

AN ORIGINAL GIRL.

By Christine Faber.

CHAPTER LI.

The operation on young McElvain had proven entirely successful; even the surgeon, to whose reputation it must largely add, was gratified beyond his greatest hope, and there was joy to everybody concerned. Herrick felt as if he trod upon air when he found on his admission to the young man that his surmise, wild as he himself had deemed it in its first conception, had proved quite correct. John McElvain had been one of the ill-fated sailors of the North Melton; one of four who with the Captain had taken to the small boat when it was evident the vessel was going to pieces—but the boat was of no more use in the gale than a cockle-shell, and all five were speedily in the waves. He remembered being able to cling to the boat, even after it had turned bottom upward, and being swept along, he knew not where, till suddenly he remembered nothing more.

"But there were five sailors," said Herrick. "Yes," the other man, Tom Merritt, would not come with us—he would not leave the vessel." "Tom Merritt," Herrick was rapidly thinking, "might be Tom Minturn—why not?" But there was no opportunity for saying more, for the physician in attendance forbade further conversation, and the young fellow himself closed his eyes with a sigh of relief.

Herrick hastened to acquaint Mrs. McElvain, going this time not to Miss Burram's kitchen, but to Mrs. McElvain's own humble home, and the next day he escorted her again to the hospital. He withdrew while the affecting meeting between mother and son took place, giving sufficient time for Mrs. McElvain to tell, as he was sure she would do, of kindness to both; and that she had done so in no stinted measure was evident from the manner in which the young fellow tried to rise in the bed when Herrick entered, and to extend his hands so that he might grasp Herrick's. But Herrick disclaimed so much gratitude, and affected to have ample reward in the present condition of the young man.

"And John tells me," said Mrs. McElvain through her happy tears, "that the sailor who wouldn't leave the vessel, wouldn't leave it because Herrick might drive on the shore of Miss Rachel's home—Miss Rachel—that Miss Burram's Charge—this sailor knew Miss Rachel, and he gave my John a message for her in case he himself should be lost, and my John be saved."

Herrick's countenance glowed with his immense and unexpected satisfaction.

"This is wonderful," he said, "and I am glad to have contributed even my small part in enabling Miss Burram's Charge to hear the message sent to her by this sailor who was drowned—Merritt, Tom Merritt, I think you said his name was?" addressing himself directly to young McElvain, who nodded.

This Merritt is the man who was rescued on that night, went on Herrick, "rescued only to die in Miss Burram's carriage-house—hodie, I believe, in Miss Rachel's arms."

"Perhaps, then, he told her what he told me to tell her," said McElvain.

Herrick shook his head. "I heard from those who were present from the time of his rescue till he died, that all he said was to pronounce the name of Rachel."

"Poor fellow!" said McElvain, and for a moment a mist gathered in his eyes that he was obliged to brush away; "how he loved her."

Herrick was most anxious to have the young man to himself for a quarter of an hour; he could do nothing in the presence of his mother toward forcing or worming from him the message which was entrusted to him for Rachel; the message which might force the last link in the chain that Herrick was making for Miss Burram. So he was glad enough when the limit of time for the visit had expired, and he escorted Mrs. McElvain back to Rentonville, impressing upon her during the journey to say nothing of what her son had told her relating to Miss Burram's Charge; not even to Sarah nor to Hardman must she breathe a word. As Herrick added: "When your son has entirely recovered, and when he can demand in his own proper person to deliver this solemn message entrusted to him by the dead, then will be the time to say anything about it; now will be only to make Miss Burram, who is a very strange woman, as you know, very angry; probably even to make her utterly refuse to permit this message to be delivered, or even to believe in it, and to upset Miss Burram's Charge without doing any good."

To all of which simple Mrs. McElvain agreed; promising to keep absolute silence on all that her son had said—her gratitude to Herrick made it easy for her to promise that.

The very next day found Herrick alone at young McElvain's bedside. With exquisite cunning he got to the subject of the message for Rachel; but there he found himself confronted by a sturdy honesty that was more than a match for his foxiness; the young fellow fixed his big, candid blue eyes on Herrick's face and answered simply: "The message given to me by Tom Merritt I shall tell to no one except the one it is intended for; if I cannot tell it to her it shall never pass my lips."

"That is right," said Herrick candidly, "I honor you for such a principle, Mr. McElvain"—inwardly he was cursing him. "And the reason I have pressed you rather closely," he added, "is because of my interest in this poor young girl. The woman who has her in charge is a tyrant in her treatment of her, and she will never suffer you to deliver this message. Besides, there are rumors about in Rentonville—all sorts of stories regarding this same Miss Rachel that something in this message of yours might check. No one knows who she is, and Miss Burram's conduct constantly gives color to

the worst surmises—do you understand what I mean?"

The candid eyes had not for an instant turned from Herrick's face, and now they seemed to be seeking to go through Herrick down into Herrick's soul, as the young fellow answered: "Yes, I think I understand what you mean; but I can do only as I have said; if my message cannot be delivered to the one it is intended for, then it must die with me."

Herrick had not thought to find such firmness; the boyish-looking common-place face did not seem to have any such element of strength, and he would not give up yet.

"I think you mistake," he said softly. "I do not mean that you should give me the message intended for Miss Burram's Charge. I mean alone that a hint dropped as to the identity of Mr. Merritt, or Minturn, as perhaps the name really is—a hint that will explain the strange fact of a common sailor dying in Miss Rachel's arms, will do wonders toward making a respectable reputation for Miss Burram's Charge."

McElvain forced himself to a sitting posture. "Mr. Herrick," he said, tremblingly, the tremor coming not so much from physical weakness as from violently disturbed feeling; "my answer is now what it was before; I shall not deliver my message to any one save the one it is intended for. I am grateful to you for all you have done for my mother and me, but if the price of your charity must be the telling of my message to any one save the one it is intended for, then you must go unpaid."

He fell back and closed his eyes.

CHAPTER LII.

An unusually mild spell of fine weather in mid-January, following closely upon three heavy, successive snow-storms, brought with it a most unpleasant thaw. For four miles out from Rentonville the roads were impassable, while within the town even the best driveways were nearly submerged in mud, and all the air was humid with moisture. People went about sweltering after any exertion as they might do in summer, and there were rumors started from reports in the daily papers of the city, of an epidemic of disease among the poor, not alone in the adjacent city, but among the families of some squatters on the road leading from Rentonville out to the island; so that those who did not fear to subject their horses to the strain of pulling against the odds of mud and slush combined, were thought to run no little risk in taking their accustomed drive.

Herrick was one of those who laughed at the rumors, and have little fear for his horses; he took his daily drive thither. There was something in that outing which soothed him; it gave him space and solitude for his perturbed thoughts, and once that he arrived on the island he felt not unlike a king entering upon his own domain.

All the life, and excitement and money-getting of the summer season, were due entirely to him. To be sure it was low life, and an excitement that stirred up the lowest passions of human nature, but it was immensely money-getting, and produced influence and power; then why should he care though respectable people shunned that part of the island as they would the abode of pestilence, and the youth of the great adjacent city were warned against it. He longed for the coming summer when the gay life there was to have fuller opportunity; if only by the coming summer he could have on Miss Burram's property facilities under way for the same kind of life. Thus far, with regard to Miss Burram, things were the same. Young McElvain was still in the hospital, his message from "Tom" undelivered, and Miss Burram and her Charge apparently invisible, for neither had been seen driving for some days. Sarah had said it was because her mistress was not very well.

On the island on one of the days of the thaw, Herrick was suddenly met by old Rhett—the old man was evidently waiting for him, waiting at Herrick's well-known headquarters; for he stumbled forward the moment Herrick's horse came in sight, and he hardly waited for Herrick himself to dismount, before he accosted him. He was more shabbily dressed than ever, and his face looked as if the skin was so tightly drawn over every bone that it would take very little to make it crack. His deep-set eyes had a wild, menacing stare, and Herrick shrank involuntarily when the dirty, bony fingers fastened themselves on his arm.

"I want to see you, Mr. Herrick; I heard something about them last bonds you issued."

"All right, Mr. Rhett," interrupted Herrick hastily, "come in with me and I'll tell you anything you want to know."

Lequeys were in abundance to wait upon the Supervisor; two took his horse and wagon; a third opened the door obsequiously for him, bowing even to shabby old Rhett, since it was evident the latter enjoyed the favor of the Chief, while a fourth asked if Mr. Herrick would like to go to the private room which was always kept in readiness for him. Herrick signified that he would, and thither he was conducted, followed by Rhett.

"About those bonds, Mr. Rhett," he began the moment the door was tightly shut upon the two, "what was it you wanted to know?"

"I didn't want to know anything, Mr. Herrick; I wanted to tell you something. Sol Russell of the Reform Club, says you've over-issued bonds—that the last ones given out on the road improvements are worthless; they won't pay 1 per cent. on the dollar, and that you know it; and I want back my money."

Herrick was still standing and affecting to maintain the easy, confident air he had assumed from the first; but it yielded in spite of him before the stare of the deep, menacing eyes set in the ghastly drawn face, and he paled and shrank involuntarily as Rhett with every word that he spoke came nearer to him.

"How did Russell get his information?" he asked, forcing a smile to his lips and pretending to treat Rhett's in-

formation with an air of great amusement.

"I don't know, but I want my money back, Mr. Herrick; I want the ten thousand dollars I gave to you to invest."

"How soon, old man?" and Herrick affected an air of great jealousy. "It is too bad Russell has scared you so; for the truth about the bonds is, that before spring they will pay over 4 per cent. on the dollar, but since he has frightened you, and you want your money, you shall have it; without interest, however. You shall have it to-morrow, or this afternoon, if you choose, but no, not this afternoon; it is too late to draw it from the bank; to-morrow, come to my store, and accompany me to the bank, where I shall give you in gold, as you gave it to me."

Rhett was somewhat staggered by this unexpectedly prompt assurance of the return of his money, and somewhat shaken in the fears that Russell's statement had engendered. Over 4 per cent. on the dollar, was a glittering allurement to his miserly soul, and he hesitated about accompanying Herrick to the bank.

"Four per cent.," he repeated staring into Herrick's eyes.

"Yes, 4 per cent. and possibly 5," said the Supervisor, "those bonds will pay in a couple of months from now not more than 3 per cent. on the dollar, but Russell's discrediting statement. He is not fully aware, perhaps, that the street which is to be cut between Miss Burram's property and that of the Ontonagon Club, taking a slice from each, will be quite under way by the opening of spring. I understand that both she and the members of the Club will contest the opening in the courts, but, Mr. Rhett, I, we, our party, I mean, the political party which I represent, and of which, as the head of the Board of Supervisors, I may be presumed to represent some influence, have friends in the courts—friends who are pledged to see us through—t us, as you will understand, there is little doubt that the last bonds issued on the street improvements will pay."

He stopped short and watched Rhett; that miserly man was in a most unpleasant quandary; Herrick's manner while making his statements seemed so convincing, and 4 per cent. was an argument that meant a tower of strength.

"Mr. Herrick," he said, "I think I'll leave my money with you; I guess your word is as good as Sol Russell's."

Herrick laughed.

"Remember, Rhett, I'm not asking you to take my word, and I'd just as lief you'd draw your money out now ten thousand dollars is not much of a matter to me one way or the other; so, perhaps, on the whole, you'd better come to my store to-morrow and go with me to the bank."

"No, Mr. Herrick; if it's just the same to you I'll let my money stand," and he backed toward the door, as if anxious to get out before the Supervisor could again object. But he only nodded and smiled; soled till Rhett had quite stumbled out, and the door had entirely closed upon him. Then he let the smile suddenly disappear, and while he sank into a chair and dropped his head on his hands, his elongated face seemed to become more lengthened, and the pallor of his countenance more gray.

"How did Russell get his information?" he asked himself. The possibility of bond had Rhett had spoken of had been made after the meeting of a very secret council of the Supervisors; not one of whom, save Herrick himself, knew that it was a fraudulent issue; however, he was safe yet; his political power was still at its zenith, and it would be till the spring elections, when the Reform Club might effect his defeat. As things looked now, it was not likely, nor, as he had told Rhett, in the very highest places of the court itself his political party had friends. And should Miss Burram be compelled to part with her property, his emolument from turning it into such a place as he had made of one end of the island would be ample enough to cancel every indebtedness that might eventually lead to disgrace.

But how to get her to sell; everything far had failed; even the rumors which he in his secret, canny ways had caused to be circulated about her Charge—rumors that broadly hinted at the disreputable parentage of that Charge, and at some hidden necessity that compelled Miss Burram to adopt her. Paragraphs in the paper which he controlled not infrequently teemed with indirect but suggestive hints that fanned the flame of Rentonville gossip about Rachel, as often as that flame seemed to be expiring; indeed, it was Herrick's purpose never to let the fire quite die, but so craftily did he keep it alive, that while many of Rentonville's most reputable residents felt that it was his work, not one of them could have proved it. All the same, Rachel suffered in the estimation of those who faint would have been her friends. Such persistent warfare as Herrick carried on was sure to have its effect—an effect that drew fresh cause from Miss Burram's own uncompromising attitude. Happily, however, Rachel was ignorant of the gossip of which she was the center. Sarah knew it, but with a praiseworthy desire of sparing Miss Rachel's feelings, she never even hinted at it in Miss Rachel's presence. Of course, she opened her mind to Jim, and he listened and denied, which denial Sarah entirely concurred in; and he advised—advised that Sarah should not let the matter trouble her at all, to which advice she promised to give obedience, till the next morning reached her, when she was again as excited and troubled as before.

CHAPTER LIII.

Miss Burram's indisposition increased; from the headache which confined her to her room, she was obliged to yield to the usual remedies, it became on the third day something that made her stagger from her bed in affright and pull the bell violently for Sarah.

"Tell Jim," she said through the closed door, "to telegraph for Dr. Burney."

"May I never be burned nor drowned to alive!" Sarah said, when she delivered the message, "but she's pretty sick

when she telegraphs for Dr. Burney."

Hardman looked grave, but he made no response other than to hasten to the telegraph office.

It was four hours from the sending of the message until Dr. Burney arrived; and during that time Miss Burram had admitted no one to her apartment. Sarah, bearing refreshment, had knocked, only to be told that her mistress needed nothing; and Rachel, anxious and uneasy, had knocked, begging to be allowed to do something, but the same answer was given—go away, that Miss Burram wanted to be quiet till the physician should arrive.

When he arrived, after having seen Miss Burram, he left her room to seek Miss Burram's Charge. He looked very grave; and he did not speak at first when Rachel met him; instead, he looked her all over, as if making some mental calculation about her.

"Is Miss Burram very ill?" she asked.

"By that time he seemed to have made up his mind, and to have made it up to the effect that Rachel could bear the very worst he had to state.

"Yes," he said, "Miss Burram is very ill; she has smallpox in its worst form."

Rachel started; then the tears came into her eyes.

"She will have to be isolated," continued the doctor, "special nurses gotten for her—in fact this house will have to be quarantined, and you, my dear young lady, will have to leave it, and leave it immediately. Fortunately as I obtained from Miss Burram, you have not been in her room since she was first taken sick; in fact, I believe you have not even seen her."

"On no account," she repeated Rachel; "my place is here with you—nurse you."

"Yes, since you wish it, stay," that was all the parched tongue could utter, but Dr. Burney just then entering the room heard the words, and as Rachel by her own act had come into such close contact with the sufferer, he could do nothing else than let her remain.

HIS MAGIC KEY.

The Way one Man Opened the Door to Prosperity.

BY LAURA E. RICHARDS.

We were sitting in the office of the iron works.

"Yes," said the ironmaster, "first honesty, and then pluck—those are the things needful. Speaking of pluck—" He stopped to answer the summons of the telephone, said "Yes," and "No," by turns for five minutes and then resumed:

"Speaking of pluck, as you were doing just now, reminds me of a story, the beginning and end of which is that word."

We settled ourselves in our chairs. "I was sitting here in this very chair," the ironmaster began, "one day about seven years ago, or maybe eight. Time goes so fast, I hardly try to keep count of it in these days. At any rate, here I was sitting, reading the newspaper, when there came a knock at the door."

"Come in!" I said; and in walked a stranger. He was a young man, about twenty-five years old, dressed like a gentleman, though his clothes had seen a good deal of service. Tall, with his head held up, and gray eyes that met mine fair and square.

"Always look first at a man's eyes, my boy! If he looks you in the eye, he is worth trying. If his eyes shift about here and there, as if they didn't know where to look, or were afraid of seeing something they didn't like—have nothing to do with him! That's my experience!"

"Well, this young man came to my desk, and spoke without waiting for me; yet it was no want of manners, for his manners were good."

"Good morning, sir!" he said; and his voice had a clear ring to it that I liked. "I want work. Can you give me any?"

"I shook my head. We never took strangers in that way, and I don't recommend the practice at any time."

"No, sir," I said. "We have no work here. Sorry I can't accommodate you. I took up my paper again, and looked to see him go out without more words; but he stood still. 'I must have work, sir,' he said. 'I would try to give satisfaction, sir, and tell you I must have it.'"

He spoke as if I had the work in my coat pocket, and as if he was determined to get it from me at any cost; yet perfectly respectful, you understand, with nothing I could take hold of and get angry about."

"My good sir," I said, putting the paper down, "there is no vacancy in the place. If you will give me your name and your references I will make a note of them, and someday when we do have a job to dispose of, I will remember you. That is the best I can do for you today."

"The young man shook his head. 'That won't do!' he said. 'Think again, sir. Surely in this great place, there must be something a strong, willing man can do. It is useless to talk of waiting till a vacancy occurs. I must have work now, to-day! It is absolutely necessary!'"

"It was on the tip of my tongue to tell him that it was absolutely necessary for him to leave that office and

shut the door after him; but I looked at him again and didn't say it.

"What kind of work do you want?" I said, putting down the paper again.

"Any kind."

"You mean that?"

"I do. Anything that will put bread in the mouths of—" he choked a little and stopped. Then, "I came from Canada two days ago, with my wife and three children, and was robbed in the train of my wallet. I have not a penny!"

"Come with me," I said. And he followed me out of the works. His story might be true, or it might not, but I had thought of a way to test the metal of which he was made.

"The Stark Mill, in which I had some interest, had been partly burned a few days before, and had a gang at work clearing away the rubbish. A dirty job it was; the men were up to their waists half the time in mud and water, and the whole place was a middle of rusty iron and burnt timbers and what not—looked like the end of the world, and the wrong end at that."

"The gang I had on were mostly Italians—it was too dirty work for a Yankee to touch, and the Irish were shy of it. They were lit e dark, monkey-looking fellows, working away, and chattering in their unearthly gibberish. I glanced from them to my gentleman, with his clear white skin, and hands which showed that, whatever trade he had worked at, clearing away wreckage hadn't been part of it—though he looked like one who might have taken a good deal of exercise in athletic sports."

"Here is a job!" I said. "The only one I know of. How do you like it?"

"Well enough," he said, as cool as possible.

"You'll get \$15.00 a day," I told him. "You'll get your death, too, probably. When will you go to work?"

"In an hour," he said. Well, off he went, and I hardly expected to see him again. But before the hour was out he was back again, in a flannel undershirt and a pair of old trousers. He took his pickaxe, and down he went into the hole as if it was an evening party, sir."

"Well, I went back to the office. I couldn't be hanging round watching the men, or the boss would have been making trouble, but my new hand stayed on my mind somehow, and I strolled round by the wreck two or three times in the afternoon, making some errand, you understand, in that direction."

"That man was working, sir, like a—like a house afire. The Italians are good workers, none better; as a rule— but his pick went in and out three times for their twice, and there was no chattering in his corner of the hole. He had little breath to talk, if he had wanted to, for though he was a muscular fellow, you could see with half an eye that he had never done such work in his life before."

"The sweat poured down his face like rain, but he never stopped, never looked up, or knew that I or any one else was near—just plodded away, swinging that pick as if there were nothing else in the world."

"That's pluck!" I said to myself. "If he doesn't die he'll do!"

"For all that, I thought he would give out after the first day—didn't think his strength would last. When he came in for his pay at night, he was shabby and pretty tired-looking; but he said never a word; just took his pay with the rest, and thanked me, and went off."

"The next morning I was very busy, and although I thought of my gentleman once or twice, I didn't manage to get down to the wreck till noon, soon after the whistle had blown for knocking off work."

"When I got there, I saw the Italians lying round on the ground or squatting on the fences, eating their black bread and sausage, and chattering away as usual; but no sight of my gentleman in the flannel shirt."

"Oh! said I to myself. 'One day was enough for him, was it? And I thought it would have been enough for me, too. When you are not used to the swing of a pick, the way it takes you in the back is something beyond belief. I had to come away, and go; there he was, sitting off in a corner by himself, all crunched up, with a great hunch of bread in one hand and a book in the other.'

"I strolled up behind him and looked over his shoulder at the book. It was an Italian grammar, sir!"

"My shadow falling on the book startled him, and he looked up. I suppose I must have looked as astonished as I felt, for he smiled, and said, 'I couldn't afford to lose such an opportunity! The boss is very friendly, and I have learned several phrases. *Buon giorno, signore!*'"

"Are you a schoolmaster," I asked, "and working down in that hole?"

"No," he said, quietly. "I am a book-keeper. It is a great advantage for a book-keeper to be able to read and answer foreign letters, and although I have some knowledge of French, I can't afford to lose such an opportunity! The boss is very friendly, and I have learned several phrases. *Buon giorno, signore!*'"

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been digging, 'and now I am getting lots of it.'

"Back, stiff?" I suggested.

"So, so! I'll manage, though—often been worse after a day's rowing—and this is just as good bread as any other," and he took a bite out of his hunch, and looked at his book, as much as to say he had talked enough, and wanted to be back at his grammar.

"I walked off, and didn't see him again till he came for his pay in the evening, shabby again, but smiling as if he had had an excursion down the harbor. So it went on till the fourth day. Every day I looked to see him give out, but his pluck kept him up and it's my belief he would have worked in that hole and got stronger and stronger—if something hadn't turned up."

"The fourth day I was sitting in the office, when the door opened and in came Green, from the boiler works over the way. 'Morning,' he said. 'Do you know of a bookkeeper? Our poor fellow, who's been sick for so long, died yesterday. I have to think about getting another.'

"I shook my head, but an idea came to me."

"Will you take a man on trial?"

"What kind of man?" asked Green.

"Well, I hardly know," said I. "I think he's a pretty good kind, but I've never known him four days. I can answer for his power of work," and I told the man's story."

"Green went out with me, saw the young fellow, liked his looks, and engaged him on the spot. He finished his day's work, came out of his hole in the mud, shook hands with me, and the next day found a home for the rest of his life."

"That is seven or eight years ago, and he has been at the boiler works ever since. If he's not to be made a partner soon, I've been misinformed to-day—and that is what put him into my head when you were talking about pluck just now. That man, sir, had the real article, and when a man has the real article, and is honest to boot, don't talk to me about his not succeeding in life. Going? Well, good morning! Good luck to you in your new venture, and let your watchword be—'Pluck!'"

CARDINAL GIBBONS' SALARY.

The Baltimore Sun recently reproduced portions of an outspoken essay from a Protestant source on the reasons why the Church is losing its hold on the masses. Considerable feeling has been aroused by some statement made by the writer and a public discussion has been precipitated. Though the original article was written solely from a Protestant standpoint, the salary of the head of the Primate's See in the United States—a Cardinal Gibbons—is exactly \$1,000 a year.

"As to the charges of ambition and avarice being the ruling vices of the clergy, that, too, does not hold good in the Catholic Church."

"In many Protestant denominations, I understand, if a congregation is not pleased with the ministrations of a man or with his teaching he is invited to take his departure. In the Catholic Church a priest is assigned to his position by the Bishop. The question of salary has no place in the appointment. Salaries of \$2,000, \$3,000, \$4,000 or \$5,000 are not uncommon among the Protestant clergy. I wonder how many people are aware that the salary of the head of the Primate's See in the United States—a Cardinal Gibbons—is exactly \$1,000 a year."

"Thousands of the Catholics in our own city—not to speak of those elsewhere—are under the care of Redemptorists, Passionists, Benedictines or Jesuits. The members of those Orders receive no salary at all for their services."

IN THE TWILIGHT.

KATHARINE JENKINS IN CATHOLIC HOME ANNUAL.

The Catholic Record.

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

To the Editor of THE CATHOLIC RECORD, London, Ont. I have read your estimable paper, THE CATHOLIC RECORD, and congratulate you upon the manner in which it is published.

It is a matter of fact, both good and a truly Catholic spirit pervade it, and I can recommend it to the faithful.

Blessing you and wishing you success. Believe me to remain, Yours faithfully in Jesus Christ, D. FALGOUT, Arch. of Halifax, Apost. Deleg.

London, Saturday Feb. 1, 1902

THE PROPOSED ANTI-ANARCHIST LEGISLATION.

The Anarchists of the United States are in a great flutter of indignation against President Roosevelt on account of that part of his message to Congress which recommends legislation for the suppression of anarchy.

The Free Society, an avowed Anarchistic organ published in Chicago, characterizes the message as "a pitiable exhibition of stupidity and ignorance," and the editor adds, speaking in the first person: "Instead of showing the least knowledge or discernment, it is simply a relapse of recent newspaper ravings during a time of panic. I had credited Roosevelt with some independence and intelligence; but I must admit that I was a victim of 'dope' and committed the folly of giving credence to some current reports."

Some other journals, which are not professedly anarchistic, but which nevertheless conceal anarchical sentiments behind the mask of Socialism, speak just as strongly against the President's proposal. Thus, another Chicago paper, which professes to speak in the interest of the working classes, says:

"Confiding creatures alone imagine that federal laws against Anarchy would be enforced only against men with knives, torches, pistols, and bombs. It is impossible to draft a law such as President Roosevelt proposes which could not be enforced against labor union speakers and papers by a federal administration in sympathy with employers; against Democratic speakers and papers by a Republican Administration, or against Republican speakers and papers by a Democratic Administration. The dangers of centralization from Mr. Roosevelt's recommendations for the punishment of 'Anarchists,' a recommendation as vague as if it were for the punishment of 'bad men,' are too great to be invoked as lightly and thoughtlessly as the President advises."

The Free Society is the same paper which shortly before President McKinley's assassination published full directions to intending murderers in order to accomplish their purpose, and how they should, after successfully doing this, conceal the identity of any accomplices whom they might have.

The very fact that such newspapers are opposed to such legislation as the President advises, is a strong evidence that they fear it will be successful in suppressing the anarchical associations of which they are the chief promoters.

The argument that the President's proposition will be used for the suppression of free speech is but a miserable pretence. How can it be said that this will be the case, before the specific legislation is brought forward?

The anarchists close their eyes to the fact that any legislation on the subject will be carefully considered in both Houses of Congress by able men, and due consideration will be given to any measures proposed. At all events, the sentiment of the American people is unmistakably to the effect that Anarchism must be put down with a strong hand, and no such pretentious reasoning as that used by the Anarchistic press will divert the country from its fixed determination to suppress Anarchism once for all, and if it be determined that Anarchists should be deported, Congress is in a mood to decide that deported they shall be; and should this step be taken, the country will be all the better off for their leaving it unceremoniously.

Let the slang of the avowed Anarchistic writer above quoted may not be fully understood by our readers, it may be advisable to explain here that "dope" is a name given to prepared opium by frequenters of Chinese opinion-dens in the large cities of the United States.

Herr Isak, the editor of the Free Society, considers, or professes to consider the proposition of President Roosevelt to be the ravings of an idiot; but the common sense of the nation is entirely with the President in this matter, and the Anarchists are much mistaken if they imagine that they alone possess good sense. It will be found out also that whatever law may be passed by Congress dealing with Anarchy and the Anarchists will not trench upon the reasonable liberties of the press and people, even though the result may be the suppression of such literature as the Free Society furnishes to its readers.

The people of the United States may be congratulated on the fact that at this critical moment they have for President a man who is known to have the courage to meet the anarchistic trouble without flinching from his duty. The chief of the rough riders of San Juan will not allow himself and the nation to be rough-riden by such desperate characters in talk at least as Herr Isak and Emma Goldman.

A. P. A. DREAMS OF PLOTS.

The Apapists of the United States, or those whose bigotry survives the collapse of that practically defunct society, are busy discovering Polish plots in recent events in the United States—but the discoveries made are certainly not characterized by consistency with each other or with common sense.

The American Citizen, one of the few A. P. A. journals which have been able to eke out an existence, published this month two letters from correspondents on the trial of Admiral Schley, one of which asserts very positively that the Admiral was guilty of treason in not destroying more effectually the Spanish fleet. According to this idiot, Schley, being "a tool of Rome, was acting under instructions from Rome to spare the Spanish fleet and save Rome from disaster."

This writer continues: "He (Schley) was not a coward—he simply obeyed orders of the Church. As is well-known, his family connections are papal. Dewey's defense of Schley is a part of the same papal policy. Mrs. Dewey professes to be an Episcopalian now, but she is still under papal influences, and the Admiral is under her influence as he was in the matter of giving away his residence. Hence his attitude."

The other correspondent demands of the Citizen why it "does not expose the Papal conspiracy against brave Schley. You know how Rome hates and persecutes apostates, and you must know that Admiral Schley is regarded as an Apostate; for did not his family leave the Church of Rome?"

This writer continues: "His niece, Jessie Schley, as you will remember, a few years ago wrote letters to the New York dailies, praising convent training and attacking the A. P. A. She remains—as does her family—in popery, while the Admiral and his family left the papal fold. Is not this sufficient to account for the attacks upon him?"

This is too much even for the Apapist editor of the Citizen, who says: "If our correspondent can assure us on good authority that Admiral Schley's family were ever Romanists, we will look more favorably upon this side of the question."

The editor would evidently be very glad if he could materialize this Popish conspiracy into a real plot, but, in despair of so doing, he throws up his hands in acknowledgment of his utter incompetency to do this.

WILL THE CROWN OR JOHN KENSIT PREVAIL.

The Kensitites have once more exhibited themselves as disturbers of the Church of England services against which they protest. They assembled in great force with their doughty leader John Kensit on Jan 22 to protest against the confirmation of the Rev. Charles Gore, Canon of Westminster, as Bishop of Worcester.

Canon Gore was formerly Chaplain-in-Ordinary to Queen Victoria; but he is a high Churchman, and the Kensitites are therefore strongly opposed to him. One persistent objector to the services who refused to hold his tongue in the Cathedral was forcibly ejected, but notwithstanding the row, and cries of "Farce!" "Lies!" by the Kensitites, the decree of Confirmation was read, the Vicar-General refusing to hear the counsel of the Kensitites who was ready to maintain their objections.

The Kensitites have appealed their case to the court of Queen's Bench, which has rendered a decision that their objections must be heard. This they regard as a great victory, as the decision was scarcely expected. The Archbishop has decided to await the final decision of the Court on the objections, before proceeding with the Confirmation of the new Bishop. It is fully expected, however, that the Bishop-elect's confirmation and consecration will be proceeded with, as there can be no serious objection raised against the paramount authority of the Crown in the selection of a Bishop. If, however, the

selection of the Crown can be set aside, the event will mark a new era in the existence of the Church of England; and in any event it is a curious sight to see the Kensitites, who boast of their supereminent loyalty, ranging themselves against the King on the question of the selection of a Bishop.

CHURCH MUSIC.

We are quite in accord with Professor Stockley's sentiment expressed in the following letter, that the rules laid down by the Church for the direction of priests and choirs in regard to church music should be strictly adhered to. The aim of the Church in making these rules is to ensure that only such music or chant as is suitable to the house of God should be rendered therein, and that whatever is indecorous should be excluded from being sung during the divine worship.

We are quite aware that sometimes choirs make mistakes by singing during Mass or Vespers what ought not to be heard in the church at all; but we can scarcely conceive that any soloist should have been so perverse, or so entirely oblivious of the respect due to the house of God, and to God Himself, as to introduce a hyperbolic love song during the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, whereas adoration should be given at all times to Almighty God alone. However, we may accept Mr. Stockley's word that such a thing really happened; and we thoroughly agree with him that it was an outrage which is scarcely pardonable even on the plea of invincible ignorance and temporary forgetfulness of what is due to God and to the Church of God on the part of the perpetrator.

The other songs mentioned by our respected correspondent in a similar connection, though not so grossly culpable as in the instance just referred to, are also to be condemned as unbecoming.

We do not precisely understand our correspondent's allusions to the CATHOLIC RECORD as if we had treated pastors, organists and choirs unfairly in some references made by us in the matter of Church music. While we have always maintained the obligation of obeying the laws of the Church in regard to music, we have from time to time reminded correspondents on this subject that these laws are not of the cast iron character which positively excludes all music outside of the Gregorian chant, where circumstances make it impossible or extremely difficult to conform entirely to the Gregorian standard.

Even though there may be from time to time mistakes made in some churches, by the occasional introduction of inappropriate music, we believe, after all, that the local authorities of the Church, the Bishops and priests, are usually competent to decide how far they can conform to the desirable standard, in the special circumstances in which they may be placed.

To the Editor of the CATHOLIC RECORD: Sir,—Is the CATHOLIC RECORD quite fair to (a) pastors, (b) organists and (c) choirs?

Because, it is not the priests who are responsible for Mascagni's Opera-Intermezzo sung as an Ave Maria, nor even for Haydn's charming quarter of an hour of Amen's.

The great difficulty about our Church music is that the clergy do not guide, do not instruct. I mean, not only in matters of taste, but in simple matters of definite rules of Holy Church. The choirs are in material heresy only through invincible ignorance.

And that brings us to the second question. Are you just to the choirs? Because, the Church does not ask them to turn from their opera scraps and bravura arias to Gregorian chant only. We need not be more Catholic than Rome.

We have definite rules from Rome in these respects that follow below. There need be no fuss, no quarrelling, no re-education; but simply a "taking of Rome at her word"—so an English priest puts it—by priests and people.

We pride ourselves on our loyalty to Rome. But who is the loyal servant? He who hears His Lord's word and doeth it. Nothing hard is asked. Every Catholic choir could obey its priest to-morrow, if he were to enforce these simple Roman rules:

(1) No drawing room airs, such as we hear in Canada—neither Sullivan's "Lost Chord" nor Mendelssohn's "Forest," part song, nor "Home Sweet Home."

(2) No national airs. And so no addressing, at Mass, of a lady with "Thou wouldst still be adored as this moment thou art, let thy loveliness fade as it will." No playing a priest off to the war with "The Minstrel Boy" or the war is "Come Back to Erin," when the priest had reached the altar.

(3) No operas: neither Wagner's Pilgrim's chorus, nor Weber's "Prayer," none of them, from Rossini to Mascagni.

(4) No repetitions by the choir of the words "Gloria in Excelsis Deo" and "Credo in Unum Deum"; as if their singing was not part of the chant begun by the priest at the altar.

(5) No changing of the slightest word in the text. Therefore no Rosewig's "Misericordias Nobis" (twice) and "Domine Nihil Pacem" (5 times), "Agnus Dei" being omitted; and no Wiegand's

"Agnus Dei, Dominus Deus, Filius Patris." They are forbidden; just as music is unigenitum non factum; factum non genitum, which a Canadian Jesuit Father says he heard, and which no doubt our unfortunate choirs free from all clerical control would willingly sing.

(6) The Proper of the Mass should be sung; or at least recited in monotone.

(7) The proper psalms, hymns and antiphons of Vespers are not to be omitted.

Having obeyed the letter of the law, we shall be more in the mind of dutiful children who will seek rather to anticipate than to frustrate their mother's wishes, and to solo displaying for instance, and vain repetitions, and reproducing in church of the parlor sentimentality of the half educated.

But do not blame the pastors, unless for what they do not.

And do not suggest that singing in obedience to the Church's rule, and with a decent artistic spirit of fitness, and with common sense of the distinctions due to time and place, must necessarily mean singing only the authorized music of the Church, the Gregorian Chant.

It guides we need. The clergy should be our guides; in loyal service to Rome, Yours truly, W. F. P. STOCKLEY, Fredericton, N. B., January, 1902.

SELF-SACRIFICING SISTERS.

The authorities of Trenton, N. J., have accepted the offer of the Franciscan Sisters of the Franciscan Hospital of that city to attend the small-pox patients; who are numerous, as disease has been prevalent there for some months.

The Sisters certainly did not make the offer to attend on these patients with any intention of obtaining an earthly reward; nevertheless the authorities should undoubtedly offer a proper recompense to the ladies who have undertaken this dangerous duty, the more especially as they were unable to obtain other nurses to wait upon those infected by the contagion.

A year ago, the same Sisters performed a similar office by attending the small-pox patients, and they were not offered any recompense, except that the city council paid for the Sisters' clothing which had to be destroyed after they left the bedsides of their patients. After such dishonorable and parsimonious treatment, the action of the Sisters in offering again to take care of the patients is a most heroic act of self-sacrifice which deserves special commendation.

The Angelus.

The accompanying incident is taken from the Philadelphia North American: It was just 6 o'clock. The bell in the tower of St. John the Evangelist, in South Thirteenth street, was pealing out the Angelus.

Its sounds floated above the noise and hum of Chestnut street, but now and then in a moment of calm penetrated softly to the street. To the crowd it had no significance, but to one at least it meant more than the simple pealing of an evening bell. He was only a street cleaner, and Italian, and when the notes of the bell, muffled in the roar of the city, met his ears he removed his soiled white cap, and leaning forward on his broom, crossed himself devoutly and bowed his head to the simple words of the prayer.

In the middle of the street, thousands passing on either side, he was far from the city's throng, away in the sunny fields and vineyards of Italy.

In pose and reverent attitude he was the living embodiment of Millet's famous "L'Angelus." There was even a touch of the indescribable loneliness of the picture in the figure of the man. Despite the crowd of the noise and the eternal roar of the city, he conveyed an impression of aloneness as of a man apart from the world. The moment of prayer lifted him out of his lowly garb and above his mean surroundings, and in the figure of this humble Italian was a spirit of simple dignity and reverence that would lend power to a painter's brush.

Sabbath and Sunday.

From the Interurban Catholic. When was the Sabbath changed to Sunday?

The Sabbath was changed to Sunday on the morning of the Resurrection. The Jewish Christians, following the example of our Lord, kept holy the ancient or legal Sabbath; but soon afterwards adopted the first day of the week, or Sunday, to be kept holy. This we infer from the Acts of the Apostles xx, 7: "And on the first day of the week, when we were assembled to break bread, Paul discoursed with them, being to depart on the morrow; and he continued his speech until midnight."

In his epistle to the Corinthians xvi, 2, St. Paul speaks of the first day of the week, or Sunday, to be kept holy. This we infer from the Acts of the Apostles xx, 7: "And on the first day of the week, when we were assembled to break bread, Paul discoursed with them, being to depart on the morrow; and he continued his speech until midnight."

Duke of Norfolk to Marry.

The premier Catholic of England, the Duke of Norfolk, will soon marry Lady Alice Fitzwilliam, who recently became a Catholic.

Lady Alice Mary Fitzwilliam is a daughter of Earl Fitzwilliam. She was born in 1849. The Duke of Norfolk was born in 1847. He married, in 1877, Lady Flora Abney-Hastings, who died in 1887. He has one son living, the Earl of Arundel and Surrey, who was born in 1879.

Would we love God? In Jesus Christ we find His infinite perfection. Would we love humanity? Jesus Christ has its inexpressible purity.—St. Catherine of Siena.

CHURCH, NOVEL AND PLAY-HOUSE.

Someone has written for the Transcript an article (published Jan. 4) which pretends to be a study of a certain type of young girl in South Boston. The writer seems to have acquired an acquaintance with some phases of life among working people, but that this is a surface knowledge only is proved by placing together two passages from the sketch.

He calls his supposed-to-be typical young woman Rosie O'Grady, taking the name from a popular song. In one place he says of her:

"She retains, in nine cases of ten, that confidence, pride and self-respect which make it possible for her to look you squarely in the eyes, fearlessly and on an unquestionable equality. You can safely call her a good girl and a good Catholic."

A little later he speaks of her theatre-going and her novel-reading and says:

"But in the novel, as in the melodrama, virtue invariably gets a marvelous reward and vice is untrifling in paying the devil. . . . In fact, the cheap novel and the thirty-cent drama seem to do much more good than harm—for they furnish a higher code and a deeper inspiration to Rosie O'Grady's mind than she would be likely to find in any other way."

When a writer is so clever as this one, so bent upon being "sympathetic" and so industrious in trying to study his subject "from the inside," it seems too bad to laugh at him. And yet when one observes his complete ignorance of the great fundamental fact in the lives of the people whom he attempts to describe it is impossible not to be amused, and greatly amused. What would he say of a study of present-day conditions in Ireland which made no account of the existence, past or present, of such a place or a people as England and the English? How accurate and exhaustive would be a picture of our own country in which no allusion was made to its being a republic?

Yet neither of these would be half as absurd as a "study" of Rosie O'Grady and her surroundings which contents itself with the bare statement that she is a "good Catholic," and then declares that she gets her highest moral code and her deepest moral inspiration from the thirty-cent theatre and the "shilling shocker" novel.

Has he ever been to a Catholic church? Has he ever heard of the Commandments of God and of the Church as a code of morals, taught in childhood from the catechism and preached every Sunday from the altar? Has he ever heard of the confessional, and in his scientific and "sympathetic" sociological studies, has he ever encountered a statement of the well known fact of the tremendous influence of that divine institution as a safeguard of the innocence and self-respect which so establish him in the young girls whom he tries to paint? It is plain that the careless, all-prevailing, powerful workings of the great Church which holds in its grasp, so firm and so tender, the faithful people, young and old, of his "study," are unknown to him. Lacking this knowledge, his clever and well-meant sketch is superficial and valueless. For the question must be asked: Does he know what he is talking about? And the answer must be, No!—Sacred Heart Review.

Mother Drexel's Gift.

In a pastoral letter Bishop Horstmann of Cleveland, O., mentions the fact that Mother Katherine Drexel, Superioress of the Sisters of the Blessed Sacrament, gives \$70,000 annually to the education of the Indian children.

A society was formed in that city last week, the members of which agree to give 25 cents each annually for the "preservation of the faith among the Indians." The movement will be extended throughout the country.

THE CHURCH HAS A RIGHT TO BE SUPPORTED.

Every pastor hears again and again expressions of generous good will such as these: "I will give something to the Church as soon as I get out of debt;" "if fortune favors me I shall not forget the needs of religion;" or "when I succeed I gave freely;" or "when I succeed in paying my bills I will attend to the pew-rent question." Underlying all these statements is the false assumption that the Church has strictly no financial claims upon her children; that the most she can do is to make appeals; that her title to support rests upon charity and not upon justice. Assuredly the Church is not disposed to urge her demands by force, no more than to enforce obedience to the Ten Commandments by the aid of the sword; but she gives no semblance of assent to the heresy that her material support is to be derived from the occasional offerings of a whimsical generosity.

Financial support of religion is implied in the first and greatest commandment. God is to be adored by sacrificial worship as well as by faith and prayer. The discharge of this fundamental duty naturally involves everything essential to the appropriate expression of becoming sacrifice. This Divine injunction, therefore, carries with it the imperative necessity of supplying suitable places of worship and of maintaining a divinely appointed priesthood. To keep holy God's day and name, to respect the rights of parents and others, are Divine commands. There is no less sanction for providing the material agencies necessary for carrying out the true intent of God's first law. There is here no question of charity or generosity, but of duty and justice. In issuing a special precept on the support of pastors (meaning everything pertaining to external worship) the Church merely emphasizes a Commandment as old as religion itself.

To put the claims of religion last of all, to offer God crumbs from sumptuously supplied tables, to proffer Him a percentage in the possibilities of fortune, is basely to insult the Deity. God does not ask for what man does not need, and He directs the unfolding of

the future. He is pleased with the gifts that denote sacrifice—the poor man's penny, the widow's mite. They who promise to give of their abundance exhibit a wrong spirit. It is well to remember that the claims of the Church are as positive and as pressing as other obligations; that these claims are to be paid not merely from the ample means of the rich, but also from the slender incomes of the struggling. God should not always be the deferred Creditor—in fact, He ought to be the preferred Creditor. The support of the Church is a duty of simple justice. Religion would go forward with leaps and bounds if pew-rents and Church dues were paid from a sense of homely honesty. The Church is suffering from too much "charity."—Baltimore Mirror.

To Please God.

All sorts of good actions and all sorts of noble effort are of little use unless the motive power is right. Away below all expression and struggle lies the motive, the purpose, which is the thing that God judges us by, and which really makes the year and the man who lives through the year happy or unhappy. . . . Back of all action and happiness must lie the thought of God. He made us to be happy, because He loves us. He wishes us to be successful because our lives have a meaning which He planned. The motive for right living must be to please Him, to reach the place He has fitted for us to occupy, to serve the grand purpose He had when He created us.—Rev. F. W. Tomkins.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

A writer signing himself Edwin D. Weed, of Brooklyn, N. Y., in a letter to the New York Times, and endorsed by the Living Church of Dec. 11, undertakes to answer a criticism of Bishop Burke of Albany on the proposed change of name by the Protestant Episcopal Church. The new name proposed was "the American Catholic Church in the United States." Mr. Weed declares that this is not really adopting a new name, but we believe that all the rest of the world will think it a decided and very extreme change. In fact, one might be puzzled to find a greater change than that from "Protestant Episcopal" to "American Catholic."

Mr. Weed again says: "The Bishop (Burke) agrees with the American Catholic Church in stating that 'there is but one Catholic Church.' But the head of the Catholic Church is not the Pope of Rome, but Our Lord Jesus Christ." That is just what the Presbyterians and all other Protestant sects maintain. Why is not their claim just as good as his? The assertion is a very bold and decided one, as if there could be no doubt or dispute about it. But, unfortunately, this is the very question at issue. Of course, Mr. Weed acknowledges that the Catholic Church is an organized body. But every organized body must have a head. If the Catholic Church is an organized body—and there can be no reasonable doubt of it—it must have a head—not an invisible, but a visible head.

Of course true Catholics acknowledge the invisible headship of Our Lord Jesus Christ, but they insist that as the Catholic Church in the world is a visible body, so it must necessarily have a visible head and centre of unity of the whole body. It is impossible to belong to that Church without being in communion with that visible head.

The idea of branches of the true Catholic Church not in communion with the head is simply absurd and impossible. Unity is an essential note of the true Church. Our Lord foresaw that and provided an infallible head in the apostle Peter, whose very name indicated the nature of the office which he was chosen to fulfill. "Thou art Peter—a rock—and upon this rock I will build My Church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it." To him He gave the power of the keys—the symbol of supreme authority; him He commissioned to feed the sheep and lambs of His flock, and for him He prayed that his faith should not fail, and when he was converted he was to confirm his brethren. This is just the office that our Holy Father the Pope—successor of St. Peter in the See of Rome—discharges to-day. As supreme judge and final court of appeal in all questions of faith and morals, the prayer of Our Lord guarantees him against the liability of failure. And this is just what the Church needs and without which it is impossible for the Church to fulfill the great mission for which it was established in the world. Without such a head, unity of faith or organization is absolutely impossible. So long as this is lacking in the Episcopal Church, so long will it be Protestant, and any attempt, by change of name or otherwise, to make the unwary believe that it is Catholic will be misleading and in effect dishonest.—Sacred Heart Review.

To Let God Lead.

If we were strong and faithful enough to trust ourselves entirely to God, and to follow Him simply where ever He wished to lead us, we should have no need of great application of mind to labor in the work of perfection; but because we are so weak in faith, that we wish to know where we are going, without trusting to God—it is this that makes our way much longer and spoils our spiritual affairs. Abandon yourself as much as you can to God, until your last breath, and He will never forsake you.—Fenelon.

Marks of the Lord.

Better, far better, to wear now "in the body the marks of the Lord Jesus," than to be arrayed at the last day in the white raiment, than to be full of the gifts of this life, to be served and worshipped by the world, and at that day to stand before His piercing eye naked and defiled, and all men see our shame.—Cardinal Manning.

Humble yourself always, and be lowly and of no repute in your own eyes and in those of others, that you may become great in the eyes of God.

A NEW B.

The publication in version of the Bible century parlance has been the sole rule. Their objection to it that its modern family subjects recorded in it. There is doubtless the objection, but it force when coming heretofore been such of translations of the vulgar tongue or fair people.

The objection is first translation of the last. The King's Protestant standard was at that time the phraseology or dict present peoples dignified did not seem so to time. It was to the familiar parlance is tation—the very day common people. Thence the language tion which seems fit pear as dignified and guage of the King J to us of the present.

The able and school-vocate (Methodist) protest against the what may seem str ears:

"The Bible is n in the language of and to be so pres God. It is a uni purpose and spiri unique in diction. preted into the lan so that they may u it is to be rewrit ever-changing lang for many it must slang, which is m other the language "Wedeplore the versions, which ele the reverence which have for the word C.

Here the Advoca of Catholics in the tion who condemn of the word of G irreverent transla sible and inviolable. Catholic objectors, ence rather to it heretical errors d languages into w translated. The t eiple; the latter all it sounds stran of the Advocate, book to put into common people, as the word of s should be interp guage of the peo understand it." private judgment Freeman's Journa

Manly C.

J. K. Huysmans author, has the Catholics of Holla "The Catholics minority, which d the fact that they serried ranks, fore of grave Chris who does not liv to be nothing licited for one's fa to one; for if it has decimated the also wonderfully that have resist such as I have se efieminate about 1 Catholicism."

CATHO

A Lovely Land

Spain is one of countries in the especially the little in manners the course of ce Weekly. They same now as the the Moors, or at Kabbala. The f different point people. With tured, it consti Spain and Span it is subject fo animadversion ing to listen f orth by tourists

Those who liv industrial com they call civi ties for money Spain's unprog gard the whole utility; beauty These devote calls "a sordid ism," would l chimney's bele black smoke to able blue of shapless heaps now the rushi drowy banks of of luxuriant about the "in who are so "be actually prefer ence, lived a ideals, to tolling till night lars—for oth ably—is amusi

Yet another to regard Spa the "bloody monks and fria people given o ertion, which consists, as an contly of "M ship."

On the othe and culture, lover of all th able in art an of inexhausti loveliness. I

DIocese of Peterborough.

MAJESTIC TRIBUTE TO VENERABLE ARCHBISHOP CASBY

Peterborough Rev. W. J. McColl

Archbishop Casby, the venerable pastor of the Diocese of Peterborough, has been a most successful and successful...

Very Reverend and Dear Sir—Eight years ago you assumed the responsible duties of Rector of St. Peter's Cathedral, and during the time your indefatigable zeal and your great earnestness and tender solicitude in the spiritual and temporal welfare of your parish have won for you the love and admiration...

And now, my dear Father, I have spoken these words because of what you have done for the Diocese of Peterborough, and for the Diocese of Peterborough, and for the Diocese of Peterborough...

And the members of the parish generally, so greatly benefited by your administration, how will they not remember you with affection and kinship with which you pointed out to them the duties of their life, by the clearness and force with which you explained the doctrine of their religion, by the fervor and zeal with which you started in their hearts a desire to do good...

And the members of the parish generally, so greatly benefited by your administration, how will they not remember you with affection and kinship with which you pointed out to them the duties of their life...

And the members of the parish generally, so greatly benefited by your administration, how will they not remember you with affection and kinship with which you pointed out to them the duties of their life...

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And the members of the parish generally, so greatly benefited by your administration, how will they not remember you with affection and kinship with which you pointed out to them the duties of their life...

And the members of the parish generally, so greatly benefited by your administration, how will they not remember you with affection and kinship with which you pointed out to them the duties of their life...

DEAR OLD SOUTH-SIDE HILL.

FOR SALE AT THE CATHOLIC RECORD BIBLE HISTORY

Containing the most remarkable events of the Old and New Testaments...

Dear old South-Side Hill, I love thee more than all the rest; On dear old South-Side Hill, I love thee more than all the rest...

Dear old South-Side Hill, I love thee more than all the rest; On dear old South-Side Hill, I love thee more than all the rest...

Dear old South-Side Hill, I love thee more than all the rest; On dear old South-Side Hill, I love thee more than all the rest...

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Dear old South-Side Hill, I love thee more than all the rest; On dear old South-Side Hill, I love thee more than all the rest...

Dear old South-Side Hill, I love thee more than all the rest; On dear old South-Side Hill, I love thee more than all the rest...

DEATH OF MR. J. G. MOYLAN.

The Late Inspector of Penitentiaries Suddenly Expired at Ottawa.

Monday's Ottawa Citizen.

Mr. J. G. Moylan, a well-known citizen of Ottawa, died suddenly on Saturday night in the person of James J. Moylan, Esq., Inspector of Penitentiaries...

Mr. J. G. Moylan, a well-known citizen of Ottawa, died suddenly on Saturday night in the person of James J. Moylan, Esq., Inspector of Penitentiaries...

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MARKET REPORTS.

London, Jan. 31. (Special Telegrams.)

Wheat—No. 1, 25s 6d; No. 2, 25s 3d; No. 3, 25s 0d; No. 4, 24s 9d; No. 5, 24s 6d; No. 6, 24s 3d; No. 7, 24s 0d; No. 8, 23s 9d; No. 9, 23s 6d; No. 10, 23s 3d; No. 11, 23s 0d; No. 12, 22s 9d; No. 13, 22s 6d; No. 14, 22s 3d; No. 15, 22s 0d; No. 16, 21s 9d; No. 17, 21s 6d; No. 18, 21s 3d; No. 19, 21s 0d; No. 20, 20s 9d; No. 21, 20s 6d; No. 22, 20s 3d; No. 23, 20s 0d; No. 24, 19s 9d; No. 25, 19s 6d; No. 26, 19s 3d; No. 27, 19s 0d; No. 28, 18s 9d; No. 29, 18s 6d; No. 30, 18s 3d; No. 31, 18s 0d; No. 32, 17s 9d; No. 33, 17s 6d; No. 34, 17s 3d; No. 35, 17s 0d; No. 36, 16s 9d; No. 37, 16s 6d; No. 38, 16s 3d; No. 39, 16s 0d; No. 40, 15s 9d; No. 41, 15s 6d; No. 42, 15s 3d; No. 43, 15s 0d; No. 44, 14s 9d; No. 45, 14s 6d; No. 46, 14s 3d; No. 47, 14s 0d; No. 48, 13s 9d; No. 49, 13s 6d; No. 50, 13s 3d; No. 51, 13s 0d; No. 52, 12s 9d; No. 53, 12s 6d; No. 54, 12s 3d; No. 55, 12s 0d; No. 56, 11s 9d; No. 57, 11s 6d; No. 58, 11s 3d; No. 59, 11s 0d; No. 60, 10s 9d; No. 61, 10s 6d; No. 62, 10s 3d; No. 63, 10s 0d; No. 64, 9s 9d; No. 65, 9s 6d; No. 66, 9s 3d; No. 67, 9s 0d; No. 68, 8s 9d; No. 69, 8s 6d; No. 70, 8s 3d; No. 71, 8s 0d; No. 72, 7s 9d; No. 73, 7s 6d; No. 74, 7s 3d; No. 75, 7s 0d; No. 76, 6s 9d; No. 77, 6s 6d; No. 78, 6s 3d; No. 79, 6s 0d; No. 80, 5s 9d; No. 81, 5s 6d; No. 82, 5s 3d; No. 83, 5s 0d; No. 84, 4s 9d; No. 85, 4s 6d; No. 86, 4s 3d; No. 87, 4s 0d; No. 88, 3s 9d; No. 89, 3s 6d; No. 90, 3s 3d; No. 91, 3s 0d; No. 92, 2s 9d; No. 93, 2s 6d; No. 94, 2s 3d; No. 95, 2s 0d; No. 96, 1s 9d; No. 97, 1s 6d; No. 98, 1s 3d; No. 99, 1s 0d; No. 100, 0s 9d; No. 101, 0s 6d; No. 102, 0s 3d; No. 103, 0s 0d; No. 104, 0s 9d; No. 105, 0s 6d; No. 106, 0s 3d; No. 107, 0s 0d; No. 108, 0s 9d; No. 109, 0s 6d; No. 110, 0s 3d; No. 111, 0s 0d; No. 112, 0s 9d; No. 113, 0s 6d; No. 114, 0s 3d; No. 115, 0s 0d; No. 116, 0s 9d; No. 117, 0s 6d; No. 118, 0s 3d; No. 119, 0s 0d; No. 120, 0s 9d; No. 121, 0s 6d; No. 122, 0s 3d; No. 123, 0s 0d; No. 124, 0s 9d; No. 125, 0s 6d; No. 126, 0s 3d; No. 127, 0s 0d; No. 128, 0s 9d; No. 129, 0s 6d; No. 130, 0s 3d; No. 131, 0s 0d; No. 132, 0s 9d; No. 133, 0s 6d; No. 134, 0s 3d; No. 135, 0s 0d; No. 136, 0s 9d; No. 137, 0s 6d; No. 138, 0s 3d; No. 139, 0s 0d; No. 140, 0s 9d; No. 141, 0s 6d; No. 142, 0s 3d; No. 143, 0s 0d; No. 144, 0s 9d; No. 145, 0s 6d; No. 146, 0s 3d; No. 147, 0s 0d; No. 148, 0s 9d; No. 149, 0s 6d; No. 150, 0s 3d; No. 151, 0s 0d; No. 152, 0s 9d; No. 153, 0s 6d; No. 154, 0s 3d; No. 155, 0s 0d; No. 156, 0s 9d; No. 157, 0s 6d; No. 158, 0s 3d; No. 159, 0s 0d; No. 160, 0s 9d; No. 161, 0s 6d; No. 162, 0s 3d; No. 163, 0s 0d; No. 164, 0s 9d; No. 165, 0s 6d; No. 166, 0s 3d; No. 167, 0s 0d; No. 168, 0s 9d; No. 169, 0s 6d; No. 170, 0s 3d; No. 171, 0s 0d; No. 172, 0s 9d; No. 173, 0s 6d; No. 174, 0s 3d; No. 175, 0s 0d; No. 176, 0s 9d; No. 177, 0s 6d; No. 178, 0s 3d; No. 179, 0s 0d; No. 180, 0s 9d; No. 181, 0s 6d; No. 182, 0s 3d; No. 183, 0s 0d; No. 184, 0s 9d; No. 185, 0s 6d; No. 186, 0s 3d; No. 187, 0s 0d; No. 188, 0s 9d; No. 189, 0s 6d; No. 190, 0s 3d; No. 191, 0s 0d; No. 192, 0s 9d; No. 193, 0s 6d; No. 194, 0s 3d; No. 195, 0s 0d; No. 196, 0s 9d; No. 197, 0s 6d; No. 198, 0s 3d; No. 199, 0s 0d; No. 200, 0s 9d; No. 201, 0s 6d; No. 202, 0s 3d; No. 203, 0s 0d; No. 204, 0s 9d; No. 205, 0s 6d; No. 206, 0s 3d; No. 207, 0s 0d; No. 208, 0s 9d; No. 209, 0s 6d; No. 210, 0s 3d; No. 211, 0s 0d; No. 212, 0s 9d; No. 213, 0s 6d; No. 214, 0s 3d; No. 215, 0s 0d; No. 216, 0s 9d; No. 217, 0s 6d; No. 218, 0s 3d; No. 219, 0s 0d; No. 220, 0s 9d; No. 221, 0s 6d; No. 222, 0s 3d; No. 223, 0s 0d; No. 224, 0s 9d; No. 225, 0s 6d; No. 226, 0s 3d; No. 227, 0s 0d; No. 228, 0s 9d; No. 229, 0s 6d; No. 230, 0s 3d; No. 231, 0s 0d; No. 232, 0s 9d; No. 233, 0s 6d; No. 234, 0s 3d; No. 235, 0s 0d; No. 236, 0s 9d; No. 237, 0s 6d; No. 238, 0s 3d; No. 239, 0s 0d; No. 240, 0s 9d; No. 241, 0s 6d; No. 242, 0s 3d; No. 243, 0s 0d; No. 244, 0s 9d; No. 245, 0s 6d; No. 246, 0s 3d; No. 247, 0s 0d; No. 248, 0s 9d; No. 249, 0s 6d; No. 250, 0s 3d; No. 251, 0s 0d; No. 252, 0s 9d; No. 253, 0s 6d; No. 254, 0s 3d; No. 255, 0s 0d; No. 256, 0s 9d; No. 257, 0s 6d; No. 258, 0s 3d; No. 259, 0s 0d; No. 260, 0s 9d; No. 261, 0s 6d; No. 262, 0s 3d; No. 263, 0s 0d; No. 264, 0s 9d; No. 265, 0s 6d; No. 266, 0s 3d; No. 267, 0s 0d; No. 268, 0s 9d; No. 269, 0s 6d; No. 270, 0s 3d; No. 271, 0s 0d; No. 272, 0s 9d; No. 273, 0s 6d; No. 274, 0s 3d; No. 275, 0s 0d; No. 276, 0s 9d; No. 277, 0s 6d; No. 278, 0s 3d; No. 279, 0s 0d; No. 280, 0s 9d; No. 281, 0s 6d; No. 282, 0s 3d; No. 283, 0s 0d; No. 284, 0s 9d; No. 285, 0s 6d; No. 286, 0s 3d; No. 287, 0s 0d; No. 288, 0s 9d; No. 289, 0s 6d; No. 290, 0s 3d; No. 291, 0s 0d; No. 292, 0s 9d; No. 293, 0s 6d; No. 294, 0s 3d; No. 295, 0s 0d; No. 296, 0s 9d; No. 297, 0s 6d; No. 298, 0s 3d; No. 299, 0s 0d; No. 300, 0s 9d; No. 301, 0s 6d; No. 302, 0s 3d; No. 303, 0s 0d; No. 304, 0s 9d; No. 305, 0s 6d; No. 306, 0s 3d; No. 307, 0s 0d; No. 308, 0s 9d; No. 309, 0s 6d; No. 310, 0s 3d; No. 311, 0s 0d; No. 312, 0s 9d; No. 313, 0s 6d; No. 314, 0s 3d; No. 315, 0s 0d; No. 316, 0s 9d; No. 317, 0s 6d; No. 318, 0s 3d; No. 319, 0s 0d; No. 320, 0s 9d; No. 321, 0s 6d; No. 322, 0s 3d; No. 323, 0s 0d; No. 324, 0s 9d; No. 325, 0s 6d; No. 326, 0s 3d; No. 327, 0s 0d; No. 328, 0s 9d; No. 329, 0s 6d; No. 330, 0s 3d; No. 331, 0s 0d; No. 332, 0s 9d; No. 333, 0s 6d; No. 334, 0s 3d; No. 335, 0s 0d; No. 336, 0s 9d; No. 337, 0s 6d; No. 338, 0s 3d; No. 339, 0s 0d; No. 340, 0s 9d; No. 341, 0s 6d; No. 342, 0s 3d; No. 343, 0s 0d; No. 344, 0s 9d; No. 345, 0s 6d; No. 346, 0s 3d; No. 347, 0s 0d; No. 348, 0s 9d; No. 349, 0s 6d; No. 350, 0s 3d; No. 351, 0s 0d; No. 352, 0s 9d; No. 353, 0s 6d; No. 354, 0s 3d; No. 355, 0s 0d; No. 356, 0s 9d; No. 357, 0s 6d; No. 358, 0s 3d; No. 359, 0s 0d; No. 360, 0s 9d; No. 361, 0s 6d; No. 362, 0s 3d; No. 363, 0s 0d; No. 364, 0s 9d; No. 365, 0s 6d; No. 366, 0s 3d; No. 367, 0s 0d; No. 368, 0s 9d; No. 369, 0s 6d; No. 370, 0s 3d; No. 371, 0s 0d; No. 372, 0s 9d; No. 373, 0s 6d; No. 374, 0s 3d; No. 375, 0s 0d; No. 376, 0s 9d; No. 377, 0s 6d; No. 378, 0s 3d; No. 379, 0s 0d; No. 380, 0s 9d; 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No. 507, 0s 0d; No. 508, 0s 9d; No. 509, 0s 6d; No. 510, 0s 3d; No. 511, 0s 0d; No. 512, 0s 9d; No. 513, 0s 6d; No. 514, 0s 3d; No. 515, 0s 0d; No. 516, 0s 9d; No. 517, 0s 6d; No. 518, 0s 3d; No. 519, 0s 0d; No. 520, 0s 9d; No. 521, 0s 6d; No. 522, 0s 3d; No. 523, 0s 0d; No. 524, 0s 9d; No. 525, 0s 6d; No. 526, 0s 3d; No. 527, 0s 0d; No. 528, 0s 9d; No. 529, 0s 6d; No. 530, 0s 3d; No. 531, 0s 0d; No. 532, 0s 9d; No. 533, 0s 6d; No. 534, 0s 3d; No. 535, 0s 0d; No. 536, 0s 9d; No. 537, 0s 6d; No. 538, 0s 3d; No. 539, 0s 0d; No. 540, 0s 9d; No. 541, 0s 6d; No. 542, 0s 3d; No. 543, 0s 0d; No. 544, 0s 9d; No. 545, 0s 6d; No. 546, 0s 3d; No. 547, 0s 0d; No. 548, 0s 9d; No. 549, 0s 6d; No. 550, 0s 3d; No. 551, 0s 0d; No. 552, 0s 9d; No. 553, 0s 6d; No. 554, 0s 3d; No. 555, 0s 0d; No. 556, 0s 9d; No. 557, 0s 6d; No. 558, 0s 3d; No. 559, 0s 0d; No. 560, 0s 9d; No. 561, 0s 6d; No. 562, 0s 3d; No. 563, 0s 0d; No. 564, 0s 9d; No. 565, 0s 6d; No. 566, 0s 3d; No. 567, 0s 0d; No. 568, 0s 9d; No. 569, 0s 6d; No. 570, 0s 3d; No. 571, 0s 0d; No. 572, 0s 9d; No. 573, 0s 6d; No. 574, 0s 3d; No. 575, 0s 0d; No. 576, 0s 9d; No. 577, 0s 6d; No. 578, 0s 3d; No. 579, 0s 0d; No. 580, 0s 9d; No. 581, 0s 6d; No. 582, 0s 3d; No. 583, 0s 0d; No. 584, 0s 9d; No. 585, 0s 6d; No. 586, 0s 3d; No. 587, 0s 0d; No. 588, 0s 9d; No. 589, 0s 6d; No. 590, 0s 3d; No. 591, 0s 0d; No. 592, 0s 9d; No. 593, 0s 6d; No. 594, 0s 3d; No. 595, 0s 0d; No. 596, 0s 9d; No. 597, 0s 6d; No. 598, 0s 3d; No. 599, 0s 0d; No. 600, 0s 9d; No. 601, 0s 6d; No. 602, 0s 3d; No. 603, 0s 0d; No. 604, 0s 9d; No. 605, 0s 6d; No. 606, 0s 3d; No. 607, 0s 0d; No. 608, 0s 9d; No. 609, 0s 6d; No. 610, 0s 3d; No. 611, 0s 0d; No. 612, 0s 9d; No. 613, 0s 6d; No. 614, 0s 3d; No. 615, 0s 0d; No. 616, 0s 9d; No. 617, 0s 6d; No. 618, 0s 3d; No. 619, 0s 0d; No. 620, 0s 9d; No. 621, 0s 6d; No. 622, 0s 3d; No. 623, 0s 0d; No. 624, 0s 9d; No. 625, 0s 6d; No. 626, 0s 3d; No. 627, 0s 0d; No. 628, 0s 9d; No. 629, 0s 6d; No. 630, 0s 3d; No. 631, 0s 0d; No. 632, 0s 9d; No. 633, 0s 6d; No. 634, 0s 3d; No. 635, 0s 0d; No. 636, 0s 9d; No. 637, 0s 6d; No. 638, 0s 3d; No. 639, 0s 0d; No. 640, 0s 9d; No. 641, 0s 6d; No. 642, 0s 3d; No. 643, 0s 0d; No. 644, 0s 9d; No. 645, 0s 6d; No. 646, 0s 3d; No. 647, 0s 0d; No. 648, 0s 9d; No. 649, 0s 6d; No. 650, 0s 3d; No. 651, 0s 0d; No. 652, 0s 9d; No. 653, 0s 6d; No. 654, 0s 3d; No. 655, 0s 0d; No. 656, 0s 9d; No. 657, 0s 6d; No. 658, 0s 3d; No. 659, 0s 0d; No. 660, 0s 9d; No. 661, 0s 6d; No. 662, 0s 3d; No. 663, 0s 0d; No. 664, 0s 9d; No. 665, 0s 6d; No. 666, 0s 3d; No. 667, 0s 0d; No. 668, 0s 9d; No. 669, 0s 6d; No. 670, 0s 3d; No. 671, 0s 0d; No. 672, 0s 9d; No. 673, 0s 6d; No. 674, 0s 3d; No. 675, 0s 0d; No. 676, 0s 9d; No. 677, 0s 6d; No