

The Catholic Record.

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

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LONDON, ONTARIO SATURDAY, OCTOBER 4, 1913

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FEDERATION

Many years ago we were informed that certain gentlemen were elaborating plans for the Federation of the Catholic societies of Canada. We were asked to curb our enthusiasm, so as, we assume, not to disturb their meditations. But they are still in meditation. Perhaps the plans are in parturition. Perhaps keen research and profound thought have revealed difficulties which had never come within our orbit of vision. But they should say something, if only to assure us that they are still on the planet. We, however, are still of the opinion that Federation would be of inestimable value. It would help in the formation of public opinion, and would, by united action in the furtherance of any worthy cause, dissipate many a prejudice. The interchange of aspiration and thought; the concentration of energy on any given point, the elimination of much that is futile and useless, would result from Federation. In Germany, where lay action has a very keen business point, it has achieved many triumphs. And one is disposed to admiration remembering the days when our brethren there felt the hand of Bismarck and the laws which seemed to be an impassable barrier to their advancement. But they acquired the habit of "getting together" and became an army well disciplined and captained not only for Catholic interests but for everything that can redound to the prosperity of the German empire. At the present time the Catholic party, championing morality and religion, and antagonistic to theories which threaten national stability, is an object-lesson of Federation. In the United States it promises to be a source of strength. We might say more, but for the present we wait upon the gentlemen who have given hours of study to this matter.

RESPECT FOR AUTHORITY

In all ages of the Church the worldly Catholic has been an obstacle to the advancement of God's kingdom on earth. To be captious, critical, scornful of authority is to be of the world condemned by Christ. In all that concerns morality and religion the gospel spirit is that of humility, docility and obedience. It happens sometimes, that some of us, heavy with the wine of prosperity, and unconscious of our own littleness, wax denunciatory when an episcopal mandate strikes at a custom sanctioned by the world. The sensible Catholic, however, salutes his captain, keeps in step with the army and moves on.

GOOD BOOKS

As for our boys and young men, says Bishop Hedley, it will be always a hard task to make them read anything beyond the sporting, betting and exciting columns of the newspaper. But it is certain that if we desire to bring up a generation of well-informed intelligent Catholics there is hardly any better way of doing so than to interest them in the Lives of the Saints. Priests who try to create and spread this kind of taste by clubs, societies, lectures, instructions or libraries, are certainly wise and will most likely see the fruit of their labors. Earnest and God-fearing fathers and mothers who read themselves, and do their best to keep their children out of the streets, and to teach them also to read, will find in the Lives of the Saints the most effectual competition with the attractions which all of us regret and deplore so deeply.

STORY TELLING

Story-telling has become the present day fad in teaching, and a very good fad it is. It was not needed a generation ago when there was more real home life, and stories were told round the fireside. Let us hope, however, that the stories of the teacher will mean as much for real education as did the old-fashioned ones. Much is said of stories from nature. Wonderful tales are told of animals. Most of them are quite fictitious, and, above all, have a

wrong significance in the principles they imply, and no one draws wider conclusions from things heard than do children; and the early impressions of childhood endure until maturity and then form the background of adult thinking. Many modern stories of animals would make them thinking beings. We should not forget what Professor Wundt said when they asked him, after he had finished his text-book in human and animal psychology, "Don't you think that animals reason?" He replied: "Why goodness gracious (only he used stronger words in German than those) the men and women that you and I know reason so little what is the use of animals reasoning?"

If we are to have animal stories for children they must be told without the usual assumption that animals reason or can be taught. Animals are wonderful things. They work in clay, they are tailors, they are modellers of all kinds, they can produce substances that we cannot imitate. But they do not do these things by reason but by instinct. It was evidently intended by a wise Creator to help them in existence. Animal stories, to be true, must be told with this ever in view.

LEST WE FORGET

There are certain facts that Catholics, faithful and generous though they be, are apt to forget. First, that the prosperity we enjoy to-day is the fruit of missionary zeal on the part of Europeans. From the day when the fearless Jesuits ventured among the Indians, down to a comparatively modern date, hundreds of heroic priests gave of their best to make the Church here what it is, just as their brethren to-day are giving of their best in far-off lands and the remote places of the earth. This is a debt of honor we ought to pay. Among the non-Catholic denominations there is no dearth of workers or money for foreign missions. Their enterprises are aided, advertised and made popular in every way that a wide-awake age can suggest. These workers are not all drones by any means, nor are they all inspired by mercenary motives. The one thing that handicaps them is the lack of true doctrine; their energy and zeal are admirable. What interest do we take in these matters? Yet there is a great work to be done, a responsibility which as Catholics we cannot shake off, and it is time for us in thanksgiving to do something for these people of other lands who linger in darkness.

THE BEST WAY

Some one has said that, in this present age, the milk of human kindness should be allowed to stand overnight, in order to prove its quality. The pleasant beverage seems to have been completely dried up by the average man's ambition to accumulate the things upon which this world sets its highest value. The goods of this world are the gifts of God, and God grants them to us that we may use them for our needs. It is not wrong to possess and desire them as necessities of life, but God does condemn the inordinate love for these worldly goods, which makes us seek after them with too great a passion, if we are deprived of them, and leads us to attach ourselves too much to them if we already possess them. The gospel gives us a good idea of what a covetous man is in the person of Dives. He possessed everything in abundance, yet he would not permit the unfortunate Lazarus, who lay at his door dying of hunger, to gather up the crumbs that fell from his table. This vice is found in all conditions of life, and is not, as many think, common simply to the rich. It may frequently be found in unrestrained excess under the rags of the pauper and beggar. It is, too, the sin of the miser, because he loves money for itself, and deprives himself of the necessities of life in order to hoard it. We should endeavor to become generous, large-hearted Catholics, and if fortunate enough to possess wealth make an effort to contribute fully and freely to charitable causes. Only those who strive to detach themselves, as far as possible, from the things of this life can enjoy true peace of soul. "Blessed are the poor in spirit," said the Lord, "for their's is the kingdom of Heaven."

CHURCH OF THE AGES

PROTESTANT TRIBUTE TO CATHOLIC CHURCH IN UNITED STATES

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

"Is it any wonder that disbelieving Protestant ministers preach to empty benches, and that thousands of Protestant churches have been closed in this Christian land the last few years, as reported by the different Protestant denominations? And is it any wonder the Catholic Church has been increasing so rapidly in America, since that great Church does not stand on a shifting and uncertain foundation?"

"While yearly reports show many of the Protestant clergy groping about in the dark, feeling for some solid biblical foundation-stone upon which to build their religious belief, the old Church stands firm, as it has done for ages; it has never repudiated the great foundation truths of the Christian religion, the Virgin Birth and Resurrection of Jesus Christ."

"Though I am a member of a Protestant Church in this city, and do not believe in much of the teaching and practice of the Catholic Church, yet I admire this great religious body for being able to withstand the fierce assaults of agnosticism, infidelity, and so-called new thought, and to be to-day a lasting defense of the fundamental truths of the gospel of Christ."

BISHOP BYRNE'S CONDEMNATION

NASHVILLE PRELATE BARS FROM THE SACRAMENTS THOSE WHO PARTICIPATE IN INDECENT DANCES

Because of the fact that so many garbled reports have been printed, and circulated, and following out the policy of this publication to represent the interest of our Church in its true light, we have requested our Right Reverend Bishop to permit us to reprint this only authorized interview on the subject of indecent dances:

You ask me concerning the announcement made from the pulpit of every Catholic Church in Tennessee to the effect that those who persist in indulging in dances known as the "Tango," the "Turkey Trot," and others of similar character, cannot be absolved in the tribunal of the sacrament of penance.

The reason of this warning, while it is clear enough to Catholics, may not be so to others. It is a principle of Catholic morals, as related to the sacrament of penance, that no penitent who is not sincerely contrite for his sins can be absolved. Should a priest attempt to absolve such a penitent the absolution would be worthless, since his action would not be ratified by our Lord, who said: "Receive ye the Holy Ghost, whose sins ye shall forgive, they are forgiven, and whose sin ye shall retain, they are retained."

In the sacrament of penance the priest holds our Lord's place and acts in His name, in a way analogous to a judge who acts in the name of the State in condemning or acquitting a prisoner according as he may think the accused guilty or innocent.

Sincere contrition for sin means that the penitent is here and now sorry for all past sins, and resolves not to commit grievous sin in the future. Such sorrow a penitent must have to be worthy of absolution in the tribunal of penance, otherwise his confession is worthless. This sorrow goes still further.

Since to expose one's self to what is called proximate occasion of sin or to become the proximate occasion of sin to others, is in itself sinful, the sin taking on the character of the occasion to act, it follows that a penitent who knowingly and voluntarily exposes himself to the danger of committing grievous sin, or is the occasion of others committing it, is not contrite, and hence cannot receive absolution in the tribunal of penance.

The application of these principles is obvious. If these indecent dances are an occasion of sin to those who indulge in them, or if by indulging in them they themselves become an occasion of sin to others, and if in the tribunal of penance they refuse to cease indulging in them, it follows that they are not sincerely sorry for their sins, and hence cannot receive absolution. By well-instructed Catholics these principles are clearly understood, as they are also by the children in our schools, and I only felt it necessary to request the priests of the diocese to call the attention of the people to them in reference to these vile dances, and to warn both young and old that, if they indulge in them, it would be useless for them to go to confession in the hope of obtaining absolution. Should a priest attempt to absolve a penitent in these dispositions, the absolution would be worthless, and

the confession would bring a curse rather than a blessing.

I had long been convinced that these dances were working sad havoc among young men and women, and I had long felt that it was my duty to speak out, but I had no reliable information on which to base a condemnation. Fortunately, this was supplied by a society of Catholic gentlemen in Memphis, namely, the Knights of Columbus, who, in their corporate capacity, published a circular condemning these dances. They further publicly avowed their purpose to expel any member who should attend any entertainment at which such dances were indulged in, or who, entering a place of amusement should not at once leave, or on learning that these dances were to be a part of the program of evening. They further called upon Catholic parents to ostracize and exclude from their homes all young men and women who engage in these dances, and warned them to shield their sons and daughters from the slimy touch of such moral lepers. They called them infamous dances, the spawn of the red light district, and the prolific means of securing from the homes of purity and virtue recruits for the bawdy house.

These are strong words, used by gentlemen who seemingly know what they are talking about, and they amply justify me in admonishing Catholics that they who do such things are not of Christ, and cannot hope to receive His pardon, peace and blessing.—The Chronicle, Nashville, Tenn.

"WE LONG FOR GOD"

MOVING SCENES MARK THE RESTORATION OF THE CRUCIFIXES IN THE COURTS OF BRAZIL

Some time ago, says America, the anti-clerical of Brazil, in imitation of their cognates in Europe, succeeded in having all the Crucifixes removed from the courts. Now there is a universal protest against the outrage, and Sao Paulo has already brought back the sacred emblem. So also has San Salvador. The Archbishop and the Governor took part in the solemn ceremony which marked the restoration in San Salvador, but Petropolis, the old residential city of the Emperor, went further still in its manifestations of piety. On the first Sunday of the month a magnificent Crucifix was blessed in the Cathedral, and then nearly every one in the city, besides throngs from the country, who were given free transportation that day, children, students, members of societies, the clergy and the religious orders, with every band of music that could be requisitioned, started in procession enthusiastically singing, "We long for God."

The new Crucifix was put in place in presence of His Eminence, Cardinal Arcovoverde de Albuquerque Cavalcanti, the Archbishop of Rio de Janeiro; his suffragan, Bishop Bennessi; the Governor of the district and the Supreme Justice of the court. Discourses were delivered, and the throng dispersed singing as when they began their triumphant procession. Other cities are expected to follow the example thus set for them. It was a good method of observing the Constantinian festivities.

CHURCH UNITY

"Et Caetera" in the Tablet

Mgr. Bonomelli, the renowned Bishop of Cremona, whose words are always the more welcome because they will be repeated in many tongues and awaken wide echoes, has put upon paper a few thoughts about the unity of Christendom, which the Constructive Quarterly does well to print. "It is very consoling," he says "to see how our Protestant brothers are striving for this end with evident sincerity and thorough goodwill. Yes, we must all re-unite under one banner: in union is the only means of obviating religious pulverization, and preventing the crumbling of faith under the constant gnawing of individual reason and criticism that is independent of every consideration of tradition and authority." The difficulties are grave, and the Bishop does not minimize them—"The Roman Church, with its definitions, with the affirmations repeated a thousand times of its divine character, and with all the acts of its government, has cut down and is cutting down every bridge behind it. It can well allow itself to be joined by the dissident Churches with unconditional submission; but it cannot turn back, review its own decisions, modify its dogmas, change its hierarchy, lessen its authority. All the same, the Bishop hopes against hope that there must still be some point of contact, some territory where it is possible to meet one another and clasp hands," and comforts himself that "the mere consciousness of the need, and wishing for it, is in itself a great step. For the present," he adds, "the best plan is to unite ourselves in charity. This most exalted thing is what is implied by Christ in the sublime prayer, the Pater Noster, which is par excellence the universal prayer, which prescinds from all dogmatic

divergence and from every form of authority, and which asks no other faith but the faith in the common Father who is in heaven. Charity, the teacher of patience, of tolerance, of prudence, of kindness, permits the fusing together of the most discordant elements, and knows how to find the hidden ways of concord. We can love each other, then, and pray to God that He may smooth out the difficulties which appear to us insuperable; pray to Him that a way out may there be found where our powers are insufficient." Moreover, we must study the occasions which have produced the lamentable division in the Church; we must reduce doctrines within their just limits, and place them in their true light; we must separate what is essential and irrefutable from what can be modified; we must endeavor to cut down distances as much as possible; but after this we must again make the common, fervent prayer to our Father and await from Him that spirit the consummation of which is perfect unity. May it please God that this be not long in coming!"

Having written so much, and then having read over the lines, in which he had desired "to pour out his whole soul into the breasts of his brothers who are outside of our Church, and to draw them to us at the cost of my blood," he felt the need of adding one word more, even if it were only in recapitulation of the unchanging witness of the Church—"How can we, as it were, put in doubt what has been declared undoubted and undoubted? The more I think of it, the more I feel my heart wrung, as I see the impossibility of finding a way out of so terrible a difficulty. We Catholics cannot suffer that to come in question which we have declared to be the truth. We should be traitors to our faith. But you, my ever dear brothers, especially you English, you have not the insuperable difficulty which exists for us, because you have not, strictly speaking, adopted any dogmatic definition since your separation. We have the definition behind us, we have the impassable abyss, you have it not. Come over the gulf to us: we will forthwith throw our arms around our neck. What joy! What an event for the Church of Christ. There will be neither winners nor losers; neither humbled nor those who humble; we shall all be brothers. Meanwhile, let us be united, if not in the same faith, in the same charity, and prostrate before our common Saviour, Jesus Christ. Let us pray that His will be done—His will that all be saved."

CULT OF ENGLISH MARTYRS

The cult of the English Martyrs is going to be one of the prominent features of Catholic life in England in the near future. At a church which is nearing completion in Wandsworth a statue is to be erected to Father John Griffiths, a former Rector of the parish, who suffered for his faith in 1539 in company with his assistant priest, a refugee from the Franciscan Friary at Richmond. At Tyburn Court, near the actual site of the gallows, the beautiful Oratory of the Martyrs is now completed. Beneath the Triple Tree stands an altar of delicately carved English oak, executed at the Benedictine Abbey of Maredsous, the retables of which contains figures of six of the martyrs, each personally well differentiated and represented with surroundings appropriate to the circumstances of his martyrdom.

PROTESTANT JUSTICE

PAYS A HIGH TRIBUTE TO A CATHOLIC ARCHBISHOP

Allusion has been made in these columns to the celebration of the silver jubilee of the consecration of Most Rev. Dr. O'Reilly, Archbishop of Adelaide, South Australia. A notable tribute was paid on the occasion to the great Irish-born prelate by the Governor of the State. Still more notable were the words spoken of him by Sir Samuel Way, the Protestant Chief Justice, who said:

"At this moment, to whatever Church we belong, we are united in doing honor to a great ecclesiastic and a loyal and patriotic citizen; a man of saintly character and devoted life, whom we all reverence and love. Those of us who are not of the Roman obedience insist that, such as the Roman Catholics love their Archbishop, they cannot monopolize him entirely. Whether we Protestants are included in the true conception of the Church Catholic or not, we claim the Archbishop as a member of the great household of faith and of the brotherhood of good and holy men. It is impossible to know the Archbishop without admiring his varied and brilliant gifts, his learning, his literary ability. We do not forget how nobly the Archbishop's efforts have been seconded by the Catholic people of South Australia. They have set other denominations an inspiring example, which can never be forgotten in the history of this State. May I conclude with one characteristic which has endeared the Archbishop to his fellow-colonists, Catholic and Protestant alike—I mean his warm-hearted human sympathy? It is not confined to the pale of his own Church."

FATHER FRASER'S MISSION

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

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

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

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

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

REMITTANCES

Previously acknowledged.....	\$1,875 25
Rev. Lake O'Reilly, South Africa.....	4 80
A Friend, St. Thomas.....	5 00
S. Kress, Durham.....	1 00
Admirer, Devlin.....	2 00
Wm. M. Cronan, Halifax.....	2 00
E. A. Byrne, Perth.....	1 00

REMITTANCES TO FATHER FRASER

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

THE REAL MEXICO

The editor of Church Progress quotes Mr. Stanley E. Bowdye, a non-Catholic correspondent and publicist, writing of a visit to Mexico City, as follows:

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

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

"I left the Church with this Pentecostal crowd, over whose faces a happy change had come because of the deposit of their sins with the sleepless saints. The morning chill had gone, and the capital of the Montezumas was again bathed in dazzling sunlight. The power of the Cross impelled us as we turned for a last look—the grandest Cathedral of the Western Hemisphere standing on the ruins of the most terrible temple of paganism."

There is a distinct satisfaction in quoting these extracts, because, as a rule, the prejudice of Protestants seems to become intensified in Mexico. With the exception of Spain, no country in the world has been more malignly by non-Catholics, chiefly ministers, than Mexico.—The Missionary.

CONVERTED BY A BOOK

James M. Lomery, lawyer and former chief of police of Denver, died recently at St. Anthony's Hospital, Denver. He had been secretary and treasurer of the Denver Bar Association almost continuously since the association was organized in 1892. Mr. Lomery was born in Jacksonville, Fla., June 10, 1842. At the beginning of the Civil War, Lomery enlisted in Company G, Second Regiment of Louisiana, and served throughout the war in the army of Virginia under General Lee. Mr. Lomery was a convert to the Catholic faith, having been baptized by Rev. Father Donnelly, pastor of St. Francis de Sales Church, Denver. The story of his conversion is quite interesting. While walking along the streets of New York he happened to see the book entitled "Pope and McGuire," which was written at the time of the famous controversy between the Protestant minister, Pope, and Father McGuire, in Ireland. He bought the book and read it and through that was converted to the Catholic faith. He later converted his wife.

CATHOLIC NOTES

The Duke of Norfolk has become a founder of Tyburn. The founders give a sum of \$525 in honor of the 105 martyrs who shed their blood for Christ and His Vicar at Tyburn.

In the town of Malton, England, instead of in the church, a Catholic mission was preached in the market place, with remarkable results, the whole congregation, headed by pastor, going there in procession.

On Sunday, August 10, Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Meek and their four children, ranging in age from one to ten years, and one of the most prominent families of Beville, Tex., were received into the Church.

In a recent pastoral letter the Most Rev. Archbishop Whiteside of Liverpool, England, stated that the Catholics in the whole diocese have increased in ten years from 334,000 to about 372,000. This increase includes nearly 10,000 converts.

Evangelization is no new thing in the Philippines. A printing press created by the missionaries has existed for three hundred years, and it was they who made possible a study of the native languages by the publication of grammars and dictionaries.

The twenty-fifth Eucharistic congress will be held in Lourdes. It will probably take place in September, 1914. This is the first time since the French laws were passed against the religious orders and religious processions that the Eucharistic congress has been assembled on French soil.

The Royal Irish Academy has obtained \$5,000 bequeathed by a Protestant clergyman, the late Rev. Maxwell Close, for the publication of a dictionary of the Irish language. Before the time limit imposed by the testator expired the first volume of the dictionary had been placed on sale in Dublin and a copy delivered.

By the will of Bishop Janssen, which was written in his own hand, April 21, 1910, all property held in trust by him, is conveyed to the next Bishop of the Diocese. The estate is valued at \$4,000,000, including churches, hospitals and asylums. Archbishop Quigley is in charge of the estate, until the appointment of a new Bishop.

The Bishop of Nottingham England, recently laid the foundation stone of the new Catholic Church at Ashby-de-la-Zouch, costing 13,000 pounds. The church is being erected from the proceeds of jewels which were left to be sold for the purpose by the first wife of the Duke of Norfolk, who before her marriage was a Protestant. The Duke and Duchess of Norfolk were present.

William H. Thompson, aged seventy-nine, a life-long resident of Edinburgh, Indiana, and one of its leading merchants, died on Aug. 28. He became a Catholic about a week before his death, being received into the Church by Rev. Joseph B. Delaney, of Columbus. Mr. Thompson's father founded the town in 1820, naming it in honor of the capital of his native land.

In the Commonwealth of Australia there are to-day about 1,000,000 Catholics; in New Zealand, about 130,000; in Austria-Hungary there are 38,195,000 Catholics; in France, 38,467,000; in Germany, 22,094,000; in Italy, 33,750,000; in Spain, 19,280,000; in Russia, 13,450,000; in Great Britain and Ireland, 5,786,000; in Portugal, 5,438,000; in Belgium, 7,350,000; in Switzerland, 1,463,000; in Holland, 2,045,000, and in Turkey, 280,000.

The practice of holding retreats for workers is commending itself to the Methodists, says the English Catholic Times. Sir H. Lunn, after studying the work of Father Plater, S. J., "Retreats for the People," suggested that his fellow-Methodists should take up the practice and discovered, to his satisfaction, that they had already done so. He joined some of them in a retreat which was held last September at Swanwick, and subsequently attended a retreat given by the Community of the Resurrection, at Milfield, and conducted one himself for Methodist undergraduates at Horndon-on-the-Hill, in Essex. To the objection that he is imitating Catholics, he answers that if this were an obstacle he would have to give up even the Our Father.

A correspondent of the Catholic Standard and Times of Philadelphia, writing of his recent visit to New York's East side says: One thing attracted my notice—the amazing number of institutions that were erected for proselytizing amongst Houston street to get back to Broadway I found myself opposite St. Augustine's Chapel, one of the chapels of old Trinity. On the door was a notice in Italian which stated that Mass would be celebrated every Sunday at 9:15. When I got home I found by the clergy list of the Episcopal church that one of the assistants at the church was named Rev. D. Casetta. Whether he is an expert or not I cannot say. I cannot tell you how surprised I was to find that dignified "Old Trinity" was in the "business."

PRETTY MISS NEVILLE

BY B. M. CROKER

CHAPTER XXVI

I MAKE A PUBLIC CONFESSION
"I will enchant thee ear"—Shakespeare.

Most of the people of Mulkapore were invited to a grand entertainment, given by a native nobleman at his palace in the city. It was my first experience of anything of the kind, and I was considerably impressed as we drove under an archway into a large inclosed square, lined with mounted troops, in wildly picturesque uniform, and lit up by huge flaming torches. We were preceded by the entrance by our host and his friends, and conducted upstairs to an open courtyard, carpeted with white cloth, and in the midst of which a fountain of Italian marble cooled the air with its lightly-falling spray. Here we found many of our acquaintances promenading about, or sitting on the surrounding sofas, awaiting the arrival of the Resident, and the signal for dinner. After a short delay we were all filing off dinnerward, two and two. I think, including the native princes and gentlemen, we must have numbered at least a hundred and fifty; and we formed a most imposing procession, as we passed through the various anterooms and took our places at table. As I looked up and down, the scene reminded me of some superb banquet in the "Arabian Nights."

Three sides of the room were literally lined with large mirrors in colored and cut-glass panels. The ceiling was the same, and hanging from it were numbers of glittering chandeliers multiplying themselves in a thousand reflections. The fourth side of the apartment was open to a large courtyard (similar to the one in which we had been received): the high surrounding walls were illuminated by three rows of colored lamps, whose brilliant hues quite extinguished the stars that looked down, pale and twinkling, from the dark blue vault above. The table, narrow but immensely long, was loaded with exquisite flowers and a profusion of superb plate. Looking down the long vista at either side of me, brilliant uniforms and gay evening-toilets met my eyes in dazzling numbers. The brave and the fair were well represented. Here and there a native nobleman varied the monotony of European dress, and gave a *raison d'être* to this magnificent entertainment. During the whole length of the repast a first-class string band delighted our ears, and bright crimson lights were burned at intervals in the courtyard, making everything completely *couleur de rose*; and throwing a glamour over the whole scene that made one think oneself in fairy-land, and almost expect that at the striking of an hour, or crowing of a cock, crash would go the palace, out would go the lights, and the whole edifice, guests and all, would disappear like the "garden of the world" in Hans Anderson's fairy tale.

Right opposite to me sat Mrs. Gower and Maurice, an ill-assorted couple. A little lower down, through the screen of floral arrangements, I caught a glimpse of Mrs. Vane's cream damask dress and pretty animated face. I had for this evening, as usual, my left hand Mephistopheles, and my right hand Uncle Jim. "Rankest" ladies had been coupled off, the remainder of the guests went in according to their own choice; each gentleman, in the sudden tumult excited by the announcement of dinner, generally blindly seizing on the lady nearest to him. No greater stickler for precedence existed than for Mrs. Gower. To be sent in to dinner after a lady she considered beneath her, and whose social scale envenomed her remarks and destroyed her meal. At the present moment she was happy. A very stupid, very greedy old colonel had led her to the festive board, and thus completely vindicated her right to a high situation on the ladder of rank. Her escort was a noted bon-vivant, and was certain to devote his mouth to but one object—viz., discussing the succulent morsels and dainty dishes soon to be set before his critical eye. He deliberately unfolded his napkin, carefully arranged his various glasses and knives and forks, and set himself solemnly to study the menu.

Not a word, not a remark, would he vouchsafe beyond "champagne," "more ice," "bring back the plate," etc., until dinner was concluded. As far as Mrs. Gower was concerned, his silence was a complete matter of indifference to her; for had she not, on her left hand, that very good-looking young gunner, Captain Beresford?—a *tele-a-tele* with whom would be a rich compensation for the taciturnity of her other neighbor.

As dinner progressed, and the unimpeachable champagne began to circulate, conversation became more general and more brilliant. Mephistopheles and I were the one exception to the surrounding sociability. We had neither tastes nor topics in common, and our talk was visibly flagged. He was an utterly bored and *blase*-looking dandy, to whom even the toil of adjustment of his eye-glass was a trouble. He held that "there was nothing new, and nothing true, and that it did not signify;" and the only person he thoroughly and implicitly believed in was himself. His favorite expression was "Just so;" and he generally extinguished all my feeble remarks and observations with this dampening rejoinder. It

was a conversational *cul-de-sac*, and excluded further incursions into any subject; and as I was not prepared to administer piquant, risky little stories to his jaded palate, like his *vis-a-vis*, Mrs. Gower, I was not worth the trouble of entertaining.

He looked across at her repeatedly, with all the eloquence of which his cynical face was master, in order to convey to her how much he wished he were in Maurice's countenance; as any index to his feelings, I think he would have changed places with the greatest alacrity. Uncle Jim was wholly absorbed in exchanging and comparing shikar experiences with his neighbor (a stranger from Bengal), and had no leisure, even to attend to his dinner—which was all that the human palate could desire. Seeing how dull we were at our side of the table, Mrs. Gower occasionally vouchsafed to include us in the conversation, and to direct some remarks to Mephistopheles and me. As the board was narrow, we chimed in with the greatest ease.

"Have you seen the new spin, Mrs. Gower?" inquired my partner, languidly.

"Oh, yes! a dark, sallow little thing, come out to keep house for her brother until she can contrive to get one for herself. For my part, I hate these shikarry young women."

"Oh, come, Mrs. Gower!" expostulated Maurice, good-naturedly; "surely a girl may come out to live with her brother without any ulterior designs, especially as she is related to the boxers of the Mediterranean, who learned accidentally how to use the muscles of the thumb."

"How interesting!" sneered Mrs. Gower, drawing down the corners of her mouth. "If you like to consider yourself a direct descendant of these unusually intelligent monkeys, you have my full permission to do so, Captain Beresford," she observed, with a significant glance across at Mephistopheles, as much as to say, "you see how I snub him."

"Mrs. Gower's permission is a command," replied Maurice, with a profound bow. "In future, I shall consider myself an orang-outang; my only regret being that Mrs. Gower and I no longer belong to the same species. Allow me to give you some of this very excellent aspic," he added, politely.

Mrs. Gower, a well-known epicure, was evidently much softened by this little attention.

"How is it, Captain Beresford?" she asked, between two dainty morsels, "that you have never called on me?"

"This was indeed a home question," "Really," stammered Maurice—"really, I have had a lot of work to do of late, and no time for visiting"—I believe this to have been an unmitigated fib—but I hope to retrieve my character very shortly."

"I know you thought it an awful infliction in having to sit next to me this evening," she continued, eyeing Mephistopheles, and then first half-dozen "rankest" ladies had been coupled off, the remainder of the guests went in according to their own choice; each gentleman, in the sudden tumult excited by the announcement of dinner, generally blindly seizing on the lady nearest to him. No greater stickler for precedence existed than for Mrs. Gower. To be sent in to dinner after a lady she considered beneath her, and whose social scale envenomed her remarks and destroyed her meal. At the present moment she was happy. A very stupid, very greedy old colonel had led her to the festive board, and thus completely vindicated her right to a high situation on the ladder of rank. Her escort was a noted bon-vivant, and was certain to devote his mouth to but one object—viz., discussing the succulent morsels and dainty dishes soon to be set before his critical eye. He deliberately unfolded his napkin, carefully arranged his various glasses and knives and forks, and set himself solemnly to study the menu.

"Well—how old do you really think I am?" asked Mrs. Gower, with a sweet, insinuating smile.

"I never presumed to think of ladies' ages. All ladies are necessarily young and charming."

"Well, you may think of mine, at any rate. Come, how old am I?" inquired Mrs. Gower, with her most sprightly glance.

"If I were to say what I think, perhaps, I may err on the wrong side, and you will never forgive me. The risk is too great for me to run," observed Maurice, with a deprecating air.

"Humbug, thy name is Irishman!" "Never mind, go on," she cried impatiently.

"Well"—bending closer, and speaking in a low confidential tone—"you must pardon me if I am wrong. India ages people. You are eight-and-twenty."

"Oh, Maurice! Maurice! and she must have been upward of forty."

"Not at all a bad shot," returned Mrs. Gower, in great delight; "I shall be twenty-nine next month."

I looked at my cousin in blank amazement. Could this be the Maurice of Gallow?—a match for the renowned Mrs. Gower, and perfectly equal to the task of feeding even her enormous appetite for admiration; for, now that she had an inward conviction (ably seconded by her looking-glass) that her charms were slipping from her, she was more than ever tedious; and, although, as I have said before, she no

longer publicly posed for a beauty, she was more rapacious of compliments—the echo of what had once been perhaps her lawful due—than any one within the wide precincts of the contentments of Mulkapore.

I heard Maurice compare her powers of conversation to Madame de Staël; the shape of her head and profile he swore was absolutely classic, and I distinctly heard him state that her presence alone was sufficient to add a luster to any entertainment. After a while conversation took another turn. Ireland and the Irish were the new topic; and in this discussion Mephistopheles and I listlessly joined, contributing a few desultory remarks, till Mrs. Gower roused herself and politely informed us that she "hated the Irish." She would have endeavored herself to Dr. Johnson, for she was an admirable hater.

"I hate the Irish!" she reiterated, "detest them! Their appearance, manners, accent, country, and everything about them. There are none of the nation in the neighborhood?" she asked, glancing round with affected caution.

"Then in your case I presume 'No Irish need apply,'" said Maurice, ignoring her question.

"Most certainly not," she answered promptly.

"I am truly concerned to hear you say so, for I belong to that most distressful country."

"Nonsense!" she exclaimed, with indignant incredulity.

"It is a solemn fact? I wish my rents were as sure. My father and grandfather were Irish; and I am only a 'Sassenach' by the mere accident of having been born in England. I actually own a bog of very considerable dimensions. Now do you believe me?"

"I suppose I have no choice. However, you know I have the sense to discern between people individually and people *en masse*. There are Irish and Irish," with an air of benign toleration. "By the way, Miss Neville," addressing me, "you are Irish, too are you not?"

"Yes," I made answer in my meekest manner.

"Colonel Neville," she continued, raising her voice and leaning toward me, "I heard such an odd discussion the other day, as to whether Miss Neville was your niece or Mrs. Neville's."

"I said that of course she was yours."

"My wife's niece," returned stupid old Uncle Jim, merely glancing up for one second, vexed at being interrupted in an animated argument relative to the length of tiger's tails.

"Oh, really," cried Mrs. Gower, with raised brows, "how immensely funny; then your name is not Neville, of course!" she paused, addressing me pointedly.

Now, it is coming," I thought, tightly clasping my hands in my lap, and feeling the very blood freeze in my veins. "No, it is not," I answered courageously, and looking Mrs. Gower steadily in the face.

"May we make bold to ask your real name?" as they say in your country, or is it a family secret?" she asked with a malicious smile. She saw that there was some mystery, and was determined to probe it to its source. I glanced helplessly at Uncle Jim. He was still carrying on the argument with a sportsman's ardor, and was entirely lost to any sense of his immediate surroundings. Seeing him help himself to sugar and cream along with his asparagus, I gave up all hopes of succor from that quarter, and felt that I had better depend on myself alone, and tell the plain, unvarnished truth. It must be known some time, why not now? I glanced across the table; Maurice's eyes were fastened on my face, and Mrs. Gower was leaning back in her chair, regarding me with an air of spiteful amusement.

"Well?" she drawled, superciliously.

"You wish to know my original name, and you are quite welcome to hear it. You will not be much wiser, Mrs. Gower. My name is really O'Neill—Nora O'Neill, I answered, now driven to bay.

"Oh, really? quite an Irish name. But not nearly as pretty as Neville's, is it, Captain Beresford?" turning to her neighbor.

"Thank you to Captain Beresford, his composure was marvelous. He gave no outward sign of having made an important discovery. He did not rise, and rush madly round the table, and seize me, and say, 'At last, my long lost cousin!' No; he merely gave me a glance of extreme significance, and calmly went on with his dinner, still keeping up the ball of conversation with undragging energy. As for me, I dropped my share for the remainder of the meal, shifting myself as much as possible behind a large maiden-hair fern. Still I could not conceal myself altogether, and I felt that Maurice's eyes were on me more than once, as I sat, silent, pale, and nervous, behind my leafy screen. How glad was I when the signal to move was given, and, with a general pushing back of chairs, we rose and left the table! Mephistopheles and I parted with mutual alacrity, once he had left me in auntie's keeping. How I longed to unburden my mind to her! but she had been seized upon by a lady friend, and I saw no chance of getting in even one word edgewise. Her companion was mounted on her favorite hobby, "the servants," and was riding it with great zeal and spirit. Her cook milked the kitchen pium, her system made away with the gram, when she entered upon the sins of a previous generation. I lost all patience, and gladly responded to Mrs.

"Do you think that I would have stayed at Gallow, knowing what I knew?" I cried, crimson to the roots of my hair and the tips of my ears. It was one thing to repudiate Maurice by means of a sheet of paper and pen and ink, and quite another to do so to his face, as he stood before me, regarding me with a look of grave, earnest interest. "Listen to me, Cousin Maurice, I went on, with trembling voice, and almost breathless with excitement and nervousness. "As cousins, let us always be friends," said I, holding out my hand. "As cousin, I am only too glad to claim you; but we will bury grandfather's bargain in the deepest oblivion, and never refer to it as long as we live. Promise me," I faltered, almost in tears.

"I'll see about it," replied Maurice evasively, but pressing my fingers most reassuringly, as an influx of sightseers put an end to our *tele-a-tele*.

"I wonder what the first arrivals thought, when they saw Maurice and me standing in the center of the apartment, hand locked in hand! We went down stairs together and visited the library, the armory, and china-room, and rejoined auntie and Mrs. Vane, on the best of easy, cousinly terms. The latter had diplomatically announced to our most intimate friends "that Captain Beresford and Miss Neville had discovered that they were cousins!"

So everything went on velvet, and as Maurice carefully wrapped me up in my Rampore chaudi, and handed me to the carriage, I felt by no means sorry that I had been found out.

"Yes, the very same," he replied in a tone that must have carried conviction to her ears.

"You don't mean to ask me to believe that you and Miss Neville are one and the same?" she said, suddenly sitting down with an air of complete mental and physical prostration.

"Nora O'Neill has just confessed to her identity with Miss Neville before a dozen reliable witnesses."

"So you are Nora O'Neill," said Mrs. Vane, looking at me steadily, and grasping the situation with her usual alertness of mind. "Why, this is absolutely delicious food for a three-volume novel. I declare I'll write one, and call it 'The Mystery of Mulkapore; or, Miss Neville's Secret.' What a small place the world is after all!" she continued, with a comprehensive wave of her fan. "Fancy losing a young lady among the bogs of Ireland, and finding her at our Indian banquet!"

"Ireland is not all bog," expostulated Maurice seriously.

"What a deep, artful girl!" resumed Mrs. Vane, admiringly. "Why, this is the way you have taken me in! I really don't know what I am to say to you."

"What am I to say to her? I think that is more to the purpose," interrupted Maurice, with a smile.

"Do you know that I told her her own story?" continued Mrs. Vane, with increased animation, "as a romantic tale, as a great secret. Oh, you sly girl!" addressing me. "How demure you looked! Now I know why you laughed so immoderately; now I understand why you abominably little-deceiver," giving me a playful push. "I am quite ashamed to have been taken in by such a mere child, such a little Prigian puss! Take her away, and give her a good scolding, Captain Beresford. She ought to be kept on bread and water for six months, and solitary confinement into the bargain."

Mrs. Vane's flow of language had given me ample time to compose myself, and had quite taken the awful rush out of my meeting with Maurice.

"Come away," he said. "Come along and look at the pictures. I shall certainly take your advice into consideration," he remarked to Mrs. Vane, as we moved on together.

"You see," he observed, "I was not so very far wrong when I traced a strong family likeness in you to Molly Beresford."

"I wonder you never suspected me. I wonder you never discovered me before," I answered, now quite at my ease.

"I sincerely echo both remarks. Now that I really know the truth, I marvel at my own obtuseness. But I never imagined that my cousin Nora had any relatives out here, much less that she was niece to Mrs. Neville. Now I understand why you avoided me. It was not alto-gether because you disliked me?" he asked, earnestly.

"Oh, no!" I replied with much frankness.

"Tell me, Nora," motioning me into a chair in a large, empty drawing-room, "tell me honestly, why did you run away?"

"No answer."

"It has turned out very well, as it happened; but it was one chance in a thousand. You don't know what madness it was, for a young girl like you to set off in such a manner to seek your fortune. You cannot imagine all the trouble and anxiety you caused!"

"To whom?" I asked sharply.

"Well, to me, for one, to your goodness, and to Mr. French."

"Look here, Maurice," I said, standing up to give additional force to my words, "I did run away; I am not denying the fact, nor am I one bit ashamed of it. I have gained a very happy home, where no one lectures me, and I am contentedly, Mr. French and Miss Flunker showed me kindness, and she was only too glad to be rid of me, if the truth were known. I was miserable at Gallow," I concluded, emphatically.

"Yes, I know," he interrupted hastily; "but, why did you not let me know? I would have done anything to make you happy and comfortable."

This is a serious story. People who do not like serious stories need not read it. It is a true story, and yet it is fiction—which is a paradox. It is true in the sense that it contains a great truth, one of the most consolatory of all truths, namely, that our prayers are always answered; not always in the way we look for when we pray, for in our ignorance we often ask for a stone and God in His mercy sends us bread. But no prayer to God or His saints, offered in faith, is ever rejected. It may be refused—refused at the time, but granted afterwards; refused in the way it was intended to be answered, but granted in a far better way. In this sense, then, this story is true, and yet, as we said before, it is fiction.

In the month of May, at a certain church in London, a certain man and a certain girl heard a sermon at High Mass, preached by a certain priest. The name of the man was John Murray, the name of the girl Mary Luttrell; the names of the preacher and the church are immaterial. The sermon was one on prayer, and the gist of it contained in the above remarks, but the theme was elaborated, and the truth it contained brought out in the most convincing manner with great oratorical skill.

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loving, but all these gifts she would have exchanged willingly for the fatal gift of beauty. Yet there was one thing that not in her worst and most foolish moments would she have bartered for beauty, and that was her faith. She was silly, no doubt, to desire so passionately to be beautiful, but she was not so mad as to be willing if it were possible to risk her salvation for it.

As she listened to the sermon she made up her mind that she would try if it was really true that no prayer made in faith was ever left unanswered, but sooner or later granted in some way. Only by a miracle could the prayer she meant to pray be granted, as she thought, for only by a miracle could her plain face be changed to a beautiful one.

When Mass was finished Mary went to the altar of the Sacred Heart to pray for beauty. To no one else, not even to our Blessed Lady, could she tell this secret desire of her heart, at any rate at this early stage of her conversion. She was ashamed to write her request and put it into the box that stood by the altar for petitions, but she knelt there for a quarter of an hour, praying with all her soul that He who was the most beautiful of the sons of men, and who was also Almighty God, would make her fair and comely.

John Murray was also deeply impressed by the sermon. He had come to Mass that morning a prey to distracting thoughts. He had recently embarked upon a financial scheme which, if successful, would make his fortune, but which, if he failed, would probably cripple him from a monetary point of view for some time, for he had invested all his available capital in it. It was a great risk that he was running, but the prize, if he were successful, was so large that he had determined to make the venture. It was undoubtedly a great speculation, but he was an unmarried man, with no one dependent upon him, and he had persuaded himself that he was justified in his action. If he succeeded he would rest content with his gains, he thought, but for this once he would let himself go. So he now stood to win a large fortune or to lose all his savings, and meanwhile he was in a fever of excitement.

As he listened to the sermon something in him was kindled by the preacher's words. Perhaps it was faith, perhaps it was a fixed determination to leave no possible stone unturned to gain this prize, and after Mass he went to Our Lady's altar and prayed as he had never prayed before in his life for the success of his scheme.

The anxiety he was enduring, the vacillation between hope and fear which every rise and fall in the stock in which he was so deeply interested caused him to feel was telling on his physical strength and reacting on his spiritual nature, as our bodies are wont to act and react on our souls, and weigh them down or raise them up without our suspecting their influence.

John Murray, though usually a calm, collected and not particularly fervent worshipper, was to day in a high emotional frame of mind as he knelt before Our Lady's statue and repeated the Memorare with passionate fervor, almost commanding her to grant his request: "You can, you will you must grant my prayer, I believe that I never was in your power, Hear my prayer, O gracious Virgin, and grant me the success I covet."

John's prayer was not so long as Mary Luttrell's, but after he had finished he strolled slowly round the church and presently recognized her graceful figure bent in deep and humble supplication at the feet of the Sacred Heart. His prayer had been like the storming of a citadel, tumultuous, vehement, violent; she was absorbed in devotion.

John stood a little way off watching her, and when at last she rose from her knees and came towards him her usually pale cheeks were flushed, her eyes shone with a new light, and John, as he looked at her, experienced a new feeling overwhelming his troubled spirit, a feeling that was at once pain and pleasure, joy and sorrow, hope and fear, blended inextricably together.

He knew intuitively that the sermon had moved her as it had moved him to ask some great favor. He wondered what her request had been, but he longed to know not only what it was, but if it would be granted. He longed greatly to find this out, for he argued if Mary's prayer was granted his, too, might be, and as he walked home with her, as he frequently did, he summoned up courage after they had discussed the sermon to say:

"Will you tell me if your prayer is granted?"

Mary Luttrell, remembering what her prayer had been, flushed crimson and womanlike, answered with another question.

"What prayer?" she said, almost guiltily.

"The prayer you were making at the Sacred Heart altar this morning."

"It was a foolish prayer, because only by a miracle could it be granted, and we ought not to expect miracles." "Perhaps not, but I am quite sure it was a better prayer than mine. But anyhow, will you tell me when it is granted, if it ever is?"

"Yes, I promise I will," said Mary, smiling, and her smile was so very sweet, in John's opinion, that he began to think there were other things in the world better worth desiring than financial success.

"Well, I prayed for something, too, this morning, something I want des-

perately. I will tell you what it was," said John. And he told her just as they reached the home of her employer.

Some days later John Murray heard that his speculation had failed and he had lost every penny he had invested. He raged and stormed, blamed himself for his folly in risking so much on an uncertainty, made things decidedly hot for his unfortunate clerks and then remembered that he would probably see Mary Luttrell next day, which was Sunday, at Mass. He would certainly tell her his prayer had been refused, and somehow he derived great consolation in his loss in anticipating her sympathy.

The next morning he saw Mary in her usual place when he entered the church, and after Mass was over he hovered near her when she went to the altar of the Sacred Heart, for perseverance in prayer was part of Mary's scheme of life.

Her attitude, at any rate outwardly, was less humble than on the previous Sunday. She knelt upright, with her little hands—such pretty hands John thought them—clasped and held out towards the statue; her eyes were raised, and once or twice that smile of hers played round her moving lips. John waited till she rose, and then went up to her, saying impulsively:

"Your prayer has been granted?"

Mary blushed deeply as she answered this random shot.

"No, indeed, it has not."

"I am sure it has. Tell me what it was."

"I can't possibly. But how about your scheme? Has it turned out well? Have you heard yet?"

"Yes, I have heard, worse luck! I have lost every penny I invested, but somehow I don't seem to care so very much about it, after all. I did just at first, but I have found something else worth more than a fortune even so large a one as I stood to win," said John as they passed into the street.

"Have you? Tell me if you are more successful this time," said Mary as she joined her pupils, who had accompanied her this morning and were waiting outside the church for her.

Again John raged and stormed, but this time inwardly, at the inconvenience of Mary's pupils electing to come to church with her, instead of going, as usual, with their parents, as in John's opinion, they ought always to do. The only opportunity he had of seeing Mary alone was on her way home from church. If he went to luncheon or dinner at the house where she was living, the family was, of course, always present, and he had no opportunity of any private conversation. He was beginning to feel more and more every day that Mary Luttrell was the supreme need of his life.

The next Sunday after Mass John went again to Our Lady's altar and knelt there for some time. As he knelt a light broke over him, and he began to understand what had puzzled him at first when he heard that he had lost his money, and remembered the prayer he had offered about it a few weeks ago at Mary's shrine.

"Holy Mother," he said, "I asked you for gold which perished, like the scoldish wretch I am, and you refused to give it to me, but instead you opened my blind eyes and showed me there was a treasure that all the gold in the world could never purchase close to my elbow, a treasure that but for you I might never have found. O Mother of Mercy dispense not my petition, but in your mercy give me that treasure."

A moment after, when he rose from his knees, he was startled to see Mary Luttrell standing before him, coming to kneel at Our Lady's altar.

She started as she recognized John for she had not expected to see him, thinking he had left the church. During the week she had pondered over their last meeting, and wondered what he could have meant. What was this thing worth more than a fortune that he had recently found? Very often she asked herself this question, and snubbed it and herself by sadly thinking once or twice her vanity had suggested a possible answer, but she had promptly dismissed that as an impossible solution. How could John Murray or any one else care for a plain girl like her? The impossible solution, however, recurred more than once to her, and she felt that it was one that would change this workaday world for her into a Garden of Eden.

And so she came to Mary's shrine, and John, seeing her, went forward and took hold of her hand, and there was a look in his eyes that told Mary her prayer was granted, for she knew as every woman knows when she sees that look, that to him at least she was beautiful.

"Mary," said John, "My prayer is granted. I asked Our Lady for you, and she has sent you to me." And Mary understood that she had guessed the right solution to the problem John had propounded to her.

"John," she said, "my prayer, too, is granted, but I will never, never tell you what it was."

And thus these two young people found that prayer is answered in more ways than one: that He who is Infinite Wisdom takes our poor, paltry, foolish wishes as we lay them at His feet, and burns them in the crucible of His love and gives them back to us so changed that we hardly recognize them, but increased in value a thousandfold.

And perhaps this is not such a very serious story, after all.—Daley Dale in the English Messenger.

TO BE CONTINUED

ANSWERED

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"I sincerely echo both remarks. Now that I really know the truth, I marvel at my own obtuseness. But I never imagined that my cousin Nora had any relatives out here, much less that she was niece to Mrs. Neville. Now I understand why you avoided me. It was not altogether because you disliked me?" he asked, earnestly.

"Oh, no!" I replied with much frankness.

"Tell me, Nora," motioning me into a chair in a large, empty drawing-room, "tell me honestly, why did you run away?"

"No answer."

"It has turned out very well, as it happened; but it was one chance in a thousand. You don't know what madness it was, for a young girl like you to set off in such a manner to seek your fortune. You cannot imagine all the trouble and anxiety you caused!"

"To whom?" I asked sharply.

"Well, to me, for one, to your goodness, and to Mr. French."

"Look here, Maurice," I said, standing up to give additional force to my words, "I did run away; I am not denying the fact, nor am I one bit ashamed of it. I have gained a very happy home, where no one lectures me, and I am contentedly, Mr. French and Miss Flunker showed me kindness, and she was only too glad to be rid of me, if the truth were known. I was miserable at Gallow," I concluded, emphatically.

"Yes, I know," he interrupted hastily; "but, why did you not let me know? I would have done anything to make you happy and comfortable."

GREAT HISTORIAN OF THE REFORMATION

For the past few years the Rev. Merle D'Aubigne has been one of the star attractions at Epworth League meetings held in Nebraska and Dakota.

Among the supposed drawing cards to this year's meeting I notice the name of Rev. Merle D'Aubigne. Apart from his own claims to fame, of which I know nothing, he is heralded as the son of "the great historian of the Reformation," who bore the same name.

For many years his history was accepted by non-Catholics as standard authority on the story of the so-called Reformation. But as the intensity of sectarian animosities subsided, men were found who preferred to seek out and proclaim the actual truths of history than to suppress or transpose them to gratify human prejudice.

Foremost among Protestant writers who have exposed the fables of these fake historians, was Rev. Dr. Samuel Rottley Maitland, D. D., a clergyman of the Anglican Church.

He wrote a book entitled "The Dark Ages," those ages which Protestant speakers and writers so often allude to as a period of intellectual darkness and ignorance in church and state.

He wrote a book entitled "The Dark Ages," those ages which Protestant speakers and writers so often allude to as a period of intellectual darkness and ignorance in church and state.

But even if these examples were not eloquent enough to show Catholics that Freemasonry is the bitter enemy of their holy religion, the fact that the Church condemns Masonry and forbids her children under pain of excommunication to join it, should satisfy them that there is something wrong with the sect.

A first principle which should set hesitating Catholics at ease in this question of Masonry is that the Church does not act rashly; when she condemns she knows what she is condemning. In the past nineteen hundred years she has stood out before the world as the wisest and best of teachers, as the most impartial of arbiters; she has always been ready to give every man and every body of men a fair hearing; when she pronounces judgment she does so only after a careful investigation.

Seated on the hill, with the entire world spread out before her, she surveys the best interests of her children as only she can. In the affair of Masonry, with millions of her adherents in all parts of the world reporting not merely impressions but facts, she has better opportunities than any individual can possible have for learning the inner working of a sect such as Masonry is, and of de-

Of the gentleman who is to speak at the Epworth League meeting I know nothing and have no desire to dispute the eulogic of his friends, but when he is advertised and held up to admiration as the son of "the great historian of the Reformation," it is only proper to show, in the interest of truth, and on the unimpeachable evidence of such an ancient and unprejudicial authority as Rev. Dr. S. Maitland of the Anglican Church, that Merle D'Aubigne was a writer who sacrificed truth in the interest of prejudice, and on that account should have no standing among those who make an intelligent study of history and labor to separate truths from fable.—Truth.

GENERAL INTENTION FOR OCTOBER

RECOMMENDED AND BLESSED BY HIS HOLINESS PIUS X.

THE STRUGGLE AGAINST MASONRY

Men are free social beings, and as such they are at liberty to unite and form societies, guilds, unions, etc., which serve to advance their interests in some form or other. As long as the purposes of these societies are good and lawful, that is, as long as they work in harmony with the two primary and supreme societies of men, the Church and the State, nothing can be said against them or against any man who joins them.

These remarks are suggested by the subject of this month's Intention, the Struggle against Masonry. Freemasonry is one of those minor organizations which are subversive of the harmony which should exist in human society; it is the hidden enemy of the State and the open enemy of the Catholic Church.

Wherever Masonry has succeeded in gaining a foothold, the beneficial action of the Church on human souls has been weakened, and the counter-shock has been felt by the State in the form of paralysed society, often in bloodshed. If Masonry, as it would make us believe, had only the temporal welfare of its adherents in view, if it were satisfied with securing its ample share of this world's wealth and honors, no one could reasonably complain—the race by vigor, not by vaunts, is won; but Masonry is not satisfied with this.

The hostility which manifests itself everywhere against the Catholic Church, the continual and implacable warfare secretly and cunningly carried on against Catholic institutions and Catholic influence, even in distinctly Catholic countries, is not the result of tumultuous uprisings or spasmodic revolutions; it can only be explained by the slow and combined action of world-wide Masonry whose batteries are everywhere and unceasingly aimed at the Church of Christ. Not to speak of what happened in Europe in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, the affairs of Portugal and France in the past few years would suffice to show the baneful influence of this sect when it succeeds in getting the upperhand. History can give no more hideous examples of injustice and cruelty than those to which Catholics have had to submit in those two countries.

Liberty of conscience for exercising their functions, their clergy languishing in filthy prisons, Catholic education of youth forbidden, religious communities disbanded, their monasteries demolished or turned to secular uses, nuns exiled or thrown out of their convents to die of starvation on the roadside—these are only a few of the misdeeds which this secret sect has perpetrated in recent years in the name of human freedom.

For these weighty reasons and others that might be adduced, the Church is the irreconcilable antagonist of Masonry. Not merely does she keep her children out of it, but she is determined to do her best to neutralize its efforts wherever and whenever the opportunity presents itself. Faithful sons of the Catholic Church will have nothing to do with Masonry; they will on the contrary keep their weak-kneed fellow-Catholics from joining it. There are many prosperous Catholic societies ready to receive those who feel the need of mutual encouragement and help in their journey through life. Membership therein does not require grotesque initiation ceremonies, nor does it mean loss of personal liberty, much less does it mean the abdication of the greatest dignity that one can claim on earth, affiliation in the true Church of God. Let us ask the Sacred Heart to enlighten those poor uninitiated Catholics who wander before the enticements and worldly inducements held out by secret societies in general and by Freemasonry in particular.

The few advantages usually of a material order, that membership in one of other of these societies may bring them, should not make them sur-

render their birthright as Children of the Church. E. J. DEVINE, S. J.

THE MONTH OF THE ROSARY

October is the month of the Rosary and each day during the month the Rosary is publicly recited in our churches. It is a simple devotion that Catholic families should practice in their homes, especially during October.

The Rosary is a powerful shield against the shafts of the enemy, and we may look upon it as the main bulwark of the Church. Pope Clement VII. said, "The devotion of the Rosary is the salvation of Christians." Pope Adrian IV. assures us that "The Rosary scourges the devil," and Pope XVI. exhorts us to a wonderful instrument for the destruction of sin, the recovery of God's Grace, and the advancement of His glory." The Rosary is the prayer of victory. St. Dominic found it such in his crusade against the Albigensian heresy in France, and the Turks found its power in their disgraceful defeat by the Christians in the memorable battle of Lepanto in 1571.

Prayer is as necessary to-day as it was at the time of the Albigensian heresy or the crusade against the Christians. The enemies of the Church are as active to-day as then. It is our duty as faithful children to help our mother—the Church—in her trials and persecutions. The Rosary is the most beautiful form of prayer in the Church; it is a synopsis of the most important portions of the Scriptures; for, in it, are embodied the principal events of Our Lord's life, and of His Blessed Mother. The Rosary appeals to all, high and low, old and young. Popes, kings and saints have been devoted to the recitation of the Rosary. Not only during the month of October should the Rosary be recited by the faithful, but it ought to be our daily prayer every day in the year. It is enriched with numerous indulgences, and nobody ever was eternally lost who had a constant devotion to the Rosary. When at the judgment seat we stand in need of help, the Blessed Virgin will be our advocate, and the Rosary will be our crown. Do we all not stand in need of help to overcome our various temptations? Constant devotion to the daily recitation of the Rosary will be our safeguard and protection. Those who have not yet made a practice of daily reciting this beautiful prayer should begin now, and continue it, not only during this month, but every day of their lives. The Rosary is a fount of knowledge and a source of strength. It cools our passions, quiets the mind, and brings us peace and happiness even in this life. It will bring us victory as it did to St. Dominic over the Albigensians and the Christians over the Turks.

The following indulgences may be gained during this month: A plenary indulgence on the Feast of the Holy Rosary (Sunday, October 5th) or on any of the seven days following, to all who shall visit a church, after having gone to Confession and Communion, and there pray for the intentions of the Holy Father.

A partial indulgence of 7 years and 7 times 40 days every time we assist at the saying of the Rosary in the church, provided we pray for the intentions of the Sovereign Pontiff. If we cannot go to church, we may gain the same indulgence by saying the prayers at home or elsewhere, for the same intentions.

A second plenary indulgence on any day between October 1 and November 2, to all who shall be present at the devotions in the church ten times during the month, or shall perform them ten times in private if prevented from going to church. Of course this indulgence requires confession and Communion and prayer for the intention of the Holy Pope.

What is asserted here about Freemasonry proper may be also asserted of those numerous other secret organizations which, at bottom, are merely feeders of Masonry. These societies differ in name, in ceremonial, in form, in origin, but they are nevertheless so bound together by a community of purpose and by the similarity of their main opinions as to make, in fact, one thing with Freemasonry, which is a kind of center whence they go forth and whither they return.

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exercise—(laughter)—and whether in the event of his wishing to join uncertificated lunatics in ditch-lining operations his travelling expenses will fall to be borne by this Council or by the Belfast Provisional Government. (Loud laughter.) Mr. Lauder, convener, said that so far as he was concerned he had never heard of anyone being let out for any such purpose. He did not wish to enter into the spirit of the question, although a great deal could be said. So far as he was aware, no one got out on the 12th with his permission. He did not know if his permission was necessary or not. If it was true what Mr. Haughey said, and he had no reason to doubt it, then it would appear his permission was not required. He would certainly make it his duty to ask the Governor when he came home if a patient was allowed out for any such purpose.

Mr. Haughey said Mr. Lauder could accept his assurance that the facts were as stated.

Mr. Ingram asked if Mr. Haughey inferred that those who took part in that procession were half lunatics? (Laughter.)

Mr. Haughey: They have not got certificates yet. (Renewed laughter.)

BEWARE OF SEX HYGIENE

When Charles Dickens made one of his most wisely funny characters say, "The Law is a Ass," he must have had a prevision of the best of the Pennsylvania "eugenic" marriage law. We have seen with what avidity that sinister "reform" has been snatched at by outside States, foreshadowing a wide imitation of the debasing enactment. We note that in some States there are demands for an extension of the principle toward the borders of sheer barbarity, in obedience to the counsels of surgical faddists, so that in a short span of time this population will have become much of the same mind as the Turkish ones in Asia Minor and Southeastern Europe, wherein the manufacture of human victims for the Turkish market was a regular and thriving business for centuries.

The proposal to have sex hygiene taught in our Public schools is another step forward on the road to moral destruction, under the impulse of the faddists. It is eliciting severe condemnation from the more thoughtful and the more conscientious writers for the secular press, as well as from those of the Catholic press. The latter perceived its subtle character from the very instant it began to be tentatively put forward to feel the public pulse. A report on the progress of the movement shows that already societies for the propagation of the idea of sex education exist in twenty-two States, and there is a proposal to bring these societies into closer relation by means of a federation for practical effort for the embodiment of the basic idea in specific legislation. We have noted with satisfaction the appearance of several protests against the subtle scheme in the secular press, and we take pleasure in reproducing this extract from an article on the subject, taken from the pages of the New Bedford Standard of recent date:

A Bohemian Catholic priest of Chicago says that the teaching of sex hygiene in the Public schools will drive many pupils into the parochial schools, where it is not thought wise to talk about matters of sex before impressionable boys and girls. "Every parent and every teacher," he says, "should wake up and know that the observance of modesty and the retention of the sense of shame are the best safeguards of chastity." Some persons think they have waked up to know differently, and if these have their way, such protests as these will be of little effect. We think likely the priest is right too, in his prediction that sex hygiene courses in the Public schools will drive parents into sending children into the parochial schools; or, where parents are not favorable to the religious atmosphere of such schools, into private schools where the subject is left alone. Parents who seriously think about the good of their children will hesitate a long time before committing them to such instruction under such conditions as will be found in the Public schools, and the end of that hesitation will ordinarily be a flat refusal. We certainly agree with the declaration of an exchange that sex teaching in the Public schools to the children there gathered would be "like flinging lighted matches into a powder magazine." The Catholic priest is right. The school is no place for such instruction. It is amazing that men and women who profess to know boys and girls should be deluded into the idea that it is.

There is no need to dilate on the attitude of the Catholic Church on this matter. It comes under the general instructions on the teaching of immorality, and the teaching proposed now by the faddists, let them call it by what name they may, or defend it by whatsoever specious pleadings they can devise, resolves itself into a guide to immorality for innocent minds.

In the issue of America for August 23 the Rev. N. Bell, S. J., presents a careful commentary on the report of the special committee of the Fifteenth International Congress on Hygiene and Demography that dealt with this repulsive subject, and that recommended teaching about it in the Public Schools. The reverend writer no less experienced than learned in

all that relates to education, winds up his article on that dismal report with these solemn words: Lectures on social and sexual hygiene will only tend to familiarize our boys and girls with what is vicious and base, nor should we foolishly deceive ourselves with the vain delusion that mere motives of self-interest—individual health and racial soundness—will prove an efficient bulwark against the tide of headstrong human passion. In the moment of temptation such considerations will be utterly swept away like the house built upon the sand. Nor can all the dreadful pictures of the misery, dishonor and disgrace that follow in the train of the social vices, which the sex faddists are so fond of painting, serve to turn aside from the pursuit of unlawful pleasure the wilful youth that is bent upon the indulgence of his passions.

The Catholic Federation has put itself outspokenly against the tide of headstrong human passion. In the moment of temptation such considerations will be utterly swept away like the house built upon the sand. Nor can all the dreadful pictures of the misery, dishonor and disgrace that follow in the train of the social vices, which the sex faddists are so fond of painting, serve to turn aside from the pursuit of unlawful pleasure the wilful youth that is bent upon the indulgence of his passions.

Mr. Bonzano's declaration followed the action of the superior of St. Mary of the Woods' College and Academy, at Terre Haute, Ind., who has notified those invited to the annual alumnae reunion to wear gowns strictly conforming to the rules of modesty, out of respect to the Apostolic Delegate, who is to preside.

Aside from expressing gratification at the views of the Apostolic Delegate the leading Catholic clergymen of the national capital will not issue public statements just now, but concerted action on the part of the Washington clergy, with regard to freak fashions, will be taken in the near future.

OPPOSED TO FREAK FASHIONS Branding as "decidedly immodest" the extreme styles being worn by many women at this time, and intimating that the pastors of Catholic churches throughout the country should take a decided and united stand against the increasing tendency towards "undress" the Most Rev. Giovanni Bonzano, Apostolic Delegate to the United States, has pointed out the attitude of the Church toward such innovations. "Every good citizen," said Mgr. Bonzano, "should realize that women's dress of to-day is decidedly immodest, and is becoming more so every year. Women can be neat of appearance and stylishly dressed without adopting such silly ideas as have been advanced by the fashion makers of Europe. I never caution women about these new fashions in wearing apparel. That is the duty of our pastors."

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Subscribers changing residence will please give old as well as new address.

LETTERS OF RECOMMENDATION

Mr. Thomas Coffey, Apostolic Delegate, Ottawa, June 13th, 1905.

My Dear Sir—Since coming to Canada I have been a reader of your paper. I have noted with satisfaction that it is directed with intelligence and ability, and above all, that it is imbued with a strong Catholic spirit.

Yours very sincerely in Christ, DONATUS, Archbishop of Ephesus, Apostolic Delegate, Ottawa, Canada, March 7th, 1900.

Mr. Thomas Coffey: For some time past I have read your matter and find it to be a Catholic spirit pervades the whole.

LONDON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 4, 1918

THE RECENT DUBLIN RIOTS

That a strike of the Dublin transport workers was attended with rioting in which one man was killed and many people injured was duly reported in our newspapers.

Larkin, the organizer of the Irish transport workers, was arrested for using some strong language and a meeting of the strikers which was to have been held on Sunday was proclaimed by the police.

Such autocratic conduct, says Reynolds naturally incensed the strikers, and on the Saturday night trouble commenced.

At the inquest on the unfortunate victim of police brutality a witness swore that there was no disturbance until a force of forty or fifty police made a baton charge.

Commenting, Reynolds says, "some one should be charged with murder for this," and thus continues: Mr. Handel Booth, M. P., also offers convincing testimony as to the absolute, pitiless brutality of the men who should be the keepers of the peace.

Decent Canadians will endorse the English labor organ's trenchant reference to Carson.

"That the contemptible Carson crusade has been responsible for much of the present state of feeling in Ireland, everyone must admit, but it will be of no use to waste too much recrimination upon that."

The impression made by this despicable mountebank is evidently in direct proportion to the distance from the scene of his cowardly antics.

The Trade Union Congress took a wise and necessary step when it sent members to investigate matters in Dublin, and we must compliment the Congress upon the stand it has taken on this matter.

It is the duty of any high-minded loyal Prime Minister to save the King from being brought into this vortex, and to tell His Majesty, I am not going to be a party to having your name bandied about.

LOYALTY OR EFFRONTERY? Speaking at Durham Sir Edward Carson used this emphatic language:

"It is the duty of any high-minded loyal Prime Minister to save the King from being brought into this vortex, and to tell His Majesty, I am not going to be a party to having your name bandied about."

However, he is reported as immediately adding: "Our passionate longing is for peace and for citizenship with you Englishmen," continued Sir Edward Carson.

And he had already definitely stated that if twenty general elections went against them the Ulster irreconcilables would never submit to a Nationalist Parliament in Dublin.

The transparent dishonesty and cool effrontery of this fomentor of discord and rebellion is not complimentary to that section of the British electorate which he hopes to influence.

A high-minded and loyal Prime Minister would advise the king to appeal to the people. And then? The high-minded and loyal king of North East Ulster would accept the verdict of the people if it were in his favor; otherwise, never!

He was, not long since, convicted of treason for counselling soldiers not to act against strikers. After a brief imprisonment he was pardoned.

Sending Tom Mann to prison for appealing to soldiers to refuse to shoot down strikers, and lionizing Sir Edward Carson as an ultra-loyalist for inflaming the passions of Ulster Orangemen to the point of armed resistance to the soldiers of the King, is having its inevitable effect on popular regard for law, order and authority.

The other day this despatch appeared in the press: A labor leader in a letter to the press to-day warns the public that the chiefs of the labor party are finding it harder to control their followers who favor physical violence in face of the threats being made in Ulster of forcible resistance to Home Rule.

Evidently the powers that be realize that arrest and prosecution would only make of Carson a hero and martyr in the eyes of his misguided followers. Consequently the authorities consider it wiser to leave the loyalist rebel to the severer and more effective punishment that will be meted out to him by the sober judgment of sane Englishmen.

THE CONSECRATION OF DR. O'BRIEN

On the announcement of the selection of Dr. O'Brien to fill the see of Peterborough we paid our tribute to the sterling qualities and priestly virtues that made that selection one that for many reasons was hailed with joy by all Ontario.

From the Peterborough Examiner we take the following appreciation of the newly consecrated Bishop, as his Protestant fellow-citizens have known him as a man, a citizen and a priest.

The Examiner, in extending its cordial congratulations to Right Reverend Bishop O'Brien, on the occasion of his consecration to the episcopate of the diocese of Peterborough, has ample warrant, on many grounds.

This is the sole and only place where such a style occurs. It is manifest, therefore, that the word God was introduced into the text by inadvertence.

Reference to Dr. O'Brien at any time during the past ten years was certain to provide the stranger with in the gates of Peterborough with eloquent testimony as to the effectiveness of his whole souled temperance work.

"It is another subject of congratulation that the great work, the beneficent effects achieved by Rev. Dr. O'Brien as a simple priest in the promotion of temperance and total abstinence in this city will be repeated with the added effect of more exalted authority in a greatly widened field of influence. His great work in this regard alone made him worthy of being a Bishop.

"Thou shalt commit adultery." A copy of this edition is kept in the British Museum Library. In 1658 an edition of the same authorized version was issued by John Field, one of the Parliament printers.

To His Lordship the new Bishop of Peterborough the CATHOLIC RECORD extends its heartiest congratulations, and with the Catholics of Canada and the people all creeds in Peterborough, joins in the earnest prayer—ad multos annos.

OUR LORD (GOD) THE POPE

In the RECORD'S 150,000 readers there is not one who would not be shocked on hearing or reading the above title if applied seriously to the Pope.

Traditional Protestant misrepresentation of the Catholic Church centred particularly around the Pope. The Pope is the Man of Sin, The Scarlet Woman, the Beast, Antichrist.

CLERICAL CRIMINALS The references of the reputable press to the unfortunate German priest whose shocking crime in New York was the most startling item in their news columns, showed that sanity and decency govern their editorial utterances.

THE DELEGATE AT PETERBOROUGH Apart from the great religious event, the consecration of Peterborough's new bishop, the visit of His Excellency the Apostolic Delegate to the thriving capital of midland Ontario, was in many respects memorable and significant.

The good-will, the spirit of religion, the varied manifestations of real Christian charity that were in evidence on every side and all the time could not fail to give the representative of the Holy Father an impression of the people of Peterborough and of Ontario, that will be as deep and lasting as it was favorable.

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that the whole dome would eventually collapse.

IT WAS IN 1742 that adequate steps were finally taken to protect the great dome from destruction. Benedict XIV. was then Pope, a most able and learned man. This Pontiff appointed a Scientific Commission comprising the greatest experts of the time, to thoroughly examine the structure and suggest a remedy. Nineteen professional opinions were obtained on the Commission's report, and of these the majority agreed that hooping was the best device. Giovanni Poleni, however, expressed the opinion that the dome was not in danger. He attached no importance to the cracks, which he considered were partly the results of the enlargement of some of the piers, and partly of hasty construction. The variation of the drum from the perpendicular he ascribed to settlements, and not to the pressure from above. But as he too advised the encircling of the dome with five colossal hoops his verdict may be said to have coincided with that of the other mathematicians who had examined the structure. The Commission accordingly recommended this device to the Holy Father, and steps were immediately taken to put it into execution.

IT WOULD occupy too much space to describe the minute character of the Commission's examination, or of the elaborate calculations which they made of the whole matter. Their technical character, too, would interest only experts. The Report was published at the time and was the theme of discussion throughout all Europe, and, as is frequently the case in such matters, those least competent to form an opinion were loudest in denunciation of the Commission's finding. It was adopted nevertheless, and results have justified its wisdom. A few facts and figures may here be cited as helping us to grasp the immense proportions of St. Peter's itself, and the stupendous task which the carrying out of the Commission's directions entailed.

FIRST, an accurate list was made of thirty-two distinct fissures in the dome, some very severe and extending in various directions. The stone lintels over several of the windows were split in two. And the buttress-pillars round the drum or cylinder of the dome were found to be over an inch out of the perpendicular. Then, it was found after the minutest calculations that the dome itself weighed over 55,000 tons; that there was a balance of something like 1,700 tons on the side of pressure against support, and that "irreparable ruin was reasonably to be apprehended unless a timely and efficient remedy were applied."

CLEARLY, there was no time to be lost and no time was lost. We may again follow Cardinal Wiseman in recounting the application of the remedy decided upon. The placing of the huge girders or hoops decided upon round this huge periphery 420 feet from the ground, would have been a stupendous undertaking even in this age of steam and electricity. What sort of a problem must it not have been in those days! Not only was the hoisting into position a problem, but the forging of the hoops was an even greater one. These had all to be forged and shaped by hand. "Each," says the Cardinal, "was divided into several sections, or arcs, and, where these met, each had to branch into three; and these branches, proceeding from the two arcs, had to be fastened by bolts passing through sockets in them; the bolts again being rivetted to chains passing round the building."

BEFORE THE end of the year 1743 two of these girders were braced to the drum. In 1744 three more were added. According to Poleni their combined weight amounted to over 119,000 pounds. In 1747 again, one more was placed in position to replace the one originally put there in the time of Sixtus V., which was found to have sprung. These iron circles are not visible, being imbedded in the stone or brick work to protect from rust. They are among the "things not generally known" to the tourist. But they have been there nevertheless for a period now over one hundred and sixty years, and, short of some great cataclysm, sufficient to reduce Rome itself to ruins, are liable to remain there for ages to come. For they work effectively done their work, and, in the years that have intervened, no sign has ap-



THE FIRST SANCTUARY BOYS SOCIETY OF TAICHOWFU, CHINA FORMED BY REV. J. M. FRASER

FATHER FRASER

ANOTHER LETTER FROM THIS GREAT MISSIONARY ACKNOWLEDGING LAST REMITTANCE

Catholic Mission, Taichowfu, China, Aug. 19, 1918

Dear Mr. Coffey,—I have just received your welcome letter of July 11th, and the enclosed check for \$786.70. I can hardly find words to express my thanks for such wholehearted generosity on your part. Surely God is good thus to come to the aid of a poor missionary. Is not this another proof of the all-seeing Providence of God Who does not even allow the sparrows to be without their daily food? The missionary has no means of procuring his support on the scene of his labors and so our Lord sends him aid from abroad. Blessed be His Holy Name! Under God I am thankful to you and your thoroughly Catholic paper for this generous gift and will you please offer special thanks in your next issue to all who have contributed. I willingly send to them the merit of all the spiritual good their alms have enabled me to accomplish. May our dear Lord bless you and them and grant you one day to see the fruit of your charity in heaven. All the money I received so far from you (in all \$1,516.70) I consider was contributed in response to my appeal for the babies, and to the babies it will go—every cent of it. As I stated, \$200 placed on interest will keep a baby, and if it dies I will take another in its place. The amount, therefore, so far received will form seven perpetual foundations for this object. This must be encouraging and satisfactory to you and all the benefactors of this charitable work—that there will always be seven little girls out here in China who owe the life of both soul and body to you.

But as a missionary has many irons in the fire, and they must all be kept hot, I will take the liberty of using all sums coming from you in future for the object I consider the most useful for propagating the Faith here, unless of course the

peared of subsequent damage, and the seals, or dovetails, placed over the former fissures, left purposely open, remain unbroken and un-

SUCH, IN brief, is the story of the "Hooping of St. Peter's Dome." It is perhaps a departure from the ordinary tenor of this department of the RECORD, but dealing as it does with what Ranké has called the "chief sanctuary of Christendom," which, in these latter days, is so familiar in its principal features to Catholics the world over, it has seemed to us that the story of a great crisis in its history would not be devoid of interest.

DIocese of Peterboro

CONSECRATION OF RIGHT REV. M. J. O'BRIEN, D. D.

We are indebted to the Peterboro Examiner for the following report of the consecration ceremonies in Peterboro on the 24th Sept.

The consecration of Right Rev. Dr. O'Brien, this morning, at his Cathedral Church, St. Peter in Chains, was consummated with an ecclesiastical pomp and circumstance unsurpassed in Canada by any similar ceremony. The occasion gained in significance from the fact of the presence of the representative of the Holy See, His Excellency Monsignor Stagni, Apostolic Delegate, an honour accorded to only one other episcopal postulant for consecration previous to Right Rev. Bishop O'Brien; and from the added fact that he was assisted by three Archbishops and thirteen other Bishops, representing almost all the chief dioceses of the Dominion. The minor clergy present included the entire clergy of the diocese of Peterboro and minor dignitaries were present from Toronto, Montreal, Ottawa and almost every province of the Dominion from Alberta to Quebec, and a great many from the United States. The great Cathedral auditorium was crowded with the faithful of the Catholic Church, as well as by a very large number of citizens representing

offering is given especially as a foundation for the rescue of abandoned babies. That the gifts towards the general work I have in hand will be most advantageously disposed of let me state some of my experiences, first, my own keep and that of my Chinese curate; our travelling expenses over a district 80x50 miles in extent, with no roads nor railroads, only paths and canals; the salaries of seven catechists who are placed in seven of the towns in my parish to aid the Catholics celebrate Sunday and make new converts; the support of a number of young men whom I am preparing to become catechists in order to place them in other towns not yet opened up to the Faith (there are a thousand pagan towns and villages in my parish). Besides the support of these young men I am at present building here a house with dormitory and rooms for them. Besides these towns and villages I have three cities in the parish. I have a church here, and at present I am building another big church in Tientai city and looking for a building lot in Sienku, the third of my cities. Not that I have the money to build, but that will come along in God's good time. I have to support four schools—three of them were opened by me during the last twelve months. The pupils cost me about 5 cents a day, which is not high considering that many of the poor children have to be fed (otherwise they would be at work or starve). I have opened a catechumens for women convents and desire to open one for men. To teach the school children and converts I employ four men, four nuns and five women. The other day I sent a woman to Ningpo to have her trained as a doctor for children. When she returns next year I promised her a salary. She will treat babies gratis; and I will supply the medicine, also gratis, and in this way she will be enabled to baptize many pagan infants on the point of death.

Thanking you and my benefactors again and again for enabling me to continue this soul-saving work. I remain,

Yours sincerely in Jesus and Mary J. M. FRASER

other communions, evidence at once that Right Rev. Dr. O'Brien, in his clerical capacity, had strongly won the respect and affection of the coreligionists to whom he had so effectively ministered, and that he had joined to his clerical functions a large exercise of broadminded citizenship, that challenged the respect and admiration of the community at large; that he has been a Catholic priest in a double sense. The occasion, in all ways, was a most memorable one, and the scene during the elaborate ceremony was a striking and brilliant one, the sanctuary a blending blaze of gorgeous vestments, blending devoutly grand with the solemn intonation of the Mass, and the magnificent music of the full-voiced choir. The sermon, preached by Bishop McNally of Calgary, while apropos to the occasion, was at the same time, a happy combination of spirituality and intellectuality, insisting upon the immanence of Divine relation, especially as represented by the physical presence of the Son on earth, and the Apostolic succession of teachers, especially Bishops, He instituted.

At 7.45 o'clock there were large clusters of ticket holders at all the doors of the cathedral, and those who arrived early secured the seats affording the best prospect of the proceedings. Very shortly after the doors were open nearly all the seats excepting those that had been reserved were taken up.

The visiting clergy in procession accompanied the Consecrator and Bishop-elect from the Bishop's Palace to the sanctuary at the cathedral, the priests afterwards occupying the front pews, and the bishops taking seats within the sanctuary.

Gough, Lindsay; Dr. Connelly, of Renfrew; Dr. Young, of Ottawa; Dr. Ryan, of Kingston; Mr. and Mrs. McElderry, of Guelph; Mr. W. J. Lee, of Toronto, T. W. McGarry, M. P. P., Renfrew; John Loughrin, ex-M. P. P., Cochrane, Ont.; W. H. McGuire, of Henderson & McGuire, barristers, Toronto; C. J. Foy, Perth; J. O'Laughlin, Perth; Chas. McNulty, Norwood; P. E. McAuley, Trenton; P. J. Moran, Leo Moran, J. A. Lonergan, Warkworth.

THE CELEBRANTS The clergy who officiated at the consecration and in the celebration of Mass were the following: Consecrator—His Excellency The Most Reverend P. F. Stagni, D. D., Apostolic Delegate. Bishop Elect Rt. Rev. M. J. O'Brien, D. D. Assistant-Consecrators—Most Rev. M. Spratt, D. D., Archbishop of Kingston; Most Rev. Paul Bruchesi, Archbishop of Montreal. Sermon by Rt. Rev. J. P. McNally, Bishop of Calgary. Assistant Priest—Ven. Archdeacon Casey. Deacon of the Mass—Rev. W. J. McCall. Subdeacon of the Mass—Rev. C. J. Phelan.

Deacons of Honour—Rev. M. F. Fitzpatrick, Rev. L. J. O'Sullivan. Acolytes—Rev. T. J. Crowley, Rev. V. G. McFadden. Censer Bearer—Rev. James Guiry. Masters of Ceremonies—Rev. J. J. O'Brien, Rev. P. J. Kelly.

THE SERMON "To-day we have witnessed the consecration ceremony by means of which a man among you is separated from men to bear the kinship of David," said Bishop T. J. McNally, of Calgary, in referring to the consecration of Bishop O'Brien. "This consecration," he continued, "has offered up prayers which have been answered by the Almighty God, as borne out by the appointment of a new spiritual leader. The Venerable Episcopate of the Province presented his name and the Apostolic mandate which was read this morning, confirms their choice. The church in its beautiful and impressive service of consecration prays that the newly consecrated spiritual leader will have the strength and grace to fulfill the arduous duties connected with the Bishopric. A new name has been added to the Apostolic succession. It is needless to speak of him whom God has given to us as spiritual leader. The consecration bears witness to his piety and apostolic faith. I can speak of the kindness which he manifested upon his recent visit with me in that distant land, when he kindly consented to bestow the spiritual assistance of a priest of his own diocese in order to further the cause of Christianity. Would to God that all men were guided by the same self-denying disposition, and the same generous impulses. It remains for you to lighten his ministry by devotion and obedience."

The text of His Lordship's remarks were taken from Jeremiah 3:15: "And I will give you pastors according to mine heart, which shall feed with knowledge and understanding."

"To-day we are in the presence of a scene that cannot fail to awaken our thoughts. It reminds us of the fact that the unseen hand of God is always with us in this earthly pilgrimage. Human nature in the ordinary course has never elicited a revelation from God. The perversion of the world's wisdom, which advances the claim that there is nothing certain in religion. The conception of the human mind is like the lights at sea to the mariner, which when burning is often obstructed by fog. God's manner of dealing with us proves that he must reveal Himself. A recognition of God's immanence is necessary for the human heart and God's abyssal depths for the soul. Our inheritance is not the earth alone but immortal happiness. We give thanks to God for giving us a teacher whose perpetual inspiration is the propagation of the work that will enable mankind to merit eternal life. God has spoken to man through His Divine Son and left His spirit in the world. This is the Kingdom which the Almighty God founded upon earth. The ministers of Jesus Christ to man must not be a rare and wonderful apparition. They must minister not alone to leaders and princes of the people, but to the poor and humble alike."

CLERGY PRESENT Archbishop Bruchesi and secretary, Archbishop McNeil and secretary, Archbishop Spratt and secretary, Bishop Budka, Winnipeg. Bishop Bellevue, St. Boniface. Bishop McNally, Calgary. Bishop MacDonnell, Alexandria. Bishop O'Leary, Charlottetown. Bishop Ryan, Renfrew. Bishop Lalupille, Halifax. Bishop Scollard, North Bay. Bishop-elect Forbes, Joliette. Bishop-elect Brunet, Mount Laurier. Msgr. Routhier, Ottawa, representing Archbishop Gauthier. Msgr. Sinnott, Ottawa. Msgr. Aylward, London, representing Bishop Fallon, (who arrived later). Msgr. Mahoney, Hamilton, representing Bishop Dowling. Chancellor L. O. Roberge, St. Hyacinthe, representing Bishop Bernard. Secretary H. E. Le Tang, Pembroke, representing Bishop Lorrain. Very Rev. George Corbett, Cornwall. Very Rev. D. J. Casey, Lindsay. Very Rev. N. Roche, C. S. B., Toronto.

Very Rev. Dr. Kidd, Toronto. Very Rev. Dr. Zinger, C. R., Berlin. Dean Coy, Hamilton. Dean Hand, Toronto. Dean Moyna, Barrie. Dean Murray, Brockville. Dean McShane, Montreal. Rev. Fathers J. A. Artus, S. J., Parry Harbour; A. Bellemare, S. J., Montreal; R. T. Burke, C. S. B., Owen Sound; S. R. Banasiwicz, Carnegie, Pa.; W. H. Buck, C. S. S. R., Toronto; C. S. Bretherton, Hastings; John C. Brophy, Montreal; H. Caron, S. J., Byng Inlet; P. Corcoran, London; S. C. Carberry, Merriton; T. J. Crowley, Copper Cliff; J. J. Curran, Wilkesbarre, Pa.; M. Cline, Oshawa; M. Callaghan, Montreal; W. E. Carvanagh, Almonte; H. J. Canning, Toronto; G. J. Cleary, Caledonia; D. A. Campbell, St. Raphaels; A. Carson, Picton; W. Collins, Ottawa University; D. A. Casey, Bracebridge; J. P. Cummings, Walkerton; H. Carr, C. S. B., Toronto; G. Daly, C. S. S. R., Montreal; Emmet Doyle, Cayuga; W. H. Doner, Pembroke; C. J. Duffus, Kingston; E. J. Deane, S. J., Montreal; F. Doyle, S. J., Guelph; E. J. Dewyer, Rochester, N. Y.; J. B. Dollard, Toronto; T. P. Fay, South March; J. A. Flynn, Rockland, Maine; M. S. Fitzpatrick, Ennismore; F. L. French, Brudenell; I. A. French, Fällaloe; L. T. Ferguson, Markdale; T. F. Fleming, Kearney; J. P. Fleming, Chesterville; P. J. Flanagan, Barrie; F. J. Flanagan, Moundsville, W. Va.; W. C. Gehl, Preston; J. J. Guiry, Lindsay; James Hayes, Beaverton; A. E. Hurly, C. S. B., Toronto; A. J. Hanley, Kingston; J. T. Hogan, Perth; F. J. Hinchey, Hamilton; J. P. Harrington, Montreal; Thos. J. Hetherington, Montreal; M. J. Jeffcott, Colgan; J. T. Foley, THE CATHOLIC RECORD, London; F. J. Jordan, Middle Town, Conn.; A. F. Kelly, Trout Creek; C. J. Killeen, Belleville; Thos. Kelly, Smith's Falls; P. J. Kelly, Norwood; G. Kernahan, Toronto; J. J. Meagher, Kemptville; W. P. Meagher, Campbellford; James Minehan, Orangeville; L. Minehan, Toronto; T. Murtagh, Marmora; M. Maher, Marysville; Edward Murray, Cobourg; P. J. Murphy, Dalhart, Tex.; C. J. Mea, Kingston; M. J. Maloney, C. S. S. R., Toronto; J. Meehan, Morrisburg; T. McEachern, Toronto; V. G. McFadden, Wooler; C. E. McGee, Stratford; J. J. McCarthy, Trout Creek; J. J. McGrand, Toronto; J. J. McInerney, Pembroke; M. J. McGuire, Douro; W. A. McCann, Toronto; P. J. McKee, London; J. E. McCooley, D. D., Hanover, N. H.; Thos. O'Leary, Bracebridge; J. J. O'Brien, Lakefield; J. P. O'Riordan, Madoc; Thos. O'Reilly, Montreal; F. J. O'Sullivan, Port Hope; J. J. O'Sullivan, Victoria Road; Thos. O'Connell, Warkworth; W. O'Mara, Montreal; T. O'Donnell, Toronto; M. J. O'Neil, Parkhill; George France, Midland; John O'Gorman, Cobalt; J. S. Quinn, Tweed; J. Ryan, Mt. St. Patrick; A. J. Reynolds, Renfrew; T. F. Scanlon, Graton; L. E. Staley, Kingston; T. J. Sullivan, Thorold; M. L. Shea, Montreal; J. P. Tracy, Toronto; J. A. Trayling, Orillia; T. F. Feeney, Dundas; M. D. Whelan, Toronto; A. C. Walter, D. D., Hamilton; G. F. Whibbs, Campbellford; J. H. Williams, Toronto; R. P. Walsh, Wildfield; J. S. Warnock, Maynooth; Brother T. Edward and Brother Simon, Toronto.

the absolute disregard for the supernatural—all this, says the RECORD, takes off the bloom from the soul and submerges it in the turbid waters of materialism. Look at the pile of abominable stuff that is thrust over the line day after day and week after week, which is simply a travesty on art, real humor on literary decency, and indeed upon everything that goes to build up the life of a reputable people. Life is not all laughter, and we have not to live very long in this world to discover that, at its best, it is plentifully bedewed with tears.

LUTHERANISM LOSING IN GERMANY

REASONS FOR THE SORRY PLIGHT IN WHICH "ORTHO-DOX" PROTESTANTISM FINDS ITSELF

Positive Christianity, as all the world knows, is on the wane in the Protestant sections of Germany. The reasons are not hard to find. From the very start Protestantism carried within itself the seeds of dissolution, and the iron hand of the State has alone prevented its total disintegration. In the Evangelical Lutheran Church there would be to-day, a year hence there would be, as many sects in Germany as there are in England or America. The greatest foes of the Lutheran Establishment in Germany are the so-called National Liberals and their allies, the Social Democrats, with their powerfully organized press.

According to recent statistics, there are at present 3,894 newspapers in Germany; of these, 1,655 are nominally "independent," or without party affiliations, but in reality Liberal; 320 are Conservative, 485 Centrist, 208 National Liberal, and 732 so-called Government papers. These we see that against the 320 Conservative papers, the sole defenders of "orthodox" Protestantism in Germany, are ranged 2,579 press organs, whose avowed object it is either to do away with Christianity altogether or, at any rate, to deprive it of every vestige of influence on public life. If it is true that every people has the press that it deserves, then the Protestants of Germany are in a sorry plight indeed.

BLIND TO ITS OWN INTERESTS

More remarkable still than the weakness of the German Protestant press is its utter blindness to its own interests. Almost day by day the 320 Conservative organs, the upholders as they boast, of positive Christianity, waste their powder in vain attempts to bring the tower of Catholicity to the ground, willfully shutting their eyes the while to the fact that the 483 Catholic papers are their staunchest friends through their constant and, for the most part, successful defense of the Christian position against Liberalism and Socialism. Even a writer in a recent number of the "Kreuz und Kraft," the organ of the German Evangelical People's Union, admits that Catholicity has created for itself in its splendid press "a model troop," which "at all times safeguards its interests with marvelous energy and fearlessness."

DECLINE IN THE BIRTH RATE

The decline in the Prussian birth rate, which set in some ten years ago, has by no means come to a standstill, in spite of Government investigations and general improvement in housing and wage conditions. During the first quarter of the current year the number of (living) births in Prussia amounted to 295,652, 20,000, or 3.56 per cent. less than were registered during the first quarter of 1912. The decrease is strange to say, more marked in the country districts than in the cities, though in the former the birth rate is relatively still far higher than in the latter—31.14 and 25.32 births, respectively, for every thousand inhabitants.

"PROOF AGAINST 'PRINTER'S INK'"

On August 31 Baron Von Hertling, Premier of Bavaria, celebrated his seventieth birthday. Sheerly innumerable were the letters and telegrams of cordial congratulation that reached the philosopher, author, Parliamentarian and statesman from every part of Catholic Germany. When the aged Prince Regent, Luitpold, in February, 1912, appointed Hertling to the highest post in the kingdom, the Liberals and Socialists, not only of Bavaria, but of all Germany, of Austria, Switzerland and of the world at large, inaugurated a campaign of the vilest abuse against him. It is safe to say that no statesman of modern times has been so shamelessly, so persistently assailed by his enemies as the former leader of the German Centre party. But Hertling had not weathered the storms of the Kulturkampf in vain. He preserved the coolest coolness under the most galling fire, and it is this coolness, together with his remarkable gifts as an organizer and administrator, that is gradually disarming his foes. When they barked loudest he made no attempt to stop the noise. "It's their nature," he said. And they barked on until they were hoarse, and then they stopped of themselves. When the liberal press made a practice of distorting his utterances, he founded the "Staatszeitung," which became the official organ of the Government; when he was insulted in the comic sheets he did not confiscate them and imprison their editors, as Bismarck used to do, but left his defense to sane public opinion, which has never failed to return with inter-

est the confidence reposed in it. When a German army officer at a banquet called him a "Schweinhund" (swine dog), an untranslatable term of reproach, he waited until the press and public opinion forced the cad to apologize, and then he said: "The drunken episode is hereby concluded." Recently the editor of the leading Liberal organ of Munich said that Hertling was "proof against printer's ink," and thereby aptly characterized the Bavarian Premier who in his exalted position has not even for a single moment forgotten the device of the party which he led so often to victory: "For truth, liberty and right."—German Letter to Catholic Standard and Times.

A LIBEL ON IRISH LIFE

We thought that every respectable periodical had weeded its office of the fool-editor who accepted contributions maligning Catholic practices and priests. The Nineteenth Century, however, seems to have such an editor on its staff. Or perhaps the staff was on vacation, and this "study" was passed upon the office boy. Whoever is responsible for it, the publishers can not afford to publish such trash. It is called the "Tir-Na-Bes," Study of Irish Life—and Death." How true a study it may be judged from the following: "Then the priest was sent for and came, God bless him, although the Mahony could only give him two shillings in place of the half-crown he was in the habit of getting for a last anointing. Nora knew by a last bedside and wept bitterly. As the priest was leaving, Nora followed him, and said timidly: "Me and Tom were to be married next shrove, your Reverence, and I'd just one pound saved; ten shillings of it I've given to the nuns for a habit for Tom, sewn by their own hands. Maybe your reverence will bless it for the other ten shillings!"

LIFE'S TIME OF PRAYER

Lucy Gertrude Clarkin Oh! in the May-time of our years, When days are glad and hearts are free, We do not pause amid the flowers, Dear Lord, to think of Thee.

We drift into our summer days Of cloudless sky and sun-kissed sea; Earth sings for us the song of love— Sometimes we think of Thee.

But autumn time, Ah! autumn time We kneel amid our withered flowers, And in our world-wise hearts we weep O'er all our wasted hours.

We feel the shadow of a fear— The chill of winter, yet to be; And every day, yes, every hour, Dear Lord, we think of Thee. —Chicago Extension

WHISKEY HOLDS ITS VICTIMS

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FIVE MINUTE SERMON

REV. J. J. PURKE, PHOENIX, ILL. TWENTY-FIRST SUNDAY AFTER PENTECOST

PURGATORY "And his lord being angry delivered him to the torturers, until he paid all the debt." (St. Matthew xviii, 34)

The misery of the wicked servant delivered to the torturers reminds us of the suffering of the soul delivered to the torturers of Purgatory. As the unjust servant was delivered to the torturers until he paid all the debt, so the soul not yet purified must remain in the purifying fires of Purgatory until, all the debt being paid, it is fit to enter the realms of the All Holy, All Pure, Almighty God.

We are taught by Christian revelation that besides heaven and hell, a state of everlasting happiness and of everlasting pain, there exists a certain state in which the souls of the just who have not sufficiently satisfied the justice of God are purified by punishment before being admitted into heaven; and this is properly called Purgatory.

It is a dogma of faith that "there is a Purgatory state that the souls detained there are helped by the prayers of the faithful and especially by the acceptable sacrifice of the altar," by the Holy Mass. "This we must believe but not blindly; for this dogma is founded on reason, tradition and Scripture.

To one who believes in heaven and hell—a place of everlasting bliss and of everlasting pain—the doctrine of Purgatory must appear as a necessity. For, it is certain that nothing defiled can enter heaven. But it is possible that many die guilty of slight venial sins. Therefore, it must be said, that these are damned, which is impious; that what is defiled can enter heaven, which is unscriptural; or that there is a Purgatory, a state in which souls are made pure as the driven snow so that they can enter the presence of their Maker. For an infinitely just God cannot condemn to the same eternal punishment the child who dies guilty of a slight fault and the hardened murderer. No, He will reward to everyone according to his works.

The Church from the very beginning always believed in the existence of Purgatory, as is evident from the practice of praying for the dead. She believed those prayers would be beneficial to the departed in obtaining for them the remission of their sins. Hence she prayed for those in Purgatory, since those in heaven needed no prayers and out of hell there is no redemption. (The Fathers, Chrysostom, Ambrose, Jerome, Augustine and others are witnesses that the doctrine of the Church in their time in regard to Purgatory was the same as it is now.

St. Augustine, in his Confessions, says that his mother St. Monica entreated him to remember her soul at the altar, and after her decease he performed this duty in order, as he declares, "to obtain the pardon of her sins."

All admit that the early Christians—those of the first, second or sixth centuries—believed the religion of Christ pure and undefiled. But they believed in Purgatory, because they practised praying for the dead.

What reason teaches and tradition affirms regarding the existence of Purgatory is confirmed by Scripture. In the 12th chapter of the 2nd Book of the Machabees, it is related that the pious General Judas Machabees, sent 12,000 drachmas to Jerusalem for sacrifice to be offered for his soldiers slain in battle. The sacred writer adds "It is, therefore, a holy and wholesome thought to pray for the dead, that they may be loosed from their sins."

From this we see that Judas and the Jews one hundred and fifty years before Christ believed in Purgatory and were in the habit of practicing some religious rites for the relief of those who departed in holiness but not free from every sin. Christ instead of condemning this belief of the Jews confirmed it.

St. Ambrose and other Fathers say Our Saviour speaks of Purgatory when He says in the 12th chapter of St. Luke "I tell thee, thou shalt not depart thence till thou hast paid the very last unit."

In the 32nd verse of the 12th chapter of St. Matthew we read "If he speak a word against the Holy Ghost, it shall not be forgiven him either in this world or in the next." These words imply that some sins are forgiven in the next world. But they are not forgiven in heaven where "nothing defiled can enter," nor in hell, hence we conclude that there must be a middle state, call it what you will; we call it Purgatory.

Reason, the teaching of antiquity, and Scripture then all prove the existence of Purgatory and that the souls detained there are helped by our prayers.

There are many reasons why we should aid those poor souls; first among these is charity. "Have pity on me, have pity on me, at least you my friends for the hand of the Lord is heavy on me," they constantly cry out to us.

If a man was in a fire or in a pit from which he could not escape, would you not try all in your power to help him out? They are in a fire from which they cannot escape. Then, do not rest a moment until you assist them by your prayers and especially by having the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass offered for them.

Gratitude and justice may call upon you to assist them. Some of them may be near and dear to you

a fond father—a beloved, tender-hearted mother who may be there suffering for being too indulgent to you—a kind brother, sister or friend may be there suffering on your account. Then assist them by your prayers every day of your lives. Say the rosary for them, and have a Mass said for them, and be sure they will not forget you.

We have seen that to one that believes in a place of everlasting happiness and of everlasting pain the doctrine of Purgatory must appear as a necessity. We have seen that this doctrine is founded on reason, tradition and Scripture. We have seen, too, that the souls detained there are relieved by the prayers and alms of the faithful and especially by the Holy Sacrifice of the Altar. Is not this a consoling belief and practice? And will you refuse to pray for them, will you refuse to say the rosary for them and have a Mass offered for them who cry to you "Have pity on me, have pity on me, at least you my friends for the hand of the Lord is heavy on me?" No, we will not neglect them for we know that death cannot dissolve the communion of saints which subsists in the Church nor prevent an intercourse of good offices between us and our departed friends.

We may be able to help them more in the other world by our prayers, our sacrifices and alms than we could in this world by temporal benefits. Hence we celebrate the obsequies of the dead by such good works and our funeral service consists of prayers and Psalms offered for their eternal happiness. These acts of devotion pious Catholics perform for the deceased who are near and dear to them and for the dead in general at all times, but especially on their anniversary, and during the month of November. Such benefits we may be assured will be repaid by those whose happiness we assist in attaining, or by the God of Mercy, who will reward our charity.

And what a comfort it is to us to reflect that when our time comes to descend into the grave we will not be forgotten by our Catholic relatives and friends. How consoling is this intercourse between the living child and the deceased parent—between husband and wife—between friend and friend—between life and death—"What a beautiful feature in our religion to impel the heart of man to virtue by the power of love and to make him feel that his prayers, his alms, that even the very coin which gives bread for a moment to a needy fellow-being, entitles perhaps an evil soul to an eternal position at the table of the Lord."

"Hasten, Lord, their hour, and bid them come to Thee, to that glorious home where they shall ever gaze on Thee."

TEMPERANCE

HOW LONG WILL HE LAST?

As a good example for other saloon-keepers the following public notice of a seller of liquor in Water-vliet, N. Y., is printed by a New York contemporary. The notice shows a very fine spirit—no intention to make a pun—on the part of the man who signs it; but we can not help wondering how long he will last in the liquor business: "To Whom It May Concern: Know ye, that by payment of \$570, and compliance with the laws of the United States, the State of New York and the City of Water-vliet, I am permitted to retail intoxicating liquors at my place of business.

"To the wife, who has a drunkard for a husband, or a friend who is unfortunately dissipated, I say emphatically: Give me notice in person of such a case or cases in which you are interested, and all such shall be excluded from purchasing liquors at my place of business. Let mothers, fathers, sisters, and brothers do likewise, and their requests shall be granted.

"I pay a heavy tax for the legal privilege of dispensing vinous and maltandspiritsliquor, besides other expenses, and I want it distinctly understood that I have no desire to sell to drunkards, minors, or to the poor and destitute, and I can not help but regret that they save there money and put it where it will do the most good.

"With men of honor and men who can control their habits and appetites, I desire to trade. A man who has never used wines or liquors can not be my mentor nor can he dictate to me.

"Respectfully, "EDWARD NALLY."

DEBAUCHING A NATION

The demoralizing effects of governmental control of the traffic in alcohol are startlingly shown in official reports from Russia for the last ten years, and the government's financial returns from the monopoly in the sale of intoxicants, which is published in connection with the new budget.

The liberal press calls it "the drunken budget." The annual sale of alcohol is stated to have grown from 170,000,000 to 240,000,000 gallons, and it is estimated that in the current year the total income from this source will be \$400,000,000, or than one-fourth the entire revenues of the empire.

When the government monopoly of the sale of spirits was established in 1895, it was confined at first to four government departments, but within a decade it had been gradually extending to the whole of Russia, with the exception of a half dozen of the smaller outlying provinces. Since the establishment of this system the government has sold to the people

A GREAT BELIEVER IN "FRUIT-A-TIVES"

Well Known Ontario Merchant Has Faith Because "Fruit-a-tives" Cured Him



MR. JAMES DOBSON

BROMPTON, ONT., MARCH 1st, 1912. "Fruit-a-tives has made a complete cure in my case of Rheumatism, that had at least five years standing before I commenced treatment. The trouble was principally in my right hip and shoulder, the pain from it was almost unendurable. Not being able to sleep on that side, if I changed to my right side while asleep, the pain would immediately awake me. This kept up until I started taking "Fruit-a-tives". I started by taking one or two tablets with a large glass of water, in the morning before breakfast and experienced pronounced relief very shortly. After a continued treatment for about six months, I was cured and am now in first class health. This, I attribute to my persistent use of "Fruit-a-tives" and I heartily recommend your remedy to any Rheumatic sufferer."

JAMES DOBSON. See a box, 6 for \$2.50—trial size, 50c. At dealers or sent postpaid on receipt of price by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

of Russia nearly 3,000,000,000 gallons of vodka alone, and sociologists agree that the amazing prevalence of drunkenness and crime among the lower classes is attributable almost solely to this fact. At the same time the government piously announced that in taking over the liquor business it was actuated less by the hope of financial advantage than by moral and hygienic considerations. They said the private saloonkeepers were ruining the people and the government must step in and prevent so much intemperance.

The result has been just what opponents of the project predicted—systematic alcoholization of the Russian people. Graphic illustration of the system was furnished in the recent official inquiry among school children of Ekaterinodar. Out of 5,721 pupils it was learned that 63 per cent. drank. Of these 25 per cent. had taken to drink at the age of eight; 20 per cent. at the age of seven, and 11 per cent. at the age of six while many were found who had been supplied with a steady diet of vodka at four years of age.

God help the nation that becomes prey to an evil so deadly!—Catholic Union and Times.

TEMPERANCE NOTES

The Father Matthew Society of the Sacred Heart parish, Springfield, Mass., will attend the big diocesan field day at Westfield on Columbus Day.

In defiance of the baker law, which limits the number of Milwaukee saloons to about 1,900, the Common Council recently voted to license 266 additional saloons. The Catholic Citizen comments: "When we helped to elect a non-partisan ticket we hoped we were putting in power a law-abiding not a law-defying body of men. The matter will be carried into the courts."

It is not the province of Catholic society and of the Church to enact and enforce the civil laws by which people should be governed in this matter, (temperance), but it is the part of Catholic men to co-operate with their non-Catholic fellow citizens in wiping out an evil wherever an evil exists, whenever it becomes so gross, so dangerous that it threatens the well-being of society; it is the duty of society, with all its factors, to eliminate that evil by whatever means that seem to be decent and proper and expedient for the results. Therefore, it is the right and the duty of civil society to guard itself from the evil of drink.—Rev. Thomas E. Cox, LL. D.

We read that the German Emperor has spoken words of stern caution against the beer drinking habit. But was it not the great Von Moltke who said: "Beer is a far more dangerous enemy to Germany than all the armies of France." We hear much of the excellence of the Munich beer. But we hear rarely that investigations in the Munich hospitals

LIQUOR AND TOBACCO HABITS

A. McTAGGART, M.D., C.M., 155 King St. E., Toronto, Canada

References as to Dr. McTaggart's professional standing and personal integrity permitted by: Sir W. R. Meredith, Chief Justice. Sir Geo. W. Ross, ex-Premier of Ontario. Rev. N. Burwash, D.D., Pres. Victoria College. Rev. J. G. Shearer, B.A., D.D., Secretary Board Moral Reform, Toronto. Right Rev. J. J. Sweeney, D.D., Bishop of Toronto. Hon. Thomas Coffey, Senator, Catholic Record, London, Ontario. Dr. McTaggart's vegetable remedies for the liquor and tobacco habits are healthful, safe, inexpensive home treatments. No hypodermic injections, no publicity so long of time from business, and a certain consultation of correspondence invited.

have proved that one in every sixteen of the hospital patients died of the disorder known as the "beer drinker's heart."—Monitor.

"We can say with justifiable pride and without fear of successful contradiction that if all classes were as free from the liquor habit as are the railroad men of the present day, there would be little left for the temperance workers to do. To convince oneself of this fact it is only necessary to mingle with railroad men at their gatherings, to attend some union meeting in any part of the country and note the entire absence among them of any desire or tendency to visit saloons or to indulge in the use of intoxicating liquors. In our own brotherhood the great virtue of total abstinence is one of the first lessons our members are taught at its altars. Our men know how deeply impressive this lesson is, and the imposing and solemn conditions under which it is so forcibly impressed upon them."

—Locomotive Firemen and Engineers' Magazine, December, 1912.

"Many of you have assured me," says an eminent doctor, "that your digestion is so weak, that nothing but the little quantity of alcohol you take keeps you up and enables you to digest your food. So far from beer wine and ardent spirits aiding digestion, they have exactly the opposite effect. They alter the state of the digestive fluid of the stomach, and thereby impair digestion. When you have overloaded your stomach, the relief from pain you feel after a glass of spirits is nothing but the deadening of the nerves of sensation. The chloroform, that you no longer feel oppressed or pained, but the overdose of food is still there, and can not be digested until your stomach is freed from the alcohol. Three-fourths of the cases of indigestion which I see arise from drinking. Strong drink of every kind is, therefore, not necessary nor a useful article of diet. It is not needed, and it is no good for health.—Sacred Heart Review.

CATHOLICS AND THE CHURCH

"No true Catholic, no one who really has the faith allows the personality of the pastor to interfere in the least with his attendance upon church or his religious duties," says the Catholic Herald. "The Catholic's devotion is to the Church which Christ founded, and to observance of the rules that He laid down. The personality of the pastor is a mere secondary matter; and although there are and have been, and of course will be Catholics who allow themselves to be influenced in religious matters by their likes or dislikes for the pastor of the church they are attending, they do not understand the real spirit of Catholicity. To a genuine child of the Church the nationality of a priest is immaterial; his ability as a speaker even is a secondary matter, because a sermon is not a primary part of the service. Sermons are important, but should be heard in as far as possible, we naturally prefer to hear a good speaker to a poor one, but after all it is the service and not the sermon that takes us to church; the subject not the language which should make us appreciate the sermon."

THE GLORIES OF MARY

Sheila Mahon

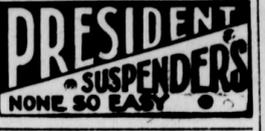
Do you ever think how sweet it is to spread the Glories of Mary among the poor negroes of the South? There are millions of the colored race who have never heard the name of Mary Immaculate, the Mother of God, and who would look at you wonderingly if you spoke to them of this sweetest devotion of the Catholic Church—veneration of the Mother of the "Crucified."

"At the cross, her station keeping, stood the mournful Mother weeping."

—weeping with her Divine Son for the sins of the world—for your sins and for my sins. Is it not the duty of every Catholic to make some reparation for the agony she suffered by trying to be the means of bringing souls to God? In the south there is a big harvest and the gleaners are few and far between, while the harvest field is vast. The work is started but without your help and my help, little can be done. Now, during this beautiful month of August, in which "Lady Day" falls—the feast of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin into heaven," what an opportunity lies in our hands to help propagate the devotion of "Mary Immaculate" among the negro children of the south. The board of missions established by the hierarchy for the propagation of the faith through the building of parochial schools and churches needs all the help it can get to carry on the glorious work.

And the recompense gained by the helpers, what of that? The crown of a good life is a happy death. It has truly been said that those who have devotion to "Mary" will never be lost. No one has had recourse to her intercession in vain. The most learned men and women humbly ask her intercession knowing that Our Divine Lord's first miracle of the changing of water into wine at her request is repeated daily, hourly, nay every minute of the day—throughout the Christian world.

To teach the negro children of the South to say the "Hail Mary." Think of it, and help to provide the teachers. The Board of Missions Headquarters is in the Metropolitan Building, 1 Madison Avenue, New



YORK CITY. The Rev. John E. Burke is the director general. A letter to him, or a call at the office, which is on the fourth floor, on the Fourth Avenue side, and you will hear all the particulars of how this great work is carried on.—Catholic Sun.

ILLETERACY IN SPAIN

Sixty per cent of the population of Spain are said not to be able to read or write. Not only do the great newspapers vouch for the truth of the statement, but even official documents are proof of its correctness. Thus we find in the recently published Report of the U. S. Commissioner of Education for 1912 that according to the Spanish census of 1900, out of the 17,000,000 of people in the country, 12,000,000 are illiterate. The information is further vouchsafed by one of our great dailies that the present Prime Minister, Count Romanones, was so startled by the revelation that he began to take measures to do away with the national reproach. It is comforting to know, however, that in spite of all these authorities, the statement is not true.

In the first place, asks the Razon y Fe, why should Romanones, who is only one year in office, be so stirred up by the census of twelve years ago? Why did he not address himself to the census of 1910, which adds a few millions to the population given by the census of 1900? It is now 19,892,534. It was then 17,000,000. Is he bothering about the question at all more than his predecessors, and, if so, does he consider this increase of nearly 3,000,000 in the population of no consequence in his calculations?

Moreover, even if we adhere to the census of 1900 we find that its classification of illiterates includes all those under the age of ten. Now in Spain there are 4,274,109 children under the age of 10, and if that number is subtracted from the 12,000,000 Spanish illiterates, as it ought to be, we reduce the number to something under 8,000,000, which is not so bad, for it is the same as the number of illiterates in the United States. We were not as stupid as the Spanish census takers, for we start our classification of illiteracy final illiteracy after ten; had we added our 14,000,000 or 16,000,000 children under the age of ten, our 8,000,000 illiterates would run up to 22,000,000 or 24,000,000. It all depends on how you manipulate the figures.

But the figure of 8,042,828 illiterates in Spain, that is 5,615 illiterates in every 10,000 of the population, compares favorably enough with many of the European countries in 1900. It is, for instance, a far lower percentage of illiteracy than that of Russia. It is nearly the same as that of Greece, and not much higher than that of Italy, which is a modern State in which education has been substantially out of the hands of the clergy for the last fifty or sixty years.

Moreover, we must remark that Spain is annually lessening the percentage of her illiterates, and that in some of her provinces illiteracy is as low as in Austria and Belgium;

A Lease of Life



is denied everyone, but if you were told that you might prolong the productive value of your life beyond death, would it not appeal to you? This is exactly what the North American Life Continuous Instalment Policy is designed to do. It will guarantee a continued income to your widow or any other beneficiary during the extent of their lifetime. Ask any representative for information regarding this policy.

North American Life Assurance Company "SOLID AS THE CONTINENT" HEAD OFFICE, - TORONTO, CANADA

It is lower than eastern, and far lower than western Prussia, and if in these Spanish provinces we take men only, illiteracy is much lower still; in Burgos and Alava, for example, it is on a level with England, and nearly on a level with the United States. But is not the theory of illiteracy a good deal of a superstition or a fetish? It supposes that even if no literature worthy of the name is produced, even if the general intelligence of the people is not advancing, yet, provided a larger number know how to read and write, no matter what they read or write, the nation is progressing intellectually. After all, were not the greatest discoveries, the highest developments in literature, in laws, and art, and relatively even in war, made in the ages when

the percentage of illiteracy was far higher even than it is alleged to have been in Spain in 1900?—America.

How can we recognize the benefits of God, except by offering Him all the love of which our heart is capable? In fact, there is no better acknowledgement of love than a return of love.—St. Anselm.

M. L. A. C. Question Drawer. II. What is a Mutual Company?

A Mutual Company is an association of policy-holders for the purpose of securing life insurance at the lowest cost consistent with absolute security. The reserves are the same as those of other old-line insurance companies. The premiums charged are approximately the same, but— The profits from all sources are credited solely to the policy-holders and may be drawn in cash or used to reduce future premiums, so that the insurance may be said to be sold "at cost." The holding of a policy does not involve any financial responsibility beyond that of keeping the contract in force, and the premiums cannot be increased. There is only one such Company incorporated in Canada. This Company began business in 1870, so that it is now in its 48th year and one of the strongest financial institutions in the Dominion. It is known as—

BUSINESS AND SHORTHAND Subjects taught by expert instructors at the Western School L. M. C. BLDG. LONDON, ONT. Students assisted to positions. College in session from Sept. 2nd. Catalogue free. Enter any time. J. W. Westervelt, Principal J. W. Westervelt, Jr., Vice-Principal

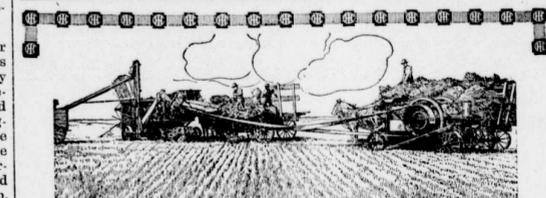
NEW CENTURY WASHING MACHINE

The Washer of the Present and the Future. Washes clothes and mangles but the New Century Washer will do it all! The best done since has never been seen. Washes as fast as a household work is completed. The New Century Washer, and only this washer, cleans clothes and mangles them with less wear and less soap. The New Century Washer is the only washer that saves the clothes and the soap. Washes clothes and mangles but the New Century Washer will do it all! The best done since has never been seen. Washes as fast as a household work is completed. The New Century Washer, and only this washer, cleans clothes and mangles them with less wear and less soap. The New Century Washer is the only washer that saves the clothes and the soap. Washes clothes and mangles but the New Century Washer will do it all! The best done since has never been seen. Washes as fast as a household work is completed. The New Century Washer, and only this washer, cleans clothes and mangles them with less wear and less soap. The New Century Washer is the only washer that saves the clothes and the soap.

M. L. A. C. Question Drawer. II. What is a Mutual Company? THE Mutual Life Assurance Co. of Canada Waterloo, Ontario

The Value of a Piano should never be determined by the price asked. Nor should you be influenced one iota by the testimonials of well known musicians. As a matter of fact testimonials, in 90 cases out of 100, are paid for and merely add to the cost of the instrument. There are only a few really great pianos on the Canadian market. The Sherlock-Manning 20th Century Piano is conceded to be one of them by every unbiased and competent judge. The brilliancy and the permanency of its tone is unsurpassed. It is the supreme product of one of the world's greatest piano makers—an instrument of enduring qualities and well worthy of the title: "Canada's Biggest Piano Value"

Whenever you feel a headache coming on take NA-DRU-CO Headache Wafers They stop headaches promptly and surely. Do not contain opium, morphine, phenacetin, acetanilid or other dangerous drugs. 25c. a box at your Druggist's. NATIONAL DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO. OF CANADA, LIMITED.



Backing Up the Purchaser

If we didn't have an eye to the future, and if we didn't care what you or anybody else was going to think of us, we could sell engines and other machines for much less money, but we could not put I H C quality into them. The kids would start coming in right away, and soon there would be no market for I H C engines.

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I H C engines stand for everything that is opposed to such a policy. The I H C way is to build always for the respect and good will of the Canadian farmer, and to that end it has been successfully working for many years. The agent who sells you an I H C engine expects on its merits to do business with you again. The purchaser of an I H C engine buys security and safety with it. He banks on the many years of square dealing and the reputation back of all I H C machines. He knows it is the best engine bargain because it gives him efficient service in all kinds of farm work—pumping, sawing wood, spraying, running repair shop, grindstone, cream separator, etc. He knows that I H C oil and gas engines operate on gas, gasoline, naphtha, kerosene, distillate, and alcohol. Sizes range from 1 to 50-horse power. They are built vertical, horizontal, portable, stationary, skidded, air-cooled and water-cooled. I H C oil tractors range in size from 6-12 to 30-horse power for plowing, threshing, etc.

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CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

GREAT MEN SAYING THEIR BEADS

It is sometimes said, my dear friends, that the beads is a devotion only fit for women. You are about to see how true that is: The illustrious Bossuet, one of the greatest geniuses of the time of Louis XIV., not only recited the Rosary assiduously, but also had himself enrolled in the Confraternity of the Holy Rosary, at the Dominican Convent, in the Rue St. Jacques, in Paris, on the 10th of August, 1680. In his train we may range all the institutors or reformers of modern congregations; St. Francis de Sales, St. Vincent de Paul, the Blessed Jean Baptist de Berulle, the pious Olier, founder and first Superior of the Seminary of St. Sulpice, with a crowd of others. Better than that, the kings and great ones of the world have imitated these celebrated men. I can quote for you Edward III, King of England, the Emperor Charles the Fifth, Sigismund and Casimer, Kings of Poland, St. Louis, Francis the First, Louis XIV., Louis XVI., and several other Kings of France, who made public professions of that devotion. Father de la Rue, a learned religious of the Company of Jesus, relates that one day being admitted to an audience by Louis XIV, he found him saying his beads. The religious could not help showing his surprise. "You appear surprised," said the King, "to see me saying the Rosary; I glory in saying it; it is a pious custom which I have from the Queen, my mother, and should be sorry to miss a single day without discharging that duty." How beautiful is this! how admirable, dear friends! Let us not be ashamed, then, of a devotion which has been that of so many great men.—Selected.

DON'T MAKE EXCUSES

It is the results that count. They are what employers hire men for. They must be gotten and be satisfactory, or the business is a failure. An employee who gets results of the right sort, is a success. A young man who makes excuses to explain why he didn't get results, is a failure. He's a chump. The door and the scrap heap for him: "I do not want explanations why you did not do it. I want the job done." This sentimentous rebuke of a merchant to the new boy contained the very kernel of the boy's later success in life. This is the real substance of the much talked of efficiency. Read it over, young man. Bolt it down into your mind so that it will never come loose. The employer wants results. Get the job done, at all costs of effort, over hours that may be demanded by obstacles that you might make into excuses, or your own blunders. Get the result; it is the result that gives your value. The more obstacles the greater the credit you really deserve. But do not think of that. Maybe some time the employer will find out what unexpected obstacles you climbed over. But more likely he will never find out. Certainly you will not tell him; you present the accomplished result. The trials you went through are your own private property—that is, experience, experience no man can ever take away from you. But the finished job you hand over to your employer. It is his property, and for that he pays you.

After a few months in which a young man always does the thing he becomes what we mean by reliable. The employer notices that every assignment to you gets done. Little by little his estimate of you gets fastened in his mind. If he wants sure thing he sends for you. He cannot remember a lot of excuses offered by you. A single sentence of excuses, or explanations why not, hurts like the eating rust on iron. Excuses are vexatious and irritating. An employer must expend thought in weighing the excuses, and that adds to the day's work. The failure to present the job done is bad enough. But if you add to this disappointment an excuse that must be tested you strain relations. It is true, of course that not every errand is possible. True that difficulties may arise which no man could foresee; true that the train might be delayed. But yet forever the prize is, Do the job. Leave the stalled train and walk. Get there anyhow. That is the victory. That shows you capable, resourceful, self-reliant of iron will. The more you see others turning back because the bridge is down the higher your resolve rises, you get the only boat and cross the stream, you employ the only farmers rig and trot away. What others may do, what might or might not be expected of you is not in your plan. Such things make excellent excuses. But you are not after excuses, you are after the completed job and you do it, hurrah!

Every time a man can wave his hand goodbye to an excuse he grows more of a man. Excuses are about the meanest things we ever have to handle. We are all obliged to handle them somewhat. But it is better to have the small kind. An excuse to an employer is dynamite. There is nothing that is more keenly enjoyable than the sight of a retreating excuse as it turns its back and ambles off. No wanted to day. Some other day, perhaps. The completely your own possession. You exert in it, and the more invention you have to put into it, to get it past snags, the more intricately it seems

to become a part of your personality. UNDERSTAND THE ORDERS

One half the battle with a commission is to clearly understand the order. When the order is being given is the time, if any, to mention the difficulties. Repeat the order in the employer's ear, as you understand it. If he has flung an impossibility at you in his haste, probably he will see it if you say: "Let me understand you fully; your order I intend to execute. It will take me to the moon. Of course, you see that. But I shall do my best to reach the moon." This employer can himself promote efficiency by rationally considering what he has asked of a young man to do. No reasonable man can be impatient over a demand for intelligence.

The training of the mind to an aversion for excuses is a slow process. Most children are quick with excuses. It is a characteristic of weakness. Therefore a lad does well to put on the harness early.

Every time he can avoid excusing himself by not needing to be grown. He may measure his growth by the scarcity of his excuses. A perfect man would, of course, need no excuse. The glory of life is the power to do the job and let it speak for itself. Boasting is generally confessed to be silly. But we are not quite so clear as to excusing ourselves. There is about a well executed task a natural excuse for the shortcomings of some minor parts. The competent youth is rare. He commands his price. And he walks among us so exceptional that for his excellence alone he might well excuse himself to the rest of us, lest he embarrass us.—Emory J. Haynes.

KNOWLEDGE FOR SUCCESS

Your knowledge of (1) yourself, (2) your business, and (3) persons with whom you deal, plus your actions, equals your success. Analyze each department of your being: mental, physical, moral. Classify and tabulate the qualities, good and bad, according to the degree of strength or weakness. Eliminate or reduce the negative and destructive qualities. Develop and strengthen the positive and constructive qualities. Become efficient. Acquire mastership.

Know your business. Know the function and work of each phase of your business: executive, financial, producing, selling. Read regularly your trade papers and periodicals. Know your markets. Know fundamental financial, industrial, and commercial conditions. Know people. Understand your associates and co-workers. Know, in order the better to serve, your customers, clients, patients. Analyze character. Study human nature. Apply your knowledge, consistently and persistently, and secure health, happiness, wisdom, power, wealth.—Chauncy Ridd.

NO POSITIONS FOR THEM

It is said that two million good positions in the United States are now barred fast against drinkers. This is a very good thing for the positions, though it may anger the drinkers. But why should not the drinking man face the fact once for all, that he is making himself less valuable to the business world?—Catholic Columbian.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

PEGGIE'S ROSES

The faint breeze was stirring the leaves in Peggie's garden as she straightened her hat and pushed back a curl that was blowing across her face.

"I think it is beautiful," she said, taking another peep at the lovely pink rose that lay on a bed of green leaves in a dainty white box. "Mamma says she knows He will like it, and I am just as sure as can be that He will. It's the very first rose from my garden and I've wanted it to be the loveliest rose in the world." Peggie continued, talking to a little bird that perched first on one branch and then on another of a small tree near by. "O little bird!" she went on, "would you sing your prettiest song while I sit here on this bench and wait for Alice and Millie? They promised to be here at 2 o'clock. And then, little bird, we are going to the church—the big church on the corner. If you try you can see the shiny gilt cross from your nest. Jesus lives there, little bird, and I am going to take this rose to Him.

"Oh, here they come now," she cried jumping up. "Girls, girls, here I am. Can't you see me, Millie and Alice? In under the white lilac bush. Come, I have something to show you."

The two little girls flew down the walk and across the garden to Peggie. "See," she lifted the cover. "Isn't it lovely?"

"Why, Peggie, it is perfectly scrumptious," said Alice, who liked big words. Peggie looked into Millie's brown eyes. "Don't you like it?" she asked.

"I think it is beautiful," answered Millie's quiet little voice. "Aren't you going to take it to the church, Peggie?"

"Of course," said Peggie. "Come, let's go now. In ten minutes the three girls had given the rose to the Sister Sacristan, who placed it near the golden door. Then they knelt before the altar in the great, cool church and prayed, oh so earnestly! "Dear Lord, please bless papa and mamma and grandpa and grandama and Uncle George and everybody in the world," concluded Peggie at last. "And please, dear Lord

won't you help me to find a poor little newsboy who loves flowers. I want to give him some roses when they come because last summer I was selfish and said no when a little boy asked for some roses. And I'm sorry now and want to give him all he wants. Help me to find him, dear Lord. Amen."

Then Peggie looked once more at the lovely pink rose nesting near the tabernacle door and went out into the sunny street with Alice and Millie. When she ran up the steps and into the house Peggie heard mamma call. "Come here, darling, I've something to tell you—something you will like to hear."

"Is grandma coming?" guessed Peggie, dancing into the room. "Yes, and grandpa and—Uncle George," said mamma, looking up from a letter she held in her hand.

Peggie jumped up and down she was so happy—she just couldn't help it.

Three days later Peggie and mamma were standing on the platform at the depot waiting for the train. "I hear the whistle, mamma," cried Peggie. "Listen! there it is again."

Louder and louder the whistle sounded and in a minute the train came rumbling into sight. Then a big bell clanged and the train stopped.

Such a lot of noise and such a crowd of people! The big engine puffed out great breaths of steam, the bell rang louder than ever, and before Peggie could think what had happened she was caught up in two big arms.

"Oh!" she squealed delightedly, "oh, it's Uncle George!" "It certainly is," said the kind voice that Peggie loved. "And here are Grandma and Grandpa."

Peggie kissed and hugged each over and over. And in a few minutes papa was driving them all home.

Such a happy week as they had! One morning when Peggie's roses were all in bloom Uncle George said: "How would you like to come to the hospital with me this afternoon, little girl?"

Peggie's eyes shone. "The hospital on the hill, Uncle George! The place where little sick children go? Is that the one you mean?" "That is just the one, Peggie. You would like to come, wouldn't you?"

"Oh! I do want to go! And I can take some flowers to the sick children, can't I, Uncle George?" "I don't know why not, Peggie, there are plenty of roses here."

And so at 3 o'clock Peggie was standing before the door of St. Agnes' hospital, holding tight to Uncle George's hand. A lady with a big white apron and a little white cap opened the door and they went into a big room where there was a table, a desk with books on it and ever so many chairs. And there were beautiful pictures and two in particular which Peggie liked. In one Our Lord was bending over a poor sick boy, and in the other a Sister was reading to a wounded man. Soon a Sister came and they all went up a great wide stairway.

An open door, Sister paused. "This," she said, "is the Christ Child's ward. The crippled children are here. Would you like to see them, dear?" she asked Peggie. "Oh, yes, please," said Peggie. And I want to give them some flowers. Do you think they will like them, Sister?" and she looked down at her basket of red and white roses.

"I am sure they will, dear," smiled Sister. "Now here we are." Through the open door Peggie could see a picture of the Child Jesus. His tiny hand raised to bless, and she saw too a picture of a Sister caring for a little child. Then they entered the ward, and Peggie's eyes grew large and moist as they travelled from one to another of the little white beds and smiled at the eager little face on each pillow. Then shyly but bravely she went from one to another and gave each child a rose.

Sister and Uncle George were standing by the last bed when Peggie reached it.

"This is Joey," Sister said, "I think he is going to fare best for being 'rest.' And she looked at the roses that were left in the basket.

Joey's face was small and white, but his eyes were large and dark. And Joey's hair, which spread out on the pillow, was curly and the color of the sunshine. He put out a thin little hand to Uncle George who had said in a cheery voice, "The pain isn't very bad to-day, is it, little man?"

"No, sir," said Joey, and he smiled. He looked at Peggie, then at the roses.

"Oh!" he said, "oh! how lovely! Please, please may I touch one with my fingers?"

TIME TEMPER AND TROUBLE

SAVED ON SCRUBBING DAY WHEN YOU USE

Old Dutch Cleanser

"Yes, indeed," said Peggie, "you may have all that are left if you wish. Oh, I'm so glad you like them!"

"I love them better than anything in the world except Kathy and Tony," said Joey. "Kathy is my sister. She's a big girl. She tries to be just like mother—mother's gone to heaven I'm going there soon, and I'm glad I'll see God then and mother. And Tony says there are lots of flowers in heaven—roses and lilies and violets—all kinds. Tony's my brother. He's twelve and he's a newsboy. I'd be a newsboy if I didn't get that fall. I can't walk now. But Kathy and Tony say I musn't mind, they'll take care of me."

"Tony is the best boy in the world," the little voice continued. "He gets flowers for me when he can—asks people for them, you see. But he just laughs and says, 'Never mind, Joey, to-morrow I'll have better luck.'"

"Why, here comes Tony now! Tony, Tony, see my lovely roses! I've been praying to the Blessed Mother to send me some. And look, Tony! She sent all these."

Peggie looked around and her blue eyes danced. There by Joey's bed stood the little newsboy she was praying to find.

"Oh, Uncle George," she said, "I'm so glad we came—and I'm so glad I brought the roses."

The next day Uncle George had to go to the city and when he came back he brought Peggie a picture she thought very sweet and lovely. It was a picture of the Christ Child in His loveliness in the center of a wreath of roses.—Mary Ekolan in the Magnificat.

A WESTERN SOCIALIST

Some weeks ago we were in a little town of Washington waiting for the Seattle train. It was still early in the day, and we noticed a man, the worse for wear, walking up and down the street with the uncertain steps of one who had taken too much to drink. When the 'bus came along to take us to the station, a mile or so away, the staggerer got in, too, the only passenger besides ourselves. The road was "uphill all the way," and the consequence was that the staggerer slipped down on us along the polished leather cushions. He took advantage of this intimate contact to say "good-morning," and we took advantage of his sociability to point out the indecency of even partial intoxication, especially at such an early hour. He turned on us sternly. "Look here," he said, "I was leaving you alone, and you won't leave me alone. You meddle with my affairs. Now I'm going to meddle with yours. What do you mean by running all over the country eating up the poor man's wages?"

We replied that we worked for our living as hard as he; and that if he was the poor man, his wages were being drunk up rather than eaten. "Now, listen to me," he replied, "I'm a Socialist. I could argue with you on Socialism all day and beat you. We are going to have all you priests, ministers and preachers out in the fields to hoe for your living. That's what we are going to do." We rejoined kindly that he would never have us hoeing. "Why not?" he asked fiercely. "Because," we replied, "we shall be dead before you have the power to do so." "Then," he said still more fiercely, "We'll have your ancestors!" "But we shall not leave any ancestors behind us to do your hoeing," we answered soothingly.

At this moment we reached the station. The driver took our quarters. He turned to the staggerer who glared at him, got out of the 'bus, and began to stagger up and down the platform sniffing disdainfully. But the driver got no quarter. Perhaps the staggerer had spent his last in the bar-room; perhaps he refused it on principle, as a practical Socialist. Anyhow, as the train drew away he might have been seen entering the 'bus again to go back to town. It may be that when they reached it the driver got two quarters, but we rather suspect he didn't, and that he didn't care to urge the claim.—America.

CURED AT LOURDES

CRIPPLED FOR YEARS, GIRL DISCARDS CRUTCHES—MUTE SPEAKS

A dispatch for Lourdes dated Sept. 14th, tells the following remarkable story: New cures are claimed to have occurred here to-day at the shrine of the Virgin Mary and the crowds of seekers after the performance of miracles were thrilled with excitement.

Mme Bourneay, fifty-one years old, a French pilgrim who has been completely crippled by rheumatism for four years, and who crawled along on crutches with the greatest difficulty, was returning from an early morning visit to the shrine when she suddenly felt power returning to her heretofore useless leg. The woman threw away her crutches and walked easily and painlessly. She now demonstrates her restored activity by constantly rising when seated and walking rapidly in order to assure herself that the cure is a permanent one.

A Belgian girl named Jeanne Bodet nine years old, who has been deaf and dumb and suffering from St. Vitus dance for three years as the result of scarlet fever, visited the shrine on Saturday. While dressing herself to-day, the girl startled her mother by exclaiming: "I have lost

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my shoe." The mother became greatly excited and hurried with the child to the medical bureau where she exhibited her to the doctors. The latter compared the official records of the case with the present state of the child, who was the least excited person in the room and who pronounced several words for the physicians. She showed none of the former twitching of St. Vitus dance and could hear normally in her left ear, but the right one is still somewhat defective.

Thomas Downey, thirteen years old, of Belfast, Ireland, who accompanied the 2,800 Irish pilgrims was in an advanced state of tubercular disease of the hip with a discharging sinus and could barely hobble with crutches. He surprised his attendants on Saturday evening by saying he felt much stronger and after again visiting the shrine suddenly declared that he did not need his crutches and proceeded to walk without them. He was taken to the medical bureau where the sudden improvement was recorded. He was then carried to the hotel where he is stopping where he delighted the onlookers by walking unaided through the gardens.

Michael Downey, also of Belfast, Ireland, who was dependent on crutches for walking, suddenly discarded them and is reported to be in a normal condition. Agnes MacGuire another Irish pilgrim who suffered from a chronic tubercular knee, is also reported to have improved since her visits to the grotto and two little Irish boys who were paralyzed and who worshipped at the shrine, declare that they feel much better.

Grace Maloney of Killaloe, Ireland, who was suffering from a tubercular swelling of the knee which prevented her from walking, but who threw her crutches away on Sept. 12th, after visiting the shrine, continues to be sound and well. This girl, who is eighteen years old, has joined all the processions of pilgrims since she was cured and walks without the aid of crutches and without limping.

TUUK, JEW, OR ATHEIST

ANTI-CATHOLIC BIGOTRY INTENSE IN ENGLISH "UPPER-CLASS"

That anti-Catholic bigotry is still intense among the "upper class" element in Great Britain may be inferred from such cases as that of the lately deceased Lord Archibald Campbell, who left in his will a stipulation that none of his property should go to any of his family who should become Catholics. Commenting on this the Catholic Times remarks upon it as singular that the true religion is the only religion against which the prohibition is imposed in mostly all cases of the kind, the number of such being considerable in recent years.

"Not only," says The Times, "may the beneficiaries join any of the three hundred British Protestant sects without let or hindrance, but they are not forbidden to become members of non-Christian or anti-Christian bodies."

It is the spirit of intolerant Protestantism—any Church but the Church they deserted—the Church of all Christendom, the Church of Europe and of England, for fifteen

centuries. Any Church but that ancient Church—the true religion. It is the spirit of the old motto—"Turk, Jew, or Atheist—but not a Papist."

"BEWARE OF FALSE PROPHETS"

"There is the false teacher," says the Southern Guardian "who says that the Decalogue has no place in practical politics; there is the false teacher who says the size of the family may be regulated to meet the increased cost of living; there is the false teacher who contends that the divorce court is the only solution for domestic unhappiness; there is the false teacher who says that a secular education is the one thing necessary; and there is the false teacher who says that Socialism is the only remedy for modern economic conditions which bear so heavily on the poor; but of all these and of others of the same description the Church says, 'Beware.' The vagaries of human mind are so much in evidence that no one who is not endued with something of Christ's spirit is able to cope with the aberrations of which the mind is capable and hence the secret of the Church's strength during the centuries of her existence, and the wisdom of the Church in her perennial proclamation of 'Beware of false Prophets.'"



A bite of this and a taste of that, all day long, dulls the appetite and weakens the digestion.

Restore your stomach to healthy vigor by taking a Na-Dru-Co Dyspepsia Tablet after each meal—and cut out the "piecing".

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Large advertisement for Gurney-Oxford Range. Text: 'Gurney-Oxford Why is it The Best Range Procurable It stands to reason that the foundry of national reputation for its equipment of the most notable hotel, restaurant, and institutional kitchens throughout the Dominion, also makes the best range on the market for the home kitchen. This Gurney-Oxford range is the result of over seventy years' experience and experimental study of improvements to benefit the woman who toils in the kitchen. Even Bakings By means of a Divided Flue Strip, the heat is divided evenly over the top and down the back and sides of the oven. A pan of biscuits in the front and back of the oven will brown with perfect evenness without having to change their places many times during the baking. The two back lids of the range also receive an equal cooking heat that will boil two kettles at the same time. Perfect Control The entire range is controlled practically by one handle, called the Economizer. It turns around on a series of six notches to determine the exact degree of heat required. Such control saves time, fuel and labor. Saving of Fuel Then again the Special Reversible Grate saves coal bills by burning the coal to a fine white ash. No unburnt coal can lodge in the rounded corners of the firebox. It's Sanitary Too Its smooth, clean top is polished and requires no black lead. The Gurney-Oxford is "different" from all other ranges—its exclusive devices make an irresistible appeal to every woman. SOLD BY MODERN HARDWARE DEALERS EVERYWHERE. The Gurney Foundry Co., Limited Toronto - Canada MONTREAL HAMILTON WINNIPEG CALGARY VANCOUVER'

LEPER ISLAND

DR. CONRADY'S WORK AT SHERKUNG

A most interesting personality called in our office yesterday, Dr. L. L. Conrady, of the Leper Island at Sherkung, in the Kwangtung Province. He has been much victimized by the bandits, who still seem to flourish, the Republican administration notwithstanding. Twice was he robbed in June last, and a third time on the 19th of December, when ten men armed with revolvers entered his house and took \$250 in money, and everything in the way of property and food they could conveniently carry away. Altogether, he is poorer by over \$2,000 as the result of three robberies. He complained to the authorities in Canton, and they have now sent him a force of fifty soldiers with four officers, for the protection of the island.

Dr. Conrady can tell affecting stories from his experience among the lepers, on whose behalf he has expended twenty-five years of his life and a very considerable amount of his private means. He is now seventy-two years of age, and remarkably active and healthy. It was whilst in India in 1871 as a Catholic priest that he was first impressed by personal observation with the horrors of leprosy, and from 1876 he has given his life to the upliftment of the unfortunate victims of the terrible scourge, and to the alleviation of their sufferings. For ten years, from 1887 to 1896 inclusive, he was in Honolulu. Five years ago he came to Canton, and after a year in that city proceeded to the Leper Island at Sherkung, where he has been ever since.

At present, he has about 70 lepers under his care, supported by himself and friends in his native country and in the United States. The Canton Government are recognizing his work, and in co-operation with him propose to erect fifteen large houses on the island, each 84 ft. by 44ft., and designed to accommodate 72 lepers, so that well over 1,000 unfortunates will be cared for in all. Dr. Conrady and his friends are to be responsible for a quarter of the cost of construction. The Canton Government will allow 8 cents a day for the maintenance of each leper, and out of this the doctor will have to provide his staff. He is now on the look-out for helpers.

N. B.—A discrepancy in dates will be noticed in the above. 1887 was the year in which Dr. Conrady first engaged in his work amongst the lepers—not 1876. Of the 15 houses promised by the Canton Government 7, at date, have been erected.

CONSERVATISM

The Church has from its beginning lived amid the world, and has had to face the characteristic social and intellectual movements of each successive age, says Wilfrid Ward of the Dublin Review. The first thing that strikes one from the days of the very first heretics, is her attitude of uncompromising resistance to rival theories of life which strove to bend her to their will. Any system which professed to be complete and yet ignored the mysterious truths committed to her keeping by our divine Redeemer, or gave a rival account of life or of faith, and presumed to dictate to her, was in the first instance met by her with the weapons of sheer resistance.

The second phenomenon is that all the systems she opposed contained elements which were good and true. And, says Ward, from not one did she fail ultimately to assimilate something, once their aggressive character had been broken by her resistance. "She broke them in pieces," writes Newman, "and divided the spoils." And when (says Ward) I ascribe this double phenomenon in Church history, of resistance and subsequent assimilation, to the conservative principle of the Church, I may at first appear to maintain a paradox. To this I would reply that to identify conservatism with the rejection of what is extraneous and new in form is to identify it with a principle of decay.

True conservatism involves constructive activity and periodical reform and reconstruction belong to its very essence. There are two classes of foes to true conservatism—those who would uproot an institution and those who would leave it untouched and without repairs. And the Church has in the past resisted both classes of foes. Each movement which she has resisted has invariably witnessed (as in her present conflict with Modernism) a real advance in human thought, new truth amid new error, and led to fresh developments of human activity. New phases of thought which the various philosophical and religious movements represented, the incidental truths they brought to light, had all to be taken account of and utilized. New conditions had to be met, new secular truths to be assimilated.

The difference between the two processes is, as Cardinal Newman has pointed out, that the first process (that of resistance) is the work of authority—of Rome itself; the second (that of assimilation) is the work of individuals—authority only to assist and not necessarily helping it, until it is so far tested that authority can more or less ratify what individuals have initiated. To give an example, the most remarkable instance of this assimilative activity was the complete adaptation

Another Win FOR SANOL

DEAR SIR— I have been an invalid for years from Rheumatism, caused through an excess of uric acid in the blood; have tried everything that could be thought of: Hot Springs, Doctors and Patent Medicines, but could find nothing to take away the awful pain, swelling and stiffness in my joints until I tried SANOL, which did more for me in one month than all the others did in seven years. I hopelessly fail to let you know in writing what SANOL has done for me. Yours truly, John J. Lane, 245 Spence St., Winnipeg, Man.

The above letter shows you what a treatment of SANOL will do for Rheumatism caused through excess of uric acid in the blood. Try it; it will do for you what it has done for him. Price \$1.50 SANOL cures Gall Stones, Kidney Stones and Gravel.

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of theology to Aristotelian philosophy and to dialectical treatment by Thomas Aquinas. The patriotic tradition preserved the necessary conservative element in the new system. It was a gigantic scheme of conservative reform, and St. Thomas went over the whole ground to be covered without flinching, and left the monuments of his work which we possess—the Summa Theologica. Everywhere Aquinas is constructive, and this true conservatism differs from the false in that it preserves the theological structure, but insists on renewing and repairing it.

See how the whole matter stands (Ward suggests) in reference to what is known as the Higher Criticism. It is patent that the Higher Criticism and Evolutionary doctrines were first brought prominently before the European mind in a form hostile to Christianity. The first instinctive act of self-protection on the part of the Church has necessarily been, to oppose them. Nevertheless there is a very close parallel to what happened in the thirteenth century in regard to Aristotle's ancient philosophy—scholarship is seeking to define the light in which the Church regards both Higher Criticism and Evolution and is (says Ward) working out a modus vivendi between Faith and the assured or probable results of Science and Criticism.

Take, again, says Ward, the Social Movement. For the Church to hold its place and influence in a democratic age, is a real and most practical problem which Leo XIII. so boldly faced in his Encyclical Rerum novarum. Those who would simply resist the democracy are not real conservatives. For simply to resist it is to fail to preserve the influence of Catholicism on the people. In this department, as in others, the forces of contemporary thought and life would undermine the Church if the

This Washer Must Pay for Itself.

A MAN tried to sell me a horse once. He said it 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 how to tell if it was really well either. So I told him I wanted a horse for a month. He said "All right, but pay me first, and I'll give you back your money if you don't like it." So I didn't buy the horse, although I wanted it badly. Now this is the thinking. You see I make horse washers for a month. 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. It knows it will wash a tub full of very dirty clothes in six minutes. I know no other machine ever invented can do that, without wearing out 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 doesn'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 I said to myself, I'll 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 own pocket, and if you don't want the machine after a month's free trial, I'll take it back and pay the freight 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 cents to 75 cents a week over that in 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 60 cents a week, and you save 50 cents a week, I'll let you pay for it out of what it saves you. Drop me a line to-day, and let me send you a book about the "1900 Gravity" Washer that washes clothes in 5 minutes. Address me personally—A. G. Morris, Manager, "1900" Washer Co., 357 Yonge St., Toronto.

alleged failure of preaching in our day. But, of course, preaching of the right kind is not a failure and never will be. St. Dominic sent his preachers, "not to wrangle about philosophy, but to preach Jesus Christ and Him crucified." The failure of modern preaching, said Bishop Keating, was due to the departure from evangelical simplicity. Preachers had forgotten the doctrine of St. Paul. They forgot that the Word of God was a sacred deposit to which they could not add and from which they could not take away.

There is so much added and so much taken away by the modern Catholic preacher that little or none of the sacred deposit can be recognized. The pulpit of the modern has become a secular or political platform.—Freeman's Journal.

Church did not deal with, understand and partly assimilate them.

No, too, with Higher Criticism. Catholics cannot now just simply ignore it. Its extreme conclusions already stand condemned by Christianity. It now remains to perform the second operation—to examine carefully and candidly what are the true conclusions to which it should lead us. And those who are attempting this work plead that its effective performance a large measure of freedom for themselves of provisional tolerance on the part of theological censors is needed. These and many similar necessities press upon many minds in England and America according as they come into contact with the special problems concerned. To one man Biblical criticism seems all in all. To another receptiveness in philosophy appears most important; to another, the sympathy of the Church with the democracy. Loyalty and faith (says Ward) in the representative of the Church on earth and trustfulness that they will realize the ideal of their station raise the Christian people and sustain its rulers. Petty cavilling and criticism create distrust and dissension all round. To court the applause of the enemies of the Church by abusing its authorities is unworthy of the best Roman as of the best Christian tradition.—Freeman's Journal.

CHURCH WORK IN THE WEST

From Medicine Hat, Alta, comes the good news that the Sisters of St. Joseph have begun the erection of a splendid hospital in the fast growing community. This happy event has been brought about largely through the almost superhuman efforts of Rev. A. Cadoux, P. P. He is an enthusiastic missionary priest, ever zealous in his work of laying strong and deep the foundations of the future progress of the Church in what will be a great city. The cornerstone of the hospital was laid by the Mother General of the Order who came from Quebec. The sight of the building is a splendid one and when finished will cost over \$60,000. All the latest scientific principles in hospital architecture will be carefully carried out.

The CATHOLIC RECORD sends heartfelt congratulations to Father Cadoux and wishes him Godspeed in his work.

TRUE PREACHING NO FAILURE

In connection with the celebration of the feast day of St. Dominic, founder of the Order of Preachers, Bishop Keating of Northampton (England) preached a sermon in which he described the present system of (non-Catholic) preaching and its results. "There was no dearth (he said) of preaching or of preachers. The whole gamut of oratorical art had been requisitioned in order to get the ear of the people. They had homely sermons for the homely minded; topical sermons on the latest scandals and crazes for the frivolous and the curious; harangues on political and social subjects for the intellectual; sermons on Biblical criticism for the liberal-minded; the 'New Theology' and the 'New Ethics' for those who prided themselves on their high moral tone. On Christmas day a preacher would argue away the virgin birth of our Lord; on Good Friday the whole of the incidents connected with the Passion and Death of our Lord would be scornfully rejected; on Easter Sunday the resurrection would be as scornfully denied."

Herein lies the explanation of the alleged failure of preaching in our day. But, of course, preaching of the right kind is not a failure and never will be. St. Dominic sent his preachers, "not to wrangle about philosophy, but to preach Jesus Christ and Him crucified."

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There is so much added and so much taken away by the modern Catholic preacher that little or none of the sacred deposit can be recognized. The pulpit of the modern has become a secular or political platform.—Freeman's Journal.

PARISH SCHOOLS IN SCOTLAND

The Glasgow Observer makes the following statement regarding the kind of treatment accorded Catholic elementary schools in Scotland: In all Catholic elementary schools in Scotland at present receiving State aid, a time table is framed by or with the approval of His Majesty's inspectors. That time table is usually framed so that religious training is given before the beginning or after the close of the State school day. For example, if the State school day begins at 10 a. m., religious teaching may start at 9:30, and if the State school day finish at 3:30, religious teaching follows from 3:30 to 4. It is given in the school house, but not in the hours of the State school day. The State pays nothing for it. The school buildings are the property of the Catholic Church. The teachers are employed by the Catholic managers. The State grant, of course, goes towards the paying of those teachers, but since the State inspector takes no cognizance of religious teaching whatever, no part of the

grant can be said to be made on account of religious teaching.

MARRIAGE

McIVOR-MATTHEWS—In St. Columban, on Sept. 16, 1913, by Rev. F. White, Mr. Patrick William McIvor to Miss Catherine Teresa Matthews.

FALLON-BURNS—In St. Peter's Cathedral, London, Ontario, on Sept. 24th, Mr. Francis E. Fallon, son of the late Dominic Fallon of Cornwall, and brother of Right Rev. M. F. Fallon, Bishop of London, to Margaret Rowena, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. Muir Burns and granddaughter of Senator and Mrs. Thos. Coffey.

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WANTED TEACHER QUALIFIED FOR High School work and of some experience. Apply stating experience and salary required, to Macpherson College, Kingston, Ont. 1832-3.

WANTED FOR THE PEMBROKE SEPARATE school, an assistant teacher holding a second class Normal certificate to enter on duty immediately. Applicants to state salary, experience and furnish testimonials to A. J. Fortier, Sec. Treas. Pembroke, Ont. 1832-3.

POSITION WANTED MARRIED MAN REQUIRES POSITION AS janitor or caretaker of small houses and flats. Address Box V, CATHOLIC RECORD, London, Ont. 1832-3.

HOUSEKEEPER WANTED HOUSEKEEPER WANTED FOR SMALL family. Particulars on application to Box 43, Guelph, Ont. 1832-3.

HOMES WANTED FOR CHILDREN

APPLICATIONS WILL BE RECEIVED FOR a number of wards of the Children's Aid Societies who are in Catholic Orphanages in Ontario. There are a twenty boys between two and eight years of age; two boys ten to twelve years old, and two girls twelve to fourteen. Applications may be directed to Wm. O'Connor, Inspector, Children's Branch, Parliament Buildings, Toronto, 1832-3.

TWO FARMS FOR SALE

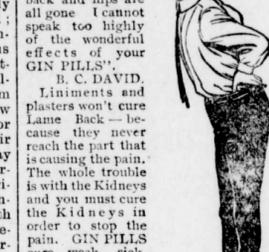
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DIED

McKENNA.—At Fallowfield, on Sept. 4, 1913, Viola McKenna, daughter of Charles McKenna, aged ten years. May her soul rest in peace!

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