The Catholic Record

LONDON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 20, 1918

IN THE DEPTHS

Mr. Paderewiski's eloquence as speaker and his virtuosity as a planist are reported to have netted \$12,000 for the Polish Relief Fund. But this is only a trifle in view of the heartbreaking needs of the Poles in the entire section which they inhabit. For them hope deferred truly maketh the heart sick. There is no word out of Berlin or Vienna or Petrograd to say what their fate will be. All talk of the early reestablishment of the Polish Kingdom under a Hapsburg Archduke has ceased. If for the moment the fighting has swept past, and over the bulk of the Poles, there is no assurance that it will not return. Meanwhile with winter approaching they must build upon the wreck of their homes and their farms as best they can. The world, for obvious reasons, has not found the Polish misfortunes so dramatically appealing as those of the Belgians, yet the need is if anything greater.

THE FEEDING OF BELGIUM

The story of the feeding of Belgium has been told only in fragments and impressions. For the first time the spirit and machinery of what is probably the greatest charitable enterprise in history have been systematically described in a special supplement of the New Republic by Mabel Hyde Kittredge, whose narrative, for all its avoidance of rhetoric, lays a strong hold upon the emotions. The problem has been one of bringing food to a people of seven millions beleaguered with armies. Be it said to the credit of nature that there is one task to which the spirit of self-sacrifice and the talents of efficiency will rally as quickly as to the call of war, and that is when the calamity of a city or a nation calls upon the pity of the world. Several generations have gone into the fashioning of the German "preparedness" which has awed the world. It should be a legitimate source of pride for us that only a few months of preparedness created the marching of the Commission for Relief in Belgium, which functions with a precision and effectiveness that the German General Staff can-

not but admire. The belief is commonly current that the Belgians themselves are doing little for their own salvation. Miss Kittredge's report shows this to be quite untrue. The only way in which Belgians have been remiss is in the flight of a large section of the well-to-do population during the early days of the panic.

Were these refugees to return, the benefit would be marked, materially and spiritually. But the prosperous citizens who have remained have given generously of their time and means. Ten million dollars have been contributed to the funds of the Commission by Belgians. The rich pay for their food, including a profit on it : the working classes of small means pay the actual cost : \$1.80 a month will keep one human being alive : the destitute receive food free. The actual task of distributing food and clothing is entirely in the hands of the Comite National de Secours—the Belgians themselves which operates in 32,000 communal centres. This much should also be said for the conquerors of the country: that they have given every facility for the distribution of relief. The only special passes issued by the Germans for free movement through. out Belgium are those given to members and agents of this Commission.

BALKAN STATES

So much has been written of late about the Balkan States that we need not attempt to assess their claims. Certain it is that this war is fundamentally justified in view of the contempt which has been shown for them by the great Powers whose ambitious designs have broken the peace of Europe in so startling a manner. More to the point it is to note that the Scandinavian countries, to say nothing of Switzerland, could not long retain their freedom of action if the German fury were to prevail in the West. Denmark knows by bitter experience what it is to

suffer at the hands of a too powerful | Paul's impassioned advocacy of the and unscrupulous foe-we had nearly unity of faith was mere verbal jugwritten "neighbour." but remembering in time that the true meaning of that sacred word had no application to a jealous and envious man or nation. The query, "Who is my neighbour?" must for long puzzle the casuists of the German schools.

In 1864 Prussia and Austria were leagued together against Denmark. The German Crown Prince of Augustenburg proclaimed himself Duke of months of fighting took possession of the two provinces, almost immediately falling out over the spoil. There ensued a struggle between the two conquering Powers, which ended in the triumph of Prussia at Sadowa. After that the new North German Confederation was formed, with the Prussian King as Emperor and Bismarck as Chancellor. Denmark could not henceforth be expected to regard the restless nation at her gates and on her borders without suspicion, lings and which is as uncertain in qualified by fear.

HOPE AND PEACE

Antumn is with us again, with its dull vapors and reek of mortality. Chill winds blow across bare furrows whispering of distant fields unharvested and trampled, blood-stained campaigns where the fruits of the earth should have ripened.

Woodworth wrote of the Highland reaper who sang of "old unhappy far off things and battles long ago." Alas, it is of a very present trouble our scribes tell to-day! The Reaper whose name is Death is busy gathering in another harvest. Yet still the benediction of earth and sky remains with us; not all the crimes and errors of mortals can annul the promise of fresh peace and posterity which the Eternal causes to bloom parennially in our hearts. The joy of the morning, the satisfaction of noonday, the solemnity of the evening hour, all are parts of the life-span which ushers in an unimsginable new day. Some of us are directly involved

in the sanguinary struggle upon which

the eyes of the world are intently

fixed. Our brothers and sons share the toils and dangers of the brave Belgians and the plucky Frenchmen, who are sustaining onsets and cruelties unknown to earlier civilizations. Our hearts are wrung by bitter tidings day by day. Loved ones are within the blazing zone, far from the scothing caress of those who would so gladly minister to their needs. Those who have escaped loss and anguish so far must presently endure privation. They have to be gleaners n stubbly fields, gatherers of sidered trifles in the hour of the countries' need. All are enlisted, and that for an indefinite term. But faith and hope can nerve even the weak to serve by speech or act. We have great allies in this stand against a varnished barbarism. Without blasphemy or hypocrisy we may appeal to the Higher Court of Justice to support the cause which is not ours only-to that Power which sways the future, confounds the crafty devices of ambitious tyrants, and brings good out of evil. Out of the welter and chaos light will arise. The winter of our discontent will pass, as the bare and brown autumnal outlook is passing. Spring will come again; flowers will bloom afresh; the groves and hillsids will re-scho to the voices of singing birds. Life will once more banish death; and the nations, redeemed from the oppression of the Mailed Fist, will breathe freely, in an ampler ether, a diviner air of righteousness, pity and good-will.____

CURIOUS

The American Episcopalians are deliberating as to the advisability of sending missionaries to teach the South Americans. With all due deference to these gentlemen who are solicitous about the South Americans, we should like to know what they are going to teach. It may be that they mean to inform South America that one can believe anything save Catholic doctrine without being branded as unorthodox by American Episcopalianism, which never promulgated a heresy or condemued a heresy. They may tell

gling.

Vague and indefinite this Church is going afield to teach with "stammering lips of ambiguous formularies" that mutually destructive, hopelessly irreconcilable opinions can be held without sacrificing fundamental truths. Bishop Coxe chamapostolic succession, and Brookes was against it. Some Episcopalian ministers teach Schleswig Holstein. Then Austria seven sacraments, devotion to the and Prussia assailed, and after eight | Mother of God, etc., while others cling to two sacraments and declare that devotion to saints is a vain thing repugnant to the word of God. And we might go on enumerating the divers brands of doctrine all housed in the edifice of Episcopalianism.

> It seems to us that missionaries of church that has never stirred the hearts of the multitude, but is found almost exclusively in cities where its adherents are chiefly rich worlddoctrine as it is feeble in action, might be asked some embarrassing questions by the South Americans. They might ask them about the in spiration of the Bible and point out that Rev. Heber Newton, an Episco. palian, assailed the authenticity and inspiration of the Scriptures. They might ask them who sent them. The Missionary Society. The South American would wonder why a missionary society, which is not sure of its belief, should presume to ask him to yield his fallible judgment to

the society's fallible judgment. It has, of course, a bewildering variety of doctrinal wares, and you can do anything you like in it provided you go about decorously, but even this will not tempt anyone who knows that Christ's law must have a terpret and enforce it.

MORE PRIEST HEROES

FOUR OF THEM BRAVE DEATH TO GIVE RITES OF CHURCH TO DYING

Among the many deeds witnessed at the Union Box Company fire in Pittsburgh, on October 25, in which thirteen lives were lost, was the dar ing work of four Catholic priests who braved death to enter the burn ing building to administer the last rites of the Church to the dying, says the Pittsburgh Dispatch. A few minutes after the fire Revs. J. V. Sharp, P. J. Kitrick and J. W. O'Con-nell, of St. Peter's Church, and Rev. P. J. Quilter, of St. Andrew's Church, rushed to the scene from their

Two of the priests went to the ladder in the front of the building and entered. He was unable to stay very long on account of the suffocating smoke, but before leaving he gave conditional absolution to all the victims caught in the building.

When the priests were advised by Commissioner Walsh not to attempt to enter the building again, they stationed themselves beside the ambulance and when each victim was carried from the building they

gave absolution. During the fire six times, emerging unscathed six times, with a living, pulsating form as a reward for each entry into the furnace which was wiping out life, Peter Vallon, an Italian laborer, went back for his seventh rescue. Thirty minutes later firemen brought forth his charred remains and placed them where thousands of onlookers could—and did—pay homage to the memory of a Vallon placed to his credit the hero. lives of an even half-dozen girls. He failed in his seventh effort. Last night his little family mourned their loss in an humble home on Lacock Street. Six other families blessed the name of Peter Vallon.—Boston

FORMER MINISTER ORDAINED

On Thursday, the Feast of the Apostles, SS. Simon and Jude, Rev. J. R. Michael Edwards, T. O. R., was ordained priest in the chapel of St. Francis' Seminary, Loretto, Pa

Before becoming a Catholic Father Edwards had been an Episcopalian minister for over thirty years, during nine years of which he was in charge of churches in the villages of Brent wood, Central Islip and Ronkonkoma L. I. In the spring of 1911 he was received into the Catholic Church by the former rector of Brentwood, Rev John M. Kiely, who baptized Mr. Ed wards in the Church of the Blessed Sacrament, Brooklyn. Having completed four years of preparation through prayer and study, Mr. Ed wards was ordained priest by Right Rev. Eugene Garvey, D. D., Bishop of them that in their opinion St. Altoona, Pa.—True Voice.

THE PEABODY FIRE

CARDINAL O'CONNELL'S WORDS OF HOPE TO THE AFFLICTED ston Pilot, Nov. 6

The parish of St. John at Peabody Rev. Nicholas J. Murphy, rector, was visited by a terrible calamity Thurs. day morning of last week when the parish school was destroyed by fire and a score of the little ones their lives. Time and again the school had been emptied in two minutes, as recorded by those who were bolding watches during fire drills ; the loss of life was chiefly lue to the fact that several of th little girls in the frantic rush for the was a real fire, fainted and blocked the hallway, just at the front steps, so that those behind them could not escape.

There is no need to attempt to pic ture the scenes of awful distress of parents, the narrow escapes of the other children, the sufferings of some of the children who were severely burned nor detail the agonies and the heroism of the Sisters in charge who only left their posts of duty when all possible had been done for their pupils. The facts are too heart-rending to dwell upon.

SEVENTEEN LITTLE WHITE CASKETS Probably never before in any church in the United States has there been such a lamentable scene

as the array of seventeen little white caskets each containing the remains before the altar in St. John's Church at the time of the Solemn High Mass of Requiem, celebrated in the pres ence of the Cardinal, last Saturday morning.

Before the absolution, His Eminence, the Cardinal, advanced to the altar railing and said :

"I have come here to-day to take my place in deepest grief and sadness sorrow beyond words, of the dear the dreadful calamity of Thursday morning; a calamity which has plunged into universal mourning the competent authority appointed to in- whole community; which has well nigh broken the hearts of the parents and has stunned me into a silence which I must break to-day to express comfort and consolation to those so sadly afflicted by this melancholy

"Every now and then, by no one's neglect, by the fault of no one, so far as human knowledge can reach, by what is purely and simply an accident, some awful catastrophe happens involving dreadful results to many ;

death, suffering and sorrow. 'We look about, examine and inquire-all the caution and care which numan industry can apply have been exercised-everything has been done vention-and yet the dreadful event appens.

Certainly in this case, after official investigation, no one has been found blameworthy. The regulations of safety required by the law were fulfilled scrupulously; the Sisters, as usual, behaved like heroines, heedrear of the burning building and two to the front. Father Sharp scaled a thinking only of the safety of the building place; they are well used to that discipline, the heroism of self-efface-ment and the display of heroic courage in their thought of others. But it is easy to see that were it not for the perfect discipline of the school and the cool-headed unselfishness of the Sisters, the sorrow and grief of to day would have been unspeakably

more terrible to hear.
"What can one say in the face of such things! Where no one is to blame when all was done and more than ordinary human effort could ac complish, and yet the tragedy re fathers and mothers know that what words fail to express, faith and hope make strong and clear. Search your Christian hearts, bring out today from that storehouse of confidence in God, in His all seeing wisdom, His eternal Providence, the thoughts which in a moment like this must be your greatest strength, as they must also be the only answer to all your questions.

Your little ones are with God. A moment and God had enfolded them in His loving arms and taken them home to Himself.

Think for a moment, and let the light of faith turn your thoughts from this terrible grief to what you know is as sure as that grief—all the longdrawn out suffering, all the sadness and disappointments, all the ills and illness of a whole lifetime—things, all of which, had they lived, your little ones would not escape, by the laws of human life-all these were narrowed down to a mere moment of suffering, a mere briefest interval of terror, and God's happiness claimed

hem for an eternity of bliss. Their sweet souls were unsullied: their innocence still was angelic. In a moment of trial all the suffering of mortal life was over, and they were in the loving arms of their God, their Father, and not for all that earth contains would they now leave the heaven which they possess forever. "These are not words coined

merely to console you, though God knows how I yearn to say something

make you stronger under such a burden. They are the truths you know, the truths you live by, the truths without which you could not live another day. You believe them and that precious faith to day must

be your highest consolation.
"Remember you are Christian fathers and mothers. Lift up your hearts to God-those hearts broken with grief and affliction—and say: 'My dear Jesus, I know in very truth what suffering is. I know what You endured upon the cross. I know what Your blessed Mother Mary endured at the foot of Your Cross. I do not entirely understand it ail, but give me the strength to bear it for Thy dear sake. God's holy will be

God gave you your little ones. Who can read life's mystery without divine confidence and hope! Give them back to Him generously. eyes after a little while and look up to where your children are waiting for you-happy now; ob, so much happy now than earth could make them

"They have passed through the crucible of suffering-innocent, pure and safe; who shall say, for who now can know, how many less prepared than they will be spared an unprovided death, because of their pain

"Life is all a mystery. Faith alone can solve it. Draw now upon that unfailing faith. Look up! Look up! God is above you and in His arms, saved for evermore from all sorrow and anguish and grief and disappointment, are your own beoved ones. "Let not this terrible blow stun

you—that were fatal—God will be nearer than ever to you, for they who suffer are always nearest Him.

"All the affection of a father's heart, hurt as yours is, I offer you. All the sympathy of understanding of one who realizes your affliction and the depth of your sorrow I bring to you. I wish I could only make you realize how, not only I, but your priests, your friends and neighbors and the whole community long to comfort and console you.

"But I can do more than all thisinfinitely more. I can recall to your minds and hearts your firm faith and confidence in God. I can remind you of God's goodness and love in midst of life's awful mysteries, and I can say to you as God's minister an representative : Weep not ; they

whom you love are with God. "To the Christian, though tears must flow, and though still the heart be heavy, that word of faith and hope is stronger than grief, and before it, in time all grief must pass. And this too will pass, but God's promises and God's love and God's mercy will re-

A RECENT CONVERT

. J. W. Smith in Denver Catholic Register, Nov.

The Rev. R. Michael Edwards. T. O. R., formerly a newspaper man in Denver, later a clergyman of the Episcopal church for years, was ordained a Catholic priest last Thursday by the Rt. Rev. Eugene A Garvey, St. Francis' college and ecclesiastical seminary, Loretto, Pa. Father Michael has been a member of the Third Order Regular Franciscans for five years. He is over sixty six years old. He was born in Maine on Septem ber 25, 1849, and was the son of Baptist parents. He was graduated from Trinity College in 1874, and was engaged in literary work for some years. For a long time he was an infidel, then met with his first conversions—to Christianity. It is said that his reason for becoming an Episcopalian minister was that he had fought God so long that he felt the necessity of fighting for Him. He was rector of the Church of the Holy Redeemer, Brooklyn, then of St. John's Long Island City, one of the most fashionable parishes on Long Island. After years as a minister, he was led into the Cath. olic Church through study. A most peculiar thing happened when he was converted. He resigned his charge, and his bishop learned that he was to become a Cathelic. The bishop told him that any time he changed his mind again his Episcopalian parish would be waiting for him. It is said that this was the first time such an offer had ever been made.

Father Michael decided to join s Catholic religious order, but found his a little difficult at first due to his age. Finally he made applications to the Third Order Regular of St. Francis and was accepted. He as proved an exceedingly valuable addition to the community, for he is splendidly educated and unusually brilliant. Both physically and men tally, he has the vigor of a man in the prime of life. He is professor of Greek and Hebrew and an instructor in Scripture at the college. He is also censor of the students' magazine The Alvernia.

It was about twenty-six years ago that Father Michael lived in Denver He spent two years in this city. He has lived in every state in the Union, and has that broad culture which

that will assuage your grief and former member of the Masonic order and is a widower. His wife was scholar like himself.

NO PRO-GERMANISM IN IRELAND

DECLARES SIR HORACE PLUNKETT

London, Nov. 2nd.—In an interview Sir Horace Plunkett has given some interesting views upon the position in Ireland in relation to the War. "The popular sentiment," he states, "is slowly but steadily going in the right direction, chiefly because the people give me the power to understand; are gradually getting to understand why Ireland is at war." He draws a contrast between the position now and at the time of the Boer War. "Then resolutions were being passed his Irish admirers. Not so the Kaiser. There is no pro Germanism in Ireland to day. As to the latest Prussian attempt, of which we have read, to get hold of Irish thought and feeling, it will simply show that the Germans surpass the English in their inability to understand the Irish psychology."

RECRUITING AND COMPULSION

Coming to the question of recruiting and compulsion, Sir Horace was asked whether there would be grave political trouble in applying compulsion to Ireland. "My own considered opinion," he replied, "is that there would be some political trouble, but it would be shortlived, and that a far graver political situation would be created by leaving Ireland out of any scheme considered necessary to bring the War to an early and triumphant issue. It would hopelessly divide Ireland."

WHAT IRELAND HAS DONE

Sir Horace holds that in England there is a wholly wrong impression concerning the number of recruitables in Ireland. Three considerations have to be taken into account, namely, the scarcity of agricultural labor, the effects of emigration, and the fact that a much greater proportion of Irishmen were in the army or on the reserve, at the beginning of the War than of men from other parts of the United Kingdom. "If these things are borne in mind," he says, we have not done so badly."

RECRUITING IN IRELAND

Lord Kitchener and the recruiting officers are calling for more and more men. The former has written a letter of appeal to the Lord Lieu tenant praising the Irish for their gallantry and asserting that Irishmen will never allow their regiments main forever to console and comfort to be left without reinforcements. General Friend in a report to the Lord Lieutenant states that since the beginning of the war Ireland has farnished 81,000 new recruits. In a recent Mansion House speech Red

mond said : Let me give you a few figures. In addition to some 30,000 odd reserv sts who were called to the colors from Ireland when the war began and in addition to some 22 000 Irishmen from Ireland who were in the army at the time the war began, Ireland has sent 81,408 recruits since the war broke out. The City of Dublin, where I am now speaking, alone 81 408 recruits, 44,689 were Catholica and 36,719 were Protestants. And to day, taking the number of men in the Army at the commencement of the war and the reservists who were called up, and the recruits since joined, there are in the Army now from Ireland 188,454 men; and of that great total 79.511 are Catho lics, and 52 943 are Protestants. I have made inquiries in every direc-

tion, and from these inquiries I have come to the conclusion that at least 80,000 more men were rejected by the military authorities. . . In many places that I know two out of three recruits were rejected by the author ities: and if you take that figure that have given you of 80,000 as approxi mately correct, then you will the extraordinary fact that, in addi tion to the reservists and the old soldiers, 160 000 men in Ireland have since the war began volunteered for the British Army.—America.

CHRISTIAN DOCTRINE

A New York paper relates that one of the judges in that city was much impressed by the definition of an oath given him by a little eleven year old girl who was called to testify for her father. "An oath," she said, is "calling upon Ged to witness the truth of what you say," and the judge declared he had never heard a better or more concise definition. Since it came out that the little girl was pre paring for her First Communion and since her definition is the one given in the little catechism and which all Catholic children have at their tongue's ends, it strikes one how much the ordinary non-Catholic might be illuminated by a primary course in Christian doctrine, and how much Catholics might accomplish by the opportune use of the elemental definitions with which the always comes to au intelligent man thru extensive travel. He is a Universe.

CATHOLIC NOTES

Bulgaria has a population of about 4,750,000. The king is a Catholic.

The women of Germany are making winter garments for the German army next winter.

The Archconfraternity of the Holy Family connected with the church of the Redemptorists, in Limerick, Ireland, numbers 70,000 members.

At its annual meeting held recently under the presidency of Cardinal Logue, the Maynooth Union adopted proposal for the establishment of an Irish-speaking priests' society.

The Church in the United States now has 85 ecclesiastical seminaries, with an enrolled membership of about 7,000 young men studying for the

The Consistory will probably be held sooner than was originally in-tended, says a Catholic Press Association cable from Rome. It is expected that it will be held on either Novem-

ber 2 or November 25. Under the late Bishop Conaty the Catholic population of the Angeles diocese is estimated to have risen from 58,000 to 145,555, but more gratifying than all else, the attendauce at the Catholic schools has risen from under 3,000 to over 10,000.

In Golder's Green which is known "the garden suburb of London, Cardinal Bourne recently opened a beautiful new church. The building of the church was made necessary by the district.

A gift of \$10,000 has been made to the cause of Catholic theological education by Richard C. Kerens, former Ambassador to Austria. The gift was in the form of two burses presented to the board of Kenrick

Seminary, St. Louis. It is interesting to learn that eight thousand nuns are tending the wounded soldiers at the Italian front, and that close on thirty thousand Italian priests are serving as infirmarians, attendants, chaplains and soldiers in the firing line.

A cablegram received by the Right Rev. Moneignor James P. Sinnott, rector of St. Charles Borromeo's from his nephew, Bishop MacGinley, of Nueva Caceres, Philippine Islands, states that a cyclone has visited that section and has destroyed the diocecaused the loss of hundreds of lives.

The Holy Coat is a celebrated relic in the Cathedral of Treves, which a very ancient tradition identifies with the seamless coat that Christ wore at the time of His passion. The Empress Helena is said to have come into possession of this while in the Holy Land, and to have given it to the city of Treves.

Leonardo Da Vinci's masterpiece, "The Last Supper," in Venice, has been protected by a wall of sandbags built about 7 feet from the wall on which it is painted. In addition, a fireproof curtain has been suspended Venice are encased in straw and cement to protect them from hostile air craft bombs.

A bill, which was passed by the tate is likely to become a law, forbids the employment in public or private educational institutions of any white person to teach colored persons. The passage of this bill into law will very materially interfere with the splendid work which members of our Catholic orders—priests, brothers and nuns have been doing in educating the children of the negro race in Georgia.

Henry C. Frick, the Pittsburg millionaire, has paid \$250,000 for Giovanni Bellini's St. Francis of Assisi. It is painted in oil on a panel 55x49 inches. It was formerly in the pos-session of the Centarini family in Venice, later passing into the collec tion of an English gentleman, and was shown in the Manchester exhibition of 1857. It was thereafter lost sight of and remained in a private come at Sunninghill, practically unknown until Langton Douglas discovered it and made its importance known.

The Jewish World states that, in response to a letter sent to the Pope by the editor of a Yiddish paper in New York (who appealed to His Holiness to arouse Christendom to a realization of the sufferings of mil-lions of human beings—the Jews), the Pope has replied: "The august Pontiff has graciously taken note of this document. The Holy See as it has always in the past acted according to the dictates of justice in favor of the Jews, intends now also to fol low the same path on every propitious occasion that may present it self.

There is on foot in Sydney, Austra lia, a plan to transform the old St.
John's College into an up to date university equal to the requirements of the present generation of Australian youth. A large sum will be needed, but a wealthy gentleman of Sydney, Mr. Thomas Donovan, has subscribed generously, and Governor General Sir Gerald Strickland, a fer vent Catholic, has promised his support. The new university will be named for Cardinal Newman, the distinguished English concert.

CARDOME

A ROMANCE OF KENTUCKY

BY ANNA C. MINOGUS CHAPTER XXX

Mr. Davidson and Hal talked far into the night, and the conclusion arrived at from their conversation sent the elder man to Virginia early on the following morning. He found her alone, and notwithstanding the anguish that was racking her heart, m and silent, setting up the barries of her fine pride against the approach of even a friend. Impulsive to rash ness, his tropical nursed nature made it always difficult for him to deal with Kentuckians, who hide their deeper feelings, true natures, behind light, smiling gayety, or cold,

still pride.
"I do not believe, Miss Castleton, he began, after an exchange of greet that I ever told you that your ther and I were fast friends? You never did," she said, with

gentle reproach in her voice. ' "Because no occasion presented itself, perhaps," he replied; "per-haps, because I wanted you to feel that I am your friend for your own sake first. I ask you now to look upon me as a man your father trusted, called his friend," he went on quickly, his voice growing tremulous, "and believe that what I ask you to do he

would not disapprove."
Under the questioning of her now troubled eyes, he continued, hurried.

'' Of the conditions that you are building around your life, Colonel Powell, of course, knows nothing. Your unexpressed wish has been divined. He knows that he is to be saved from a death that is not the fortunes of war, but the working of hate and revenge. He believes that this is, in some way, due to you. He wishes to see you, to thank you, and to bid you farewell."

Colonel Powell wishes to see ms?" exclaimed Virginia, and he caught a tone in her voice that puzzled him. It might be an ex-

pression of deep joy or great fear.
"He is determined to see you!" went on Mr. Davidson, his impetuosity beginning to evince itself. will see you if he has to come here before leaving. We are surrounded by spies and traitors, and while Howard Dallas is powerful, he is not omnipotent. Once let Mrs. Powell get a hint of what we intend doing, she will raise such a hue and cry that Burbridge, to quiet her, will be forced to send an armed guard to the jail, or turn out a regiment in pur suit of the prisoner, if he has escaped. You can prevent his running this great risk by accompanying me to the prison this afternoon. Mr. Dallas will not refuse us the permission when he understands that nothing can turn Clay Powell from his determination to see you before leaving Georgetown. We have gone too far to lose all now.

'Are you certain you are counsel ling what my father would sanction, if he were here?" she asked slowly, looking into his syes.
"Under the circumstances, yes!

he cried; a thousand times, yes!' She turned and rang for her

Send for Mr. Dallas," she said, as Chloe appeared. Half an hour later Howard Dallas was hurrying up the steps, for never before had Virginia Castleton sent a messenger for him and he knew not how to interpret her action. As he entered the room and saw Mr. Davidson, his brow darkened. Virginia bowed distantly to the man whose bride she was to be before the morrow should be as old recognized his presence by a cool greeting. If the three had not been o absorbed in their own affairs, they would have noticed that a large black hand was drawing back the portieres that heavily curtained the doorway. Virginia looked across the room to Mr. Davidson, who began curtly, for he feared his passionate nature would break from his control and make him fling himself on the man who was now Virginia Castleton's master, and crush the life out of those cruelly smiling, level-lidded

'I am the bearer of a message from Colonel Powell to Miss Castle ton. who has referred me to you Colonel Powell wishes to see Miss Castleton to bid her farewell. He Castleton to bid her sarewell. He will see her. So I deem it better for not hesitate to call my servants and big safer for all, that she should bid them thrust you from this house, him, safer for all, that she should him in his cell, rather than have him come here."

Dallas's glance travelled over the speaker's face and made note of the scorn and detestation written thereon: then passed to Virginia, who stood opposite, one white hand resting on the carved back of a chair.

"Do you think this necessary? Do you think it advisable?" he asked, his voice and face softening somewhat, and because of this change she felt a fear of him, whom before she only despised.
"If I did not, would I have sent for

you?" she asked haughtily. Instantly he underwent a change.
"You then wish me to give you

permission to visit Clay Powell in his prison ?"

I do."

Suppose I refuse ?" But you will not refuse !" cried Mr. Davidson, stepping between him and Virginia, his eyes blazing, his "For were you to dare to do it, this day would not be an hour older before Mrs. Powell would know that you intend betraying her, and that instead of Clay Powell, as she supposes, another Confederate sol-dier shall bite the dust at her gate to morrow. By God! I don't know

that I shall permit you to go any fur-ther with your damnable scheme, for no man's life is worth the price you are asking for it!'

"Did you not quit your star-gazing a little too soon, Mr. Davidson?" questioned Dallas, his fine, cruel smile accompanying the words. For an instant his hearers face showed surprise, but in the next he was saying, as he advanced a step, eyes and voice threatening :

"Repeat that question, if you dare Howard Dallas, and you will not be here to morrow to receive Clay Powell's ransom!"

Dallas drew back, pallor showing under the smooth skin, a strange fear in his heart, as he remembered his father brought home dead from s duel. Mr. Davidson noted the duel. Mr. Davidson

"I have many duties claiming my time. Will you write out the order

With no other word, Dallas obeye and silently handed the paper to Mr.
Davidson, who went to where Virginia stood, saying:
"I shall call again this afternoon."

Then, as he bent over her hand, he added in a whisper: "Remember you are dealing with a villain in yonder man. Listen to my words and obey them as you would your father's could he rise from the grave to warn you. Do not, under any circumstance, under any pressure under any threat, under any promise marry him until Clay Powell's note, telling you that he is safe in Frankfort, is in your hands ; nay, not until your eyes have read the words and your mind is fully convinced they are no forgery." Then with a bow

to Dallas, he left the room. When they were alone, the young man raised his eyes from the con-templation of the table to the woman standing by the chair, her face and attitude haughtily demanding why he should thus linger in her presence. He was not quite certain of her. He could not grasp the full meaning of that still, immovable scorn. interview he had had with her, the day following her return to George town in answer to his letter; and in his better moments, remembrance of

Dallas into a blush. But those

moments were rare, of swift passage One had come that morning as he had turned to her with his first question, and her reception of it had awakened all the pitilessness of his nature, which had not been modified by his after passage at arms with Mr. Davidson. He thought as he looked at her that he would give much to wring one expression of the pain in her soul from those curved lips, catch one signal of her pride's defeat from that still, cold face. He hardly knew how to attack her, she

was so unlike other women; but as he watched her, he suddenly recalled the night of the fets at Mrs. Powell's when she had refused to walk alone with him to the little summer retreat. She was alone with him now, willing or unwilling, as she would be henceforth when he wished; and she would hear him now, but not as she would have heard him then.

rose and deliberately crossed the room to where she stood, and though she never moved a hair's breadth, he telt her mad desire for flight, and it

made him smile.
"My Virginia," he began slowly, to give the words all their dread mean ing, "you hate me so thoroughly I could love you for it. A woman's hate is almost as intoxicating as her love—when she is ours. You will not let me touch your hand to day. will kiss your lips, my proud one without your permission, to mor-

"But this is not to-morrow!" she life more dreaded than a thousand years of His severest punishment. And if He should deem me worthy of thus receiving His mercy, you shall not think, looking on my dead face, that living I bore one insulting word from you. This I have to say to you. As your wife, you may insult me. I shall then be powerless to prevent it. I would scorn to attempt to prevent it, for no one, not my mother if she were living, shall know that Virginia Castleton was an unwilling bride. But I am yet mistress of my-self. While I am, I shall not permit you even to stand in my presence, much less offer me insult. Now go!" she finished, pointing toward the door, "and immediately, or I shall even though you are coming back to it to morrow to claim me for your

The smile left his eyes and mouth, and with an expression on his face that would have struck dead the heart of a woman cast in a less courageous mold, he turned to find he grinning Mandy barring his

way.
"What are you doing here, you eaves-dropping slave ?" he cried

"I'se not a slave, I want yoh to membah, Mistah Dallas! I'se a free pusson, an' jus' as good as yoh is. Yoh didn't ust to 'ject to my eavesdroppin' w'en I wuz a slave at Cahdome, nur attah you 'duced me to run away from ole Marse wif ma blue-gum niggah, w'en de eavesdrappin' wuz on Miss 'Ginia. Some-times, Mistah Dallas, de kuite we spen's a heap of time a-makin' sharp is jus' de one dat cuts oub han'.

"Get out of here!" he cried, "or-"Yoh's gwian to say you'll put me out?" No, sah; yoh can't do it, an' landy don't do nuffin now, she don't want to; an' she don't want to git out of here tell she's had huh say." He had not the authority to enforce his command, nor would he

leave her here. She knew things he would not have Virginia Castleton hear for half his fortune. He could only appeal to the one who had the mbarrassment of the situation.

"Miss Castleton, will you order this negro from your house?

"She is your visitor, not mine," returned Virginia. "You should be able to deal with your accomplices without assistance from others. She glanced, as she spoke, from his angry face to the negro's grinning one, and for once in his life, Dallas found himself openly defeated, and he knew not which to fear more, what the white lady thought or the black woman knew.

"Come out into the hall, or to my office," he said, attempting to reach the door; but Mandy again interposed her ungainly bulk, saying:
"No. sah! I yain't gwian to stan'

in hallways talkin' to w'ite folkses any more. I'se gwain to see 'em in dah pahlas, like dah ekils." Dallas closed his teeth to keep back

the curses, because of Virginia's presence; and after a silence, Mandy "I'se got a leetle business wif yoh, Mistah Dallas. Yoh see, I jus' hap pened to be in dis 'cinity w'en Mistah Davi'son come. Now, w'en yoh see Mistah Davi'son a comin' 'roun' dis early in de mawnin' yoh can be mighty nigh sut'n somet'in gwian on. So I jus' slipped in de back way. Nobody seen me, foh niggabs yain't keerful of dah mistah's place no more sence dey's got freedom. I know dis place, foh yoh' membah I ust to come

here pretty often to spy on Miss 'Ginia an' de res' of de ladies, a foh yoh sent 'em to prison. I listened 'hind de curtain to w'at Mistah Davi'. son said 'bout Mistah Powell gwian to be let out of jail to night an' his wantin' to see Miss 'Ginia; as he ought to, foh dah yaint no pusson one more toh 'im dan Miss 'Ginia." The blood of the white man could

not endure those last jeering words from negro lips. "If you dare mention that lady's name again," he muttered between his teeth, "I will—" and his eyes and bloodless face finished the sentence. Mandy grew suddenly subdued. that interview shamed Howard

"Den w'en yoh come," she continued, "I seen yoh write de cdah for Mistah Davi'son; an' den I jus' waited 'cause I didn't want to 'rupt voh conversation," and the grin that over spread her face made it almost dia olical. 'Now if ole Mis' Powell hear of dis, she'll break up yoh game. Mistah Davi'son said so. An' I know an' kin tell hub," she finished.

"Will you come to my office?" h asked, in a voice he strove to make

' No, sah, I won't. Yoh'll talk wif me here, or I'll talk wif ole Mis Powell! Dat's all I got to say." "How much do you want to keep

your infernal tongue still?" asked, baside himself. "Two hun'red dollahs," she replied

coolly.
"You're a fool!" he sneered.

'Yoh's de one'll be de fule, w'en ole Mis' Powell sen's along de Linkum men an' dey make Mistah Powell fas' in his cage!" she remarked, with a laugh. Howard Dallas chancing to turn his eyes toward Virginia, caught the smile that lighted her face and under it he felt all the humiliation of the proceeding pouring over him like a torrent; and because she had seen him thus disputing and bargaining with a negro, he swore in his heart that if Mandy had demanded his plantation for her silence, he would give it to her sooner than permit that now flercely hated woman to escape his vengeance, as she would do unless Clay Powell went free. He opened said. "God's night lies between. In it He may send me release from a money for the negress, but she

laughed, and said ; "Dis here chile yain't gwian to take yoh ole papah dollahs. Yoh got to pay me in gold." And Howard pay me in gold." And Howard Dallas went to the table and wrote her out a check. As he laid down his pen, he said :
"If you tell Mrs. Powell I will have

you hanged."
"I swah foh God, I won't tell ole Mis' Powell," cried Mandy, and with a low bow and a grin she departed and Howard Dallas followed her.

Mandy went to the bank, and then with her gold, returned home, where her worthless husband awaited her She unfolded her bandana handker chief and related how cleverly she had come into possession of the gold; but instead of according her the expected praise, her listener up braided her because she had not de manded a larger amount. "Ole Mis' would give yoh twice dat much," he added, as he showed his bluish gums.

'Yoh ought to tell huh, too." 'I swahed to Mistah Dallas dat I wouldn't," said Mandy the virtuous, an' Mis' Love ust to tell us w'en we swahed to do anyt'ing we mus' do it. "Mis' Love ust tell you a good many othan t'ings dat you don't

in'," he sneered. "Dat's so ! an' if I'd a minded hub I wouldn't be livin, wit no ole pizen niggah!" she cried, flinging a convenient piece of stove-wood at his head, but which he missed by a quick

"I'se not 'flectia' on yoh, Mandy! he said in conciliatory tones. "Dah yain't nobody clevaher dan yoh. But my ole mammy'd be awful mad if she'd hear dat yoh tole dat to Marse Dallas 'stead of ole Mis.'

'Den yoh'd bettah run ovah an' tell huh or she might put de 'hoodoo' on us." said Mandy, with a grin; adding, "Let's see how much gol' yoh'll bring back, Mistah Bluegum!" On reaching the Park the negro found his mother in a state of exultation that was like the insanity of

mammy?" he cried. "But I know he promised to come up to the house. somet'ing dat yoh'd give yoh face, dat He promised so readily that I said makes everybody skeerd of yoh, to hear. Oh-h, don't I know somet'ing good! An' ole Mis' would giv huh head to know it, too. Oh-h!"

For a long time he tantalized her with hints of his wonderful secret until she began to get angry, when her face took on an expression that would have made nearly every negro for miles around quail; but her son only grinned and said :
"Yoh's not so glad now, mammy, is

yoh?" "Yoh's mad, an' yoh'll be maddah a-foh I tell you w'at I

She bounded toward him, and it seemed that the inherited savagery of innumerable generations of wild men tearing through her would make her rend him; but he sat unnoved, only saying : "I can bite, yoh know !"

She recoiled, and then began to make mysterious passages through the air with her hands. At this he laughed and said :
"I yain't afterd of yoh 'hoodoo,'

mammy. Yoh said yoh 'hoodcoed' ole Marse Powell an' speereted 'way all his money; but it wuz dat win yoh ust to give 'im. Den he'd give ole Mis' his money; an' yoh'd take it an' hide it up de chimbley. Den w'en we wuz all leavin' Willow-wild, w'en ole Marse wuz dead, yoh an' Misses went an'egot de money an' brung it ovah here. Den you said yoh 'hcodooed' Mistah Walter Powell an' specreted his wife away, an' you know yoh put groun' glass in huh biskits w'en yoh went down to nuss ruh. An' yoh t'ink nobody don't know dis, an' yoh say dat yoh can 'hoodoo' everybody, an' make all de niggahs skeerd of yoh. But Chlos Todd, she know w'at yoh done, an' so's Aunt Charity, an' so's Mandy an' lots of folk an' cullohed people An' sometime, emammy, dey's gwian to tell w'at dey know. Den dey won't have yoh whipped or make ole more : but dev'll carry yoh off to jail an' hang yoh like dey does wicket w'ite men. Oh, mammy, dah yain't anybody w'at can save yoh den. An' w'en yoh's cead, de good Lawd'll say, You's be'n a bad niggah! Go down to hell fish !"

As this recital of his mother's crimes and the future punishment reserved for them was delivered, Mrs. Powell came to the door and was held there horror stricken. When, at last, he ceased, her sharp voice filled the silence by crying :

Tremblingly the aged negress made reply, and then Mrs. Powell demanded from the man his secret. 'How much'll yoh give me foh it,

he asked. Missus ?' What is it worth to me?" she replied.

"It's worf fouh hun'red dollahs," he answered. Tell me this," she commanded : "where did you hear it and whom does it concern?"

'Mandy beerd it dis mawning' tween Miss 'Ginia, Mistah Dallas, an'

Mistah Davi'son; an' it's 'bous Mistah Clay Powell," said he. "I will give you fifty dollars," she said, and there was a look on her face which mads the ex-slave realize that the white woman was still his mistress. So he told her of Howard Dallas's carefully laid plan for the liberation of Clay Powell and the marriage with Virginia which was to When he had finished, she said :

"I want you to take a message to the Union commander at Lexington. When you return I will pay you your money. I will make it seventy five dollars instead of fifty, if the soldiers get here in time to prevent the escape of the prisoner.'

Ten minutes later the negro, mounted on one of the fleetest horses in the Park stables, was galloping to Lexington with Mrs. Powell's to General Burbridge, in which, after laying bare Howard Dallae's treason. able plot, she commanded that immediate steps should be taken by the general to prevent its execution, else she would carry the matter to Wash ngton and have him court martialed. The uncourtly officer swore a the officiousness of his once useful friend and ally, but as he dared not disregard her orders, a regiment was despatched to Georgetown immedi ately. The soldiers reached their destination at 6 o'clock. The hour set for Clay Powell's escape was 10.

TO BE CONTINUED

POOR LITTLE JOE!

A True Story by Mercedes, in St. Xavier's Journal Not many months ago, a kindly friend, a priest of many years, told this pathetic story to a little crowd who surrounded him, as he sat on the long porch at St. Xavier's, look ing out on the old trees of the grove and the green lawns that bordered the carriage way. We will give the story in his own words. It will certainly go to the hearts of all who read it. He said :

read It. He said:
"One day as I was passing along
the streets of New York in the Italian
quarter I met a very small, bright
lad whose clive skin and black, curly hair, together with his sparkling eyes, proclaimed at once his nation ality. He was apparently about nine or ten, but his precocity was evident; and a certain shrewdness in the expression of his mouth showed that already he was making

his way in life as a bread winner.

He had a kit for blacking boots under his arm and the way he pulled off his cap showed he recognized the Roman collar. His frank fearless smile attracted me, and I put my arm around his shoulder and began

half doubtfully : "'Now, my son, can I depend on

you ?' 'Father,' he said, 'I always keep my word; that's the only good thing I do, but it's business to keep your

"I smiled, and as I went my way I thought how uncanny and premature the answer was for such a little chap. All day he was on my mind, however I grew absolutely anxious as 5 o'clock drew near. I was even at the door of the church when the town clock struck. Before the last stroke of 5 echoed on the air, my little Italian turned the corner and doffing his cap bounded up the steps. I shook hands with him heartily and led him into the church which empty. We sat down in the last pew and I began to instruct him for confession. There was not a shadow of hesitancy or human respect in the lad's make up; he had led a hard life. He fairly startled me by his knowledge of wickedness, but his honest accusation was so sincere, his him the horrible wickednesss of sir which he did not seem before to realize, that I gave him absolution and persuaded him to come again and prepare for his First Communion. He told me a pitiful tale of his life and when he finally promised to come, I knew he meant to do better. He came regularly, and after a time made his First Holy Communion. I persuaded him to this one belief, that God loved him tenderly and would always keep His arms around

would always seep good.

"After his first Communion he vanished; and although I sent scouts in every direction he could not be found. I was in distress, for the lad had gone to my heart. I never saw a boy of nine so sharp and clever, yet so docile and so truthful. No matter what he did, it was out, on a moment's question. His falls were due to his environment, and I was casting about to get him better quarters, if I could only find him. At last I met him squarely, one day in the street. He did not hang his head or run away, but off with his cap and looked me honestly in the

eyes. He spoke first : "Father, I've been bad and I was ashamed to come back!"
"He was so small for his age that

his head scarcely reached my elbow, but I put my arm around him. We'll fix that, son,' I said. along with me, and you can tell me all about yourself.'

'It's a bad tale, Father,' said this little philosopher, 'but I've tried my best and had to give up. No feller can be good where I live!"

"We walked on to the rectory and my heart ached for the lad. He was in a maelstrom of sin. Morality, decency, honesty were mocked at in his surroundings, and he was honestly grieved about it. He was natural good and tried to do right and I knew he told the truth. I talked to him and he was very willing to go to confession and promised to go Communion next day. He stayed a long time in the church before the altar of the Sacred Heart; his face had a beautiful expression when he said 'Good by,' and I resolved that not another day should pase without my making an effort to rescue him from his surroundings. After he had gone about a square I saw from the

window that he was bounding back. 'Father,' he said, 'I'm an honest boy, and I never lie; I want to tell you that I am going to run away from home. I can't keep from com there and l mitting sins, when I'm won't go back. I won't go home again. I want the Sacred Heart to believe in me. You said It loved me. I'll get alo fellers, and I won't commit any more

sins.' "He looked very small as he stood there, his cap in his hand, his dark

"'But. son,' I said, 'you must not You are too small and run off. young to look out for yourself; I want you to go home, and I place you in the hands of God. Go home with my blessing.

'If you say that, father, and place me in God's hands with your bless-ing, it's a go—it has to be right; only I feel now as if I'd rather die than commit another sin.

"And he went whistling down the

street.
"I looked for him at Mass next saddened me, for he bad promised, and he never broke his word.

"I went around and inquired for him without avail. A week passed on, another, and the boy did not appear. I was really troubled about him. I started out to look for him and happened to meet a chum of his in the street. The boy seemed un-willing to speak to ms. I had to hold him,—until I said I was looking for Joe.

'You won't find him,' said the youngster briefly.
"'Why?' said I.
"'He's dead!' was the reply.
"'Dead?' I exclaimed. 'D
When did he die?'

Dead ?

'Oh, he's dead two weeks ago! He died that afternoon he was at confession. He was telling me about it when he died. He said he was bound to be good now, and wanted to run off, but you said he must go home. God would take care

"And to my shocked and grisved questions, I found out that little Joe had met this boy who ran an elevator in some store. They were in the cage together, and Joe was telling of before a judge, guilty of crimes for

"Yoh's mighty glad, yain't yoh, a chat with him. Before I left him his visit to me, when the elevator ammy?" he cried. "But I know he promised to come up to the house. gave a lurch.—then a crash came. the cable snapped and both were hurled out. He was not seriously hurt, but Joe was dead.

God took the little fellow Home He had heard his resolution never more to offend Him, and in His tender mercy gave him the only road to live in His grace. Perhaps this was little Joe's prayer when I watched him kneeling so long that afternoon, before the altar of the Sacred Heart, to die rather than offend Him. And yet he obeyed me, -he went home to God !"

"THE TIE THAT BINDS"

The peace and quiet of the little country town seemed doubly invit-ing after two years in a bustling, roar ing city, and as he read again his friend's cordial letter, Will Benson smiled, though his eyes were misty.

no word from his former chum. He contrition so real when I showed and Tom Dalton had been inseparable during all their school days, even after they had found their respective places out in the work a day world. friendship until the day-a dark and bitter one it was-when nounced his determination to join remembered the look of horror that had darkened Tom's face.

"You are going to enter the Roman Church?" he cried, as if unable to believe his ears. "Why, you are "No, old Friend," Will answered

quietly. Instead of being mad, I feel as if I were only now safely same."

Tom had argued bitterly, but all to no avail. Then, as a last resort, he threatened to end all intimacy between them. Will bore the blow

calmly. I am so sorry," he said gently. "I hoped that you would learn in time to love this faith as I do, but I see you are not ready yet. I have searched many years for the one true religion-and there can be but oneand having found it, I can never let it go. Perhaps some day you, too, will be drawn into the Great Shep-herd's fold. Until then all that I can

do is to pray."
Tom turned angrily away, and without a word passed out of the room, and out of Will Benson's life. That had been two years ago, and

no line had passed between them. Tom stayed in eleepy, mossy Knowl ton-doing fairly well as a physician. according to vague reports floated in-and Will, busy in the intricacies of law kept his hidden. Once or twice he attempted to renew the old tie, but Tom never responded. Then this letter, with its pressing invitation, and all, its vein of love running through it. Will turned it over and over musingly. Of course, he would go. But he wondered what had come over

A few days later he swung off of the train as eager as a boy, onto the platform of Knowlton's tiny station. Almost at the same moment a hand grasped his, and turning he looked straight into Tom's eyes. One glance and the barrier between them melter away. Arm in arm they strolled down the familiar village streets, talking as freely as if they had never parted, and many old settlers smiled as they saw them pass. Will fell supremely happy, though the cause Will felt of their reunion was still unknown Not till they had finished supper in Tom's cozy bachelor quarters, and had drawn their chairs before the fire, feeling thoughtful and subdued in its mellow light, was the tender subject broached. Tom took the plunge with characteristic sudden-

Will, has your religion been the all in all ' to you that you expected eyes fixed on my face. This time he was bound to do right.

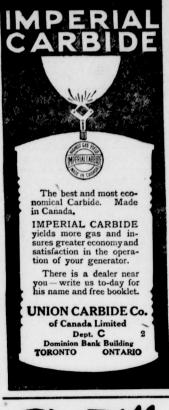
For a moment, Will scarce knew what to say. Had Tom called him here simply to open up the old wound? Surely the answer he must give would displease him. Just a noment's pause, then he said brave

'Tom, my dear old friend, perhaps my answer will hurt you, but I can say simply that which is true. I have missed you, God alone knows how much, but my faith has grown stronger day by day. I never knew "I looked for him at Mass next how all sufficient God could be until morning for I wanted to give him his breakfast. He was not there. It troubled me, but I found in the Church an answer for every question, solace in prayer for every wound. My life has not been easy, nor is it very prosperous. But somehow I have been able to meet each day as it came, and often to give a struggling brother a little help. How you have prospered I do not know, but from appearance, I feel that my prayers for your worldly welfare have been answered.'

Tom looked up-the old quizzical smile on his face. And you still have hopes of draw

ing me into the Catholic faith.

"I have never ceased to pray that you would one day see its beauty for yourself," Will answered. "Tom, as I take up case after case going through the law, I see more plainly the clouds of misery and doubt that shuts Heaven from our eyes. I see husbands and wives, who have sworn before God to love and care for each other all through life, standing before a roomful of themselves, and using every trifle as an excuse to break their bond—sever-



Perhaps Your KIDNEYS

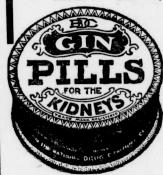
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which there seems to be no forgive ness. All their youth and innocence destroyed forever. All the world at war, and every man's hand raised against his brother. Do you wonder why? It is because the world is full of doubts. Children are raised with carcely any religious teaching, some with none at all. They attend schools where no word is ever spoken concerning their Crea or. They hear certain beliefs expounded by one teacher, and denied by another. Nothing is sure-every man's opinion is mere guess work. Can you wonder that with this foundation of sand our younger generation is sliding farther and farther away from all that is good and pure, and is caught by every passing wave of vanity and foolish-ness? The Catholic faith moves serenely along, united under one Shep herd, teacaing in this century the great truths that it taught when Christ walked with it in person, standing impregnable-truly a rock of strength — amidst the tumult around it. I love it for its courage, for its mystical beauty, for its infallibility, for its all !

His voice died away. He had for gotten his friend, forgotten every-thing but the vastness of his subject. A long eilence followed, broken at last by Tom.

last by Tom.

"I, too, have studied life," he said, reminiscently. "I have stood by beds of pain and wondered what unseen Comforter could uphold them through such suffering. I have seen the shadow, of death pass over a home, bearing its best loved one away, yet the flight of that soul was too beautiful for grief to mar. I have seen burdens laid confidently at foot of the Cross, when every bead of anguish turned into an answered prayer. I have seen old age grow welcome as being one step nearer home. Young men and young women have been kent from paths of sin by the firm faith of home sur-roundings, and I have seen little children kneeling at the altar rail, like angels around the throne of

Will turned to look at his friend, but the touch of Tom's hand on his arm kept him silent. Tom went on: 'I saw all this. I found out what hidden Manna these blessed ones partook of : I could scarcely believe it true. Even you, my once inseparable friend, had found a dearer Comto tell you—can you guess?"
Will sprang joyfully to his feet.

shouted. us-united by one faith! You will become a Catholic-

no time. I am one."

ST. FRANCIS

For seven centuries, the name of St. Francis has inspired the tenderest thought and the most profound devotion. He in truth, was "not of an age but for all time." Intensely ferent, fanaticism never scorched his piety; severe to himself, he was ever onsiderate of others; self-sacrificing. he never paraded his life of abnegation or imposed it on others, so that even at this late day, his gracious record has been only partly written. Infidels, like Renan, who discounted his miracles, had to admit the splendor of his qualities, while kindred characters, as Thomas of Celano, could find in the life of Assisi's saint, so hidden is it, only a fraction of his great deeds. This fraction, however, has proclaimed his magnificent sanc-tity to the generations. Rich and poor, learned and ignorant, virtuous and vicious, all make a chorus of voices in amouncing the undying worth of him whom many emulate

In the obscured corners of the days of St. Francis, there is enough of sanctity to make a thousand saints. His gentleness was so far from weak ness that its impelling power is felt to day; his love of poverty, so genuine made greed abominable; his piety, so radiant, contrasted strange ly with the world, gloomy even in its brightest successes; his humility made vanity blush for its stupidity for, receiving almost worshipful rev erence, his heart was gratted to Christ's with the thorns of His crown.

Not only have thousands of the members of the order he left to sanctify and ennoble mankind testified to the beautiful character of St. Francis by practicing his virtues, but men and women in the world have become intimates with the Scraphic Patriarch. In the fields of Tuscany, you may now see the farmer in his furrow wearing the habit of our saint and singing hymns of praise to the deathless character of his hallowed name. From Gregory IX to our great modern Popes, all looked lovingly at St. Francis. Leo XIII. gives this tribute in his pithy period: "Francis un dertook to place before the eyes of a decrepit world the image of the Christian ideal and made domestic peace, integrity of morals, public tranquillity, the legitimate use of pri vata fortune, all those things which are the best foundations of social stability and civilization, reflourish in

The great saint's usefulness died not with him. In this, our selfish time, his denials are an antidote to the worldly tenets of Socialism that would fain make earth Heaven, in-stead of a stepping stone thereto.

What wonderful influence our saint diffused into departments foreign to his formal purpose. Poetry, art and eloquence exalt him. Dante, in his divine song, was ever near Francis-can piety, so that now his monument adorns the yard of the Franciscan

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creation, the Franciscan Friat, more than any other character shows divorce court. A change must come spontaneously shakespeare a Catholic, for none but if it does not come spontaneously if it does not come spontaneously from out our souls, history will resanctuary of a priest's mind.

In eloquence, Bossuet and Lacor-daire drew their inspirations from St. Francis whose piety they copied in their lives.

In art, Giotto, the creator of the Florentine Campanile, called by Longfellow The flower of Tuccany blossoming in stone," was a Francis car, while he, with Ghirlandajo and o hers cast the glow of their genius on the freecoed Franciscan churches

of Southern Italy.
Thus does St. Francis mould everything which aided and abetted mental as well as soul progress, until in history he stands as the Colossus of the Middle Ages. Truly, the humbled exalted finds its best exemplar in the meek and majestic Saint of Assisi. Catholic Columbian.

A DIVORCE RECORD

The United States is fast establish ing an unenviable divorce record When Justice Newburger took his seat at the opening of the present fall in special term, part three, of the Supreme Court, he was faced by a calendar of 193 undefended divorce cases. He was to be the patient listener to history after history of domestic discontent. The evidence rade, and my coldness could not shake your faith. So I sent for you, to tell you—can you guess?"

in all these cases was upon one side only, the other party not caring to make any defense, or even to urge sprang joytuly to make a course, I can guess," he course, I can guess," he course, I can guess," he companied. 'Nomore barriers between the plaintiff's represented no particular race or nationality, as the cosmolited by one faith! You will lar race or nationality, as the cosmolited by one faith! the slightest opposition to breaking politan list of names offered the Court indicated. The evil so between two interrupted him.
"No," he said. "Thank God, I lost ly exhibited to the world, and already so common that it hardly evokes so common that hardly evokes so common tha more than a cynical smile, may be said to be typically American. radical Feminist and the Socialist glory in it; the rationalistic press defends or excuses it, and scarcely any-body denounces it.

Yet this evil is gnawning at the very heart of Society, and unless something is done to check its ravages, the State will suffer irrenediable barm. And there is but one thing to be done : educate the chil dren in the principles of morality and religion. In this is our only salva-

A democracy is founded on the wills of the people; it is firm with the firmness of those wills, weak with their weakness, pure with their purity, corrupt with their corruption. Hence the necessity of strong characters unflinchingly devoted to upright. ness. But our numerous divorces such characters. In one place, there is one divorce to every six marriages; in another, one to every twelve marriages; the story is the same every where. In view of such conditions, it is pitiable indeed to hear so much clamor for "adequate defense" and not a word about the regeneration of national morality. Defense from external foes is necessary; protection from domestic enemies is no less cannon and bayonet are useless, if souls are corrupt. Physical strength and instruments of war may beat off the foreign foe but neither will save a nation from a nation's vices, the most dangerous of all disintegrating elements. Safety from them comes from the individual will. Such the lesson of reason and history. America has not learned that lesson, how-

Basilica, Santa Croce, in Florence.
All his sublime stanzas bear testimony to his devotion to St. Francis.
In Shakespeare we have the splendid creation, the Franciscan Friar, who paat itself once again and the whip of God will recoil from our backs and sorrow and suffering will cause us to bend our proud heads in reflection, and force us to give though to ways and means of bringing up our children in the love of God .-

AN EXAMPLE

A correspondent of the Church Times (Anglican) who has been studying the attitude of the French clergy voices his admiration in these words :

The temper of the French clergy at this critical time is one of the finest things in history. For years they had been treated with contumely by the Government of their country, and the country had tolerated this usuage; within the last ten vears they have been despoiled even of the funds accumulated from their own slender savings; the Bishop of Meaux himself had been driven from the historic maneion of the great Bossnet-now in process of conver sion into a dreary museum—to find a humble abode in a by street of the city. Have they sulked? Have they watched with malign satisfaction the troubles which have befallen the nation guided by their enemies Have they refused to work with the disturbers of their peace? Nothing of the kind. They have not only done with eager loyalty what the laws made by their oppressors demanded of them, even to the last sacrifics of all, but, in a hundred ways, they have ren dered help neither enforced nor expected, they have supported the de facto Government of France as if it were a Government of their own cheice, they have thrown themselves into every breach left open by constituted authorities and without receiving or expecting a word of thanks have cheerfully yielded every place thus occupied to the returning authority which could claim it as a

CARDINAL MANNING ON WOMAN'S DRESS

There is a subject too large for me to do more than touch—I mean your dress. I put it first upon the ground of costliness and expense and waste of money; but I may not put it on that only. Dear brethren, I always avoid only. entering into details on this matter. I have nothing to do with colors, forms and fashions—these are things bespeak a widespread lack of just which belong to you; but I have to to do with the faults that spring from luxury in dress; and the sin to which luxury and ostentation of dress may lead, that I have to deal with and what I always try to do is to lay down counsels of broad Christian ommon sense. I only wish you knew where fashions come from -from some obscure room, in some luxurious and corrupt city, where by a sort of secret society of folly, rules are laid down and decrees come forth year after year, which are followed with want of Christian matronly dignity, so that the foolish fashion that some soolish person has foolishly invented is propagated all over the civilized countries of Europe. From winter to winter and spring to spring our nearest friends are hardly to be recog ever, or else has forgotten it. We nized. They are dressed up and built

ap and masqueraded in a way, some times, to provoke laughter, or pity, or regret. I must tell you what once happened to me. I was walking happened to me. I was walking through one of our parks and I saw three persons, of whom one was dressed according to the novelty of some fashion then coming in, and there followed behind her two plain working men. I heard one say to the other, "She only does it to be looked at!" Remember these words of just reproof. That is the estimate which is formed of fashion by the good solid sense of the English people. They pity and despise it. Our forefathers and the woman of another age did not bend and undulate with every wind that is watted over the sea. They dressed and at tired themselves as Christian women, and attiring themselves as was be-fitting their station in life, without singularity of plainness, which is one of the affectations of vanity, and without a servile copying of fashion, which is the spirit of this world.— Cardinal Manning.

KING AND QUEEN OF SPAIN

EDIFYING STREET SCENE IN MADRID

A characteristic little incident occurred on a recent Saturday after-noon in Madrid. It is the custom of the Sovereign to go in state with his family, the highest officials of his civil and military households, some grandees and ladies in waiting to the "Salve," which is chanted in the Church of Buen Sucese. Afterwards, followed by a brilliant escort of horse guards, the whole party drive through the principal streets and park of Madrid before they re-

turn to the palace.

They were doing this on that day, when suddenly they met the Host, Which was being carried by a priest to the house of some dying subject of his Catholic Majesty.

THE KING'S HOMAGE

The King himself gave the order to stop. He uncovered, got out of the carriage, and knelt on both knees in the middle of the street, and in a few seconds the Queen and others of the royal party were all kneeling by the side with the whole

of their brilliant suite.

Alfonso XIII., placed his own carriage at the disposal of the priest earrying the Host, who, with the chorister boys and assistant bearing

The King, Queen and princesses returned to the palace in another carriage without an escort, as the King ordered his guards to accom pany the carriage bearing the Host to the house of the sick man and to the church. — Edinburgh Catholic Herald.

FIRST EDUCATOR OF AMERICAN NEGRO

CATHOLIC CHURCH PLAYED THIS ROLE, SAYS RECENT WORK

The commonwealth of Georgia has further blackened its hitherto not too immaculate record by a piece of legislation which prohibits the teaching of negroes by people of white color, aimed directly at the work of the Catholic priests and Sisters among the black men of the South. In this action, Georgia is in complete accord with her past, which has been one continued struggle against the education of the blacks and against the efforts of Catholics in particular in that direction. As early as 1740 he teaching of negroes has been forbidden by that state, and this has been supplemented at other times by further legislation. (See "Digest of the Laws of the State of Georgia" by Marbury and Crawford, p. 438.)

This hatred of the negroes and the Catholics has in it a fatal logic, for it is influenced by the memory of the after year, which are followed with past, which shows the Catholics to a servility and, I may say, with a have been the first in this country to have endeavored to raise the black people from their state of degradation to some stage of enlightenment. In the recently published interesting book by Dr. C. G. Woodson on "The Education of the Negro Prior to 1861" G. P. Putman's Sons, 1915,) we have the record of this fact, and also the testimony that the Catholic Church ever consistently continued in this ourse, even in the face of violent race persecution.

"The Spanish and French missionaries," we read in the introduction, set an example which influenced the education of the Negroes throughout America. . . . Being anxious to see the Negroes enlightened and brought into the Church, they courageously directed their attention to the teaching of their slaves, provided for the instruction of the numerous mixed breed offspring, and granted freedmen the educational privileges of the highest classes. Put to shame by this noble example of the Catho lics, the English colonists had to find a way to overcome the objections of those who, granting the enlighten-ment of the slaves might not lead to ment of the staves might not lead to servile insurrection, nevertheless feared their conversion might work manumission." (p. 3) "It was not untilthe French provided that masters should take their slaves to church and have them indocurinated in the Catholic faith, that the proposition was seriously considered by many of the Puritans. They like the Anglicans, felt sufficient compunction of conscience to take steps to Christian-ize the slaves less the Catholics, whom they had derided as undesir-



able churchmen, should put the Protestants to shame." (pp. 23, 42.) The early Protestant masters, in fact, anced the education of the Negro as "an impracticable and needless work of popish superstition." (Note, p. 25)

The "Code Noir," or Law for the Blacks, promulgated by the French king under the guidance of Catholiism, which led to this action on the part of the Protestant English, is de scribed as follows : "The Code Noir obliged every planter to have his Negroes instructed and baptized. It allowed the slave for instruction, worship, and rest not only every Sunday, but every festival usually observed by the Roman Catholic Church. It did not permit any market to be held on Sundays or holidays. It prohibited, under severe penalties, all masters and managers from corrupting their female slaves. It did not allow the legro husband, wife, or infant children to be sold separately. It for bade them (the masters) the use of torture, or immoderate and inhuman punishments. It obliged the owners to maintain their old and decrepit slaves. If the Negroes were not fed and clothed as the law prescribed, or if they were in any way cruelly treated, they might apply to the Procureur, who was obliged by his office to protect them." (Note, p. 23)

It was not only the French and Spanish Catholics that manifested this interest in the Negroes. The English Catholics of Maryland set a like example. (See p. 107, 108.) All through pre-Revolutionary history, and even after that, it was the Cathothe bell, was thus conveyed to the lics and the Quakers who ever stood house of the sick man. as the Negro's friends. The first seminary for the education of Negro girls, established in the Districts of Columbia, was conducted, through the encouragement of Father Van-lomen, by Maria Becraft, a Catholic who afterwards became a member of the Sisters of Providence. (p. 183.) When the "Snow Riot" closed so many of the Negro schools in the District, it was the Catholics and the Quakers who boldly con-tinued to teach; when sentiment compelled the Protestant churches o confine the Negroes to the galleries the Catholics, of course, continued to admit them to the body of the church on an equal footing with the other worshippers. (p. 135.)

This little historical review, which could be supplemented by many other quotations from Dr. Woodson's work, gives a clear insight into Georgia's ection. It also reminds Catholics of the necessity for them to continue the work of their predecessors, in the support today of the Indian and Negro missions. In the conversion lic Church lies the basic hope of his social as well as religious salvation; and it is the first step toward the solution of the Negro Problem.-C. B. of C. V.

RETURNING GOOD FOR EVIL

It is related of Karl Bitter, the distinguished sculptor, who lost his life last April in New York in an automobile accident, that when he was serving as a young conscript in the Austrian army he was subjected to great abuse by one of his superior officers. This man, a lieutenant, took pleasure in making miserable the life of the young sculptor who, splendid in physique, commanding in personality, sensitive in tempera-ment, refined in taste, was just the one to whom a petty and malicious officer would take an aversion. At last Bitter was given a furlough from which he never returned. He made his way to America where he won eminence, and where he raceived the pardon of the Emperor of

Austria for his desertion. One day, so the story runs, when he had become famous, an Austrian immigrant in distress, unkempt and out of work, called at his studio in New York, and asked for help. It was the very same lieutenant wh the old army days had so shamefully ill treated Karl Bitter. The sup plicant did not recognize his former victim, but Bitter knew his persecutor at once. What a chance to get even! What an opportunity to pay off old scores. The great sculp-tor was too magnanimous for revenge. He received the lieutenant kindly, gave him food and suitable clothing, and for two years furnished him with employment.

A similar incident is told of John Boyle O'Reilly. When the man who testified against him on his trial and who was in some measure responsible for sending him for years to the prison colony at West Australia, came to Boston in later years, needy

and friendless, it was O'Reilly, then a successful and honoured citizen of this country, who helped him. No thought of revenge enters into the souls of the truly great.—Sacred Heart Review.

THE COURAGE OF CONVICTION

We all like the man who has the courage of his convictions. We may not agree with them, we may take them from a different viewpoint and arrive at a different conclusion, but we admire in him frankness, honesty sincerity. He is not afflicted with the sense of fear or the humiliation of human respect. He is rather saturated with the truth contained in the words of a writer : respect is a concession to nothing-ness." Human respect amounts to nothing, is a figment of the mind, unless it has back of it divine authority. We must not offend against charity

in our human relations, for charity is the highest law, but with charity in our hearts and in our practice to all we need not fear to proclaim to the world our convictions. All the Saints of God had the courage of their convictions, nor were they ashamed to publish with humility and contrition their past transgressions. Augustine in his Confession opened up the lascivious career of his earlier lite, when he was in the prime of his manhood - no one can read them without profit-for they are the outpourings of a soul converted to God. St. Teresa confessed to a vicious and uncontrollable taste for novels. Monica related with compunction her how she once had fallen into the sin of intemperance. We might multiply examples from the lives of the Saints A courageous Christian cultivates the virtue of humility : a Christian under the influence of human respect is or the road to vanity and pride. Humility at bottom means truth, and a ourageous Christian will always be glad to openly profess the truth.

A writer in "The Catholic Convert"

says apropos :

" How inimitable would the saints have been for poor human nature had they not thus immortally revealed themselves! Thanks be to God, they lett us as well the formula of the divine medicines prescribed for the cure of their follies and extrava-gances. Once cured, they have remained cured, and we have only to read their self revelations to realize the odium of concessions to nothing ness, by way of human respect. This accomplished, we shall, with a firm hand, apply the caustic of correction to that pride which apes humilty." Surely the published confessions of a Newman, Brunetiere, Brownson

and Benson have done an incalcula-ble amount of good. "Let your light shine before men," especially when you can point out the darkness which you have left behind .- Intermoun tain Catholic.

GENEROUS DEED

A recent press despatch from Pitts burgh chronicles an act of justice and disinterestedness on his part of Bishop Canevin. The late George Vilsack, of Millvale, Pa., having be-queathed \$5 to each of his four chiliren, leaving the rest of his money (amounting to \$8,000) to St. Anthony's Church for the purchase of a bell, the Bishop promptly presented a petition in court, permission to execute a quit-deed to John Ferguson & Sons the children of the deceased for the entire sum. He said that they needed the money much more than the church needed a bell.

The judge who granted the Bishop's petition declared that it vas unprecedented in his experience Those who know Bishop Canevin need not be told that his action was just what might have been expected

THE NAME "CATHOLIC"

The habit of Catholics alluding to themselves as "Roman" Catholics is unCatholic and indefensible, and eads often to deplorable mistakes. The Church certainly is "Roman" in that the city of Rome is the centre and seat of her authority, but she is first of all Catholic, and to that august and venerable name no other ody on earth can rightfully or reasonably lay claim. and the attributes are marks of the true Church, and her children alone therefore, and none other, are Catholics. To be ignorant or unmindful of this, and to countenance in any degree the term applied to them by Protestant as part of the conspiracy to appropriate a name that does not stretch of the imagination belong to them, is, to speak mildly, an unfortunate and indefensible practice. Sanction is thereby apparently given to the insidious habit so

especially, of dividing Christendom into "Roman Catholics, Greek Cath-olics and Anglican Catholics" — a precedent to ecclesiastical history. We are Catholics purely and simply —a truth that should be kept ever in mind.—Truth.

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LONDON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 20, 1915

ONE GOOD RESULT OF THE WAR

The effect of the world-war on world conditions is a subject fruitful of prophecies. The facile prophets. however, can not egree as to whether this is a war which shall end war or the first of a series of wars surpassing in magnitude anything that has occurred in the history of the world whether it will prove that Christianity is a failure, or demonstrate to mations and individuals that the teaching of Christ points the only way of salvation. It is confidently predicted that socialism will emerge triumphant : and with equal confidence it is asserted that socialism will have received its death-blow.

As a general rule the War-in its causes as well as in its results-has been treated in a superficial way. Certain causes, certain conditions lay on the surface. But deeper lie the real causes and conditions. Back of militarism and commercial rivalry, behind the theories of socialists, monarchists, autocrats, bureaucrats or democrats is the great fact of human nature. To be wrong here is to be radically wrong. This error vitiates the most democratic as well as the most autocratic theories of government. Be cause it lies at the very root of things it is more important than anything and everything else.

Fifty years ago Cardinal Newman

'To consider the world in its length and breadth, its various his tory, the many races of man, their starts, their fortunes, their mutual alienation, their conflicts; and then their ways, habits, governments, forms of worship; their enterprises, their aimless courses, their random achievements and acquirements, the impotent conclusion of long-standing facts, the tokens so faint and broken of a superintending design, the blind evolution of what turn out to be great powers truths, the progress of things as if from unreasoning elements, not final causes, the greatness and littleness of man, his far reach. curtain hung over his futurity, the disappointments of life, the defeat of the good, the success of avil nhysical pain, mental anguish, the prevalence and intensity of sin, the pervading idolatries, the corruptions, the dreary, hopeless irreligion, that condition of whole race, so fearfully yet exactly described in the Apostle's words having no hope and without God in the world,'—all this is a vision to dizzy and appal; and inflicts upon the mind the sense of a profound mystery, which is absolutely beyond human

What shall be said to this heart piercing, bewildering fact? I can only answer, that either there is no Creator, or this living society of men is in a true sense discarded of good make and mind, with tokens him of a refined nature, cast upon the world without provision, unable to say whence he came, his birthplace or his family connexions, I should conclude that there was some mystery connected with his history, and that he was one of whom, from one cause or another, his parents were ashamed. Thus only should be able to account for the contrast and the promise of his being. And so I argue about the world; -if there be a God, since there is a God, the human race is implicated in some terrible aboriginal calamity. It is out of joint with the purposes its Creator. This is a fact, a fact as true as the fact of its existence ; and thus the doctrine of what is theologi cally called original sin becomes me almost as certain as that the world exists, and as the existence of

In learning that darkness of the understanding, weakness of the will and a strong propensity to evil are the effects of original sin, the Catholic child is seized of a mighty truth which goes far to solve the problems of the history of the human race The submerging of the doctrine of 20th, found its way into obscure

fidelity has given rise to the tendency to look to legislation to eradicate the effects of original sin and to correct the abuse of free will. The most radical and advanced exponents of this new scheme of salvation are the Socialists. Frankly atheistic, they regard the material happiness of this life as the be-all and end-all of existence. They would end all unhappiness by an equitable distribution of wealth. Then, according to their intellectual leaders, they would abolish all restraint or regulation of numan freedom which receive their inspiration from ages of Christian civilization.

Deeply significant, therefore, is an article in the New York Times entitled " Intimacy with War Destroys Writer's Socialism." It is an inter view with Arthur Gleason, internation al Socialist, on his return after several months at the front as stretcher bearer in Belgium. He tells us that efore his experience he was " thor oughly an internationalist," and

"But I have come to believe it right and wrong, to believe that one side in a War is right and the other wrong. And so I have got a sense of

It is with his conversion to the belief in original sin, however, that we are most cencerned :

"All our modern philosophy." he said, "had blurred our perception of the thing that is called sin. The Garmans gave to us a sense of the reality of original sin. When I saw a girl of twelve, who had been one of many used as shields by the advancing Germans, dying from bayonet wounds in her back; when I saw a woman of eighty with a bayonet thrust through her thigh—then I knew that there was original sin. All nations are guilty of this war, but Germany is the guiltiest of all because Germany carried its sin to the nth power, while the rest of us were only in the A B C's of sin."

By original sin," said this erst while disciple of Karl Marx. " I mean a natural tendency toward evil which is common to all humanity. Our chief manifestation of original sin is commercialism, with its two branches, industrialism and imperialism. And commercialism carried out logically, as the Germans are earrying it out, results in murder.

We got badly sidetracked about militarism : we thought that militar ism was something imposed on s people from above, something arbi trarily established by the Kaiser and his General Staff. Now, milltarien is nothing of the sort. Militarism is simply the will to power carried out to its logical conclusion, and given reapons. And that is simply a man

war we were all busy creating a new ethic. We were cutting off the old values and the war is restoring

"Germany has revealed us to our selves, and revealed every nation to And so Germany ha itaalf itself. . . . And so Germany has done the world a service. It is good for the world to recognize its offen in a conspicuous offender."

Mr. Gleason may not yet have grasped the full doctrine of original sin and its consequences ; but it is a remarkable thing that actual contact with the War has driven the present-day Socialist to the same conclusion which the history of the human race forced on the acutes mind in England a half century ago, and which he expressed in his own eloquent way in the passage quoted

If the War restores the apprecis tion of the old values of eternal truths there will be less concern about new ethics, less fevered desire to reconstruct human society while leaving out of consideration the basic fact of original sin. It is not too much to hope that the divorce of education from religion, morality by legislative enactment, and other follies and fetiches of the modern unchristian philosophy of life may be seen in all their hideous deformity in the flerce light which the War sheds on life and death, their purpose and their meaning.

IRISH SHIRKERS

Great prominence has been given to the attempt of some hundreds of Irishmen to emigrate to America in order to escape conscription which is believed to be impending. No Irishman need feel unduly humiliated because there are shirkers and slackers even in Ireland. There are jails in Ireland and lunatic asylums also. No Irish nationalist has advocated the abolition of these institutions. They are still necessary in Ireland as in England and Scotland

That there are slackers and shirkers in England may safely be inferred from the chorus of complaint raised by conscriptionists about the failure of voluntaryism.

A despatch dated Lendon, Oct. eriginal sin and man's free will in corners of some of our papers, and who seeks to rouse religious hatred the rising tide of irreligion and in-

We clipped it for just such an as has arisen :

London, Oct. 20.—Immediate steps rill be taken by the British authori will be taken by the British authori-ties, The Evening News understands, to restrict the sudden rush of able-bodied Britons of military age to the colonies, to the Islands of Jersey and Guernsey and to Ireland in order

escape military service.
"It is perfectly obvious," the new paper says, "grave damage will be caused to the relations between the other country and her dependen if hordes of slackers are allowed to pour into Canada, Australia and India, which have given their best lood for the Empire."

Now these "hordes of slackers were not Irish, or they would hardly rush to Ireland to escape military

It was pointed out that emigration had fallen off in England as a sufficient answer to the charge of the Evening News, and other English papers.

In the columns of the RECORD, Aug. 14th, Columba cited some eloquent statistics. In the first six months of 1914, before war was thought of emigration from Ireland totalled 12 909. For the first six months of 1915 the total Irish emigration was 4,061.

Good Irishman that he is, Columba quoted the efficial figures to refute the lying and slanderous despatches that would brand Irishmen generally with cowardice. While the despatch above quoted showing that "ablebodied Britons of military age" were fleeing conscription was published, if at all, only in an obscure corner of our papers, the refutation based on the fact that official statistics show a decreased emigration from England was given prominence on the first

The great English Daily, the Manchester Guardian, protested against the calumny on Ireland implied in prominence given to the news item about the Irish emigrants.

The Associated Press correspond ent states that Major . General Lovick Friend, commander of the forces in Ireland, has announced that the enlistment in Ireland of 81,000 men for the infantry. The letter continues :

As the percentage of rejections for unfitness has been as high as 50 per cent, the total number from Ireland who offered themselves for service in the army was about 160,000. Ireland at the outbreak of the War had more than her proportion of men in the army and in the reserves and this total has been described by the highest military authority in a public letter as "magnificent." There must be added to it also Ireland's recruit ment for the navy, to which a sub stantial number of men have gone.

If 80,000 Irish volunteers have been rejected as physically unfit it may be that amongst the Irish emigrants there were none at all who wished to escape military service. Emigration from Ireland is no new thing. The fact that it fell from 13,000 during the first six months of 1914 to 4,000 in the first six months of 1915 is a pretty strong indication that, this year, able-bodied Irishmen, instead of emigrating, are enlisting.

might be expected, enshrines irritating prejudices which the English people have long outgrown. The Associated Press correspondent adds :

"Ireland was chilled, too, by action on the part of the military authorities such as that which refused to own colors. Even yet, though the colonies and the Ulster division have distinctive badges, the other Irish

There is also a feeling that the exploits of Irish regiments at the front have not had all the publicity they deserved. Except for individual exploits like that which gave O'Leary the Victoria Cross, they are felt to have a poor show in the dispatches or descriptions of the official eye-

witness.
Still, when all is said, the response of Ireland notwithstanding all difficulties is regarded as excellent and the avoidance of such errors as may have been made in the past, it is believed, will make easy what remains to be done.'

When Canada's 8,000,000 shall have accomplished as much as Ireland's 4,000,000 we shall be in a better position to point the finger of shame at Irish shirkers and slackers.

Let us be content to do little if God sets us at little tasks. It is but pride and self-will, which says, "Give me something huge to fight, and I should enjoy that; but why make me sweep the dust?"—Charles Kingsley. The first thing a man should do

when he is asked to speak at a patriotic or semi-political gathering is to go down on his knees and pray to be delivered from vain beasting and a too burning elequence. The oratorical fire-brand is a bad citizen And the most dangerous and the most wicked of the species is the one

ASSISTING AT VESPERS

Whilst the whole world bears wit ness to the faithfulness of Catholics in hearing Mass on Sunday, it is unfortunately true that they deserve but little praise for the way in which they attend Sunday evening Vespers. Of course there is a vast difference between the two services. The Mass is the great central act of Christian worship. There is a strict obligation of assisting therest. On the other hand, although Sunday Vespers is a public office of the Church, attend ance thereat is an exercise of private devotion. But the Catholic who is in earnest about the salvation of his soul should, notwithstanding the

duty to be present. Sunday is the day when we think more seriously of the things of God. We devote the greater portion of six days to the service of the world. It is surely not too much to ask that we give all of one day to the business of our soul's salvation. When we have assisted at Mass we must not think that we have done all that is necessary, or all that the interests of our soul demands. Hearing Mass is the minimum that the Church exacts. It was never intended that this should be the maximum of our effort at worship.

The absence of a definite obligation does not in any sense excuse us from assisting at Vespers. If we make up our minds to do only what we are obliged to do, there is great danger that the occasion will arise when we will even excuse ourselves from even the obligation. If we confined our worship of God to what we are strictly obliged, what a poor thing our Cath olic life would be? We are only obliged to go to Holy Communion once a year, but who would be satisfied with merely making his Easter duty? There is no obligation of making the First Fridays, but what a void the abrogation of this beautiful devotion would leave in our hearts There is no strict rule about saying the daily Rosary, but how lonely we would be without our beads? And so with all the other distinctively Catholic practices that we have. Yes, our Catholic life would be barren and empty if confined to the mere duties that are of obligation.

If for no other reason than that Vespers is followed by Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament we should deem it a sacred duty to be present. Very soon we will be called upon to contemplate the ready obedience of the shepherds who left their flocks on the first Christmas night to "go over to Bethlehem." Would we not have followed gladly in their footsteps ? And yet, here in the Catholic Church we have Bethlehem ever present. We can "go over to Bethlehem" any hour of the day or night. We can bring our gifts to the Infant | can for a moment doubt. Saviour. We can offer Him what He values most—the love of our faithful hearts. When the priest goes up to the altar; when the little bell tinkles and the clouds of incense arise when Jesus is lifted up in benedicion over His people, who will say that attendance at Vespers is not worth while? We would account it the privilege of a lifetime to go to Rome and kneel for the blessing of the Holy Father. But after all the Pope is only Christ's vicegerent. Here it is Christ Himself who blesses us. And for this, if for nothing else all good Catholics should be found at Vespers on Sunday evenings.

COLUMBA

NOTES AND COMMENTS FOR A boasted Protestant city, (one of the "two capitals of Protestant. ism," as it was recently termed in a daily paper) Toronto certainly is showing astonishing activity in the matter of Catholic church building. Within a year it has dedicated four new parish churches and laid the corner stones of two others. It has begun to realize its responsibilities also, as a Catholic centre for foreign peoples. Where a few years ago it had but one church under other than English-speaking auspices it can now boast three Italian, two Polish and one each French, Ruthenian and Syrian. The Maltese, too. and Lithuanians are foregathering and may ere long have churches of their own. In view of the proverbial fecundity of the despised "foreigner," Toronto's preeminence as a Protest ant stronghold may yet find itself overtaken by the same resistless nemesis as New England.

THERE IS an English publication called The Protestant Woman, which together with much useful and edity. ing reading for its clientele, has the sustomary oceasional fling at

"Romanism," which by the way seems to be as necessary to them as pepper and salt to the dinner table. Here is one which combines tribute with insinuation. "When one remembers the furloughs our C. M. S. missionaries have." writes Mrs. Trevelyan Snow, "and compares them with the periods of work given by Romish missionaries, who go ou never to return (italies of original, one cannot help admiring their

THAT IS very nice, but it is some what discounted by the underlying imputation of "interference" of the same missionaries in regard to Pro absence of the obligation, deem it a testant mission work. It is perhaps not unnatural that Mrs. Snow should look with somewhat jealous eye upon the more fruitful results of the Catholic missionary, and when, after recounting the work of St. Francis Xavier, she goes on to say that "thirty years later Japan was overrun with Roman Catholic missionaries," and that "thousands and thousands were gathered into the Church of Rome.' and then treats every effort of modern Catholic missionaries as "interference," she would appear to be blissfully uncenscious of the fact that on her own showing, the "interference" is in the other direction But that is a weakness of good people of her class. They don't like Rome, but being unable to shut their eves to facts, must interpret them to somebody's disadvantage-certainly not to their own.

> ABOUT THE venerable walls of the church of Saint Sophia, Constantinople, now, and for several centuries past the chief mosque of Islam, there lingers a remarkable prophecy, which if the account that has come down to us can be wholly relied upon, is undoubtedly steeped in the supernatural. This great edifice, the grandest of all Byzantine temples. was, as all know, once the centre of Catholic Christianity in the East. It was built in the sixth century, and notwithstanding, wars, revolutions and catastrophies of every description to which such structures were liable in the formative ages, it remains still one of the world's architectural wonders. Its glories as a Christian temple ceased with the fall of Constantinople in the fitteenth century With the capture of that city by the Turks, under Mahomet II., in 1456, Islam became the dominant power in what is usually termed the Orient, and to this day the praises of the False Prophet have continued to re sound through the venerable arches of Saint Sophia's. That the days of desecration are, notwithstanding German ambition and practical apostasy, now numbered, no one outside the sway of Teutonic tyranny

alluded centres in one of the old Christian frescoes of the great sanctuary which since the advent of possession of Saint Sophia's their first care was to demolish every tangible evidence of Christianity. In the endeavor to do this they plastered over all the mosaics; and other mural decorations with which eight centuries of Catholic piety had adorned it, using some now forgotten formula for making plaster which was calculated to resist every encroachment of time and atmos pheric change. Among these mosaics was a Face of Christ which eccupied a central place in the sanctuary An obscure seer, says a writer in The Lamp, prophesied that the Turks would hold their footing in Europe so long only as the Face of Jesus re mained covered. The Turks laughed scornfully over this prediction. Their victory over the Christians had been too complete, and their foot hold in Constantinople thereby too strongly entrenched for them to give credence to mere idle prattle such as that. Moreover, they knew the formula of the plaster, and nothing but the axe of the wrecker could make any impression upon it. The Turks will stay until the Face reappears ! that was enough for them ; their dominance was conterminous with the world !

"THAT," CONTINUES the same writer, "was four hundred and fifty years ago ; behold, twenty years ago the plaster began to flake. The Face of Jesus becomes dimly discernible in the mesaic. What hopes are revived in the hearts of Chris. tians! At last, after four centuries, are they worthy to re-dedicate Saint Sophia's to Christianity ? No-not

yet! The Turk, suspicious of the life of his modern plaster, covers the ith a wash, mosaic temporar until he can re-discover the formula of the famous compound. Events press, however, and so trifling a detail is suffered to go by default."

MEANWHILE, history becomes big with the unfolding of the race's destiny. Just a year ago it became apparent that the temporary wash had exhausted its vitality, and as months went by the Face of the Christ gradually took form and color. Now, it is said, it stands out with all its original brilliancy-tragic, beautiful, solemn, holding some deep meaning and significance, which the Turk, reminded of the fifteenth century prophesy, and confronted with the march of events in the great War in which he has become engulfed, regards with superstitious awe. Can it be that the fateful gloom now hanging over Europe portends the fulfillment of the old seer's prediction? That is a solution which still lies deeply embedded in the bosom of time but which, who can doubt, is more clearly indicated day by day in the converging march of the Allies. But, spurred on by the possibility which is thus opened to his gaze, the Turk gathers his re maining strength and continues fanatically the struggle which to all present appearances, will be his last -so far at least as his dominance in Europe is concerned.

ON THE BATTLE LINE

The Military Expert in the N. Y Times, Nov. 7, makes the following statement. It is well to remember that the N. Y. Times and its military expert are strongly pro British Nov. 15th finds us in press.

It is reported that there are 150,000 French and upward of 25,000 British in Southern Serbia. In view of what has happened during the week this seems impossible. There are certainly not more than 200,000 Bul garians engaged in the campaign against Serbia, and these are stretched out from Zajecar to the Greek frontier. It is impossible to that almost an equal num ber of the Allies' troops are concen the Bulgarian Army and directly on its flank, and are not able to create even the slightest diversion.

Except for a very minor engage ment in the Strumitza region nothing has been heard of the Allies since they were supposed to be present in such numbers. Just where they are, what they are doing or what they expect to do, must remain for the present at least a pr found mystery. Certain it is that through false assurances, through promises which have not been kept, Serbia is being not defeated merely but annihilated while her leaders ask each other where are the Allies.

GOOD NEWS-TAKES 180 000 FOEMEN

adian Press Despa London, Nov. 11-Outside the Bal kans the most important theatre of operations is now along the eastern front. In the north the Germans the Islamic flood have been but a of reaching Riga and Dvinsk; at least memory. When the Turks took until the ground freezes, and are falling back or are being driven back from the Dvins, which was their objective. The Russians in the Riga region are attempting an outflanking movement, and their recent successes have brought them within striking distance of the Tukum-Mitau railway, which connects the German fighting front with the fort-ress of Windau. The Germans are also falling back before Dvinsk as the result of the Russian offensive near Lake Swenton, while in the south General Ivanoff has continued to harass the invaders by repeated thrusts, which, during the past five weeks, according to Petrograd des patches, have brought him nearly cent of these thrusts, near Rudka the bag totalled 6,000 many of whom were Germans.

> "MALBROUCK TO THE WAR HAS GONE"

Following the example of the great Duke, with whose dreaded name French mothers two centuries ago were wont to silence fretful chil dren. Winston Spencer Churchill has chucked politics and taken up the sword. It is announced that he has resigned from the Asquith Govern ment, and will join the army in France. He is a Major in the Oxford Yeomanry. Before he turned his attention to politics after the Boer war. Churchill, from his twentieth year onward, roamed the world, and took part in fighting wherever it was in progress. He was with the Span iards in Cuba in 1895 when barely twenty-one, and received the Order of Military Merit. He served with the 81st Punjaub Infantry in the Malakand frontier war in India in 1897, and was mentioned in despatches. He was with Lockhart as orderly officer in the Tirah in 1898. He went to Egypt when Kit-Nile, and was attached to the 21st field Saviour or at some values when they cut their way shrine of the Blessed Mother.

through a body of fanatical Mahdiets at Khartoum. He went to South Africa as correspondent for The Morning Post, was taken prisoner by the Boers, escaped, and fought through most of the engagements during the advance to Pretoria, winning a medal with six clasps. Every body thought of him as a coming man in the army, when be suddenly took to politics, and after serving as a Conservative M. P. kicked over the traces on the tariff reform issue, joined the Liberals, and became in turn President of the Local Govern ment Board, Home Secretary and First Lord of the Admiralty, from which high office he was practically deposed after the failure of his project to force the Dardenelles by the use of warships only. Until yester day he was Chancellor of the Duchy of Laucaster, a minor Cabinet And now once more, after two cen-"Malbrouck to the war is turies, a "Malbrouck to the war is gone," as unafraid, as flery, as imetuous and as impatient of criticism as his great ancestor.

IN THE BALKANS

The German and Bulgarian armies operating in the region west of Nish are working out a converging movement, the result of which may be to force the main Serbian army to retire into the Montenegrin fastnesses instead of making a junction with the Allies in southern Macedonia. Berlin reported yesterday that the pursuit of the Serbs continues vigor ously. On the north front the moun tain ridge to the south of Kraljeve has been carried. On the east the Germans are advancing up the Leskovitza and Racina Valleys. The Bulgars are striking to the south of the Kopanik Range. If these moves are carefully synchronized the Serbs will have no alternative but to fall back to the west and join forces with the Montenegrins. The question of food and supplies under these conditions will become most acute Montenegro, with a quarter of a million population, has now thousands of Sarbian refugees to take care of. She could not long feed and supply 200,000 fighting men. Globe, Nov. 13.

Elsewhere no material change has taken place.

AN BX - SENATOR'S TRIBUTE

Recently, writes the Rev. Eugene Sugranes, C. M. F., in The Tidings, of Los Angeles, the writer was present at the lecture delivered by Colonel Lafayette Young, former United States Senator from Iowa, in Blanchard Hall. Colonel Young parrated his personal experiences on European battlefields and his inferences therefrom, and while some of his hearers may not have agreed with him in all of his political, social and economic tenets and conclusions, yet, in the main, he presented as beautiful a summary of American ideals as the writer has ever heard. However, leaving aside any further considera-tion along this line, it is interesting to study Colonel Young's lecture from the Catholic standpoint.

The Colonel showed himself to be the real embodiment of that broad minded, liberal and open hearted American type of citizenship which is always ready to give credit for merit wherever merit is found, regardless of the source when comes. Colonel Young exemplified the inalienable prerogative, the religious freedom recognized and guaranteed by our Constitution, to worship God according to the dictates of consciway that it is unmanly, un-Christian and un-American to resort to religious prejudices in order to gain politi cal ascendency or to oppose any man in the lawful pursuit of his rights as

a citizen.
"Although I am a Protestant," he said, I must tell you that I do not really know what would become of those poor, struggling and bereft people of the warring nations of Europe if it were not for the old Catholic Church, the Church of Rome * * The Church of Rome Rome * * The Church of Rome is their sole hope and consolation in their hour of sorrow and distress."

Then he paid a glowing tribute to the self sacrificing priests and nuns who gladly give up all their comforts, nay, their very lives, in order to administer to the sick and to the dying. He told his audience that he had the great honor to meet Cardinal Mercier Archbishop of Malines and Primate of Belgium. He drew a picture of that great churchman which was, indeed, fascinating. He compared him in his physique and in his moral and intellectual gifts to our President Abraham Lincoln, the man who had charity for all and malice toward none, who gave affection, and has received affection as his reward.

Many times during his lecture Colonel Young referred in commend atory phrases to the fervent piety and devotion of the people in France, Belgium and Germany in their dis-tress and tribulation. He described in vivid colors how they flock to the old cathedrals, to countryside churches, to humble chapels and to venerable, historic skrines to pray to Christ Crucified and to the Madonna.

The former Senator from Iowa also called attention to the heroic women, bereft mothers, and widows and orphans, doing men's work on their farms. He pictured them in mourning for their departed, at times interrupting their drudgery to fall upon their knees and pour out their hearts before the image of the Cruci-fied Saviour or at some wayside When Colonel Young described the scenes above mentioned, in the course of his lecture, one was enabled to understand the feelings of the . The first plain reference to the Catholic Church was followed by a single, hearty, unexpected burst of applause. This was instinctively caught up by a few people here and there in the large hall. But, as re-gards some others, those laudatory remarks of the speaker concerning the Catholic Church, her devoted ministers and heroic nums fell like a burning spark on a frozen surface. A few faces flushed with shame or

Catholic audience, on a subject not directly Catholic, and yet paying such a beautiful tribute to the Catholic Church, to the self-abnegation of her ministers and to the courage, love and purity of her incomparable virgins. Colonel Young is certainly to be congratulated on his beautiful and true, yet plain and uncetentatious attitude toward the Church. He belongs to that class of Americans whose number, thank God, is pre-dominant, who follow in the foot steps of the Father of Our Country and of the founders of this great

Men who understand the full mean ing of their citizenship, firmly believe that in religious bigotry, intolerance and narrowmindedness there lurks great social and political danger, and wane in the same proportion unity and love shall grow and reign, in order that all, no matter of what lor, race and creed, may be blended into one just and powerful people.

INDESTRUCTIBLE

"The gates of hell shall not prevail against it." Such was the promise made by our Lord when He gave the key of the Kingdom of Heaven to mity on the side of hell against the Church, and this is seen in the cunning devices, satanic power, and other pernicious means which Satan uses in his attempts to destroy the Church. The Church, of course, can receive injury, as history abundantly shows. Many may, for instance, like Demas, love the world and fall away from the faith. Whole societies in the Church may be suppressed, and some branches of the Church may be destroyed, as is seen in the case of many of the Christian communities in Asia Minor. The Church may be attacked, despoiled, abused, her priest's slain or exiled, her religious outraged and put to shame, as in Mexico; but the Church as a whole can never be destroyed. Satan, tyranny, revolution, infidelity and paganism may rage, but they can accomplish nothing. The Church of Christ being founded upon a rock, built up by Christ Himself, "holding forth the word of life" as the author ized interpreter of the will of God, will victoriously defend and preserve herself against everything as long as the ages of the world shall endure Look at this, for instance: During the year 1914 in the United States 9,883 pastors of Catholic churches exnended \$79.064.000 for new work, repairs and maintenance of shurches under their direction : 994 ts of colleges and seminaries expended \$3,976,000 for new work, improvements, repairs and upkeep of the colleges under their direction 5,488 pastors in charge of parochial schools paid out for new work, re pairs and maintenance \$16,464,000 284 managers of Catholic orphan asylums expended \$852,000 for new work, repairs and upkeep of the asylums under their direction; 115 managers of homes for the aged and infirm expended \$345,000 for new work, repairs and upkeep of the omes under their direction; 509 directors and superintendents of Catholic hospitals expended \$4,072,-000 for new work, repairs and upkeep of the hospitals under their manage-

This indestructibility of the Church has been well described by the Pro testant church historian, F. M. Farrer

Harder, deadlier, more varied more prolonged was the contest of Christianity with Paganism. From the first burst of hatred in the Neronian persecution till the end of the third century the flerce struggle continued-flerce, because meek, unobtrusive, spiritual, as the Christians were, they yet roused the hatred of every single class. Paganism never troubled itself to be angry with mere philosophers who aired their elegant doubts in the shady xyotus or at the luxurious feast, but who with cynical insouciance did what they detested and adored what they despised. They were unworthy of that corresive hatred which is the tribute paid to the simplicity of virtue by the despair and agony of vice. But these Christians, who turned away with aversion from temples and statues, who retused to witness the games of the amphitheatre, who would die rather than fling into the altar-flame a pinch of incense to the genius of the Emperors; who declined even to wear a garland of flewers at the banquet, or pour a libation at the sacrifice; whose austers morality was a terrible reflection on the favorite sins which had eaten like a spreading cancer into the very heart of their nation's life; these Christians, with their unpelished barbarism ; their unphilosophic ignorance, their stolid endurance, their detestable purity, their intelerable meek-

kindled against themselves ness, kindled against themselves alike the philosophers, whose pride they irritated; the priests, whose gains they diminished; the mob, whose indulgences they thwarted; the Emperors, whose policy they destroyed. Yet, unaided by any, opposed by all, Christianity won. Without one earthly weapon she faced the legionary masses, and tearing down their adored eagles, re-placed them by the sacred monogram of her victorious labarum : she made her instrument of a slave's agony a symbol more glorious than the laticlave of consuls or the diadem of a few faces flushed with shame or envy, a few others stared aghast, as though the elequent speaker had been praising Tarks, Hottentots or the natives of Nigeria.

But it was, indeed, inspiring to hear a Protestant lecturing to a non-leave the subtle dialectics of the Academy, and without knowledge the encyclopedic ambition of the Porch. The philosopher who met a Christian Bishop on his way to the Council of the Porch. philosopher who met a Christian Bishop on his way to the Council of Nicaea stammered into a confession of belief, and the last of Pagan Emperors died prematurely in wreck of his broken powers with the despairing words, "Vicisti Galilaes!" "O Galilean, Thou hast conquered!" -The Missionary.

" HAVE PITY!"

November, the saddest month of all the year, is set aside by the Cath-olic Church for prayers for those who have passed away. The terrible War in Europe, and the passing of fair October, the month of crimson and golden hillside, remind us of the aloft their branches to the mourn accompaniment of the first winds of fitly set aside by the Catholic Church as a special time or comnemoration for the departed ones who have gone before us. But first, amidst the radiant glory of com-pleted harvest time, she holds solamn festivals in honor of those of her sons who have already obtained the crown of their labors. The feast of All Saints as it were closes the of All Saints, as it were, closes the festival of the year—paying tribute to those who have already arrived on the eternal shore, and at the same time holding up the glorious hope of eternal recompanse to those of her children who are yet fighting the battle of the years.

There is still another portion of her triune kingdom—the vast, sed suffering realm of Purgatory. The holy souls have indeed come to their November. Mournful is the wail of those imprisoned ones: "Have pity—at least you my friends! You whom I have known—with whom I have worked—you who belong to my own land, to my own city, to my own household, have pity!" And ever on the still air is borne the refrain "have pity!" until it dies away in a sob of silence

When the November of our cwr lives comes how we shall rejoice that we relieved these holy souls, for they will surely not forget us in our hour of suffering. When most of all we shall need the help of true friends those liberated spirits will plead for us, for it is written : "Give and it shall be given to you. Good "Give measure and pressed down, and shaken together, and running over, shall they give into your bosom For with the same measure that you shall mete withal it shall be measured to you again."—The Tablet.

THE PLEASANT SIDE

When the Rev. Wilfred Moor, curate at the Anglican Church of All Saints, London, was received into the Cath olic Church, the other day, his forms superior, the Vicar of All Saints, did not, as some Anglicans might have done under like circumstances, yield hitter either about the new convert or about the Catholic Church. stead, in his parish paper, the Vicar expressed great sorrow at the going of Mr. Moor, who, he said, " has made this decision at the cost of great pain to himself, and he has written in terms of the deepest affection for All Saints and of the deepest apprecia-tion of the life in which he has shared

for seven years. We who have been his companions," continued the continued the are feeling the loss of his presence and of the charm of his society more than we can say. In devo-tion and in the strictness of his life he has set us all the highest example, while the striking ability of his preaching was felt even by those who least agreed with him. Mr. Moon will shortly take steps to enter the ministry of the Roman Catholic Church, and in this instance it is a priest of great promise who is mak ing the change. I pray God that since the Bishop and all of us have tried to do our best in a difficult and painful matter there may be little bitterness. There is none in the minds of those who are most closely

concerned. A somewhat similar attitude toward conversion to Catholicity is chronicled in the Denver Catholic Register. in the case of the father of the Rev. Carl Jones. Father Jones, who is now a priest in San Francisco, was converted while a student at the University of California, of which his father, a retired Baptist clergyman, is now the librarian. When the young student went to his father and told him that as a result of his studies he had decided to become a Catholic, his father replied: "Well, you don't give up everything of what you be-lieve. The only thing is, you add a

told them. And he was right. The Baptist clergyman was among the most interested witnesses of the sacre

ceremony. So muca appears in print about the irreconcilable attitude of Protestant friends and relatives to conversions to Catholicity, that it may be well to have another phase of the matter presented. We commend the phil-osophy of Father Jones' father to earnest Protestants who are disturbed at conversions among their relatives and friends.—Sacred Heart

A PROTESTANT ON MISSIONARIES

CAPTAIN LINDLEY'S TESTIMONY CONCERNING THEIR WORK IN CHINA

In an essay entitled "Religion in China," published in the "Church-man's Shilling Magazine" (London), Captain Augustus F. Lindley, author of "Tipping Tean Kwoh," "The History of the Taiping Revolution" and other works, pays the following tribute to the Jesuits as mission

"Apropos of the Jesuite, I cannot refrain from noting here the devoted zeal with which they unceasingly prosecute their labors, though I may not at the same time undertake t defend their doctrines. * * * sannot but admiringly record the fact that however deeply one may penetrate to the interior of China there will be found a Jesuit or traces of him, where other sects of Chris tianity are not, never have been and to work in a different manner from Many a time have I been pleasantly ed, at the out of the way par in the far inland regions of the vast Middle Kingdom, by suddenly stum-bling upon a priest of Rome, with shaven head, but wearing an orthodox pigtail a la Chinese, which, how-ever, was usually somewhat scant and undignified. Dressed in the costume of the natives and speaking their difficult language, regardless of exposure, persecution, danger and disease, these zealous men devote themselves to the sacred objects of their calling with a self abnegation and heroism never surpassed.

" Often nothing but their eyes and the sudden salutation in French, Italian or, rarely, English would dis cover to me beneath the outlandish garb of the native the apostle of the Society of Jesus. Perhaps the bent of their education prepares them better to meet and parry the subtle sophistries of the Chinese; perhap they so far out-distance all Protest overburdened with a wife and quiver full of conjugal pledges, the which state of double blessedness seems to create a gravitating tendency towards settling down luxuriously at comfort able treaty ports, protected by Britisl bayonets, and, by the way, it must be soothing and reassuring-this latter state of affairs-to the exiled mission ary's nerves, when the mail is being made up, and he sits down, probably safely within eight of the steamer, to indite that valuable epistle recording his labors among the idolators in order to gladden the hearts of the society at home.

Well, the Jesuit is a different man He gives his every thought and energy to the work before him, giving up kith, kindred and country for ever, to labor on among the heathen till such time as He who gave him life shall take it back again. Truly this martyrlike sacrifice of self, in its glorious if passive devotion, is sub-

INFIDELITY A FAILURE

Let us take a hundred years. This is fair. Let us appeal to the records and ascertain what is the historic expression of those times. French atheism and English delsm had flooded two continents with the writings of Voltaire and other infidels, and in thirteen years 6,000,000 copies of their works were sold. A reaction had taken place against the Catholic Church which often had seemed allied with political oppression, and even the sects, lacking in missionary energy, had felt the attacks of in fidelity. There was a universal shout for liberty, and America responded. The founders of this re public were not against Christianity, but they were opposed to a State Church. Washington was a firm believer in Christianity, and singled out Catholics for praise for the aid they had given in establishing the republic. Yet there were many prominent infidels, at whose head was Thomas Paine, a man of great intellectual power. Infidel clubs were organized throughout the country. Duelling was a national vice, and a typical duellist was elected viceresident of the United States. Pro fanity, intemperance and Sunday desecration held high carnival. These are the children of infidelity. Infidelity had control of almost all of the American colleges. Yale, Prince-ton and William and Mary's were filled with students who loved to be called by their classmates, Voltaire, Diderot and D'Alembert.

But consider present conditions; infidelity has not held its own, and

themselves to be sceptics, one an atheist and one an agnostic. There may have been more, but shame kept them silent One hundred years ag al colleges, and now there are over 400, the property value of which is estimated at \$100,000 000. In the last thirty years, out of 40,000 college students, 80 000 were in colleges that professed to be Christian Infidelity
has not now a single college,
although it has sought to capture
some that are Christian. It is unloubtedly true, however, that in many of the denominational colleges infidelity is more or less taught by the professors, and scepticism rationalism and socialism are undermining the faith and morals of atudents who were fortunate enough to be brought up in Christian homes. On the whole, nevertheless, infidelity holds less ground in men's minds in America to day than at any previous era of our life as a nation .- The Missionary.

FRANCE

RELIGION; THE MINISTRY The Abbey of St. Denis has lately been the scene of aremarkable mani French Catholics, who have just con-cluded several days of prayer for France. One day was given over to prayers for the wounded; another to prayers for the woldiers in the field; a third to prayers for prisoners; a fourth to prayers for widows and orphans and for the repose of the sculs of those killed in battle, and so on. While this scene was enacting at St. Denie, Le Journal was suggest-ing that the Cathedral of Reims be ularized and made a memorial monument to the heroes who have been killed and will be killed in the War. Catholics have not yet been heard in this regard. Just at present the latter are discussing the reestab lishment of some kind of diplomatic relations between France and the atican. Opinions are much divided on the subject of the ways and means of bringing this about. Many demand an official representation a he Holy See, insisting that this is necessary because of some religious which will come into existence at the close of War. Other Catholics believe official representation impossible, feeling that the Government will never consent to a resumption of re these Catholics have suggested an unofficial representative, a layman, chosen by a committee of bishops delegated by the hierarchy for this purpose. In this way it is thought that a permanent bond between French Catholics and the Vatican can be established. Needless to say the Holy See has had no part in the

discussion. The new Ministry was formed by Briand on October 29. The real reason for the change has not been made known. Viviana announced that Delcasse had resigned for reasons of health, but on interpellation renation. In the debate that followed Painleve demanded that information about the Balkan campaign be given the Chamber; this too was refused; Viviani resigned, and this Ministry was formed : Premier and Minister of Foreign Affairs, Briand; State Freycinet ; War, Gallieni ; Marine Lacaze; Finance, Ribot; Interior Malvy; Commerce, Clementel; Pub. lic Werks, Sembat; Justice, Viviani; Colonies, Daumergus; Public In-struction and War Inventions, Painleve ; Agriculture, Meline ; Labor, Metin ; Ministers of State without Portfelio, Bourgeois, Combes, Guesde, Foreign Affairs with a seat in the Cabinet, Jules Cambon. Evidently an attempt has been made to placate all factions : Radical and Catholic are to sit side by side, probably not for long, however. There are several very old men in this Ministry. De Freycinet is eighty seven years old, Combes is eighty, Meline is seventyseven, Ribot, seventy-three; Bour geois, sixty-four.-America.

LIGHT ON MEXICO

In the Outlook of Oct. 13, Edward I. Bell, in the second of his articles on the Mexican situation, among other things tells us the following as to the effect of the revolution on the lot of the Mexican peon :

"Sadder than any other feature of this entire Mexican business except our own culpability is the present state of the Indian peon. The African slave trade of two centuries back offered no picture more sublime in its wretchedness. A million years of tyranny under a czar or a shiek could produce nothing com parable to the grovelling misery which thirty months of exploitation has brought to these so recently inoffensive, kindly people. For the deliberate viciousness of this work, if for no other of their innumerable orimes, Carranza, Villa and their ilk leserve the bitterest and most humiliating punishment the sternest

justice can provide."

This is the much heralded "emancipation of the peon" of which we have heard in connection with the revelution — the supposed basic reason for the necessity of an uplieve. The only thing is, you add a little more. You are on the right road. Go shead."

When the young man was ready to be ordained to the priesthood some of his friends wondered whether his father would attend the ordination.

"You could not keep him away with a shetgun," the young cleric liest ten years only two declared affairs of the necessity of an uplication of the present kind. Like many of the present kind. Like many of the friends, the present kind. Like many of the file phrases which new institutions established by father would attend the ordination.

"You could not keep him away graduates from Harvard within the last ten years only two declared affairs of the present kind. Like many of the present kind. Like many of the present kind. Like file phrases which new institutions are dotting the land in practice to the idea intended to be conveyed to the impartial mind.

sure to come, and perhaps then the peon will be relieved of his terrible sufferings and his hypocritical "champions" severely punished.

harped upon in connection with the Mexican situation is the supposed ignorance of the people in that country and the fact that this state of affairs is due to the degraded innence of the Catholic Church. The following short quotation from a regives a new and entirely different

'Catholic schools," we read, " also there were in plenty, although they were not recognized as rightfully existing. By the Constitution of 1857 and the laws the Catholics had no right to teach. Ten years of stable government following the course of have reduced the illiteracy of Mexico's peon population fully 10 per cent." (The Outlook, Oct. 18, 1915,

This reveals the Church in its true role, as the educator of the people. The anti-Catholic govern-ment, based on the "liberal" principles predominant in our day, has bandicapped the Church in her work of enlightenment in every possible manner especially in the passage of laws forbidding Catholic education. In spite of this, the Church has continued in her work of popular in-struction, and in return receives to day from ill informed and self sufficient writers and "thinkers" the opprobrious titles of "oppressor of the people" and "the cause of the people's ignorance." learning, particularly in professional chairs and editorial sanctums, is s dangerous thing! - N. Y. Catholic

SOMETHING LACKING

An English Protestant dignitary writing some years ago in a High Church periodical on the past and present condition of missionary efforts in India, found little hope fo Protestant missions unless they could enlist the help of a body such as the Christian Brothers. Dr. Gore. the well-known Anglican Bishop ford, pays a hearty tribute of admira tion to the Brothers and to other Cath olic teaching institutes in his recently published book, "The War and the Church : "You know that many besides

Macaulay have reproached our Eng-lish Church for lack of self sacrifice and have contrasted it with the Church Rome, in which they have seen altogether more of the same heroic spirit which belongs to soldiers. They have not denied us the glory of kindness and goodness and faithfulness and all the circle of domestic virtues; only they have not seen in us the school of the heroic spirit—the school of sacrifice. Now, in part, these reproaches belong to an older day. * * * Nevertheless there is truth in the reproach aimed at us. The Roman Church has been magnificently helped in the maintenance of religious education on its own lines, because it has been able to draw upon a vast store of voluntary sacrifics. Men have been found in multitudes who felt that they have the vocation to be teacher for Christ's sake and His little ones who, without hope or prospect but their work and their faith, have given themselves for teachers, want ing nothing for it but their barest living. There is hardly anything in modern Christendom nobler or mor successful in attaining its end than the institution of the Christian Brothers, and the woman's teaching orders do not fall behind them. Why have we never struck anything like this store of deliberate and joyful sacrifice, with all our talk about the supreme importance of religious education? There has been somethin lacking."-Providence Visit or

RECENT CONVERTS

ADDITIONS TO CATHOLIC FOLD BY SCANNELL O'NEILL

Rev. S. F. F. Barrow, Chaplain of

Rev. S. F. F. Barrow, Chapiain of St. Catherine's Home, Ventnor, Isle of Wight; graduate of Lichfield Theological Seminary. The Rev. Arthur Ryland, who re-sides at the Camp, near Stroud, Gloucestershire, England. He was or-dained by the Right Rev. Vernon Herford, Bishop of the Syro Chal-dean Church at Oxford some years

Alonzo B. Ketcham, Oklahoma City. father of the Very Rev. Dr. Ketcham, of the Catholic Indian Bureau. Miss Sarah Delano, daughter of

Mr. and Mrs. Warren Delano, of Barrytown, N. Y., now Mrs. Roland Livingston Redmond, of New York. Mr. Norman F. Eastman, son of Seeph Eastman, 4 East Seventieth Miss Grace Swinton Lewis, daugh

ter of the late Alexander R. Lewis, of The Towers, Metuchen, N. J., and novelist : Episcopalian. Miss Lewis' mother became a Catholic two years Miss Ella Capps Estes, Memphis

granddaughter of Methodist minister. Mrs. Anthony Olinger, Milwaukee ; born Miss Elsa Roehr, daughter of

Julius Roehr.
Mrs. Stephen F. Tierney, of Weston,
W. Va , fermerly Miss Bersha Thompson, of Bellfontaine. O., was received into the Church on June 5th. Florence Mary Cohan, Chicago

Jewess. Rev. Dr. Pempeny, of Pittsburg, Kans., received into the Church on July 4th, the following adult Protest-

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ants; Edgar M. Conrad, William R. to Germany that we owed the Refor-Troegele, Harvey J. Pierce, Albert Tye, J. J. Williamson, Bert Lance, George W. Ward, Julius Schechner, David Mitchell.

On June 20th, Dr. Charles Davis, Douglas Davis, Lewis Hermes, Fred. erick Hermes, Peter Sutherland and Clifford Dean, were received into the Church at Annandale, Minn.

The Bishop of Columbus confirmed ten adult converts at Mount Vernon, O. on June 6th. On Corpus Christi the Archbishop

of St. Louis confirmed thirty-three adult converts at St. Vincent's Church, St. Louis. Bishop Kelly ordained twenty

eight converts recently in St. Augus-tine's Church, Kalamazoo. Forty-nine converts were confirmed by the Archbishop of Cincinnati in St. Ann's Church, Cincinnati, on May

30th. On Sunday, May 23rd, Bishor Shahan of the Catholic University confirmed sixty converts from Pro estantism in St. Patrick's Church n Washington, D. C.

> Special to the RECORD AN ANSWERED PRAYER

'Tis midnight hour, Thanksgiving Eve. And I will let my spirit roam O'er weary miles of land and sea To far off Belgium, sorrow's home.

In fancy now I see the Forms Of loved ones dying, some are cold To me, there's comfort as I pass,

To learn that they are of the Fold. But one I seek, my childhood friend, We parted just a year," he said, There is no time to learn your

Faith.

Pray, I'm not numbered with the dead." did not find him on the field.

I searched the ward of whitewashed walls, Where black-robed Sisters' kindly

Cheer on the sculs, the Saviour calls. paused beside a form I knew. heard him murmur "Jesus Mild"

And held close to his wounded breast. The image of the Crucified.

My weary spirit felt repaid, Thought I-a prayer can save, con-

A life-then as our end is near. @ That little prayer will save a soul. Tis midnight hour, Thanksgiving

Eve, And I will let my spirit rest, Before Thy Sacramental Throne, To thank Thee dearest, Jesus blest,

PROTESTANTISM ON ITS TRIAL

A striking sermon was preached a few days ago at the meeting of the Synod of Glasgow and Ayr by the Rev. Andrew Robertson, minister of Dundyvan. The preacher said that the end of the War might find Protestantism on its trial, and the Re-ormed Church (the Lutheran, we uppose he meant in particular alled to answer for much that was

mation and the present dreadful War. Was there any connection between the two? It was undeniable that the Reformed Church in Germany-at least a section of it—had been a great factor in the spread of that rationalism which had done so much to place the German people in the grip of militarism, and which had borne fruit in so many diabolical deeds. It was just possible, then that Protestantism with its right of private judgment would have to stand its trial. There was a tendency on the part of many to look more favourably on Catholicism. These are brave words for a minister of the Church of Scotland to use. Mr. Robertson is worthy of sincere respect for his outspoken honesty. But it will be an uncomfortable day for Protestantism of every kind if her ministers thus dare to look into the real issues of the Great Apostasy. All honour to those who show this ourage in the face of the evil, traditions of the past four centuries!-Edinburgh Catholic Herald.

FATHER FRASER'S CRINESE MISSION

Taichowfu, March 22, 1915. Dear Readers of CATHOLIC RECORD :

Yesterday (Passion Sunday) I laid the corner stone of the church in Taichowfu. The former church was too small for the crowds who are being converted in the city and neighboring towns. Even with the new addition of forty-eight feet and a gallery it will be too small on the big Feasts. May God be praised Whe deigns to open mouths to His praises in the Far East to replace those stilled in death in Europe. And may He shower down His choicest bless-ings on my benefactors of the CATHO-LIC RECORD, who are enabling me to hire catechists, open up new places to the Faith, and to build and enlarge churches and schools. Rest ed, dear Readers, that every cent that comes my way will be immediately put into circulation for the Glory of God.

Yours gratefully in Jesus and Mary J. M. FRASER.

Previously acknowledged... \$6,258 87 A Friend, Arkons... 2 00 Mrs. M. T. C., Ashtabula 1 00 M. Workman, Sher-

2 00 75 2 00 Rev. P. S. Dowdall, Pem-10 00 broke.....

Who is a useless man? He who can neither command nor obev.

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FIVE MINUTE SERMON

BY REV. F. PEPPERT TWENTY - SIXTH SUNDAY AFTER PENTECOST

The enemy, who came to sow cockle whilst the men were asleep, reminds us of another of our Lord's sayings: "Watch ye and pray, that ye enter not into temptation." Matth. xxvi, 41.)

Vigilance and prayer are the best means of resisting the enemy when he comes to tempt us; it behooves us especially to be on our guard

In what frame of mind ought we to await the coming of temptation In order that our foe may not assail us unawares, we must always remember that, as long as we live, we shall never be free from tempta We are reminded of this in Holy Scripture where we read: "Son, when thou comest to the service of God . . . prepare thy soul for temptation." (Eccl. ii, 1.) All who have ever seriously resolved to serve God, have been subject to many grievous temptations, as we see from the lives of the saints. St. John Chrysostom says: "Of those who Chrysostom says: "Of those who have been dearest and most pleasing to God, there never was one without grievous temptations, although it might appear to ue that this was not

For this reason we ought not to lose courage when we are tempted, nor fancy that God has forsaken us; on the contrary, temptations are proof of His love, as He wishes to secure our salvation by means of

It is only when we are tempted that we can show plainly that we love God and goodness more than anything else. As Blosius says: "A pilot is seen to advantage when dircting a ship, a hero on the field of battle, a brave man in adversity, and Christian virtue in time of temptation." Trees send their roots nore deeply into the earth, the more they are shaken by storms, and, in same way, virtue is made perfect in weakness. Our own weak becomes very plain to us when we are tempted, and our recognition of it makes us humble, and leads us to distrust ourselves and trust solely in God. Humility lies at the root of all virtue, and what ever intensifies it, strengthens our epiritual life. Just as a seaman loads his ship with heavy balast to keep it steady and prevent it from being dashed against the rocks by the waves, so God sends us temptations to steady us and keep us down so that we may not be puffed up by any good qualities that we happen to

St. Gregory Nazianzen remarks that God orders things in a wonderful way for us to be frequently tormented by temptations, since man might imagine himself strong in his own strength, unless in the depths of his heart he were conscious of his weakness. When temptation falls upon him, and he is tortured and, as seems, excessively exhausted by it, he sees that humility is the only protection against it, and so the very thing that made him fear to fall causes him to begin and stand

s, and so come to ruin.

God, and to have recourse to Him with confidence, knowing that He loves us. It we use it aright, it leads us to love Him more.

It increases also our charity tohave not learned by personal exper-ience of temptation how great human weakness is, are apt to judge others too harshly and mercilessly. In spite of all his goodness and piety, a man who had never been tempted could not use due leniency and charity in judging his neighbors, and his severity and sterrness, far from assisting the tempted and sin-ful, and bringing them back to God, would only plunge them yet deeper into sin. This is beautifully expressed in Holy Scripture in the attribute their downfall solely to words: "What doth he know that

It is only when we ourselves suffer temptation that we can advise and help others, partly that they may avoid what might imperil their salvation, and partly that they may have recourse to the best means of overcoming their temptations.

We must not lose courage when we are tried, but fight bravely, and in this way alone we shall obtain the wisdom and strength necessary to anable us to be of service to others and help them to work out their sal-

Finally we ought not to forget that our struggles to resist temptation win for us a rich supply of merit. As St. Paul says: "He that striv-eth for the mastery is not crowned except he strive lawfully" (II Tim. ii, 5.) The crown of everlasting life is composed of the merit won by re-

sisting and overcoming temptation. St. Ambrose gives us most encouraging advice, when he tells us not to fear temptations, but to rejoice in them and say: "Is we are tempted, we are mighty, for then crowns of righteousness are being woven for us as conquerors." When you are tried, remember that your eternal reward is being prepared for

It is indispensable to our salvation that we should be tempted—in what frame of mind ought we therefore to await temptation? The answer cau easily be supplied from what I have already said. It would be reckless folly to go out of one's way to look

A LIFETIME

Worn Out, Thin and Miserable Until She Took "Fruit-a-tives"

PALMESTON, June 20th, 1914. "Stomach Trouble and Distressing Headaches nearly drove me wild. Some time ago, I got a box of "Fruit-a-tives," your famous fruit medicine, and they completely relieved me. To-day I am feeling fine and a physician, meeting me on the street, asked the reason for my improved appearance. Isaid, "Iam taking Fruit-a-tives." He said, "If Fruit-a-tives make you look so well, go ahead and take them. They are doing more for you than I can." Mrs. H. S. WILLIAMS.

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for temptations, but on the other hand, if it assails us it would be silly and harmful to lose courage and to fancy that God had forsaken

In times of trial let us remember St. John Chrysostom's words, for he tells us that temptation is good evidence of God's care for us. is present, God is not far away. Hence when it comes upon you, acknowledge calmly and without disturbance of mind your own weak-ness; look at the depths to which you might fall, if you were not up held by God's almighty hand; humble yourself before God in your heart, but at the same time call upon Him with childlike confidence to help you, and rely upon Him, trusting absolutely in Him. He is the protector of all who trust in Him, and we need fear no defeat, as long as He is on our side. No matter how great or how violent a temptation may be, we can, like St. Paul, be sure that He "will make also with temp tation issue, that we may be able to bear it." (1 Cor. x, 13)

Let us be firmly convinced that the devil has power over us only to the extent permitted by God, in order that we may be tried for our

Humble, but unwavering confidence in God, is the disposition with which we may fearlessly encounter temptation.

Let us always be ready to exclaim : If I trust in the Lord, I shall not be overthrown. Even if armies in camp should stand together against me, my heart shall not fear; if a battle should rise up against me, in Him will I be confident." (Ps. xxvi,

Nothing but true confidence in God can give us the courage necessary in our struggle against temptation, and this confidence we should awaken daily and hourly in our hearts.

No matter how often and how much we are tempted, let us never doubt God's willingness to help us. We have only to lift up our hearts to Him in childlike trust, and we shall be saved, and thus each time of temptation will be not a snare for our destruction, but one of those Temptation forces us to cling to glorious moments when the crown

TEMPERANCE

WOMEN AND DRINK

Writing to the London Times, Adeline, Duchess of Bedford, President of the Association of Lady Visitors to Prisons, says :

'A remarkable document has been placed in my hands, and I think the contents should be known to the public. It is a petition for the closing of public houses during the War, and is signed by five hundred women lately discharged from Holloway Prison. These unfortunate persons attribute their downfall solely to hath not been tried?" (Eccl. xxxiv, for the only means known to them to save others from a like fate. As a comment on this pathetic effort it may be mentioned that there is a general opinion among governors and chaplains of prisons that the early-closing orders since the War began have effectively diminished the number of commitments for drunkenness, and at Holloway, where London woman are received, this is especially noticeable."

WHEN TOWNS GO " DRY "

An interesting fact is that the disastrous results" to business so sure to follow the passing of the salcon, as predicted by the liquor men, do not occur. In the "Sahara" districts prosperity flourishes; business is as good as before, generally better. Illegal sales of liquor have been reduced to a minimum. Moral and social conditions are vastly improved. The predicted "enormous increase in taxes" is a bugaboo. Comparisons of wet towns with dry practically no difference in taxes, though often a slightly lower rate prevails in the dry towns, despits the fact that there are no license ees coming into the treasury! The slight increase in the tax rate some-times co-incident with the dry regime can often be accounted for by other causes. Extensive improvements are sometimes responsible for this.

TWO GOOD TEMPERANCE MEASURES

There are two laws regarding the sale of intoxicating drinks which, if rigidly enforced, would remove mos of the evil effects of the saloon business as now conducted and make the saloon almost as respectable as the

soda fountain.

First, the law now on the statute ooks prohibiting the sale of intoxi cants to minors should be enforced. at present the saloon keeper is the udge of a person's age and, natur ally, he does not cheat himself very

treating law such as went into effect in London recently. Violations are punishable by a fine of \$500 and six months in prison. The authorities have given notice that these penalties will be inflicted without mercy.

Any person having much experience with saloon customs will vouch for the fact that the removal of the treating habit will also do away with most of the evil of the present saloon business.-Sacred Heart Review.

Dr. Jackson's Roman Meal is A Food, Not a Fraud

Many so-called cereal foods are frauds. Many so-called cereal foods are frauds. To prove it, try to live entirely upon them for a few days. Many live entirely upon Roman Meal. A recent letter from California says: "Dear Dr. Jackson: "A friend of mine has lived on Roman Meal for thirteen months. His case had been pronounced hopeless. He is now in perfect health." No fraud here. Roman Meal is scientifically balanced by an expert dictitian. It's the perfect food, and positively relieves constipation. Ask your doctor. Make it in partidge, panyour doctor. Make it in porridge, pan-cakes, gems. At grocers', 10 and 25

MOTIVES OF

CREDIBILITY

Weighing the faith of the Apostles on intrinsic evidence given them by Christ, there can be no doubt of its reasonableness, and the solid foundation upon which that faith rested. For faith, which is a gift of God, grace, to incline the will and illumine the understanding, is necessary and whilst the Apostles enjoyed thi supernatural gift, they also had a certainty of the truth of Christ's divine mission from extrinsic evi-dence, namely the works of Christ. if you believe not Me, believe My

Forseeing the many obstacles they would have to contend, especially after His passion and death, He wished to impress the certainty of that faith on their minds by appealfaith. This human faith does not of itself suffice, but human faith is all that is needed to be proved by arguments, and all that any one pretends is proven by the motives of credibility. On these motives of credibility Christ, His miraculous works, Christ depended when appealing to man as a rational eing, and especially to His Apostles to whom He made special manifesta-

tions of His divinity.

Accordingly He becomes transfigured before them, becomes selfluminous and emitted rays of heavenly light which dazzled the eyes of the Apostles who were so ravished by the sight that they were beside themselves and knew not what to do or say. St. Peter is so transported with joy and happiness, that he exclaims, confessing His divinity, "O Lord it is good for us to be

Yes, such were the beauty and splendor with which the Body of their Divine Master was clothed,

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and such the unspeakable happiness and joy the heavenly vision imparte to the Apostles and especially to their chief, that they would live forever in its enjoyment even on the summit of that bleak and rugged mountain. All they needed for their supreme happiness was the presence of their transfigured Lord and Master. "And His face did shine as

the sun and His garments were as Christ had indeed placed on their shoulders a heavy cross, and doomed them to a life; of labour, suffer ings and persecutions. He told them that they should daily deny them-selves, and suffer for His sake, that because their mission was to oppose and condemn the false principles of the world, they should be hated, per-secuted and martyred. But by this one glimpse of His divine nature. He more than compensated them for all their sufferings and sacrifice, and convinced them that the trials and tribulations of this world are not to be compared with the glory that should be one day revealed to them It this mere glimpse of the beauty

of the Divinity had so enraptured the Apostles, what must it be to stand in the full flood of light and glory that ever flows from the Trinity, and in which the Saints are, as it were, ever bathed. If that brief and transitory vision of the Divine Nature, on tha desolate mount, so transported the Apostles that they became senseless, and began to talk like little children, what must it be to contemplate God face to face in all His eternal glory. majesty and brightness, and to enjoy His company and that of all His Saints and Angels in the courts of heaven through all the ages of eter

And this is what Christ, our Lord promises to all His true followers, to all true Christians. Those who daily deny themselves, take up their Cross and follow Him. He assures us that if we spend the few years of our lives here in obedience to His will, in carrying His yoke and burden, which He promises to make light and sweet for us, He will reward us with an everlasting happiness which "neither eye hath seen, nor ear heard or the heart of man concaived.'

What a noble and generous offer, and how different from that offered by the world. The world demands all our time and attention, and is slaves, and in its slavery our health our strength, our all are wasted, and when we can no longer serve it, it rejects us, casts us from it and leaves us without hope, consolation or re ward. No so with Christ. He assures us, on the strength of His divinity, that every work we perform, every movement we make, and every breath we draw for His sake, even the cup of cold water given to His representatives, the poor, shall be, after this our exile, is ended, amply rewarded.

'And behold there appeared Moses and Elias talking with Him." Here was another great proof for the Apostles of the Divine Mission and authority of Christ. He always declared that He was the Messiah, the great Redeemer promised by God, and foretold by the prophets, and here now stands before them Elias the greatest of the prophets, bearing testimony by his presence to the truth of His statement. Again He constantly declared that He came to fulfill and perfect the Old Law, and schold Moses, the great Lawgiver confirming His declaration. greater proof of His divinity did they want? What more trustworthy testimony could they have for the diing to their natural reason as the vinity of His mission than that of those two most illustrious person ages held in such high estimation by the whole Jewish nation? Yet lest all this may not be sufficient to establish in the minds of His chosen Apostles that faith which He saw would be so necessary for them. He caused the Eternal Father Himself to proclaim in tones of thunder from the highest heavens that He was His only begotten Son. "And behold a voice out of the clouds, saying, Be hold, this is My beloved Son, hear

What more could they desire What more incontestable proof could He give them than this seal and sanction of His Eternal Father? Having thus established the faith of His Apostles, He descended with them from the summit of the mount and said to them, "Tell this vision to no one until the Son of God be risen from the grave," ended this glorious and heavenly scene in Mount Thabor.—Intermountain Catholic.

AMUSEMENT OVERDONE?

Are we not in danger of over-valuing this idea that what people need who word hard, is amusement? asks the Sacred Heart Review. Are there not other relaxations for the tired mind and muscle? A writer in the New York Sun makes a sensible comment on the feverish search for a good time :

Amusement is a good and neces sary thing, but it can be overdone. When we hear again and again that there should be municipal dance halls to which working girls can repair in the evenings it seems strange that a chance should never be given them to collect their thoughts a bit. If they perform manual labor, why not at least an occasional evening at home with a book from the nearest

branch library?
The hunt for a "good time" has stamped its impress of hungry insolence on too many young faces. We might well lay a little more stress on the value (and satisfaction too) of restraint, mental, moral and physical.



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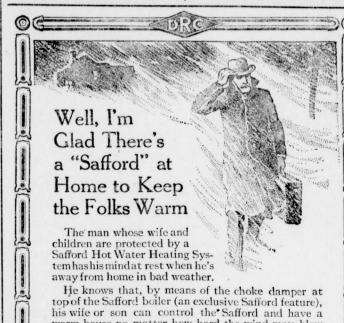
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warm house no matter how hard the wind may blow or how low the temperature drop. He knows, too, that the Safford boiler is built to

hold the fire, without coaling up, much longer than an ordinary boiler. The Safford will retain the fire for 24 hours. No danger of it going out if the folks oversleep.

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You may choose the Hecla because the Steel Ribbed Fire-pot promises a good yearly saving of coal. -Or the proof against dust, soot and gas assured by the Hecla

Fused Joints may decide you in favor of the Hecla. But even without these two big features found only in the Hecla, what a furnace this Hecla is! Look at it closely. Some furnaces have some of the points shown. But to have them all will mean

Can we be of help in planning a heating system for your home?

greater comfort, greater economy, greater convenience.



SHE PATIENTLY **BORE DISGRACE**

A Sad Letter from a lady whose Husband was Dissipated

How She Cured Him With a Secret Remedy



"I had for years patiently borne the disgrace, suffering, misery and privations due to my husband's drinking habits. Hearing of your marvellous remedy for the cure of drunkenness, which I could give my husband secretly. I decided to try it. I procured a package and mixed it in his food and coffee, and, as the remedy was odorless and tasteless, he did not know what it was that so quickly relieved his craving for liquor. He soon began to pick up flesh, his appetite for solid food returned, he stuck to his work regularly, and we now have a happy solid food returned, he stuck to his work regularly, and we now have a happy home. After he was completely cured, I told him what I had done, when he acknowledged that it had been his saving, as he had not the resolution to break off of his own accord. I hereby advise all women afflicted as I was to give your remedy a trial." remedy a trial.'

FREE-SEND NO MONEY I will send free trial package and

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THIS WASHER MUST PAY FOR ITSELF

A MAN tried to sell me a horse once. He said is was a fine horse and had nothing the matter with it. I wanted a fine horse, but, I didn't know anything about horses much. And I didn't know the man very well either.

So I told him I wanted to try the horse for a month. He said "All right, but pay me first, and I'll give you back your money if the horse isn't alright."

Well, I didn't like that. I was afraid the horse wasn't "alright" and that I might have to whistle for my money if I once parted with it. So I didn't buy the horse, although I wanted it badly. Now this set me thinking. You see I make Washing Machines—the "1900 Gravity" Washer.

And I said to myself, lots

Machines—the "1900 Gravity" Washer.
And I said to myself, lots
of people may think about
gives greatest conve
as well as ease of op
thought about the horse,
and about the man who
owaed it.

thought about the horse, and about the man who owned it.

But I'd never know, because they wouldn't write and tell me. You see, I sell my Washing Machines for mail. I have sold over half a million that way. So, thought I, it is only fair enough to let people try my Washing Machines for a month, before they pay for them, just as I wanted to try the horse.

Now, I know what our "1900 Gravity" Washer will do. I know it will wash the clothes, without wearing or tearing them, in less than half the time they can be washed by hand or by any other machine.

I know it will wash a thu full of very dirty clothes in Six minutes. I know no other machine ever invented can do that without wearing the clothes. Our "1900 Gravity" Washer does the work so easy that a child can run it almost as well as a strong woman, and it don't wear the clothes, fray the edges nor break buttons, the way all other machines do.

It just drives soapy water clear through the fibres of the clothes like a force pump might.

So, said I to myself, I will do with my "1900 Gravity" Washer what I wanted the man to do with the horse. Only I won't wait for people to ask me. I'll offer first, and I'll make good the offer every time.

Let me send you a "1900 Gravity" Washer on a month's free trial. I'll pay the freight out of my owe pocket, and if you don't want the machine after you've sed it a month, I'll take it back and pay the sight, too. Surely that is fair enough, isn't it.

Doesn't it prove that the "1900 Gravity" Washer must be all that I say it is?

And you can pay me out of what it saves for you. It will save its whole cost in a few months in wear and tear on the clothes, alone. And then it will save 50 to 75 cents a week over that on washwoman's wages. If you keep the machine after the month's trial, I'll let you pay for it out of what it saves you. If it saves you for me a month's free the machine after the month's trial, I'll let you pay for it out of what it saves you. If it saves you for the machine after the month's trial, I'll let you pay fo

the machine itself earns the balance.

Drop me a line to-day, and let me send you a book
about the "1900 Gravity" Washer that washes clothes
in six minutes.

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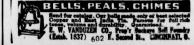
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CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

WHAT IS SUCCESS AND HOW TO

A MESSAGE FROM CARDINAL GIBBON TO THE BOYS OF AMERICA

At Baltimore an old man boarded the train. As he walked slowly, very slowly, down the aisle, heads turned to follow his progress and people touched each other and whispered. As the old man passed, it could be seen that under his tall silk hat he wore that something not usually worn by old gentlemen riding on trains, for, showing below the rim of the hat was

e line of vivid scarlet.

The porter, more than ordinarily solicitous, assisted the old gentleman into his chair. Then the old gentle-man removed his hat and—he was wearing a tiny, round scarlet cap!

Now, there are only three men among all the hundred million of in-habitants in the United States who are permitted to wear such a cap. It is a mark of honor, of distinction, of exalted position—the badge of a Cardinal of the Catholic Church The old gentleman was His Eminence, James Cardinal Gibbons, Archbishop of Baltimore.
Cardinal Gibbons settled his spare

frame comfortably and opened his newspaper—just like any ordinary ove the top of his chair showed that flash of scarlet, arousing euriosity. What sort of man was this James Cardinal Gibbons? How did his voice sound? What did his smile look like? What would he say if addressed? It was a curiosity that would be shared by every boy in America it he could sit in that car

The porter carried my card to His Eminence: returned immediately, grinning so that every one of his thirty two white teeth glittered joy-

ously.
"He say sure, sah. He say he be

I think that was characteristic of Cardinal Gibbons is a man who loves men, who studies men, who likes to talk to and understand and sympa thize with men. . . So I walked down the aisle to his side.

He looked up and smiled. That is important. Perhaps you have seen pictures of the Cardinal—they are grave, very dignified, a triffe austere.

They do not about the standard of the cardinal in the standard in the success does not mean fame or wealth, or that the world should set to talking about your the standard of the cardinal in the cardinal be glad to talk to me, or to any casual

grave, very dignified, a trifle austere. They do not show the Cardinal of the smile. Right away any boy would have known His Eminence was a man working, faithful boy is worth to the who wanted to know, the sort of man who is valuable to boys as a friend and as a companion. . . . The Cardinal smiled, and his grey eyes

your work is with boys. Wen't you sit down?

His face became grave, thoughtful. "I suppose you would like to have me say something to your boys, is

The toys would appreciate it very much if you would," I told him. Then he began to speak, as he spoke I watched his tace, particularly those grey blue eyes with the shrewd, wise, kindly lines about them. I

in those eyes as the Cardinal sent his message to you. They are not young They are eyes that have seen many wonderful things, many sad things many glorious things—and have re-membered everything and stored it away to be used. To be used for the benefit of mankind.

"It is an old, old saying that the boy is the father of the man," said the Cardinal, "but I wender it boys have ever stopped to wonder what it means. . . It means that the boy is the most important thing in the world. Think of that. Let me have the boy to work with and train and I don't care who looks after the rest of the world—for in a few years the boy will be the rest of the world The boys of to day are the men with responsibilities the men who are doing big things to morrow. They should remember that."

The Cardinal laid his slender hand

What is success in life?"he asked, and then answered his own question "Success is nothing more or less than do, so He looked about the world for doing well the things we have to do every day. Success is duty performed —that is all. There can be no greater success than that. The boy who did He choose?

Who St. Jaseph the lover of little who does every day the little things he is set to do, and does them well, has succeeded. When he becomes a man he is still a success if he performs his every day tasks and duties faithfully. There may be no fame, no sounding of trumpets for

him, but he is a success."

Now he smiled again, his eyes twinkled almost mischievously.
"Fame is an accident, anyhow," he

said, "it doesn't matter. pleasant, but, after all, is it a bit more pleasant to be famous than to be a common man, unknown, perhaps, and watch. . . . So I decided to find out for him.

"What qualities, Cardinal Gibbons, do you consider most desirable in a boy? What qualities, show him to have real promise for the future?"

"Faithfulness, plodding, persever-ance, persistence in doing whatever that was characteristic of is set for him to do. These things Gibbons—that he would will gain him success where genius would fail-unless it is that sort of

> flashes of genius. The boy who will is on the surest road to success.

twinkled as he extended his hand.
"You work with boys?" he said.
"That is a fine thing—one of the finest things. You must be very glad to stress rotat to stress to take to stress rotat to stress. I rose to go. The Cardinal extended his hand again. "I'm glad," he said, very glad, to be able to talk a little to all of your boys. Good-bye."

He smiled again—that shrewd, humorous, wise, kindly lovable smile "I wish, sir," I said, "that the boys could hear you say it, and see you while you are saying it."

"I wish so, too," he said.—Clarence B. Kelland, in "The American Boy."

Nature fulfilled by grace is not less nature, but is supernaturally natural watched the expressions come and go | — Coventry Patmore.

GLLETT'S DIRI 18

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

MADE IN

CHILDREN'S PATRON

Once upon a time there was a Little Child. He was the most beautiful Infant that had ever been born, and was the Son of the Greatest not take care of Him as most fathers

Why, St. Joseph, the lover of little children. And as he was chosen out of all the world as the most fatherly of men, don't you think that he would listen very lovingly to you, if you told him all your hopes and little fears. He would love to intercede to God for you.

Here is a prayer to the foster father of Christ :

To Thee, O Blessed Joseph, we go in our trouble and we confidently beg thy aid by thy fatherly love with which thou didst embrace the Child Jesus. Oh, our strong defender, graciously assist us from heaven on every day of our liver, and as thou didst once deliver the Child Jesus from pressing danger of death, so now defend thy other little foster children here on earth, Shield us, one and all, with unceasing protection that after thy example and aided by thy prayers we may be enabled to live holily and die picusly, that we may see thee and the Holy Child thou Amen.-New World.

SLOW BUT THOROUGH A lady engaged a boy to weed in her garden. He started to do the work as she directed, and she went about her household duties. After a half hour had elapsed she looked out the window and saw the boy at about the same spot she had left him.
"Pretty slow," said the lady, and

again went about her work.

Another half-hour elapsed, and again she looked out the window. She noticed that he had done very little more, and said to herself, "I wish I had secured a man for this job ; it will not be finished to-day at

At the end of another half hour she concluded to speak to the boy and hurry him up, so out to the yard she

She stopped suddenly. It was true that not very much of the garden had been covered. The boy was slow, that was sure, but such a job of weeding as he had done! Not a single stray piece of grass was left. It was as clean as could be. She stood and looked in amazement. There was just one word for itthorough. Instead of telling him to do the work faster, she said: "That's do the work faster, she said: "That's fine. That's the kind of weeding I like to have done every time."-Ex-

THOSE PUNCTUATION MARKS we didn't have to learn so much

Mamma laid down her sewing and

Warren?"
"Why, it's so hard to remember when to use them, and besides, I don't think they are of much use. I don't see why we couldn't write sentences without putting in any

punctuation marks." Mamma smiled, and then, rising from her chair, she went over to the desk and got out a piece of paper and a pencil. Then she wrote: "The little turkey strutted about the yard and ate corn half an hour after his head was cut off."

"Why, mummie, how funny!" ex-claimed Warren, when he read it. "How could a turkey walk around eating corn without any head?"

"He couldn't," replied mamma, and yet I have written just what I intended to write. I have, however, left out all punctuation marks." Then she bent down and punctuated the sentence. It then read

"The little turkey strutted about the yard, and ate corn; balf an hour after, his head was cut off." Oh, I see !" cried Warren. And

then and there he resolved to learn all that he could about punctuation marks.—Intermountain Catholic.

KIND DEEDS HAVE THEIR REACTION

Everything that one does in life has a reaction which either applauds or condemns the deed and is ever after ward a perpetual reminder of nobility or baseness. Wherever you are, you will hear echoes of the good you have done or the evils that has resulted from your act. Whether pleasant or disagreeable, they will constantly come back to you in memory waves, and will tend to make you happy or

If you have said a kind word, that

but for your fanning them into then will this sweet echo

speak to you.

If, on the contrary, you have kept the flowers that you should have given to the living, for the dead, spared the kindly word of praise and admiration, or the expression of love, until the ears which they would have gladdened are deat in death, then will echoes of condemnation haunt you. Tears and flowers at a funeral do not atone for wasted opportunities to scatter brightness or show love. Every thought and deed sends back an echo like itself. If we have been

will uplift, encourage and satisfy. If we have been mean, contemptible, vicious, narrow, indolent, we shall hear the echoes repeat the voices which gave them birth. - Exchange

helpful and generous, sympathetic and kind we shall hear echoes that

The Catholic Stage Guild of London which met recently, and the members of which attended Mass and received Communion at Maiden Lane, made a protest against "Marie Odile," the objectionable convent play which Sir Herbert Tree was obliged to reexpressing his astonishment that it should offend Catholic susceptibil-

FAILURE OF MARIE ODILE

shows how far the ordinary canone of modern moral taste have faller below the Christian standard. The Catholic Federation have now issued a protest to the censor of plays against the licensing of "Marie against the licensing of "Marie Odile." It is hoped that this protest may prevent the licensing of my similar play in the future, for 'Marie Odile' is certainly not likely ever to appear on tour again.— Church Progress.

SOMETHING LACKING

An English Protestant dignitary writing some years ago in a High Church periodical on the past and forts in India, found little hope for Protestant missions unless they could enlist the help of a body such as the Christian Brothers, Dr. Gore, the well-known Anglican Bishop of Oxford, pays a hearty tribute of admiration to the Brothers and to other Catholic teaching institutes in his recently published book, "The War and the Church :"

You know that many besides Macaulay have reproached our Eng. lish Church for lack of self sacrifice, and have contrasted it with the Church of Rome, in which they have seen altogether more of the same heroic spirit which belongs to soldiers. They have not depied us the glory of kindness and goodness and faithfulness and all the circle of domestic us the school of the heroic spiritthe school of sacrifice. Now, in part these reproaches belong to an older day. . . . Nevertheless, there is truth in the reproach aimed at us

. . . The Roman Church has been magnificently helped in the maintenance of religious education on its own lines, because it has been able to draw upon a vast ators of volun-tary sacrifice. Men have been found in multitudes who felt that they had the vocation to be teachers for Christ's sake and His little ones, and THOSE PUNCTUATION MARKS who, without hope or prospect but "Oh, dear!" sighed Warren, as he their work and their faith, have given themselves for teachers, wanting nothing for it but their barest about periods and commas and semi-living. There is hardly anything in colons, and such things. I hate modern Christendom nobler or more successful in attaining its end than the institution of the Christian Why do you hate them, Brothers, and the women's teaching orders do not fall behind them. Why have we never struck anything like this store of deliberate and joyful sacrifice, with all our talk about the supreme importance of religious edu-cation? There has been something lacking." — Philadelphia Standard and Times.

"OPENED HIS EYES"

When our friends of the Protestant denominations succeed in attracting a foreign Catholic away from the Church of his fathers, they feel that they have done well, remarks the chances are that they have made no convert to Protestantism. They simply disturb the faith of the poor man they are seeking to convert and leave him without any faith at all. When Francis Parkman, the his torian, was in Europe, for the first time he met an Italian who spoke disrespectfully of the Pope. "Why," said Parkman, "do you speak so of the Pope? Are you not a Roman Catholic?" The man said he used to be a Catholic, but some years in America had "opened his eyes" "You are no longer a Catholic?" said Parkman. "What religion do you believe in now?" 'Oh, no religion in particular," replied the Italian "Whereupon," says Parkman satiri-cally, "I congratulated him on so happy a conversion from the error of his ways."

ANGLICAN SISTERS AND CLERGY. MAN'S WIFE CONVERTED

There fall to be recorded recently some fresh conversions from the ranks of Anglicanism. The laity are following the lead of their clergy.

embers of ambition that have been slumbering for years and which would have gone out in darkness, fluence," says a London paper, "she has also marked literary ability.
Among other offices lately held by
Mrs. Nicell was that of Secretary of
the St. Leonard's branch of the
(Anglican) Confraternity of the
Blessed Sacrament." The same

journal states that several members of the Community of St. John the Baptist, Clewer, the largest Sister-hood in the Anglican Church, have already followed their former Warden's example by becoming Catholics. Their Warden, it will be remembered, was the Rev. Bernard Mcultrie, whose conversion was lic Herald

Our Home Library

Novels and Religious Books by the

Best Catholic Authors

THE SOLITARY ISLAND, by Rev. John Talbo-Smith. As mysterious and fascinating in its plot as either of the sensational productions of Arti-bald Clavering Gunther, and it contains portraits which would not shame the brush of a Thackers, or Dickens.

or Dickens.

THE ALCHEMIST'S SECRET, by Isabel Cecilis

Williams. This collection of short stories is not of
the sort written simply for amusement: they have
their simple, direct teaching, and they lead us to
think of and to pity sorrows and trials of other

in social position.

MARIAN ELWOOD, by Sarah M. Brownson. The
story of a haughty society girl, selfash and arrogant, who awakes to the shallowness of her exist
ence through the appreciation of the noble character and religious example of a young man
whom she afterwards marries.

whom she atterwards marries.

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Thoroughly interesting and well written tales of
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unriling story of reariessness and adventure.

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of the Church.

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spite of discouraging difficulties.

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voung ladies which have met with popular favor. FERNCLIFFE. Ferncliffe is the name of a large estate in Devonshire, England, the home of Agnes Falkland, who with her family and adopted sater Francis Macdonald, turnish the interesting events and the secret influence of which Agnes Falkland is the innocent sufferer.

THE ORPHAN SISTERS, by Mary I. Hoffman This is an exceedingly interesting story, in which some of the doctrines of the Catholic Church are clearly defined.

ROSE LR BLANC, by Lady Georgianna Fullerton A thoroughly entertaining story for young people by one of the best known Catholic authors.

or two cousins who are left in the care of their very wealthy but eccentric uncle, who professes no religion and is at odds with all the world. It follows them through their many trials and experiences, and contrasts the effect on the two distinct characters.

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ture in Kentucky, by Anna C. Minogue. CINEAS, or Rome Under Nero. A strong novel of early Christianity, by J. M. Villefranche. FOUR GREAT EVILS OF THE DAY, by Car-dinal Manning.

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NO COMPROMISE WITH HERESY

Recently a corresp indentasked the readers of America to believe in the sincerity of the religious conviction of Anglicans. This appeal may be acted on, provided we remember that such sincerity is founded on error, and that the tenacity with which members of the Anglican or any other church cling to error, no matter what may be its subjective characteristic, is something that in itself is wrong. It is not inconceiv. itself is wrong. It is not inconceivable that they do not see, either by reason of ignorance or traditional prejudice, that they are rejecting prejudice, that they are rejecting Christ's doctrines and so insulting the Divine Mejesty; but their excuse does not change the fact. It is some palliation for the insult, but the insult remains. The heretic may be well meaning, and devoted to Christ; but this is in spite of his heresy; heresy itself must always be held in abhorrence. It is with heretics and heresy as with sinners and sin : we may love the individual, but we must

hate the evil. Anglicans have protested against the reluctance which the Catholic Church has shown to meet their overtures of peace. They have held out the olive branch, but the Church has not been willing to accept it. This has caused both pain and surprise. They think they are so much nearer to us than others, and they hold with us so many more of what they call the "fundamental doctrines"; yet our attitude toward them is scarcely less cold than that toward who are worlds removed from Catholicism in spirit, practice and belief. Our attitude, however, is logical. It is a necessary consequence of our absolute loyalty to Christ. He demands complete sub-mission to His Word, an unrestricted acceptance of the whole of His re-vealed doctrine. Therefore His Church, both in her hierarchy and in her members, demands the same. There can be, and must be, no com

promising with heresy.
Heretics are alike in this, that
they reject the Word of Christ. This
is the head and front of their offending, the long and short of their error. That they reject, some of them more of the Divine Word, and others less, is a question merely of They are at one and on a detail. par in the fundamental mistake that they are unto themselves the arbiters of their own belief. Doctrines that appeal to them they accept, of the rest they will have nothing; and thus at their own sweet will they pick and choose between Christ's doctrines, building their faith not on the rock of Divine Revelation but on the shifting sand of their own weak understanding. Thus the Ana bap tists, for instance, find themselves in accord with Christ on the necessity of good works, but in disagreement with Him on the matter of baptism. They hold baptism to be a mere figurative rite; Christ's view of it as a Sacrament and a channel of supernatural grace they do not approve. Quakers are with Christ in laying great stress on the necessity of the interior life, but they set up their judgment against His in the matter of the ministry of teaching. Lutherans reverence Christ's words in so far as they are committed to writing, reserving meanwhile to themselves the right understand them as they please. but they have nothing but scorn for that Word as handed on, according to Christ's own directions, by the living voice of divinely constituted teachers, and officially interpreted with infallible truth by the Christ-appointed medium of the Apostles and their successors.

So, too, is it in a measure with the

mendous convictions, such as the necessity of Apostolic Succession, the Real Presence of Christ in the Blessed Sacrament, the Eucharistic Sacrifice and innumerable others " but they repudiate Christ's doctrine of the Papal Supremacy. They are nearer to Christ than are the members of certain other sects, at least in the sense that they have the consola tion of believing a greater number of His saving doctrines. Unfortunate-

Anglicans. They have "certain tre-

ly, however, this greater proximity still leaves them outside the Fold in the essential act of heresy they are as far away as the rest. For they, no less than the others choose from among Christ's doctrines ac-cepting and rejecting at their

Christ said, "Going therefore teach all nations. . . Teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you" (Matt. xxviii: 19.20). Now one of the things that Christ commanded was the universal headship over the Church of St. Peter and his successors. This the Anglicans reject. They will not admit it. They will not observe it. They refuse to believe it. To other things that Christ taught they are willing to give ascent, but that the Pope is the Rock, the foundation stone on which Christianity is built ; against this they set their They were not present when Christ said to Peter: "And I say to thee: That thou art Peter; and upon this rock I will build My Church." And like St. Thomas, they say, "I will not believe." Because of His affection for His brave follower, but more especially because of His desire to add circumstantial proof of His Resurrection, the Saviour did condescend to the arbitrary laying down of conditions on the part of His doubting Apostle; but He reprobated the attitude of doubt and said, "Be not faithless but believing." Thomas be-lieved everything except the Resur-rection, and he was called faithless.

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The Anglicans believe everything, let us suppose, but the Papal Supremacy. With what word would Christ characterize them were He to appear to them and enlighten them? No doubt many Anglicans are sincere, and deny the Papal Supremacy only out of ignorance, because they do not know that this doctrine belongs to the deposit of Faith. Those who are of this state of mind are not formal heretics, they are not guilty of malice. But neither their ignorance nor their absence of malice alters the objective fact that they do reject one of Christ's doctrines, and that, therefore, they are in material heresy. How far they may be guilty of sin in not making a thorough investigation into the motives of credibility which the Catholic Church adduces for faith in this tenet of Christianity, is a question which must depend for its solution on the circumstances of each indi-vidual case. It is impossible to escape the conviction that many Anglicans are in good faith, and the determina tion as to how far their ignorance is culpable may well be left to God but this is the most that can be said even for the most sincere. Objectively they are in error, nor can all the sincerity in the world change the lamentable truth, that whereas Christ says, "Thou art Peter : and Church." Anglicans, one and all, say this, "I will not believe."—J. Harding Fisher, S. J., in America.

EDITH CAVELL

By John O'Kee'e, in the New York World Sun glint and gun glint, and sweet

eyes clear of pain, And on the head of a woman dead the red cross made by Cain !

O distant ones, all white of face. Who hear the rifle roll! See the real death, the true dis-

grace,
The devil's perfect toll:
A nation in the firing place Has murdered its own soul!

Straight fire and hate fire, with orders from the Crown; But from the lips one breath outslips to blow an empire down!

We saw the Tide of Terror sweet Across the Belgian plain, And women died like poisoned

That drop in a murrai Then wherefore should we pause and weep

For one more woman slain? Clear soul and dear soul, white as

the clouds that fly; But on the cheeks the rose that speaks, "No pale girl coward

For once she knew of mercy's knell When, in a shuddering sea, The Lusitania's fragile shell A scorpion stung in glee.

thousand in the sea-deeps dwell! What is one here?" asks she.

Proud head! Unbowed head! O eagle's crest and dove's Where now you lie beneath the sky
the wide world weeps and loves!

There is a hawk that hunts on

On town bred gesse to dine A thousand slays he from the sky, With ne'er a warning sign. "Behold!" I hear the martyr's cry What is one death like mine?

Red breast and dead breast, the trembling flowers beneath! white hands sow, row upon row, a crop of dragon's teeth!

FIRST MEDAL OF PONTIFICATE

Some days ago Cardinal Gasparri Secretary of State and Prefect of the Apostolic Palaces, presented to His Holiness models of the first com-memorative medal struck in this pontificate. Every year a medal is struck for the feast of SS. Peter and Paul and copies in gold, silver and bronze are presented to His Holiness before being distributed among the cardinals, members of the pontifical court and all engaged in the apostol-

ic palace. On one side the medal contains the

two under the pontificate of Pius X.
commemorated the founding of the
great regional seminary of Catanzaro and of that of St. John Lateran.
This year, the first of His Holiness,
Pope Banedict XV., no special event
is commemorated, the reverse of the medal bearing the arms of His Holiness and the words: "Summum Sacerdotium Auspicatus III. Non. Sept. A. MCMXIV."—Church Pro-

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cover. In the case of parcels sent to the Mediterranean Force, they should be very strongly packed. They should be as nearly round as possible, and well packed with shavings crumpled paper or similar protective material. The outer covering material. The outer covering should consist of strong linen, calico or canvass, and should be securely sewn up. The use of wocden or netal boxes with square corners, is undesirable, as parcels to packed are liable to injure other parcels in transit. No perishable articles should be sent, and anything likely to become soft or sticky, such as chocolates should be enclosed in tins. Parcels merely wrapped in paper or packed in thin cardboard boxes, such as shoe boxes, cannot be accepted.

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is strictly forbidder, and causes delay.

A FRIEND TO SCIENCE

It is a common thing to hear Protestants accuse the Church of being an enemy to science. Copernicus was a priest; and his book containing his theory of the solar system was dedicated to Pope Paul III. on the ground that the authority of the Pope might silence the calumnies of those who attacked these opinions by arguments drawn from the Holy Scrip ture. Galileo, the great follower of Copernicus, was a Catholic, and it was his pride as a man and not his theory as a scientist, that brought him into difficulty with the Inquisi

tion. Galileo was "avidior gloriae quam satis est." The Inquisition never really formed a part of the Catholic Church. It was simply a local tribunal for the punishment of heresy; for the sentiment and jurisprudence of the middle ages approved of the punishment of heresy as a temporal rime. " If Galileo confined himself to his system and its demonstration, wrote Cardinal Bellarmine, out interfering with the Scriptures, the interpretation of which they wished to have confined to theological professorsapproved and authorized for the purpose, Galileo would be secure against any contradiction; but that otherwise explanations of

Scripture, however ingenious, will be admitted with difficulty when they depart from the common opinion of depart from the common opinion of the fathers." The most scientific fathers wrote in approval of Galileo's discovery; and yet "anlightened" people of the present time talk of Galileo as a martyr to science, and quote the phrase, "Er pur se muove" (and still it moves), which was never attered by Galileo.—T. J. Lyons in Tenth

DIED

McKenzie.—At New Waterford, N. S., on Wednesday, Oct 20, 1915, Mrs Catharine McKenzie, relictof the late Allan McKenzie of Port Hood Mines, aged sixty eight years. May her soul rest in peace.

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