are to do this, and how much you can save, is a matter of individual choice, or individual circumstances.

We will assume that you realize the importance of saving and want to save. This naturally suggests the savings bank, the trust company or other bank, paying interest on monthly or quarterly balances as the place in which to deposit your savings.

First. Because you have an incentive to save by making a regular weekly deposit.

Second. Because the bank holds your savings and you have no temptation to spend the money as you would have if you were carrying it around in your pocket, and

Third. You receive interest on your deposits. Through custom and through advertising these banks have become the recognized places in which to place savings and surplus money.

"It is all right to put money into savings banks. But after your account shows from \$100 to \$500," says financier, "you would do well to invest it in stocks, or bonds, or other productive investments that will bring you in more than 3 or 4 per cent a year."

"Banks are all right for children and for beginners in finance; but for people who want their full share of what their money will earn, investments can be made, under skillful advice, that will bring in from 4 1/2 to 6 or more per cent."

This feature of frugality every young man can consider for himself, especially after he has accumulated several hundred dollars. Up to that

time, the savings bank or the prudently conducted building and loan society will prove to be an excellent friend.

Save to-day and let the question of investment wait until to-morrow.—Syracuse Sun.

OUR INFLUENCE

Every follower of Christ is a debtor to his fellow-Christians to do his utmost to lead a blameless life in all things. An example of fidelity to one's faith and profession of Christian discipleship is not only a thing of moral and religious beauty, but is an unending stimulus to the faith life of others.

No man liveth to himself only. Every one is either helpful to others in their Christian endeavor, purposes and desires, or becomes a stumbling block in their pathway. If the influence of one's life is not helpful, then it must be hurtful. This is just as true of negative influence as of the positive type. This fact adds to the seriousness of life itself. No one can set bounds to his influence.

There is no escape from the responsibility of the influence of our lives upon the lives of others. We are helpers or hinderers. There is no neutral ground. We are debtors for the help that has come to us from others, and owe all men an example of strictest fidelity to the faith which we profess.—True Voice.

LIFE'S LITTLE WORRIES Some of us have had troubles all our lives, and each day has brought all the evil that we wished to endure. But if we were asked to recount the sorrows of our lives, how many could we remember? How many that are six months old should we think worthy to be remembered or mentioned? To-day's troubles look large, but a week hence they will be forgotten and buried out of sight.

If you would keep a book, and every day put down the things that worry you, and see what becomes of them, it would be a benefit to you. You allow a thing to annoy you, just as you allow a fly to settle on you and plague you; and you lose your temper, or, rather, get it; for when men are "surcharged" with temper they are said to have lost it; and you justify yourself by being thrown off your balance by causes which you do not trace out. But if you would see what it was that threw you off your balance before breakfast, and put it down in a little book, and follow it out, and ascertain what becomes of it, you would see what a fool you were in the matter.

The art of forgetting is a blessed art, but the art of overlooking is quite important. And if we should take time to write down the origin, progress and outcome of a few of our troubles, it would make us so ashamed of the fuss we make over them that we should be glad to drop such things and bury them at once in eternal forgetfulness. Life is too short to be worn out in petty worries, frettings, hatreds and vexations. Let us banish all of them, and think on whatsoever things are pure, and lovely, and gentle, and of good report.—New World.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

THE BOY'S VOCATION

Many parents are wondering these summer days about their children who have finished school. The most serious thought is in regard to the future of the boy; what to do with him, where to send him, whether to send him to work or to allow him to pursue his education further with reference to taking up a learned profession. It is a serious time for parents, so much depends upon their decision.

There is one thought that we would like to suggest to them for their reflection and their prayers. It is the thought of a possible vocation of their boy for the religious life. To many parents this is a new thought. They never trouble about the choice of a state in life for their children. They may be very much concerned about the line of business in which to start them, the possibility of advancement in material things, but it never once enters their mind that there is something of greater importance to the child than a well paying job. They give no heed to the suggestion that their boy, for instance, may have a vocation to the religious life, whether as priest or as a brother. And giving no heed to the thought, they talk the matter over with the boy himself, with the consequence that what might have flourished as a vocation was nipped in the bud by lack of interest or by downright opposition. The boy himself may be waiting for an opening; he may have strong inclination toward the religious life, yet not be sure of himself. In many cases it seems extraordinary to him,

something so far beyond his dearest hopes that he is almost afraid of the very thought. He gets no encouragement; he hears plans discussed at home as to his future advancement. No one asks him if he would like to be a priest or a brother. And as no one thinks that he has a vocation he begins to think after a while that what he believed to be a strong inclination to one was only a boyish dream, the reality of which he alone believed.

How many more priests and brothers we would have to-day in the Church if an encouraging word had been spoken in the beginning, if it had been given to a boy to understand by his parents that it is quite possible that he was destined for the service of the Church, and that if he felt so inclined every positive help would be given him to follow his ideal and no obstacles would be put in his way. And just for the want of that encouraging word, which would in so many cases be all but decisive, many a youth has reluctantly put aside his spiritual ambitions.

Parents do not say enough to their children about the religious life; neither do they pray enough that God may call their children to serve him in his special manner. Indeed, we are treated to the spectacle so often where if a boy or girl—and it is so more often in regard to the girl—gives expression to the wish to enter some religious community, this disposition of soul is met with distrust, supreme contempt and positive hindrance. It is a poor service to a child to tend to all his material wants and then to interfere in the thing that means his happiness here, and perhaps hereafter.

We need many more vocations; many priests, many nuns, many brothers to do the work of the Lord. We may well trust that God will supply the vocation; but it is a great part of the parents' duty to co-operate with the call of God, and by their prayers and their suggestions to keep the hearts of their children open to that call. And so during these days particularly the Christian mother will find plenty of food for thought in the question whether or not she has done all that she could do in helping her boy and her girl, too, to find the place in life for which God has meant them.—Boston Pilot.

SHOWED HIS FAITH

A police officer boarded the train in a small Maine town one day last fall with a prisoner whom he was taking to the jail at the county seat. A young farmer followed them into the car and took the opposite seat. Undaunted by the officer's stern face and brass buttons, the young man engaged cheerfully in conversation.

"Nice day," he remarked. The officer grunted, and that was all.

"I see the Giants won yesterday," went on the young man. The policeman said "yes" and became silent.

"I'm on my way to Boston to see a couple of those games," the young fellow continued, confidentially. "I suppose that is the greatest baseball that's ever been played. I've always wanted to see some first rate baseball games; professional, you know. I'm something of a player myself, and I surely do enjoy the game."

The officer had nothing to say, and looked uninterested.

"You see, I used to go to school with one of the fellows that's catching for the Red Sox—known him all my life. He's a great player. There isn't any better man behind the bat in the country."

The young man spoke with evident pride, but the officer was unresponsive. Despairing of making any progress with baseball as a topic, the young farmer turned his attention to the prisoner and asked the policeman, "where he was going with that chap."

The officer replied that the man had committed a misdemeanor, and as he was unable to pay the fine imposed by the court, would have to serve a short term in jail.

"Honest, officer, do you mean to say that he has got to go to jail just because he hasn't got \$10?" asked the young farmer. The other assured him that such was the fact.

"May I talk with him a minute?" "Yes."

After a short whispered conversation with the prisoner, the baseball enthusiast turned again to the officer.

"He says if I'll pay his fine he'll send me the money just as soon as he can earn it. He's a stranger to me, but I'm going to risk it. Can he go free now if I pay you?"

"As soon as I take him to the

recorder's office and pay over the money."

"Well, here's the \$10." The officer and his former prisoner lost no time in leaving the train, but as they turned to leave the station the policeman was surprised to see the farmer standing near him on the station platform.

"Better go aboard if you are going to Boston; the train will start in a moment," he said. The modern Samaritan smiled cheerfully.

"I'm going back home, officer. You see, I haven't got quite enough money now to make that trip; but I guess next year will do just as well."—The Youth's Companion.

LITTLE JOHN'S ESCORT

John Murphy, a cripple, is probably the first little boy in all the world who has been accorded the honor of having a uniformed mounted police officer specially detailed by the chief of police of one of the big cities to carry him home horseback night after night after the completion of his day's work, writes a San Francisco correspondent of the New York Times.

The story of John Murphy is quite extraordinary. John is twelve years old, and lives at 629 Victoria street, which is on top of the hill about a mile from the car line in Ocean View. John has sold gum at Fifth and Market streets for several months. He has one bad leg, and he gets around on crutches.

About the first night that John got off the car, six months ago, he saw a big mounted policeman seated on his horse looking at the people get off the car in Ocean View. This policeman was August G. Harry, and he said to little John:

"Where are you going my son?" "To the top of the hill over there," replied John.

"What on those crutches and up that dusty, rocky road?" "Yes sir," answered little John, respectfully.

"I'll give you a lift," said Harry. Whereupon he swung the frail little chap to the saddle, and thus carried him horseback up the hill to his home.

Recently an order issued out of the chief's office, and this order transferred Mounted Policeman Harry to another part of the city. Therefore, when Wednesday night came and John got off the car there was no mounted officer to meet him. He was obliged to climb up the hill, and he was a very tired boy that night. Thursday night came and Friday, and still no mounted policeman. Then little John learned that a strange mounted officer was detailed at Ocean View.

John decided he would find out why his big friend was sent away. He went first to Captain Kelly, who referred him to Chief of Police White. Yesterday little John appeared before Chief White in the latter's office in the Hall of Justice. He told Chief White all about his friend Harry.

Chief White made many more transfers out there at the present time," said Chief White, gravely, after listening to the story of the little lame boy, "but I will have this matter attended to right away."

Then Chief White took up his desk phone and asked Central to give him the Ingleside Station. "Is this Captain Kelly?" asked the Chief, while John's eyes grew wide with attention. "Say, captain have a mounted man to go to the View at 7 o'clock every night after this and take little John Murphy from the street car up to his home on the hill. If the boy is not there at 7 o'clock, have the officer wait for him."

"All right," said Captain Kelly.

THE CUSTOM OF THE COUNTRY

Mrs. Wharton is contributing to Scribner's Magazine a serial which is exciting considerable discussion. The central figure of the story is an attractive-looking young woman whose only ambition is social success and whose sole occupation is spending money on self-indulgence. When her well-born but impecunious husband cannot provide her with the sums she has been accustomed to wheedle out of her overworked father, she accepts the attentions of a wealthy divorcée, her husband, abandons her baby without regret—fer had not its coming robbed her of a year's "life"—and waits impatiently for her rich lover to secure a legal separation from his wife.

This is a faithful portrait, we are told, of a type of woman familiar in America to-day. For it is now "the custom of the country" for men to toil and scheme incessantly in order that their feminine kin may pass selfish, useless lives, spending money lavishly in the pursuit of pleasure, and it is only "the custom of the country" for these women to break promptly any ties, however sacred, that would put just limits to this heartless self-indulgence. The picture, let us hope, is overdrawn. It must be owned, nevertheless, that there can be read in the daily papers much that seems to prove such scandalous doings are rapidly becoming "the custom of the country." It is the "divorces, extravagances and excesses, of our best society," of course, that provide much of the "copy" for the papers. But whatever is done by the wealthy, the prominent or the fashionable is slavishly imitated, according to their "lean and low ability," by those in less exalted social circles.

Just what percentage of the 100,000 divorces granted last year in the United States took place in "high



ROYAL YEAST CAKES. THE INCREASED NUTRITIVE VALUE OF BREAD MADE IN THE HOME WITH ROYAL YEAST CAKES SHOULD BE SUFFICIENT INCENTIVE TO THE CAREFUL HOUSEWIFE TO GIVE THIS IMPORTANT FOOD ITEM THE ATTENTION TO WHICH IT IS JUSTLY ENTITLED. HOME BREAD BAKING REDUCES THE HIGH COST OF LIVING BY LESSENING THE AMOUNT OF EXPENSIVE MEATS REQUIRED TO SUPPLY THE NECESSARY NOURISHMENT TO THE BODY. E. W. GILLETT CO. LTD. TORONTO, ONT. WINNIPEG MONTREAL

ceptance of Carnegie's money by the Board of Trustees of Vanderbilt University closes an incident that teaches a lesson. It was a test of the religious strength of the dollar and of the religious sentiment of one of the Protestant sects. The dollar has carried the day. The College of Bishops of the Methodist Church, South, to their credit be it spoken, made a good fight for principle. But they have been beaten. What the Roman poet has called "the accursed thirst for gold" was too much for them. In one sense, however, they have met with a measure of success, in so far as they have focused the attention not only of Methodists but of all their Christian countrymen upon the attempt to prostitute our educational institutions to the service of Agnosticism.

That is the meaning of the victory of that \$1,000,000 flaunted in the faces of the Board of Trustees of Vanderbilt University. "The agnostic steel-monger," Bishop Candler's characterization of Carnegie, has had his way. He began his campaign against Christian education by establishing an old age pension fund for college professors, who are to be recipients of his bounty on condition that they have never been in the service of educational institutions under either Catholic or Protestant auspices. That was the beginning of his campaign for de-Christianizing American education. He supplemented this initial movement by planking down a \$1,000,000 as a direct bribe to the Methodist Church.

It is the first time in the history of the United States that an individual has so flagrantly affronted one of the Protestant Churches by assuming that it is in his power to induce it to abandon its principles in return for cash paid. It is a sample of what Carnegieism stands for. Carnegieism should be held up to public scorn in the interest of Christian civilization, which is so intimately bound up with Christian education.—Freeman's Journal.

EMPTY CHURCHES A few weeks ago we had occasion to comment on the numerical weakness of American Presbyterianism as shown by the thousands of empty pulpits and empty churches. The falling off in the number of adherents, it seems, is not confined to America. The recent report on statistics submitted to the Assembly of the Presbyterian Church of Scotland disclosed for the first time in living memory an actual decrease in church-membership. What is still more ominous, perhaps, is the steady fall in the number of theological students at the United Free Church Colleges.

The London Universe calls attention to an equally menacing condition of the dissenting bodies in Great Britain, where, if the present rate of decline continues, Nonconformity will be only a memory in 1950. In 1907 the aggregate membership of the Baptist, Congregational, Primitive Methodist and Wesleyan Methodist denominations in England and Wales (as given by a Nonconformist in a recent issue of the Morning Post) was 1,713,674. In 1912 this total had declined by 51,205, an average yearly loss of more than 10,000. In the same period the decline in Sunday school attendance was 98,788.

A curious state of affairs is shown in the returns of the Primitive Methodists. In 1900 they had 606,477 hearers in 4,250 chapels, and in 1912, though adding 650 to their number of chapels, the increase in

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their number of hearers was only 213. The explanation of this anomaly is simple enough. While there is plenty of money for the building of churches and chapels, there is a woeful desideratum of the timber needed to construct and strengthen spiritual edifices, without which the material edifice is but a hollow mockery. No less than 2,500 new churches were built by Nonconformists during the first decade of the century, providing 1,000,000 additional sittings at a total expenditure of about \$50,000,000 yet side by side with this remarkable material expansion, the record of church membership shows a rapid and persistent spiritual decline. "Indifferentism and irreligion," says the Universe, "are creeping over the nation like a blight. The Church has no greater enemies. Every recruit to this vast army but hastens the day when all who profess definite Christianity will be within the fold of the Catholic Church."—America.

THE CHURCH AND THE CROSS

The Catholic Church has always been true to the Cross of Christ. She uses that Sacred Sign over and over again in her ceremonies. Inside and outside her temples of worship, her places of education, her convents, monasteries and hospitals, the Cross of Christ is ever seen. Even before her children are able to reason they are taught to make upon themselves the Sign of the Cross. It is her constant affirmation of belief in the Trinity and in man's salvation by means of Christ's suffering and death. Some members of the Protestant churches are now regretting that their fathers, out of opposition to Catholics, gave up their reverence for the cross. The Northwestern Christian Advocate regrets, in a recent editorial, that Protestantism has so measurably relinquished the Cross. "Upon the few spires left in Protestantism to-day," says this Methodist paper, "there seems to be a studied attempt to eschew that symbol in favor of the weathervane." But is not the fickle weathervane a more appropriate symbol than the steadfast and unchanging cross for churches which change their creed at every shifting wind of doctrine? The Catholic Church in its fundamental beliefs is unchanged and unchangeable. She has the same belief now in Christ and His Cross that she had in the beginning. She does not attempt to whittle down the faith delivered to the saints. She is not and never has been ashamed of the Cross. Through all the past ages of her career it has been her well-beloved standard, and she will bear it proudly until the end of time.—Sacred Heart Review.

Oh, that we could take that simple view of things, as to feel that the one thing which lies before us is to please God! What gain is it to please the world, to please the great, nay, even to please those whom we love, compared with this?—Cardinal Newman.

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A MEMORY AND A TRIBUTE

The tidings reached me a short time ago here in Europe of the recent death of Rev. M. J. Ferguson, C. S. B., of Assumption College, Sandwich, Ontario. In his death has passed away a humble Basilian priest, a gifted soul, a kindly heart. His passing away recalls my boyhood days when Father Ferguson taught the class in "belles lettres" in St. Michael's College, Toronto. It seems indeed but a short span of years that has intervened since then, yet it has been almost a lifetime in the sacred toil and labor of this good and faithful priest whose mind was ever fixed on God.

One by one these educational toilers of our Catholic dawn in Ontario are yielding in death their places to others—now a Father Vincent, now a Father Brennan, now an Archbishop O'Connor, now a Dr. Teely, now a Father Ferguson. We shall for all time cherish their memory, for they fill in our lives, who were once their students, a halcyon place blessed and beautified by gift of sacrifice and the very dearest ties of friendship.

I was too young in college days to know the worth of Father Ferguson as a teacher, for he had passed to another educational field ere I had reached the class in "belles lettres" in St. Michael's College. But the ripened years that followed taught me his worth and that of the other professors, who guided our footsteps along the classic paths they had traced so successfully for our intellectual and moral welfare.

Father Ferguson was a man of great natural gifts—a born rhetorician, whose pulpit talks in the heyday of his strength were full of simplicity and charm. He had no need to study the rhetoric of Blair, for Blair was born in him. I recall yet his description in a literary society of the Battle of Waterloo. I have read no other equal to it in any work.

But Father Ferguson was beyond all a raconteur—a charming storyteller, an admirable entertainer. He had to a great degree the first great requisite of an entertaining converser—simplicity. Indeed I think that Father Ferguson might be designated a marvellous talker.

Had Father Ferguson been born of the world with all its ambition to appear in the lime-light—to occupy the centre of the stage, his career could have been as brilliant as a meteor. But he sought rather the humble vocation of a Basilian with its toil and sacrifice. Two years ago when the years of his priesthood had reached the golden round and his friends desired to celebrate with éclat and public rejoicing his jubilee his humble heart would have nothing of this and he asked to be excused.

I met Father Ferguson for the last time in his chamber of illness in Assumption College after his fatal illness had stricken him. The beauty of his soul seemed to fill the room with the aroma of a life spent for God. He is no longer with us, but his spirit in all its constancy and love has a place in our hearts. We reach out for him not "lame hands" in prayer, when we think of our blessed dead who yet live and watch our lives face to face with God.

THOMAS O'HAGAN, Lourdes, France, July 16th.

construct a sort of broad, ethical church into which all differences may be merged on a general suffrage basis, but the divine founder of Christianity said: "And the gates of hell shall not prevail against it," and so here will be a true Church, as established by Christ, until the end of time.

In a recent issue of America, an eloquent editorial on this latest builder of a new religion reads: "It is true that the governments of nations that were once Catholic are endeavoring at the present moment to tear the Catholic faith out of the hearts of the people; it is true that there are apostasies and scandals, as there were even in the time of the apostles; but the Church established by Christ can never fail. The gates of hell, and those powers that oppose her as such, can never prevail against her. She began her life in the catacombs, and whether she is persecuted by princes or deserted by entire peoples, she will ever present to the world the way of salvation, both for nations and individuals, and will never cease to convert the very instruments of oppression into a means of increasing her spiritual power. Strictly speaking, there are no Christian governments to-day, but at no time since the apostles received the divine mandate is the Church's influence for the salvation of souls, which is the only purpose of her existence, greater in the world at large than it is now, and in no country more so than in America."

This has the true ring to it. The Catholic Church is prospering in the United States such as she never did before in her history. In spite of the malicious falsehoods and slanders of anti-Catholic organizations—such as the "Guardians of American Liberty"—in spite of the jealousies and hatreds of narrow minded sects, proudly calling themselves Evangelical Churches; in spite of enemies from without and within, the Church of Christ is grandly plowing her way, sowing her seed, and reaping a harvest hundredfold. The Church is fortified by the promise and grace of her divine founder—Jesus Christ.—Internontain Catholic.

HOW ORANGEMEN ARE MADE

A SAMPLE OF THE YELLOW JOURNALISM THAT BRINGS THEM INTO THE ORDER

Mr. Kendall Stringer, of Wahnapitae, who hailed Max Dubrois, of the same village, to court in June last on the somewhat novel charge of assault in ejecting him from church, has been stirring his animus in the columns of the Orange Sentinel, which paper draws attention to his communication with a prominent pyramid heading on the top of page one in its issue of July 31st as follows:

A PROTESTANT WHO WENT TO R. C. CHURCH VIOLENTLY EJECTED

INCIDENT HAPPENED IN ONTARIO AND THE ASSAULT WAS ABSOLUTELY UNPROVOKED

CASE TAKEN TO POLICE COURT AND THE OFFENDERS FINED

PRIEST TRIED TO GET PEOPLE TO DENY STORY—MAN DID IT FOR "GOOD OF THE CHURCH."

Editor Sentinel:—I write you to let you know what I got the first time I went to the Catholic Church. It was at the church at Wahnapitae, Ontario, where I was with Mr. Racicot to church. Mr. Depray, from Coniston, was there, too, and he was about half over when he came over to me and picked me up and threw me out and kicked at me. Then he threw my hat out and shut the door.

Father Bell was the preacher. He said he neither heard nor saw me, and was sorry to know that he had secured me when he found I was taking the case to court he went around among his members to see if they would say the same. But he could not get two families to go with him, so my assailant was fined \$1 and costs. I was the only one there who was not a Catholic, and the Roman Catholics, when Mr. Depray was fined, put all the blame on him, though he did not do it for the good of the church.

KENDALL STRINGER, Wahnapitae, Ont.

The spirit displayed by Mr. Stringer in his epistle to the Orange Sentinel makes the question of his sincerity in this matter one of grave doubt. He labours to put an entirely different complexion on the affair through the medium of the Orange Sentinel, which paper, Mr. Stringer no doubt is fully aware, finds it expedient, for obvious reasons, to make capital out of just such incidents.

It was not because Stringer was a Protestant that he was ejected; in fact, it was not disclosed at the police court proceedings that he was a Protestant. It is, moreover, believed that Kendall and Dubrois were absolute strangers to each other. The question of religion was never at any time an issue in the case as Kendall would have all who read the Orange Sentinel believe.

In this respect, however, Kendall is more vicious than in the implication he levels at the head of Rev. Father Lebel, and thereby the Catholic clergy. His attempt to connect Rev. Father Lebel with the incident in the succeeding developments must emanate solely from his fertile imagination of the whole affair. If Kendall was really sincere why did he not make these allegations an issue in the proceedings against Dubrois. On the contrary the main points he wishes to emphasize in his letter were never mooted, for the simple reason that they are entirely without foundation.

It is quite evident from the spirit displayed in his letter that Mr. Stringer was not sincere and thereby not wholly without blame in his part of the incident. He has labored to build up a most imaginative construction of the whole affair and the glory in which he doubtless believed

he was clothing himself as a patriot and martyr must return to him as a boomerang of disrespect.

In our Saturday issue of June 28, The Star gave the following account of the police court proceedings referred to:

Max Dubrois of Wahnapitae, paid \$1 and costs into the police court coffers under somewhat peculiar circumstances. One K. Stringer attended the Catholic Church at Wahnapitae on the previous Sunday, desiring to hear Rev. Father Lebel. It was the first time he had ever been in a Catholic edifice, and Dubrois, who sat near him, thought he saw Stringer laughing on several occasions during the service. Deeming this a violation of the sanctity of the Church, Dubrois ejected Stringer forcibly, though it did not appear that in so doing he inflicted any physical injury. Stringer denied all knowledge of laughing. The P. M. registered a conviction for assault against Dubrois.

KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS

Boston, August 5.—Three thousand Knights of Columbus, assembled at solemn High Mass in the Cathedral of the Holy Cross to-day, were called upon by Right Rev. Jos. G. Anderson auxiliary bishop of Boston, to seek with all right-minded persons a solution of social problems through evolution, not revolution.

Recognizing the seriousness of the disputes between labor and capital, the bishop, nevertheless, was optimistic. "In the public addresses of leading thinkers in this country," he said, "in the recent inaugurations of many of the governors of the different states, but especially in the inaugural of President Wilson, there is found a sincere effort to stir up the public conscience for the readjustment of law and government to human needs."

Bishop Anderson read a cablegram from Cardinal Merry Del Val, the papal secretary of state, conveying the felicitations of Pope Pius X.

The Supreme Convention of the Knights of Columbus was later formally opened on board a harbor steamer, while the delegates sailed along the north shore.

The growth of the order since the 1912 convention was related by the supreme secretary, William McGinley of New Haven, Conn., who reported that on June 30 last the total membership was 302,074, made up of 98,783 insurance and 203,291 associate members, comprised in 52 states and 3 territorial jurisdictions, and 1,630 subordinate councils. During the year 74 new councils were instituted and the net increase in membership was 19,326.

Outstanding insurance aggregated \$103,659, 900, and death benefits during the year totalled \$721,000.

CANADIAN BOAT-SONG

Listen to me, as when ye heard our father

Sing long ago the song of other shores—

Listen to me, and then in chorus gather

All your deep voices, as ye pull your oars:

From the lone shieling of the misty island

Mountains divide us, and the waste of seas—

Yet still the blood is strong, the heart is Highland,

And we in dreams behold the Hebrides:

We ne'er shall tread the fancy-haunted valley,

Where 'twixt the dark hills creeps the small clear stream

In arms around the patriarch banner rally,

Nor see the moon on royal tombstones gleam:

When the bold kindred, in the time long vanished,

Conquered the soil and fortified the keep,

No seer foretold the children would be banish'd,

That a degenerate Lord might boast his sheep:

Come foreign rage—let Discord burst in slaughter!

O then for clansmen true, and stern claymore—

The hearts that would have given their blood like water,

Beat heavily beyond the Atlantic roar:

(Chorus)

Fair these broad meads—these hoary woods are grand;

But we are exiles from our fathers' land.

—From the Gaelic.

PRIESTS, POLITICS, AND PARSONS

While one hears much in certain quarters of the "priest in politics" and sees little of that alliterative personality in the pulpit or out of it, it would seem from the newspaper records that few parsons utter a Sunday sermon, or express themselves conjointly in resolutions or petitions, without directing or dictating the political action of city, state or nation. Meanwhile their church attendance is admittedly slim and dwindling, the men especially choosing to learn politics elsewhere, and new Catholic churches have continually to be erected to accommodate the ever growing congregations of men and women and children—the entire membership of the family of Christ. The late Presbyterian Assembly bewailed this calamity, and



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non-Catholics generally are keen to note the Catholic contrast. While casting around for causes they looked the most essential one, that people go to church for Christianity. We would suggest as another, that the parson in politics is a fact, the priest in politics a fiction.

The General Assembly of the Irish Presbyterians, meeting about the same time in Belfast, found themselves in a like condition. The first resolution proposed condemned, not licentiousness nor intemperance nor crime nor any phase of religious difference, but the political measure of Irish self government, and pledged the Presbyterian body to its overthrow. A few Home Rulers among them, and some others who found it impolitic to set their Church in a bad light before their countrymen in the likely event of the Bill becoming law, opposed the motion and managed to shelve it for a while; but the Moderator atoned for this by a long political anathema. The new Moderator took up the strain, raising the cry of "God save Ireland" from disorder, lawlessness, superstition and delusion. Thence, however, he passed to the intemperance and economic and social conditions of the working classes of his people, and finally "he deeply deplored the fact that in Belfast a large proportion of the masses of the workers were out of connection with the Church, and lived apart from her ordinances."

In fact, it has been long notorious that the Protestant workers of Belfast do not go to church; but they joined with the Ministers in signing the "Covenant" agaisnt the Home Rulers. Had the latter been as zealous about religion as politicians, their now paganized people might have also joined them in church, and they would not have to report that in most districts "family prayer has ceased to exist."

An occurrence of the same week, also in Belfast, throws additional light on the matter, which is as helpful here as in Ulster. The United Committee of Protestant churches petitioned the corporation to supply the share required of themselves by the National School Board to erect primary schools for 15,000 Protestant children, who had no school accommodation. The Catholics, presumed to be poorer, had provided ample accommodation for all Catholic children. The priest's politics had evidently not diverted his attention from church and school. Not so the parson's. The inference is as comprehensively applicable as it is obvious.—America.

A NON-CATHOLIC VIEW

The time was and not so long ago, when the Catholic Church was popularly supposed to be the one dark cloud in an otherwise clear Christian sky. That non-Catholics have been converted to a better way of thinking, is evidenced by the following letter recently published in the New York Sun:

"Is it any wonder that disbelieving Protestant ministers preach to empty benches, and that thousands of Protestant churches have been closed in this Christian land the last few years, as reported by the different Protestant denominations? And is it any wonder the Catholic Church has been increasing so rapidly in America, since that great Church does not stand on a shifting and uncertain foundation? While yearly reports show many of the Protestant clergy groping about in the dark, feeling for some solid Biblical foundation stone upon which to build their religious belief, the old Church stands firm, as it has done for ages; it has never re-

MITCHELL SLIDE-EASY NECKWEAR QUALITY STYLE VARIETY

Religion is the architect of manhood and the beginning of wisdom.

MARRIAGE

CANTWELL-BROWN.—At St. Mary's church, Winthrop, Man., by Rev. C. Dwyer, O. M. L., Peter James Cantwell, third son of Edward and Mrs. Cantwell of Dundas parish, to Katie, daughter of Harry Brown.

THE NIAGARA RAINBOW

"The Niagara Rainbow," the organ of the Institute of Mary in America, has several features which similar magazines would do well to copy. It seems as a bond of union between students past and present, and a means of communication between the various houses of the Institute, whether in the old world or the new. It contains mature papers by graduates, and promising papers by undergraduates. It gives interesting news from abroad, and a record of important academic events at home. It comes out only four times a year, but the interval of preparation is reflected in its pages. In a word it speaks volumes for the training given by the Ladies of Loreto.

THE WESTERN FAIR

SEPTEMBER 25th to 31st

The management of Western Ontario's great and popular Exhibition are leaving nothing undone in order that success may crown their efforts this year. It was thought that Exhibitors would appreciate more prize money and \$1000 in cash was awarded to all exhibitors. Independent of this several Live Stock Associations are giving liberal grants. This should make the list very attractive for Live Stock exhibitors. Independent of the prize money altogether, the fact remains that the London Exhibition is the centre of Western Ontario, and situated by the best farming country in the Province, thus always assuring a large number of buyers for first class livestock. Exhibitors should note that the Western Fair Exhibitors always report good sales. Provision will be made this year for better accommodation for judging the Live Stock, as the management are anxious for the comfort and convenience of both Exhibitors and visitors.

Prize lists, entry forms and all information will be forwarded on application to the Secretary, A. M. Hunt, Room 307, Dominion Savings Building, London, Ontario.

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NEW BOOK

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"The Mother of Jesus in Holy Scripture." Biblical Theological studies by the Right Rev. Dr. Aloys Schaefer, Bishop of Dresden. Translated from the second German edition by the Very Rev. Ferdinand Brose, V. G., Covington Kentucky. Published by Frederick Postel & Co., New York. Price \$1 net.



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THE HOME BANK OF CANADA ORIGINAL CHARTER 1854

NOTICE OF QUARTERLY DIVIDEND

Notice is hereby given that a Dividend at the rate of Seven per cent. (7%) per annum upon the paid up Capital Stock of this Bank has been declared for the three months ending the 31st August, 1913, and that the same will be payable at its Head Office and Branches on and after Monday, September 1st, 1913. The Transfer Books will be closed from the 17th to the 31st August, 1913, both days inclusive.

By Order of the Board, JAMES MASON, General Manager. Toronto, July 16th, 1913.

"The Means of Grace." A complete exposition of the sacraments of the Church, and of prayer. Illustrated by numerous parables, examples, and interesting anecdotes drawn from Holy Scripture, the lives of the saints, the lives of the Church and other sources. By Rev. Richard Brennan, L.L.D. Published by Benziger Brothers, New York. Price 25c.

TEACHERS WANTED

WANTED FOR THE CATHOLIC SEPARATE school, Oakville, Ontario, a second class professional certificate. Duties to commence Sept. 1st. Salary \$450. L. V. Cote, Sec. Treas. (Oakville, Ont.).

WANTED CATHOLIC LADY TEACHER, second class professional, for the junior room of Public school of the town of Trout Creek, Ontario. Salary \$500 per annum. Duties to commence Sept. 1st. Apply to D. F. Quinlan, Sec. Treas. Trout Creek, Ont. 1913-3.

WANTED A TEACHER HOLDING SECOND class Normal certificate for Separate school No. 10, 12, Loretto, Co. Frontenac. Salary \$500 per annum. Duties to commence immediately after the summer holidays. Apply to J. A. Koon, Sec. Treas. R. M. D. No. 1, Svedenham, Ont. 1913-3.

TEACHER WANTED FOR P. S. NO. 4, Adamton, Ont. Second class, Normal trained. Duties to commence after summer holidays. Apply to J. A. Koon, Sec. Treas. R. M. D. No. 1, Svedenham, Ont. 1913-3.

FEMALE TEACHER WANTED FOR SEPARATE school, Sault Ste. Marie, must possess departmental qualifications. Salary \$550. J. McNamara, Sec. Sault Ste. Marie, Ont. 1913-3.

ANTED FOR STEELTON SEPARATE school, one lady teacher, holding a second class professional certificate. Duties to begin 1st. Salary \$450. Apply to Rev. Dennis Dumais, Sec. Steelton, Ont. 1913-3.

TEACHER WANTED, QUALIFIED TEACHER for School section No. 1 of the Township of Bromley. Duties to commence Sept. 1st. Apply stating salary, to Patrick Donegan, Osceola, Ont. 1913-3.

WANTED—A QUALIFIED TEACHER FOR A Separate school at Baid, near Fort William, Ontario. Salary \$500. English and French required. Experience and references to J. A. Koon, Sec. Treas. R. M. D. No. 1, Svedenham, Ont. 1913-3.

WANTED FOR P. S. NO. 1, BROUGHTON, A lady teacher holding a second class certificate. Normal trained. Salary from \$500 to \$600 according to qualifications and experience. Apply to J. A. Koon, Sec. Treas. R. M. D. No. 1, Svedenham, Ont. 1913-3.

A DULY QUALIFIED TEACHER FOR ST. John's school, Ellice, within 1 mile from the city of Stratford, Ontario. Duties to begin Sept. 1st. Salary \$500. Apply to J. A. Koon, Sec. Treas. R. M. D. No. 1, Svedenham, Ont. 1913-3.

TEACHER WANTED FOR C. S. SCHOOL No. 7, Fallowfield, Nepean, Normal trained, holding second class certificate. Duties to begin Sept. 1st, 1913. Salary \$500. Apply stating experience to Charles McKenna, Fallowfield P. O., Ont. 1913-3.

TEACHER WANTED FOR BAMBERG SEPARATE school, Normal trained. Salary \$50 per annum or more according to experience. Duties to commence Sept. 1st, 1913. Please send references to J. W. Hartley, Sec. Treas., Bamberg, Ont. 1913-3.

CATHOLIC TEACHER WANTED FOR Separate school section No. 6, Arthur. Holding first or second class certificate. Duties to commence after summer holidays. Apply stating qualification and salary expected to Joseph McNeill, Con. P. O., Ont. 1913-3.

WANTED A QUALIFIED TEACHER FOR Separate school section No. 6, Hartman, Northumberland Co. Salary \$450 per year. Experience, services to commence Sept. 1st, 1913. James V. Gane, Sec. Treas., Yorkville P. O., Ont. 1913-3.

WANTED FOR SEPARATE SCHOOL SECTION No. 6, Gleniegh, an experienced teacher, Normal trained. Salary \$525. Applications enclosing testimonials and references should be made to James Murphy, Sec. Treas., Traveston, P. O., Co. Grey, Ont. 1913-3.

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